

# *The Soul of Schleswig-Holstein*



*An Iowan's insight into  
his ancestral homeland*

*Scott C. Christiansen*

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*Up Ewig Ungedeelt Press*

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*To our good friends Yogi and Gitta Reppmann,  
our window to the soul of Schleswig-Holstein.*



# *Danke*

This book would not have been possible were it not for the kindness, graciousness, and generosity of many North Germans including:

Jürgen and Gisela Rudloff (Bremerhaven)  
Dr. Simone Eick (Bremerhaven)  
Dr. Ludger Hölscher (Flensburg)  
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Hans Ruprecht "Rups" Leiß and Sonia Leiß (Flensburg)  
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Dee Eicke and Regina Eicke (Bad Oldesloe)  
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Baron von Hoyningen-Huene (Schleswig)  
Georg Weise (Rantrum)  
Jens Voss (Husum)

Very special thanks, of course, go to our good friends, the four Reppmanns from Flensburg:

Dr. Joachim "Yogi" Reppmann  
Dr. Gitta Reppmann  
Ingo Reppmann  
Hilde Reppmann

Finally, thanks to my rock and soul mate,  
Carol Ann.

# Preface

While researching my family's genealogy, I became fascinated with one of my great-great grandfathers, Jürgen Peter Ankerson. After discovering that Jürgen was one of a small group of immigrants collectively known as the "Forty-eighters," I began studying them in earnest. This research led to a warm friendship with one of the world's foremost Forty-eighter authorities, Professor Joachim "Yogi" Reppmann, and in turn, to an invitation to visit the Reppmanns at their home in Flensburg, Schleswig-Holstein, near the border between Germany and Denmark.



A veteran of the Schleswig-Holstein War of 1848-50, Jürgen Peter Ankerson was one of a group that historians have dubbed the "Forty-eighters." Although there is no unanimity of opinion on who the Forty-eighters were, many scholars have identified them as politically motivated revolutionary refugees from Europe who arrived in the United States between 1847 and 1856. Partly because of the lack of a definitional consensus, there is also widespread disagreement on how many Forty-eighters there were, with some pegging the number at five to six hundred and others placing the figure as high as ten thousand.

\*\*\*\*\*

On September 15, 1872, *Der Davenport Verein der Kampfgenossen der Schleswig-Holsteinischen Freiheitskriege von 1848, 1849 und 1850* was founded in my hometown of Davenport, Iowa. This *Verein*, or organization, was composed largely of Forty-eighters who had unsuccessfully fought for liberty, democracy, and national unity before emigrating. The group's first president was my great-great grandfather, Jürgen Peter Ankerson.

Since Jürgen had been born in Schleswig-Holstein and lived there until his emigration in 1852, I looked forward to learning everything I could about this northernmost state in Germany and how it might have shaped his life.

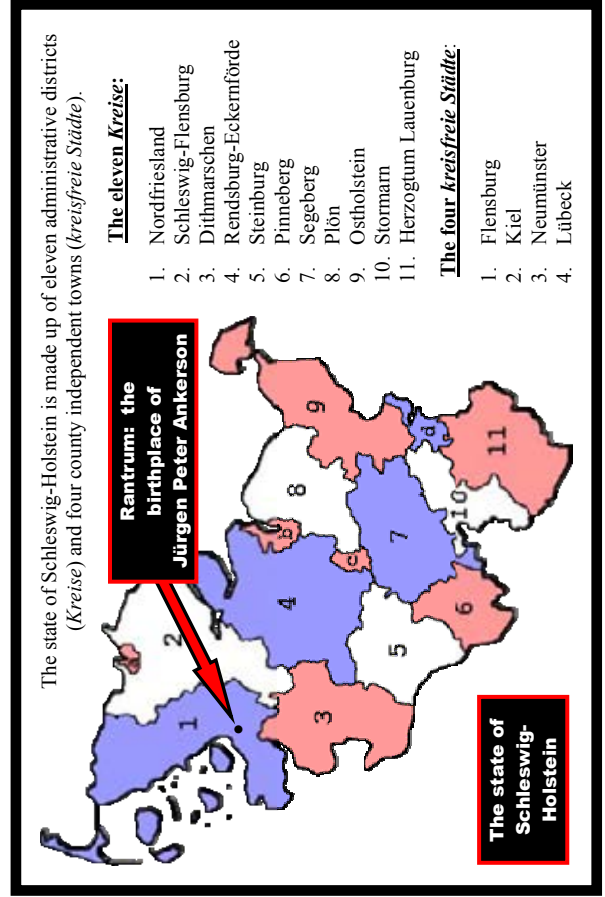
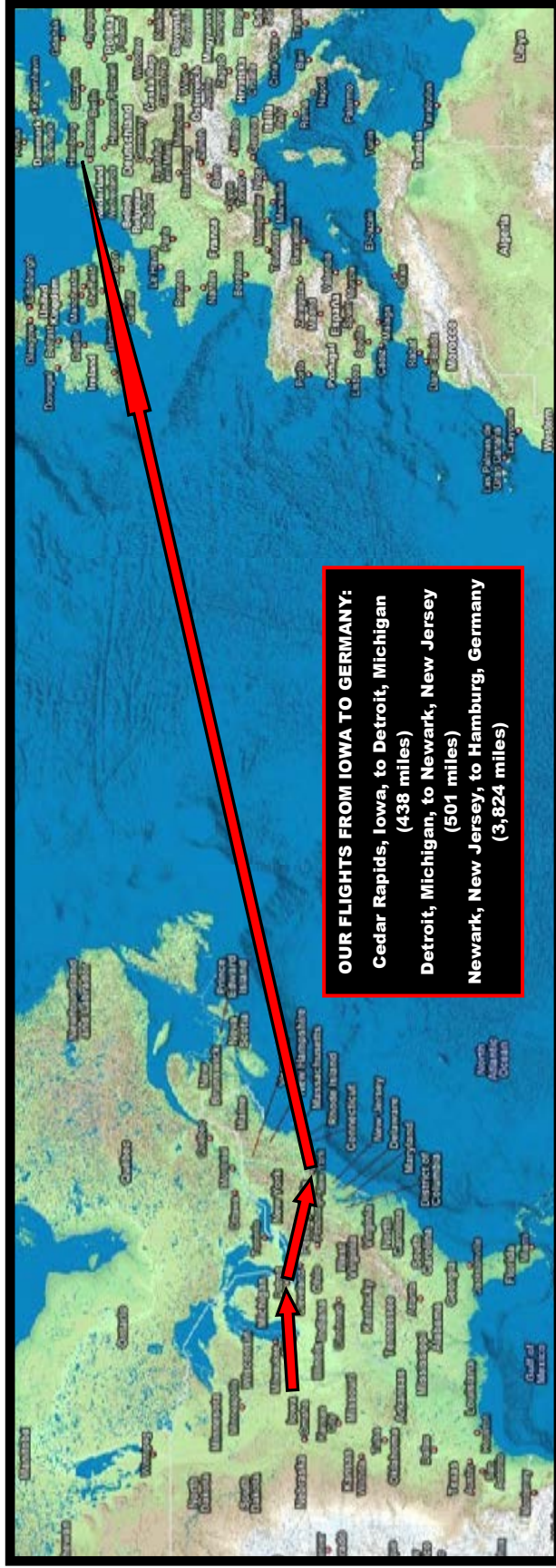
After my wife and I returned to Iowa, I began to write a journal about what had been a truly memorable trip. After working on this for several weeks, however — and almost without being aware of it — a potpourri of history, geography, genealogy, and human interest vignettes began to be woven into the fabric of the story.

As I finished documenting each day of the trip, I realized I was spending almost as much time writing about the people we met as the places we visited. Reflecting on this, it dawned on me that the other trips I had taken had been oriented primarily toward seeing *things*. This trip had been quite different in that a very big part of it involved meeting *people*, immersing ourselves in their culture, and contrasting their lives and *Weltanschauung* with our own.

Without exception, we found these people — these Schleswig-Holsteiners — to be quite an amazing lot. Having been forewarned that they might be a bit stiff, standoffish, and somewhat lacking in humor, we were amazed at how warm, friendly, and completely generous they were to two strangers from Iowa.

The more I wrote, the more I realized that during our time in Northern Germany, I hadn't really understood or fully appreciated the things I'd seen. A much deeper understanding and heightened appreciation only came *after* I'd returned, started writing about our experiences, and begun a post-trip dialogue with Yogi Reppmann.

As my work neared its conclusion, several people close to me suggested that what I was writing might make an interesting book for people on both sides of the Atlantic. Whether that's true, of course, remains to be seen. At any event, here's hoping you enjoy the journey half as much as we did!



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*The Soul of  
Schleswig-Holstein*



*August 24-25, 2006*

***Sleep deprivation: Cedar Rapids/Detroit/Newark/Hamburg/Flensburg***

Our trip began early on the morning of August 24, 2006. In anticipation of traveling outside the United States for the first time, neither Carol nor I got much sleep the night before. My brother Dana arrived with a cheery smile at 4:20 A.M., helped load our luggage, and drove us to the airport in Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

After checking our bags, presenting our passports, and going through airport security, we waved goodbye to Dana and began the initial leg of our journey. Our first flight, which took us from Cedar Rapids to Detroit, went very smoothly, and we were both pleasantly surprised with the facilities at the Detroit Metropolitan Airport.

Our next flight took us to Newark, New Jersey. Although we're not experienced travelers, we've been in our share of airports, and we can safely say that Newark International ranks dead last in every respect! We tried to make the best of it, enjoying lunch at The Steak Escape and then taking a tram to our departure terminal, where we read and treated ourselves to a late afternoon snack at Hudson News.

After more than six hours in Newark, we were more than ready to board our Continental flight for the nearly four-thousand-mile trip to Hamburg. With the long flight and the seven hour time difference between northern Germany and Iowa, we arrived in Hamburg early on the morning of August 25th.

After going through customs, we emerged to find our good friends Professor Joachim "Yogi" Reppmann and his wife Gitta waiting for us near a coffee shop. After warm greetings all around, we sat down and ordered four cups of coffee. Carol had procured some euros for us before we left, and it seemed like a good time to make our first purchase with the foreign currency.

It all seemed a little surreal. That morning we awoke in our house in Iowa City; on the next morning — but the same day for us — we were on another continent enjoying coffee with the Reppmanns in Germany's second largest city.



**Above:** Detroit Metropolitan Airport's red tram shuttles passengers around the airport. **Below:** We were treated to an automated light and sound show as we walked between Concourses A and C.



**Above:** The tram we rode to get to our departure terminal at the Newark International Airport. **Below:** Hamburg Airport.



After we'd visited awhile and finished our coffees, we loaded our luggage in Yogi's 1994 Mercedes (which has well over 400,000 miles on it!) and set off to check out a few sights in Hamburg before driving to the Reppmanns' apartment in Flensburg.

### Sightseeing in Hamburg

We soon arrived at the *Krameramtsstuben*. Beginning in 1375, Hamburg's chandlers or *Kramer* — dealers in household items such as oil, soap, paint, candles, and groceries — were organized in a guild called an *Amt*. One of the purposes of the *Krameramt*, or chandler guild, was to aid its members and their widows in case of need and old age. To provide their poor with humble but safe shelter, the guild built the *Krameramtsstuben* (chandler guild chambers) in 1676. After the disbandment of Hamburg's guilds in 1863, ownership of the *Krameramtsstuben* was transferred to Hamburg's social welfare institutions.



Hamburg Airport, or as it's known in Germany, *Flughafen Hamburg*.

The historic value of the *Krameramtsstuben* buildings is considerably increased by the fact that the rest of Hamburg's former Alley Quarter (*Gängeviertel*) has been practically obliterated, first by the Great Fire of 1842 (which was witnessed by my great-great grandfather, Jürgen Peter Ankerson), then by two urban renovation campaigns in 1900 and 1930, and finally, by Allied bombing during World War II. Although Hamburg's modern town center (which was created between 1842 and 1860) was reconstructed after World War II, there remain only a few historical buildings dating from before 1842. The most important of these are the *Krameramtsstuben*.



**Above left:** This daguerreotype of the ashes and ruin of Hamburg after the Great Fire of 1842 is generally considered to be the world's first news photograph. It was one of a series of views made by German daguerreotypist and native Hamburger Carl Ferdinand Stelzner. Interestingly, however, Stelzner's picture could not have been reproduced in contemporary newspapers because the process of photoengraving had not yet been invented.



**Above right:** This painting shows Hamburg's citizens fleeing the city as St. Nikolai Church is consumed with flames during the Great Fire on May 5, 1842. The fire burned for one hundred hours, destroyed 4,219 buildings, and claimed one hundred lives. Witnessing this terrible disaster was my great-great grandfather, Jürgen Peter Ankerson. Ironically, Jürgen would also witness another of the world's great catastrophes, when, as a citizen of San Francisco, he survived the great earthquake of 1906.



Today, the *Krameramtsstuben* no longer serve as living quarters, but house several shops, a gallery, and a restaurant featuring a menu of Hamburg specialties. In addition, one of the old widow's apartments has been preserved in its original state and is furnished with pieces from the 1850-60 period, courtesy of the Museum of Hamburg History.

As I walked along the quaint narrow cobblestone path between the old buildings, I was struck with the fact that my great-great grandfather probably made the very same walk more than 160 years ago.



**Above left:** An aerial view showing the entrance to the *Krameramtsstuben*. **Above right:** This photo, taken just after entering the *Krameramtsstuben* from the main street, shows how narrow the space is between the buildings on either side.



**Above left:** Looking back toward the entrance to the *Krameramtsstuben*. **Above center:** One of several shops in the *Krameramtsstuben*. There's a third story (kind of a dormer) that the photo doesn't show. As you can see, some sort of a block and tackle system is used to get inventory up to the storage rooms under the roofs of the old houses in the same way that fuel, wood, and peat were taken in centuries ago. **Above right:** This photo shows how close St. Michael's Church is to the *Krameramtsstuben*.



The impressive interior of *Michaeliskirche* can hold three thousand people.

After leaving the *Krameramtsstuben*, we made the short walk to *Michaeliskirche* (St. Michael's Church), widely acclaimed as Northern Germany's finest baroque style ecclesiastical building. The impressive white-golden interior of the massive structure can hold three thousand people and showcases a baroque offertory box and a twenty-meter-high altar.

Constructed between 1649 and 1661 (the tower followed in 1669), *Michaeliskirche* was razed after being struck by lightning almost a century later. It was rebuilt between 1750 and 1786 in the decorative



Nordic baroque style. Although it was not affected by Hamburg's Great Fire of 1842, it was gutted by a terrible fire in 1906. The replica, which was completed in 1912, was demolished during World War II by Allied bombing raids. The present church is a reconstruction.

The distinctive 433-foot brick and iron tower houses the largest tower clock (twenty-six feet in diameter) in Germany. Just above this massive clock is a viewing platform (accessible by elevator or stairs) that affords a magnificent panorama of the city, the Elbe River, and the Alster Lakes. Twice a day, a watchman plays a trumpet solo from the tower platform, while during festivals, an entire wind ensemble crowds onto the platform to perform.



The 132-meter-high, copper-covered, baroque spire is a prominent feature of Hamburg's skyline and has always been a landmark for ships sailing up the river Elbe.

This spire might well have been the last thing in Hamburg seen by Jürgen Peter Ankerson when he sailed out of the Hamburg harbor on the *Oder* in May of 1852.



**Above:** St. Michael's Church ca. 1850. According to his autobiographical sketch which appeared in the *Iowa Reform*, a Davenport German-language newspaper, Jürgen Peter Ankerson was in Hamburg during the Great Fire of 1842. St. Michael's Church was not affected by this great fire which burned for one hundred hours and devastated a quarter of the inner city.

Professor Joachim Reppmann feels that it's highly likely that Jürgen, who was a confirmed Lutheran, would have attended this church during his time in Hamburg.

**Below:** The size of *Michaeliskirche* and its 433-foot tower is readily apparent when viewed against the backdrop of Hamburg's many modern, multi-story buildings.





*Michaeliskirche* is dedicated to the archangel Michael. This large bronze statue above the church portal depicts the archangel conquering the devil.

After viewing St. Michael's Church, we got back in the Mercedes to head for Flensburg ... or so we thought. Yogi had a surprise in store for us which involved one of the eight old octagonal churches located on the outskirts of Hamburg.

— **We attend a funeral on our first day in Germany!** —

After an interesting historical discourse on these unusual churches from Professor Reppmann, we learned that we'd soon be seeing one up close and in person — we were to attend a funeral in one that morning!! It turned out that Gitta's aged aunt had died, and that the funeral was to be held in less than an hour. As the old saying goes, "When in Rome ..."

The experience proved to be quite interesting ... and unintentionally humorous. During the short service, which was, of course, conducted entirely in German, Carol had spotted an interesting vase adorned with flowers sitting near the altar. As we exited the church, she remarked how beautiful the floral vase was. It was at that point that I told her that the "floral vase" contained the remains of Gitta's aunt!



**Above left:** An aerial view of Kirche am Markt at Niendorfer Marktplatz 14 in Hamburg showing the distinctive octagonal shape of the church. **Above center:** The interior of Kirche am Markt where we sat during a funeral service on our first day in Germany! **Above right:** Wishing to demonstrate the reach of his territorial power, King Christian VII of Denmark (1749-1808) had eight very similar octagonal churches built at the southernmost tip of his kingdom. The octagonal church that we visited was designed by Christian Frederick Hansen, the leading Danish architect between the late 1700's and the 1840's. Hansen also designed Husum's *Marienkirche*, the church that the Theodor Jansen family (about whom I'm writing a book) probably attended from 1873-1882.

**On to Flensburg**

After our visit to the octagonal church, we got back in the Mercedes and headed out on an *Autobahn* bound for the Reppmanns' apartment in Flensburg. The idea for the construction of the *Autobahnen* was first conceived during the days of the Weimar Republic, but the pace of construction was slow, and most projected sections didn't progress much beyond the planning stage due to economic problems and lack of political support.

After coming to power in January of 1933, Hitler enthusiastically embraced an ambitious *Autobahn* construction project, and there were soon over 100,000 laborers working at construction sites all over Germany.

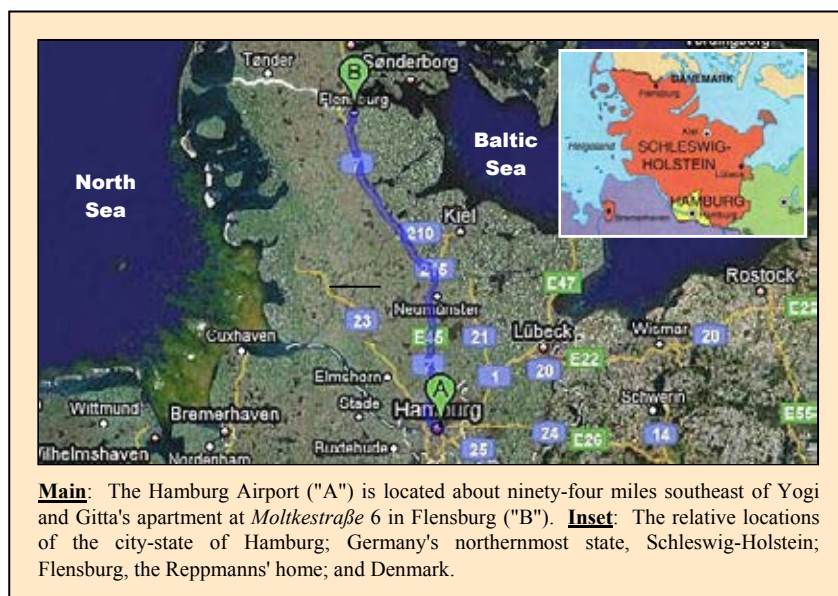


In addition to providing employment and improving Germany's infrastructure, the *Autobahn* project was also a great propaganda success.

A popular misconception is that the *Autobahnen* were built to provide mobility for the movement of Germany's military forces. In fact, many of the gradients built before the war were far too steep for this purpose. The main goal of the *Autobahnen* was to enable a large proportion of the population to drive long distances in their own cars, all the while enjoying the countryside along the way.

The German *Autobahnen* are famous for being one of the few public road systems in the world without blanket speed limits for cars and motorcycles. (There are, however, speed limits at junctions, construction zones, and other danger points, as well as temporary speed limits in case of wet roads, etc.) The average speed for automobiles is about 150 kilometers (ninety-three miles) per hour, but it's not unusual to see cars speeding along at 180 kilometers (112 miles) per hour or faster. We did our best to enjoy the scenery on the way to Flensburg, but the speed of the cars on the *Autobahn* and the German passing technique — coming right up on the car in front before pulling out to pass — was a bit unnerving.

When we arrived at the Reppmanns' apartment at *Moltkestraße 6*, I noticed that the driveway into the apartment was quite narrow, but as I would learn in the coming weeks, Yogi was an expert at maneuvering his Mercedes through tight spaces. He pulled around back into a narrow parking stall which required him to exit through the passenger side door. We carried our luggage up one flight of stairs and looked around at what would be our home for the next two weeks.



The Reppmanns' apartment building is located on a charming little street, and unlike so many of the "cookie cutter" residences in America, presents a stylistically interesting appearance with its high-pitched tiled roofs, tall windows, carved stone adornments, and iron-fenced balconies. The inside of the apartment is very spacious and modern looking with light-colored wood floors throughout. The residence consists of two large bedrooms, a master bathroom, a beautiful guest bathroom with a washer and dryer, an eat-in kitchen, a large living room, a dining room, and a large office.

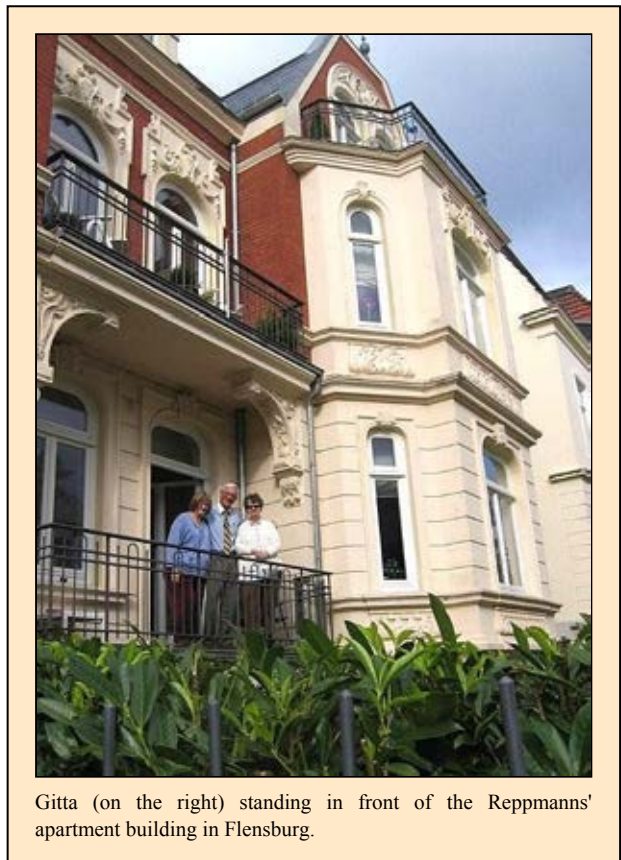
We soon found ourselves in the kitchen sitting down to a lunch of cold cuts and cheeses, which, along with seafood, are North German staples at almost *every* meal. After polishing off several pieces of two great desserts prepared for us by Yogi's mother, I spotted a plastic crate with *filled* milk cartons sitting by the kitchen table. I never did understand why the milk didn't spoil, but in Germany, you don't put your milk in the refrigerator until you're ready to open and drink it.

By this time, Carol and I were running on empty. I, in particular, had hardly slept the night before, and had now been up for about thirty hours straight. We went to our bedroom to lay down for awhile. This actually worked out quite well, since the Reppmanns arise very early each day and routinely take a midday nap.

Our bedroom was filled with a treasure trove of books, many of which were of great interest to me. Yogi has assembled a fantastic collection of history books, many of which deal with Schleswig-Holstein emigrants to America's Midwest (especially the group known as the Forty-eighters). Unbelievably, he even had a rare copy of one of my favorites, Dr. August Richter's 1917 history of Davenport and Scott County (*Geschichte der Stadt Davenport und des County Scott*). Fortunately, many of the books in Yogi's library were written in English, and they provided many hours of interesting reading before going to sleep each night.

### A walking tour of Flensburg

After our midday rest, we embarked on a little walking tour of Flensburg. Our first stop was *Flensburger Stadtpark* (Flensburg City Park), which is located only a few blocks from the Reppmans' apartment. Yogi showed us a statue of General Carl von Wrangel, a career soldier who had fought during the Schleswig-Holstein War of 1848-50 and subsequently been made an honorary citizen of Flensburg. Research I later did for my book on Jürgen Peter Ankerson revealed that both he and von Wrangel (not yet a general at this time) had participated in the battle at Kolding (located fifty-seven miles due north of Flensburg) on April 23, 1849.



Gitta (on the right) standing in front of the Reppmanns' apartment building in Flensburg.



### General Carl von Wrangel statue in Flensburger Stadtpark

**Above left:** Adolf Brütt's statue of General Carl Freiherr von Wrangel (1812-1899) was unveiled in Flensburg on September 27, 1903, and now stands in *Flensburger Stadtpark*. Brütt (1855-1939), a native of Husum, Schleswig-Holstein, also created the famous "Tine" statue which sits atop the fountain in front of *Marienkirche* in Husum. **Above center:** Over a century later, the von Wrangel statue still looks out over *Flensburger Stadtpark*.

**Above right:** This bas-relief, which appears on the pedestal of the General Carl von Wrangel statue, shows the bloody battle that took place in the streets of Kolding on April 23, 1849. During the Schleswig-Holstein War of 1848-50, the regimental drummer was an important man during a battle, as the soldiers maneuvered according to his different drum beats. After the drummer was wounded at the Battle of Kolding, the Schleswig-Holstein troops became confused. On the far right of the relief, you can see von Wrangel, who had run to the injured drummer, taken over his duties, and reorganized the troops. Because of his actions in coordinating the movement of the Schleswig-Holstein forces and leading them to victory, von Wrangel would eventually be made an honorary citizen of Flensburg.



### The Battle of Kolding

After the Danish navy's disastrous defeat at Eckernförde on April 4, 1849, the Schleswig-Holsteiners took the initiative by attacking the Danish town of Kolding, a seaport located at the head of the Kolding Fjord, fifty-seven miles due north of Flensburg. Kolding was defended by two hundred Danish light infantry and artillery. The Danes were armed with espingols, a primitive type of machine gun which proved effective as a defensive weapon when engaging attacking enemy infantry columns.

For two hours on April 23, 1849, the Danes defended Kolding, but eventually, they were forced to withdraw to spare the town's destruction. Fighting under the command of Eduard von Bonin for the Schleswig-Holsteiners in this bloody battle was a twenty-five-year-old trumpeter and member of the fourth squadron of the First Dragoon Regiment, my great-great grandfather, Jürgen Peter Ankerson.



**Sune Wadskjær Nielsen's painting depicting the Battle of Kolding**



**Above left:** Carol in *Flensburger Stadtpark* on our first afternoon in Germany. **Right:** The relative locations of the Reppmanns' apartment at *Moltkestraße 6* and *Flensburger Stadtpark*.



After visiting *Flensburger Stadtpark*, we walked down *Selkstraße*, which borders the park on the east. Located at *Selkstraße 1* is the *Altes Gymnasium*, the school Yogi attended from the fifth through the thirteenth grades.

*Altes Gymnasium* ("Old School"), the oldest school in the city, was founded on July 19, 1566, by Danish King Frederick II (1534-1588) as a tri-lingual school for the languages of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. The school's motto is *Non scholae, sed vitae discimus*, Latin for "We do not learn for the school, but for life." The import of the motto, of course, is that you should not gain knowledge and skill to please a teacher or master, but rather, because of the benefits you will gain in your life. The motto's genesis lies in a lamentation (*Non vitae sed scholae discimus*) uttered by Lucius Annaeus Seneca, the Roman philosopher and playwright.

From 1912-1914, the school's present imposing building was erected. Fifty years later, the school became coeducational. Today, *Altes Gymnasium* is the only Flensburg school where Latin can still be selected as the first foreign language. The school continues to be well-known for its extensive historical library of sixty thousand volumes, many of which document Flensburg and Schleswig-Holstein history.

After passing the *Altes Gymnasium*, we continued toward the downtown area by proceeding east on *Marienstraße*, an old, very narrow street that winds its way down a hill towards the *Flensburger Förde*.

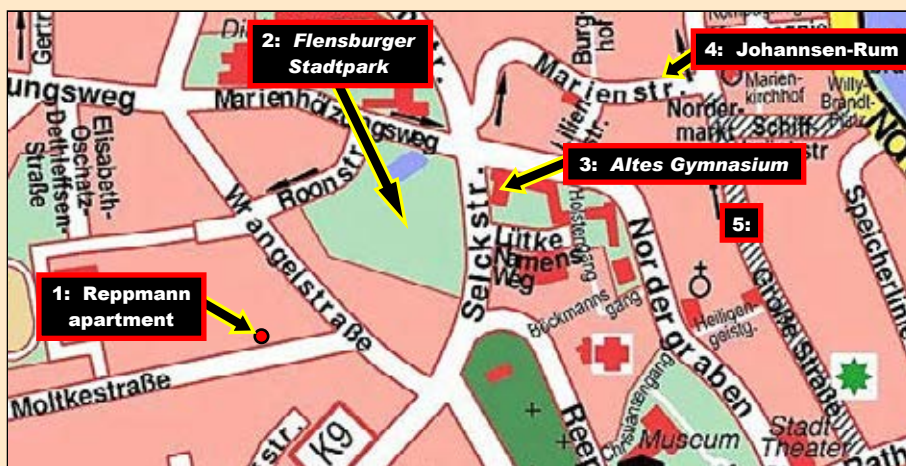


**Above left main:** The present *Altes Gymnasium* building was built between 1912 and 1914. How many people can say they attended a school founded in 1566?! **Above left inset:** A bird's-eye view of the *Altes Gymnasium*. **Above right:** Situated high on a hill, the *Altes Gymnasium* is a commanding presence when viewed from the Flensburg harbor.

One of the quaint businesses we encountered on *Marienstraße* was Johannsen-Rum. Although we had arrived after closing time, we inspected the outside of the premises and received an interesting primer on the history of the Flensburg rum business from Yogi.

In 1754, the Caribbean islands of St. Thomas, St. John, and St. Croix were sold to Danish King Frederick V (1723-1766) and became known as the Danish West Indies. (Today, these islands are known as the U.S. Virgin Islands.) By the next year, Flensburg merchants had begun to prosper as Flensburg ships sailing under the neutral Danish flag began transporting cane sugar from the Danish West Indies back to Flensburg where final processing and refining were done. With excellent water, secret recipes, and special oak barrels which imparted a unique strong aroma to the brew, Flensburg became known as the producer of very fine rums. By 1794, there were 150 registered rum distillers in Flensburg and perhaps an equal amount of black market distillers. As a result of industrialization, however, Flensburg was outdone in the nineteenth century by competition from nearby cities such as Copenhagen and Hamburg.

By the 1860's, Flensburg had adapted and was importing rum from Jamaica (then ruled by the British), blending it, and selling it all over Europe. At the beginning of the twentieth century, Flensburg was home to about thirty companies which imported rum and sold it under their own labels. Today, Johannsen-Rum, which



**1:** We began our walk from the Reppmanns' apartment at *Moltkestraße* 6. **2:** We entered *Flensburger Stadtpark* where we looked at the statue of General Carl von Wrangel. **3:** We then started down *Selckstraße* where we viewed Yogi's old school, the *Altes Gymnasium*. **4:** After walking a short distance, we turned east onto *Marienstraße* where Yogi showed us Johannsen-Rum. **5:** Finally, we turned south on *Große Straße* and entered the downtown area of the *Altstadt* (old town or old city).



was founded by Andreas Heinrich Johannsen on May 1, 1878, is the only active rum distillery in Flensburg. (A week later, Yogi and I would visit a "micro-distillery" of rum at *Weinhaus Braasch*.)



To reach downtown, we walked along *Marienstraße*, the narrow, old street that's home to Johannsen-Rum, the sole surviving Flensburg rum importer. Four days later at the *Stadtarchiv Flensburg*, I learned that Hans Peter Anckersen, one of my great-great grand uncles, lived at *Marienstraße* 50 in 1868.



**Top left:** You can buy rum produced by Johannsen-Rum in the red building at *Marienstraße* 8. The wrought iron sign with the hanging grape cluster lets prospective customers know that the firm also sells wine. **Top middle:** Looking west up steep old *Marienstraße*. **Top right:** To enter Johannsen-Rum's offices and production facility you walk through a large wooden gate attached to two little brick towers and then proceed back into a courtyard. **Bottom left:** The offices of Johannsen-Rum. **Bottom center:** Johannsen-Rum was originally located at *Große Straße* 4, but moved to their present location at *Marienstraße* 6 in 1914. The castle-type building where the rum blending takes place is more than three hundred years old. **Bottom right:** An example of the oak barrels in which the rum is aged.





As evidenced by the labels shown above, A. H. Johannsen-Rum produces many varieties of rum. Several of these labels pay homage to Flensburg's annual Rum Regatta, the first of which took place 150 years ago on the *Flensburger Förde*. For the last twenty-seven years, the race has been staged each May.

Another of the labels refers to the company's founding in 1878 by Andreas Heinrich Johannsen. Today, Johannsen-Rum is still a family-owned-and-operated business with Wolfgang and Martin Johannsen, the grandson and great grandson of the firm's founder, proudly carrying on the family tradition. In the "isn't it a small world" department, Johannsen-Rum purchased the rum business of C. A. Petersen in 1980. C. A. Petersen was the grandfather of Kai-Uwe Petersen, a good friend of Yogi's who we would visit in Hamburg on August 30th. During his high school years, Kai-Uwe worked for his grandfather helping with both the production and delivery of the firm's rum.

After we'd finished at Johannsen-Rum, we turned south onto *Große Straße*. Although it was past seven o'clock, the street was bustling with people enjoying a nice Friday evening in Flensburg. As we strolled along



**Above left:** The green arrow on this map indicates Carol's approximate location in the photo at the right. The orange arrows indicate the route we took (*Selkstraße/Marienstraße/Große Straße*) to get downtown. **Above right:** Carol is standing close to Café Central which is located at *Große Straße* 83.



the brick street, I looked with fascination at the tightly packed old buildings, admiring their steeply pitched tile roofs and intricate brickwork patterns. Once again, I was overcome with a very surreal feeling as I realized that the Atlantic Ocean and five thousand miles separated the place where I now walked from where I had awakened on the previous day.



People enjoy a stroll on *Große Straße* on a nice summer evening, Friday, August 25, 2006.

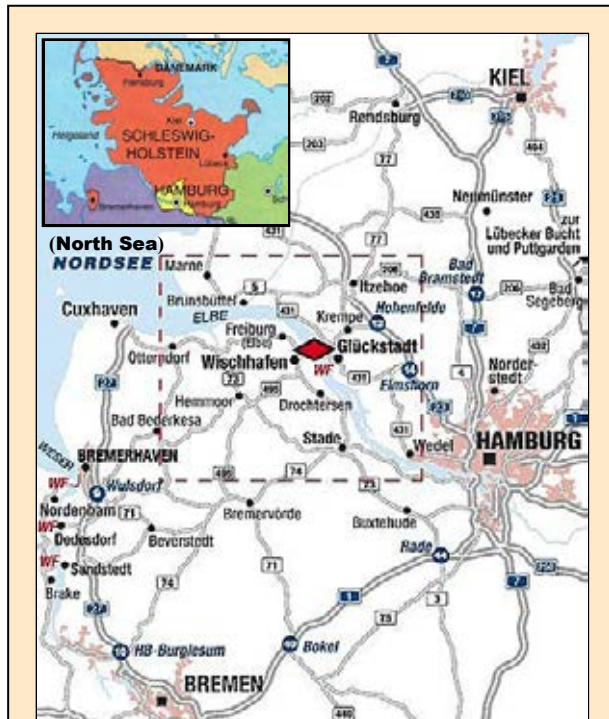
Our evening concluded with a visit to an art gallery where an artist friend of Yogi's was having a showing. As we walked about looking at the artist's work, we enjoyed a glass of white wine and hors d'oeuvres. Yogi introduced us to the artist, a native Flensburger who was living in New York at the time.

We were all getting pretty tired at this point and decided to call it a day. In spite of this, Carol and I had a hard time going to sleep. Carol read a mystery while I perused several of the many history books lining the walls of the Reppmanns' guest bedroom. Our bed, like the one I was to sleep in the next night at Bremerhaven, had no upper sheet or blanket, but rather, a comfortable flannel bottom sheet and a thick down comforter. We both found this very comfortable. German pillows — that's another story!

*August 26-27, 2006*  
*Bremerhaven's Deutsches Auswandererhaus*

**The trip to Bremerhaven**

The next morning, Yogi and I drove to a nearby store to purchase some groceries. Although quite small by American standards, the store was bright and cheery and had a large selection of cheeses, seafood, and a very nice bakery that was doing a brisk business.



Our journey began on the A 7. All *Autobahnen* are named by using the capital letter "A" followed by a space and a number. The "main" *Autobahnen* going all across Germany have a single digit number, usually even-numbered for east-west routes and odd-numbered for north-south routes. Shorter *Autobahnen* that are of regional importance (e.g., connecting two major cities or regions within Germany) have a double digit number (e.g., the A 24 which connects Berlin and Hamburg).

We crossed the Kiel Canal near Rendsburg, then left the *Autobahn*, and proceeded to Glückstadt, the home of Theodor Olshausen, one-time editor of *Der Demokrat* (a Davenport German-language newspaper) and the subject of a book written by Yogi and father Ingo Reppmann. We then crossed the Elbe River on a ferry to the town of Wischhafen and proceeded to Bremerhaven arriving at eleven P. M. at the home of Jürgen and Gisela Rudloff.

That afternoon, Yogi and I set out on the two-hundred-mile drive from Flensburg to Bremerhaven, the port city where we would visit the *Deutsches Auswandererhaus*. After we'd traveled about forty miles, we crossed the Kiel Canal (known as the *Ostsee-Kanal* in Germany). Construction on this canal, which connects the North Sea and the Baltic Sea (Schleswig-Holstein is the only state in Germany situated between two seas: the North Sea to the west and the Baltic Sea to the east.), was begun in June of 1887 at Holtenau near Kiel. It took about 8,900 workers eight years to complete the project. Today, the Kiel Canal is the busiest man-made waterway in the world.



**The Kiel Canal**

stone embedded in the town walls of Rendsburg (situated on the border between the former duchies of Schleswig and Holstein) with the inscription *Eidora Terminus Imperii Romani* ("The river Eider is the border of the Holy Roman Empire.")

As we crossed the canal near Rendsburg on an *Autobahn* bridge, we could see a very unique structure in the

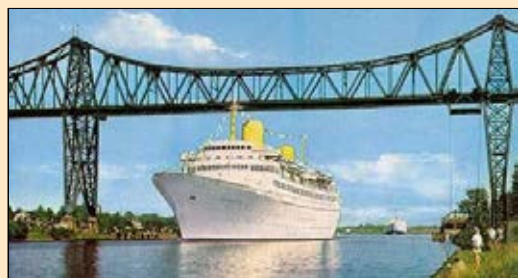


distance called a transporter bridge (also known as a ferry bridge or an aerial transfer bridge). Today, only eight of these bridges are in operation worldwide. The Rendsburg bridge, which is known as the "Iron Lady," is not just a means for trains to cross the Kiel Canal, but also for cars (up to six at a time), bikes, and pedestrians, all of which ride in a ferry car (or transporter car) that is suspended from the bridge via steel cables.

The town of Rendsburg was of great interest to me, not only because of the "Iron Lady," but also because it was the starting point for the Schleswig-Holstein War of 1848-1850. Since two of the books I'm writing (one about my great-great grandfather, Jürgen Peter Ankerson, and the other about the von Schirach family) deal with Rendsburg, I hope to be able to explore this town on our next trip to Schleswig-Holstein.



**Top:** The suspended ferry car (or transporter car) can be seen about halfway across the Kiel Canal. The forty-two-meter-high bridge, which was built between 1911 and 1913, required two several-mile-long ramps in order to achieve the height needed for large vessels to pass underneath. Part of one of these ramps leading up to the bridge is visible on the left side of the photo. **Middle:** The ferry car just starting its journey across the Kiel Canal. **Bottom:** A large vessel sailing under the "Iron Lady."



**Rendsburg, March 24, 1848**

Located in the heart of the duchies, Rendsburg was the main garrison and fortress in Schleswig-Holstein in March of 1848. Three infantry battalions, an artillery regiment, a group of engineers, and the main armory were all located there. Although almost all of the soldiers stationed in Rendsburg were of German origin, most of the officers were Danish.

On March 24, 1848, Prince Frederick Emil August von Nør (1800-1865), a former high-ranking Danish officer and a member of the Schleswig-Holstein line of succession, led a group of four hundred volunteers (composed of the 5th "Lauenburger" Rifle Corps [*Jägerkorps*] and a group of Kiel University students) who took the fortress of Rendsburg by surprise.

The volunteers had ridden the Schleswig-Holstein railway from Kiel to Rendsburg, and using its direct connection to the fortress, simply made their way in by passing through the gates, which, for some unknown reason, had been left open. Nør and his men captured thirteen thousand rifles, numerous cannons, ammunition, and a war chest of 2,500,000 talers.

After the fort had been secured, the Prince of Nør read a proclamation; the picture above depicts the fortress just after he'd finished this task. To the left with the German flag is the Rendsburg Civil Guard; in the center, according to many experts, are Wilhelm Hartwig Beseler (a civilian member of the Provisional Government) and the Prince of Nør (in the uniform); and to the right with the green uniforms is Wilhelm von Schirach's unit, the 5th Lauenburg Rifle Corps.

In a matter of days (or perhaps even hours), Jürgen Peter Ankerson arrived in Rendsburg *"to place himself at the disposal of the provisional government."* It's quite likely, therefore, that the two men — von Schirach and Ankerson — were together in Rendsburg at the same time. Five years later and five thousand miles away, the two Forty-eighters would meet once again in Davenport, Iowa.

While on our road trip to Bremerhaven, Yogi and I had a chance to talk on a variety of subjects including the motivation for his first visit to the United States, his college education, the books he'd written, and his family. The miles passed quickly as we enjoyed the scenery and our conversation.

Eventually, we arrived on the outskirts of Glückstadt, a town located on the eastern bank of the Elbe River, a river we needed to cross in order to reach Bremerhaven. Glückstadt is a very significant town for both Yogi and me in that it's the birthplace of Theodor Olshausen, an individual I first became aware of after reading Yogi's book, *Freedom, Education and Well-being for All!* I learned early on that gaining an understanding of Olshausen's life would be very important for the book I'm writing about the life and times of Jürgen Peter Ankerson.

Unfortunately, by the time we reached Glückstadt, there was a line of cars several miles long waiting to cross the Elbe via the Wischhafen ferry. Every half hour or so, the line would inch closer as another batch of cars was loaded on the ferry for the trip across the river. After sitting in Yogi's car for an hour or so, my bladder was bursting. I finally got out and walked to a

Theodor Olshausen, an extremely important historical figure in the events leading up to the Schleswig-Holstein War of 1848-1850, was one of twenty persons excluded from the Danish king's general amnesty issued on March 29, 1852. (Hans Reimer Claussen, one of the other nineteen, would become Davenport's most well-known Forty-eighter, while his son Ernst would be elected Davenport's mayor seven consecutive times.) Having anticipated this outcome, Olshausen had emigrated in 1851, originally settling in St. Louis. In 1856, he moved to Davenport where he became co-owner and editor of the Davenport German-language newspaper, *Der Demokrat*. While a resident there, he served on several committees with Jürgen Peter Ankerson.

In 1860, Olshausen lived with the Jacob Guldner family in Davenport. Jacob Guldner was the father of George Guldner, who in turn, was the husband of Ida Christine Guldner née Koehler, my great grand aunt.

Living next door to Olshausen was the H. H. Andresen family. Hans Heinrich Andresen served on Davenport's city council with Jürgen Peter Ankerson from 1859-1860. Further adding to the irony, living only three doors away from Olshausen was Bleik Peters, a political ally of Olshausen's back in Schleswig-Holstein and a very good friend of Jürgen Peter Ankerson ... so good in fact, that his wife was a niece of Jürgen's first wife, he handled the estate of Jürgen's second wife, and he married Jürgen and his third wife.

Olshausen's life story, which is well chronicled in Yogi's *Freedom, Education and Well-being for All!* and in Yogi and father Ingo Reppmann's book *Theodor Olshausen 1802 - 1869: Briefe an den Bruder Justus*, is extremely interesting and filled with an amazing cast of characters.

While living in Germany, Olshausen recruited Theodor Mommsen to edit the *Schleswig-Holsteinische Zeitung*. Mommsen went on to win the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1902, and in turn, recruited Theodor Storm, who would become a highly regarded novelist and poet and Husum's most famous native son. Years later, after leaving Davenport and returning to St. Louis, Olshausen bought the *Westliche Post*. Joining the staff of that paper in 1865 and working with several of Olshausen's brothers was Joseph Pulitzer. When Pulitzer died in 1911, his will established what was to become America's most important award for outstanding achievement in journalism, literature, and music, the Pulitzer Prize.

Olshausen was a prolific letter writer, and the people to whom he wrote included **Hans Reimer Claussen**, Davenport's most famous Forty-eighter; **John C. Fremont**, United States senator, the Republican Party's first candidate for President, Civil War general, and governor; **Theodor Gülich**, famed Forty-eighter and the founder of *Der Demokrat* in Davenport, Iowa; **Joachim Heinrich Ingwersen**, the maternal grandfather of Theodor Emil Jansen (about whom I'm writing a book) and the paternal grandfather of the five Ingwersen brothers who emigrated on-board the *Oder* with Jürgen Peter Ankerson; **Abraham Lincoln**, sixteenth President of the United States; **Heinrich Lischer**, owner of Davenport's leading German-language newspaper, *Der Demokrat*, and a well-known Davenport citizen for many years; **Uwe Jens Lornsen**, champion of a united and independent Schleswig-Holstein; **Christian Müller** (Mueller in Davenport), prime mover in the founding of Davenport's *Socialistischer Turnverein*, owner of the Mueller Lumber Co., and along with Jürgen Peter Ankerson, a member of Davenport's *Schleswig-Holstein Kampfgenossen Verein von 1848-50*; **Henry John Temple Palmerston**, Prime Minister of the United Kingdom; **Franklin Pierce**, fourteenth President of the United States; **Wilhelm von Schirach**, subject of a book I'm writing and grand uncle of Baldur von Schirach, head of the Hitler Youth Movement and Nuremberg war criminal; **Carl Schurz**, American's most famous Forty-eighter, Civil War general, United States senator, Secretary of the Interior under President Rutherford B. Hayes, editor-in-chief and one of the proprietors of the *New York Evening Post*, and editorial writer for *Harper's Weekly*; and **William Henry Seward**, governor of New York, United States senator, Secretary of State under Presidents Lincoln and Johnson, and prime mover behind America's purchase of Alaska.

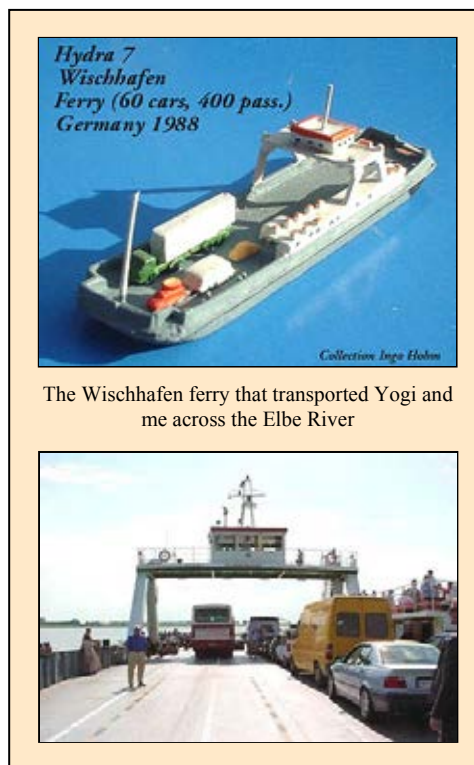


building on the east bank of the Elbe, went inside, and made the universal sign of bladder distress to the man in charge. Eventually, I came to understand that there were a number of pay toilets in a building out back, paid the specified number of euros, got the appropriate key, and took care of business. By the time I returned to the car, the line still hadn't moved!

Gradually, we inched our way towards the Elbe, and at last, it was our turn to have Yogi's Mercedes loaded on-board the ferry. By this time, the sun had started to set, and the temperature had become quite chilly. The sight of that sunset as we crossed the Elbe was truly breathtaking, and I wished that Carol could have been there to enjoy it with me.

After we had safely crossed the Elbe, we still had almost sixty miles to go to reach the house of our hosts for the evening, Jürgen and Gisela Rudloff. By now, darkness had descended, and we were traveling on roads more akin to a two-lane highway than the high-speed *Autobahnen*.

We were both getting tired, and as we sped through the night, our discussion of our sleep deprivation prompted Yogi to recall one of his favorite sayings by frenetic workaholic filmmaker, Rainer-Werner Fassbinder. In a career lasting less than fifteen years, Fassbinder (1945-1982) made thirty-five films (including Yogi's two favorites, *The Marriage of Maria Brown* and *Effie Briest*), two television series, three short films, four video productions, twenty-four stage plays, four radio plays, and acted in thirty-six films. And the Fassbinder quote about the necessity of sleep? "I can sleep when I'm dead!"



The Wischhafen ferry that transported Yogi and me across the Elbe River

### Our gracious hosts, Jürgen and Gisela Rudloff

After phoning the Rudloffs for directions to their house, we arrived shortly after eleven P.M. I assumed we'd go straight to bed, but to my surprise, our hosts had set a table full of food and drink for us. Despite being a bit hungry, I was ready for bed, but not wishing to offend the Rudloffs, I sat down at the table. Although there were cold cuts, cheeses, and breads — plenty enough for me — there were also numerous kinds of fish, including a bowl of miniature shrimp that strongly resembled a tightly compacted human brain in a bowl. When prompted, I politely took a few, and despite feeling like a cannibal, downed them in one gulp and remarked how good they were.

After the late supper and some pleasant conversation (both Jürgen [a retired high school principal] and his wife Gisela spoke English very well), Jürgen brought out a prized bottle of Danish liqueur. After a small glass of this, my sleep deprivation had gotten the better of me, and sensing this, Jürgen showed me to my bedroom. Once again, I found a bed with a nice thick comforter but no upper sheet or blanket. I was asleep within minutes while Yogi and the Rudloffs conversed into the early morning hours.

The next morning, I awoke remarkably refreshed. I ventured downstairs and found Gisela preparing breakfast, which once again, featured cold cuts, cheeses, bread, and fish — including more "brain shrimp." I had a nice talk



A plate of *Krabben* (baby shrimps). The ones I was served were more tightly compacted than those shown in the photo above and closely resembled a human brain in a bowl! According to Yogi, Rantum-born Jürgen Peter Ankerson undoubtedly grew up eating these little delicacies. Today, tourists visiting the Husum harbor area love to order a *Krabben-Brötchen*, a sandwich consisting of baby shrimps in a bun.



with Gisela, and she and Jürgen showed me their lovely back yard and patio.

After breakfast, Jürgen talked about his experiences as a young boy at the conclusion of World War II. Although not very complimentary of England's soldiers, he had nothing but praise for America's GI's. In his eyes, the Americans had not acted like conquerors and had shown many kindnesses toward Bremerhaven's citizens such as giving chocolate bars to hungry children and cigarettes to adults.

Sadly, most of Bremerhaven was destroyed during World War II. Key parts of the port, however, were deliberately spared by the Allied forces in order to provide a usable harbor to supply the Allies after the war. During the postwar occupation, Bremerhaven was an enclave within the British zone of Northern Germany, but was run by the United States.

Today, the still fast-growing port of Bremerhaven is the sixteenth largest container port in the world. More than 1,350,000 cars are imported and exported every year via Bremerhaven, with the city exporting more cars than any other European city except Rotterdam. I witnessed this automotive export vitality firsthand on our drive to the German Emigration Center when I saw numerous flatbed railroad cars loaded with BMW's headed for the port.

Because of the Allied bombing raids during World War II, tourist attractions are the *Deutsches Schifffahrtsmuseum* (German Maritime Museum) and its many museum ships in the historical harbor, and our destination, the *Deutsches Auswandererhaus*.

After our conversation with our hosts drew to a close, and after helping clear the breakfast table, the Rudloffs got in their car, and Yogi and I followed in his car for our five-mile trip to the German Emigration Center.

### **The *Deutsches Auswandererhaus* (German Emigration Center)**

From the time we had finished breakfast to the time we arrived at the German Emigration Center, the weather had changed from sunny to cloudy, windy, and cold. It looked like rain was in the offing, so we didn't take much time admiring the beautiful exterior of the new facility before going inside.

A nineteenth-century painting played a crucial role in the architectural design of the *Deutsches Auswandererhaus*. One woman waving farewell with a white hanky stands out in this painting. Her small gesture was a symbol of hope: the hope that one day the passenger on-board the ship leaving Europe for the New World and the person standing in the crowd of onlookers on the wharf and waving that passenger off would see each other again.

The soaring wings of the structure symbolize that white handkerchief being waved in the air. Embedded in the round, soft shape of the building, these wings (also called sails) rise high above the building yet are delicate for their size. Both the basic structure and the wings are made of exposed concrete.





In the early planning stages of the *Deutsches Auswandererhaus*, our host and tour guide, Jürgen Rudloff, looks over the plans of architect Andreas Heller.

*I send greetings to those gathered for the opening of the German Emigration Center in Bremerhaven.*

*Generations of German immigrants and their descendants have helped build America and chart its course through history. From ports such as Bremerhaven, Germans came to America seeking freedom, opportunity, and the chance to develop a community based on tolerance and respect for all people. This center will bring to life the story of millions of German immigrants who passed through Bremerhaven on their journey to the New World. In documenting this experience, it promises to be an important addition to the cultural landscape of Germany and a living symbol of the strong ties between the United States and Germany. As you preserve Bremerhaven's history, you inspire future generations and nurture an appreciation for your national heritage.*

*I appreciate the city of Bremerhaven for honoring its history and all those who have given their time, energy, and talents to making this center a reality. Your hard work and dedication are building a stronger community and a brighter future for the citizens of Germany.*

*Laura and I send our best wishes for a successful opening.*

**President George W. Bush**



**Left to right:** Australian Ambassador Pamela Fayle, Hamburg U.S. Consul General Duane Butcher (who we would meet at the U.S. Consulate General in Hamburg on August 30th), architect Andreas Heller, and Deputy U.S. Ambassador John Cloud at the 2005 opening of the German Emigration Center in Bremerhaven.



— Historical background —

In 1827, the Hanseatic city of Bremen bought the territories at the mouth of the Weser River from the kingdom of Hanover. Bremen had sought this territory in order to retain its share of Germany's overseas trade which was threatened by the sedimentation of the Weser around the old inland port. Thus, the city of Bremerhaven was born, and despite being thirty-one miles downstream, it became a second harbor for Bremen.

After three years of construction, Bremerhaven's first harbor basin, the so-called *Alter Hafen* (Old Harbor), was opened. Originally planned as a port of trade, Bremerhaven quickly developed as Germany's first port of emigration. (Prior to the establishment of Bremerhaven, Germans who emigrated traveled to the seaports of Le Havre, France; Rotterdam in the Netherlands; or Liverpool, England.) Bremen merchants, whose ships transported goods such as tobacco, cotton, tea, and mineral oil from the New World back to Europe, profited handsomely by transporting emigrant passengers from Europe to the New World.



As this map shows, Bremerhaven is located about thirty miles northwest of Bremen.

The Bremen Decree of 1832 contributed to making Bremerhaven a modern port of emigration by ensuring that minimal standards were maintained on all ships sailing under the Bremen flag. As a result, these ships acquired the reputation among emigrants of being safe. In 1848, Bremerhaven's Emigration House opened. This facility offered reasonable room and board and good sanitary conditions for up to two thousand people and helped the port town advance to become Germany's leading port of emigration.

In contrast, Hamburg, where most of my ancestors emigrated from, was rather late in discovering the lucrative business of emigration. In fact, it wasn't until the 1840's that the city began to establish itself as a port of embarkation. In 1847, the *Hamburg-Amerikanische Packetfahrt-Actien-Gesellschaft* shipping line (HAPAG) was formed. Initially, it operated sailing ships such as the *Oder*, the vessel on which Jürgen Peter Ankerson emigrated. Gradually, these sailing ships were replaced by ships powered by both steam and wind, and eventually, these gave way to ships powered solely by steam.

In 1852, the *Neuer Hafen* (New Harbor) opened at Bremerhaven. Today, this is the site of the German Emigration Center. Five years later, regular steamship service between Germany and the United States began with the founding of *Norddeutscher Lloyd*. This line's home port was Bremerhaven, and the firm's ships sailed under the Bremen flag. By the end of the nineteenth century, *Norddeutscher Lloyd* had become the world's largest passenger steamship company.

A total of 7.2 million people emigrated to the New World by way of Bremerhaven between 1830 and 1974. Of these, almost 1.2 million left from the New Harbor, with the remainder leaving from the Old Harbor, the Emperors Harbor, and the Columbus Quay.

On April 2, 1985, the Development Association for the German Emigration Center (*Förderverein Deutsches Auswanderermuseum*) was formed with the express purpose of setting the wheels in motion for a German emigration center that would deal with all aspects of emigration. For sixteen years, the chairman of that association, which eventually became known as the Friends of the German Emigration Center, was none other than my host, Jürgen Rudloff. Having my tour of this amazing facility conducted by Jürgen was an honor and a privilege for which I have Yogi Reppmann to thank.



Before my tour was to begin, however, there was another item on our agenda. Yogi was slated to give a talk about Low German and German emigration to America in the ballroom on the second floor of the *Deutsches Auswandererhaus*. Before the presentation began, I was introduced to Dr. Simone Eick, the *Wissenschaftliche Direktorin* (Scientific Director) of the German Emigration Center, as well as several of the attendees, a number of which spoke English very well.

When the program was ready to begin, Jürgen took the podium, made some introductory remarks, and then introduced Yogi. Before beginning his presentation, Yogi had me stand, introduced me to everyone in the ballroom, and graciously made a few remarks about my great-great grandfather, Jürgen Peter Ankerson.

The main focus of Yogi's PowerPoint presentation, a seamless blend of history, anecdotes, and maps, was *Plattdeutsch* (Low German). The talk began with Yogi recalling his and research partner Dee Eicke's first trip to the United States in 1978. The purpose of that trip was to research American cities with German names such as Flensburg, Minnesota. The long-term results of this initial foray into America, however, would be much more far-reaching than the two lads could ever have imagined. Part of these broader ramifications involved the young students' discovery that *Plattdeutsch* was alive and well in pockets of America's Midwest, a fact apparently unknown to most Germans at the time.

Appropriately enough, Yogi and Dee's first inkling of the use of *Plattdeutsch* in America came during their visit to Schleswig, Iowa. While in a bar in that small community, they were greeted by an eighty-year-old German immigrant with the unusual moniker of Peter Pickel. Pickel, a retired farmer, was enjoying a game of Skat (the most popular card game in Germany) when he spotted the boys and uttered the following salutation: "*Moin Moin! Wie geht ju dat?*" ("Good day! How are you?")

This was but one of a number of instances where Yogi and Dee encountered the use of Low German in America's Midwest. Understandably, the two young students were amazed at their discovery, and after returning to Germany, their findings were conveyed to newspaper and radio audiences who were astounded to learn that there were communities across the Atlantic where *Plattdeutsch* was still alive and prospering. One such account of the boys' experiences appeared in the January 23, 1979 edition of the *Hamburger Morgenpost* in an article entitled "*Wunderbar, mit Plattdeutsch kommt man durch Amerika*" ("Wonderful — Travel America with only Low German").

A remarkable indication of the staying power of *Plattdeutsch* in America was demonstrated, not in the United States, but in Dithmarschen in the summer of 1983. Yogi and Dee had organized a Schleswig-Holstein tour for forty-five Midwesterners, most of them retired farmers who had never ventured beyond the boundaries of Iowa. In Dithmarschen, they were greeted by a farming official who spoke *Plattdeutsch*. Before the translator could relay the substance of the official's remarks, the Americans had already begun taking notes. How could this be? It was the power of *Plattdeutsch*! These American farmers had been raised with Low German since their earliest childhood by North German parents and grandparents whose mother tongue was *Plattdeutsch*.

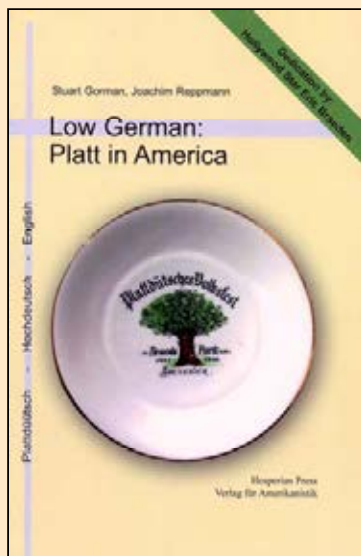
Five years later, things came full circle when Yogi and Dee arranged their first tour of America's Midwest for a large group of native Schleswig-Holsteiners. A party on behalf of the Germans was held in my hometown of Davenport, Iowa, and during that party, an idea was hatched to found the American/Schleswig-Holstein Heritage Society (ASHHS). This society became an important "seed in the blossoming Low German renaissance in North America."

This renaissance was fueled in part by a heightened interest in genealogical research, which in turn, had been given a shot in the arm by America's bicentennial celebration in 1976. If you're interested in more than just the birth, marriage, and death dates of your ancestors — if you're interested in learning about their lives and

the culture that shaped them — you'll certainly be interested in the language they spoke. In my case, my great-great grandfather Jürgen Peter Ankersen, although learning *Hochdeutsch* (High German) in school as a child, grew up speaking *Plattdeutsch* with his family and his friends, both in Schleswig-Holstein and in Davenport, Iowa.

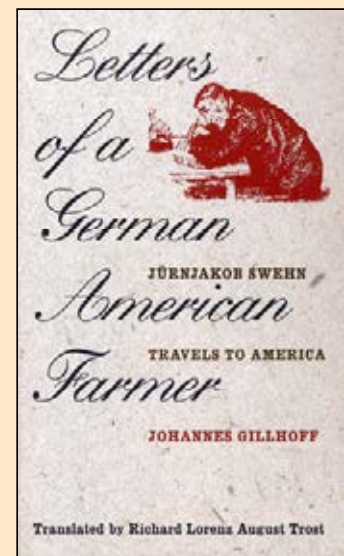
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Although Yogi's talk was given in German, I was able to follow quite a bit of it because of my familiarity with the books he referred to, the names of many of the people and places he mentioned, and because of the visual aids he incorporated. Watching Yogi make his presentation, I was struck by how totally at ease he was in front of a large group of people. A gifted public speaker, his enthusiasm for the subject, "gift of gab," and great sense of humor make his talks entertaining and enjoyable for the audience.



*Low German: Platt in America*, written by Yogi Reppmann and Stuart Gorman (one of Yogi's former German students at Carleton College in Northfield, Minnesota), was published in 2004. To help the reader grasp the differences among English, *Plattdeutsch*, and *Hochdeutsch*, the book's content is set forth in all three languages. *Low German: Platt in America* won both the Johannes Gillhoff Prize and the Fritz Reuter Medallion. (Fritz Reuter and Klaus Groth are considered the two giants of *Plattdeutsch* literature.)

Yogi's talk at the German Emigration Center was peppered with references not only to *Low German: Platt in America* but also to Johannes Gillhoff's *Letters of a German American Farmer*, Jürnjakob Swehn *Travels to America*. This charming book, which Yogi had previously presented to me as a gift, is a humorous, entertaining, educational, and above all, very poignant story of a Low German-speaking immigrant and the life he made for himself and his family in Iowa.



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*Low German: Platt in America* can rightfully be viewed as the capstone of a Low German renaissance that started in a pub in Schleswig, Iowa, with a friendly *Plattdeutsch* greeting from an elderly German immigrant to two young visitors from Schleswig-Holstein.

Fortunately for the reader, *Low German: Platt in America* never allows itself to be sucked into the vortex of the seemingly unfathomable science of linguistics. Rather, it attempts to give the reader a flavor of *Plattdeutsch* by imparting a well-rounded understanding of the language's history, where it's at today, and where it can be in the future.

### The roots of Low German

The book traces Low German's very deep roots back to a language that linguists have dubbed Indo-European. Indo-European splintered into many languages including Old German. As the speakers of Old German began to inhabit today's Northern Germany and Poland, the language, like its progenitor, Indo-European, began to fragment into various languages such as Old Norse, Old High German, Gothic, and Old Saxon or Old Low German (the tongue of the Saxon tribe and the grandparent of Low German).

Old Norse, the language of the Vikings, spread across Scandinavia and eventually developed into Icelandic, Norwegian, Swedish, and Danish. Old High German, spoken in what are today's German central and southern states, would one day sire *Hochdeutsch* (High German) and Yiddish. And Old Saxon? Around 400 AD, a group of Angles and Saxons settled in Britain, changed its name to England ("Angle-Land"), and gave birth to the English language.

The Saxons who stayed behind were sandwiched between speakers of Old Norse to the north and Old High German to the south. This position placed them more or less in the middle of what are now the North German states of Schleswig-Holstein and Lower Saxony which

Continued on the next page

cover a vast plain sloping into the North Sea on the west and the Baltic Sea on the east. This location on a low, flat plain gave rise to the name Low German. (The literal translation of *Plattdeutsch* is "Flat German" while *Niederdeutsch* literally translates to "Low German.")

By 1050, Old Saxon or Old Low German had morphed into what linguists call Middle Low German. This language reached its heyday during the era of the Hanseatic League when it was employed as the lingua franca of an international trade empire whose capital Lübeck we would visit on September 3rd. As the official language of commerce, law, and education, Low German was used in over 160 major cities spanning all of northern Europe.

### **The ascendancy of High German**

Two events, however, conspired to elevate the standing of *Hochdeutsch* (High German) and relegate *Plattdeutsch* to second tier status. The first of these was Columbus' "discovery" of the New World, which gradually brought about a transatlantic orientation of European trade, causing the Hanseatic League and its language of commerce, Low German, to lose importance. The second was Martin Luther's enormously popular Wittenberg Bible, which was published in 1534. Luther's translation helped set the framework for what would become modern High German and was important in shaping the way people spoke and wrote German for generations to follow.

Although *Hochdeutsch* became the dominant written language of law, science, and literature, as well as the language spoken by city-dwelling intellectuals, *Plattdeutsch* continued to be the language spoken by common folk until the middle of the nineteenth century. Nevertheless, some broad-minded, socially conscious intellectuals who championed a democratic form of government (such as future Davenporters Theodor Olshausen and Hans Reimer Claussen) still enjoyed speaking Low German even though they were masters of *Hochdeutsch* (and later of English).

In my hometown of Davenport, Iowa, *Plattdeutsch* was the popular tongue of the huge contingent of Schleswig-Holsteiners who had emigrated there and was used extensively in their social and business lives. In Davenport's West End, which was highly populated with German immigrants, animated conversations were often carried on in stores with one participant speaking *Hochdeutsch* and the other answering in *Platt*. In fact, it was said that a salesman could not expect to sell goods to the farmers of Scott County unless he could speak *Plattdeutsch*.

### ***Plattdeutsch* lays low**

Nevertheless, by the end of the nineteenth century, *Hochdeutsch* had gradually begun to supplant *Plattdeutsch* and was used in the proceedings of most of Davenport's *Vereine* (societies) with the exception of the *Klaus Groth Gilde*. This exception was very understandable in that the lyric and epic poems of the Schleswig-Holstein born namesake of the organization were written in *Plattdeutsch*.

Because of the anti-German hysteria of World War I, Low German had to head underground, especially in my home state of Iowa. Ironically, in a state highly populated with German immigrants and their descendants, Governor William Harding took the anti-German sentiment further than any other state when he issued the so-called "Babel Proclamation" on May 14, 1918. According to this proclamation, "only English was legal in public or private schools, in public conversations, on trains, over the telephone, at all meetings, and in all religious services." In effect, both *Plattdeutsch* and *Hochdeutsch* were made illegal in the state of Iowa! Fortunately, however, Harding's Babel Proclamation was repealed on December 4, 1918, but the episode demonstrates the extreme measures citizens and governments are willing to employ to achieve "peace and tranquility" at the expense of liberty during a time of national crisis. The lesson to be learned is that forcefully shattering the bond of language to artificially unite people makes a state or a nation less safe if democratic ideals are pushed aside.

The plight of Low German was to become even more dire as the events of World War II, coupled with the natural process of acculturation, put *Plattdeutsch* on the ropes and fighting for its life by the middle of the twentieth century. But like Rocky in the movies, Low German was plucky and obstinate and survived to fight another day when a renaissance began after nearly fifty years of hibernation.

### **A Low German renaissance**

This renaissance was fueled in part by a heightened interest in genealogical research. The rebirth also greatly benefited from the growth of the Internet. As Yogi and co-author Stuart Gorman so artistically noted in their 2004 book, *Low German: Platt in America*, "The late 1980's saw many patches of a Low German revival come into existence, but the 1990's would hold the needle and thread to sew them together into a real quilt. That is to say, there were plenty of individuals singing Low German's praise, but only advances in telecommunications made it possible for them to sing in unison in a great Low German-American chorus."

Last, but certainly not least, Reppmann and Gorman point to political correctness as another shot of adrenaline helping wake *Plattdeutsch* after the many years of slumber which had begun with the anti-German hysteria of World War I. As Yogi and Gorman note, political correctness helped "burn off some of the stigma that persisted from the World Wars. This, combined with a two-generation distance, made it OK to be a German again, Low or High."

**Continued on the next page**

## The future of Plattdeutsch

What does the future hold for Low German? Over the years, the question of whether *Plattdeutsch* should be considered a separate language as opposed to a German dialect has been hotly debated. In 1999, Germany officially recognized *Platt* as a regional language and not simply a dialect of German. Low German advocates have expressed considerable hope that this political pronouncement will lend legitimacy to their claim that *Plattdeutsch* is a separate language as well as help mitigate the functional limits of the language (such as its near complete absence in legal and administrative contexts, schools, the media, etc.) that may still be cited as objective criteria for labeling Low German as a mere dialect.

Given its long and storied history, it wouldn't be wise to bet against the survival of *Plattdeutsch* ... especially with people like Yogi Reppmann and Stuart Gorman working hard to assure its continued viability.

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Hollywood actor Eric Braeden wrote the dedication to *Low German: Platt in America*. This dedication appeared in English, *Hochdeutsch*, and *Plattdeutsch*.

### English

"Americans and many people around the globe know me from television. But most folks don't know that I come from another completely different world. I spent my early years in northern Germany. There, in our little village, we only spoke Low German. I'll never forget these roots.

Something else that most Americans and Germans don't suspect: Even in the USA, quite a number of people still speak the good ol' Low German. But now there's a book that can explain and strengthen these connections from across the pond. It portrays the adventurous history of the Low German language and every emigrant who brought it along.

This book should certainly encourage German-Americans to rediscover and care for their heritage. So, my wish is that it will be read by many, many people.

Eric Braeden, Pacific Palisades, California  
born Hans-Jörg Gudegast in Bredenk, Schleswig-Holstein

### Hochdeutsch

*Amerikaner und viel Menschen weltweit kennen mich aus Fernsehshows. Aber längst nicht alle wissen, dass ich aus einer ganz anderen, fernen Welt komme. Meine Kinderjahre verbrachte ich in Norddeutschland. Dort wurde auf dem Dorf nur Plattdeutsch gesprochen. Diese Wurzeln habe ich nie vergessen.*

*Was viele Amerikaner und Deutsche nicht ahnen: Auch in den USA sprechen noch etliche Bürger das gute alte Platt. Nun gibt es ein Buch, dass Verbindungen über den Großen Teich stärken und aufklären soll. Es schildert die abenteuerliche Geschichte der plattdeutschen Sprache und jener Auswanderer, die sie mitbrachten.*

*Dabei ermuntert das spannende Buch vor allem die Deutschstämmigen in den Staaten, das alte Erbe wieder zu entdecken und zu pflegen. Deshalb wünsche ich mir, dass es von vielen Menschen gelesen und verbreitet wird.*

Eric Braeden, Pacific Palisades, California  
geb. Hans-Jörg Gudegast in Bredenk, Schleswig-Holstein

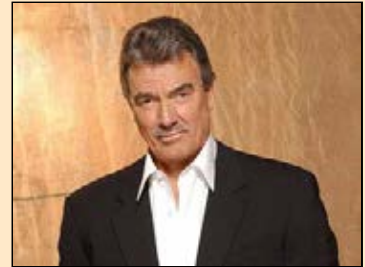
### Plattdeutsch

*De Lüüd in Amerika un de Welt kennt mi vun't Fernsehen un weet gar nich, dat ik ok vun en ganz anner End vun de Eer kamen bün. Mien Kinnertiet heff ik in en lütt Döör in Schleswig-Holsteen verbröcht. De Lüüd dor hebbt Platdüütsch schnack. Ik bün mit düsse Spraak opwussen un heff de Tiet bit hüüt nich vergeten.*

*„Platt in USA,“ en Book, dat dwars över't grote Water, vun Düütschland na Amerika, en dicken Knütt maken deit. Kannst lesen, dat ok in Amerika noch vele Lüüd Platt schnacken köönt. Se weet üm ehr groot Ardeel un versöök, düsse Spraak to plegen. Kannst lesen över de nedderdütsche Spraak, över Minschen, de utwannert sünd un ehr Plattdüütsch mitnahmen hebbt.*

*Ik wöör mi wünschen, dat vele Lüüd in Düütschland un Amerika dat Book lesen un so dormit bidregen doot, dat en Stück Heimat, uns plattdütsche Spraak, nich vergeten warrt.*

Eric Braeden, Pacific Palisades, California  
boren Hans-Jörg Gudegast in Bredenk, Schleswig-Holstein



During the past forty-seven years, Eric Braeden has starred in over 120 television series (including *The Young and the Restless* for which he won an Emmy as Outstanding Lead Actor in 1998) and feature films (including *The Titanic*, the most successful movie in film history). In 2007, he received both a star on the Hollywood Walk of Fame and the Ellis Island Medal of Honor which honors immigrants who have contributed to America.

Politically active and a big supporter of Israel, Eric has been invited to speak there on several occasions by former Prime Minister Ariel Sharon and current President Shimon Peres.

Like Yogi Reppmann, Eric Braeden is a builder of bridges and has twice received The Federal Medal of Honor from Germany's President for his contributions to German-American relations.



Eric Braeden (pictured with Yogi Reppmann) was the keynote speaker at the October, 2001 Low German conference held in Grand Island, Nebraska.



— Lunch and gifts at *Deutsches Auswandererhaus* —

After the conclusion of Yogi's presentation, Jürgen, Yogi, and I headed down to the restaurant on the first floor, a very handsome facility with dark wood accents and a harbor view. It abutted a very nice gift shop with many interesting books about emigration that I perused while waiting for our lunch to arrive.

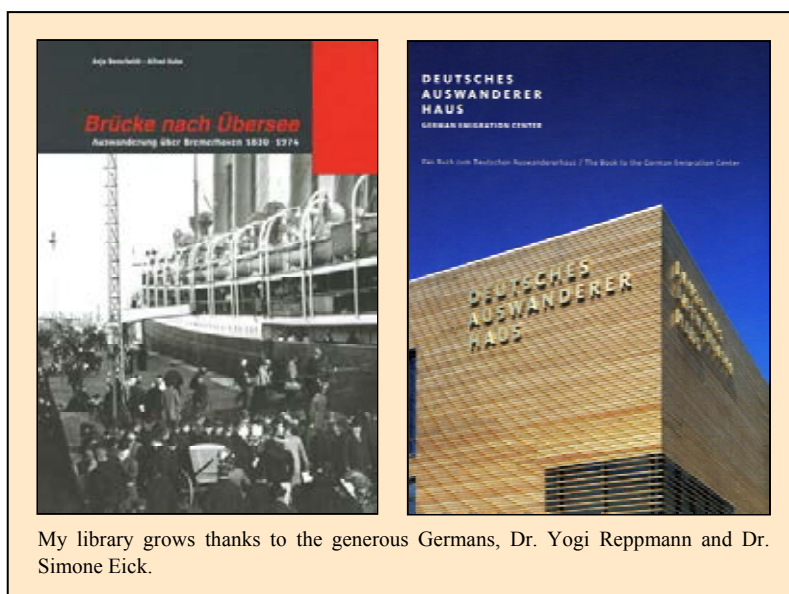
After my experience with "brain shrimp" and other North German specialties, I was ready for some American cuisine, so I ordered a hamburger and fries together with a *Flensburger Pilsener* beer, all of which were outstanding.

Several times during our meal, we had a nice conversation with our waitress who spoke near perfect English. After we'd finished our lunch, and feeling that it was my turn to reciprocate for all the fine hospitality shown to me by Jürgen and Yogi, I bought lunch for the three of us, using my euros for the first time.

Rested and with full stomachs, we got up from the table and were once again greeted by *Wissenschaftliche Direktorin* Dr. Simone Eick. After asking how we enjoyed our lunch, Dr. Eick presented me with a lovely book (*Das Buch zum Deutschen Auswandererhaus*). Since Yogi had also purchased a book for me from the gift shop (*Brücke nach Übersee, Auswanderung über Bremerhaven 1830-1974*), I began to feel as if Christmas had arrived early.



The restaurant at the *Deutsches Auswandererhaus*



My library grows thanks to the generous Germans, Dr. Yogi Reppmann and Dr. Simone Eick.

— Our tour of the *Deutsches Auswandererhaus* begins —

We then purchased our admission tickets and set out on our tour of the emigration center. To really do justice to this fine facility would probably take several days; unfortunately, we only had several hours.

Hopefully, on our next trip to northern Germany, we'll not only be able to spend more time at the *Deutsches Auswandererhaus*, but also be able to tour Port of Dreams — BallinStadt Emigrant World Hamburg, the new emigration center in Hamburg, the port of departure for most of my ancestors.

Ironically, Bremerhaven and Hamburg, who competed for emigrants in the past, today compete for tourists for their respective emigration centers.



This is where we purchased our tickets for our tour of the *Deutsches Auswandererhaus*. At less than eleven euros, the admission fee was a bargain.

On May 5, 2007, the German Emigration Center received the European Museum of the Year Award. Receiving the award from Queen Fabiola of Belgium was the center's director, Dr. Simone Eick, who had graciously presented me with a copy of *Das Buch zum Deutschen Auswandererhaus* during my visit.

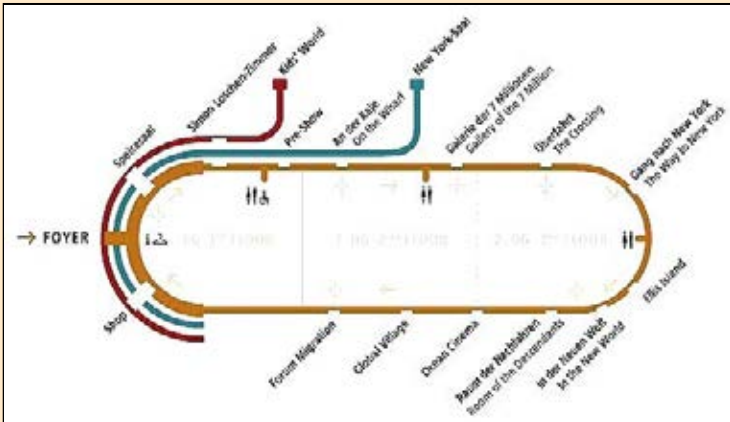


When you purchase your admission ticket, you're given a "boarding pass" with an RFID (radio frequency identification) chip containing the biography of an emigrant. During your museum tour, you can use this card at audio and media stations to learn more about your emigrant's trip to the New World. My emigrant was Ottmar Mergenthaler (1854-1899), a native of Hachtel in Baden-Württemberg who emigrated to Baltimore in 1872.

Mergenthaler has been called the second Gutenberg because of his 1886 invention of the linotype machine which could easily and quickly set movable type. The linotype revolutionized the art of printing; prior to its invention, no newspaper in the world had more than eight pages.

Mergenthaler reportedly got the idea for the brass matrices that served as molds for the letters from wooden molds used to make *Springerle*, a type of German Christmas cookie. As a boy, he had carved a *Springerle* mold for his stepmother.

Emigrant Otto Mergenthaler: a man who had no money for books in Germany but who invented a machine that meant more books and more education for all.



**The layout of the German Emigration Center**



**Above and right:** Norddeutscher Lloyd's first Wartehalle (Waiting Hall) was built in the Neuer Hafen area and opened in 1869. This is where the steerage passengers awaited the departure of their ship. Our tour of the *Deutsches Auswandererhaus* began in a replica of this hall.







**Left:** A ca. 1860 warning issued by the police headquarters in Bremerhaven regarding swindlers and pickpockets. Loaded with baggage and far from home, emigrants were welcome victims for criminals.

**Right:** The stairway to the wharf and the great farewell scene.

**Bottom:** On the wharf in Bremerhaven in 1888. It's raining. Emigrants from all over Europe crowd the wharf, their voices mingling with sounds from the port. The side of the *SS Lahn* rises high above them. The fast steamship is ready to cast off.



The wharf scene features life-sized dolls dressed in historic garb, standing in quiet dignity. They remind us of the men, women, and children of bygone days who embarked on a trip into the unknown.

Forty-five silent witnesses gathered on the wharf, all fascinated by the tall side of the ship, each with individual poses and facial expressions, some anxious and fearful of boarding the moored ship, others excited about what lay ahead. One man watches his little son, afraid he might fall in the water.



While not immediately evident to the visitor, the dolls are grouped into three categories representing the three main periods of emigration, and hence, the history of ordinary people's clothing over the course of 150 years. All the materials used in making their costumes (including the underpinnings) conform to the period the doll represents.



**Top:** The visitor hears a clearly audible drip and a voice saying "Please turn off the faucet." He turns the handle, and the screen-saver displayed in the bottom of one of the sinks disappears revealing information about sanitary facilities and conditions on-board the steamship *Lahn*. **Middle:** The gangway leads the visitor up into the belly of the ship. Once inside, bull's-eyes constitute the only connection to the outside world. Some are open and project film sequences at sea on built-in screens. The choice of perspective and the wave movement create the impression of being on-board a ship at high sea, thereby playing a trick on the organ of equilibrium in the inner ear. The floor seems to sway under one's feet, and the feeling of stability is lost. **Bottom:** Several re-creations showing cramped sleeping quarters on-board an emigrant ship. When Jürgen Peter Ankerson emigrated in 1852, conditions were similar to those shown in the photo on the bottom left. At that time, the prescribed minimum height of the steerage deck was only five and one-half feet. The only way to accommodate all the passengers was to keep half of the steerage deck free for eating and moving about and to stack the other half with bunks one on top of another. Each stacked pair of bunks was six feet square and was designed to hold up to four adults and their luggage! In the words of historian Carl Wittke, steerage passengers were often "packed like herring" in a "black hole."







Steamer trunks, oversize baskets, suitcases, bags — they were all stacked on the wharf, loaded on the ship, and then brought up on deck shortly prior to arrival. The shape and material of each piece often disclosed whether the owner was a craftsman, day laborer or peasant, or whether he or she came from a wealthy background. Scratches and marks, emblems, and colorful baggage tags were all indications of long trips with stops in several places. Some of the pieces on exhibit are original, while others are reproductions of historic baggage from the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.



#### **Galerie der 7 Millionen**

The *Galerie der 7 Millionen* (Gallery of the 7 Million) contains two thousand biographies, letters, photos, mementos, historic pictures, documents, and audio texts that explain the political, economic, and social environment which provoked mass emigration from Europe between 1830 and 1974.

Stacked on the top shelf in the photo at the left are some of the 2,500 volumes provided by Jürgen Rudolff's group, Friends of the German Emigration Center. These books focus on nineteenth century emigration from Germany to the United States. Included in the collection are a considerable number of rare articles from historical journals. In

addition, the *Deutsches Auswandererhaus* has an extensive collection of 460 emigration graphics that were published in newspapers and periodicals from about 1850 to 1900.

Walls with countless drawers and small display cases give an indication of the extent of the collection. A large number of drawers are carefully inscribed with names and dates. The visitor's curiosity is aroused, names are sought, and drawers are opened revealing tiny treasure chests full of personal mementos, documents, and photos, all of which contribute to drawing a picture of an emigrant and the conditions he or she lived in. Some drawers contain nothing more than an excerpt from the passenger manifest. Others are empty, waiting to be filled. This living, constantly expanding archive invites visitors to search, find, and relive their own emigration or to take a moment to think of their ancestors' emigration. Ultimately, many become motivated to donate stories, documents, and other items to the collection.

If you look closely inside of the white box in the photo above, you'll see information about "my emigrant," Ottmar Mergenthaler.



**Above left:** What happened to the emigrants' descendants? How and where do they live in the United States or elsewhere in the world? This room contains an abundance of materials to help answer these questions. **Above right:** Forum Migration allows you to discover the meaning of your family's name and trace your roots using the GEC data banks and archives to research ancestors who emigrated to the United States.



**The Ocean Cinema: reminiscent of the magnificent movie theaters of the 1920's.**

During our visit, we were fortunate to see *Welcome Home*, a short film shot by internationally renowned documentary filmmaker, Ciro Cappellari. The film, which was produced exclusively for the German Emigration Center, presents the stories of six different emigrant generations, reflecting the variety of their hopes and dreams and what they experienced in the country that was to become their new home. I found this film one of those most moving and rewarding experiences on my tour of the *Deutsches Auswandererhaus*.

By the time we'd finished viewing *Welcome Home*, the weather had turned very cold, windy, and rainy. There was still one more thing we wanted to see, however, before heading back to Flensburg: the huge statue called *Die Auswanderer* down by the waterfront. We got in our cars and drove as close as we could, but we still had a pretty good walk through the wind and rain to get to the statue.

*Die Auswanderer* shows a father looking west toward the Statue of Liberty in New York, while his wife and young daughter look east, back to the *Heimat*. The statue symbolically represents the painful process of leaving one's homeland with high hopes, but still being uncertain about





what the future might bring.

After snapping a few photos, we thanked Jürgen Rudloff for his hospitality and personalized tour of the German Emigration Center. We then got in the Mercedes, dried off, and headed for the *Autobahn* that would take us to Hamburg and then back to the Reppmanns' apartment in Flensburg.

Dr. Simone Eick  
German Emigration Center  
Columbusstraße 65  
27568 Bremerhaven, Germany

Dear Dr. Eick,

I am writing to thank you for the kindness and generosity you showed me and my good friend Dr. Joachim "Yogi" Reppmann during our recent visit to the *Deutsches Auswandererhaus*. As you may remember, we were introduced before Dr. Reppmann gave his talk on Low German.

After we had enjoyed a wonderful lunch in the museum restaurant, we met once again when you generously presented us with *Das Buch zum Deutschen Auswandererhaus*. This book has already proved to be very valuable in my research, and I am greatly in your debt for this wonderful and unexpected gift.

We were most fortunate to have received a tour of your fine emigration center from Jürgen Rudloff. He and his wife bent over backwards in showing a stranger from Iowa true Schleswig-Holstein hospitality.

I was greatly impressed with every facet of the emigration center, but I believe I was most moved by a portion of a film we saw in the center's theater where an older lady (almost ninety) talked about her experiences in New York, her return to the *Heimat*, and her fondness and longing for the home she had known in New York. This same woman talked with Professor Reppmann after his presentation, and I know he was equally impressed with her.

Thanks again for your generous gift and the opportunity of touring your wonderful emigration center. Perhaps Dr. Reppmann and I will enjoy the opportunity of working with you on a joint project some day.

Sincerely yours,

**Scott Christiansen**



Jürgen & Gisela Rudloff  
Schwanenweg 13  
27580 Bremerhaven, Germany

Dear Jürgen and Gisela,

Please excuse the tardiness of this letter, but things have been quite hectic since our return to Iowa. Although we've been back for some time now, we continue to reflect on the two weeks we were able to spend with Yogi and Gitta. Yogi had promised me that the visit would be a life-altering experience, and he was absolutely correct!

Every day was filled with new sights and wonderful experiences, all seasoned with fascinating historical insights provided by Professor Reppmann. Now that my wife and I have had time to reflect on our adventure, however, we are in total agreement that by far the most memorable part of our trip was the wonderful people we were so fortunate to meet. We were (and continue to be) amazed at the friendliness, graciousness, and generosity displayed to two strangers from Iowa.

It was so nice of you both to stay up late waiting for Yogi and me to arrive. Although we didn't get to your home until past eleven o'clock, much to my surprise, Gisela had prepared a beautiful table with delectable German breads, cheeses, fish, and fruit. A fine feast was topped off by the fantastic Danish liqueur.

After a good night's sleep, I went downstairs in the morning to find both of you up and about with Gisela preparing another fine meal. I especially liked the time we spent out in your beautiful back yard and patio and the stories that Jürgen told me about his positive experiences with Americans at the end of World War II.

After breakfast, we were off to the *Deutsches Auswandererhaus*. I really enjoyed hearing Jürgen and Yogi speak and thought that Yogi's talk was extremely well received. Everything at the emigration center was truly an incredible experience for me. Even the lunch that Jürgen, Yogi, and I shared at the museum restaurant was one of the most enjoyable ones for me during our visit. How fortunate I was to have someone like Jürgen as my personal tour guide! I'm already looking forward to a return visit where more time can be spent exploring this amazing facility.

Although the rains had arrived after our tour had finished, it did nothing to dampen our spirits, and we set off to see the huge emigration statue down by the waterfront. When we went our separate ways, and although we had only met the previous day, I felt that we had established a special bond.

I hope that if you ever get to the Midwest of the United States, you will allow my wife and me to repay your kindness by letting us show you a little of life in our neck of the woods.

Again, thank you both so very much for your kind hospitality.

All the best,

**Scott Christiansen**

Jürgen Rudloff and I batten down the hatches near the impressive *Die Auswanderer* statue.





The *Deutsches Auswandererhaus* (German Emigration Center) opened on August 8, 2005. Approximately 200,000 people from around the world visited the facility during its first year of operation.



**Above left:** The port city of Bremerhaven. Unfortunately, during our visit on August 27th, the weather wasn't nearly as nice as the day this photo was taken. **Above right:** Yogi opted to take the *Autobahn* through Hamburg for our return trip to Flensburg.

While driving back to Flensburg, we called Gitta and Carol. During our absence, Carol caught up on her sleep, read, knitted, wrote some postcards, explored downtown Flensburg, and got to know Gitta a lot better.



## Getting to know Gitta

Gitta Reppmann née Ortmann was born in Hamburg on September 24, 1946. Her father, Helmut Ortmann, had fought during World War II with Erwin Rommel (the "Desert Fox") in Africa. After studying in Marburg, a very old romantic university town in southern Hesse, Gitta became a dentist in 1981 and practiced in Schwarzenbek, a town located about twenty-five miles due east of Hamburg.

Gitta and Yogi met in Kiel on September 30, 1990, while boarding a ferry called the *Kronprins Harald*. It was Yogi's first day in his new job as a state managing director of Europa-Union Schleswig-Holstein, part of the German European movement.<sup>1</sup> At the time, Gitta, a divorcee with two children<sup>2</sup>, was the treasurer of the Europa-Union in Schwarzenbek.

Beginning in September of 1992, the couple began living six months in Flensburg, Schleswig-Holstein, and then six months in Northfield, Minnesota, where Yogi taught at St. Olaf College. In Thanksgiving of 1995, Gitta and lifelong bachelor Dr. Joachim "Yogi" Reppmann tied the knot in Las Vegas.

On March 30, 1996, the couple traveled to Sioux City, Iowa, where they were to pick up twelve members of the Federal German Parliament and drive them to Holstein, Iowa. Two vehicles departed the Sioux City airport and headed for Holstein. A large bus with Yogi, the delegation of politicians, and their support staff led the way. Following close behind were three men from Holstein riding in a van driven by Gitta. As Gitta passed the top of a large hill, slushy road conditions and wind shears combined to push her van off the road where it careened into an eighteen-foot-deep ditch causing Gitta's face to violently crash into the steering wheel and rendering her unconscious.

Gitta was rushed to Marian Health Care Center (now Mercy Medical Center) in Sioux City. She went into a deep coma, and Yogi was advised by a pastor to prepare for the eventuality of her death. As the days passed, the physicians in Sioux City were unable to give Yogi any prognosis for Gitta.

After four weeks in Sioux City, Gitta had awakened from her coma but could only hum "Happy Birthday" and didn't recall any other words or people's names. She was moved to the Mayo Clinic's Rehabilitation Unit in Rochester, Minnesota, which was located about fifty-five miles from the Reppmanns' home in Northfield. Even after several months at Mayo, the outlook was bleak, and Yogi was encouraged to check out homes for the disabled.

Happily, however, a "miraculous recovery" (the words of the Mayo doctors) took place, and Gitta was able to come home with Yogi. During Gitta's hospital stay, Yogi had worked tirelessly with the Mayo staff and Gitta's private German health care company in an effort to have the staggering medical bills covered. Normally, only a small fraction of the over one million dollars in bills would have been paid, but through Yogi's perseverance, they were all eventually paid in full.

Today, Gitta has full cognitive skills, but cannot read or write and has difficulty speaking. In the beginning, her vision only enabled her to see the left and right sides of her plate when eating. Although still substantially impaired, her vision has improved somewhat. Her right arm does not receive any commands from her brain, causing her entire right side to be weaker than the left. While in Germany, Gitta has weekly sessions in Meierwik (about half way between Flensburg and Glücksburg) with Danish-born massage therapist Helle Emmertsen, and when in Northfield, she has weekly sessions with a Japanese acupuncturist.

1. The Europa-Union Schleswig-Holstein is a non-governmental organization dedicated to the promotion of a united states of Europe. It was founded shortly after World War II on the belief that only a united and democratic Europe could overcome the division of the European continent that had caused the suffering and destruction of two world wars. Although the members of the organization come from all age groups and backgrounds, they all share a common concern about the future of Europe and the European Union.
2. Gitta's daughter Astrid has both medical and dental degrees and currently practices oral surgery in Braunschweig, while son Henning is finishing his PhD in chemical engineering. Together, the two children will soon have five PhDs between them.

Despite her physical challenges, Gitta has retained an incredibly positive attitude, loves America dearly, and can often be heard to cheerfully and emphatically say, "*I live!*" During a recent Northfield visit of Yogi's friend Dr. Hans-Jürgen Ahrens (the federal president of Germany's largest sickness fund which has over thirty million members), Ahrens' female companion said to Gitta: "You are the only healthy one of us!," referring to the psychological challenges we all face and Gitta's indomitable positive attitude. How right she was!!

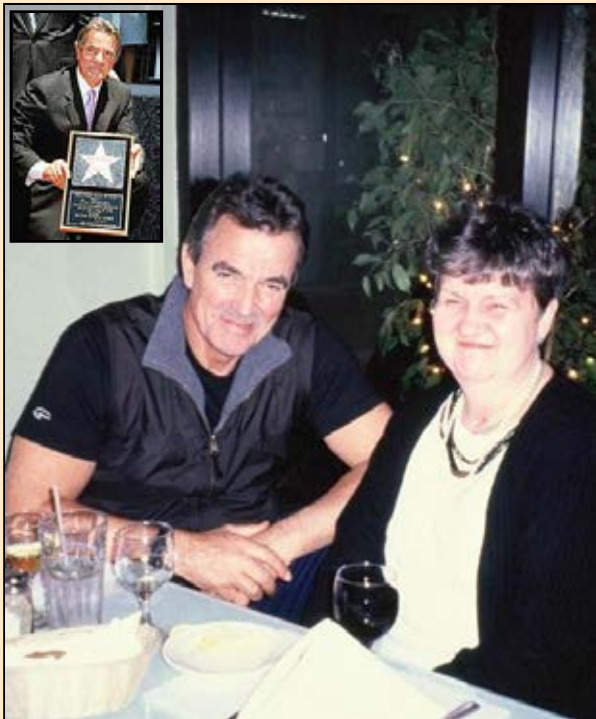
In a fitting denouement, Yogi, a man of two continents and a builder of many bridges between Schleswig-Holstein and America's Midwest, conducted a tour in 2008 of the Mayo Clinic for Dr. Hans-Jürgen Ahrens and a number of Germans who are prominent in the fields of medicine, education, and insurance.



**Above left:** Gitta, Yogi (who obviously should have had his libations cut off much earlier!), and Scott enjoy a cold drink at our house.

**Above right:** This photo of Gitta, Yogi, and Carol was taken before we attended a Christmas concert at St. Olaf College in Northfield.

**Below left:** Gitta and Hollywood star Eric Braeden, born Hans-Jörg Gudegast in Bredenbek, Schleswig-Holstein. **Inset:** Eric Braeden receives his star on the Hollywood Walk of Fame on July 20, 2007. **Below right:** Front row, left to right: Gitta's daughter, Dr. Astrid Licharz née Knigge, an oral surgeon (with two PhDs) at a hospital in Braunschweig in the state of Lower Saxony; Dr. Gitta Reppmann; and Gitta's son, Henning Knigge, an assistant to a professor at Technical University Hamburg-Harburg who is finishing his PhD in Chemical Engineering and Biotechnology. Back row: Dr. Elmar-Marius Licharz (husband to Astrid and a manager at Volkswagen) and Henning's fiancée, Christina Rullán-Lemke, who is finishing her PhD in architecture. That's a lot of sheepskins for one family!



One thing Carol and Gitta have in common is their Catholic faith. While Yogi and I toured the *Deutsches Auswandererhaus*, our two spouses took a cab to *Pfarrkirche St. Marien* (Parish Church of St. Mary) where they attended Sunday services. Yogi had called ahead to let priest Dr. Ludger Hölscher know that Gitta and an American friend would be attending.



The *Pfarrkirche St. Marien* is located at Nordergraben 36. When Carol and I walked from the Reppmanns' apartment to the downtown area of the Altstadt (Old City), we often took a shortcut walking east on a narrow little street (actually, more of a path!) called *Christiansengang* (misspelled on the map above as *Christiansengang*) and then proceeding on another very narrow little street call *Heiligengeistgang* until we hit *Große Straße*.



Looking north on *Nordergraben* towards *Pfarrkirche St. Marien*. The large spire in the background is *Altes Gymnasium*, the school Yogi attended.



**Above:** *Christiansengang*, the steep little street (really just a walkway) we used as a shortcut to the downtown area, emerges from the bushes on the left side of the photo. **Below left/middle:** The altar area and a stained glass window of *Pfarrkirche St. Marien*. **Below right:** Looking south on *Nordergraben* towards *Pfarrkirche St. Marien*.



*Heiligengeistgang*, the second half of our little shortcut from the Reppmanns' apartment to the downtown area of the Altstadt. *Pfarrkirche St. Marien* can be seen in the background.

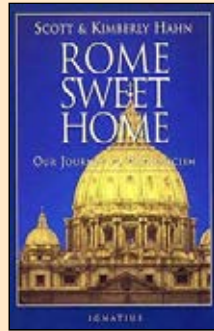
Carol enjoyed the mass very much despite the fact that it was entirely in German. After the service had ended, Carol and Gitta went into an



adjoining building where they were served coffee and rolls. Several of the parishioners did their best to converse with Carol in English, and Carol was also able to speak with Dr. Hölscher who had just returned from a visit to the United States. When the *Kaffeeklatsch* had ended, several church members drove our wives back to the Reppmanns' apartment.



**Left:** Dr. Ludger Hölscher, pastor of *Pfarrkirche St. Marien* in Flensburg. **Right:** The building where Carol and Gitta enjoyed a *Kaffeeklatsch* with Dr. Hölscher and some of his parishioners.



Dr. Ludger Hölscher is quite a remarkable individual. With hardly any knowledge of English (but with a good background in both Greek and Latin), he entered the University of Dallas in 1977, studying philosophy and theology. He remained until he had received both his MA and PhD in philosophy.

Dr. Hölscher became skilled enough in the English language to translate numerous books into German including the very well known *Rome Sweet Home: Our Journey to Catholicism* by Scott and Kimberly Hahn.

*August 28, 2006*  
*Flensburg Rotarians and Danish hot dogs*

**Rotarian lunch in Flensburg**

On Monday, August 28th, I accompanied Yogi, who is an avid Rotarian in both Flensburg, Schleswig-Holstein, and Northfield, Minnesota, to a Rotary meeting in Flensburg. The meeting, which was held at the *Flensburger Schiffbau-Gesellschaft* (Flensburg Shipbuilding Company), began with some socializing and introductions to several of the members including President Wolfgang Folger, Heinrich "Heinz" Burhorn, Paul von Schiller, and Hans-Ruprecht "Rups" Leiß. We then enjoyed a very nice lunch while Peter Sierck of *Flensburger Schiffbau-Gesellschaft* gave a presentation on his company. Following the presentation, we adjourned to the actual plant where we had a very interesting tour.



The shipyard was established in Flensburg in 1872 by five Flensburgers. In those days, most German shipowners had their ships built in England. The first ship of the *Flensburger Schiffbau-Gesellschaft*, the iron tall ship *Doris Brodersen*, was delivered in 1875 to one of the founding partners. Since then, more than seven hundred vessels have been delivered, including sailing ships, barges, floating docks, tankers, fishing vessels, tugs, passenger ships, and naval craft.



The *Doris Brodersen*, the first ship delivered by the *Flensburger Schiffbau-Gesellschaft*.

Eventually, however, the *Flensburger Schiffbau-Gesellschaft* fell on hard times, and after four years in bankruptcy without a single order on the books, it was rescued by Egon Oldendorff, a private German tramp ship owner.

Since then, the shipyard has achieved a remarkable turnaround by vastly improving productivity while maintaining the firm's reputation for quality workmanship, solid steel construction methods, and on-time delivery dates. Today, the company can turn out seven to eight vessels of twenty thousand tons deadweight per year with a workforce of only six hundred employees.



One of the Rotary Club members I met was Hans-Ruprecht "Rups" Leiß, a very talented and well-known Flensburg artist. Leiß is a graduate of Husum's *Hermann-Tast-Schule* (formerly the *Königliches Gymnasium* and before that the *Gelehrtschule*), a school that the children of Theodor Jansen (about whom I'm writing a book) may well have attended.





In the 1980's and 1990's, the entire Flensburg site underwent comprehensive modernization. The newly equipped and reorganized facilities are now acknowledged as one of the most advanced fully-covered shipyards in Europe.



The gigantic 290-meter-long by fifty-meter-wide by fifty-meter-high enclosed hall allows for construction of huge Panamax-sized vessels. (ships that can just squeeze into the Panama Canal). This covered berth, which is served by cranes handling up to 240 tons, allows work to proceed unaffected by weather, ensuring quality and punctual delivery.



The steel construction workshops include state-of-the-art robotic facilities for stiffener cutting, semi-automated panel fabrication, and welding. The advanced berth system allows transfer of one-thousand-ton super blocks ensuring short building times and very accurate assembly. In addition, a large, environmentally-friendly shotblasting section and painting halls guarantee a high quality coating.

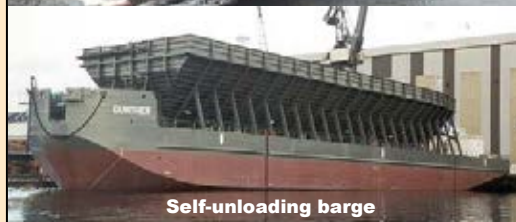




**Some of the vessels produced by the  
Flensburger Schiffbau-Gesellschaft**



**ConRo — vehicles below decks/containers on top**



After the conclusion of our tour, Yogi and I sat down for an interesting discussion with two of the Flensburg Rotarians, Heinrich "Heinz" Burhorn and Paul von Schiller. Both men had served during World War II, and Yogi used this fact as a springboard to a discussion of the book I'm writing about the von Schirach family.

A substantial portion of this book deals with Baldur von Schirach, the head of the *Hitlerjugend* (Hitler Youth) and a Nazi war criminal sentenced at Nuremberg to twenty years in Spandau Prison.

***From Lincoln Pallbearer  
to Hitler Disciple***

**The history of the  
von Schirach family**

*Scott C. Christiansen*

Both men spoke very good English, and we had a fruitful conversation about their recollections of the *Hitlerjugend*, in which membership effectively became mandatory beginning in 1936.

President Wolfgang Folger  
Westerallee 6  
24937 Flensburg, Germany

Dear Mr. Folger,

I wanted to convey my thanks for being allowed to attend one of your Rotary luncheons this past August. I had the good fortune of attending with my friend, Professor Joachim "Yogi" Reppmann of Flensburg.

In addition to a most enjoyable lunch and the opportunity of meeting many interesting people (please extend a special greeting to members Rups Leiß, Heinz Burhorn, and Paul von Schiller), I greatly enjoyed Peter Sierck's presentation and the tour of the impressive shipbuilding facility.

I would appreciate it if you would communicate to your members how friendly, gracious, and generous I found everybody in Schleswig-Holstein to be. Flensburg is truly a unique and charming city, and you're very fortunate to live there.

I am very much looking forward to a return visit, and if at all possible, would love to attend another of your meetings.

All the best,

***Scott Christiansen***  
Iowa City, Iowa, USA

**From Danish castles to Danish hot dogs**

Later in the afternoon, Yogi, Gitta, Carol, and I set off for Denmark. That might sound like a major trip, but

it really isn't, since the center of Flensburg is located only about four and one-half miles from the Danish border. Although the drizzle that had started earlier in the day had not let up, Carol and I were looking forward to our first visit to Denmark ... and those famous hot dogs!

Less than five miles outside of Flensburg, we briefly stopped at Kupfermühle, the site of the first factory in the Duchy of Schleswig. The name of this village means "copper mill," which is appropriate since a copper mill and factory were established there by King Christian IV of Denmark (1577-1648) in 1612. Among the products produced by the factory were pipes and sheet copper for copper roofs as well as buckets, pots, kettles, and candlesticks.

Both the seventeenth century factory buildings and workers' residences have been preserved. The village is now home to a museum which displays a large number of copper and brass products produced by the mill.

Today, many of Kupfermühle's residents belong to the Danish minority of Southern Schleswig. The Schleswig-Holstein Plebiscites of 1920 split the German-ruled Schleswig into Northern Schleswig, which with a clear Danish majority, became part of Denmark, and Southern Schleswig, which remained a part of Germany, thereby leaving a small number of Danes in Germany.

As we reached the Danish border, I was surprised there was no border checkpoint something on the order of what one encounters when crossing from Texas to Mexico. Instead, we passed from one country to the other as easily as driving from Iowa to Illinois.

Soon we were at Gråsten Palace. The original palace there was a small hunting lodge built in the middle of the sixteenth century. This burned down in 1603, and a new palace is thought to have been built approximately where the current palace's south wing is located. In the late 1600's, the son of Chancellor Frederik Ahlefeldt (1623-1686) built a very grand baroque palace, but in 1757, this, too, burned down. Only the palace chapel and a few pavilions remained.

Work began on a new palace in 1759 with the erection of a new south wing, and in 1842, the central building was added. After the conclusion of the second Schleswig-Holstein War, the palace was occupied by the Augustenborg family. In the early



On our way to Gråsten (known in Germany as Gravenstein) Palace, we briefly stopped at Kupfermühle where Carol took this picture. The plaque on the side of the building honors Danish King Christian IV (1577-1648) who founded Schleswig's first factory there in 1612.



Our first stop in Denmark was Gråsten Palace ("B"), which is located just fifteen miles northeast of Flensburg ("A"). The white line is the Denmark -Schleswig-Holstein border.



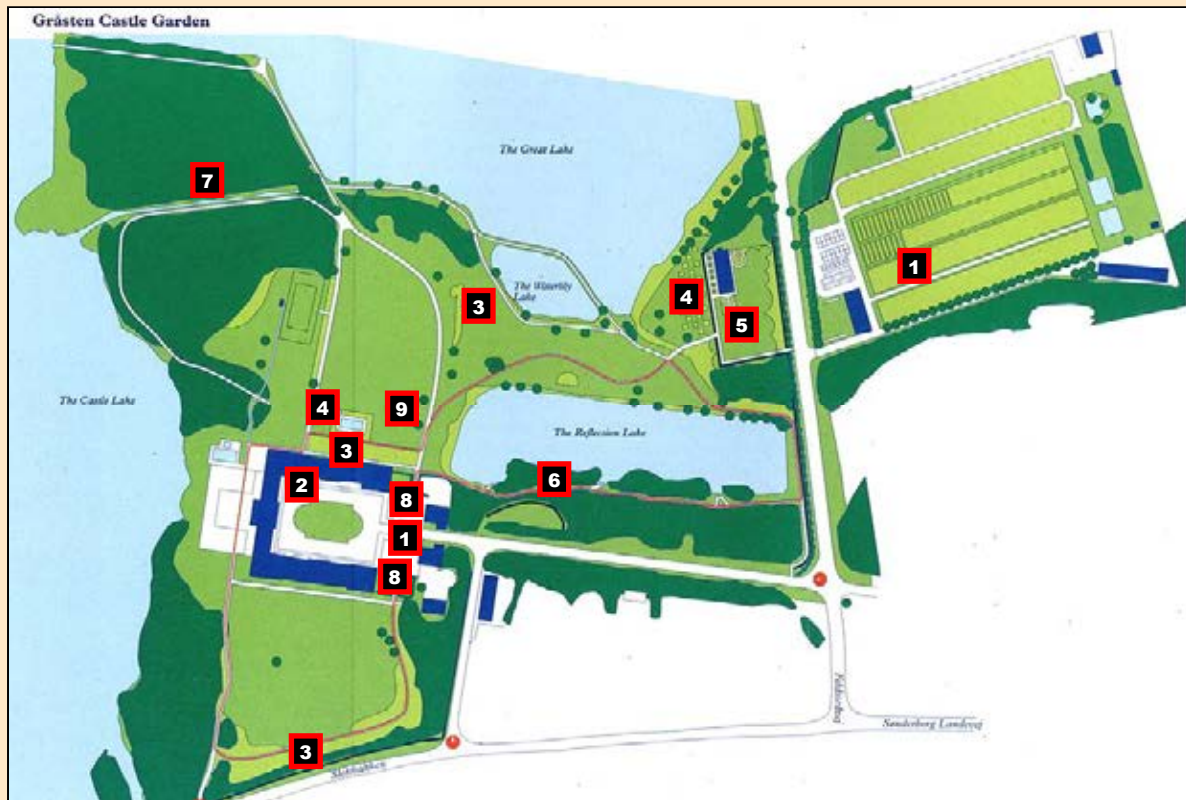


Gråsten Castle is the summer residence of Queen Margrethe II of Denmark. The queen has ruled since her father King Frederick IX (1899-1972) died on January 14, 1972.

1900's, major rebuilding commenced.

After the Schleswig-Holstein Plebiscites of 1920, Gråsten Palace passed to the Danish state, and for a period, it was used as a courthouse, library, and residential quarters for the local judge and chief of police. In 1935, the palace was renovated for Crown Prince Frederik (later King Frederik IX). King Frederik IX (1899-1972) and Queen Ingrid (1910-2000) almost always spent their summer holidays at Gråsten Palace. After Ingrid's death, the palace passed to Queen Margrethe II, who continues the tradition of living at the palace during the summer.

Yogi, Carol, and I did not have time to walk through all of the gardens, but what we saw was very beautiful. Sweeping paths and lawns connect well-defined beds and garden sections in an interplay which merges into the adjoining natural scenery. The huge perennial beds — the portion that we walked through — are particularly impressive. They are filled with white marguerites, yellow milfoil, larkspurs in all shades of blue, globe thistles, phlox, goldenrods, sage, etc., etc.



1. Gråsten Castle. 2. The chapel. 3. Perennial beds. 4. Roses. 5. The garden at The Little House. 6. Rhododendrons. 7. The Alder Swamp. 8. Beech portals. 9. Gråsten apples. (The Gråsten apple trees, known in Germany and the United States as Gravenstein apple trees, were introduced by Frederik Ahlefeldt.) 10. The Gardener's Workshop.

At Gråsten Castle, only the chapel is open to the public. As previously noted, the church, which is a copy of the Jesuit Church in Antwerp, is the only remnant of Ahlefeldt's castle. Its interior, which was badly damaged during the Schleswig wars, is now richly decorated with a large, ornate altar and more than eighty paintings. It didn't appear that the chapel was open when we visited (we seemed to be the only tourists in sight), but we did peek in the windows.





**Above left:** The chapel was one of the few parts of Gråsten Palace that wasn't destroyed by fire in 1757. **Above right:** The building with the dome behind Yogi and Carol is the central part of the palace which was added in 1842. **Below:** A panoramic view of Gråsten Palace showing the south and north wings and the central building.



**Above left:** The back side of Gråsten Palace viewed from Castle Lake. **Above right:** A new palace guard takes her post! **Below left/right:** A few of the beautiful perennial gardens. **Below center:** The south wing of Gråsten Palace.





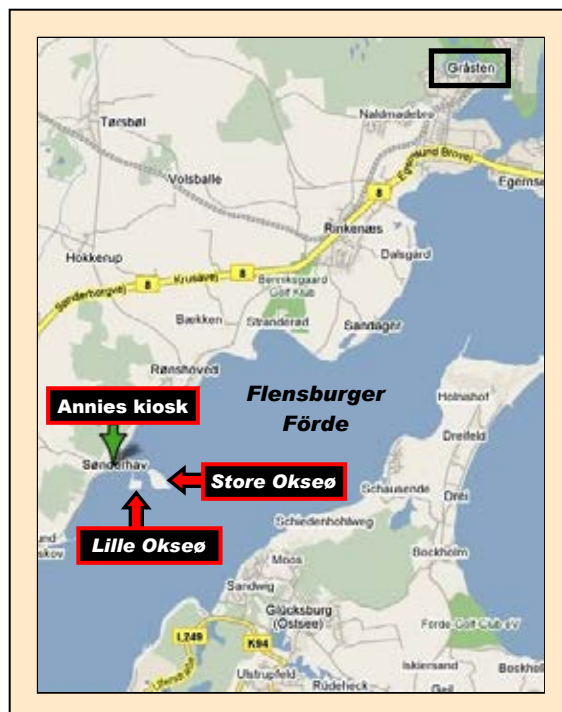
**Above left:** Yogi and Carol are all smiles in front of one of Gråsten Palace's many perennial gardens. **Above right:** This photo was taken at the rear of Gråsten Palace looking across the pool towards Castle Lake. **Below left:** A small pool surrounded by a rose garden with the north wing of Gråsten Palace in the background. **Below right:** A panoramic view of the back side of Gråsten Palace.



After Yogi, Carol, and I had finished our tour of Gråsten Palace, we made our way back to the car where Gitta had patiently waited for us. We were all getting hungry; the time was at hand for the world famous Danish hot dogs!

After a short drive of six miles along the *Flensburger Förde* (headed southwest back towards the German/Danish border), we arrived at the tiny Danish village (less than two hundred residents) of Sønderhav, or as it is known in Germany, Süderhaff.

Sønderhav, which overlooks the *Okseøer* (Ox Islands) in the *Flensburger Förde*, is known throughout the world — not for its historical buildings or landmarks — but for its legendary ... hot dogs. And mind you, not just any hot dogs, but only those sold at a small little shack known as Annies kiosk. (For some strange reason, there is no apostrophe in "Annie's" and no capital "k" at the beginning of "kiosk.") So well known are these flavorful frankfurters, that Sønderhav's well-deserved nickname is "Hot dog haven."







The best hot dogs in Denmark are the magnet drawing Germans — and seagulls — across the border! Annie's kiosk, nothing more than a small, yellow shack with a handful of green tables and benches, sells the flavorful frankfurters adorned with all manner of condiments such as mustard, tartar sauce, cucumber slices, roasted onions, relish, melted cheese ... the list goes on and on.



**Left:** Although this photographic montage is rather strange, the lesson is clear. Who needs buns when you're ordering three hot dogs at a time and slathering them with copious amounts of cucumbers?!

**Right:** The Danish object of desire: a foot-long frankfurter from Annie's kiosk with all the trimmings.



**Bottom left:** People on bicycles, motorcycles, or in cars stop by for a dog, and often, a cup of coffee. The first cup is paid for; after that, subsequent cups are on the house until your hands start to tremble!

**Bottom right:** Ah! Gitta, Yogi, and I relax after polishing off our Danish dogs and beers.







**Above left:** Legend has it that the *Okseøer* (Ox Islands) were formed from the mud of a giant's boots when he stepped from the *Flensburger Förde* on a rainy day. **Above middle:** A view of the *Okseøer* from Annie's kiosk. **Above right:** A view of Annie's kiosk and the town of Sønderhav from the *Flensburger Förde*.

## Two American students try Danish hot dogs

*Laura Schaefer and Kristina Lauenstein study at Flensburg University*

When Joachim and Gitta Reppmann show American guests Flensburg and its surroundings, they do so with heart and soul. Laura Schaefer and Kristina Lauenstein from St. Olaf College in Northfield, Minnesota, have been studying at Flensburg University since the beginning of March. Recently, the American girls joined the Reppmanns for an excursion to the other side of the Germany-Denmark border. When the girls crossed into Denmark, they noticed Danish flags hanging outside many of the houses — an image that reminded them of the many American flags flying outside of homes in the United States. "The Danish are very proud of their country," says Joachim Reppmann.

Currently, the Reppmanns alternate living half a year in Flensburg and half in Northfield, Minnesota, their adopted country. While a visiting German professor at St. Olaf College, Reppmann and his wife established a study-abroad exchange program with Flensburg University, which at that time was supported by Flensburg English professors Peter Nikolaisen and Hartwig Eckert. Today, the St. Olaf College international office promotes the program.

The two students' study-abroad semester, which runs until the end of July, is a once-in-a-lifetime experience for Laura (21) and Kristina (19). Courses running the gamut from "Europe during the time of the Vikings" to "Ecology of the Baltic Sea" are on their schedule, which is less taxing than at home. "I didn't realize that there's so little homework," says Kristina. As a result, the two students have had more time to spend getting to know the campus, taking leisurely walks through town, and going for drives — in Denmark, for example.

Looking through the car's window, the girls spot two islands in the fjord. Joachim Reppmann recounts an amusing myth about the origin of the lush islands. "Five thousand years ago, a giant came from Africa to Europe. On his way to Denmark it rained, causing his boots to become stuck in the fjord. Stepping out of the water, some mud was left behind."

After a stop at the summer palace of Queen Margrethe II in Gravenstein, the tour ends with a culinary delight. At Annie's kiosk in Süderhaff, Laura and Kristina try the legendary hot dogs. "With everything?" asks the friendly Dane, who, with evident experience, places a frankfurter in the hot dog bun. The result of the students' taste test? A unanimous "very good!"

**Note:** Insa Feye, the author of this article, had studied on a foreign exchange program at St. Olaf College (one of the colleges Yogi taught at) in Northfield, Minnesota. Her article appeared in the *Flensburger Tageblatt*, one of several newspapers run by Stephan Richter, a man I would meet eight days later.



**Left:** Insa Feye (far left), the author of the article that appeared in the *Flensburger Tageblatt*, and the two St. Olaf students.

**Right:** Jim Amoss, editor of New Orleans' *The Times Picayune*, receives his Danish dog with the works from none other than Annie herself!

Under Amoss' leadership, *The Times Picayune* won two Pulitzer Prizes (including a gold medal for meritorious public service) for the newspaper's coverage of Hurricane Katrina and its aftermath. (The relationship between Yogi and Jim Amoss will be explained in the chapter dealing with September 4th.)







Two of the signature attractions at the hotel are the tower restaurants which offer the guest high-end cuisine artfully presented against the dual backdrop of the *Flensburger Förde* and a crackling fireplace. The restaurants' menus are always based on fresh seasonal ingredients of the highest quality, many of which are obtained from the area surrounding the hotel. The wild berries, mushrooms, and venison are acquired from the nearby forests; fresh fish are taken from the *Flensburger Förde* on a daily basis; the best organic fruits and vegetables are obtained from the surrounding fields; and many of the herbs used in the restaurants come from the hotel's own garden. In true haute cuisine fashion, the *Fakkelgaarden* chefs make everything from scratch and buy their truffles from "Rungis" in Paris and their cheeses from "Boulogne," an internationally known French cheese producer. In addition, many specialties such as steak and lobster are prepared in their own smoking oven located right outside the tower.



**Above left/right:** The two tower restaurants in the *Fakkelgaarden Hotel*. **Above middle:** The fish on this plate came straight from the *Flensburger Förde*, the wild berries from the nearby forests, and the herbs from the hotel's own garden. **Below left:** The smoking oven (lower left hand corner of the photo) is often used to prepare steaks, lobster, and other fish dishes. To the right of the Danish flag you can see part of the former *Grænsehjemmet* study hall tower, now home to two gourmet restaurants.



**Above:** It goes without saying that a high-end restaurant needs a wine cellar of equal caliber. *Fakkelgaarden* has a very charming one where hotel guests are allowed to visit, taste the wines, learn about them from the hotel's sommelier, and even buy bottles to take home.

The hotel's thirty tastefully decorated rooms are all unique and afford beautiful views of the *Flensburger Förde*, many with balconies overlooking the beautiful manicured terrace where guests often opt to enjoy what some have termed the best breakfast in Denmark. From the terrace garden, a path leads down to a small beach and the *Flensburger Förde*.

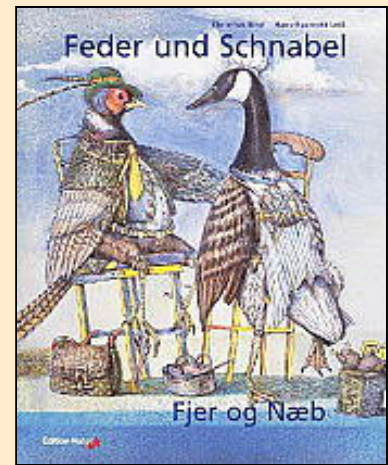
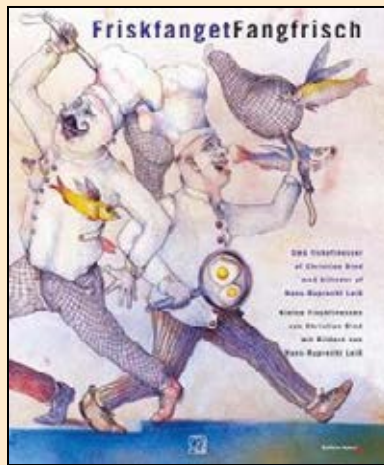
All in all, the *Fakkelgaarden Hotel* and restaurants appeared to be a fantastic facility, and if I can save



A room with a balcony and a view of the *Flensburger Förde*



enough *krone* before our next visit, Carol and I would love to be able to stay there for a day or two.



For many years, the head chef at the *Fakkelgaarden Hotel* was the well-known Christian Bind. In the "isn't it a small world department," Bind has published several cookbooks with the cover illustrations rendered by artist Rups Leiß, the same Rups Leiß I had met earlier in the day at a rotary meeting in Flensburg and who would be our host on August 31st.



**Above:** The terrace of the *Fakkelgaarden Hotel* where guests often opt to enjoy breakfast. A path leads from the terrace down to a small sandy beach and the *Flensburger Förde* (out of view on the left side of the photo).

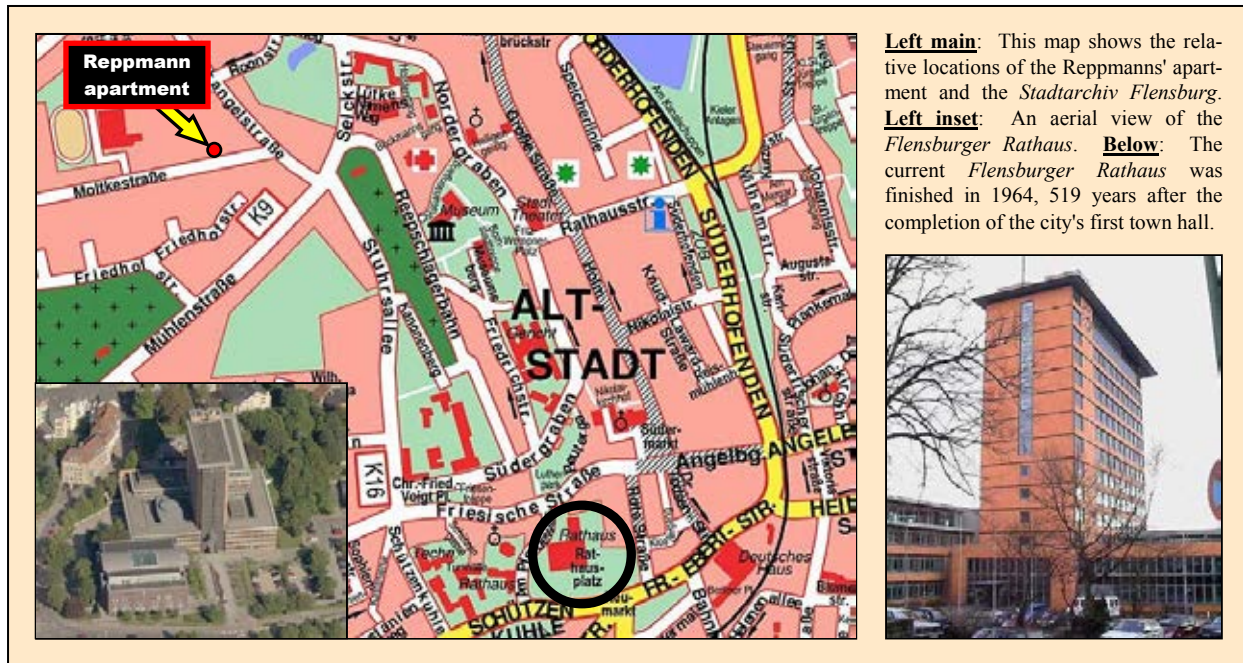
**Left:** An aerial view showing the secluded location of the *Fakkelgaarden Hotel* which is situated on a bluff overlooking the *Flensburger Förde*. The prominent tower, a former *Grænsehjemmet* study hall, houses two haute cuisine restaurants. The smoking oven can be seen just to the right of the tower.

August 29, 2006

## Stadtarchiv Flensburg, Husum hospitality, and Rantrum's Bürgermeister

### A fruitful morning of research at the Stadtarchiv Flensburg

Bright and early on Tuesday, August 29th, Yogi, Ingo (Yogi's father), Gitta, Carol, and I drove to the Flensburg City Archives (*Stadtarchiv Flensburg*). The archives are located in the Flensburg town hall (*Flensburger Rathaus*) at Rathausplatz 1, less than a mile from the Reppmanns' apartment.



**Left main:** This map shows the relative locations of the Reppmanns' apartment and the *Stadtarchiv Flensburg*.

**Left inset:** An aerial view of the *Flensburger Rathaus*. **Below:** The current *Flensburger Rathaus* was finished in 1964, 519 years after the completion of the city's first town hall.

The director of the *Stadtarchiv Flensburg* is the very down-to-earth, friendly, and accommodating Dr. Broder Schwensen. One of the books produced by Dr. Schwensen — *Bürgerbuch der Stadt Flensburg* — proved to be quite useful in my search for information about Jürgen Peter Ankerson's older brothers (Hans Peter and Claus Peter), both of whom lived in Flensburg. (Jürgen also lived in Flensburg for awhile, probably in the late 1830's. In all likelihood, he stayed with his oldest brother, Hans Peter Ankerson. Interestingly, Hans used the original spelling of the surname, while younger broth-

11369 Claus Peter Ankerson - Mildstedt - Bierbrauer (Zollroier)  
33 J., Bg 19.3.1852, Gebühren 19 M 12 B  
VZ 1855 Schiffbrücke H. 257 (35 J.), (geb. Husum ?), AD 1865/66 Norderstr. H. 148 (Zollroier)



Information like the entry above was found in *Bürgerbuch der Stadt Flensburg*. Interestingly, this book listed the street addresses of my great-great grand uncles, Claus Peter Ankerson and Hans Peter Ankerson.

In 1865, Claus Peter lived at House Number 148 on *Norderstraße*. Today, this address is *Norderstraße* 25 ("A" on the map to the left). In 1868, Hans Peter lived at House Number 115 on *Marienstrasse*, which today is *Marienstrasse* 50 ("B" on the map). The Reppmann apartment is indicated by the red dot.



ers Claus Peter and Jürgen Peter [and perhaps even father Peter] dropped the "c" and went by Ankersen.)

We spent the entire morning at the archive, eventually discovering quite a few interesting facts about the Ankersens in Flensburg. As the noon hour drew near, I asked Broder if he would join us for lunch, and he happily agreed. I inquired as to what type of food he liked, and he replied that he enjoyed a good steak. With this in mind, we decided on the Dubrovnik Steak House located at *Südermarkt* 9, only about half a mile from the *Stadtarchiv Flensburg*.










When we left the *Stadtarchiv Flensburg*, we walked north on *Am Pferderwasser* and then east on *Friesische Straße* until we reached Dubrovnik's Steak House at *Südermarkt* 9. After a short distance, *Südermarkt* turns into *Holm*, a busy pedestrian street which crosses Flensburg's picturesque *Altstadt* (Old Town). *Holm* becomes *Große Straße* to the north of *Rathausstraße*, and in turn, *Große Straße* becomes *Norderstraße* as one proceeds even further north.

The pedestrian zone covering *Holm* and *Norderstraße* in the heart of old Flensburg is about one thousand meters long and is populated by numerous shopping venues, cafés, and restaurants, many featuring beautiful facades.


*Steakhouse Dubrovnik* is located at *Südermarkt* 9 on the second floor. Our table was positioned so that we could look out the two windows on the left side of the photo.

While we ate our lunch, I gazed out a window at a building across the street that appeared to be quite old. I turned to Broder and ventured a guess that the building must be at least a century old. He chuckled and informed me that the building in question, which now houses a business called *DocMorris Apotheke*, was the oldest privately used building in all of Flensburg. The building that I thought must be at least a century old was built in 1436!! (The city of Flensburg dates to 1200 or earlier.)

Over the centuries, the building was occupied by various Flensburg merchants, and from 1879 until 1997, it housed a clothing store. After being restored under governmental supervision, the building then became home to a pharmacy. Although I didn't go in this building, I



**Top left:** Dr. Broder Schwensen was our genial and genealogical host at the *Stadtarchiv Flensburg* on the morning of August 29th. In the photo at the left, Dr. Schwensen is holding a book he co-published called *Neue Töne, Aus 50 Jahren populärer Musik in Flensburg*.



In 2004, Dr. Schwensen helped organize an airship exhibition that honored Dr. Hugo Eckener, a native Flensburger, head of the Zeppelin Company, and the pilot of the *Graf Zeppelin* when it circumnavigated the globe in 1929. On August 28, 1929, my mother observed the *Graf Zeppelin* on this historic voyage as it flew over my hometown of Davenport, Iowa.

**Bottom left:** Dr. Schwensen has authored many historical books. One that I spent a great deal of time studying in Yogi's library was *Flensburg wie es früher war*, a pictorial history of Flensburg.



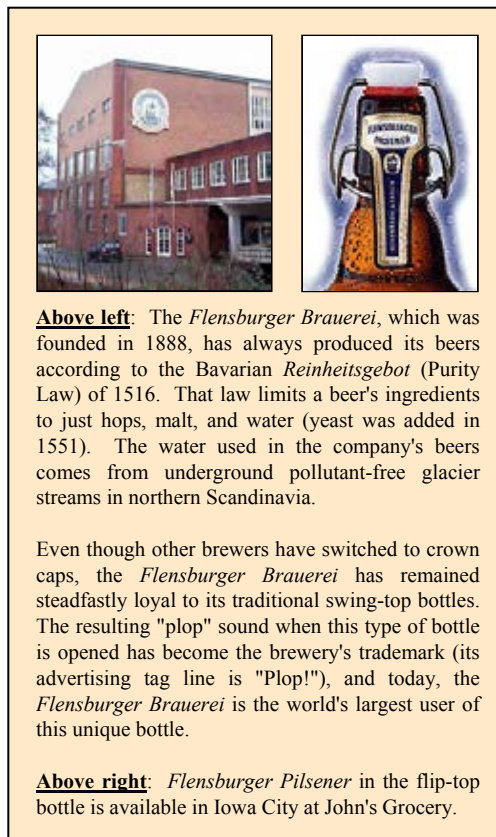
understand that the original beams are still visible.

As I again looked at the old building, I saw it in an entirely different perspective. I realized that it had already stood at this location for over fifty years when Christopher Columbus discovered the New World and for exactly four hundred years by the time my hometown of Davenport, Iowa was founded.

The six of us enjoyed a very good lunch with excellent service and all at a very reasonable price. I particularly enjoyed my beer, a *Flensburger Pilsener* in the unique flip-top bottle. Before the waiter presented the check, I was informed by Yogi that there was no need to tip, a welcome change from restaurants in the United States.



**Top left:** The building housing the *DocMorris Apotheke* was built in 1436. **Middle left:** This photo was taken some time prior to 1892. **Bottom left:** Our table in the *Steakhouse Dubrovnik* (see the red square) looked out on the *Südermarkt* Square. *DocMorris Apotheke* was called the *Dolphin-Apotheke* at the time this photo was taken. **Top right:** This 1870 photo shows people gathering with their wares in the *Südermarkt* Square. Perhaps my great-great grand uncles Hans Peter Anckersen and Claus Peter Anckersen shopped there that day!



**Above left:** The *Flensburger Brauerei*, which was founded in 1888, has always produced its beers according to the Bavarian *Reinheitsgebot* (Purity Law) of 1516. That law limits a beer's ingredients to just hops, malt, and water (yeast was added in 1551). The water used in the company's beers comes from underground pollutant-free glacier streams in northern Scandinavia.

Even though other brewers have switched to crown caps, the *Flensburger Brauerei* has remained steadfastly loyal to its traditional swing-top bottles. The resulting "plop" sound when this type of bottle is opened has become the brewery's trademark (its advertising tag line is "Plop!"), and today, the *Flensburger Brauerei* is the world's largest user of this unique bottle.

**Above right:** *Flensburger Pilsener* in the flip-top bottle is available in Iowa City at John's Grocery.

As we stood in front of *Südermarkt* 9, I said goodbye to Broder and thanked him for taking an entire morning out of his schedule to help me with my genealogical research. Only a few hours later in the towns of Husum and Rantrum, I would extend similar thanks to others whom I had not yet met.

### Husum hospitality

After a brief rest, Yogi, Ingo, Carol, and I made the drive to the Husum (about twenty-eight miles to the southwest of Flensburg) to meet with teacher and genealogist, Otto Meier-Ewert, and historian and member of the Nordfriisk Institute, Dr. Paul-Heinz Pauseback. Accessing his seemingly limitless network of friends and colleagues, Yogi had contacted Otto prior to our arrival in Germany and asked if he could help with some genealogy research on Jürgen Peter Anckersen.

When we arrived at Otto's home, he warmly welcomed us into his living room where he served us dessert and coffee that his wife (who did not join us because of her concerns about her "poor" English) had prepared.

Dr. Broder Schwensen  
Stadtarchiv Flensburg  
Rathausplatz 1  
24937 Flensburg  
Germany

Dear Broder,

Please excuse the tardiness of this letter, but things have been quite hectic since our return to Iowa. Although we've been back for some time now, we continue to reflect on the two weeks we were able to spend with Yogi and Gitta Reppmann. Yogi had promised me that the visit would be a life-altering experience, and he was absolutely correct!

Every day was filled with new sights, wonderful experiences, and fascinating historical insights provided by Professor Reppmann. Now that my wife and I have had time to reflect on our adventure, however, we are in total agreement that by far the most memorable part of our trip was the wonderful people we were so fortunate to meet. We were (and continue to be) amazed at the friendliness, graciousness, and generosity displayed to two strangers from Iowa.

You were a big part of that, Broder. Your willingness to spend an entire morning helping me research my great-great grandfather (Jürgen Peter Ankerson – or as the family spelled the name in Germany, Ankersen) and his family was a kindness I shall never forget. I never expected to discover that his two brothers – Hans Peter and Claus Peter – lived in your beautiful town of Flensburg.

With the information gleaned from our work with you, Dr. Dieter Pust helped us find even more information at the Flensburg church archives. Everywhere we went, it seemed as if the people of Schleswig-Holstein went out of their way to help me with my research.

We were so pleased that you could accompany us to lunch, Broder. We enjoyed hearing more about the history of Flensburg and about your life as well. You are a lucky man to live in such a charming town and to hold such an interesting and important position.

My wife and I would like to extend an open-ended invitation to you and your wife to come visit us in Iowa should you ever visit the United States. We would love to repay your kindness and try to live up to the high standards of Schleswig-Holstein hospitality shown to us. I'm including my e-mail address should you ever wish to correspond.

If there is ever any research or favor I could do for you here in the states, just let me know.

Again, thanks so much for all your help. It was truly a pleasure meeting you.

All the best,

**Scott and Carol Ann Christiansen**  
Iowa City, Iowa, USA



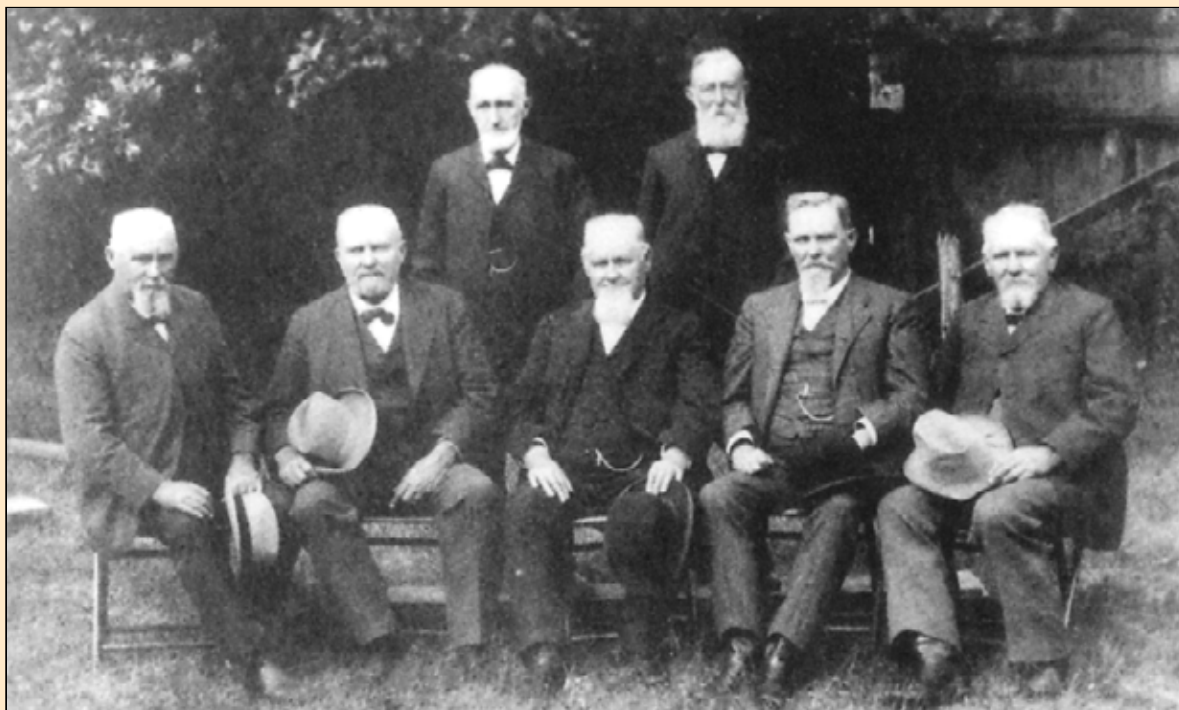
Otto Meier-Ewert's home in Husum ("B") is located about twenty-eight miles southwest of Yogi's apartment in Flensburg ("A").

After we had finished our *Kaffeeklatsch*, Otto pulled out a number of typewritten sheets and handed them to me. To my utter amazement, they contained a wealth of information about Jürgen, his parents, and his siblings. Otto had found all of the information in the Mildstedt parish church which is located only three miles from Husum. Up until this point, I hadn't known anything about Jürgen's siblings and only the names and birthdates of his parents.

I was stunned at the information Otto had uncovered. I had worked over a year researching the life of my great-great grandfather. I had learned much, mined a great deal of information about Jürgen since his arrival in the United States, and deduced quite a bit about his time in Schleswig-Holstein. But most of the information discovered by Otto was previously unknown to me. The fact that he had five siblings including an older brother also named Jürgen who had died in infancy; the fact that his surname was spelled both Ankersen and Ankerson in his homeland; the fact that his grandfather's surname was not Ankerson at all, but rather Jürgens (due to the patronymial naming system common at that time); and the fact that his grandfather had been born not in Germany, but in Bobøl, in the Ribe region of Denmark — all of these facts were like hundred dollar bills that had floated down from above and landed on the coffee table before me.

But I was not the only one to be surprised on this afternoon. Sitting across from me was Paul-Heinz Pauseback. Paul is the author of *Übersee-Auswanderer aus Schleswig-Holstein*, yet another book graciously given to me by Yogi. Unbeknownst to Paul, one of the seven men who emigrated together on-board the *Oder*

in 1852 and who are pictured on page 109 of his book was my great-great grandfather, Jürgen Peter Ankerson.

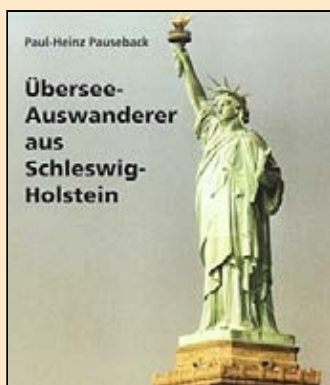


**Above:** Taken at the Ingwersen family reunion in Lyons, Iowa, on June 27, 1902, this photo commemorated the New York arrival of these seven men on the ship *Oder* exactly fifty years earlier. I discovered the photo in Paul-Heinz Pauseback's book *Übersee-Auswanderer aus Schleswig-Holstein*. **Back row (left-to-right):** Peter Hans Petersen and my maternal great-great grandfather, Jürgen Peter Ankerson. **Front row (left-to-right):** Nicolaus Eduard Ingwersen, Peter Broder Ingwersen, Heinrich C. Ingwersen, Carl H. Ingwersen, and August M. Ingwersen. The Ingwersen brothers were first cousins of Theodor Jansen, the central figure in a book I'm writing.

### ***Pulling up stakes/ Putting down roots***

**From Schleswig-Holstein  
to Davenport, Iowa:  
the story of the  
Theodor Jansen family**

*Scott C. Christiansen*



#### **Left:**

The tentative title page of the book I'm writing about the Theodor Jansen family.

#### **Center:**

Historian Paul-Heinz Pauseback's fine book about Schleswig-Holstein emigration, *Übersee-Auswanderer aus Schleswig-Holstein*.

#### **Right:**

Paul speaking at the Nordfriisk Institute in Bredstedt.

After bringing this fact to Paul's attention, I encouraged him to let me know if I could ever be of any research help in the United States. He informed me that he was interested in learning more about Theodor Jansen, a Schleswig-Holsteiner who had eventually settled in Davenport in 1883. Having been born in Davenport, I welcomed the opportunity of helping Paul.

As I delved into the lives of Theodor Jansen and his descendants, I learned that not only was there a nexus between Theodor Jansen and Jürgen Peter Ankerson, but that I had dated Jansen's great-great granddaughter during my days in high school! Before long, my casual offer of a little research help had turned into a labor of love and a book I hope to finish in the next year.



As I finished my cup of coffee and looked around Otto's living room, I noticed that shelving on one of the walls contained a massive collection of record albums. I commented on this to Otto, who walked me over to the wall, and proudly showed me his extensive collection of rock albums including virtually every album the Allman Brothers Band had ever recorded. I noticed, however, that his Allman Brothers collection was missing one important album — the first anthology album by Duane Allman.

Since I owned this double album in both vinyl and CD formats, I told Otto that I would send him the vinyl records as a small token of my appreciation for all of the genealogy research he had done for me. He seemed genuinely pleased at the prospect of completing his collection.

Otto Meier-Ewert  
Franziska-zu-Reventlow-Str. 3  
25813 Husum, Germany

Dear Otto,

Let me begin by thanking you not only for all the excellent genealogy research you did, but also for the gracious hospitality you extended to my wife and me. It was very exciting to meet you, see your home, and of course, look at the information that you discovered about my great-great grandfather, Jürgen Peter Ankerson.

It was so interesting to find a fellow Allman Brothers fan five thousand miles from my home in Iowa! Tomorrow, I will mail you the double album entitled *DUANE ALLMAN an anthology*. (See the attachment for a photo of the album cover.) In my opinion, this first anthology is much superior to the second volume. I believe that the picture on the front of the album shows Lake Jackson in Tallahassee, Florida. Florida State University, also located in Tallahassee, is where I attended law school.

I have also included a photo of an Allman Brothers playbill for a concert I attended in 1973 at the University of Iowa. This concert occurred after the death of Duane Allman, and as you can see, the University of Iowa Fieldhouse (where the concert was held) was temporarily renamed the University of Iowa Allman Fieldhouse.

Well, on to genealogy. When I mentioned that I had ancestors with the names of Arp and Finck from the Probstei region, I believe you mentioned that you also had ancestors with the same names from the same region and asked me to forward you the information that I had. I've included this information as an attachment.

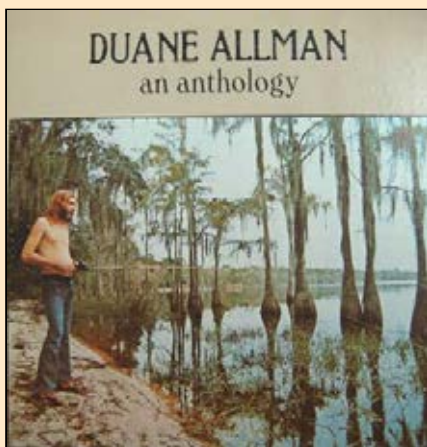
My mother was very excited about the information you uncovered about my great-great grandfather, Jürgen Peter Ankerson, and his grandfather, Ancher Jürgens. The "address" you showed for Ancher Jürgens and his wife Anna Maria Thomsen (?) was "Bobüll im Amt Ripen in Jütland." I believe that the modern name for this location would be Bobøl, Denmark.

My mother and I would like to hire you to find any information you could about Ancher Jürgens and his wife Anna Maria Thomsen (?) as well as their ancestors. Could you give us an idea of what your fee would be?

Again, Otto, I'm so glad I had the opportunity of meeting you. We hope that if you and your wife ever travel to the United States, you will look us up and feel free to stay with us for a few days.

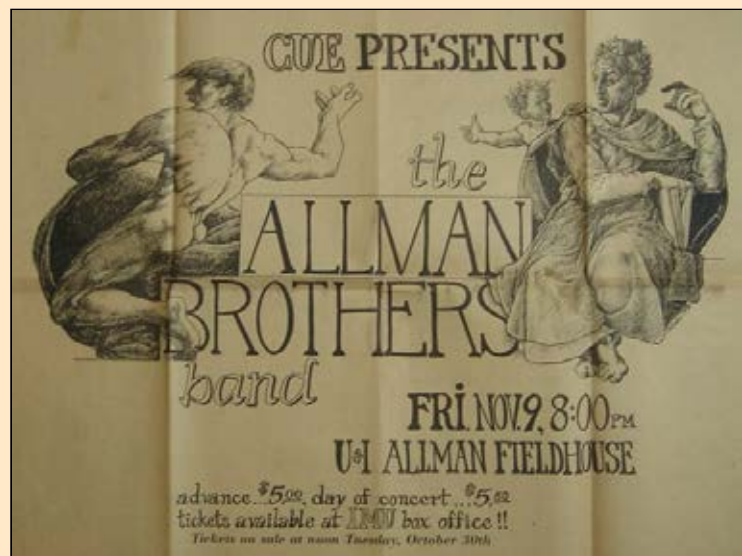
Thanks again, Otto, for all your efforts!

**Scott Christiansen**  
Iowa City, Iowa, USA



**Above:** The Duane Allman double album I sent to Otto Meier-Ewert to complete his collection.

**Right:** A photo of an Allman Brothers Band playbill that I mailed to Otto.



As the afternoon drew to a close, Yogi indicated that we should probably leave if we wanted to take a quick tour of Husum's harbor area. At this point, we all said our goodbyes. Thanks to Yogi's efforts, the afternoon had been one of the most enjoyable and significant experiences of our trip to Schleswig-Holstein.

Dear Scott,

I received the package with the Duane Allman anthology today and immediately listened to the records twice. What wonderful albums. Thank you very much. It was a great pleasure for me hosting you and your wife this summer. I hope all is well in Iowa. Unfortunately, I didn't have the time to start the Ankerson genealogy in Rantrum and Denmark, but I will gladly try to do it. Thanks again and kind regards from Husum.

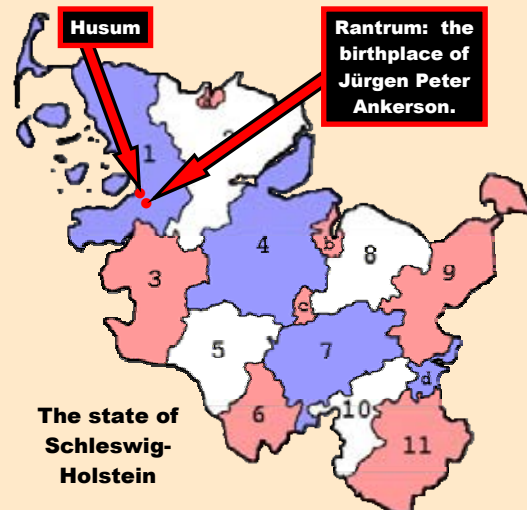
*Otto and family*

### The old harbor in Husum

Yogi, Ingo, Carol, and I got back in the Mercedes and made the short drive to the old harbor in Husum. Even before traveling to Schleswig-Holstein, I had done a lot of research about Husum, a town of 21,000 located less than five miles from the birthplace of Jürgen Peter Ankerson. Working on my book about the Theodor Jansen family (who lived in Husum for many years) has only increased my interest in this centuries-old town.



The state of Schleswig-Holstein consists of eleven rural administrative districts or *Kreise* (1: Nordfriesland, 2: Schleswig-Flensburg, 3: Dithmarschen, 4: Rendsburg-Eckernförde, 5: Steinburg, 6: Pinneberg, 7: Segeberg, 8: Plön, 9: Ostholstein, 10: Stormarn, and 11: Herzogtum Lauenburg) and four cities which constitute a district in their own right or *Kreisfreie Städte* (a: Flensburg, b: Kiel, c: Neumünster, and d: Lübeck).




HIERARCHY	GERMANY	UNITED STATES
country	Germany ( <i>Bundesrepublik Deutschland</i> )	The United States
state	Schleswig-Holstein (Schleswig-Holstein is one federal state [ <i>Bundesland</i> ] out of sixteen federal states [ <i>Bundesländer</i> ].)	Iowa (Iowa is one state out of fifty states.)
state capital	Kiel (Kiel is Schleswig-Holstein's state capital [ <i>Landeshauptstadt</i> ].)	Des Moines (Des Moines is Iowa's state capital.)
administrative district (Germany)/ county (United States)	Nordfriesland (Nordfriesland is one of 413 administrative districts in Germany. Of these 413, 301 are rural districts [ <i>Kreise</i> in the states of North Rhine-Westphalia and Schleswig-Holstein and <i>Landkreise</i> elsewhere] and 112 are urban districts [ <i>Stadtkreise</i> in the states of Baden-Württemberg and Saxony-Anhalt and <i>kreisfreie Städte</i> elsewhere].)	Scott County (Scott County is one county out of ninety-nine counties in the state of Iowa.)
administrative district capital (Germany)/ county seat (United States)	Husum (Husum is Nordfriesland's capital [ <i>Kreisstadt</i> ] and largest city.)	Davenport (Davenport is Scott County's county seat and largest city.)
"municipal confederation"	Nordsee-Treene ( <i>Amt Nordsee-Treene</i> is one of eight <i>Ämter</i> in Nordfriesland. An <i>Amt</i> , which is unique to the states of Schleswig-Holstein, Mecklenburg-Western Pomerania, and Brandenburg, is a "municipal confederation" normally consisting of very small municipalities.)	N/A
smaller municipality (Germany)/ township (United States)	Rantrum (The municipality [ <i>Gemeinde</i> ] of Rantrum is one of twenty-seven smaller municipalities [ <i>Gemeinden</i> ] comprising <i>Amt Nordsee-Treene</i> .)	Hickory Grove (Hickory Grove is one township out of thirteen townships in Scott County.)

It's important to realize that the state of Schleswig-Holstein, which contains but 6,086 square miles, is only one-ninth the size of Iowa, which contains 56,272 square miles. Despite this disparity in size, Iowa is home to only about three million residents, while Schleswig-Holstein has a population of approximately 2,850,000.




While Davenport was founded less than two centuries ago (in 1836), Husum's history stretches all the way back to the thirteenth century and Denmark's King Abel (1218-1252). In 1241, Abel's brother Erik (1216-1250) became King Eric IV of Denmark. In 1250, Erik was reportedly placed in a boat, whereupon his head was chopped off with an axe and his body weighted down with stones and chains and thrown into the water. Although Abel (who was then the Duke of Schleswig) and twenty-four noblemen swore an official oath that the Duke played no part in the killing, it is widely believed that King Eric IV was killed at his brother's behest. Hence the phrase, "Abel by name, Cain by his deeds."

After his brother's death, thirty-two-year-old Abel ascended to the throne on November 1, 1250. When Abel tried to enforce new taxation measures against the Frisians, they rebelled, and using their dikes as bulwarks of defense, killed Abel on June 29, 1252. At the time of Abel's death, the Danish castle *Husumbro* (which reportedly means "the bridge by the houses") was mentioned, thus marking the first recorded reference to Husum.



**The great storm tide of 1362: Husum is transformed from an inland town to a port city.**

A massive Atlantic gale called a *Grote Mandränke* (Dutch for the "big drowner of men") and the resulting storm tides swept across England, the Netherlands, and northern Germany on January 16, 1362. This great natural disaster tore huge chunks of the mainland into the sea, wiped out entire towns such as Rungholt on the island of Strand in North Frisia, drowned at least 25,000 people and thousands of farm animals, and created a great part of the *Wattenmeer* (Wadden Sea). By the time the flood waters had receded, a navigable connection between the Mühlenau Valley and the North Sea had been created. Husum was no longer located inland, but was now a port on the North Sea coast!

**Top:** Husum's old harbor. **Bottom:** The first two maps show how much of the mainland was swept into the sea and how Husum was transformed from an inland town to a port city when the *Grote Mandränke* struck in 1362. The third map shows an equal amount of devastation caused by a second *Grote Mandränke* in 1634.

Unfortunately, the day was drawing to a close, and we had to limit our sightseeing to a brief visit of Husum's old harbor. During our next trip to Schleswig-Holstein, I look forward to more fully exploring the "grey city at the sea."

After our quick walk around the old harbor area, Yogi decided to make a brief stop at Rantrum on our way back to Flensburg. I snapped one last photo, we loaded in the car, and began the short drive to the town where Jürgen Peter Ankerson was born. As I stared through the windows of the Mercedes at the lush, green



### Husum's old harbor

The old harbor at Husum is under little economic pressure due to the construction of a new harbor closer to the sea. The new harbor has supported a growing industrial base, while the old harbor has retained its historic charms.



**Top:** Husum's old harbor at daybreak. **Middle:** Husum's old harbor at midday. **Bottom:** A vessel stuck in the mud at low tide in Husum's old harbor.

Schleswig-Holstein countryside, my thoughts returned to Iowa City and all the research I'd done there. The words of Jürgen's autobiographical sketch that had appeared in the Davenport German-language newspaper, the *Iowa Reform*, rattled around in my head ... *"As the youngest son of beloved and worthy parents, I was born on the first of March in the year 1824 in Rantrum."* The time was at hand; I was finally going to see the place where my great-great grandfather's life had begun.



**Above:** Carol and two generations of Reppmanns on the cobblestone street abutting the old harbor at Husum. **Right:** The path of our short journey from the old harbor area in Husum ("A") to *Bürgermeister* Horst Feddersen's house in Rantrum ("B").



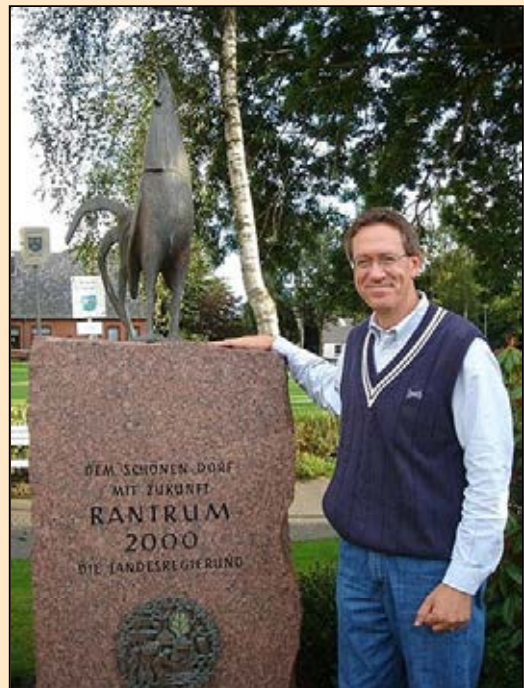
### **My first visit to the birthplace of Jürgen Peter Ankerson**

As we took a quick drive through Rantrum, Yogi spotted a sign with the address of the *Bürgermeister* on it. (Can you imagine a sign in your hometown with the address of your mayor on it?!) Having a GPS system in his car, Yogi was quickly able to locate the house.

At this point, it may be important to become a bit more acquainted with certain aspects of Yogi's personality. He's extremely intelligent, very witty, gregarious, possessed of great conversational skills, and totally unabashed in all social situations.

Although Yogi didn't know Rantrum's *Bürgermeister* from Adam, he had us wait in the car while he walked up to the front door. In a matter of moments, he beckoned us to join him, and we were escorted into the house of Horst Feddersen.

We sat down with Horst at his kitchen table where we had a nice conversation, or rather, Yogi and Horst had a nice conversation, since Horst didn't speak English very well and I was unable to speak German. During



Carol took this photo at the entrance to Rantrum. The statue commemorates an award Rantrum received from the Schleswig-Holstein government for being one of its most beautiful villages. Apparently, the award was something Rantrum's citizens felt justifiably proud in "crowing" about.



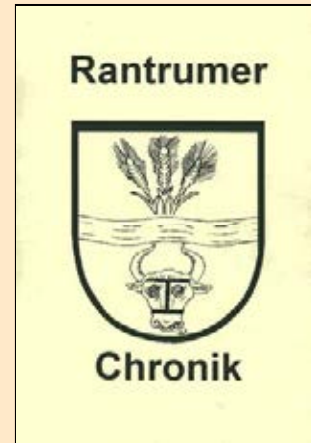
their talk, Yogi informed the *Bürgermeister* that my great-great grandfather had been born in Rantrum, a fact which obviously pleased Horst. He then got up from the table, disappeared into another room, and then returned with a thick book about the history of Rantrum. To my complete surprise, he presented the book to me as a gift. To say I was flabbergasted would be putting it mildly. A few minutes before, we'd been driving through Rantrum; now I was sitting at the kitchen table in a house I'd never been in before receiving a present from the town's mayor!

The contact that Yogi had established proved to be very important, as he would subsequently arrange a wonderful return visit hosted by the *Bürgermeister* on the day before we flew home to Iowa.



**Above:** Rantrum's *Bürgermeister*, Horst Feddersen.

**Right:** I'm standing in front of Horst Feddersen's house proudly displaying *Rantrumer Chronik*, the book given to me by Rantrum's mayor. The sign on the left says "*Gemeinde Rantrum Der Bürgermeister*" (Mayor of the town of Rantrum).



**Above:** *Rantrumer Chronik*, the book presented to me by *Bürgermeister* Horst Feddersen during my first visit to Rantrum. The Ankerson family is mentioned several times in this book.

That night, Carol and I read in bed before going to sleep, she with a murder mystery and I with the *Rantrumer Chronik*. Although the entire book was in German, I did manage to find several important references about Jürgen's father (Peter) and oldest brother (Hans Peter).



**August 30, 2006**  
***A whirlwind day in Hamburg***

August 30th began as most days did for me at the Reppmanns' apartment. I'd eat some Muselix in the kitchen and then move to the dining room which serves as kind of an auxiliary office at Yogi's. There I'd pour over a sheaf of papers, Ingo's dossier of note cards on the Forty-eighters, and books from Yogi's library. Eventually, Yogi would come in to find me alternately scribbling notes or taking digital photos of pages from his history books. We'd then have an enjoyable chat about the events of the previous day, and he'd outline what was in store for that day. This day, he had a very full schedule of events for us in Hamburg.



**The Reppmanns' dining room served as a home office for me during our stay in Flensburg.**

**A more relaxed drive on an *Autobahn***

Having acclimated a bit to the high speeds of the *Autobahnen*, Carol and I were able to enjoy the scenery more than on our trip from the Hamburg airport to the Reppmanns' apartment five days earlier. Because of Yogi's seemingly endless supply of interesting historical tidbits and humorous anecdotes, time in a car with him passes very quickly, and before we knew it, we'd arrived in Germany's second largest city.

Our first order of business was to refuel at a Shell station. Always on the lookout for anything relating to the Forty-eighters, I spotted a magazine for sale with an article about *Paulskirche*. (*Paulskirche*, a church in Frankfurt am Main, is an important symbol of the German democratic movement. In March and April of 1848, it was the meeting place for the *Vorparlament* which prepared the election for the National Assembly, the first freely elected parliament of Germany. On May 18, 1848, the National Assembly met for the first time in the church, and was, therefore, named the *Paulskirchenparlament*.) Yogi and I had a chuckle about this (and about what type of magazine I might have seen in an American gas station!) before rejoining our wives in the car.



While the Reppmanns were visiting us in Iowa City in late December of the following year, I helped Yogi make an eBay purchase of a one-hundred-plus-year-old steel print engraving of the *Paulskirchenparlament*.

## We meet with Duane Butcher, Hamburg U.S. Consul General

Our first stop of the day was at the U.S. Consulate General, a magnificent building overlooking the *Außenalster*. The Alster, a tributary of the Elbe River, flows roughly southwards and reaches the Elbe in Hamburg, which was founded on its shore. The Alster forms two artificial lakes within the Hamburg city limits. The larger lake is known as the *Außenalster* (outer Alster), while the smaller lake is called the *Binnenalster* (inner Alster). Today, these lakes and the surrounding parks serve as an important recreational area in the heart of the city.

As we approached the U.S. Consulate General, I was struck by two things. The first was the cars and how they were parked. Luxury makes like BMW and Audi seemed as commonplace as Fords and Chevys back home, and SMART cars seemed to be protruding out of every nook and cranny that the Germans term a parking space. In Germany, as I would learn, the sidewalk is fair game when it comes to cramming your car into a tight space on a very narrow street.



Germany's ubiquitous SMART car. The project idea was conceived by Swatch, the Swiss watch manufacturer. SMART is an acronym for Swatch Mercedes ART.

The second thing I noticed was the extreme security around the consulate. In the aftermath of the terrorist attacks of September 11, 2001, United States embassies around the world have understandably been turned into fortresses, and the one in Hamburg was no exception.

Although the Hamburg consulate is home to just four State Department staff members, its round-the-clock security detail of several dozen armed police officers patrolling the perimeter of the white patrician villa has cost the German taxpayers dearly and resulted in several major streets being blocked off. By the time we made it through security and into the building, we all felt as if we'd been vetted by the FBI.

Once inside, we received a warm welcome from Hamburg Consul General Duane Clemens Butcher and his assistant Greg Crouch. We were served coffee and dessert and had a pleasant chat about Duane's family, his next assignment, our experiences thus far in Schleswig-Holstein, and the like.

Since Duane studied history while attending Carleton College in Northfield, Minnesota (a college that Yogi



**Above left:** Security barriers in front of the U.S. Consulate General in Hamburg. The one-hundred-meter-setback rule has resulted in entire streets being cordoned off. **Above right:** A tank guards the consulate building, a former villa and once home to the Nazi *Gauleiter*. Now, only four State Department officials work there, mostly dealing with American cruise ship passengers.

taught at in the late 1990's), Yogi was adamant that we show him the book about the von Schirach family I'm working on (*From Lincoln Pallbearer to Hitler Disciple ... The history of the von Schirach Family*). If I ever need a press agent, Yogi's got the job!

**Duane Butcher,  
Hamburg U.S. Consul General**

In July of 2006, Duane helped organize the visit of President Bush to Mecklenburg-Western Pomerania, the state bordering Schleswig-Holstein on the east.

On July 4, 2007, a farewell reception for Consul General Duane C. Butcher was held at the newly opened BallinStadt Emigration Museum in Hamburg. Butcher welcomed close to nine hundred guests from all five North German states. In his remarks, he focused on the enduring relevance of the Declaration of Independence; read from the President's Independence Day proclamation; and thanked state governments, citizens, and organizations in northern Germany for their promotion of German-American relations in the past three years. He concluded by urging these groups to support transatlantic youth exchange programs.



Duane Butcher and Prof. Dr. Gerd-Winand Imeyer (who I would meet later in the day) standing in Petra Imeyer's garden.

Duane C. Butcher  
U.S. Consulate General Hamburg  
Alsterufer 27/28  
20354 Hamburg, Germany

Dear Duane,

I wanted to thank you for taking time out of your busy day to meet with me and my good friend, Professor Joachim "Yogi" Reppmann. My wife and I were very excited to be admitted to the U.S. embassy and to meet a fellow American with Midwestern roots.

Your job sounds very exciting and challenging, and I hope that your next assignment is as rewarding as your current one has been. It would appear that you are blessed with a great wife and two fine children, and I'm sure they will look back in later years on their experiences in Hamburg with great fondness.

I would be remiss if I didn't pass on our thanks, too, to your associate, Greg Crouch. I'm not sure what I could ever do to repay the kindness you showed me and my wife, but if there is anything I can do, please don't hesitate to ask.

Yogi and I have greatly enjoyed working with each other on several projects and look forward to years of cooperation on many more. I know we are both eagerly awaiting the opening of the new Hamburg emigration museum, and if you think any of our collaborative efforts might be appreciated by that institution, we would be more than happy to assist in any way.

Again, Duane, thanks so much for seeing us and giving us a taste of the United States during our visit to Germany.

All the best,

***Scott and Carol Christiansen***

### **Our meeting with Ursula Wöst at the Hotel InterContinental**

After our conversation with Duane had run its course, we took our leave and returned to the car. Gitta would rest while Yogi, Carol, and I met Ursula Wöst, the exhibit manager for Port of Dreams — Emigrant World BallinStadt, the soon-to-be-opened emigration museum in Hamburg.

Our meeting was held at the beautiful Hotel InterContinental. After cappuccinos had been ordered for Yogi and Ursula and black coffees for Carol and me, we began talking about Hamburg's new emigration museum and my interest in the Forty-eighters who had emigrated to Davenport.

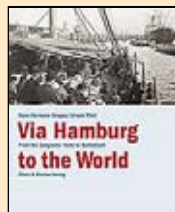
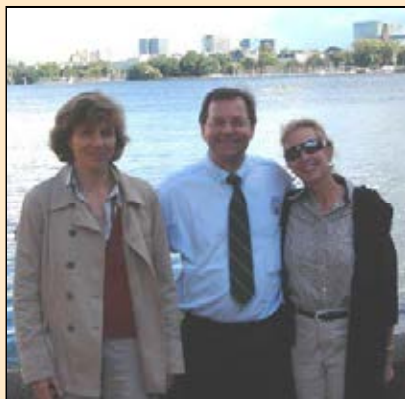
I was particularly interested in hearing what Ursula could tell us about the new BallinStadt Emigration Museum. After the positive experience I had at the *Deutsches Auswandererhaus* in Bremerhaven, I knew I wanted to visit this new facility, especially since most, if not all, of my ancestors had emigrated from Hamburg. Who knows? Perhaps one day my books on Jürgen Peter Ankerson or the Theodor Jansen family might find their way into a gift shop at Port of Dreams — Emigrant World BallinStadt.



When we'd finished our cappuccinos and coffees, we all walked along the *Außenalster* back towards the car.



**Top:** This map shows the two Alster Lakes, the Hotel InterContinental, the U.S. Consulate General, and the HAPAG-Lloyd building. **Middle:** Ursula Wöst, Yogi, and Carol standing in front of the *Außenalster*. **Bottom:** The HAPAG-Lloyd building.



*Via Hamburg to the New World* was co-written by Ursula Wöst, the exhibit manager for the Hamburg Emigration Center.



HAPAG is an acronym for *Hamburg-Amerikanische Packetfahrt-Actien-Gesellschaft*. This shipping firm was founded in 1847 and was the owner of the *Oder*, the ship Jürgen Peter Ankersen emigrated on in 1852. Albert Ballin, for whom the new Hamburg emigration museum is named, became HAPAG's general director in 1899.



Hamburg's beautiful Hotel InterContinental, the site of our *Kaffeeklatsch* with Ursula Wöst.



Ursula Wöst  
Berner Heerweg 80b  
22159 Hamburg, Germany

Dear Ursula,

I don't know if you remember us, but we are friends of Professor Joachim "Yogi" Reppmann of Flensburg. We had the pleasure of meeting you for coffee on the afternoon of August 30th in Hamburg.

If I recall things correctly, you will be an exhibit manager for the new Hamburg emigration museum. During my visit to northern Germany, I was fortunate enough to visit the emigration center at Bremerhaven and was greatly impressed. All of my ancestors, however, emigrated from Hamburg, so naturally, the new museum will be of great interest to me.

As you may remember, Yogi and I share a common interest in the emigration of Schleswig-Holsteiners — especially the group known as the Forty-eighters — to America's Midwest. He has written several incredible books about the Forty-eighters, and I am in the process of writing one myself. We would both welcome the opportunity of working with you in the future in any way that might be of interest to the new museum and its visitors.

Again, thank you for meeting with us, Ursula. Should you ever visit the United States, please look us up. We'd be delighted to show you a little about where a lot of those Forty-eighters put down their roots!

All the best,

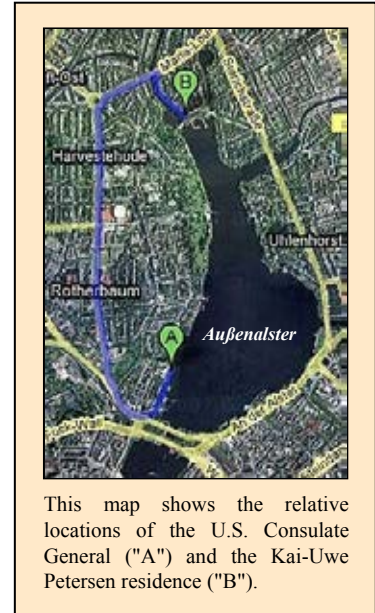
**Scott and Carol Christiansen**  
Iowa City, Iowa, USA

## We visit the Hamburg home of Kai-Uwe and Susanne Petersen

After rejoining Gitta, who had patiently waited for us in the car, we drove to a very upscale neighborhood at the far end of the *Außenalster* Lake. There, on a beautiful, tree-lined street called *Leinpfad*, is the Kai-Uwe and Susanne Petersen residence.

Kai-Uwe, like many males born in Schleswig-Holstein in the mid-1950's, was named after Kai-Uwe von Hassel, a handsome, Kennedyesque politician who was elected *Ministerpräsident* (analogous to our governor) of Schleswig-Holstein in 1954. Although Kai and Uwe are common names, males with those names in hyphenated form were typically born — like Yogi and his school chum Kai-Uwe — in the mid-1950's.

As Yogi tells it, Kai-Uwe was a bit of a hell-raiser in his youth, even to the point of being expelled from their school (*Altes Gymnasium*) in the ninth grade. After switching schools and finishing the tenth grade, Kai-Uwe started a three-year apprenticeship as a carpenter. After finishing this, he began attending evening high school. To attend such a school, one must have a regular job; in Kai-Uwe's case, he worked for his grandfather's rum business during the day.



After three more years of study, Kai-Uwe finished evening high school (which in Germany means finishing the thirteenth grade). Although many had hoped that he would take over his grandfather's business, he opted instead to join a carpenter's guild and become a journeyman carpenter. This required him to leave Flensburg for a period of three years and one day. With the experience he obtained, Kai-Uwe eventually became an extremely successful builder and developer.

### — Auf der Walz —

*Auf der Walz*, the custom of traveling on the job or taking to the road which was started by European craftsmen guilds back in the Middle Ages, is still practiced in Germany today. In the Middle Ages, a guild was made up of experienced and confirmed experts — *Meisters*, or master craftsmen — in a particular field of handicraft. Before a new employee could rise to the master craftsman level, he had to go through a schooling period. The first stage of this was working as a *Lehrling* (apprentice).

As a young man (about fifteen years of age), a son would have talks with his father about his professional future. Oftentimes, this meant following the career of the father. The son would then leave home, move in with a master craftsman in his chosen field (perhaps a stonemason, carpenter, roofer, furniture maker, or brewer) and become his apprentice. The master craftsman-apprentice relationship was a quid pro quo affair: a young apprentice worked for a master for very minimal wages in exchange for formal training in his craft.

Typically, the apprentice lived at his master's home and became a de facto son to the master. He worked hard for very little money, ate at the master's table, and was disciplined by the master much as he would have been by his own father. Each year, his responsibilities increased, and if he proved himself trustworthy, his wages increased as well. When his apprenticeship was up (often after a period of three years, but sometimes longer), he would take his final exam. In the case of a carpenter, as a part of this final testing he would do a *Gesellenstück*, a piece that visualized what he had learned. If the guild decided that he had passed his exams, the apprentice became a *Geselle* (journeyman). (The word "journeyman" comes from the French word *journée*, meaning the period of one day. This refers to the right of the journeyman to charge a fee for each day's work. In essence then, the journeyman was a day laborer.) After becoming a *Geselle*, the journeyman was given documents (letters or certificates from his master and/or the guild itself) certifying him as a

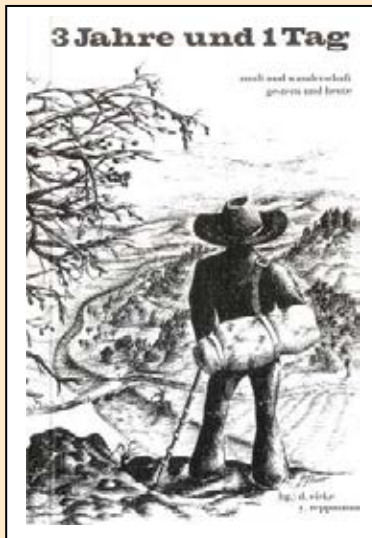




**Above:** This photo shows two young men in traditional journeyman carpenter garb. Interestingly, the smaller of the two men seems to be carrying the bigger *Stenz*.

Ironically, the day before we visited Kai-Uwe Petersen, we encountered a journeyman carpenter dressed much like the two men above as we entered the *Stadtarchiv Flensburg*. Yogi stopped the fellow (who seemed only too happy to oblige) and used him as a visual aid while describing the historical significance of his clothing.

**Below:** *3 Jahre und 1 Tag* was the first book published by *Chamäleon Verlag*, the publishing house founded in 1982 by Yogi Reppmann and his good friend Dee Eicke. The book was about journeymen carpenters such as our host on August 30th, Kai-Uwe Petersen.



journeyman and entitling him to travel to other towns and countries to gain experience at different workshops and learn about his craft and life in general from other masters.

If the *Geselle* wanted to become a master in the field that he'd apprenticed in, he then took to the road (*auf der Walz*). Historically, the journeyman needed to remain outside a fifty-kilometer radius of his home for a period of three years and one day (*3 Jahre und 1 Tag*). He could not return home except in the case of illness or death. While on his journey, the *Geselle* was required to carry a special book called a *Handwerksbuch* in which he had to have entered by each master that employed him the particulars of the work he learned, its duration, and his conduct.

Today, these journeys can and often do take young craftsmen halfway around the world. Kai-Uwe Petersen is a good example, as he and Yogi hitchhiked around the world for six months in 1979 and 1980 during Kai-Uwe's *Geselle* period. As a result of these shared travels, there will always be a special bond between the two.

The *Geselle* carpenter was only allowed to bring the bare necessities with him on his travels. He carried only a small rucksack (which contained his craftsman's clothes, or *Zunftkluft*), a sleeping bag, a book, a *Stenz* (spiral walking stick) that he had made himself, and his tools.

The garb of the journeyman carpenter was (and often still is) quite distinct. He wore black pants, black shoes or boots, a white collarless shirt, a velvet or corduroy vest with eight silver buttons symbolizing an eight-hour workday, a black velvet or corduroy jacket with six buttons signifying a six-day workweek, and a wide-brimmed black hat identifying him as a "free" man.

A master craftsman was required to take in any *Geselle* who knocked at his door and provide him with room and board. (Sometimes farmers, taverns, or local families will take in a journeyman, for their tradition is still widely respected and supported. It is important, therefore, that each *Geselle* who is taken in keep the reputation of his guild in good standing so the next fellow journeyman will be well received.) The journeyman worked under the supervision of his host master craftsman, all the while learning new techniques and skills. He could not stay longer than three months, at which point, he needed to move on to the next town.

After the journeyman had completed his *3 Jahre und 1 Tag*, he was eligible to become a master craftsman. This would require the approval of all the masters of his guild, a donation of money or other goods, and in many cases, the production of a so-called

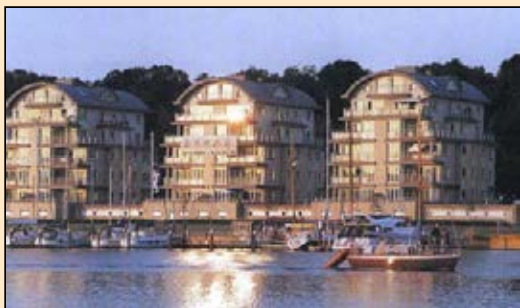
*Meisterstück* (masterpiece) which would illustrate the abilities of the aspirant master craftsman. Once the journeyman became a *Meister*, he could have his own shop and employ apprentices.

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Kai-Uwe and Susanne were very gracious hosts, and after a brief tour of the beautiful deck/garden/yard space at the rear of their home, we sat down to enjoy some refreshments and snacks. The Petersens love to travel, speak English splendidly, and are very cosmopolitan in their tastes.

Noting a large wall of bookcases, Carol and I perused the titles to see what Germans might like to read. We were surprised to find German translations of many popular contemporary books by English authors, and Carol and the Petersens soon discovered they liked many of the same American mystery writers.



These three high-rise condos with the barrel roofs were built by Kai-Uwe Petersen on the banks of the *Flensburger Förde* (Flensburg Fjord).

When we visited the Petersens, Kai-Uwe was working on a gigantic warehouse project near the Hamburg harbor.

### Off to a Bulgarian barbeque!

After saying our goodbyes to Kai-Uwe and Susan, we went to *Eichenpark* (a park located a stone's throw from the Petersen residence) to attend a Bulgarian barbeque. Doesn't every visitor to Hamburg do that?! It seemed that Yogi's circle of friends knew no bounds. This time, the friends were Gerd and Petra Imeyer.

But you're probably still wondering what two German friends have to do with an invitation to a Bulgarian barbeque. Bulgaria has four honorary consuls in Germany, one of which is Prof. Dr. Gerd-Winand Imeyer who is based in Hamburg. In 1992, Prof. Dr. Imeyer was appointed honorary consul of Bulgaria for the states of Hamburg and Schleswig-Holstein. In March of 1997, the cabinet extended his consular district to include the state of Lower Saxony.

In the early 2000's, Bulgaria's relations with Bremen became more intensive, and in 2005, Germany's government decided to extend Prof. Dr. Imeyer's consular district once again to include the state of Bremen. This decision was based on Imeyer's "professional capacity, personal qualities, and commitment to the development between Bulgaria and Germany."

Kai-Uwe & Susanne Petersen  
Leinpfad 3  
22301 Hamburg  
Germany

Dear Kai-Uwe and Susan,

Please excuse the tardiness of this letter, but things have been quite hectic since our return to Iowa. Although we've been back for some time now, we continue to reflect on the two weeks we were able to spend with our friends Yogi and Gitta Reppmann of Flensburg. Yogi had promised me that our visit would be a life-altering experience, and he was absolutely correct!

Every day was filled with new sights, wonderful experiences, and fascinating historical insights provided by Professor Reppmann. Now that my wife and I have had time to reflect on our adventure, however, we are in total agreement that by far the most memorable part of our trip was the wonderful people we were so fortunate to meet. We were (and continue to be) amazed at the friendliness, graciousness, and generosity displayed to two strangers from Iowa.

It was so nice of you both to welcome us into your beautiful home for drinks and conversation. The grounds at the rear of your property are truly spectacular. If I lived there, I don't think I'd ever get any work done; I'd always be sitting out on the deck sipping a cold one!

The building projects you are responsible for, Kai-Uwe, are truly spectacular. Every time we were near the *Flensburger Förde*, I looked at the group of beautiful high-rise condos you built and thought of you. Your latest project in Hamburg will really be something — I can't imagine all the detail and planning that must go into building something that huge.

We were both struck by how many of the same mystery books Susanne and Carol read. Being a huge dog lover, Carol immediately fell in love with Emma. What a well-behaved dog!

It sounds like you two travel a lot, so it may be hard for you to remember your first time out of the country. That's what this trip was for us. I don't think we could have picked a better place for our first adventure outside of the United States. Having good friends as hosts, tour guides, and interpreters made things so easy for us.

If you ever get to the Midwest of the United States, we hope you'll take the time to drop by for a visit. Again, thanks so much for your hospitality.

All the best,

**Scott and Carol Ann Christiansen**  
Iowa City, Iowa, USA



**Above left:** *Eichenpark* looking across the water toward the Kai-Uwe Petersen residence. **Above right:** An aerial view showing the relative locations of the Kai-Uwe Petersen residence, *Eichenpark*, and the northern end of the *Außenalster*.

Like Yogi, Prof. Dr. Imeyer is a Rotarian. During the Rotarian centennial year of 2005, Imeyer had served as Rotary governor for the district of Hamburg and Schleswig-Holstein and attended the annual conference in Chicago with sixty thousand other Rotarians. About that same time, while in the Rotary district around Davenport, he kept hearing the names of Yogi and Gitta Reppmann, half-year residents of Flensburg. One thing led to another, and Yogi and Dr. Imeyer finally met at a Rotary event in the Hamburg city hall.

Carol and I found Dr. Imeyer and his wife to be very friendly and outgoing. Carol informed Gerd that her maiden name was Schroeder (Schröder in Germany) and asked him if there was a region where that name was particularly common. (In the Probstei region of Plön, for example, seven or eight names predominate.) Dr. Imeyer chuckled and told Carol that in Germany, the Schröder surname was as common as Smith or Jones in the United States.

Although the weather was rather cold and drizzly, the food was agreeably spicy and the beers the perfect complement. We had a good time and met quite a few people (all of whom seemed to speak English fairly well) including several attractive Bulgarian girls. As I would discover the next day on our return trip to Hamburg, this would not be my only opportunity to talk to attractive young women from Bulgaria!



Professor Dr. Gerd Imeyer helps Yogi celebrate his fiftieth birthday at the Reppmanns' apartment in Flensburg in 2007.

### **A kaputten Auspuff on the way back to Flensburg**

It had been a long day, and we were all pretty tired as we climbed in the Mercedes for the ninety-four-mile trip back to Flensburg. Unbeknownst to us, however, there was still one more adventure in store for us. About fifty miles from Flensburg, an extremely loud noise began emanating from the rear of the car. The problem?

Prof. Dr. and Mrs. Gerd Imeyer  
Rönkrei 49a  
22399 Hamburg, Germany

Dear Dr. and Mrs. Imeyer,

You may not remember us, but we are friends of Professor Joachim "Yogi" Reppmann and his wife Gitta. You were kind enough to include us at the Bulgarian barbeque in the park in Hamburg during our visit.

We had fun making new acquaintances and eating some great food that evening. Sometimes I think Yogi must know everybody in northern Germany! He and his wife were exemplary hosts, and included us in all kinds of fun adventures such as your barbeque. It was our first time out of the country, and having good friends as hosts, tour guides, and interpreters certainly made things easy for us.

I'm sure your ambassadorial work to Bulgaria keeps you very busy, Dr. Imeyer. Do you and your wife ever travel to the United States? If you ever get to the Midwest, we hope you will look us up and give us the opportunity of returning your hospitality.

My wife and I would love to visit Hamburg again. I know that Yogi and I are both looking forward to visiting the new Hamburg emigration museum when it opens, and we would be happy to work with it in any way we could.

Again, thank you both for including two Iowans in the Bulgarian barbeque!

All the best,

**Scott and Carol Ann Christiansen**  
Iowa City, Iowa, USA

*A kaputten Auspuff* (defective muffler)!

This problem had not come at a good time since Yogi, Ingo, and I were scheduled to be in Hamburg again on the following day. Fortunately, one of Yogi's many friends is Peter Radtke (also known as "Porsche Peter"), an expert auto mechanic who specializes in Porsches and Mercedes. Peter lives in Jarplund-Weding, a town located about four miles southwest of Flensburg. Although the hour was getting late, we stopped by the Radtke house where Peter and wife Babsi were watching TV.

Yogi was told to leave his car and borrow Peter's Mercedes to complete our trip. A short time after we arrived at the Reppmanns' apartment, "Porsche Peter" stopped by. Apparently, he couldn't fix Yogi's Mercedes in time for our trip to Hamburg on the following day, but he brought yet another Mercedes for us to use, and after having a drink with us, drove his car home. Ironically, the Mercedes that Peter loaned us — the Mercedes that Yogi, Ingo, and I would take to Hamburg on the following day — was a car that had previously been owned by ... Ingo Reppmann! So, we still went to Hamburg in a pre-owned Reppmann Mercedes; the only difference was that Yogi's ran on diesel while Ingo's ran on gas.

As I noted, when "Porsche Peter" stopped by the Reppmanns' apartment, we had a drink together. Actually, we had a lot of laughs as well, for as you will see, although I had never met Peter before that night, I had already been involved in a very odd and humorous business transaction with him.

Several years ago, while my nephew, his wife, and their little girl were visiting, they accidentally broke the toilet seat in our guest bathroom. I didn't think it would be a problem ordering a new one; how wrong I was. The toilet, a rather unique looking model from Eljer, had long since been discontinued, and there were no replacement parts in the country. This posed a major problem, since the cracked seat tended to ... well ... snap at one's backside when he or she sat on it.

Embarrassingly, Yogi and Gitta took note of this during a visit to our house. I relayed the whole story and told Yogi there weren't any replacement seats in the entire country. Yogi loves a good challenge and soon had his good friend "Porsche Peter" Radtke on the lookout



Yogi and "Porsche Peter" proudly displaying our replacement Eljer toilet seat. I don't think Porsche will want to use this photo in any of their advertising!



for one in Germany. Unbelievably, Peter did locate one, but the price wasn't cheap — about \$150.

On our return trip to the United States, I carefully carried the boxed seat on and off every plane, not wishing to tempt the fates with this expensive and hard-to-find necessity. Although only conjecture, I think there's a good possibility that I am the only passenger to ever carry a toilet seat on-board a jet flying between Hamburg and Newark, New Jersey!

*August 31, 2006*

*The return to Hamburg and an evening with artist Rups Leiß*

On Thursday morning, August 31st, Yogi and I were once again on an *Autobahn* headed back to Hamburg. This time, we were accompanied by Ingo.

Ingo is extremely interested in history and has assembled a voluminous set of note cards on Schleswig-Holstein emigrants to America. Like Yogi and me, he is particularly interested in that most remarkable group of emigrants, the Forty-eighters. Although troubled with poor eyesight due to a botched operation, Ingo is often the only Reppmann able to read the old German scripts (*Fraktur* and *Sütterlin*) and decipher arcane German words no longer in common usage. Possessed of a wry, impish sense of humor, his presence on any of our outings always added to my enjoyment.

**The Staatsarchiv Hamburg and  
Dr. Klaus-Joachim  
Lorenzen-Schmidt**

Our first stop was at the *Staatsarchiv Hamburg*. After finding a parking place (which required a trip inside by Yogi to obtain a special permit), we entered the



Yogi and his father Ingo collaborated on a book published in 2003 entitled *Theodor Olshausen 1802-1869: Briefe an den Bruder Justus*. This book contains the letters written by Theodor Olshausen, the great Schleswig-Holstein patriot, Forty-eighter, democratic revolutionary, journalist, and one-time Davenport, Iowa resident, to his brother Justus.

The existence of these fascinating letters (several of which were written from my hometown of Davenport, Iowa) had been unknown until their discovery by the Reppmanns in an archive located in what was previously Communist East Germany. Yogi and Ingo's publication of these letters greatly advanced our understanding of this most significant Schleswig-Holsteiner, the man whose family gave Joseph Pulitzer his start in journalism.



The *Staatsarchiv Hamburg* is located at *Kattunbleiche 19*. From the outside, the facility is a rather strange amalgam of architectural styles. Inside, there are almost twenty miles of shelving holding a vast array of materials utilized by PhD students, scientists, lawyers, and genealogy/history buffs like me. Because there is no master index to the materials contained, the help of an expert is often required. Thanks to Yogi, we had the help of none other than senior archivist at the *Staatsarchiv Hamburg*, Dr. Klaus-Joachim Lorenzen-Schmidt.

building and took an elevator up to the office of Dr. Klaus-Joachim Lorenzen-Schmidt, or as he likes to be called, "Lori."

Looking at Lori, you might not guess that he is the senior archivist at the *Staatsarchiv Hamburg*. He is a big bear of a man, and with his ponytail, beard, and sandals, he looks like he would have felt right at home in Iowa City in the late '60's.

I took an immediate liking to Lori. He had a ready smile, was gracious and generous, and had not the least bit of ego or pretentiousness. After an enjoyable visit in his office, Lori led us to a room containing shelves of old Hamburg city directories.



While visiting in Lori's office, he showed Yogi, Ingo, and me an old volume that he was currently working on. And when I say old, I mean *old*! Despite the title on the book's cover, there were entries in it going all the way back to the 1200's. The book was in surprisingly good condition, due in no small part to the fact that its pages were made from parchment rather than paper. When a page had been damaged, Lori showed me how it had been repaired with a needle and thread.



**Caroline Helene Constance Ankerson née Paulsen  
(1845-03-28 - 1912-11-27)**

Jürgen Peter Ankerson's third wife (and my great-great grandmother) was Helene Paulsen. Prior to her marriage to Jürgen, all we knew about her was her birthdate (1844-03-28), her birthplace (Hamburg), and that her father might have been a physician named Theodor. It wasn't much, but these few facts and possibilities at least gave us a starting point for finding additional information.

Relatively quickly, we were able to locate several entries for Theodor Paulsen, a Hamburg physician. Taken alone, however, this information wasn't enough to establish a relationship to my great-great grandmother.

Lori then led us to a room in the bowels of the *Staatsarchiv Hamburg* containing old church registers. After looking through a number of these,



we finally found what we'd been looking for ... and then some!

**Tauf-Register der Kirche**

Numero.	Vor- und Geschlechtsname des Vaters.	Geburtsort.	Wohnung und Gewerbe.	Vor- und Jungfername der Mutter.	Geburtsort.
115.	Paul Constant Theodor Paulsen	Lübeck	Alter Wandrahm Garnmacher	Louise Mathilde geb. Eckelberg	Hamburg

*cop. 1844 Juni 5. v. J. F. Paulsen*

**St. Catharinen, Anno 1845**

Vorname und Geschlecht des Kindes.	Tag und Stunde der Geburt.	Tauftag.	Vor- und Zunamen der Taufzeugen.	Getauft von Herrn Pastor.
Caroline Helene Constance	28. März	24. April	1. Fr. Anna Helene Eckelberg. 2. Fr. Anna Caroline Paulsen. 3. Paul Constant Theodor Paulsen.	

*Morg. 8. 1/2 Uhr*

These church records that Lori helped locate in the *Staatsarchiv Hamburg* added a lot of important information to our family tree:

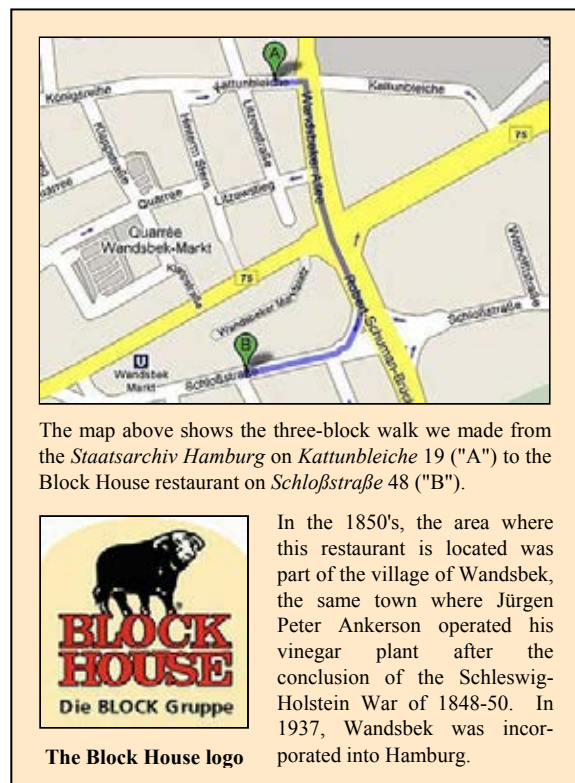
- They not only confirmed Helene Paulsen's birthdate as March 28 (and added the fact that she was born at 8:30 A. M.), but also provided concrete proof that she was born in 1845, not in 1844, as her obituary had indicated.
- Helene's birth name was not Helene Paulsen, but rather, Caroline Helene Constance Paulsen.
- Helene was baptized on April 24, 1845, at *St. Catharinenkirche* in Hamburg. The three baptismal witnesses were her father, Paul Constant Theodor Paulsen; Mrs. Anna Helene Eckelberg (possibly a maternal aunt-in-law of Helene's); and Mrs. Anna Caroline Paulsen (possibly a paternal aunt-in-law of Helene's).
- The full name of Helene's father (my great-great-great grandfather) was Paul Constant Theodor Paulsen. His birthplace was Lübeck, an historic old town I would visit three days later.
- At the time of Helene's birth, the Paulsen residence was located on *Alter Wandrahm*. This street can still be found in the *Altstadt* (Old Town) section of Hamburg. (An 1845 Hamburg directory pinpoints the Paulsen address as House Number 54 on *Alter Wandrahm*.)
- Paul Constant Theodor Paulsen's wife (my great-great-great grandmother) was Louise Mathilde Paulsen née Eckelberg.

At present, there are still a few other bits of information yet to be mined from these records such as the date of June 5, 1844, which appears beneath Paul Constant Theodor Paulsen's name. (This may be the marriage date of Helene's parents.)

With the information discovered above, we were led to other church registers which revealed more of my ancestors that were previously unknown to me: great-great-great-great grandfather Johann Matthias Eckelberg, a master tailor born in Mecklenburg-Western Pomerania, and great-great-great-great grandmother Anna Helena Eckelberg née Rommert, who was born in Hamburg and baptized at St. Peter's Church in that

city.

As the noon hour was approaching, I suggested that we all go out to get a bite to eat. Although I felt that I had imposed enough on Lori for one day, I felt certain that if I could return to the *Staatsarchiv Hamburg* some day, with a little persistence and help from people like Lori, Yogi, and Ingo, I could discover even more unknown generations, taking the family tree farther back than I once felt possible.



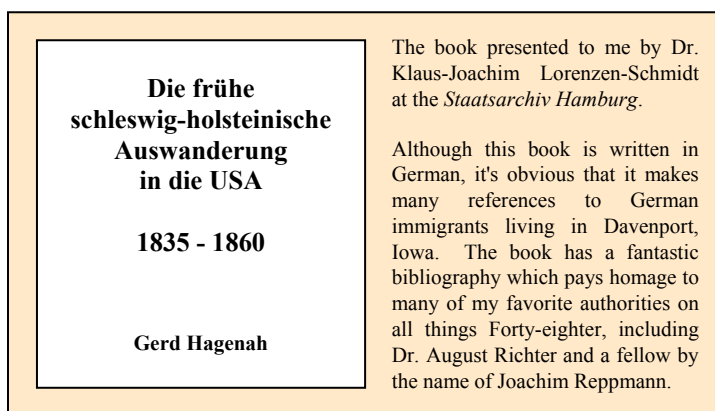
Lori suggested that we eat at the Block House restaurant, a steak house located about three blocks from the archive. Founded in Hamburg, there are over thirty Block Houses throughout Germany, with twelve scattered throughout Hamburg.

As we walked towards the restaurant, I saw several signs with the name "Wandsbek." Knowing that Jürgen Peter Ankerson had operated a vinegar plant at Wandsbek at the conclusion of the Schleswig-Holstein War of 1848-50, I asked Lori whether we had passed into what had once been the village of Wandsbek. He replied that this was the case, so I seized the opportunity, asking several questions in an effort to better understand what would have been involved in operating a vinegar plant in that era.

We soon reached our destination, and like any group of healthy, red-blooded males, immediately ordered four beers, three "Mr. Rumpsteaks," and one cheeseburger. Ordering red meat seemed like the thing to do, as the Block House is known for their Aberdeen Angus steaks which are served with a salad, baked potato with sour cream, and garlic bread.

The time passed quickly as we all enjoyed our meals and conversation. I learned that Lori had recently married, that he lived in Theodor Olshausen's hometown of Glückstadt, and that he rode a train for about an hour each way to get to and from work. He spoke English very well, but not with as much ease and fluidity as Yogi. Nevertheless, it was easy to see that Klaus-J. Lorenzen-Schmidt was someone who very much enjoyed his work.

After lunch, we returned to Lori's office at the *Staatsarchiv Hamburg*. Lori presented me with a book and graciously posed for some photos. We said our goodbyes, and walked back to the Mercedes previously owned by Ingo.



It had already been a great day, and it wasn't yet mid-afternoon. Our next meeting wasn't scheduled for a few hours, so Yogi, who had previously lived in the Hamburg area for several years, thought it would be a good time for *Herr Scottiemaus* (Yogi's nickname for me) to get out of the "archive mode" and see some of the other sights Hamburg has to offer.

Dr. Klaus-Joachim Lorenzen-Schmidt  
Staatsarchiv Hamburg  
Kattunbleiche 19  
22041 Hamburg  
Germany

Dear Lori,

I don't know if you remember me, but I had the pleasure of meeting you on August 31st of this year. I was accompanied by my friends Professor Joachim "Yogi" Reppmann and his father Ingo.

You graciously spent the entire morning helping me research Helene Paulsen (my great-great grandmother) and her ancestors. As you may remember, you were instrumental in helping me go back two prior generations by consulting Hamburg city directories and church records in the archives. Finding this information was very exciting for me, Lori!

I wish I would have had more time to spend at the *Staatsarchiv Hamburg*. It's an incredible repository of information, and I hope to return some day and explore it more fully.

After completing the research, we returned to your office where you presented me with a copy of *Die frühe Schleswig-holsteinische Auswanderung in die USA 1835-1860* by Gerd Hagenah. This was very generous of you, Lori, and it now sits with other important reference works in my library. You may also remember showing me the incredibly old volume dating to the 1200's (with the parchment page that had been repaired with thread) that you were working on. You have one cool job, my friend!

We were then fortunate enough to talk you into having lunch with us at the Block House restaurant in Hamburg. As you may recall, as we walked from the *Staatsarchiv Hamburg* to the restaurant, I asked you questions about Wandsbek and the vinegar business. (My great-great grandfather, Jürgen Peter Ankerson, had operated a vinegar plant in Wandsbek just prior to emigrating to America in 1852.) You patiently answered every question in a way that made history come alive for me.

I just can't tell you how much I appreciated the time you spent helping me, Lori. I don't know how I can ever repay your kindness and generosity, but I want to extend an open-ended invitation to you and your new bride to visit me and my wife in Iowa at any time. We'd love the opportunity of showing you a little about life in the Midwest. Perhaps I could show you some of our local archives, although their records don't even go back two hundred years — a mere speck of time compared to what you deal with on a daily basis! I hope that if there is ever any favor I can do for you on this side of the ocean, you'll always feel free to call on me.

Again, thanks a million for everything, Lori.

All the best,

**Scott Christiansen**  
Iowa City, Iowa, USA

DR. KLAUS-JOACHIM LORENZEN-SCHMIDT  
STAATSARCHIV  
KATTUNBLEICHE 19  
22041 HAMBURG

18X06

Dear Scott,

I enjoyed your visit together with Yogi's legs. Thank you for your kind letter and your friendly invitation to Iowa City and the countryside around. Whenever my wife and I will find the possibility to visit the USA we will not fail to come to your home.

If there are questions concerning Hamburg-history or your ancestors (as far as to be answered by sources in the Hamburg state archives) I will be glad to help you.

All the best to you  
from Lori



Yet another generous gift from the library of Yogi Reppmann.

One of many books written by Dr. Klaus-J. Lorenzen-Schmidt, this book deals with the lexicon of weights, measures, and currency used in Schleswig-Holstein in former times. It has already proved useful on several occasions.

### The Reeperbahn

Our first stop was the *Reeperbahn*, a street known to the locals as "*die sündige Meile*" (the sinful mile) because of its location in Hamburg's St. Pauli district, the center of Hamburg's nightlife and also the city's red-light district.

*Reeperbahn* comes from the old Low German word *Reep*, meaning "a heavy rope for a ship." In former times, the street was a ropewalk used to produce these ropes for the nearby harbor. (A ropewalk was a long, straight narrow lane or covered pathway where long strands of material were laid before being twisted into rope.)



The *Reeperbahn* is lined with many restaurants, discos, bars, strip clubs, sex shops, brothels, theaters, cabarets, a sex museum, and the *Operettenhaus*, a musical-theater.

One of the intersecting streets with the *Reeperbahn* is *Große Freiheit*. Like the *Reeperbahn*, it's populated with bars, sex shops, clubs, and the like, but in former years, it was also home to several sex theaters (the *Salambo*, *Regina*, *Colibri*, and *Safari*) which showed live sex acts on stage. As of 2007, however, the *Safari* is the only live sex theater left in Germany.

The name *Große Freiheit* means "Great Freedom," a seemingly apropos name for a street dedicated to man's baser instincts. In point of fact, however, *Große Freiheit* refers to the granting of freedom of religion and trade in the historic and formerly independent Altona which was incorporated into Hamburg in 1937. (In former times, Catholics were allowed to practice their religion in Altona which did not yet belong to Hamburg. At the same time, they were forbidden from doing so in within the confines of Protestant Hamburg.)

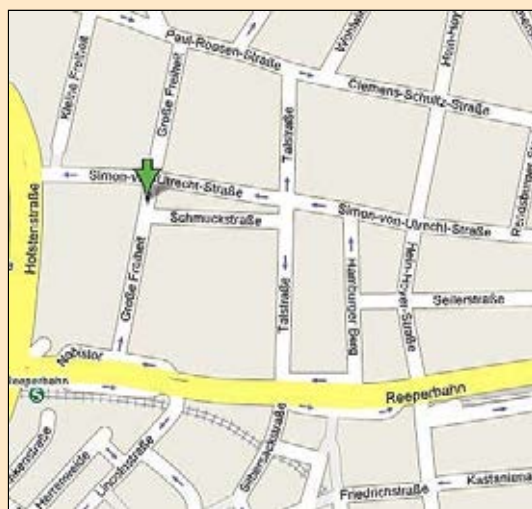
Given the overall flavor of *Große Freiheit*, our first stop was quite ironic: the Catholic Church of St. Joseph! A more inapposite location for a church would be hard to imagine.

*Alt-Katholische St. Joseph-Kirche*, which was built from 1718 to 1723, was almost totally destroyed during World War II. The rebuilt church retains its baroque sandstone facade, portal with the figures of Joseph and Jesus Christ, and gable topped with a cross flanked with angels. Today, the church mainly serves the Polish community.

The interior of the church is quite beautiful, and during our visit in the middle of a Thursday afternoon, we encountered quite a few people praying there. After our brief visit, we walked a few doors south on *Große Freiheit* where the shop windows were covered over with sex posters, some of which were quite graphic. The juxtaposition between where we'd just been and where we now walked was quite jarring to say the least!



The Catholic Church of St. Joseph is located in the heart of the sex shop district on *Große Freiheit*.



**Above left:** This maps shows the path of our six-mile trip from the *Staatsarchiv Hamburg* ("A") to *Große Freiheit* ("B"). **Above right:** The green arrow indicates our first stop, *Alt-Katholische St. Joseph-Kirche*, which is located at *Große Freiheit* 43 in the middle of a sex-shop district.

Our next stop was *Große Freiheit 36*, the location of the famous nightclub, the *Kaiserkeller*. One of the first Hamburg appearances of the Beatles took place at this club on October 4, 1960. At that time, the Beatles were required to play six or seven hours a night, seven nights a week. After they'd had enough of this grueling schedule, they started playing a short distance away at the Top Ten Club. Apparently, this did not set well with the owner of the *Kaiserkeller*. Angry at the apparent disloyalty of the band, he informed the police that George Harrison was still only seventeen. Moreover, he had Paul McCartney and Pete Best arrested for reportedly setting fire to a condom inside the Bambi Kino movie theater. These events led to the deportation of the lads from Liverpool.

After George had turned eighteen, the Beatles returned to Hamburg at the end of March in 1961, and returned yet again in 1962. All the time spent in the German city prompted John Lennon to say that "I might have been born in Liverpool, but I grew up in Hamburg."

The next stop for Yogi and me — Ingo prudently waited in the car — was some type of sex emporium on the *Reeperbahn* called the "Pascha." The multi-story building housing the "business" was huge and dimly lit. On the second floor, there were a number of separate "rooms," each with its own board-certified, sexual disease-free prostitute.

As we walked around, Yogi struck up a casual conversation with one of these working ladies who was reclining on a divan. The next prostitute we came upon was a beautiful girl dressed in nothing but a pair of skimpy shorts and a low-cut, revealing bra. As we approached, she beckoned us nearer, looked me in the eye, and sultrily said, "*I want to sex you.*"

Never having been in a brothel before, I politely stammered something to the effect of "No thanks." Yogi picked up the slack by once again striking up a conversation, and in the process, discovered that this prostitute hailed from Bulgaria. (I bet you thought I was never going to tie in my previous cryptic statement on page sixty-six, "... *this would not be my only opportunity to talk to attractive young women from Bulgaria!*")



**Top:** Yogi snapped this photo of me standing outside the former *Kaiserkeller* nightclub in Hamburg. The *Kaiserkeller* became famous because it was the site of one of the Beatles' first gigs in Hamburg. Today, the former *Kaiserkeller* is an alternative rock club known as *Große Freiheit 36*.

The German sign I'm pointing to documents the early Hamburg performances of the Beatles at the *Kaiserkeller*, the Top-Ten Club, and the Star Club.

**Middle:** The Beatles in Hamburg ca. 1960.

**Left:** The Beatles were not the headliners at the *Kaiserkeller*!





**Upper left/lower middle/lower right:** Sex shops in Hamburg's notorious *Reeperbahn* district. **Upper right:** In the past, the *Regina*, *Salambo*, *Safari*, and *Colibri* all showed live sex acts on stage. As of 2007, the *Safari* is the only live sex theater left in Germany. **Lower left:** In 1960, the Beatles performed at the *Kaiserkeller* nightclub (now known as *Grosse Freiheit 36*).

### We meet with Mathias Hattendorff at the *Turnhalle St. Georg*

After rejoining Ingo, we drove three miles across town to the *Turnhalle St. Georg* café and restaurant where we were to meet with Yogi's friend Mathias Hattendorff. Matthias has written several historical books and is



The three-mile drive from *Grosse Freiheit* ("A") to the *Turnhalle St. Georg* café and restaurant ("B") took us over the Alster Lakes via the *Kennedybrücke* (Kennedy Bridge).

The Germans have had a fondness for our former president ever since his 1963 "*Ich bin ein Berliner*" ("I am a Berliner") speech in West Berlin. This speech underlined U.S. support for democratic West Germany shortly after the Soviet-supported Communist state of East Germany erected the Berlin Wall.

Kennedy came up with the phrase "I am a Berliner" at the last moment, asking his interpreter to translate it into German only as they walked up the stairs at the *Rathaus* (city hall). With his translator's help, Kennedy practiced the phrase in the office of then-mayor Willy Brandt.



particularly knowledgeable about the Danish monarchy and Glücksburg Castle, which we would visit in the coming days.

The *Turnhalle St. Georg* café and restaurant is located in the old gymnasium of a girls' school dating to 1889. After a costly renovation, the restaurant retains some of the accoutrements of the former *Turnhalle* with gymnastic rings suspended from the exposed beams high overhead.

The four of us enjoyed our coffee and desserts, and I enjoyed our conversation with the affable and humorous Mathias. But the hour was getting late, and we needed to return to Flensburg where Yogi had yet another surprise in store for us.



Ingo's slice of cheesecake was certainly generously sized! In the background, you can see the rough draft of *From Lincoln Pallbearer to Hitler Disciple*, my von Schirach family book.

Mathias Hattendorff  
Saturnweg 2  
22391 Hamburg, Germany

Dear Mathias,

I am writing to thank you for meeting with me and my friends Yogi Reppmann and his father Ingo at the *Turnhalle St. Georg* café and restaurant in Hamburg. Of all the people I've met in my life, Yogi is definitely the champion when it comes to knowing interesting people!

If I remember correctly, you were going to be giving a lecture at the Glücksburg Castle on royal lineage. How did that go? Much to our surprise, we not only were able to tour the castle, but thanks to Yogi, also received an hour-long after-hours tour from Princess Elisabeth herself! As they say, it pays to know people in high places.

I can't tell you how genuinely friendly, gracious, and generous all the people we met in Germany were. We saw so much and met so many fine people in two weeks — it was, as Yogi put it, a life-altering experience. The only regret I have is that I didn't order one of those foot-long slabs of cheesecake that you all enjoyed at the *Turnhalle St. Georg*!

Once again, Mathias, I enjoyed meeting you. Should you ever travel to the United States, please look me up in Iowa.

All the best,

**Scott Christiansen**



**Friedrich Ludwig Jahn**

### **Turnvater Jahn and the genesis of the Turner Society**

The *Turnverein*, or Turner Society, was founded by Friedrich Ludwig Jahn, or as he was affectionately known in Turner circles, *Turnvater* ("father of gymnastics") Jahn. Jahn knew that Napoleon's humiliating defeat of the Prussian army at Jena in 1806 underscored the need for the physical and mental development of Germany's youth if the homeland were ever to be free and united. In furtherance of this goal, he opened the first *Turnplatz*, or open-air gymnasium, in Berlin in 1811. His plan was to encourage physical exercise and foster patriotic ideals in his pupils, so that with sound minds in sound bodies, and inspired with love of country and passion for freedom, they might help liberate their homeland from foreign oppression.

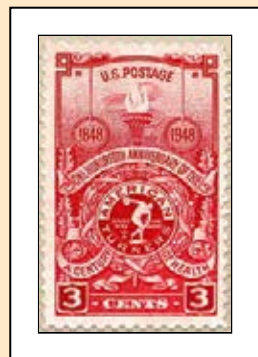
The *Turnverein* movement spread rapidly with young gymnasts coming to regard themselves as members of a kind of guild for the emancipation of their fatherland. This nationalistic spirit was nourished in no small degree by the writings of Jahn. Although Turnerism underwent bitter trials during the reactionary period from 1816 to the middle 1840's, by the outbreak of the Schleswig-Holstein War of 1848-50, the *Turnvereine* had become powerful social and political organizations and were one of the most influential groups in sparking the failed revolution to establish a unified, democratic republic in Germany.

Interestingly, the first *Turnverein* in Schleswig-Holstein (The *Kieler-Männer Turnverein von 1844*) was founded in 1844 by Friedrich Hedde, a one-time resident of my hometown of Davenport, Iowa. Hedde's *Turnverein* had more the character of a political party than a gymnastic society and was dominated by Republican-leaning athletes. Another future Davenport, Christian Müller, entered the Kiel Men's Gymnastics Club in 1847. Soon thereafter, he became head athlete and gymnastics supervisor, and with the Kiel Athletic and Student Corps, was involved in the storming of Rendsburg on March 24, 1848. (The bloodless capture of the Danish fortress at Rendsburg is considered the beginning of the Schleswig-Holstein War of 1848-50.) Just four years later, Müller would be instrumental in founding the first Turner society in Davenport (the *Socialistischer Turnverein*).

### **The history of America's Turnvereine begins with the Forty-eighters**

Many of the Forty-eighters so near and dear to the hearts of Yogi and me had been active Turners of high ethical and strong political convictions in the fatherland. These men, many of whom were in their twenties and thirties at the time, tried their best to live by the Turner motto, "a sound mind in a sound body." (Friedrich Ludwig Jahn had adopted a line from a satirical poem by Roman poet Juvenal — *Mens sana in corpore sano* ["a healthy mind in a healthy body"] — as the Turner motto. In the context of Juvenal's poem, the phrase was part of his answer to the question of what people should desire in life.)

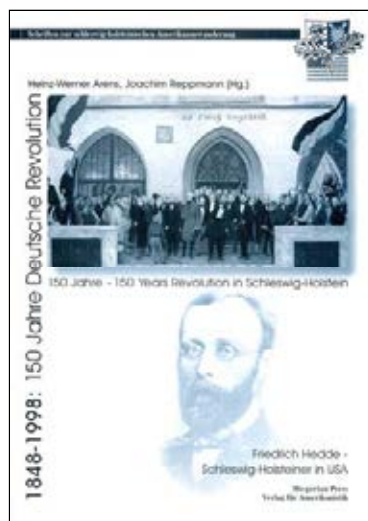
Unsuccessful in their struggle for liberty, democracy, and national unity, many Forty-eighters came to the United States, bringing with them the ideals and visions of their lost cause which were neatly summarized in their favorite motto, *Freiheit, Bildung und Wohlstand für Alle!* ("Freedom, Education and Well-being for all!")



America's first *Turnverein* was established in Cincinnati in October of 1848. (There is some evidence, however, that indicates that a *Turnverein* was founded in Louisville in March of 1848.) Four years later, on August 3, 1852, Davenport's first Turner society, the *Socialistischer Turnverein*, was founded. In 1858, the organization dropped *Socialistischer* from the name; in 1882, the society became known as the *Davenport Turngemeinde*; and in 1943, the German word was dropped entirely from the name when the organization became known as the Davenport Central Turners.

In the early years of the Turner movement in the United States, the *Turnvereine* were largely a reflection of the Forty-eighters and were an important vehicle in advancing their political and social ideas. Anti-nativism, the abolitionist movement, a strong anti-temperance position coupled with a preference for the traditional "Continental Sunday," socialism, atheism, deism, materialism, realism — these were all things about which German-American intellectuals and the Forty-eighters were passionate about.

If anything, the Turners set the bar higher when it came to their objective of striving for the ideal republic



Yogi's book, *1848-1998: 150 Jahre Deutsche Revolution*, includes a nice biographical sketch of Friedrich Hedde, the founder of the first *Turnverein* in Schleswig-Holstein.

**Continued on the next page**

that had been denied them in their fatherland than they did in their gymnasiums. They insisted that their ideals were those of the ancient Greeks who had envisaged the complete harmony between mind and body as man's highest achievement. They believed that morality's foundation was love for one's fellow man, not the dicta of priest or church, and they were regularly reminded by their leaders of their duty to subordinate individual goals to the well-being of the majority and to work for the improvement of their adopted fatherland. And the blueprint for achieving these ideals? The Declaration of Independence and the Constitution which were "a golden franchise for Paradise for the persecuted and vanquished who had fought for liberty in Europe." As Theodor Gülich, Schleswig-Holstein patriot, Forty-eighter, and founder and first editor of Davenport's *Der Demokrat* so eloquently stated, "We have always stood and continue to stand, undeterred, on the sure foundation of freedom, and the Declaration of Independence is our confession of faith."

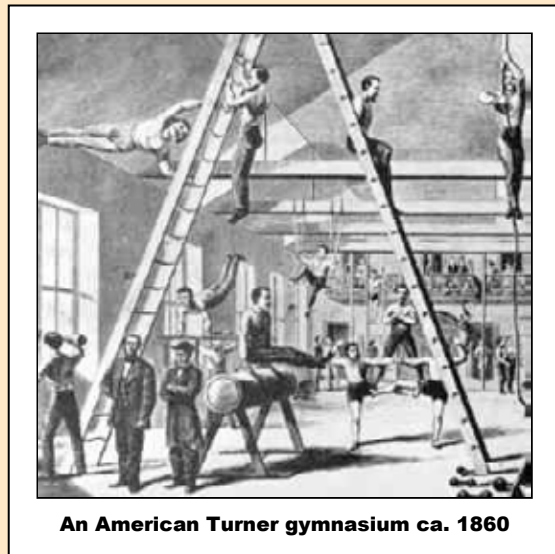
When the Civil War began, many Turners showed that they were ready to do more than talk the talk; they walked the walk, enlisting by the hundreds in the Union Army. "Freedom, education and well-being for all!" was not a hollow slogan, as many Turners who had escaped death in the revolution in Germany gave their lives to free the slaves and preserve the Union in their adopted homeland. In Davenport, Iowa, the Turners who had not gone to war formed the nucleus of several militia or national guard battalions that were mobilized several times to thwart well planned escapes of Confederate soldiers imprisoned at the Rock Island Arsenal. The Turners' patriotism, however, came at a high cost, as the Civil War almost destroyed the movement by decimating society membership. It was not until after the end of the war that the *Turnvereine* could be reorganized.

### The essence of the *Turnvereine*

The Turners endeavored to improve mankind physically, ethically, intellectually, and culturally. Their goal was a more "refined humanity," and their leaders regarded the *Turnvereine* as a vital educational force for progress in culture, freedom, and good citizenship.

Today, most people who have heard of the Turners are most familiar with their contributions in the field of physical fitness. As noted, *Turnvater* Jahn is considered the "father of gymnastics," and many credit him with inventing the parallel bars, balance beam, vaulting horse, and horizontal bar. The Turners, however, did more than outfit gymnasiums and stage *Turnfeste* (gymnastic festivals). They wanted physical education included in the curriculum of public schools (The *Davenport Turngemeinde* was instrumental in the introduction of physical education in Davenport's public schools.), introduced Turner physical training techniques into U.S. army training in the 1880's, and promoted physical fitness among women and girls at a time when the medical profession thought such activity was detrimental to reproductive capacity.

But as previously indicated, the Turners were concerned not only with the physical side of mankind, but with the ethical, intellectual, and cultural side as well. In my hometown of Davenport, Iowa, because of its influence on intellectual and social life, the Turner society became (in the words of historian Dr. August Richter) "the nucleus of German culture, the hub of its intellectual power and moral strength."



**An American Turner gymnasium ca. 1860**

- Turner libraries were an important component in the intellectual development of the organization's members. The *Davenport Turngemeinde*, for example, maintained a lending library for the benefit of its members until the early 1900's.
- Turner halls were the site for debates and lectures which encouraged public discourse on such disparate subjects as the status of women, abolition of capital punishment, and theories of creation and evolution. Lectures sponsored by the *Davenport Turngemeinde* ran the gamut from historical (Friedrich Hedde's "The American Revolutionary War") to ethical (Hans Reimer Claussen's "The Moral System of Grecian Philosophers") to political (G. G. Carstens' "What should be the attitude of the *Turngemeinde* toward the Prohibition Amendment in Iowa?"). All important questions were discussed on the special debate evenings; nothing was too large or complicated for the Turner society to try to solve. Debates typically centered on issues of particular interest to the Turners such as "How can we counteract the temperance movement?," "Should Turner societies agitate for German schools?," "Should instruction on morality be given in schools?," and one of my favorites, "Is water or beer preferable for the health of human beings?"
- The Davenport Turners were always true friends to the arts, sponsoring their own *Gesangverein* (singing society), raising money for the construction of a grand music pavilion at *Schützenpark*, and operating the Turner Grand Opera House for many years.
- Members of the *Davenport Turngemeinde* took social responsibility and the duty to one's fellow man seriously, supporting their sick members who had paid their dues for the three previous months with a weekly stipend and helping needy applicants find work through their employment bureau.
- Education of the city's youth was always a high priority for the Turners, and they promoted the establishment of kindergartens, supported free public schools, and wanted both German and physical education *included* in the curriculum and religious instruction *excluded*. In testimony to this exclusionary desire, the *Sozialistischer Turnverein* and the *Davenport Turngemeinde* were both strong supporters of Davenport's *Freie Deutsche Schule* (*Freie* or "Free" referring to freedom of thought and freedom from any "organized churchly influence").

**Continued on the next page**



Despite all the emphasis on the preservation of the German language, culture, and customs, the Turners were intent on proving themselves good citizens of the United States. The Turners did not fail to participate in almost every national American celebration, especially the Fourth of July. In Davenport, for example, the local press repeatedly held up the Turner Fourth of July celebrations as a benchmark that native Americans should aspire to reach. Despite their patriotism, however, a collision of cultures was sometimes inevitable. One such occasion occurred during the great centennial celebration of July 4, 1876. The Davenport Turners had been invited to participate in a great parade, and they had accepted on the condition that no religious ceremonies be held, since they felt that these "were not fitting because citizens of all religious denominations were to participate." At the last minute, the Turners were notified that the program had been changed to include a prayer. Although their strong protest met with deaf ears, the Turners did participate, but retired immediately after the procession and before the prayer was spoken.

### The decline of the Turners

As the years rolled by and older leaders died, the *Turnvereine* experienced a marked decline of interest in their original objectives and lost their militant radicalism. They became social organizations whose halls and recreational facilities provided entertainment and pleasant meeting places to gather with friends, enjoy good German food and beer, and participate in a congenial evening of billiards, bowling, or Skat. The members became passive and were less and less interested in the original program of the society, knew little or nothing of the organization's history, and often joined for purely social reasons or to make business contacts. In short, as the Forty-eighters died out, the original *raison d'être* for the Turners and the spirit breathed into the Turners by the Forty-eighters began to fade away. Interest in intellectual activities, lectures, debates, and dramatic performances declined sharply. More and more, the focus of the Turners seemed to be a program of physical recreation and social entertainment with any obligation to liberalism and reform being fully discharged simply by opposing prohibition and Sunday closing laws.

The decline of the *Davenport Turngemeinde* is perhaps best illustrated by the fate that befell the books that had once been contained in its lending library. By the early 1900's, financial difficulties had caused the lending library to become homeless. In 1911, an offer to donate the *Turngemeinde's* books to the public library was met with indifference. By the mid-1940's, the books were, as so eloquently noted by historian Hildegard Binder Johnson, "piled in a dusty attic, forgotten and neglected, a sad reminder of the intellectual aspirations of a former generation."

In retrospect, the seeds for the decline of the Davenport Turners had probably been sown decades earlier as the standard of living for Davenport's German population rapidly improved, as several key members died or moved away, and as the natural process of acculturation inexorably moved along. Memories fade and fires in the belly eventually become mere embers; it's the natural way of things. Nevertheless, the Turners, like other ethnic organizations, had played a vital role in helping generations of German immigrants overcome their homesickness "by easing the long-term transition from German to American culture (by) bringing the heritage of their homeland into harmony with their American environment."

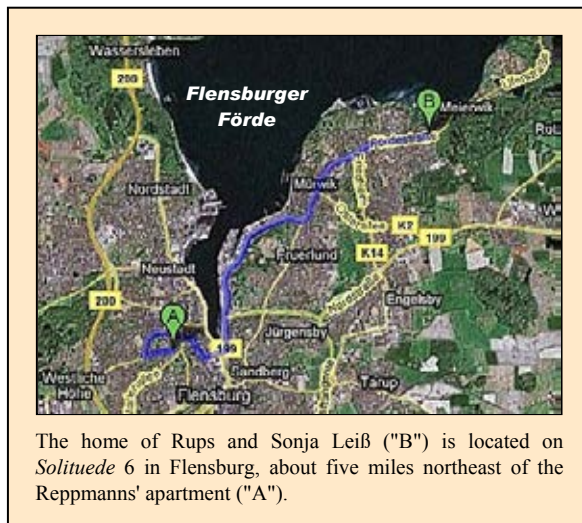
As the unrest in America in the 1960's caused by the Vietnam War and the civil rights struggle spawned a generation of unforgettable music, so, too, did circumstances in Europe in the late 1840's create an unforgettable group of immigrants known as the Forty-eighters ... a group whose legacy lives on today in a myriad of ways in both Europe and the United States.

### Entertained in the home of artist Rups Leiß

After our return from Hamburg, Yogi drove Gitta, Carol, and me to the home of Rups and Sonja Leiß. Although still in Flensburg, the Leiß home is located on the eastern side of the *Flensburger Förde* about five miles from the Reppmanns' apartment.

I had met Rups three days earlier at the Rotary luncheon that Yogi and I had attended in Flensburg. While having a discussion about Husum, Rups mentioned that he had attended school there, and I noted that I had done some research about Husum's *Gelehrtschule* (Scholar School).

The *Gelehrtschule* or *Lateinschule* (Latin School) was founded in 1527 by the Protestant Reformer Hermann Tast for future clerics and civil servants for whom proficiency in Latin was a prerequisite. The building was built ca. 1586 and contained an inscription in sandstone which read *Gelehrtschule*, or "Scholar School."



The home of Rups and Sonja Leiß ("B") is located on Solitude 6 in Flensburg, about five miles northeast of the Reppmanns' apartment ("A").

The most famous student of the *Gelehrtschule* was the well-known author and Husum native son, Theodor Storm, who attended from 1826-1835. Another notable graduate was Bleik Peters, a good friend of my great-great grandfather, Jürgen Peter Ankerson. Theodor Jansen and his children (about whom I'm writing a book) may also have attended this school. Interestingly, Bleik Peters, Jürgen Peter Ankerson, and Theodor Jansen all lived in Davenport during the last two decades of the nineteenth century.



**Bleik Peters**  
1825-03-20 - 1908-04-25



The birthplace of Bleik Peters: *Alt-friesische Haus*, located in Keitum on the island of Sylt.

Bleik Peters was born on March 20, 1825, in the village of Keitum on the island of Sylt (one of the North Frisian Islands) in Schleswig-Holstein. Today, the house he was born in — the *Alt-friesische Haus*, which dates to 1739 — is a living museum that shows how life was lived on Sylt in the eighteenth century.

Bleik attended the *Gelehrtschule* from 1842-1846. In 1847, he attended the University of Kiel, and in 1848, he studied at the University of Heidelberg. During the Schleswig-Holstein War of 1848-50, he fought with Ranzow's *Freikorps*, 2nd Company and the 4th *Jägerkorps*, 4th Company. After the conclusion of the war, he attended the University of Jena and received his law degree. After two years of practical training, he took his final tests in Flensburg where Jürgen Peter Ankerson's older brothers (Hans Peter and Claus Peter) were then living.

As Jürgen had sailed from Hamburg to New York in 1852, so, too, did Bleik Peters. After arriving on the *Indian Queen* in New York, Bleik made his way to Hamilton, Iowa (about 160 miles southwest of Davenport) where he tried his hand at farming. It would be interesting to know why Bleik selected this as his destination, but unfortunately, this will probably remain a mystery. It might well have been one to Bleik as well, as he relocated to St. Louis in less than a year. There the Forty-eighter with a law degree was engaged in burning stained window glass, as a barkeeper, a railroad boss on the Iron Mountain Railroad, a brick maker, a flour packer in a steam flour mill, and as a manager of a boarding house and saloon at Carondelet.

Carondelet was a suburb of St. Louis. By 1850, almost half of the town consisted of Germans, and in 1851, the city council authorized the publication of Carondelet's ordinances in both English and German. Undoubtedly, these facts played some role in Bleik's decision to locate there. Despite the large concentration of Germans, however, things were not easy for the Forty-eighter. Writing to his wife's parents from Carondelet in May of 1855, Peters noted that "There is indeed an unhealthy tendency among us emigrants to write back the happiest of things to our loved ones in the old Fatherland and to keep as secret as possible the more unpleasant experiences. Well, in this land of freedom where everybody is left to his own initiatives, you have to pay your tuition before you learn the ropes."

While living in Carondelet, Peters had some interesting neighbors. One of them was Henry Cosgrove who was attending the seminary there. In August of 1857, Cosgrove became the assistant pastor at St. Marguerite's Church in Davenport, and a few years later, he became a full pastor, a position he held until he was appointed bishop. Bishop Cosgrove may be most well known for his January 20, 1903, statement that Davenport was the "wickedest city of its size in America."

Another interesting neighbor of Bleik's was Ulysses S. Grant who would become the eighteenth President of the United States. At this time, Grant lived on a farm near St. Louis, and to supplement his meager income, delivered wood to the residents of Carondelet. It's possible, therefore, that Bleik Peters, manager of a boarding house and saloon in Carondelet, might have had firewood delivered by a future U.S. President! Ironically, one of the homes that we know Grant delivered wood to was owned by the widow of Congressman Henry T. Blow. In a remarkable bit of irony, Henry Blow's father, Peter Blow (I did not make up this name!) had owned the famous slave, Dred Scott. Dred Scott was sold to Dr. John Emerson, who died and is buried in ... Davenport, Iowa.

In December of 1855, Peters moved to Davenport, Iowa. (In 1854, Peters had briefly been in Davenport where he was married in the home of Jürgen Peter Ankerson.) Although possessed of a law degree, his first job in Davenport (from December of 1855 until March of 1856) was as a clerk in Jürgen Peter Ankerson's grocery store. Peters then entered into the conveyancing, land, and loan business of his friend, Forty-eighter Wilhelm von Schirach. Back in 1853, von Schirach (who is an important figure in the book I'm writing about the von Schirach family) was the grantee of a deed of trust from Jürgen Peter Ankerson on the real estate he purchased that housed his grocery store and residence. The Forty-eighters were definitely a close-knit bunch!

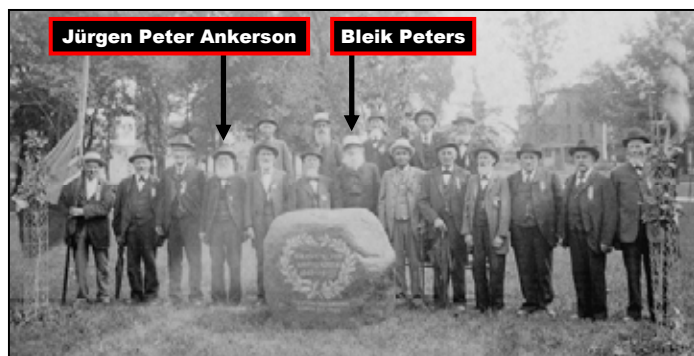
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The marriages of Peters and his good friend Jürgen Peter Ankerson were intertwined in most interesting ways.

- Bleik was married to Mathilde Henningsen in the Ankerson home in Davenport, Iowa, on August 5, 1854. Ankerson's wife (his first of three) was the sister of Mathilde Henningsen's stepmother.
- After Jürgen's first wife died (ca. 1855-56), his second wife, Alwine Michaelsen, was a guest at the Peters residence before her marriage to Jürgen on August 28, 1859.
- After Alwine's death on August 17, 1863, Bleik Peters handled the probate of her estate for his good friend and fellow Forty-eighter, Jürgen Peter Ankerson.
- When Jürgen married for the third time, to Caroline Helene Constance Paulsen on December 18, 1863, Bleik Peters not only conducted the ceremony in his capacity as Justice of the Peace, but also served as the witness! (During his tenure as justice of the peace, Peters married 1,160 couples.)

Like Jürgen, Bleik also served as a second ward alderman in Davenport (from 1860-61, 1882-85, and 1887-90). From 1868-1872, he served as a police magistrate and for many years was also a justice of the peace. (From 1869-72, Peters tried roughly one-half of the approximately fourteen thousand justice of the peace and police magistrate cases in Davenport.) In 1873, Bleik was admitted to the Scott County Bar, and he practiced law in Davenport from that date until his death in 1908.

Like many of Davenport's Forty-eighter immigrants from Schleswig-Holstein, Peters was a member of the *Davenport Turngemeinde* and *Der Davenport Verein der Kampfgenossen der Schleswig-Holsteinischen Freiheitskriege von 1848, 1849 und 1850* (The Davenport Society of Veterans of the Schleswig-Holstein Wars of Independence of 1848, 1849 and 1850).



This photo of eighteen members of *Der Davenport Verein der Kampfgenossen der Schleswig-Holsteinischen Freiheitskriege von 1848, 1849 und 1850* was taken on March 24, 1898, the fiftieth anniversary of the beginning of the Schleswig-Holstein War of 1848-50. My great-great grandfather, Jürgen Peter Ankerson, was the first president of the group, and his good friend Bleik Peters was the president from 1873 until his death in 1908.

The inscription on the stone — "Schleswig-Holstein Kampfgenossen 1848-49-50" — is surrounded by two crossed oak branches symbolizing the inseparability of the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein.

During the anti-German hysteria of World War I, this stone was defaced with yellow paint and then disappeared, never to be seen again. On March 30, 2008, after much hard work by the American/Schleswig-Holstein Heritage Society and the *Davenport Schützenpark Gilde*, a new stone replacing the old one was rededicated. The new monument was placed very close to where the first one had sat in the former Washington Square Park, a hub of German culture in Davenport, Iowa from the late 1850's to the early part of the twentieth century. Giving the dedication speech that day was my good friend, Dr. Joachim "Yogi" Reppmann, and I was honored to have been selected to write the text for an interpretative sign that sits near the stone.



**Mathilde Peters**  
**1830-02-18 - 1903-03-23**

Prior to the Schleswig-Holstein War of 1848-50, Mathilde's father, Nicolai Heinrich Henningsen, had been the head of the bureau of agriculture in the Schleswig-Holstein cabinet. At this time, Schleswig-Holstein was under Danish control. When the war began, Henningsen resigned his office to identify himself with the cause of the Schleswig-Holsteiners. He became a judge at Gravenstein (Gråsten in Danish) and was a friend and advisor to Christian August, Duke of Augustenborg (1798-1869). (The Prince of Nør, the duke's younger brother, was at Rendsburg on March 24, 1848.) Mathilde became a member of the ducal household at this time.

Therefore, unbeknownst to both Yogi and me when we had visited Gråsten Palace three days earlier (August 28th), we were looking at the place where the wife of Jürgen Peter Ankerson's best friend once lived!

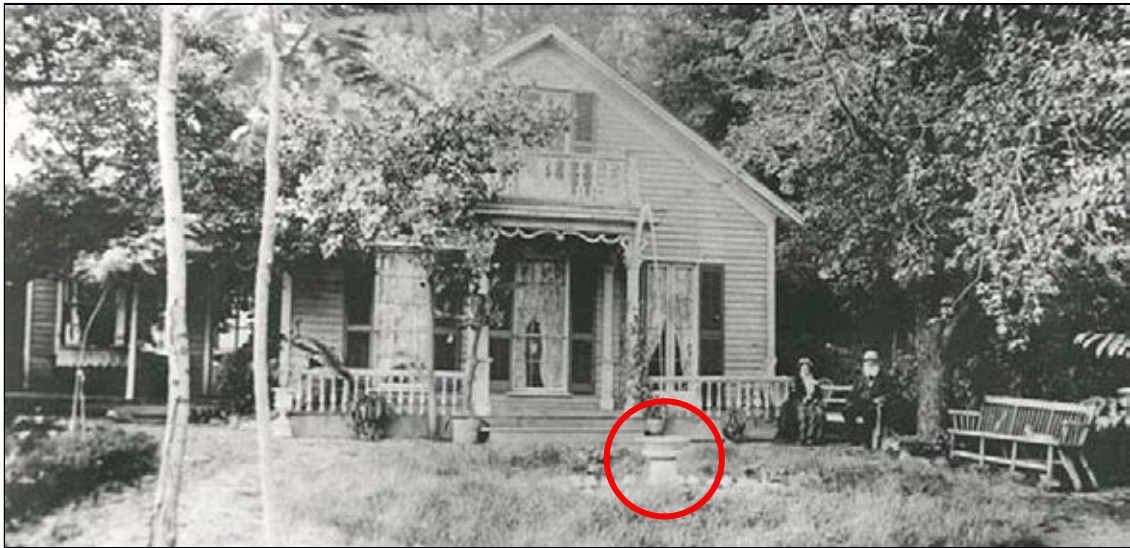
Bleik and Jürgen were also among nineteen original members of the *Deutsch-Amerikanischer Pionier-Verein von Scott County, Iowa* (The German-American Pioneer Society of Scott County, Iowa) which was formed on October 14, 1902. Peters was the organization's first president while Jürgen was the first vice president.

On May 27, 1901, Bleik once again helped Jürgen in a time of grief caused by the death of a loved one. Almost four decades earlier, he had acted as the administrator of the estate of Jürgen's second wife, Alwine Ankerson née Michaelsen. This time, he officiated at the funeral of Jürgen's granddaughter, four-year-old Hattie Ankerson.

**Continued on the next page**



Peters died on April 28, 1908. The funeral was held at Davenport's *Schützenpark*, which at the time, was managed by Bleik's nephew, Ludwig Berg. Like many of Davenport's Forty-eighters, his body (like his wife before him) was cremated at the Davenport Crematorium at Fairmount Cemetery. The terms of Bleik's will called for his ashes to be mixed in an urn with those of his wife and buried in an empty well in front of his house at 820 West Seventh Street in Davenport.



Bleik and Mathilde Peters sitting in front of their long-time residence at 820 West Seventh Street in Davenport, Iowa. Could the area denoted by the circle indicate where the ashes of the couple were buried in 1908? Despite repeated efforts with a metal detector, relatives of the Peters have never been able to locate the urn containing the couple's remains.

In 1866-7, the old Husum school that Bleik Peters had attended was re-sighted and rebuilt, and in 1870, the *Königliches Gymnasium* officially replaced the old *Gelehrtschule*. In 1873 or 1876, the nearly three-hundred-year-old *Gelehrtschule* building was finally pulled down. It had stood just east of *Marienkirche* (St. Mary's Church).

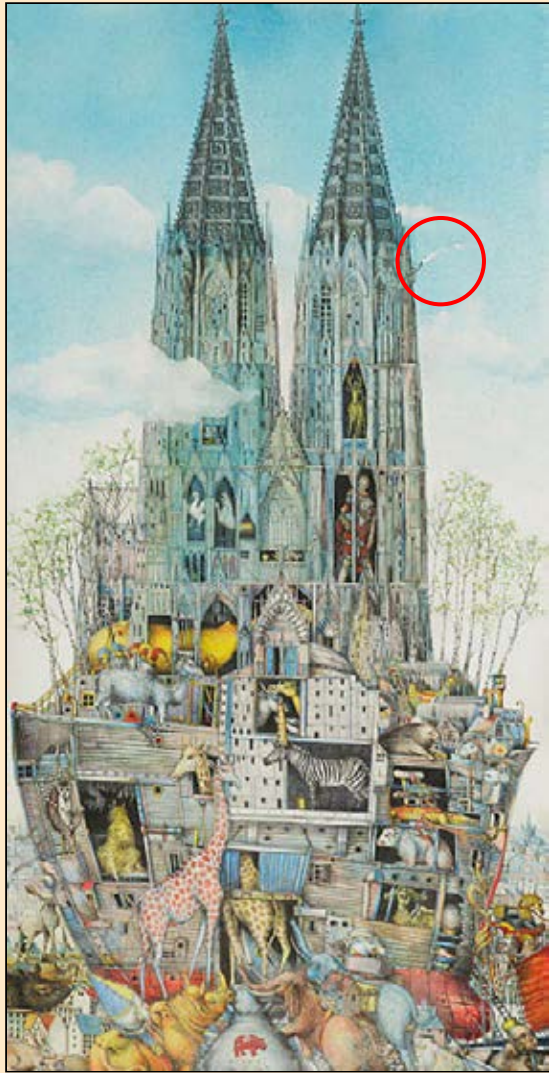
In 1914, the *Königliches Gymnasium* was renamed the *Hermann-Tast-Schule* in honor of the founder of the *Gelehrtschule*. One of the graduates of the *Hermann-Tast-Schule* was none other than our host for the evening, Hans-Ruprecht "Rups" Leiß.

In the 1990's, Hamburg businessman and former *Hermann-Tast-Schule* graduate Max Böttcher completed a lifelong dream by transforming the old school building (where his father had taught for more than forty years) into a first class hotel called the *Romantik Hotel Altes Gymnasium*. The hotel restaurant is named after Rudolf Eucken, a one-time *Königliches Gymnasium* teacher and winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1908.



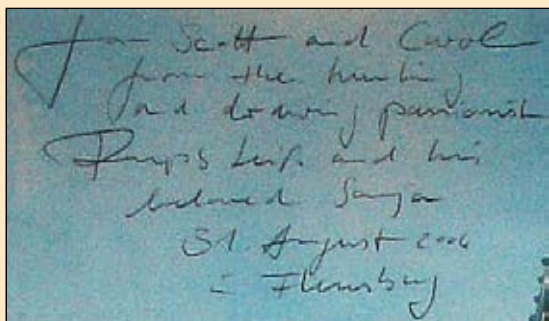
**Left:** The *Gelehrtschule*. **Center:** The *Königliches Gymnasium*. **Right:** The *Romantik Hotel Altes Gymnasium*.

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While Rups Leiß was eating lunch one day in April of 2005, he learned that a new pope (Benedict XVI) had been elected. He immediately went to "Habemus Papam," his drawing of the Cologne Cathedral that he had been working on, and added the tiny chimney and the puffs of white smoke (indicated by the red circle) which signify the election of a new pope.

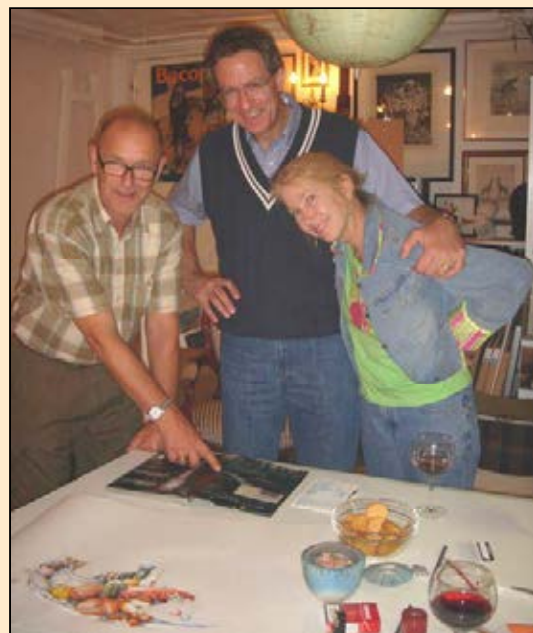
Rups presented Carol and me with a numbered print of this work and then wrote a personalized message to us in the upper left-hand corner.



Rups and his wife Sonja welcomed us in out of the drizzle, and ushered us into the dining room where we found a beautifully set table filled with hors d'oeuvres and desserts. Rups served several interesting liqueurs and wines which nicely complemented the items that Sonja had prepared. Although Sonja understood English quite well, she didn't speak it as easily as Rups; nevertheless, we all had a very enjoyable and stimulating conversation.

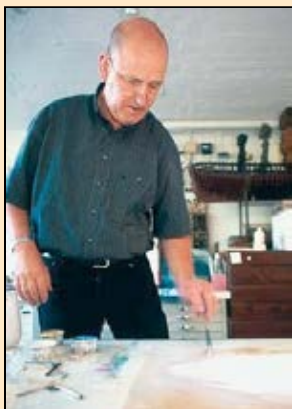
I noticed that the walls of the Leiß home were filled with Rups' pictures. Many of his works feature animals of all stripes interposed with each other and the main subject of the picture in a most unusual and whimsical way. Whether one likes his art or not, there's no denying his obvious skill and fertile imagination.

Knowing that Rups had his studio in his home, Carol and I asked if we might see where he created his artwork. After pouring us both an excellent glass of wine, he led us down to his studio in the



Rups, Carol, and me in the lower-level studio. In the foreground, is a drawing that Rups was working on at the time. What he's pointing to, however, is a gun catalog and an ultra-expensive rifle that he'd love to own. Many of these weapons are works of art themselves with unbelievable craftsmanship and extremely detailed metal engraving work.





Artist Hans Ruprecht "Rups" Leiß at work in the studio in the lower level of his home.

lower level where he showed us many more of his works and gave us some insight into how he created them.

Noticing a gun safe, Carol asked whether Rups was a collector. Rups' eyes lit up, and in no time he was showing her his collection. Since Carol and her brothers grew up shooting guns, she and Rups had a lot of fun talking about the rifles he owned and the ones he wished he owned.

At some point, Yogi ventured downstairs and we all enjoyed another glass of wine and some good conversation. Rups then surprised us by not only presenting us with a limited edition print of one of his works, but by writing a personal inscription on it as well. Carol and I were both very moved by this act of generosity.

We then went back upstairs, and Rups, who obviously enjoyed being a good host, pulled out some very old single-malt Scotch. Toasts were made all around, and then, sadly, it was time to leave.



Another drawing from the colored pens of talented artist Rups Leiß. Popping out of the left side of the lower drawer is the "symbol of Lübeck," the Holstentor gate, which we would be shown on September 3rd by Yogi's good friends from Bad Oldesloe, Dee and Regina Eicke. Sitting in a pan on the chair on the left side of the drawing is the Glücksburg Castle. Four days later, we received a personalized tour of this castle by Princess Elisabeth of Ysenburg and Büdingen.

Sonja & Rups Leiß  
Solitude 6  
24944 Flensburg, Germany

Dear Sonja and Rups,

Greetings from Iowa City, Iowa, USA! Carol and I continue to savor all the memorable experiences we had in Schleswig-Holstein. As we've remarked many, many times, the highlight of our trip was the wonderful people that Yogi introduced us to.

Our visit at your house was a night we will long remember. You made two strangers from five thousand miles away feel right at home. It was so nice of Sonja to be such a gracious hostess, welcoming us into your home and setting such a nice table with all the goodies, fine wines, liqueurs, and that fantastic single-malt scotch.

Carol is the one with the artistic ability in our marriage, but my lack of talent does not diminish my appreciation for great art and the people with the talent to create it. The artworks adorning the walls of your home are simply unbelievable. It must be like living in an art museum!

Getting to talk with you one-on-one in your studio, Rups, was one of the highlights of our visit. For someone with such a great talent, you are so down-to-earth and modest. We greatly enjoyed your discussion of how you create some of your works and seeing first-hand not only your paintings but other objects that inspire the artist's eye. We were both fascinated by your obvious passion for and love of guns and hunting.

We were absolutely astounded when you not only gave us one of your pieces but took the time to write a personal message on it to us. As we speak, this piece is being framed and will proudly hang in our house. We will not only enjoy it and the obvious talent it took to create it, but will always be reminded of two of the nicest people we met in Schleswig-Holstein and a wonderful evening we enjoyed in the home of Rups and Sonja Leiß.

*Eure Freunde,*

**Scott and Carol Ann Christiansen**



## **The introduction to A Show of Pictures**

"A sixteen-year-old boy had a dream. Living in a small town in a remote and rural area on the west coast of Jutland, he, like many of his contemporaries in 1872, dreamed of the promised land: AMERICA. The American Dream, the idea of emigrating to New York, to the prosperous City of Unlimited Opportunities in the Land of Plenty, fascinated Ludwig Nissen in Husum; the prospect of making his fortune there absorbed all his thoughts. To him, his tedious job as an apprentice clerk in the local administration compared rather poorly and seemed dull and dreary, a no-future, never-ending drudge.

Life in the New World, however, looked bright, mind-expanding and full of opportunities for the man who had the courage to go for them.

Teenager Ludwig's dream was stimulated by a constant stream of letters he received from his emigrant brother Fritz, who by then had been living in Brooklyn for eight years. It was kindled and kept alive by Ludwig's avid reading of newspapers and books, by his fantasizing over pictures in print which, in his imagination, gave him a glimpse of his own future career.

Fifty years later, in June 1922, the successful and highly regarded New York self-made man of business and public affairs, Ludwig Nissen, in his last will was to give instructions for the foundations of a museum in his home town of Husum, Germany.

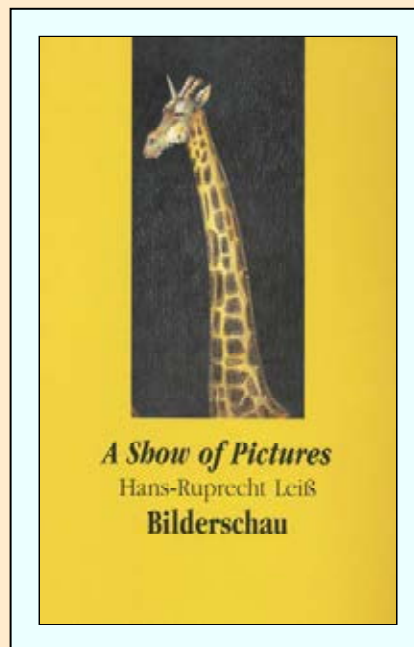
His idea was to found an institution that combined cultural and educational with social purposes; thus the museum in his birthplace was not only to house a public library and an art gallery, but was to serve as a social center at the same time.

Ludwig Nissen's vision of a comprehensive education by life-long learning, his idea of uniting art, education, and social aims has come true. It is still valid and appreciated, as the public bears witness by visiting Husum's Ludwig-Nissen-Museum and using its facilities year after year in the thousands.

It is not many people who dare reveal

their dreams, let alone try and make them come true. Quite a few will be ashamed of their aspirations, which tend to be denounced as childish, unrealistic, utopian and useless. And yet there does not exist anybody who does not dream, think the unthinkable and who, once he stays true to his visions, does not have the opportunity to give his life new goals and a new direction.

Bearing this in mind, we are not particularly surprised that it takes but a few objects, hints or signs to express dreams and visions in such a way that everybody is able to understand them at once. There are, after all, still a few people around who are prepared to take their visions seriously as something realistic and try to translate them into something that is real and recognizable for everybody.



Hans-Ruprecht Leiß' painted dreams show a world in which anything can happen. Like in a sailor's yarn, huge ships will sail on stacks of books, or a rhino will plough through the ocean waves the path of a steamer. And, as a matter of fact, the painter Leiß is attracted by the sea no less than by literature.

Nearly all his pictures consist of palpable bits and pieces that nature or civilization have to offer: flotsam and jetsam collected on the beach will mingle with memories of what the artist has read somewhere, overheard in conversations, or remembered from some movie or other. All these impressions and finds are rearranged to form a new reality, to express new thoughts and notions.

In Leiß's home his collection of objects picked

up on the beach is very much in evidence: they form the stock and pile for the main elements of his pictures. At the beginning of a new drawing some individual items are carefully chosen to evoke novel and surprising images that, in combination with elaborately ambiguous and suggestive symbols, will almost overwhelm the person looking at his pictures. And the longer one is prepared to face his pictures, the longer one allows oneself to be sucked into the unreal world of dreams — dreams in which, visibly, anything can and does happen — the more it becomes essential to do some serious thinking of one's own on the subject of time and the transitoriness of life.

Above all it is the contradictory nature of these painted dreams that leaves its impact.

I think it is an interesting question to ask how these pictures, works of fantasy and imagination, yet composed of real-life objects, animate and inanimate, relate to the world around us.

Are Hans-Ruprecht Leiß' pictures not proof that the reality the eye transports to the brain blends with the images our imagination creates from a host of impressions and memories to form a new reality within ourselves, exciting and luxurious?

Liberated from the sober laws and forces of physics, unfettered by the restrictions the real world will inflict upon us, Leiß' pencil disperses and reassembles fantasy and reality to novel configurations as spontaneous as they are deceptively haphazard.

It takes a close observer to reveal what looks casual, offhand, as the result of careful planning and calculation on the part of the artist and, after a while, you begin to suppose that our visible world is but a small part of what we regard as reality.

The Ludwig-Nissen-Museum in Husum exhibits Hans-Ruprecht Leiß' works, thus offering an opportunity to discuss and appreciate his imagery and the world of his imagination."

[This introduction was written by  
Klaus Lengsfeld.]

### ***Nissenhaus (Nissen House) and the NordseeMuseum (North Sea Museum)***



***Nissenhaus***

Husum-born Ludwig Nissen emigrated to America in 1872 when only sixteen years of age. Despite his small-town upbringing, Nissen was a self-confident lad and set about to win fame and fortune in New York City. Beginning with menial jobs, he worked his way into the diamond broker business; by 1895, he was the president of Schilling & Nissen, whose offices were located on Fifth Avenue.

As the years passed, Nissen's fortune grew along with his circle of friends and acquaintances which included Presidents Roosevelt and Coolidge. With the wealth he had amassed, Nissen began thinking about bequeathing a comprehensive cultural inheritance to his birth city of Husum. In 1920, almost fifty years after emigrating, the now thoroughly American Ludwig Nissen returned for the first time to Husum to set his plan in motion. A will was drafted with provisions for a Husum community center containing a museum, library, and art gallery.

Nissen died in Brooklyn in 1924, and six years later, his wife passed away. Between them, they left the city of Husum approximately three million marks, an art collection, and the property on which the community center was to be located.

The community center opened in 1937, and with financial help from various governmental entities and private concerns, was expanded in 1986. Today, the *Ludwig-Nissen-Haus* is the central museum for the administrative district of Nordfriesland and the city of Husum, is home to the Husum city library, and houses the *NordseeMuseum Husum* (Husum North Sea Museum) which places particular emphasis on North Sea coast culture and nature.

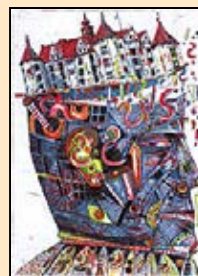
One of the artists whose works are on display at *Nissenhaus* is Husum-born Hans-Ruprecht "Rups" Leiß.



Much of Hans-Ruprecht Leiß' art features nautical themes and a strong affinity for sea life.



**Sonja and Hans-Ruprecht "Rups" Leiß**



I found this picture on the Glücksburg Castle Web site. The name of the artist was not given, but can there be any doubt? I know of no artist whose style is so easily recognizable as that of Rups Leiß. The drawing, like all of Rups' works, is chock full of irony and humor. The castle serves as the king's crown — how fitting! Also, note the fish-inspired royal robe.

## September 1, 2006

### A wonderful day with the Bernd Reppmann family

On Friday, September 1st, Yogi drove Gitta, Carol, and me to his brother Bernd's house in Kating. Kating is a very small village located four miles southeast of the much larger (five thousand inhabitants) city of Tönning.

Prior to the completion of the Kiel Canal (which connects the Baltic Sea on the east with the North Sea on the west) in 1895, Tönning had been one of the more important and robust ports along the North Sea coast. In 1972, with the completion of the *Eidersperrwerk* (a massive structure located at the mouth of the Eider used to protect against North Sea storm surges), Tönning also lost its importance as a fishing port.

Today, tourism is the new economic pillar of Tönning, and the port city is now known as a spa and health resort with a small harbor mainly utilized by small fishing and recreational craft.



**Above left:** Yogi and Gitta's apartment in Flensburg ("A") is located about forty-seven miles northeast of Bernd Reppmann's house in Kating ("B"). In the upper left-hand portion of the map, the island of Sylt is visible. Bleik Peters, the good friend of Jürgen Peter Ankerson, was born in the village of Keitum on this island. **Above right:** Kating is located a short distance from the historic Eider River which flows into the North Sea. For centuries, the Eider River was the dividing line between the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein. Shown on the upper right-hand portion of this map are the towns of Lunden and Krempel. Lunden was the home of Emil Geisler, friend of Jürgen Peter Ankerson, and like Bleik and Jürgen, a fellow member of *Der Davenporten Verein der Kampfgenossen der Schleswig-Holsteinischen Freiheitskriege von 1848, 1849 und 1850*. Krempel was the birthplace of one of my maternal great-grandfathers, Johann Herrmann (an atypical spelling of Herman) Geertz.

On our drive to Kating, Carol and I both enjoyed the bucolic countryside on a sunny day with crisp, fall-like temperatures. The fields were a lush green, and we saw a great many Holstein cows grazing as we traveled southwest along the Eiderstedt peninsula.



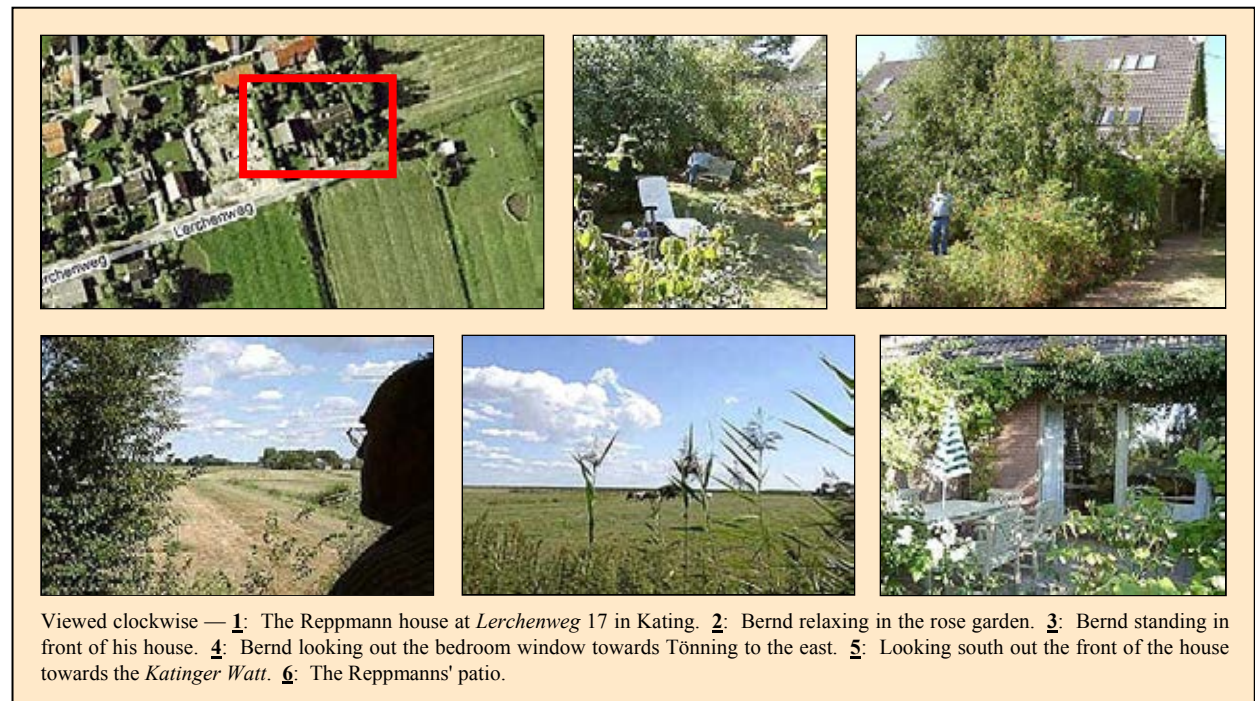
Around 100 BC, a displaced group of people from Hesse migrated with their cattle to the shores of the North Sea where the Frisians lived. (The county of Nordfriesland — one of the eleven administrative districts or *Kreise* [along with four district-free towns or *kreisfreie Städte*] of the state of Schleswig-Holstein — is the county in which Bernd Reppmann's home of Kating is located.) Historical records suggest that these cattle were black and that the Frisian cattle at this time were "pure white and light colored." Crossbreeding may have led to the foundation of the present Holstein-Frisian breed.

Bernd's house is located at the end of a quiet street called *Lerchenweg*. It's a three-story house with a steeply-pitched tile roof dotted with a number of skylights. The house sits in a very pastoral setting with meadows and fields abutting it on the south (the front) and east sides. The *Katinger Watt*, a protected nature area, is situated a short distance to the south of the Reppmann house. This nature preserve exists because the land,



which had previously been very susceptible to flooding, was reclaimed due to the construction of the *Eidersperrwerk*.

The Reppmann family lives in half of the house with the other half — which even features its own driveway — being periodically rented as a holiday retreat for vacationers.

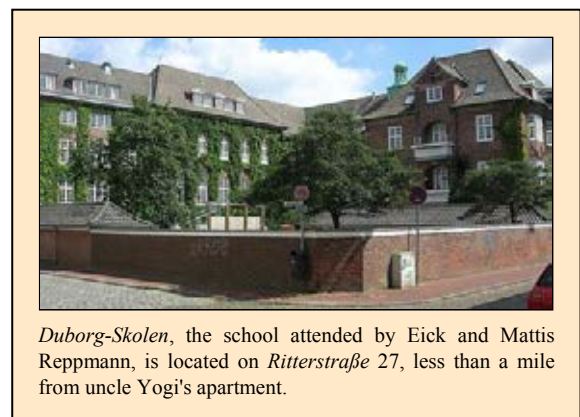


On our arrival, we were greeted by Bernd, or as he likes to be called, "Bernie;" his wife Kirsten; and his sons, Eick and Mattis. Also on hand to help celebrate Mattis' sixteenth birthday were his grandparents, Ingo and Hilde Reppmann.

Bernd is a very genial man with a wry sense of humor. He teaches English, Geography, and Religion at *Nordsee Gymnasium* in St. Peter-Ording, a spa and holiday resort town located about twelve miles due west of Kating. Like many Germans proficient in English, Bernd was taught by a teacher with a British accent, and when listening to him, one almost feels as if he were in England.

Like me, Kirsten Reppmann née Paulsen once practiced law, but stopped when her children were born. She's very friendly, a bit shy, and an excellent cook.

Bernd and Kirsten's two boys, Eick and Mattis, both attend *Duborg-Skolen* in Flensburg, which until recently, was the only high school of the Danish minority in Germany. As a result, their classes are taught in Danish. From Monday to Friday, Mattis lives at the school, where he has his own room. On the weekends, he is in Kating again to do his homework and enjoy his hobbies which include "Unihockey" or "Floorball," a game similar to field hockey,



but played in a hall with a small, light ball; sailing on the family's small catamaran or snorkeling in the Mediterranean Sea; watching movies; playing computer games; or playing with "Nike," the family's dog.



**Above left:** Bernd, Kirsten, and Eick on a Mediterranean Sea cruise in the summer of 2007. **Above center:** Mattis and his dog "Nike," a mix of Border Collie and Berner Sennen, a Swiss breed. **Above right:** Kirsten, Mattis, and Eick on vacation in Croatia in 2007.

After we'd been introduced to the Reppmanns, we all sat down at a very long table where Kirsten had set out four huge desserts that looked like they came out of *Bon Appetit* magazine. After thoroughly stuffing ourselves, it was time for a tour of the Eiderstedt peninsula.



**Left:** Ingo shows me some information he found on the birthplace of my recently discovered great-great-great grandfather, Johann Matthias Eckelberg, while Yogi prepares to serve a piece of one of four wonderful desserts set out by Kirsten. **Right:** Seated from left to right are Gitta, Bernd, and Ingo. Standing from left to right are Kirsten, Mattis, and Hilde.

In the short time that we'd been at the Reppmanns, the weather had become windy and quite a bit colder, so Bernd and Kirsten graciously loaned Carol and me some coats before we began our expedition. Carol and I rode with Bernd and Mattis, while Yogi, Kirsten, Eick, Hilde, and Ingo followed in Yogi's car.

The prime destination on our little road trip was the *Eidersperrwerk*, a huge coastal protection structure located about three miles southwest of Kating where the Eider River enters the North Sea. Before reaching the *Eidersperrwerk*, we stopped to inspect a huge earthen dike covered with lush green grass. This dike offered mute testimony to the centuries-old struggle of Schleswig-Holsteiners against the ravages of North Sea storm tides.

When considering this ongoing battle of man versus sea, it's important to remember that all of Schleswig-



Holstein is situated at a fairly low altitude with the highest point in the state being Bungsberg at 551 feet above sea level and the lowest point Neuendorf at 11.61 feet below sea level. The landscape of Schleswig-Holstein consists of three main types as one moves from west to east. The western part of the state is noted for its *Marsch* (marshland) landscape. The marshlands, with their heavy, fertile soils, are the youngest of the three landscapes, having been formed from marine sediments laid down in the Ice Age. In the central part of the state, you'll find the *Geest*, a band of moorland that forms a "central spine" between the marshlands to the west and the hill country to the east. The *Geest* is composed of landscapes of different ages and diverse origins and is characterized by poor soils. In the eastern part of the state along the Baltic coast, one finds hill country that was formed by the glaciers that covered Schleswig-Holstein during the last European Ice Age. These hills, which are impressive in their form and relative elevation, meet the Baltic Sea at a coast of bays and fjords.



**Above:** The size of the vehicles in these pictures gives one an idea of how large the earthen dikes can be. Over the years, these dikes have repeatedly been raised — sometimes up to a height of thirty-two feet — and have become flatter in order to better reduce wave erosion. The lush grass covering the dikes protects them from erosion by wind, water, and foot traffic.

Behind the dike, there is usually an access road like the one seen in the photos above. Oftentimes, a secondary dike will be positioned several kilometers behind the main dike.

**Below left:** Hilde walks along the access road on the backside of the dike. In the distance, one can see two large windmills, a common sight in the county of Nordfriesland. Nearby Husum has developed into a center for the wind power industry: it hosts the most important wind fair in the world (HUSUMwind), many companies such as wind turbine manufacturers Vestas and REpower have settled there, and qualified personnel for the wind power industry are trained at the city's Education Center for Renewable Energy. The development of offshore wind parks will further strengthen Nordfriesland's wind power business.

Also visible in the fields to the left of Hilde are something akin to *Knicks*, a characteristic feature of Schleswig-Holstein's landscape. A *Knick* is a hedge and wall combination intended to mark the boundaries between fields. *Knicks* provide a retreat for insects and birds and offer protection against wind and erosion. Under Schleswig-Holstein's nature conservation laws, *Knicks* are identified as a protected biotope (a habitat with its associated species).

**Below right:** Sheep grazing near the dike.







**Above left:** Carol points to the lush green grass on top of the dike.



**Above right:** Mattis walks along a narrow path on the banks of the Eider River.

After we posed for a photo with the five Reppmann men, we walked back up the gentle slope of the dike and down the other side to where our cars were parked. Next stop: the *Eidersperrwerk*.

Located at the mouth of the Eider River (where the Eider enters the North Sea), the *Eidersperrwerk* was designed to protect against North Sea storm surges. It officially opened on March 20, 1973, after seven years of construction and a cost of eighty-seven million euros.



Two views showing the location of the *Eidersperrwerk* vis-à-vis the Eiderstedt Peninsula.



Carol and I pose with the five Reppmann men (Eick, Mattis, Bernd, Ingo, and Yogi) near the banks of the Eider River.

Featuring five forty-meter-wide double gates that weigh 250 tons each, the *Eidersperrwerk* is a tremendous technical achievement. A 236-meter-long tunnel passing through the middle of these five enormous gates enables vehicle traffic to proceed from one side of the *Eidersperrwerk* to the other. A walkway located above this tunnel provides excellent views of the Eider, the North Sea, and the Eiderstedt Peninsula.

Adjoining the *Eidersperrwerk* is a seventy-five-meter long by fourteen-meter-wide lock chamber which allows vessels to pass from the North Sea to the Eider and vice versa.

After we'd inspected this great barrier, we got in the



**Three aerial views of the *Eidersperrwerk*, Eider River, and North Sea**

**Top left:** The North Sea is the body of water at the bottom of the photo while the Eider River is at the top. From the looks of the churning water, it appears that at this particular time, the Eider was not being allowed to flow freely into the North Sea. **Top right:** In this photo, the North Sea is the body of water on the right side of the *Eidersperrwerk*, while the Eider River is on the left side. **Bottom left:** Here, the Eider River is on the left side of the picture, while the North Sea is on the right. At the bottom of the photo, you can clearly see the seventy-five-meter-long by fourteen-meter-wide lock chamber which allows vessels to pass from the Eider River into the North Sea and vice versa.



**Top left:** With the gates in the open position, the Eider River (shown on right side of the photo) is allowed to flow freely into the North Sea. **Top right:** A view of a car entering the 236-meter-long tunnel

which runs through the middle of the *Eidersperrwerk*'s five huge gates. **Bottom left:** A plaque commemorating the seven years it took the Federal Republic of Germany and the state of Schleswig-Holstein to build the *Eidersperrwerk*, a massive joint project designed as a defense against storm tides. **Bottom right:** A close-up view of one of the five massive 250-ton gates.







**Left:** A close-up of the *Eidersperrwerk* gates opening. **Center:** Tourists watch a small vessel in the lock chamber as it prepares to enter the North Sea. **Right:** With the bridge over the lock chamber completely raised, the gates to the North Sea begin to open.

cars and headed north for the tiny village of Katingsiel. In a very short time, we'd reached the historic *Schankwirtschaft Wilhelm Andresen*. This old *Reetdachhaus* (thatched roof house) was erected ca. 1668, or exactly 280 years before our house was built! Today, it operates as a tearoom of sorts, with authentic touches such as Delft tiles dating to the mid-1700's. Although it serves a full menu as well as homemade desserts made with a variety of fresh fruits and topped with *Eiderstedter* whipped cream, the *Schankwirtschaft Wilhelm Andresen* is best known for a drink called the *Eiergrog*. Renowned even beyond the borders of Schleswig-Holstein, this drink contains, among other ingredients, two eggs, sugar, an egg liqueur, and enough rum to place the alcohol content at thirty-two percent!



Cabbage thief! Cabbage thief! On our way to Katingsiel, Carol spotted a field of cabbages. She wanted to take a closer look, so Bernd obligingly pulled over to the side of the road. The next thing we knew, she and Mattis had picked a basketball-sized cabbage and brought it back to the car with them.



**Above left:** This map shows the relative locations of the *Eidersperrwerk*, the *Schankwirtschaft Wilhelm Andresen* in Katingsiel, and the village of Kating, the home of the Bernd Reppmann family. **Above right:** The old *Reetdachhaus* now known as the *Schankwirtschaft Wilhelm Andresen*.



After our tour of historic *Schankwirtschaft Wilhelm Andresen*, we returned to the Reppmann house in Kating. Although I thought I'd never be hungry again after stuffing myself on Kirsten's four desserts earlier in the day, I was surprisingly hungry. Perhaps it was the crisp North Sea air and the hiking at the dikes.

At any event, it wasn't long before we were all seated at the long table once again. This time, we were treated to some truly excellent fish and vegetable dishes which were complemented with equally excellent wines and beers. Dinner conversation was peppered with Bernd's wry witticisms, made all the more amusing because of his button-down English accent.

Alas, the hour was getting late, and having done an admirable job of emptying both the Reppmanns' refrigerator and liquor cabinet, Yogi felt that we should begin our trip back to Flensburg.

Kirsten, Bernd, Eick, and Mattis Reppmann  
Lerchenweg 17  
25832 Kating, Germany

*Moin Moin* Bernie, Kirsche, Eick, and Mattis,

Please accept my apologies if I have mangled anybody's name (and please let me know the correct spellings!). Also accept my apologies for the tardiness of this e-mail.

Carol and I don't know how to properly thank you for a truly lovely afternoon and evening. It was so gracious and friendly of you all to accept us into your home on the occasion of Mattis' sixteenth birthday. When I saw the four beautiful (and giant!) desserts set out on the table, I thought perhaps you were expecting another twenty guests! Needless to say, Kirsten is a fantastic cook.

The tour of the dikes, the dam, the quaint restaurant-pub, and the Eiderstedt peninsula created memories that we will never forget. The personalized tour would have been memorable at any event, but it was even more meaningful to me because my great-great grandfather was born in Nordfriesland County.

And as if we hadn't already had enough fine food, we returned from our adventure to find a feast of some of the finest fish and veggie dishes we'd ever tasted.

But above all, we will remember the kindness you showed to two strangers from Iowa, your charm, your sense of humor, and of course, Bernie's "English" American accent! We really hope that you will visit the United States and stay with us in Iowa City for a few days. We hope you know that the welcome mat will always be out for you.

Thanks again, *unsere Freunde!*

**Scott and Carol Ann Christiansen**

P. S.: Tell Mattis to stay out of that farmer's cabbage patch!



**Top:** The *Schankwirtschaft Wilhelm Andresen* in the summer months. **Middle:** Delft tiles dating to the mid-1700's line the walls of one of the rooms in the *Schankwirtschaft Wilhelm Andresen*. **Bottom left:** The potent *Eiergrog*. **Bottom right:** He'd better watch out; with a little mint jelly, he might end up on the menu!



It had truly been an enjoyable day, and a lot of the credit went to our gracious hosts, Bernd and Kirsten Reppmann.

#### — Postscript —

In December of 2007, Bernd and Kirsten's younger son Mattis visited us in Iowa City for a few days. Polite, well-mannered, soft-spoken, and conversant in three languages (German, Danish, and English), Mattis was a pleasure to have as a houseguest. Now that Mattis has paid us a visit in Iowa, we hope that his parents might some day do the same.



**Above:** Carol snapped this photo of Matts, Yogi, Gitta, and me at the Cottage Restaurant in downtown Iowa City. **Below:** Carol successfully recruits Matts into the Rudy Giuliani campaign.





## September 2, 2006

### Research and relaxation in Flensburg

Bright and early on Saturday morning, Yogi and I drove over to his parents' house at *Prof.-Mensing-Straße* 14 where we picked up Ingo. Our plan was to spend the morning researching the Ankersons at the St. Nikolai church archives.

On our way to the archives, we came upon the *Exe*, a square located just east of Ingo's house. (*Exe* is short for *Exerzieren*, or exercise. In the Nazi years, the *Exe* was often used for marching and military training exercises.) As we passed by the *Exe*, Yogi informed me that in Ingo's youth, he had attended *Hitlerjugend* (Hitler Youth) meetings there. Before getting into the significance of this observation for me, it might be a good time to recount the story of how I became friends with Yogi and Ingo.



#### How I came to know Professor Dr. Joachim "Yogi" Reppmann

After retiring, I had some time on my hands, and because I shared my mother's interest in genealogy, I offered my help in trying to fill in some gaps in the information she had so painstakingly collected over the years. It didn't take long before my offer of assistance had blossomed into a passionate hobby, or as some might say, an obsession! I discovered that I loved the entire research process with endless hours on the computer and in libraries and archives passing ever so quickly. The detective work, the historical research, and the challenge of assimilating and organizing a wealth of information — all of these things seemed to mesh well with my interests and abilities. To my surprise, I discovered that learning about and gaining a deeper understanding of the history of which my ancestors were a part was as meaningful and enjoyable, if not more, than discovering some relevant date or fact about their lives.

As my research progressed, it became clear to me that one of my maternal great-great grandfathers, Jürgen



Peter Ankerson, was a man, who, because of a confluence of strong character and unique circumstances, had led a life that was truly noteworthy and interesting. The deeper I dug, the more I discovered that his life was long and rich, filled with adventure, fraught with difficult and life-altering decisions, and marked by successes, setbacks, and a great many ironies. I learned that he had been one of a relatively small group (estimated at anywhere from five hundred to ten thousand) that historians have dubbed the "Forty-eighters." Knowing next to nothing about this group, I set out to learn everything I could about them.

While visiting the State Historical Society of Iowa in Iowa City one day, I came across a book entitled *Freedom, Education and Well-being for All!* written by Professor Joachim Reppmann. For me, finding this book was like discovering the mother lode when it came to understanding the Forty-eighters, especially those who settled in Davenport, Iowa. This book, which was written as a doctoral thesis by Dr. Reppmann, was meticulously researched and annotated and contained no less than 927 footnotes. I found that the footnotes themselves made fascinating reading, and one in particular — number 707 — caught my eye.

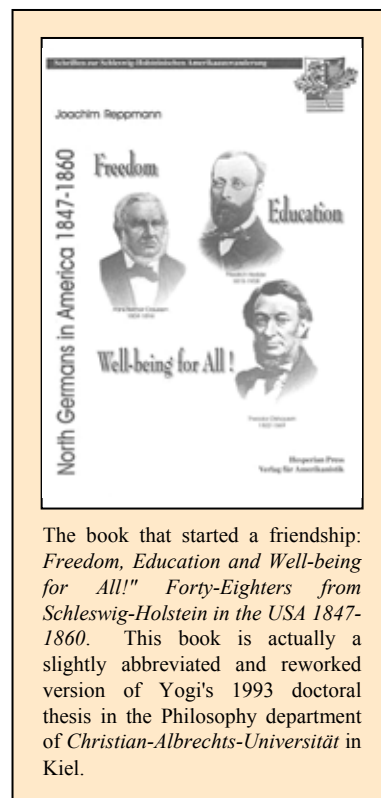
"707 (Davenport, May 12, 1856). See the letter from G. D. Anderson of Davenport, May 18, 1854, to Mrs. L. M. Gottburgsen in Horstedt near Husum: "Now the lobbyists are crying to the whole world, here we have freedom, this child of the gods that we so miserably missed in Europe! Let me say again 'a thousand times no!' We have here only enough freedom to lead a life without worry." (*Nun rufen die Lobbyweiser in die Welt hinaus, wir haben hier die Freiheit, dieses Götterkind, was wir in Europa so schmerzlich vermisst haben! Wiederum sage ich nein! tausendmal nein! Wir haben hier gerade nur soviel Freiheit ..., um ein sorgenfreies Auskommen möglich zu machen.*) The letter is in the private possession of Dr. Frederick Paulsen of Alkersum on the island of Föhr."

After reading this footnote, something immediately clicked in my brain. My research had revealed that once Jürgen had arrived in Davenport, Iowa, he went by G. P. Ankerson ("G." being short for George, the Americanized form of the Low German name Jürgen). During the course of my research, I had seen Jürgen's surname misspelled as Anderson on several occasions. Could the letter referred to by Dr. Reppmann have been written by G. P. Ankerson rather than G. D. Anderson? It didn't seem like much of a stretch; a "P." could easily have been mistaken for a "D.," and a "k" could similarly have been misinterpreted as a "d."

I looked again at the footnote. It said that the letter had been written on May 18, 1854. Knowing that Jürgen arrived in Davenport in 1853, and that he had been born in Rantrum, a small village located very near to both Horstedt and Husum, the two locations mentioned in the footnote, I began to think I might be on to something. Had I really discovered a reference to a letter written by my great-great grandfather over 150 years ago?

Lastly, I noted that footnote number 707 mentioned a Dr. Frederick Paulsen. Knowing that Jürgen's third wife (and my great-great grandmother) was Helene Paulsen, this fact also seemed to bode well for the letter being written by Jürgen. Perhaps this Dr. Paulsen was somehow related to Helene. (At this point, however, my research has revealed nothing supporting this hypothesis.)

Greatly encouraged by all of the foregoing, I set about trying to contact Dr. Reppmann. Apparently, it was my lucky day! On page 279 of *Freedom, Education and Well-being for All!*, Dr. Reppmann's e-mail address (yogi@moin-moin.com) was listed. At this time, I wasn't too sure what this *moin-moin* business was all about, or for that matter, what "yogi" signified. Undaunted, however, I sent a lengthy e-mail to Dr. Reppmann outlining all my thoughts on footnote number 707.



The book that started a friendship: *Freedom, Education and Well-being for All!* "Forty-Eighters from Schleswig-Holstein in the USA 1847-1860". This book is actually a slightly abbreviated and reworked version of Yogi's 1993 doctoral thesis in the Philosophy department of Christian-Albrechts-Universität in Kiel.

Lo and behold, he responded! We discovered that the letter (the translation of which appears below) was written by my great-great grandfather.

*Detlev Schmidt-Petersen*

*Stamp: Station Rendsburg  
25. 6. 1855*

*To Mrs. L. M. Gottburgsen in Horstedt  
Parish Hattstedt near Husum*

*To be delivered to the barkeeper Mr. A. Gottburgsen in Husum  
Sealed with E. J. (Ellin Jensen)*

*Davenport, May 16th 1854*

*Dear uncle!*

*For a long time I should have fulfilled the welcome obligation of sending you a letter, and thus, I won't fill this little one with excuses, but rather, will tell you a little about the life and activities in this place.*

*So many dissimilar and one-sided opinions about America have already been put forth that I cannot see why I shouldn't contribute my own. If I were at home now, I'm very sure that the first question I would be asked would be "How are you doing there, and do you think it is advisable to emigrate?" This is a question that nobody can answer with a simple "yes" or "no." Much can be said for emigration, and much can be said against it. To properly answer the question, the affairs and capabilities of the individual must be considered, and therefore, I would not want to advise one to change his home for one in the new world without being closely acquainted with his background and abilities.*

*Nearly everyone here has a different point of view, hence, the varied reports. Several of these reports that I've seen with my own eyes are rife with falsities and accentuate only the good aspects, while the negative aspects are only lightly touched upon.*

*I have not found myself deceived because I acted on the assumption that I would build a decent livelihood with work and practice. I hope that I will succeed according to this plan and reach my goal. If I do, I could exclaim to the world, like many a man does, "Well, dear folks, if you disagree once with something in your fatherland, then turn your back to it and go to the free America. There you don't need to worry or be concerned. There any man easily finds his bread and very often, even something more!!"*

*But I would not say this, because it is not true. It is a lie and a damnable one to boot to serve up to your countrymen. Those who actually have had a run of good luck (here that means to gain a fortune) are few and far between just as in old Europe. But with hard work and prudence everybody in this place may forge a good subsistence, but only with those traits. He will need to say goodbye to beloved habits, and not require what is called "snugness," at least not initially. But with industriousness and cautiousness, fears of subsistence will disappear.*

*Now the lobbyists are crying to the whole world "Here we have freedom, this child of the gods that we so miserably missed in Europe!" Let me say again "a thousand times no!" We have here only enough freedom to lead a life without worry. All other freedom resides in the shadiness of public administration.*

*Everyone who has dealt with that most meaningful word "freedom" will have noted that this goddess has appeared nowhere without the aforementioned shadiness. The situation is no different here. In no other state in the world are the executives greater bounders than in*

*the United States of America! Everybody is able to see this immediately by knowing how the elections are run.*

*Elections where a free people of a free country elect their executives. That concept sounds nice, doesn't it, dear uncle? Sadly, however, this is anything but the case. In the real world, the candidates scatter money and promises in all directions, leaving no stone unturned in their quest to assume office. As soon as the candidate has been elected, the parting of the ways between his promises and his actions begins. In his two or four years in office, the official makes as much money as possible. It is obvious, therefore, that law and order are rather irrelevant. This is the way things are from the under assistant of a constable up to the first magistrate, with the only difference being that the humbuggery increases proportionate to the office.*

*This is a pathetic sight; let me steer off into another subject. My dear uncle, you may have had the opportunity of learning various things about my affairs from letters I sent from home or after leaving Husum. In some respects they are still the same, but a month ago I split with my associate and companion and continue the business alone. Mr. Jäger (Peter Christian) a son of the former typesetter Jäger (J. D.) in Flensburg, was just not qualified for such a business, otherwise he is a fairly splendid person, but I doubt that he or his brother (who arrived this year) are fit for any type of business here in America. I think that they would be best suited for farming.*

*Nearly every stranger arriving in Davenport says that it is improving very fast, and that is true. Five years ago, Davenport basically existed in name only. Now it is a city with 6,000 or 7,000 residents. Steamships are driving up and down the Mississippi day by day. This spring a railway was completed connecting Davenport directly with New York so that we can travel from here to New York in three to four days. When one considers everything that has happened in this period, one has to wonder whether you at home would really believe it if I would not report it as so. Business is lively in this place, and there is no difficulty so large that the American doesn't overcome it!*

*Davenport is situated very nicely and will be one of the most beautiful places in the United States. The climate is similar to ours, only that in the summer it is a little warmer and in the winter colder at times. Also, the temperature sometimes changes an amazing amount in one day. This may explain why many newcomers are a bit under the weather. On the average, though, the state of health is rather good.*

*A mass of people from Schleswig-Holstein is here as well as quite a few from Switzerland and other Germans as well, who together make up nearly half of the residents. Eight days ago Theodor Olshausen was here in Davenport visiting Claussen. A number of the Germans celebrated with a torch-lit procession for him and sang various songs! T. Olshausen is preparing a publication about the Mississippi valley about which some booklets are already released and up for grabs in Kiel. Yesterday at night a Hessian was killed here by an American with two stabs of a knife – happens very often sometimes!*

*My dear little wife sends her love. She's not feeling quite well at present. The main reason may be a little cold.*

*Ingwersen and family are sound.*

*Please send our love to all friends. But you my dear uncle and dear aunt are saluted heartily, by cordially adoring you.*

*J. P. Ankerson*

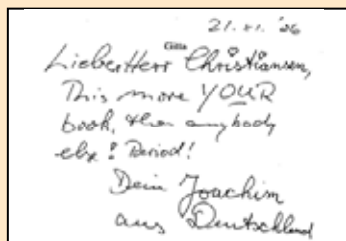
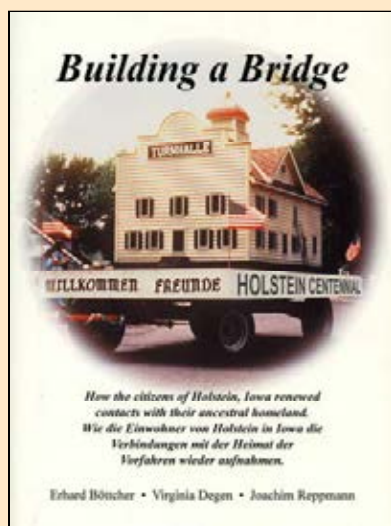
*Please deliver the letter to the beloved mother at her birthday, if it is early enough.*

Our e-mails back and forth continued, visits from the Reppmanns to Iowa and from the Christiansens to Minnesota ensued, and research projects and collaborations resulted. Yogi and I became good friends, so good in fact, that he and his wife invited Carol and me on the trip that is the subject of this book. And all because of footnote number 707!



**Left:** April 17-18, 2006: The Reppmanns' first visit to Iowa City. **Right:** In 2008, the Reppmanns' visit was prompted by Yogi's invitation to deliver the keynote address at the dedication of a Forty-eighter monument in Davenport, Iowa. Carol is holding a cheesecake she decorated in the colors of the German flag.

One of the projects Yogi and I have worked on together was his book *Building a Bridge*. After we had finished our work, Yogi asked that I write a postscript to the book, a request I was flattered by and only too happy to comply with.



This book has been written to keep the memory alive of Leonard Degen; Margaret McGuire; George Mills; Gerhard Stoltenberg, PhD; and many other friends who have passed away. We know they would have appreciated the work of their many friends on both sides of the Atlantic who lent a helping hand in writing this book by discovering, collecting, and working on text, pictures, documents, and maps.

We'd like to give special thanks to **Scott Christiansen, Iowa City**; Larry Grill, Schleswig, Iowa; Caro Schwarz, Schleswig, Germany; Timm Dallmann, Tarup; Bonnie Barkema, Stubbs Memorial Library; Frances Earnest, Delores Witt, Sophia Bauer, and Roger Clausen, all from Holstein, Iowa; Dietrich "Dee" and Regina Eicke, Bad Oldesloe; Karin Thomas in Osterby near Eckernförde; Ingo Reppmann, Flensburg; and Stuart Gorman, Minneapolis. We also owe a great debt of gratitude to our publisher, Bill Roba, PhD, of Hesperian Press, Davenport, Iowa.

**Top left:** The cover of *Building a Bridge*. **Top middle:** Iowa Governor Chet Culver (holding *Building a Bridge*) and Yogi attended the HusumWind Fair in Husum, Schleswig-Holstein. Husum is the capital of Nordfriesland County, the only county in the world where one hundred percent of the energy is generated by wind. Iowa has also made a big commitment to renewable energy sources and ranks third in wind power production in the United States. **Bottom middle:** Yogi's inscription to me on the dedication page of *Building a Bridge*. **Above right:** A portion of page 6 from *Building a Bridge*.



### **Building a Bridge: The Story of Footnote 707**

As you read this book, you'll discover many heartwarming stories of bridges built between the people of America's Midwest and their ancestral homeland, Schleswig-Holstein in northern Germany. I, too, have such a story to relate.

After twenty years in business, I took an early retirement, and inspired by a mother who was an avid genealogist, began researching the history of my ancestors. I soon found myself concentrating my efforts on one of my maternal great-great grandfathers, a quite remarkable fellow by the name of Jürgen Peter Ankerson who hailed from Rantrum, a small village near Husum in Schleswig-Holstein. The more I worked to uncover information about his early life in Germany, his emigration to the United States, and his subsequent life in Iowa, the more I became seduced by the field of historical research.

Since my great-great grandfather was a member of what have been dubbed the "Forty-eighters," I began reading everything I could find on the subject. This led me to *Freedom, Education and Well-being for All!*, a book written by one Professor Joachim "Yogi" Reppmann. I was fascinated by the detail and clarity of thought in the book and was duly impressed with its prodigious total of 927 footnotes!

While pouring through these footnotes one day, I discovered that number 707 referred to a letter written from Davenport, Iowa in 1854 by one G. D. Anderson to his relatives in Horstedt, a small village located a few miles from Rantrum. Even though the spelling of the name wasn't quite right — G. D. Anderson rather than G. (for George) P. Ankerson — I had a gut feeling that the letter referred to in the footnote had been penned by my great-great grandfather. Seeing that the author's e-mail address was included in the book, I excitedly dashed off an e-mail setting forth the basis for my hunch.

The rest, as they say, is history. Yes, the letter had been written by my great-great grandfather, and yes, it did provide a wealth of useful information for the book I hope to write some day. But by far, the more significant result was the friendship that I established with the book's author, Yogi Reppmann.

That friendship led to a visit by Yogi and his wife Gitta to our house in Iowa City and then to a two-week visit by my wife and me to the Reppmanns' lovely home in Flensburg. While in Germany, Yogi introduced me to countless friends with whom I established important research connections and friendships. My experience in Schleswig-Holstein was, as Yogi had promised, a life-altering experience.

Since that initial e-mail correspondence, Yogi and I have worked on many research projects together, and many more lie just over the horizon. The bridge we built now carries a wealth of traffic in the form of correspondence and visits with people I would never have dreamed possible. I have now seen the land of Schleswig-Holstein where the majority of my ancestors were born. I have been given a walking tour of Rantrum by its Bürgermeister; met archivists in Flensburg, Hamburg, and Schleswig; and been treated to a private tour of the Glücksburg Castle by Princess Elisabeth.

And all of this because of footnote 707 and a person who has dedicated his life to building bridges between Germany and America.

**The postscript I wrote appears on pages 115-116 of *Building a Bridge*.**

Another project Yogi and I are interested in is a sixty-minute film about the Forty-eighters that would be produced by my good friend, filmmaker Kirby Graber. Many obstacles to the production of such a film would have to be overcome, not the least of which is a minimum budget of \$100,000.

To get the ball rolling, I prepared a very rough outline (see below) and Kirby wrote a script outline (see the top of the next page).

**Right:** Kirby Graber, me, and Yogi brainstorming in early 2007 about our Forty-eighter movie.



## THE FORTY-EGHTERS IN DAVENPORT, IOWA

### • Who were the Forty-eighters?

- \* Definitional differences
- \* Our definition: politically motivated European refugees active in the revolutionary movement preceding and during the Schleswig-Holstein War of 1848-1850 who arrived in the United States between the late 1840's and the mid-1850's.
  - \* Group size

### • Which segment of the Forty-eighters will we focus on?

- \* Schleswig-Holstein Forty-eighters who settled in Davenport, Iowa
- \* Why Davenport, Iowa is a great control case for the study of this important group (relatively new town [founded in 1836] with a large German population [approximately one-third]/high concentration of Schleswig-Holsteiners/relatively large number of Forty-eighters)

### • The political situation in Europe giving rise to the Forty-eighters

- \* Incipient nationalism
- \* Seeds of democracy
- \* Revolutionary ideas of the Forty-eighters had their antecedents in American political essayists such as Thomas Paine who in turn had been influenced by European philosophers such as Rousseau and Locke. These ideas, although quite revolutionary for the times, eventually became commonly accepted.
  - \* Why the revolution failed

### • Emigration to America

- \* Reasons for emigrating
- \* Emotions and mindset of those leaving the *Heimat*
- \* Why so many Forty-eighters emigrated to America
  - \* Pre-steamship era with hardships aplenty

### • Composite picture of the Forty-eighter as he arrived in New York or New Orleans

### • Brief history of Davenport, Iowa (1830's - 1850's) and how it came to be a German enclave and eventually "the most German city in Iowa if not the Midwest"

### • Collision of cultures

- \* Gray vs. Green less of a problem in Davenport than in older, more established German enclaves
- \* Religion (separation of church and state/reasons for bias against organized religion/free-thinker philosophy)
  - \* Recreation/culture/language (cosmopolitan European Sunday tradition/*Vereine*/*Platdeutsch*)
- \* Politics (equal rights/anti-slavery/anti-Know Nothing Party/anti-prohibition/the early labor movement)
- \* Journalism's role in giving voice to cultural and political differences (*Der Demokrat*/Gülich/Olshausen)

### • Contributions

- \* Education (kindergarten/teaching methods and standards/freedom from religious influence)
  - \* Journalism
- \* Culture (arts/exercise/Sundays/*Vereine*)
  - \* Business
- \* Politics (Republican/anti-prohibition/anti-slavery/Lincoln's election)

### • Acculturation

- \* The Civil War's importance
- \* Continued German enclaves

### • Results

- \* Germany's loss/our gain
- \* Key Davenporters

**OPEN ON:**

1. Montage of images from St. Louis' annual *Strassenfest*: people of all ages enthusiastically enjoying German food, music, and fellowship. After a moment, voice-over narration:

**NARRATOR:** A warm summer's weekend in St. Louis, Missouri ... thousands of enthusiastic Midwesterners gather for the annual *Strassenfest* — a rousing celebration of America's German heritage.

Throughout the year, in cities large and small across the United States, similar events are staged, as everyday Americans pay tribute to the rich cultural contributions of their German forebears.

America's ongoing immigrant tradition, of course, is represented by many countries and cultures, each inevitably drawn to our shores by the promise of unbridled economic opportunity and abundant personal freedoms. Still, with one in four Americans tracing their ancestry directly to German forefathers, there is no one country — no single heritage — that can rival German primacy in the cultural flavoring of America's storied melting pot.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

2. Montage of appropriate period photography and illustration.

**NARRATOR:** Sheer numbers aside, perhaps more significant — and widely unknown — is the remarkable story of how a relatively *small* group of German emigrants lefts its inimitable stamp on nineteenth century America. It's a tale of politics, religion, of war and peace ... a testament, ultimately, to heart and will.

This is the story of "The Forty-eighters," a small band of German-Americans that arguably effected the most dramatic, far-reaching cultural influence in the history of American immigration.

3. Main Title:

**America's German Revolution: The Untold Story of the Forty-eighters**

Above: A portion of Kirby Graber's script for our proposed film on the Forty-eighters. Below: One project that Yogi and I will probably never get off the ground ... my idea for a German-American museum in Davenport. I designed the logo (which roughly translates to "Lest we forget") and wrote the mission statement that appears below.

## Center for Davenport's Germanic Roots



### **Our Mission**

To preserve the history of Davenport's German immigrants by actively collecting, preserving, interpreting, and presenting documents, artifacts, and scholarly research and by promoting public involvement in and appreciation of this heritage through educational programming and community outreach.

### **Our Vision**

To be a destination heritage center that enhances community identity through the preservation and stewardship of Davenport's Germanic history.

### **Our Values**

**Education:** To share and advance community history by providing visitors with exhibits and programs that enlighten, inspire, challenge, and teach.

**Research:** To increase our collective knowledge of Davenport's German immigrants and their many contributions to all facets of life in America.

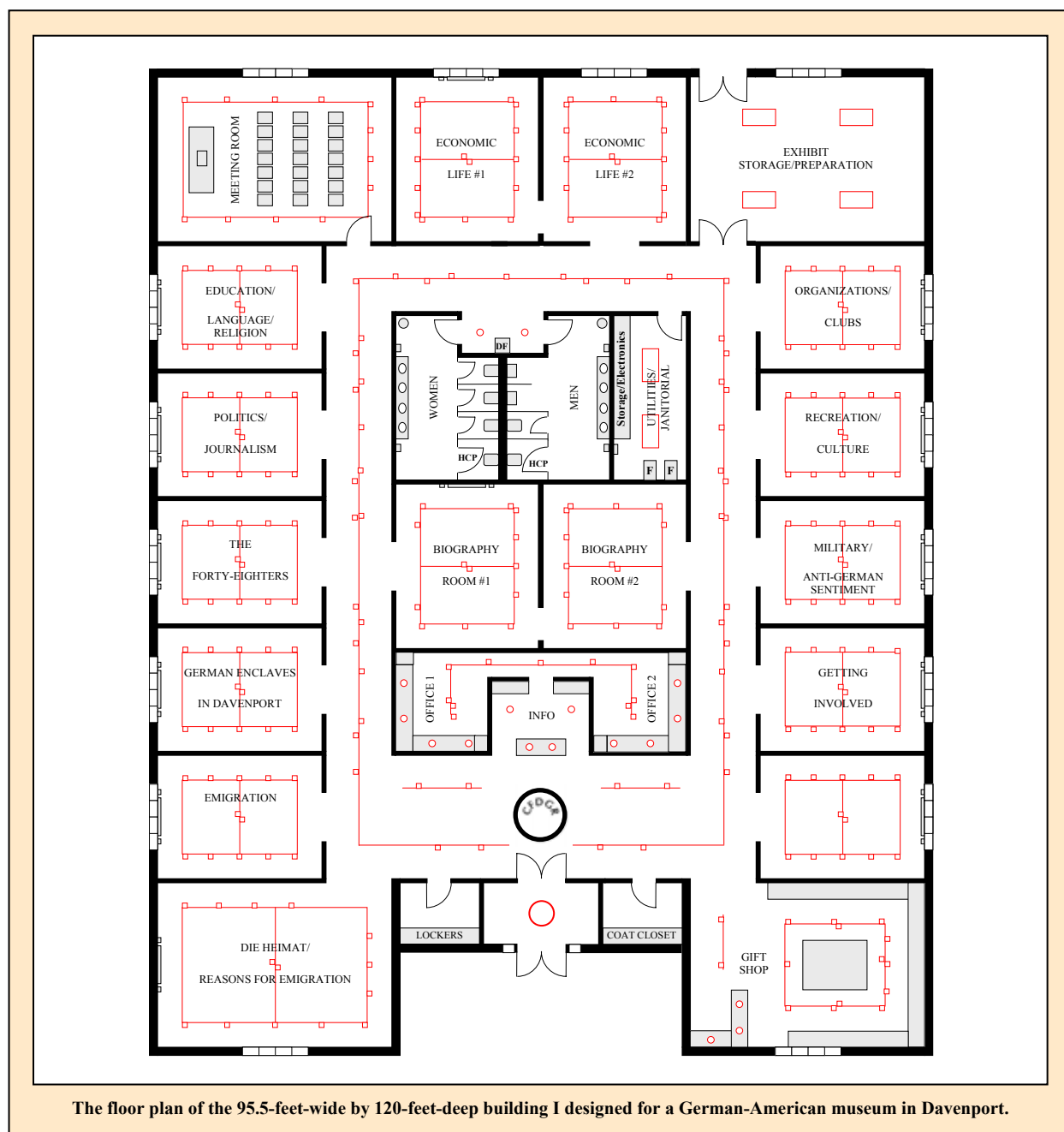
**Preservation:** To ensure that our collections of artifacts, archival papers, and research are preserved for the enjoyment and education of future generations.

**Integrity:** To present historically accurate information and encourage the articulation of multiple viewpoints.

**Cooperation:** To cooperate with other Scott County organizations with similar goals such as the *Schützenpark Gilde*, the German American Heritage Center, the American/Schleswig-Holstein Heritage Society, and The Gold Coast and Hamburg Historic District Association.

**Fiscal Discipline:** To operate as a private, non-profit 501(c)(3) organization that develops, budgets, and spends public contributions with maximum effectiveness within the parameters of our mission and vision.





### My special relationship with Ingo Reppmann

Once again, the story begins with my great-great grandfather, Jürgen Peter Ankerson. I had become very interested in his first real estate purchase in Davenport, as the property he bought contained both his grocery store and his first home. My research revealed that one component of this transaction was the execution of a deed of trust by Jürgen in favor of one W. V. Schirach. Out of both innate anal retentiveness and a sense of curiosity which had been piqued, I began researching Schirach's life.

I learned that Schirach's given name was Wilhelm Theodor Ludwig Emil von Schirach; that like Jürgen, he was a Forty-eighter who had fought in the Schleswig-Holstein War of 1848-1850; and that also like Jürgen, he was at Rendsburg in March of 1848. Wilhelm was probably born in Heide, a town located twenty-two miles

due south of Jürgen's hometown of Rantrum. He emigrated in 1851 (one year earlier than Jürgen), spent a year in Louisville, Kentucky (Jürgen spent his first year in Cincinnati), and came to Davenport in 1852 (one year prior to Jürgen's arrival). Trained as a lawyer, Wilhelm von Schirach, or as he was known as in Davenport, W. V. Schirach, ran a conveyancing, land, and loan office located over Dr. Schlegel's drugstore on Second Street. (After working as a clerk in Jürgen's grocery store from December of 1855 until March of 1856, Jürgen's good friend Bleik Peters [who also was trained as a lawyer] went to work for Wilhelm von Schirach.) It was in this professional capacity that Schirach served as the trustee for Jürgen's deed of trust.

As my research on Wilhelm von Schirach and his family progressed, I began conveying some of my findings to Yogi and asked whether he was familiar with the von Schirach family. Not surprisingly — Wilhelm was, after all, a Forty-eighter! — both Yogi and his father Ingo were familiar with the family. Both Reppmanns had always wondered whether Wilhelm von Schirach might somehow be related to Baldur von Schirach, head of the *Hitlerjugend* (Hitler Youth) and a Nazi war criminal who was sentenced to twenty years in Spandau Prison at the conclusion of World War II. Efforts by Yogi and Ingo to establish any relationship between the Forty-eighter and the *Reichsjugendführer*, however, had never proved successful. After learning of my interest in the von Schirach family, former newspaperman and researcher Erhard "Boeddee" Böttcher (a friend of Yogi's) also tried to establish this relationship, but he, too, was unable to do so.

After many hours of research, I was eventually able to definitively make the connection: Wilhelm von Schirach was the grand uncle of the famous — or perhaps more accurately, infamous — Baldur von Schirach. The more research I did, the more I became interested in the entire von Schirach family, whose members not only included Forty-eighter Wilhelm and Nazi war criminal Baldur, but also some equally interesting ancestors and relatives of Baldur including an honorary pallbearer at the funeral of President Abraham Lincoln, the second president of the Continental Congress, and two of the fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence.

As I learned more and more about Baldur von Schirach, I became utterly fascinated with Nazi Germany and the Hitler Youth movement, in which membership for all youth from the ages of ten through eighteen (except for Jews, the chronically ill, severely handicapped, or retarded) effectively became mandatory on December 1, 1936. As I got deeper and deeper into my research on Baldur and the *Hitlerjugend*, I corresponded regularly with Yogi about the progress I was making. At some point, I came to find out that Yogi's father, who had already graciously helped me with some translation work and background information on several of the Forty-eighters, was himself a former member of the *Hitlerjugend*.<sup>1</sup>

Shortly thereafter, a package arrived from Flensburg containing Ingo's *Hitlerjugend* membership booklet. Receiving Ingo's gift triggered a lot of emotions. On the one hand, it was a tangible item that I could hold in my hands, something that truly made "history come alive" for me — something which allowed me to associate a living human being with much of the research I had done on the Hitler Youth movement. On the other hand, I knew that this booklet symbolized a painful time that most Germans would probably prefer to forget.

Although Ingo knew that this historical artifact would be of great interest to me, I think that the act of giving me the booklet at this stage in his life — the act of giving away a booklet he had kept for more than sixty-five years — was more significant than the mere giving of a childhood memento. I believe that the act of finally parting with this booklet, especially in light of the fact that it was given to a younger American who shared his interest in the Forty-eighters and who wanted to understand the historical context of the *Hitlerjugend*, had psychological underpinnings that someone who didn't grow up in that era and who wasn't forced to join the Hitler Youth will never really understand. At any event, I was simply amazed at the gift, and after our plans had been made to visit Yogi in Flensburg, I greatly looked forward to meeting the elder *Herr* Reppmann.

1. Ingo's grandfather, who helped raise him, had been under house arrest since 1934 because a leading Flensburg Nazi had wanted his job. As a result, Ingo grew up in a household that loathed Adolf Hitler. Nevertheless, a Nazi law passed in March of 1939 made membership in the *Hitlerjugend* mandatory for all of Germany's youth. (For all intents and purposes, membership had been "mandatory" since 1936.)

Ingo Adolf Paul Reppmann was born in Flensburg on July 28, 1929, and worked as a civil servant in that town until his retirement. Possessed of a grandfatherly smile and impish eyes that peer out at you through thick, tortoiseshell-rimmed glasses, Ingo, like his son, is quick-witted, intellectually curious, a tenacious problem solver, and gracious and generous with his time.

Shortly after I met Ingo, Yogi showed him the dedication to my book on the von Schirach family. I believe that Ingo was genuinely touched by this recognition, and before our trip had ended, he brought numerous other items relating to his time in the *Hitlerjugend* to Yogi's apartment and presented them to me.

***To Ingo Reppmann,  
German historian and  
Hitler Youth member  
number 5 070 601,***

***for his interest, kind assistance, and generosity.***



The dedication to my book *From Lincoln Pallbearer to Hitler Disciple ... The history of the von Schirach family*. If you look in the lower left-hand corner of the image on the far right, you'll see the stamped signature of *Reichsjugendführer* Baldur von Schirach.

Interestingly, the street Ingo lived on in 1940 — *Klaus-Groth-Straße* — is the street immediately to the north of *Prof.-Mensing-Straße*, the street he lives on today.

### **The farmers market at *Südermarkt* Square**

We had one stop to make before going to the St. Nikolai church archives. Ingo's wife Hilde had asked him to pick up some vegetables at the farmers market.

Each Wednesday and Saturday from six A.M. until noon, a farmers market is held at the *Südermarkt* Square. Historically, there have been two great markets or city centers in Flensburg. The *Nordermarkt* (Northern Market) dates to the late 1200's and





is anchored by *St. Marienkirche* (St. Mary's Church). The *Südermarkt* (Southern Market) dates to the late 1300's and is anchored by *St. Nikolaikirche* (St. Nikolai's Church).

I had previously been at the *Südermarkt* Square a few days earlier when we had lunch with Dr. Broder Schwensen at Dubrovnik's Steak House, but early on this Saturday morning, the area had an entirely different look, as it was jammed with vendors selling all manner of vegetables, flowers, crafts, and assorted goods.



Scenes from the farmers market at the *Südermarkt* Square. In the background in the photo at the upper left is *St. Nikolaikirche*. In the two photos at the bottom, the building with the white front is the *DocMorris Apotheke*, the building that was built in 1436 that I had questioned Dr. Broder Schwensen about during our lunch at *Steakhouse Dubrovnik*.

### The St. Nikolai Church archives

After Ingo had picked up his vegetables, we made the short walk to the St. Nikolai Church archives on *Nikolai-kirchhof*. We entered into a small room where we were greeted by Dr. Dieter Pust.

Dr. Pust taught Economics, Philosophy, German, and Politics at *Hannah-Arendt-Schule* in Flensburg from

The reddish brick building at the left side of the photo houses the St. Nikolai Church archives where we spent Saturday morning researching the Ankersens. The yellow building with the sign that says *Werkstatt für Geigenbau und Reparatur Antonio Menzel* houses a shop that specializes in the repair of violins and other instruments. Out of view on the right side of the photo is an entrance to *St. Nikolaikirche*.



1975 until his retirement in 2004. Pust also served as a politician in Flensburg for twenty-two years. In the 1970's, he began his work as a writer and city historian and has authored several books including *Flensburg, Eine Stadt und Ihre Geschichte* and *Flensburger Straßennamen*.

Ingo and I sat at one end of the narrow room near a row of old Flensburg city directories. Yogi worked with Dr. Pust helping decide which of the microfiches we would view and print. I have always found microfiches much more problematic than microfilm or books like the ones we were able to work with at the *Staatsarchiv Hamburg*, and these were no exception. The legibility of the print-outs was less than stellar, and coupled with the old German script and some arcane abbreviations, I felt very fortunate that we had Ingo's many years of experience to help us decipher some of our findings.

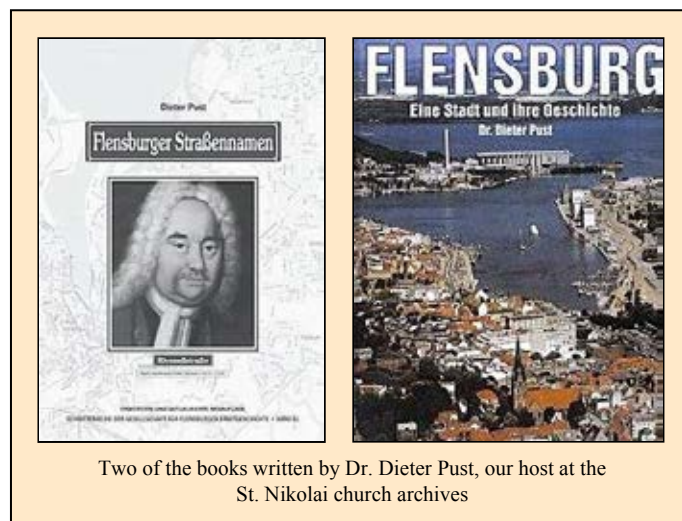
Fortunately, we were able to find a lot of information on the families of Jürgen's two older brothers, Hans Peter and Claus Peter. Some of the information discovered helped me achieve a goal I'd been pursuing for quite some time: making a definitive connection between my family and Ardis Ankerson.

Who is Ardis Ankerson? She was the great grand niece of Jürgen Peter Ankerson and my third cousin once removed. She became Hollywood movie star Brenda Marshall, married actor William Holden, and starred in films opposite George Raft, Jimmy Cagney, John Garfield, Joel McCrea, Errol Flynn, George Montgomery, George Sanders, George Brent, Charles Boyer, and Alan Ladd. In 1952, she and Holden served as matron of honor and best man at the marriage of Nancy Davis and future president Ronald Reagan.

The time passed quickly in the St. Nikolai church archives, and before we knew it, it was noontime. Not wishing to impose further on Dr. Pust, we thanked him for his efforts and said our goodbyes. I'm certain that a great deal of information remains to be mined from these archives, and I greatly look forward to the opportunity of doing so during our next visit.

### Sightseeing with Yogi

After leaving the archives, Ingo headed for home while Yogi and I did a





little sightseeing. After making our way out onto the *Südermarkt* Square, Yogi spotted an organ grinder and we stopped to have a few photos taken.

Dr. Dieter Pust  
Kirchenallee 5  
24941 Flensburg  
Germany

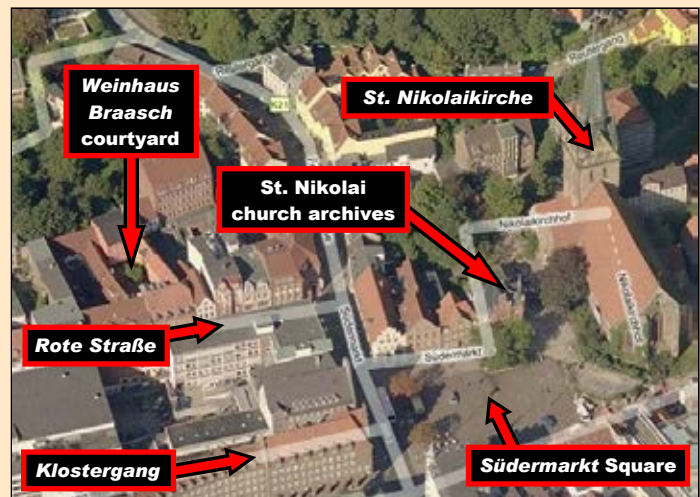
Dear Dr. Pust,

I am writing to express my sincere thanks for the hours you spent one Saturday morning at the St. Nikolai church archives. My friends Yogi and Ingo Reppmann accompanied me that morning, and you showed the patience of Job in helping us research the family of my great-great grandfather, Jürgen Peter Ankerson (Ankersen in Schleswig-Holstein). I'm sure you had better things to do than help a stranger pour through church records and microfiches on a beautiful Saturday morning in Flensburg, but you graciously and patiently lent us your expertise with the result that much valuable information was obtained. I am truly in your debt.

We enjoyed our visit to your beautiful town and look forward to returning. Although I don't know if I can ever repay your kindness, I would like to at least make the offer. If I can ever help with any research on this side of the ocean, please don't hesitate to contact me.

Sincerely yours,

**Scott Christiansen**  
Iowa City, Iowa, USA



Above left: I feel very underdressed standing next to the organ grinder on *Südermarkt* Square. Above right: An aerial view of some of the locations we visited on Saturday morning, September 2, 2006.

We then made our way south of the *Südermarkt* Square where we paid a visit to *Kunst-Und-Co.*, an art gallery located at *Klostergang* 8. Yogi knew the proprietor, and we spent an enjoyable half hour touring the multi-floor gallery.

Then it was off to *Rote Straße*, an historical old street with picturesque courtyards; charming little shops selling antiques, crafts, clothing, books, and home accessories; art galleries; secluded cafés and restaurants; and even a butcher shop and a bakery.

Since we would visit Yogi's friends, Dee and Regina Eicke, in Bad Oldesloe the following day, we stopped at the *Weinhaus Braasch*, a charming little wine shop located at *Rote Straße* 26-28, and purchased two bottles of Chardonnay. After exploring more of the sights on *Rote Straße*, we walked back to Yogi's car, and made the



short drive back to the Reppmanns' apartment.



**Above left:** The front of *Weinhaus Braasch* at *Rote Straße* 26-28, where we purchased two bottles of Chardonnay to give to Regina and Dee Eicke the following day. The door shown in this photo (with *Zum Rumhaus* over its transom window) leads to the rum portion of the business. The door to the right (not shown in this photo) leads to the wine portion of the store.

**Above middle:** This photo was taken in the charming little courtyard located at the back of *Weinhaus Braasch*.

**Above right:** *Weinhaus Braasch* was opened in 1976. By 2001, A. H. Johannsen-Rum (which we visited on our first day in Flensburg) was the only active rum distillery in Flensburg. In that same year, *Weinhaus Braasch* opened a "micro-distillery," securing the best barrels from Hamburg and Amsterdam and distilling rum according to a centuries-old recipe in a small backyard factory. The firm's half-liter bottle of rum seen in this picture sells for \$20 and boasts a forty percent alcohol content.

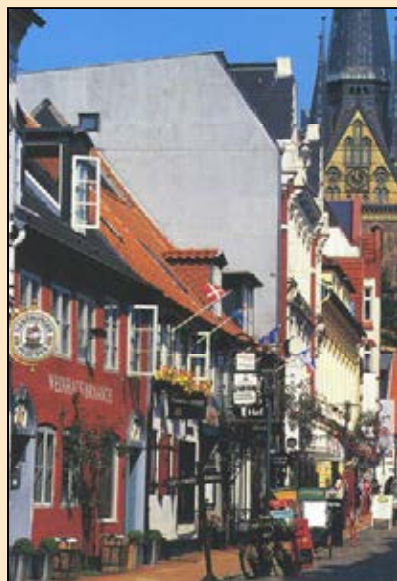
**Below left:** A view of *Rote Straße* showing *Weinhaus Braasch*. Although it's difficult to make out in the photo, the "street sign" in front of the business says *Rum Manufaktur*. Looking down *Rote Straße*, one can see *St. Nikolaikirche*, the church whose archives we worked in a short time before stopping at *Weinhaus Braasch*.

**Below middle top:** *Blumengeschäft Ute Preißing*, a florist located at *Rote Straße* 22. Note the opening to a cobblestone pathway leading to more little stores.

**Below middle bottom:** *Galerie Kruse*, an art gallery located next to *Blumengeschäft Ute Preißing*.

**Below right top:** *Viva*, a Mexican restaurant, is located at *Rote Straße* 15.

**Below right bottom:** One of the shops located on this little pathway at *Rote Straße* 16 is a high-end audio store called *HiFi Studio Golde*.





**Above left:** A charming courtyard at *Rote Straße* 16. **Above middle:** More little shops tucked in the nooks and crannies of *Rote Straße*. Contor, the shop at the left rear of the photo, is a design store. **Above right:** A home appliance store at *Rote Straße* 7 featuring Miele, the high-end German brand whose products I have admired many times at the Merchandise Mart in Chicago.

### Carol and I explore on our own

While Yogi and Gitta took their customary midday nap, Carol and I walked back downtown to do some exploring on our own.

Carol had discovered a nice shortcut that provided a more direct way of getting from the Reppmanns' apartment on *Moltkestraße* to the downtown area. It involved walking down a very steep little "street" — actually more of a stairway — called *Christiansensgang* (!), crossing *Nordergraben*, and then proceeding down another steep little street called *Heiligengeistgang*.



The view from the bottom of *Christiansensgang*



**Above:** An aerial view of our shortcut. **Below:** My very own street!





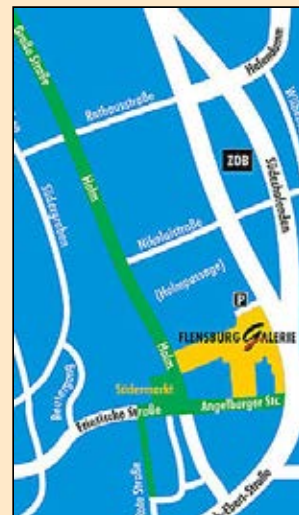
We then headed south on *Große Straße* (which becomes *Holm* once you cross *Rathausstraße*). Since I hadn't eaten lunch yet, I bought a slice of pizza, we picked up a couple of Diet Cokes, and began our walk. Like us, many Flensburgers were out enjoying a sunny Saturday afternoon (one of the few days when there wasn't some precipitation during our visit).



**Above:** *Große Straße*, just south of *Heiligengeistgang*. **Below:** Prior to snapping this photo, Carol and I had walked south along *Große Straße* (beginning on the portion of the street shown above). Carol had just purchased a pair of shoes (which she's holding in the blue bag) at *Schuh Kay* at *Holm* 20, was passing *Weiland Bücher* (Weiland Books) at *Holm* 37 (see the red sign on the right side of the picture), and was about to enter the *Holmpassage* (a retail and office complex) at *Holm* 39.







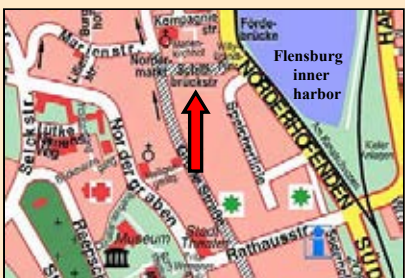
**Above left/center:** The entrance to *Holmpassage* decorated for the Christmas season. The *Weiland Bücher* sign can be seen on the left side of the left photo. **Above right:** The relative locations of *Große Straße*, *Holm*, the *Holmpassage*, the new *Flensburg Galerie* shopping mall (which opened on November 2, 2006, a little less than two months after our departure), and the *Südermarkt* Square.

We didn't spend a lot of time in the *Holmpassage*, but did pick up an ice cream at *Eis Krüger*. Although we didn't know it at the time, we would be back in the *Holmpassage* in two days when we visited the offices of the *Flensburger Tageblatt*.



We enjoyed an ice cream at *Eis Krüger* in the *Holmpassage*.

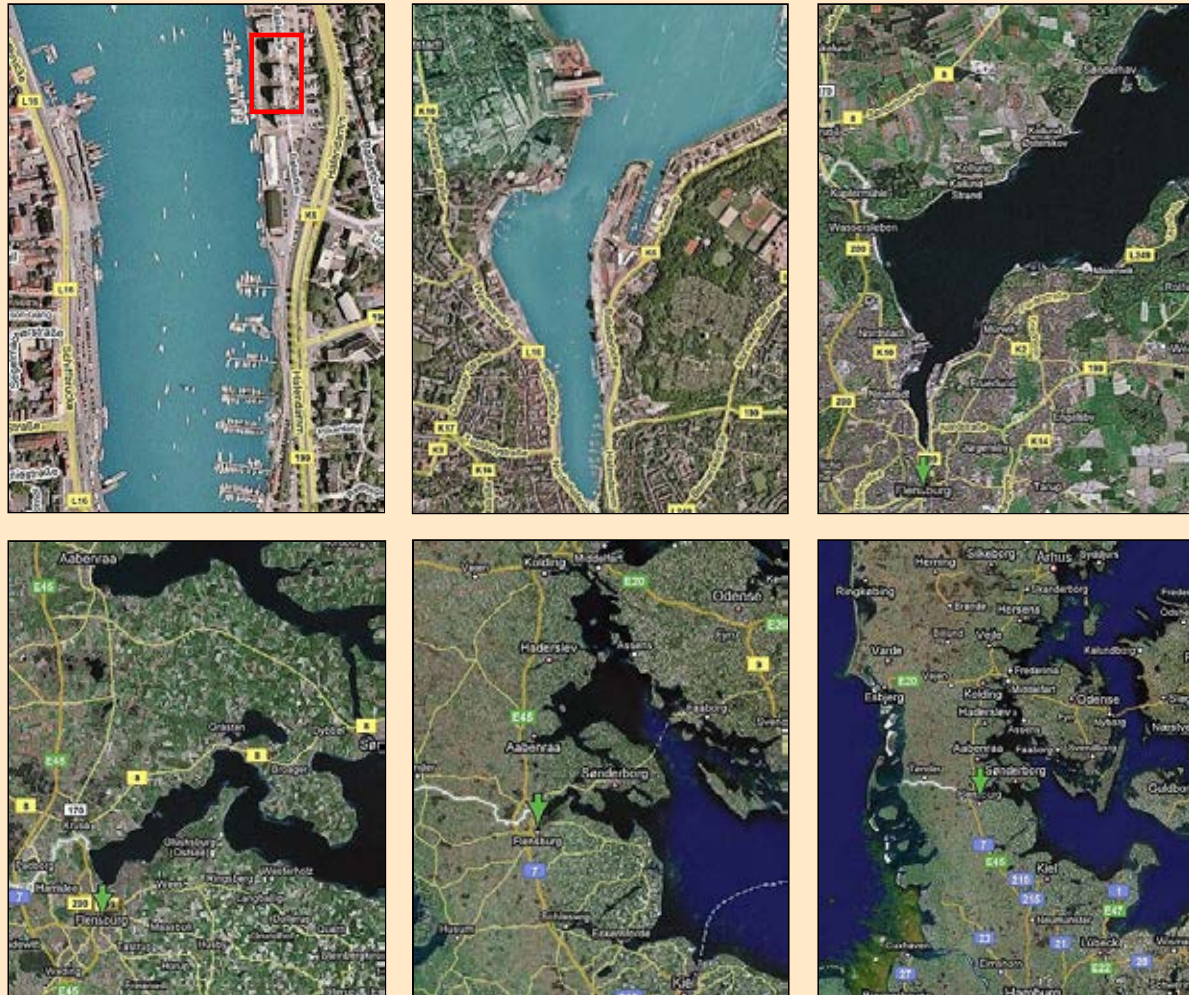
After we'd finished shopping, we walked north to *Schiffbrückstraße* to



The mystery photo! I took this picture of Carol outside an art gallery/frame shop (location unknown) some time on the afternoon of September 2nd. The sign "*Wir rahmen Ihre Bilder*" means "We frame your pictures."



reach Flensburg's inner harbor (*Flensburger Innenhafen*). Along with hundreds of others, we enjoyed a leisurely stroll along the picturesque harbor before heading back to *Moltkestraße* 6.



The *Flensburger Förde* (Flensburg Fjord) is a thirty-one-mile long inlet of the Baltic Sea which forms part of the border between Denmark to the north and Germany to the south. The red box in the photo at the upper left outlines the three high-rise condos built by Yogi's friend, Kai-Uwe Petersen.

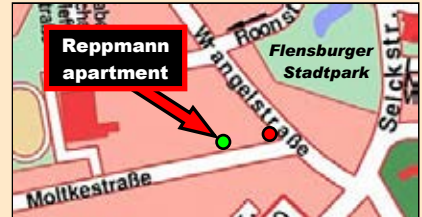


**Above left:** Looking east across Flensburg's inner harbor with *St. Jürgenkirche* in the background. **Above right:** Looking west across *Flensburger Innenhafen* with *St. Marienkirche* and the *Altes Gymnasium* in the background.





**Top:** We began our walk back to the Reppmanns' apartment on *Schiffbrückstraße*, the street between the Rock-Cafe on the right side of the photo and the darker brick buildings with the ornate facades on the left side of the picture. **Middle:** Looking west across the *Flensburger Förde*, you can see the Rock-Cafe, the *Altes Gymnasium*, and *St. Marienkirche*. **Bottom:** A bird's-eye view of Flensburg's inner harbor.



**Top:** The intersection of *Wrangelstraße* and *Moltkestraße*. For such a clean city, Flensburg has a surprising amount of graffiti. **Middle:** The red dot shows the location of the bench seen in the photo at the top. **Bottom:** I've indicated our bedroom window in the Reppmanns' apartment with the red rectangle.

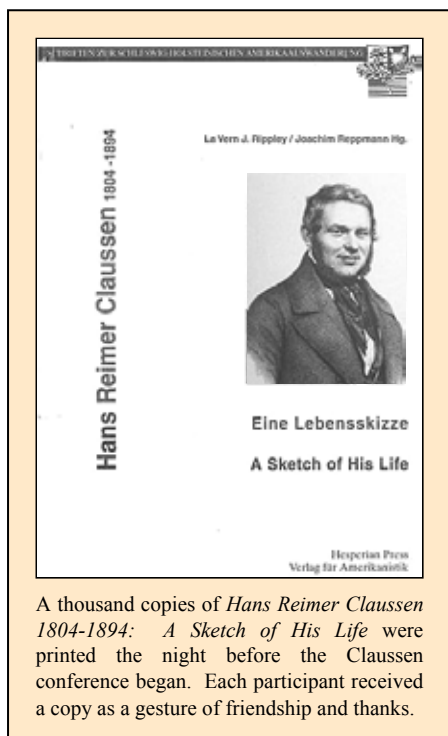


When we'd arrived back at the Reppmanns' apartment, we all sat in the living room and enjoyed a glass of wine while Carol and I recounted what we had seen on our afternoon exploration of Flensburg. I'm not sure whether he was "fluffing our feathers," but Yogi seemed impressed that we were so comfortable walking around without any assistance, contrasting us with other visitors who may have been a bit more timid in this regard.

### The story of Hans Reimer Claussen's trunk

As I sipped my wine, it dawned on me that the living room was one of the few places in the Reppmann





apartment that offered no visual clues that a serious historian and researcher lived there. While the office, dining room, and guest bedroom were filled with history books and journals, binders bursting with historical research, and note cards about the Forty-eighters, the living room was furnished with comfortable overstuffed couches and chairs, a large TV set, and a beautiful black piano. There were no framed maps of Schleswig-Holstein or *Paulskirche* prints on the walls and no Forty-eighter books on the coffee table.

But I then chuckled to myself, as I realized that only a few feet from where I sat, on the other side of the wall separating the living room from the dining room, was a remarkable historical artifact: the trunk of the great Schleswig-Holstein patriot and long-time Davenport resident, Hans Reimer Claussen.

Although Claussen is undoubtedly the most well-known of Davenport's Forty-eighters and a significant figure in the history of Schleswig-Holstein (and for that matter, in the history of Germany), he was, until Yogi started his research in 1978, largely a forgotten figure. (For that matter, the same could be said for any number of German immigrants Yogi has written about including Forty-eighter and *Der Demokrat* founder, Theodor

Gülich, influential *Der Demokrat* editor; Theodor Olshausen; Friedrich Hedde, founder of the first *Turnverein* in Schleswig-Holstein, one-time Davenport resident, and one of the founders of Grand Island, Nebraska; and *Der Denison Herald* editor, Heinrich Christian Finnern.)

In the introduction for the book, *Hans Reimer Claussen 1804-1894: A Sketch of His Life*, Professor La Vern J. Rippley wrote:

*"It is a pleasure to greet this publication as one that feathers a bed that has hardened with neglect by scholars on both sides of the Atlantic for the most influential immigrants to the United States, the Forty-eighters. This volume not only cushions our consciences about having forgotten many of them, but illustrates how America can still take pride in their former presence. For through these immigrants from Germany's 1848 turning point toward full democracy or continued imperial rule, we gain insights into one of the great liberal minds who would have had it otherwise. In its decisive moment of history, Germany did not embrace democracy; rather, she continued her monarchical tradition until the end of World War I. How much different the world would be today if only Germany had turned in the direction that the likes of Hans Reimer Claussen hoped for back in 1848-50 can only be imagined.*

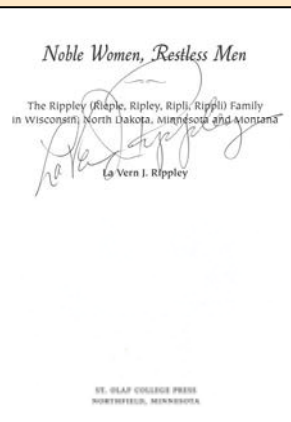
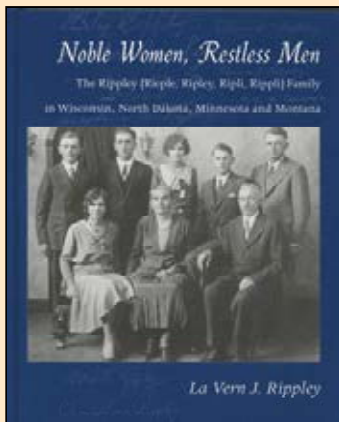
*The opportunity for achieving a democratic form of government came in 1848, but failed in part, because the leadership in the United States at the critical moment declined to stand shoulder to shoulder with the German proponents of change. Among them was Hans Reimer Claussen, who in the process, had to emigrate, choosing to come to America and live in Davenport. With this volume we not only celebrate his contribution but elevate him as a generic kind of 1848er immigrant who blessed America with his ideas, his energy and his stamina. In a sense, what America failed to do in 1848, she got a chance to replay in 1948 when numerous American constitutional elements were embedded in the Basic Law which the new breed of German democrats succeeded in writing during the stormy period of the Berlin blockade.*

*With the newly united Germany now in place under the 1948 Basic Law constitution, the benefits for both the United States and Germany are finally being reaped for the freedom, education and well being of all."*



La Vern J. Rippley is a professor at St. Olaf College in Northfield, Minnesota, a college that Yogi also taught at. Rippley has authored eighteen books, over 140 articles in academic and popular journals, 160 academic papers and lectures, and three hundred book reviews.

While visiting the Reppmanns in Northfield in 2006, we had the pleasure of dining with Professor Rippley and his wife. Later, we stopped by his house where he presented me with several of his books including the story of the Rippley family, *Noble Women, Restless Men*.



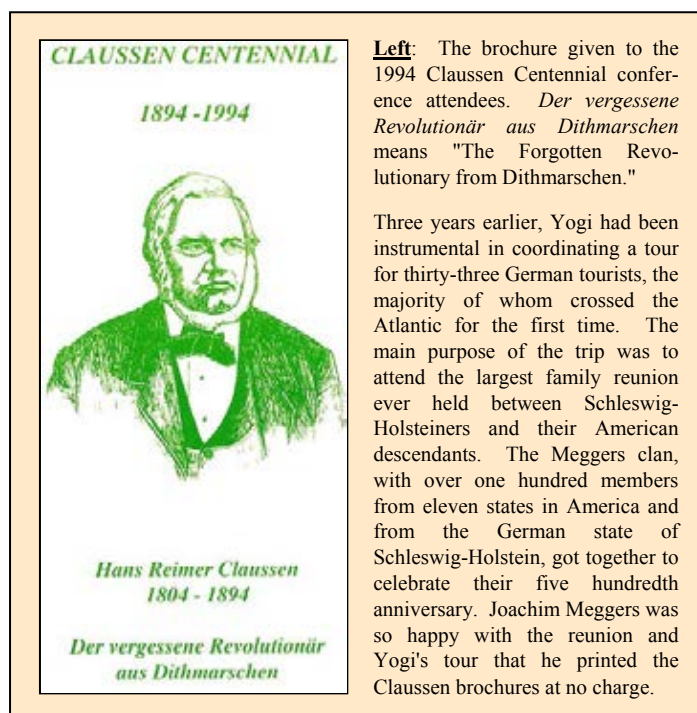
After meeting Professor Rippley, I discovered that one of his books, 1970's *Of German Ways*, had been in my mother's library for decades.

In a succinct and spot-on summary of the Forty-eighters (pages forty-one through forty-six), Rippley contrasts them with earlier German immigrants as humanists who were committed to liberalism on both political and religious fronts.

*Hans Reimer Claussen 1804-1894: A Sketch of His Life* was the first biography — either in America or in Germany — published about the great Schleswig-Holstein patriot. The book was published in conjunction with the 1994 Claussen Centennial in Davenport. This was a signal event in Yogi's life, as it was the first time he had organized a conference so significant in terms of size, duration, and scope.

In conjunction with the Davenport conference, forty Schleswig-Holsteiners traveling under the leadership of Ingo Reppmann departed Germany on September 24, 1994. Before arriving in Davenport, they visited New York, Washington, D.C., and the Wisconsin cities of Kiel and New Holstein.

The Hans Reimer Claussen Centennial Celebration and Conference began on September 30th and ran through October 3rd. Yogi was the keynote speaker, but other speakers from all over the United States also spoke at the event on a wide variety of topics including genealogy, music, literature, Low German, German-American relations, and of course, Hans Reimer Claussen. Among the speakers were Professor La Vern Rippley; Goethe expert Karl J. Fink, Department Chair and Professor of German at St. Olaf College; Richard, Lord Acton, a member of the House of Lords and an Englishman by birth, but for at least half of each year, an



Iowan by choice; longtime *Des Moines Register* political journalist, George Mills; and Paul-Heinz Pauseback, an emigration expert and member of the Nordfriisk Institute whom I met at the home of Otto Meier-Ewert in Husum on August 29th.

The day following the conference, the German attendees flew out of Chicago and returned to Schleswig-Holstein. The conference had been a huge success, built many more bridges between America and Schleswig-Holstein, and marked one of the first steps in bringing the Forty-eighters into the American public's consciousness.

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In a way, I felt an affinity of sorts with the Hans Reimer Claussen trunk that sat in the Reppmanns' dining room, for the paths of Claussen and my great-great grandfather had crossed on more than one occasion.

On August 14, 1858, a meeting was held in Davenport for the purpose of getting a German Justice of the Peace elected. After the meeting was called to order by Theodor Olshausen, Hans Reimer Claussen was elected President. Three men, including Forty-eighters Jürgen Peter Ankerson and Wilhelm Stolley (who along with Forty-eighter Friedrich Hedde was instrumental in the founding of Grand Island, Nebraska), were appointed to communicate the resolutions from the meeting to Davenport's trustees. The meeting was obviously successful, for one of the three Justices of the Peace elected in 1858 was Hans Reimer Claussen.

Ten years later, Jürgen sued a man for money due on a promissory note given when Jürgen's grocery business had been purchased. Serving as the attorney for the defendant was Hans Reimer Claussen. After a jury trial was waived, the court heard the evidence and ruled against the client of legal scholar and future state senator Claussen and in favor of my great-great grandfather.



How did the trunk of famed Forty-eighter Hans Reimer Claussen come to be in the corner of the Reppmann dining room in Flensburg? It's an interesting story to say the least! One Sunday morning while the Reppmanns were in their home in Northfield, Minnesota, Yogi received a call from Bill Storjohan, a farmer from Davenport that Yogi knew because of their joint involvement in the American/Schleswig-Holstein Heritage Society.

Storjohan informed Yogi that he had received a telephone call from an antique dealer working for Dorothy Horton née Mueller, the great granddaughter of Christian Mueller, a well-known Davenport Forty-eighter, one of the organizers of the *Sozialistischer Turnverein* in Davenport, and the founder of the Mueller Lumber Co. Dorothy had come into possession of the trunk because her great grandmother was Elfriede Mueller née Claussen, the wife of Christian Mueller and the daughter of Hans Reimer Claussen.

Continued on the next page



After Storjohan informed Yogi that he could purchase the trunk and its contents for \$650, Yogi hurriedly changed out of his bathrobe, got in the car with Gitta, and immediately drove to Davenport. They then met with Glenn Sievers (the first president of the American/Schleswig-Holstein Heritage Society) and went to Dorothy Horton's house. Yogi and Dorothy immediately hit it off, and Yogi was successful in purchasing the trunk and its contents.

The contents themselves were a valuable historical find in that they contained original documents pertaining to the Schleswig-Holstein Provisional Government, a Schleswig-Holstein passport which allowed Hans Reimer Claussen to travel to Berlin to lobby, and several documents about Christian Mueller and the injuries he suffered at the Battle of Idstedt in 1850.

After completing the purchase, Yogi took the trunk to a company which built a wooden box so that it could be safely transported to the Reppmanns' apartment in Flensburg. The arrival of the trunk caused quite a media sensation in Germany, as national television teams and the dpa (the German equivalent of the Associated Press) arrived at the Reppmann apartment to file reports about the only trunk of a *Paulskirchen* member which had survived. (The *Paulskirchenparlament* was the German 1848 democratic parliament.) All the German daily newspapers ran a photo of the trunk accompanied by an informative article. In addition, the Schleswig-Holstein state archive in Schleswig (which we would visit on September 5th) sponsored a lecture on the trunk which was attended by 350 people from Schleswig-Holstein.

Yogi plans to donate the trunk to Port of Dreams — Emigrant World BallinStadt, the recently opened emigration museum in Hamburg, a decision that Hans Reimer Claussen's descendants and history buffs everywhere will certainly applaud.



Glenn Sievers (the first president of the American/Schleswig-Holstein Heritage Society) and Dorothy Horton née Mueller pose with the trunk of the great Schleswig-Holstein patriot and longtime Davenport resident, Hans Reimer Claussen. Dorothy, who is Claussen's great-great granddaughter, is holding a picture of Christian Müller (Mueller in Davenport), her great grandfather and a Forty-eighter who helped found the *Sozialistischer Turnverein* in Davenport. Glenn is holding original 1848 documents of the Schleswig-Holstein Provisional Government which were contained in the trunk.



The label on the underneath side of the trunk's lid says:

**A. W. FELDHAHN**  
Sattler  
...  
**J. F. W. Branfuhrs**  
Hamburg

A. W. Feldhahn was a Hamburg firm that sold luggage. In all likelihood, J. F. W. Branfuhrs was a saddler

employed by A. W. Feldhahn who made the trunk that Hans Reimer Claussen purchased. In 1886, A. W. Feldhahn was located at the southwestern edge of the *Binnenalster* on *Jungfernstieg* 19, only about a half mile from the current HAPAG-Lloyd building.



When examining the multitude of stickers affixed to Hans Reimer Claussen's trunk, it's helpful to familiarize one's self with the three transatlantic voyages he made.

**VOYAGE #1:** Hans, wife Annie, son Ernst (who would serve seven consecutive terms as Davenport's mayor), daughter Elfriede (who would marry Forty-eighth Christian Mueller), and mother-in-law Amalia Rahbeck emigrated in 1851. The family sailed from Hamburg on-board a bark called the *Rhein*. (A bark's masts are rigged differently than a "ship's" masts, allowing the bark to sail with fewer crew members.)

The *Rhein* was part of the Hamburg-America Line (known as HAPAG, an acronym for Hamburg-Amerikanische Packetfahrt-Actien-Gesellschaft). HAPAG, which was founded on May 27, 1847, inaugurated its North Atlantic service on October 15, 1848, with a voyage by the clipper ship *Deutschland*, a five-hundred-gross-ton vessel with seven-hundred-ton carrying capacity. (Hans Reimer Claussen's ship manifest listed a "burthen" of 529 tons.)

From 1848-1850, three more vessels (the *Nord-Amerika*, the *Rhein*, and the *Elbe*) became part of the HAPAG fleet. These three vessels, which were of similar size to the *Deutschland*, had accommodations for twenty cabin and two hundred steerage passengers. (The manifest for Hans Reimer Claussen's voyage indicated 189 total passengers; the manifest did not break down this number by "cabin" or "steerage.") These ships were manned by a crew of between fifteen and seventeen seamen and had a limited cargo capacity.

The Claussens arrived in New York on August 4, 1851, and then traveled to St. Louis (where Ernst would remain for several years) before proceeding to Davenport. At this point, our knowledge of the stickers affixed to the Claussen trunk doesn't allow us to say with certainty that the trunk crossed the Atlantic on the *Rhein*.

**Immediate right:** An 1848 lithograph of Hans Reimer Claussen. **Far right:** The *Deutschland* and the *Nord-Amerika*, the three-masted clippers shown in this painting, inaugurated the Hamburg-America Line's regular mail, cargo, and passenger service to North America in 1848. The *Rhein*, the vessel Hans Reimer Claussen emigrated on, would have looked very similar to these two ships.

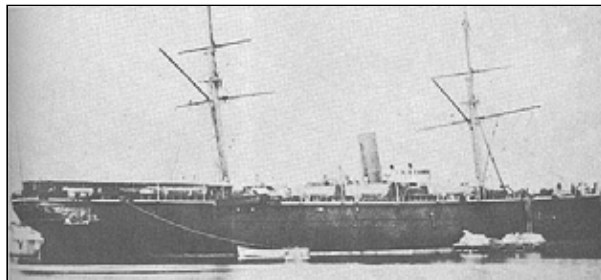


Although HAPAG's sailing packets performed faster voyages than the Cunard steamship *British Queen* — the *Rhein* made the quickest westbound voyage in twenty-six days and the *Donau* the quickest homeward voyage in nineteen days — the advantages of steam navigation, not only for passenger shipping, but also for cargo traffic, would become ever more evident. Accordingly, Claussen's next transatlantic voyage would be on the steamship *Hammonia*.

**VOYAGE #2:** In the summer of 1871, Hans and his wife returned to Germany. While in Berlin, he visited the German Parliament where he heard a speech by Bismarck. He sailed — or more properly at this juncture, "steamed" — back to the United States on a HAPAG ship called the *Hammonia*, arriving on October 12, 1871.



**H. R. Claussen ca. 1870**

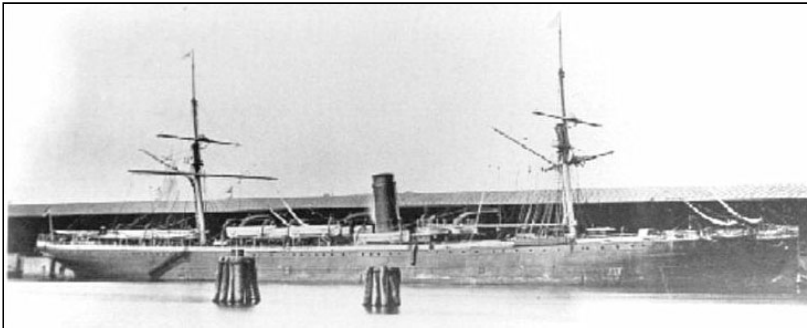


**Middle:** The *Hammonia*, built by Caird & Co. of Greenock, Scotland, weighed 3,035 tons, had an iron hull, was 330 feet long by forty feet wide, had one steam funnel and two masts, screw propulsion, and cruised at twelve knots. **Right:** Further investigation is merited, but this sticker may have been affixed after Claussen's 1871 return trip from Germany.





**VOYAGE #3:** Claussen's third transatlantic voyage occurred in 1874. He returned to America on an Adler Line ship called the *Lessing*, arriving in New York on April 28, 1875. This fact is corroborated by the *Adler-Linie* sticker on his trunk. The Adler (Eagle) Line, whose formal name was *Deutsche Transatlantische Dampfschiffahrts-Gesellschaft* (German Transatlantic Steamship Company), was established in 1872. One year later, it started a service from Hamburg to New York. Prior to this point, HAPAG hadn't had any real competition on its Hamburg to New York route. Soon after the Adler Line started operations, a severe worldwide recession set in which sharply reduced cargo flow as well as the stream of emigrants. This prompted Adler to drastically reduce not only freight rates, but also steerage fares. HAPAG had no choice but to follow suit. Although this rate war lasted only a year and a half, it was devastating in its financial consequences. Eventually, the financial strain buckled Adler which was effectively absorbed by HAPAG on May 7, 1875.



**Top left:** The *Lessing* was built for the Adler Line by A. Stephen & Sons of Glasgow, Scotland. It weighed 3,496 tons, featured iron construction, was 375 feet long by forty feet wide, had one steam funnel and two masts, screw propulsion, and cruised at thirteen knots. It could accommodate ninety first-class passengers, one hundred second-class passengers, eight hundred steerage-class passengers, and a crew of 110. On Claussen's voyage, there were only 480 passengers on-board.

The *Lessing's* maiden voyage departed Hamburg (bound for New York) on May 28, 1874. Its last voyage for the Adler Line departed New York (bound for Hamburg) on May 4, 1875. This means that Hans Reimer Claussen's voyage, which arrived in New York on April 28, 1875, was part of the last round trip voyage the *Lessing* made as an Adler Line ship. On May 29, 1875, the *Lessing* was acquired by the Hamburg-America Line.



**H. R. Claussen ca. 1870**

**Top right:** We can be certain that this sticker was affixed during Claussen's last transatlantic voyage.



These labels could pertain to (a) Claussen's travel on the continent before his emigration, (b) his emigration in 1851, (c) his second transatlantic voyage in 1871, (d) his third such voyage in 1874, or (e) travel on the continent after his return to Germany in either 1871 or 1874.

**1:** This sticker refers to the *Dammthor* (or *Dammtor*) railway station in Hamburg. Since this station was opened in 1866, we can conclude that this label was affixed on one of Claussen's last two transatlantic voyages. **2:** Magdeburg is the capital of the German state of Saxony-Anhalt. **3:** Dresden is the capital of the German state of Saxony. The word below Dresden may be Leipzig, a city also located in Saxony. **4:** Graz is located in Austria. **5:** Botzen (an archaic form of the German name Bozen) is located in Italy (where it's known as Bolzano) about 150 miles south of Munich.

With a little "sticker-to-itiveness," Yogi and I hope to flesh out a few more details about the life of Hans Reimer Claussen.



**September 3, 2006**

***Moin Moin; travel to Fredesdorf, Bad Oldesloe, and Lübeck; and Tschüss***

On Sunday morning, September 3rd, we loaded in Yogi's Mercedes and set off on a busy day of travel that would take us to Fredesdorf, Bad Oldesloe, and Lübeck. Since the day's activities would involve a lot of walking, we dropped Gitta off at *Prof.-Mensing-Straße* 14, where she would spend the day with Ingo and Hilde.

**Moin Moin**

On our way out of town, we passed the offices of a newspaper with a rather unusual name: *MoinMoin Flensburg*. For a seemingly simple phrase, the etymology of *Moin Moin* appears to be quite complicated and the subject of much debate. Even native North German Dr. Joachim Reppmann, who taught German at St. Olaf College in Minnesota and whose Web site is called "*moin-moin*," copped out when I asked for his opinion. The more I researched the phrase, the more I understood Yogi's reticence at making any definitive pronouncements on the spelling, meaning, or proper usage of this ostensibly redundant little phrase.

So what is the correct spelling of the phrase? Darned if I know! North Germans themselves can't even agree. I have seen it spelled in many different ways, including:

- *Moin, Moin*    • *Moin Moin*
- *Moinmoin*    • *MoinMoin*
- *moin, moin*    • *moin moin*
- *moin-moin*    • *moinmoin*



Above: The sign of *MoinMoin Flensburg*, a weekly newspaper located at *Friedenshügel* 2, about 1.2 miles to the southwest of the Reppmanns' apartment.

When it comes to the meaning of *Moin Moin*, disagreement is equally widespread. *Moin* might be a contraction of the Low German *moien*, which simply means "good." Hence, the complete expression could be *Moien Dag* ("Good day") or *Moien Abend* ("Good evening"). Therefore, *moin* and *moinmoin* would not only be contractions of the original word but also contractions of the whole expression.

Others, however, feel that *moin* might be short for *Morgen*, or "morning." Still other linguists are not convinced, and feel that the roots are distinctively Frisian with *mooi* (which I've also seen spelled as *moi*) meaning "good" or "beautiful." Thus the Frisian *Mooi Morn* ("Good morning") easily becomes either *moin* or *moin moin*. (Since nouns are supposed to be capitalized in German, *moin moin* seems an odd way to write "Good day." Shouldn't both *moins* be capitalized, the first *moin* as the first word in the sentence and the second *moin* as a noun?)

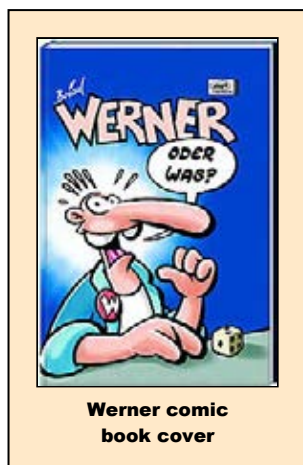
Confused yet? Perhaps, too, are still others who view *Moin* as a Frisian and Low German greeting meaning "Hello." These folks believe that the seemingly redundant *Moin Moin* is used as emphasis and for an even more polite greeting.

Apparently, there are some areas in northern Germany — Oldenburg, for example — where *Moin Moin* does not have so pleasant a connotation. Instead, it is another way of saying *Leck mich am Arsch*, which roughly translated, means "Kiss my ass" or "Leave me alone."

Some even feel that the phrase is gender specific, noting that while the two words are enthusiastically used by males of all ages, they are seldom uttered by a woman.

Not surprisingly, since there is no general consensus on the precise meaning of the phrase, there is also little agreement on *when* to use the word or words. Some feel that although *moin* might be short for *Morgen*, or "morning," *moin, moin!* is a universal greeting that's as appropriate at ten in the evening as ten in the morning.

Others, however, feel that the phrase should not be used in the evening, and that doing so is a sure way to get a puzzled look from a southerner in Germany. Still others feel that *Moin* is only acceptable in the morning, while *Moin Moin* can be used the entire day. Adding to the confusion, in northern Germany, it's common to greet someone by saying *moin* and then receive *moinmoin* as an answer.



The use of *Moin Moin*, which is also found in the Danish dialect known as Southern Jutish, spread during the first half of the twentieth century all over the northern part of Schleswig-Holstein. Although the use of *Moin Moin* within Germany tends to mark the speaker as a northerner, it is now increasingly understood across the entire country. One reason for this may be because of Werner, the most successful German comic character of all time, who appears in comic books and animated films. Werner, who always greets others with *Moin, moin!*, is known for his anarchic humor which is often based on northern German dialect and puns.

The phrase has also seeped into popular culture. Hamburg's famous hip-hop band, *Fettes Brot*, began their 2005 anti-war song *An Tagen wie diesen* (On days like these) with an eerie "*Moin moin — was geht?/Alles klar bei dir? Wie spät?*" (*Moin moin — what's up?/Everything okay? What time is it?*)

### On to Fredesdorf, the home of Heinrich Christian Finnern

Back in late March and early April of 2006, before Yogi and I had even met in person, we began corresponding about Heinrich Christian Finnern, a German immigrant who became a successful newspaper owner and editor in Iowa. Yogi was considering writing a book about Finnern, whose life had been briefly dealt with in Pulitzer Prize-winning author Dale Maharidge's book, *Denison, Iowa*. At some point, Yogi asked if I would help with a little research, and given all of the help that he had already given me on my book about my great-great grandfather, I was only too happy to try and return the favor.

I worked nonstop for the next week, assembled a lot of data which I organized into chapters, and even suggested chapter titles and a title for the book. I was very flattered, when after receiving the binder with my findings, Yogi sent me the following e-mail:

*Hallo Scott,*

*Seconds before I left the house the happy UPS man showed up at our doorstep. I opened the bright red folder, read the first three pages, and immediately phoned Boedee Böttcher in Herrenberg*



Our first stop was Fredesdorf, the birthplace of Henry Finnern. Fredesdorf ("B") is located about eighty-six miles southeast of Flensburg ("A").

near Stuttgart and went through your findings with him. Boeddee asked me how it was possible to do the work you did in a few days. Gitta was so moved she had tears in her eyes.

Well, I *MUST* study first all of your research from the UPS man ...

Yogi

More e-mails followed, and Yogi told me that he would like to drive down to Iowa City and introduce himself. On April 17th, we met the Reppmanns for the first time and became good friends. So as you see, our research on Henry Finnern was really the cornerstone for all of the subsequent projects that were to follow.

Critical to our research on Henry Finnern was an autobiographical sketch he wrote at the request of his children and grandchildren. In clear, concise, and often moving language, Finnern relayed his life story beginning with his birth in the tiny village of Fredesdorf. He described in considerable detail the house he grew up in as well as his parents' struggle to make ends meet with nine people living in two rooms.

The story chronicles his emigration at the age of thirteen with his fifteen-year-old sister (he would not be reunited with his parents for more than three years); his first job in Iowa working on his uncle's farm for \$3.60 per month; his fifty-two years in the newspaper business, beginning as an apprentice at *Der Crawford County Demokrat*; the shameful ordeal he endured as a result of the anti-German hysteria during World War I when he faced down a mob from nearby Dow City who demanded that his paper not be published in German (with one member of the crowd shouting that he should be hanged); his eventual election to the Iowa House of Representatives; and his long tenure as Denison's postmaster.

Finnern's life story is one of admirable courage and resiliency, hard work and the overcoming of long odds and obstacles, and is marked by a great many poignant moments in both his personal and professional lives. It's grist for a great movie in the vein of writer/director Ali Selem's *Sweet Land*, and certainly will be fertile ground for what promises to be an entertaining and informative book by *Herr* Reppmann.

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In early May, just three weeks after we'd first met Yogi, Carol and I drove to Denison, Iowa, where Yogi and I would do some research for the Finnern book. Yogi and I spent quite a few hours in the Norelius Community Library pouring over old newspapers such as *Der Denison Herold*. We also found time to do a walking tour of the town, visiting:

- \* the old building where *Der Denison Herold* had been located;
- \* the old *Deutsche Opernhaus Gesellschaft* (In 1912, Finnern became the first president of the Denison Opera House Company, a position he held for many years. The old building was the site of many productions over the years including one with Mary Pickford. At some point, the old opera building became the Ritz Movie Theater where young Donnabelle Mullenger, later known as Donna Reed, fell in love with motion pictures. In 1988, community financial support saved the old building, and in 2004, new life was again breathed into the old structure when the Donna Reed Heritage Museum was opened to the public.);
- \* the old Finnern residence at 910 First Avenue South;
- \* the post office that Finnern presided over as postmaster from 1934 until 1949; and
- \* the Zion Lutheran Church which had been attended by the Finnern family.

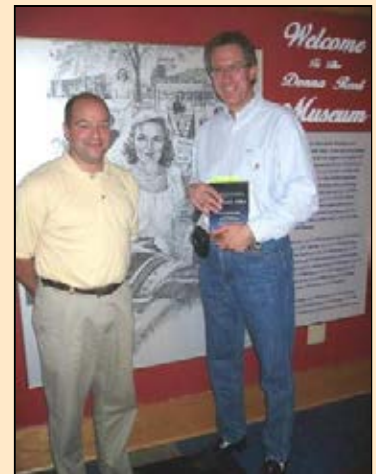
In addition, we had a very enjoyable dinner with Mayor Nathan Mahrt (a very significant figure in Dale Maharidge's *Denison, Iowa*) who also conducted an after-hours tour of the Donna Reed Center for the Performing Arts for us.





#### Our trip to Denison, Iowa, in May of 2006

In the spring of 2006, I began helping Yogi with research on his book about Henry Christian Finner, a German immigrant who became a newspaper owner and editor in Denison, Iowa. His life had been briefly touched upon in Pulitzer Prize-winning author Dale Maharidge's book *Denison, Iowa: Searching for the Soul of America Through the Secrets of a Midwest Town*. **Top left and top middle:** Yogi and I spent quite a bit of time in Denison's Norelius Community Library pouring over old newspapers such as *Der Denison Herold*. **Top right:** Carol and I in front of Denison's Donna Reed Center for the Performing Arts with Mayor Nathan Mahrt (a prominent figure in the Dale Maharidge book) and his family. **Middle left:** Carol and I had the pleasure of staying at Conner's Corner Bed and Breakfast, a grand old mansion built by Judge James Perry Conner in 1893. We're posing with the owner, Sylvia Bachmann. **Middle right:** Yogi joined us as we were finishing a delicious breakfast of waffles and bacon prepared for us by Sylvia. **Lower left:** Conner's Corner Bed and Breakfast. **Lower right:** Holding the Dale Maharidge book, I pose with Mayor Nathan Mahrt inside the Donna Reed Center for the Performing Arts.



One of the highlights of our trip — perhaps only genealogists and historians will be able to appreciate this — was our search for the grave of Henry Finnern. With several adjoining cemeteries located in an area of rolling hills and timber, and lacking any specific information as to where the grave was located, finding Henry's final resting spot seemed like a long shot. Yogi, Carol, and I split up and began walking row after row of tombstones in an attempt to find Henry's. Unfortunately, we weren't having much luck. As the weather was quite blustery and chilly, we were about to give up. Something told me to give it one last try and move in a different direction. Almost immediately, I found what we'd been looking for. I alerted Yogi and Carol, and after Yogi had cleaned some debris off the stone, we took some photos.

It may sound silly ... it was just a tombstone in a cemetery in the small town of Denison, Iowa. But over the previous few weeks, I felt as if I had really gotten to know Henry Finnern and the struggles and hardships he had overcome to make a home for himself and his family in this small town in northwestern Iowa. I know that Yogi felt the same way. I had the feeling that Henry was looking down and feeling appreciative that two men hailing from towns five thousand miles apart had joined together and taken an interest in his life.

**Immediate right:** The May 27, 1903, wedding portrait of twenty-five-year-old Henry Finnern and nineteen-year-old Frieda Vosgerau.



**Far right:** The tombstone of Heinrich Christian Finnern and Fredrika ("Frieda") W. Finnern née Vosgerau. The Finnerns are buried in Oakland Cemetery in Denison, Iowa.



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As we entered Fredesdorf, a light drizzle began to fall. We really had no idea of where we were going; we just knew that we wanted to see if the house that Henry Finnern grew up in and so meticulously described in his autobiographical sketch had survived.

As we drove through the tiny village of four hundred residents, Yogi spotted three farmers who were taking shelter from the drizzle near some type of farm building. Undaunted and in typical full-steam-ahead fashion, Yogi parked his car, walked over to the three men, and struck up a conversation. In no time at all, he discovered that there was some connection between Fredesdorf resident Rainer Rolfs and the Finnern *Kate* (a small house or cottage of a farmhand). After receiving directions to the Rolfs house, we were soon making the short drive to *Dorfstraße* 19 and the home of Helmut, Ilse, and Rainer Rolfs.

Luckily, the Rolfs were at home, and they graciously invited us in. It turned out that they were in fact related in some fashion to Henry Finnern and that their son Rainer had actually played as a child in and around the old Finnern residence. After informing us that the old building was still standing, Rainer offered to make the short drive with us so he could show us the property. Needless to say, Yogi and I were extremely happy about this and immediately accepted his generous offer.

After a short distance, we reached the old building which had stood in the same location for well over a century and a half. We got out of the car and made our way toward the somewhat dilapidated structure and prepared to enter the building we had read so much about in Finnern's autobiographical sketch.





The following description of the Finnern Fredesdorf house in the 1880's is excerpted from Henry Finnern's autobiographical sketch:

*"My grandfather's house was one of the very old type: the walls inside and outside were plastered and calcimined, and the roof was of straw about a foot thick but waterproof. Man and animals lived under the same roof; stalls for cattle, hogs, goats, and chickens were located on one end and the family living rooms on the other end. This house was quite large.*

*The entrance in front was without doors and was about twelve feet wide. This hall led into a second hall about eighteen feet back through doors. The door leading into the second hall was nearly the same width so that a team and wagon with grain and hay could get in.*

*To the left side of the front open hall were the stalls for three head of cattle and then a stall for a couple of swine. The next room was a pantry, then the kitchen, and then the back room which was a combination living room and bedroom. The beds were closed in by sliding doors.*

*The other side of the house contained the 'torf' or peat room, then a stall for a couple of goats and a half dozen chickens, then a storeroom, then a hallway to the garden, and then a combination living room and bedroom. In the so-called living room there was an extra bed besides the two enclosed beds, father's work bench, etc.*

*In those two living rooms nine persons would be quartered; how we managed is nearly a miracle. My grandfather and uncle lived with us, or rather, we lived with them in their house.*

*My father's earnings were small in that little village. A couple of small parcels of land which my uncle worked provided rye, oats, potatoes, and hay. Grain had to be carried four or five miles to the mill for flour for our daily bread. Mother helped in the field at harvest time, raking the grain and tying it into bundles by hand when uncle cut it with a scythe. How mother managed with five youngsters, I cannot tell. Is it a wonder that she decided to send her fifteen-year-old daughter and thirteen-year-old son to Denison in 1891?*

*Bread was baked in a large outdoor oven with a brick floor and roof. The oven was heated with wood, and the floor would have to be cleaned with the red timbers brushed to the side to keep the oven hot enough for the baking process. Mother baked about twenty loaves at a time, as it took considerable wood to heat the oven. This bread would last about three weeks; yes, the last loaves consumed were quite dry and hard.*

*The family wash was done by hand, rubbing clothes with your hands; not even a washboard was used.*

*Our garden provided us with vegetables and potatoes. We had pear trees, apple trees, currant and gooseberry bushes, and some strawberries, too.*

*The hip roof of the house harbored a stork nest, and the storks raised their brood regularly each year, arriving in the spring and leaving for the south — sunny Italy and Africa — with the beginning of fall.*

*Water was furnished by an open well, probably twenty feet deep, with the old oaken bucket dipped into the water on a long rod. The well was located about ten yards from the house, and water had to be carried.*

*My grandfather owned an apiary with forty to fifty beehives, so we had an abundant supply of honey all year, and of course, the surplus was sold each fall."*

Information we had obtained from Henry Finnern's grand niece indicated that Henry's grandfather (Hans Hinrich Finnern) was born on March 28, 1813, and that his grandmother (Anna Katherina Kook) was born in 1821.



What we found carved in this old timber required some slight modifications to the information we had been given. Hans' middle name was spelled "Hinnrich," not "Hinrich," while his wife Anna's maiden name was "Kock," not "Kook." (I recently verified this on a 1925 Iowa State Census entry for their son, Johann Christian Finnern, where Johann's mother's maiden name was clearly listed as "Kock" — just as it appears on this 160-plus-year-old beam.) Lastly, the date carved in the beam — 1844(9?) September — might well be the marriage date of Hans Hinnrich Finnern and Anna Catrina (see the next page) Kock.





**Above:** This is the other side of the beam shown at the bottom of the previous page. Clearly carved in the beam are the words "Anna Catrina Kock."

Once again, this information is slightly different than what Henry Finnern's grand niece had given us. As previously noted, Anna's maiden name was spelled "Kock," not "Kook." This carving reveals that her middle name was spelled "Catrina," not "Katherina," as previously thought.

**Bottom left/bottom right:** Rainer stands with his hand on a modern two-by-four, while I point to a century-and-a-half-old hand-hewn roof rafter.



**Above:** "The second floor was a storeroom for grain, hay, and straw. Grain was threshed with flails on the cement floor of the second hall."

Amazingly, some of the 160-plus-year-old beams and rafters, which appear to have been nothing more than roughly hewn large tree branches, have survived to this day.



We had a lot of fun investigating the old Finnern home, and I was especially impressed at seeing the words that Henry's grandfather had carved in the old beam more than 160 years ago. We returned to Rainer's home, posed for a few photos, and thanked the Rolfs for their hospitality. It had already been a memorable day, and it was only a little after noon. Our next stop: lunch at the house of Dee and Regina Eicke in Bad Oldesloe.



The distance from Fredesdorf ("A") to Bad Oldesloe ("B") is eleven miles.

Ilse, Helmut, and Rainer Rolfs  
Dorfstraße 19  
23826 Fredesdorf, Germany

Dear Ilse, Helmut, and Rainer,

You may not remember me, but hopefully the enclosed photos will refresh your memory. My name is Scott Christiansen, and I am a friend of Professor Joachim "Yogi" Reppmann of Flensburg. Yogi is working on a book on one of your relatives, Heinrich Christian Finnern, a project on which I have helped with a little research assistance.

With the hope of finding the boyhood home of Henry Finnern, we stopped by your house on a rainy September morning. After you graciously invited us in, we learned that Helmut had visited the United States with his band, a band Yogi was familiar with. What a small world!

Rainer informed us that he had played as a child in and around the old Finnern residence and offered to show us the property. After a short drive, we arrived at the old Finnern home. After researching Henry's life and reading his autobiographical sketch where he described in great detail the house he grew up in, actually seeing the house was quite a thrill for Yogi and myself. Talk about living history! Seeing the second floor (which had been used as a storeroom for grain, hay, and straw) with the beams and rafters made from rough-hewn timbers akin to large crooked tree branches, I felt as though I had been transported back in time.

Finding the names and dates carved over the doorway was a huge surprise. According to Henry's autobiographical sketch, the house had originally been owned by his grandfather. In a Finnern family history written by Henry's grand niece, she noted that Henry's grandfather was Hans Hinrich Finnern, that he was born on 1813-08-28 in Fredesdorf, and that he married Anna Katherina Kook.

If you look at the first picture I have enclosed, carved in the wood over the door *appear* to be the words:

**Hans Hinrich & Kock  
1844(?) September**

If I am correct in this, it appears that Hans' middle name was spelled "Hinrich," not Hinrich, and that September of 1844 might be the date of his marriage. Rainer, could I trouble you to check out this carving and see if I have interpreted it correctly?

Looking at the second picture I have enclosed, carved in the wood over the door *appear* to be the words:

**Anna Catrina Kock  
Anna (?)**

It appears, therefore, that Anna's middle name was spelled "Catrina," not "Katherina," and that her maiden name was spelled "Kock," not Kook. It seems that the name Anna appears beneath "Anna Catrina Kock," and I believe that it may be followed by something, but I can't make it out. Again, Rainer, could I trouble you to check into this and give me your opinion? (Note: Rainer subsequently reported that the second line said "Anna 1812." He believes that "Anna" is the genitive of the Latin word "Anno" and that the house was erected in the year 1812.)

At any event, Yogi and I are most grateful for the kindness Rainer showed us in taking us to the house and showing us around. I'm embarrassed to say that I never asked what exact relation Rainer is to Heinrich Christian Finnern, and I'd be most interested in knowing this.

Once again, Rolfs, thanks for your hospitality and inviting strangers in out of the rain!

All the best,

**Scott and Carol Christiansen**

P.S.: We've included several photos of Henry from America that you may never have seen as well as a photo of his tombstone.



Left to right: Me, Ilse Rolfs, Helmut Rolfs, Carol, and Rainer Rolfs standing in front of the Rolfs residence at *Dorfstraße* 19 in Fredesdorf. Rainer is holding the binder of Henry Finnern research I did for Yogi.

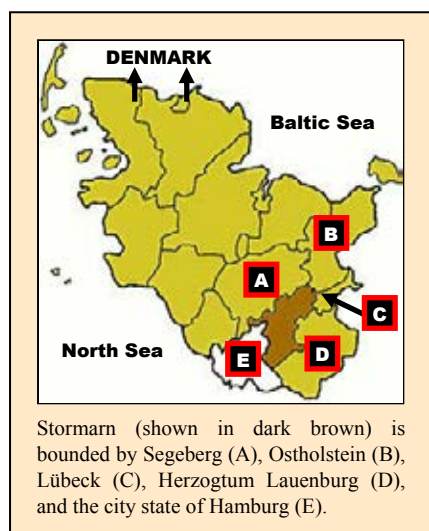
### **Lunch in Bad Oldesloe**

We quickly made the eleven-mile drive from the Rolfs' house to Bad Oldesloe, arriving at the Eicke residence at *Timm-Kröger-Weg* 18 a little past 12:30.

Bad Oldesloe, a town of about 24,000, is the capital of Stormarn, one of the eleven administrative districts or *Kreise* in Schleswig-Holstein. Schleswig-Holstein also contains four county independent towns or *kreisfreie Städte* including Flensburg (Yogi's hometown), Kiel, Neumünster, and Lübeck, the birthplace of Dee Eicke and a town we would visit later in the day.

In 1988, Bad Oldesloe celebrated its 750th anniversary. Prior to 1910, however, the town was simply known as Oldesloe. Having *Bad* as the first word of a German town's name is an official and distinguished title informing all that the town has a health and curative spa. It's my understanding that many German towns were founded by Romans on holiday or emperors looking for a new location for a palace. Hot springs





were often a qualifying factor: find a hot spring, start a spa or bath, and found a town.

Apparently, Germans hold "taking the waters" in high regard, feeling that a few days at a *Bad* (bath) or spa can do wonders for anyone's health, even if it's just to relax you. Some spas called *Bäder* are known for waters that cure a specific health problem and might feature water with minerals claimed to be best for certain ailments. Taking the waters (*eine Kur machen*) can involve drinking them, swimming in them, or both. Although this might be hard to believe for Americans, going to a *Bad* or spa is covered by German health insurance plans, as a doctor may prescribe *eine Kur*.

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Dietrich "Dee" Eicke and Yogi have been best friends for the past thirty years. They first met in January of 1977, Yogi's first day at college. He had already missed the first three months of school because he had been hitchhiking all over North America. In an effort to stop her son's incessant hitchhiking, Hilde Reppmann instructed husband Ingo to file Yogi's entrance papers at the university. Yogi's official starting date was to have been October of 1976, but as noted, he didn't actually begin until January of 1977.

"Late, but never too late," Yogi moved into an apartment with his brother Bernd in Kiel on January 5th. His first night in Kiel, he accompanied Bernd to a local student pub/restaurant. Dee, his brother Wolfram, and a third man were providing some impromptu musical entertainment. Feeling that they deserved a beer, Yogi ordered one for the boys. When it came time to leave, brother Bernd turned to Yogi and said in a loud voice "*Yogi, did you pay for your beers?*" Immediately, Dee turned and said "*I'm Yogi!*" Unbelievably, at the high school he'd attended (*Katharineum zu Lübeck*, which was founded in 1531, and whose graduates include famous authors Thomas Mann and Theodor Storm), Dee had the same unusual nickname as Yogi!

Dee gave Yogi his business card, telling him that he had "officially" started studying History and English Literature at the university at the beginning of the semester in October, but that he hadn't been brave enough to show up once for class.

Subsequently, the two lads joined forces, and from that point forward, never showed up at any class without each other, giving all talks and papers together. The two led a very Bohemian lifestyle (often subsisting on fried noodles and *Hansa Bier*), and for seven years, they lived in a less than desirable portion of Kiel sharing a cheap apartment that had no hot water, no shower, and a toilet in the hallway.

Along the way, Dee and Yogi met Dr. Gerhard Stoltenberg, the then *Ministerpräsident* of Schleswig-Holstein, who paved the way for Yogi's meeting with Dr. Henry Kissinger and provided financial assistance for the boys' research trips to America's Midwest in 1978 and 1982.

In 1979, Yogi and Dee authored their first book, the privately printed *Schleswig-holsteinische Städtenamen im Mittleren Westen der USA* (*Towns with names from Schleswig-Holstein in the Midwest of the USA*). Their next book, however, *3 Jahre und 1 Tag: Zunft und Wanderschaft gestern und heute* (*3 years and one day: The Guild and taking to the road, yesterday and today*), was published by *Chamäleon Verlag*, a publishing house the two young scholars founded in 1982. *3 Jahre und 1 Tag* was about journeymen carpenters such as Kai-Uwe Petersen, the friend of Yogi's we visited in Hamburg on August 30, 2006.

The second book published by *Chamäleon* featured poems and a short story written by Dee's brother, Wolfram Eicke. That short story became the famous German musical *Der kleine Tag*.





Yogi and Dee started their historical research in 1978 at the national archive in Copenhagen. By 1982, they had conducted research in the U.S. Library of Congress and all of the important research sites throughout the Midwest. During one of their research forays, they discovered the 1848 minutes chronicling the founding of New Holstein, Wisconsin by Schleswig-Holstein intellectuals.

**Above left:** One of Chamäleon Verlag's books, 1983's *Amerika, Hoffnung und Sehnsucht: Aus alten Auswanderer-Rathgebern. (America. Hope and Longing. From old guides for emigrants.)* This book was Yogi and Dee's humble contribution to the huge tricentennial celebrations which honored the very first Germans to emigrate to the United States. (Subsequent research, however, has revealed that the first German immigrants were German glassmakers that arrived in Jamestown in 1608.)

**Above right:** Yogi and Dee sitting in front of their Iowa State flag in their student apartment in Kiel. At the request of the Holstein Centennial Committee, this very same flag was proudly flown over the Iowa State Capitol Building in Des Moines on May 17, 1982.



The Eickes (Regina, Wolfram, and Dee) help celebrate Yogi's fiftieth birthday at the Reppmanns' apartment in Flensburg. In Germany and Denmark (Flensburg is located on the German/Danish border.), birthdays appear to be a much more important event than here in the United States. In Denmark, for example, a flag is flown outside the window to indicate that it's the birthday of someone living inside the house, while the tradition of children's birthday parties (*Kinderfeste*) first started in Germany. Birthdays ending in a zero (like Yogi's fiftieth) are known as "round" birthdays, and celebrations for these particular birthdays include speeches and singing and can include a party with a guest list that might number in the hundreds. In essence, "round" birthdays are thought of as appropriate times to reflect on one's past and look forward to one's future.

Yogi and Dee eventually did write their MA theses, completing them in 1984. Dee's was entitled *New*

*Holstein in Wisconsin: A case study about the linguistic, cultural, and civic assimilation of Schleswig-Holsteiners in the Midwest, 1848-1920, while the title of Yogi's was Transplanted Ideas: The Concept of Freedom and Democracy of the Schleswig-Holstein Forty-Eighters — Origins and Effects 1846-1856.*

\*\*\*\*\*

After we all introduced ourselves, Regina gave Carol and me a tour of their home and beautiful garden. Their house was very contemporary and spotless throughout. As a former audio/video retailer, I noted that Dee was the proud owner of a pair of CDM speakers, a very fine model from B&W, a highly respected line of British loudspeakers that we had carried at our store.

Regina was justifiably proud of the garden at the rear of their house which featured several fruit trees, numerous plantings, and a beautiful koi pond.



Dietrich "Dee" Eicke enjoys working at his koi pond at the rear of their house at Timm-Kröger-Weg 18 in Bad Oldesloe.

In addition to pursuing a career outside of the home (working as an architect in the Bad Oldesloe City Hall), Regina is a marvelous hostess and an excellent cook, and we thoroughly enjoyed the best meal we would have during our entire visit.

We had a very nice conversation while we ate, as both Dee and Regina speak excellent English. We discovered that in addition to all his other talents, Dee had begun to put his marvelous speaking abilities to use as a "mourning speaker," that is, one who speaks at funerals. There is an association of such speakers in Germany which counts Dee as a respected member. The talks he gives are not pro forma, but rather, tailored to the specifics of the life of each deceased.

After two helpings of coq au vin, potatoes à la Regina, and rote pudding, as well as several superb wines, I was more than full. As I would soon discover, however, I'd be eating another dessert in a very short time!



**Above:** Pictured left to right are Princess Elisabeth (who would give us a private tour of the Glücksburg Castle on the following day), Yogi, Regina Eicke, and Anja Carstensen. Yogi and Regina founded a support group to raise money for the McNally Smith College of Music's European Campus in downtown Lübeck.



**Left:** Dee performing his duties as a "mourning speaker." Dee also runs a website design business, lectures in many fields of business and computer graphics, and teaches a number

of business courses including mediation skills.

**Below:** Pictured from left to right in front of the Eicke home at Timm-Kröger-Weg 18 are Jack and Deb McNally of the McNally Smith College of Music in St. Paul, Minnesota; Regina; Dee; their son Jan Antonius Nitsios; and Jan's girlfriend.







**Top:** Part of the lovely garden at the rear of the Eickes' house. One thing I never figured out during our trip to Schleswig-Holstein was why every house had a tile roof. Here in the states, they're fairly unusual in most localities and are quite pricey. In northern Germany, even the most modest houses had them. Yogi tells me it's because "Germans like to build for an eternity!"

**Middle left:** Regina and Gitta sitting in the Eicke kitchen where Carol and I enjoyed a wonderful home cooked meal prepared by Regina. Regina and Dee, who first met when they were teenagers, were married in the living room of Gitta and Yogi's apartment in Flensburg on September 11, 1999. **Middle right:** Books are an important part of the life of the man who wrote a master's thesis about the assimilation of Schleswig-Holsteiners in America's Midwest. **Bottom right:** The Eicke house, like several others we visited in Schleswig-Holstein, had a definite Bauhaus flavor to it, and presented a modern, minimalist, Scandinavian appearance.





## Yogi and I pay a visit to Heiko Vosgerau in Bad Oldesloe

After we'd finished lunch, Regina took Carol for a little tour of Bad Oldesloe, and Yogi and I made the short drive (1.3 miles) to *Segeberger Straße* 28 and the home of Heiko Vosgerau. Our visit dovetailed nicely with our trip to Fredesdorf earlier in the day in that Heiko is related to Henry Finnern's wife, Frieda Finnern née Vosgerau.

Yogi met Heiko at the University of Kiel while Heiko was working on a PhD on the *Paulskirchenparlament* and Schleswig-Holstein legislation. Naturally, therefore, we all shared a common interest in the Forty-eighters.

After being welcomed by Heiko, we had an enjoyable visit about Henry Finnern and the Vosgerau family. A short while later, we adjourned to the dining room where we were treated to coffee and dessert. During our *Kaffeeklatsch*, I learned that Heiko sometimes did research in Eckernförde (located about sixty miles northwest of Bad Oldesloe), the birthplace of Franz Koehler, one of my maternal great-great grandfathers.



I asked Heiko whether I could enlist his services in doing some genealogy research in Eckernförde for me, and he graciously agreed.

With his diligence and persistence, I was able to not only learn valuable information about my great-great grandfather and his siblings, but also about my great-great-great grandparents, my great-great-great-great grandparents, and my great-great-great-great-great grandparents. That's three generations farther back than we had previously known about!

Because the copies of the handwritten records that Heiko received were of poor quality, he took the time to make a written summary of each of them for me. In numerous e-mails back and forth, he patiently translated German terms and abbreviations, some of which seemed quite arcane. And Heiko did all of this for somebody he had met only once, and then for but one hour.

After we'd finished our coffee and dessert (my second in less than an hour!), we thanked Heiko and Inga for their kind hospitality and headed back to the Eickes' house.



KÖHLER/KOEHLER FAMILY TREE							
Relationship to SCC	Name	Birth			Marriage	Death	
		Date	Place	Date		Date (Age)	Place
G-G-G-G-G grandfather	Hinrich Jürgen Peter KÖHLER	1???-??-??	Groß Wittensee, S-H, GER (?)	1750-??-??	Bünsdorf, S-H, GER (1st marriage)	1???-??-??	?, ?, ?
G-G-G-G-G grandmother	Sophia Anna Amalia REIMER	1730-??-??	?, ?, ?	1750-??-??	Bünsdorf, S-H, GER (1st marriage)	1800-01-02 (69-70)	Groß Wittensee, S-H, GER
G-G-G-G grandfather	Hinrich Peter KÖHLER	1762-02-07	Groß Wittensee, S-H, GER (?)	1789-??-??	Bünsdorf, S-H, GER	1834-11-21 (72)	Groß Wittensee, S-H, GER
G-G-G-G grandmother	Anna Maria CLASEN (CLAUSEN)	1764-03/04-??	?, ?, ?	1789-??-??	Bünsdorf, S-H, GER	1844-06-20 (80)	Groß Wittensee, S-H, GER
G-G-G grandfather	Jürgen Peter KÖHLER	1789-10-04	Groß Wittensee, S-H, GER	1816-06-04	Bünsdorf, S-H, GER	1841-12-11 (52)	Groß Wittensee, S-H, GER
G-G-G grandmother	Friederike (or Friederica) Juliane Hedewig NEVE	1795-03-23	Kochendorf, S-H, GER	1816-06-04	Bünsdorf, S-H, GER	1859-09-08 (64)	Groß Wittensee, S-H, GER
G-G grandfather	Frens Peter KÖHLER [U.S.: Franz/Frank KOEHLER]	1832-03-10	Groß Wittensee, S-H, GER	1855-10-15	Blue Grass, IA, USA	1906-03-20 (74)	Sabula, IA, USA
G-G grandmother	Catharina (Catherina/Katrina) ARP [U.S.: Trina/Catherine ARP]	1835-03-28	Barsbek, S-H, GER	1855-10-15	Blue Grass, IA, USA	1908-04-24 (73)	Sabula, IA, USA
Great grandmother	Maria (Mary) Wilhelmine KOEHLER	1856-12-26	Davenport, IA, USA	1879-06-16	Davenport, IA, USA	1910-05-05 (53)	Davenport, IA, USA
Great grandfather	Johann Herrmann GEERTZ [U.S.: John Herman GEERTZ]	1852-09-16	Krempel, S-H, GER	1879-06-16	Davenport, IA, USA	1927-02-04 (74)	Davenport, IA, USA
Grandfather	Julius Harry GEERTZ	1888-03-12	Davenport, IA, USA	1913-07-02	Davenport, IA, USA	1961-05-26 (73)	Davenport, IA, USA
Grandmother	Paula Louise ANKERSON	1893-01-02	Davenport, IA, USA	1913-07-02	Davenport, IA, USA	1973-01-10 (80)	Davenport, IA, USA
Mother	Donna Mae GEERTZ	1922-12-12	Davenport, IA, USA	1943-03-20	Davenport, IA, USA		
Father	Clarence Herbert CHRISTIANSEN	1923-07-02	Inwood, IA, USA	1943-03-20	Davenport, IA, USA	2001-08-14 (78)	Davenport, IA, USA
Self	Scott Charles CHRISTIANSEN	1952-06-11	Davenport, IA, USA	1990-07-14	Iowa City, IA, USA		

The table above was prepared with information that Heiko Vosgerau helped obtain. When Heiko began his research, he learned that the Eckernförde church district had recently merged with the Rendsburg church district. As a result of this merger, the Eckernförde parish registers which Heiko wanted to investigate were to be removed to Rendsburg.

After making further inquiries, Heiko learned that the parish registers had not yet been removed from Eckernförde, and that the *Eckernförder Heimatgemeinschaft* (a volunteer society) was still working on recording them before their removal to Rendsburg. Unfortunately, however, Heiko discovered that the parish registers were not available for public viewing because the professional archive staff was already in Rendsburg. At this point, only the *Heimatgemeinschaft* team still had access to the registers that Heiko had hoped to view.

Luckily for me, however, Heiko was personally acquainted with the head of the recording team, Mrs. Ute Wittholz, because her son had once worked as an apprentice at his father's joinery. Because of this relationship, Heiko was able to ask a favor of Mrs. Wittholz, who graciously performed the necessary search of the parish registers for us.

Among the interesting facts that Mrs. Wittholz's research disclosed was that Franz Koehler's birth name was Frens Peter Köhler and that he had actually been born in Groß Wittensee, a small village located about six miles southwest of Eckernförde.

Heiko Vosgerau, M.A and Dr. Inga Maria Vosgerau  
Segeberger Straße 28  
D-23843 Bad Oldesloe  
Germany

Dear Heiko and Inga,

Please excuse the tardiness of this letter, but things have been quite hectic since our return to Iowa. Although we've been back for some time now, we continue to reflect on the two weeks we were able to spend with Yogi and Gitta. Yogi had promised me that the visit would be a life-altering experience, and he was absolutely correct!

Every day was filled with new sights and wonderful experiences, and all were seasoned with fascinating historical insights provided by Professor Reppmann. Now that my wife and I have had time to reflect on our adventure, however, we are in total agreement that by far the most memorable part of our trip was the wonderful people we were so fortunate to meet. We were (and continue to be) amazed at the friendliness, graciousness, and generosity displayed to two strangers from Iowa.

A good example of this was you welcoming us into your house on a Sunday afternoon and the wonderful little *Kaffeeklatsch* you prepared for us. You are a charming couple and have been blessed with a beautiful little daughter.

Dr. Reppmann has spoken very highly of your research to me on several occasions. Heiko. Having done quite a bit of research about the Finnern and Vosgerau families, it was fun to meet a Vosgerau and share our experiences at the old Heinrich Finnern house in Fredesdorf with you. I've included a few photos of the house that I thought you might enjoy.

If I recall, you said that you occasionally do research in Eckernförde and might be willing to be retained for a little research about one of my relatives hailing from that town.

One of my maternal great-great grandfathers was Franz Koehler. We believe that his middle initial may have been F. He was born on March 17, 1832, in Eckernförde. According to his death certificate, his father's name was Jerry (could this be an Americanized version of Gerhold?) Koehler and his mother's first name was Frederica. His obituary noted that his funeral was attended by one of his siblings, a Mrs. Detlef Mohr of near Sabula, Iowa.

According to his obituary, Franz emigrated to the United States in 1852, first settling in Davenport, Iowa. There he married Katrina (Catharina/Catherina/Catherine/Trina) Arp on October 15, 1855. In 1870, he lived in Davenport and worked as a carpenter. In 1880, he lived at 145 Division Street in Davenport and worked as a carpenter. Four years later, Franz moved to Sabula where he purchased a farm. In 1902, he bought a home in Sabula to live in retirement.

Franz died on March 20, 1906, in Sabula. His wife Katrina died April 24, 1908, also in Sabula. The couple had ten children: Maria, Katrina, Anna, Ida Christine, Augunatia Olga Dora, Jacob Jochim, Herman H., Augusta, Franz Jacob, and Heinrich Nicholas.

Would you be willing to do some research on Franz Koehler? If so, could you give me an idea of what your fee would be?

Again, Heiko, many thanks to you and your wife for your hospitality in Bad Oldesloe.

All the best,

**Scott Christiansen**  
Iowa City, Iowa, USA

Dear Mrs. Wittholz,

A friend of mine, Dr. Joachim "Yogi" Reppmann of Flensburg, introduced me to Heiko Vosgerau. Heiko and his wife Inga entertained Yogi and me one afternoon at their home in Bad Oldesloe. During our visit, I mentioned that one of my ancestors — my great-great grandfather Franz Koehler — was born in Eckernförde in March of 1832. Knowing that Heiko was in Eckernförde regularly, I asked if I could retain him to do a little research about my ancestor.

When Heiko began his research in March, he discovered that the Eckernförde church district (which had held the parish registers needed for the research) had just merged with the Rendsburg church district, and that the administration (including the archive) would be moving to Rendsburg. At this time, the parish register records had not yet been moved from Eckernförde to Rendsburg, but the registers weren't available for public viewing. The professional archive staff had already moved to Rendsburg, and only the recording team of the *Heimatgemeinschaft* had access to the registers.

Fortune smiled on Heiko (and on me!) as he was personally acquainted with you, the head of the recording team. Graciously, you did the research yourself and forwarded the results to Heiko.

I can't tell you how much happiness this has brought to me and my mother who has actively pursued her ancestral roots for the better part of sixty years. Your diligence and hard work has taken us back three additional generations and filled in many gaps in our knowledge. We will forever be in your debt. I know that this debt can never be adequately repaid, but I'd like to make this offer. I do a lot of research about German immigrants who made their home in America's Midwest (with special emphasis on those that emigrated to Davenport, Iowa). If I can ever be of any help doing research on this side of the ocean that might assist you or someone you are trying to help, I hope that you will feel free to contact me.

Once again, Mrs. Wittholz, I am simply ecstatic about the information you have uncovered. The work you have done has been appreciated more than you will ever know.

All the best,

**Scott Christiansen**  
Iowa City, Iowa, USA

P.S.: I have included an attachment with my summary of your research.

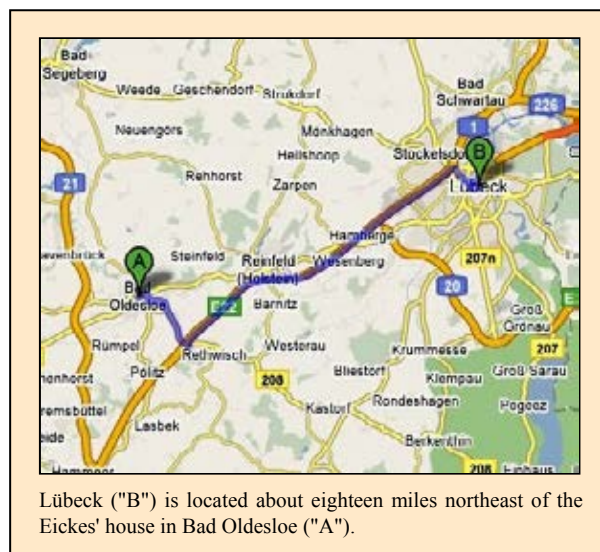
P.P.S.: Heiko graciously charged me nothing for the work that he did. He did, however, suggest that I might make a contribution to the *Eckernförder Heimatgemeinschaft*. I would very much like to do this. Could you please advise me on the best way to accomplish this?



### A guided tour of Lübeck

After Yogi and I had returned to the Eicke house from our visit with Heiko Vosgerau, we all made the eighteen-mile drive to Lübeck. Obviously, there's a lot to see in this beautiful old city, but our visit would be a short one. Nevertheless, we were fortunate to have historian and native Lübecker Dee Eicke as our tour guide.

With 215,000 inhabitants, Lübeck is the second largest city in Schleswig-Holstein (Kiel being the largest). A major port city, Lübeck is situated at the Trave River. In fact, the old part of the town — the part that we visited — is an island encircled by the Trave.



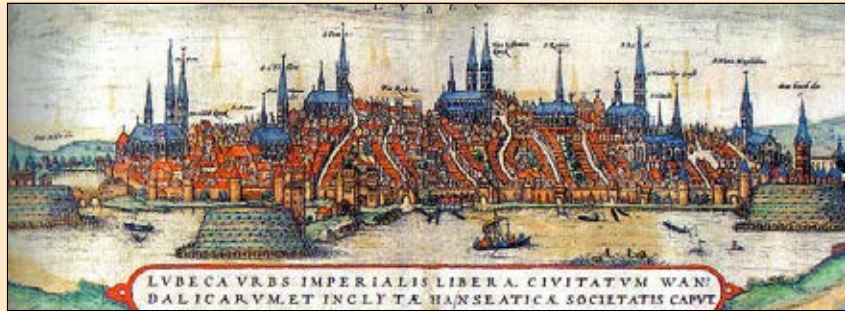
The "modern" town of Lübeck was founded in 1143 by Adolf II, Count of Schauenburg and Holstein (1128-1164). In the latter part of the twelfth century, Holy Roman Emperor Frederick I Barbarossa (1122-1190) gave Lübeck a ruling council with twenty members that survived into the nineteenth century. This council was dominated by merchants and resulted in Lübeck's politics being dominated by trade interests for centuries.



The old part of Lübeck is an island surrounded by the Trave River. I've placed red boxes around Holstentor (built in 1478), one of the two remaining town gates, and *Marienkirche* (St. Mary's Church), which was built between 1250 and 1350. These were but two of the memorable sights we enjoyed in Lübeck.



In 1226, Holy Roman Emperor Frederick II (1194-1250) elevated the town to an Imperial Free City, the only such city east of the River Elbe. By the fourteenth century, Lübeck was known as the "Queen of the Hanseatic League," being by far the largest and most powerful member of this medieval trade organization. (The Hanseatic League was an alliance of trading guilds [*Hansa*] that established and maintained a trade monopoly over the Baltic Sea; to a certain extent, the North Sea; and most of Northern Europe.) In 1375, Holy Roman Emperor Charles IV (1316-1378) named Lübeck one of the five "Glories of the Empire," a title shared with Venice, Rome, Pisa, and Florence.



**Above left:** Lübeck's seal, 1280. **Above right:** Lübeck in the fifteenth century.



At one time, the town of Lübeck could only be entered by passing through one of four town gates. Of these, only two remain today: the Burgtor (built in 1444) and the Holstentor (erected by city master builder Hinrich Helmsted between 1464 and 1478). The Holstentor, a four-story-high late Brick Gothic city gate, was part of the medieval fortifications of Lübeck. (Brick Gothic [*Backsteingotik*] is an architectural style common in Northern Europe, especially in Northern Germany and the regions around the Baltic Sea that lack natural rock resources. As a result, these buildings are built more or less using only bricks.) The Holstentor consists of two round towers at the north and south sides with an arched entryway between them. Over this arched entryway is the Latin phrase *Concordia Domi Foris Pax*, a rough translation of which is "Harmony within, peace abroad."



**Top left:** The "symbol of Lübeck," the Holstentor gate now houses a history museum and a large model of Lübeck as it appeared ca. 1650. **Top right:** The "backside" of the Holstentor gate. **Bottom left:** *Concordia Domi Foris Pax*, the Latin inscription over the Holstentor's arched entryway.

Lübeck and the Hanseatic League fought several conflicts about trade privileges against both Denmark and

Norway. Although prevailing in conflicts in 1435 and 1512, Lübeck lost when it became involved in a Danish civil war from 1534-1536. After this defeat, Lübeck's power slowly declined. Devastation caused by the Thirty Years' War (in which Lübeck remained neutral) as well as the new transatlantic orientation of European trade caused Lübeck to lose importance. Only nine members attended the last formal meeting of the Hanseatic League in 1669, and only three — Lübeck, Hamburg, and Bremen — remained as members until its final demise in 1862.



Nevertheless, several cities still maintain the link to the Hanseatic League today, with Lübeck, Hamburg, and Bremen styling themselves as "Free and Hanseatic Cities." Interestingly, back in 1937, the Nazis had removed this privilege under provisions of the Greater Hamburg Act. Hitler had harbored a distaste for Lübeck ever since the Lübeck Senate had not permitted him to speak in their city during his election campaign. Instead, he was forced to speak in Bad Schwartau, a small village located on the outskirts of Lübeck. Thereafter, the *Führer* always referred to Lübeck as "the small city close to Bad Schwartau."

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Lübeck is crisscrossed with numerous small alleys and streets whose narrow width would probably accommodate nothing bigger than a SMART car. They were great places to explore, with small restaurants and bars hidden away from the main hustle and bustle of the city. They presented an extremely neat and tidy appearance with none of the graffiti I had sometimes seen in Flensburg.





Having grown up in Lübeck, Dee seemed to know all of these little alleys like the back of his hand, so we were able to get a flavor of the old town during our short visit that typical tourists probably would not experience.

By the twelfth century, Lübeck's fishing boats had easy access to the herring spawning grounds off the coast of Scania (the lower tip of Sweden, which at that time was Danish territory). Since the church forbade the eating of meat on Friday and because there were many fast days, a large portion of Christian Europe's diet at that time was fish. Because of these two facts, Lübeck was in a position to capitalize on the large commodities market in herring, but one thing held it back: with no refrigeration or canning, the shipping of a highly perishable commodity like fish was problematic.

Salting and drying of the fish, however, made transport and distribution possible, and Hamburg had easy access to the salt produced in the salt mines at Kiel. It was advantageous, therefore, for merchants in Lübeck and Hamburg to open trade along the Kiel "salt" road which ran between Hamburg and Lübeck.

The trade between the merchant associations of Hamburg and Lübeck became the impetus for the formation of the Hanseatic League and provided a model for the merchant associations of the other North German cities that followed.

The photo above shows the sixteenth and seventeenth century trade buildings and warehouses of Lübeck's "salt lords." Like many of Lübeck's older buildings, these structures feature crow-stepped gables. A crow-stepped gable is a stair-step type of design at the top of the triangular gable-end of a building. The top of the parapet wall projects above the roofline, and the top of the brick or stone wall is stacked in a step pattern above the roof as a decoration and as a convenient way to finish the brick courses.

Convenient access to the roof ridge was one of the prime motivations in the crow-stepped design. Because there weren't any cranes or very tall ladders in earlier times, the crow-stepped gable made the job of the chimney sweep much easier and safer.

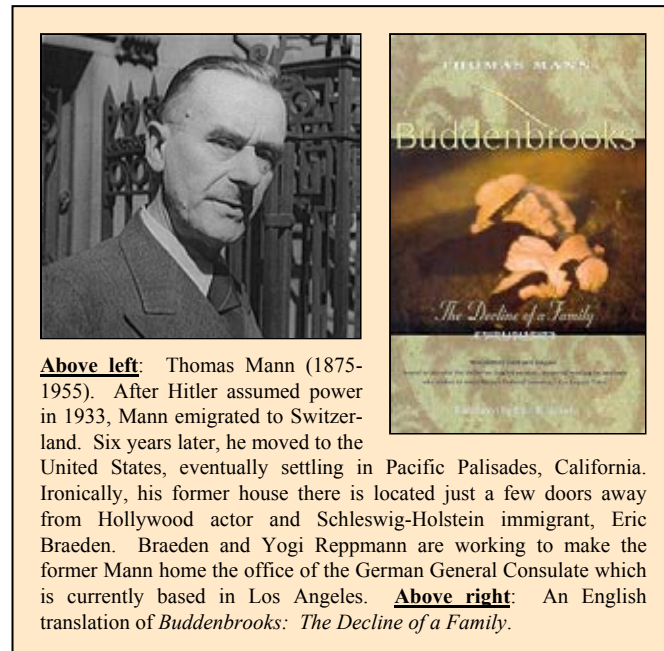


When you're in the old part of Lübeck, you're never far from the Trave River. **Right:** *An der Untertrave* runs along the Trave River, past *Holstenhafen*, *Hansahafen*, and the old sailing ships that once dominated the scene in the harbors. **Above:** Cafés along the Trave River.



One of our first stops in Lübeck was *Buddenbrookhaus*, located at *Mengstraße 4*, just north of *Marienkirche* (St. Mary's Church). *Buddenbrookhaus* has become famous because of the 1901 novel *Die Buddenbrooks* which was written by Nobel literary laureate and Lübeck native son, Thomas Mann. *Die Buddenbrooks* portrays the downfall (which is announced in the book's subtitle, *The Decline of a Family*) of a wealthy Lübeck mercantile family over a number of generations. The book is generally understood as a portrait of German bourgeois society throughout several decades of the nineteenth century.

From the outset, the book was a major literary success. Author William Faulkner said that for him, *Die Buddenbrooks* was "the greatest novel of the century." Today, the book is considered by many to be the novel that best captures the nineteenth century bourgeois atmosphere.

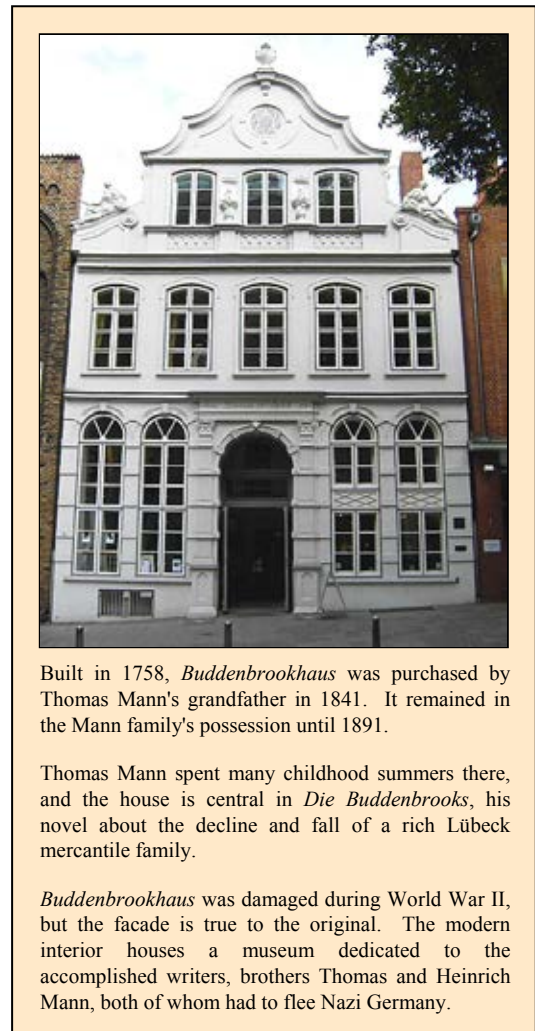


One of the real highlights of our tour of Lübeck was *Marienkirche* (St. Mary's Church), a Protestant church constructed between 1250 and 1350. Located near the market square and *Rathaus* (city hall) in the merchant's borough (which stretches from the docks of the River Trave all the way up to the church itself), *Marienkirche* is the main church of the local council and the people of Lübeck. For centuries it has been a symbol of the power and prosperity of the old Hanseatic city, and as Germany's third largest church, it remains the tallest building in the old part of Lübeck.

Like the Holstentor gate which we had seen a short time earlier, *Marienkirche* is an example of Brick Gothic architecture. At 125 feet, *Marienkirche* has the highest brick vault in the world. (Taking the weather vanes into account, the twin towers of the church are approximately 406 feet high.) Prior to the construction of *Marienkirche*, no one had ever attempted to build a church with a vault this high. A system of stilts diverts the force of the vault over a buttress, thus making the enormous height possible.

After Lübeck was made an Imperial Free City in 1226, the Lübeck town council was eager for a visual manifestation of supremacy over emerging members of the Hanseatic League, and with a structure which dwarfed nearby *Dom zu Lübeck* (Lübeck Cathedral) and the Lübeck *Rathaus*, *Marienkirche* certainly fit the bill.

*Marienkirche* has nine large chapels and ten smaller ones, the latter serving mainly as gravesites for family members of the Lübeck city council. In 1310, the *Briefskapelle* (or Letter Chapel, so named because during the Reformation paid scribes began to move in), considered a master work of high Gothic construction, was built onto the east side of the south tower. Both an atrium and a chapel, the *Briefskapelle* gave *Marienkirche* a second entrance conveniently oriented toward the market square. Today, the *Briefskapelle* serves the





community as a church during the winter because the main church area is far too cold to be used during the months of January, February, and March.



*Marienkirche* dominates the skyline in the older part of Lübeck. This marvelous brick building served as the inspiration and prototype for some seventy churches in the Baltic Region built in the Brick Gothic style of architecture. The *Rathaus* and market square are visible in the lower right hand quadrant of the photo.

Another significant chapel, the *Bürgermeisterkapelle* (mayoral chapel), was added in 1390 by the *Rat* (city council). This brick chapel does not belong to the church, but rather, to the city council itself. Today, the *Bürgermeisterkapelle* still retains parts of the original Gothic pews.

*Marienkirche* was generously equipped thanks to donations from the city council, families, and individuals. By the end of the Middle Ages, it had thirty-eight altars and sixty-five other significant donations.

On the night of Palm Sunday from March 28-29, 1942, *Marienkirche* was almost completely burned out during an Allied bombing raid. The church's famous organ, the first *Große Orgel*, or grand organ; all the stained glass windows; the Astronomical Clock; and countless works of art were destroyed in the ensuing fire. The bells of the church which fell down during blaze still lie on the ground in the position they fell (in the *Gedenkkapelle*, or memorial chapel, in the south tower), offering mute testimony to a time of world chaos.



Looking up from the main nave to the ceiling of the 125-foot-high ceiling of *Marienkirche*.





The bells of the church which fell down during World War II bombing still lie on the ground in the position they fell in the *Gedenkkapelle*, or memorial chapel.

The church was protected by an emergency temporary roof for the rest of the war. Reconstruction began in 1947, and after a period of twelve years, the majority of the work had been completed. This time, however, rather than building the roof and spires out of wood, lightweight concrete under a layer of copper was used in order to withstand the ravages of another fire.

A new *Große Orgel* to replace the one destroyed in 1942 was built in 1968. At the time, it was the largest organ in the world, featuring 8,512 pipes with the largest measuring thirty-six feet and the smallest the size of a cigarette.

A new Astronomical Clock was constructed from 1960-1967 by Paul Behrens, a Lübeck clockmaker, to replace the one which had been built from 1561-1566 and which had been considered both an art treasure and a sacred piece of church history. With a complicated mechanical system, the clock shows planetary positions, phases of the sun and moon, signs of the zodiac (astronomically, not astrologically), the date on which Easter falls, and the Golden Ratio. At twelve o'clock midday, the bells ring out and eight figures representing the different races and peoples of the world spring into action.

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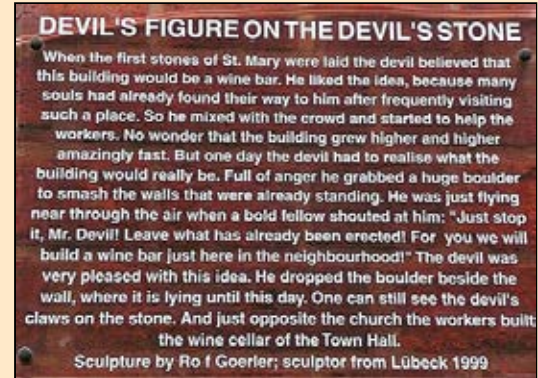
After we'd finished exploring the inside of *Marienkirche*, we snapped a few photos outside next to the "Devil's Figure on the Devil's Stone."



**Above:** A small portion of the richly endowed interior of the massive *Marienkirche*. **Below:** The *Astronomische Uhr*, or Astronomical Clock.







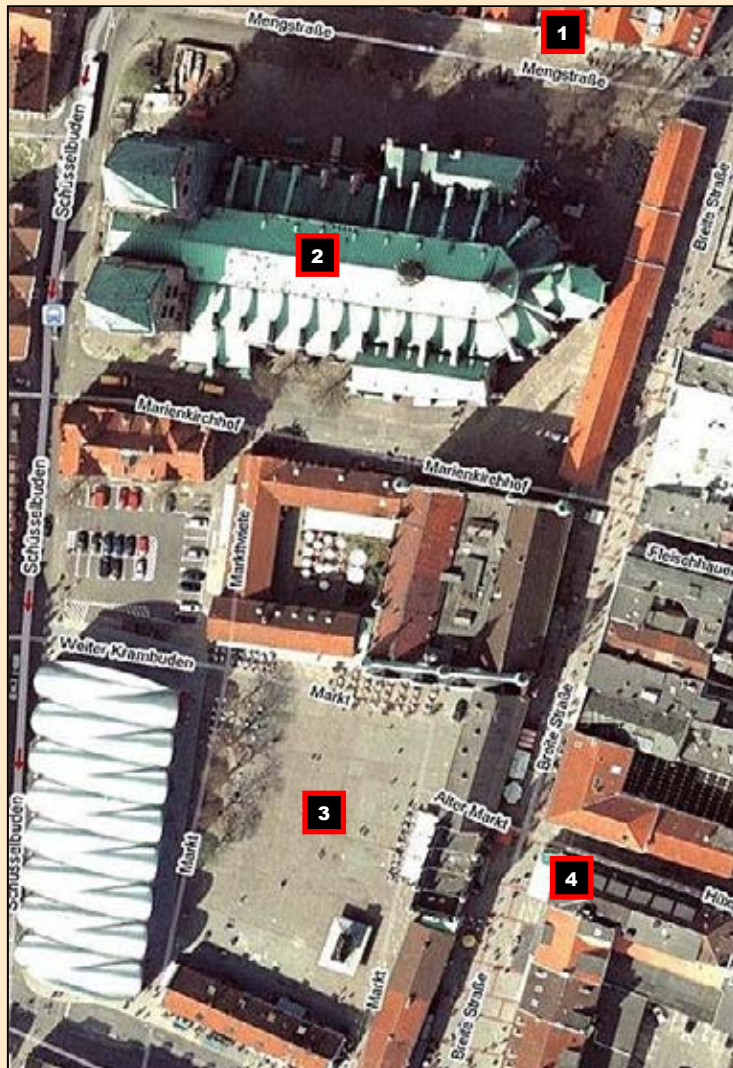
Dee and I smile as our respective spouses feel a little ... horny. Maybe the devil made them do it!

After Yogi snapped the photo above, we walked the short distance to the market square and the *Rathaus*.

In the thirteenth century, narrow, winding streets led to the central marketplace which teemed with trade. Merchants hawked spices and expensive cloths; craftsmen sold tools, furniture, and jewelry; and peasants offered poultry, eggs, honey, grains, pigs, and sheep. Town festivities were held in the square, and criminals were publicly humiliated there.

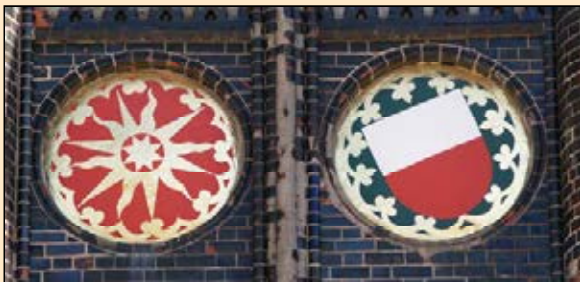
Anchoring this bustling market square was Lübeck's *Rathaus*, or city hall. Built in stages from 1250 onwards, Lübeck's *Rathaus* is a mishmash of architectural styles from the thirteenth to the fifteenth centuries. It displays numerous elements typical of Gothic Brick architecture such as high, decorative walls and slender turrets.

A lovely Dutch Renaissance external staircase was added in the late sixteenth century. Just east of this staircase would be our next stop, the Niederegger marzipan store.



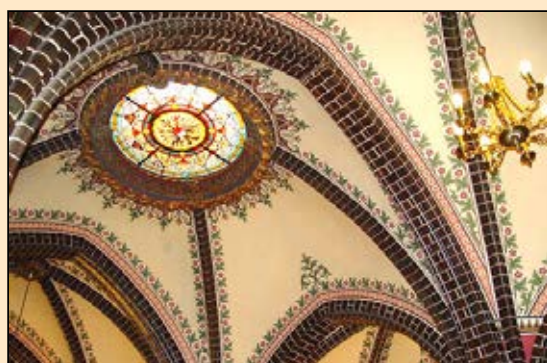
The sequence of our visits to *Buddenbrookhaus* (1), *Marienkirche* (2), the market square and *Rathaus* (3), and the Niederegger marzipan store (4).





**Top:** An aerial view of Lübeck's market square and *Rathaus* showing the mix of architectural styles from the thirteenth through the fifteenth centuries. **Left middle:** A close-up shot of the building on the north end of the market square. **Right middle:** A view of the buildings on the east side of the market square. On the back side of this building is the Dutch Renaissance external staircase that was added in the late sixteenth century. **Bottom left:** A close-up of some of the heraldic adornments inset into the buildings on the east side of the market square.





**Top:** This photo was taken looking toward the south end of Lübeck's market square. **Left:** The Dutch Renaissance external staircase added to the *Rathaus* in the late sixteenth century. Right across the street from this was our next stop, the Niederegger marzipan store. **Above:** The ornate ceiling of Lübeck's *Rathaus*.

Our final stop before dinner was Niederegger, a name synonymous with marzipan. Located at *Breite Straße* 89, Niederegger is situated just across the street from the *Rathaus*.

The roots of the business go back to Johann Georg Niederegger. Born in Ulm in 1777, Niederegger studied the art of confectionery, moved to Lübeck, and began working in a store there. After the owner died, his wife sold the business to her husband's employee in 1806, and Niederegger was on his way to becoming the leading

*Konditor* (confectioner) in Lübeck. Since we visited Lübeck in 2006, we were present for Niederegger's 200th anniversary celebration.

Although marzipan is made in other parts of the world, it's hard to argue with Lübeck's claim that it's the marzipan capital of the world. Niederegger alone produces approximately thirty-three tons of marzipan a day! As Mark Twain once said, "Too much of most things is too much, but too much marzipan is just enough."

What exactly is marzipan? Most basically, it's a confection consisting primarily of sugar and ground almonds. It derives its characteristic flavor from bitter almonds, which constitute four to six percent of the total almond content by weight. Optional additional ingredients are rosewater, honey, pistachios, preservatives, and sometimes hazelnut.

Marzipan is often made into sweets such as marzipan-filled chocolates of all shapes and sizes. Due to its malleable yet stable structure, marzipan can be molded into almost any shape from fruits and vegetables to likenesses of buildings or people. It is also rolled into thin sheets, glazed, and used for icing wedding cakes, Christmas cakes, and stollen.

There is wide disagreement over where marzipan originated. Many believe that it was first made in Persia (present-day Iran) and introduced in Europe through the Turks. Eventually, marzipan became a specialty of the Baltic Sea region of Germany. Lübeck, especially, has a proud tradition of marzipan manufacture due in no small part to the efforts of the house of Niederegger who still guarantees that their marzipan contains two-thirds almonds by weight, resulting in a juicy, bright yellow product.



**Johann Niederegger**  
(1777-1856)



**Top left:** Niederegger has been located across the street from the *Rathaus* external staircase since 1822. A marzipan museum known as the Marzipan Salon is located on the second floor and features twelve life-size figures of famous personalities (such as Thomas Mann) made from marzipan. Niederegger marzipan products can be bought all over Germany and in most airport duty free shops. The shop we visited, however, is the only one featuring the entire Niederegger line of over three hundred different marzipan products.

**Top right:** As the signage indicates, Niederegger celebrated its 200th anniversary in 2006.

**Bottom left:** Thanks to my friend Yogi's generosity, I've eaten way too many of these over the past several years!





**Top/middle:** These photos give an idea of the over three hundred marzipan products carried at the Niederegger store we visited. Because marzipan is both malleable and stable, it can be molded into many shapes including amazingly realistic imitations of fruits and vegetables.



**Bottom right:** This December 22, 1999 article from the *Northfield News* appeared in Yogi's book, *Building a Bridge*. Yogi relayed the story to me and asked me to write the caption which appeared beneath the photo in his book.

*Yogi and a student of his pose for a picture with former U.S. Secretary of State Dr. Henry Kissinger in his New York office.*

*Yogi was first introduced to Kissinger by Gerhard Stoltenberg, a fatherly friend to both Yogi and Dee Eicke. Stoltenberg, who served as Governor of Schleswig-Holstein, first met Kissinger when he was teaching at Harvard in 1952, and the two historians established a close friendship.*

*In December of 1999, Yogi was present at a book party given by his newspaper editor friend Stephan Richter who had just published what proved to be Stoltenberg's last book. During this party, a video shot by Yogi with Kissinger's greetings from New York caused tears to well up in the eyes of the old politician.*

*Yogi loves to tell his Kissinger marzipan story. At the end of his meeting with the great man in 1999, Yogi presented him with a gift of Lübeck's finest marzipan. Kissinger, who had been little standoffish prior to that moment, left the room, returned visibly moved, and asked "How did you know?" Unbeknownst to Yogi, Lübeck marzipan was a very fond childhood memory for Kissinger. He related how only once a year — at the time before Christmas — could his parents in Germany afford to buy the world's best marzipan, Lübeck marzipan.*

*Every time Yogi returns to New York, he always stops by Kissinger's office and brings him some marzipan, or if not in the country, mails him some before Christmas. Unfailingly, Kissinger responds with a sweet letter.*

**PEOPLE** Wednesday, December 22, 1999

## Kissinger on Carleton College: 'das ist gut'

**FROM STAFF REPORTS**

**NORTHFIELD** — In 1952 two young historians from two separate countries met at Harvard University. Gerhard Stoltenberg, from Karl University in the Schleswig-Holstein region of Germany, and Henry Kissinger. Both men went on to have extremely successful political careers in their respective countries.

Fast-forward the friendship of these 47 years of close friendship. Former Carleton professor Yogi Reppmann, and his former student of German, Matt Sachs, had been invited to the office of former Secretary of State Kissinger at New York's Park Ave. They produced a five-minute video in which Kissinger, speaking his native German, expressed his deep admiration for his German colleague and friend Stoltenberg. The video was presented as a surprise on Dec. 12 in Northfield. Germany before 1945: guards in front of Stoltenberg's later residence.

Stoltenberg, who is a likely candidate for the Chancellor of Germany himself, has written a book about his political career in which he explains the value of his early visit to the U.S. in 1952 and his friendship with Henry Kissinger.

What began as Reppmann and Sachs' five-minute video-taping with Kissinger turned into a ninety-minute conversation that ranged from the most recent financial scandal involving former German Chancellor Helmut Kohl to the Baltic Sea Cooperation. Kissinger was amazed to hear that

trade around the Baltic Sea region 10 years after the fall of the Iron Curtain is larger than Germany's trade with Japan and the U.S. together. The topic had been taught in Reppmann's class

about the European Union at Carleton College.

Kissinger, who not only conducted the meeting with the Northern German "Mauschke," a word used

both as a greeting and a farewell similar to "hello" and "goodbye," also granted Northfield and Carleton College as well "Carleton in Minnesota! Das ist gut! (This is good!)"

**From left to right: Matt Sachs, New York; Dr. Henry Kissinger; and Yogi Reppmann in the office of Kissinger Associates, Park Ave. (Submitted photo)**



### **Dinner at *Schiffergesellschaft***

Since looking at all that marzipan had made us hungry, Dee and Regina decided it would be a good time to have supper. They had a very special restaurant in mind for us: *Schiffergesellschaft*.

After making our marzipan purchases, we started to make the half-mile walk from Niederegger north along *Breite Straße* towards the restaurant. Almost immediately, a cloudburst hit. Yogi and Dee grabbed an umbrella and went to retrieve the car, while Regina, Carol, and I sought shelter under an overhang. While the three of us waited, we had a nice little conversation, and before long, the rain had let up somewhat.

Carol and I were in for a real treat — both gastronomically and visually — with our visit to *Schiffergesellschaft* (Seamen's Society), a truly one-of-a-kind restaurant. Appropriately, the restaurant's address of *Breite Straße* 2 places it right across the street from *Jakobikirche*, a church for Lübeck's seafarers that was consecrated in 1334. The land and the house of the *Schiffergesellschaft* were acquired in 1535 (the property had already been mentioned in a deed dating to 1292) by a seamen's society to be used as a meeting place for seamen and sail makers.

The *Gesellschaft* (society) of a brotherhood of captains traces its roots to the St. Nicholas Brotherhood which was founded on December 26, 1401. Its purpose was to provide aid and comfort to all honest seamen and their families. Currently, there are over fifty ship captains between the ages of thirty-six and ninety-three that are members of the *Schiffergesellschaft*, and to this day, a portion of the restaurant's revenues are used to support indigent sailors and their widows.

Considered by many to be the oldest pub in the world, the *Schiffergesellschaft* is one of Lübeck's most magnificent old buildings. Topped by a nautically-themed weather vane, the old building features a reddish brick exterior, a crow-stepped gable, and an artistic rococo entrance door topped with a picture of a seventeenth century sailing ship and the *Schiffergesellschaft* motto. Fortunately, the building survived the bombing of World War II intact.

The interior, which was restored between 1972 and 1976, is perhaps even more impressive, with history seeming to ooze out of every pore. A considerable number of large and impressive ship models from different eras (the oldest of which dates to 1607) that hang from ancient wooden ceiling beams hover over the tables helping create a truly unique ambience. Numerous centuries-old oil paintings grace the dark oak walls including two dating to 1624.

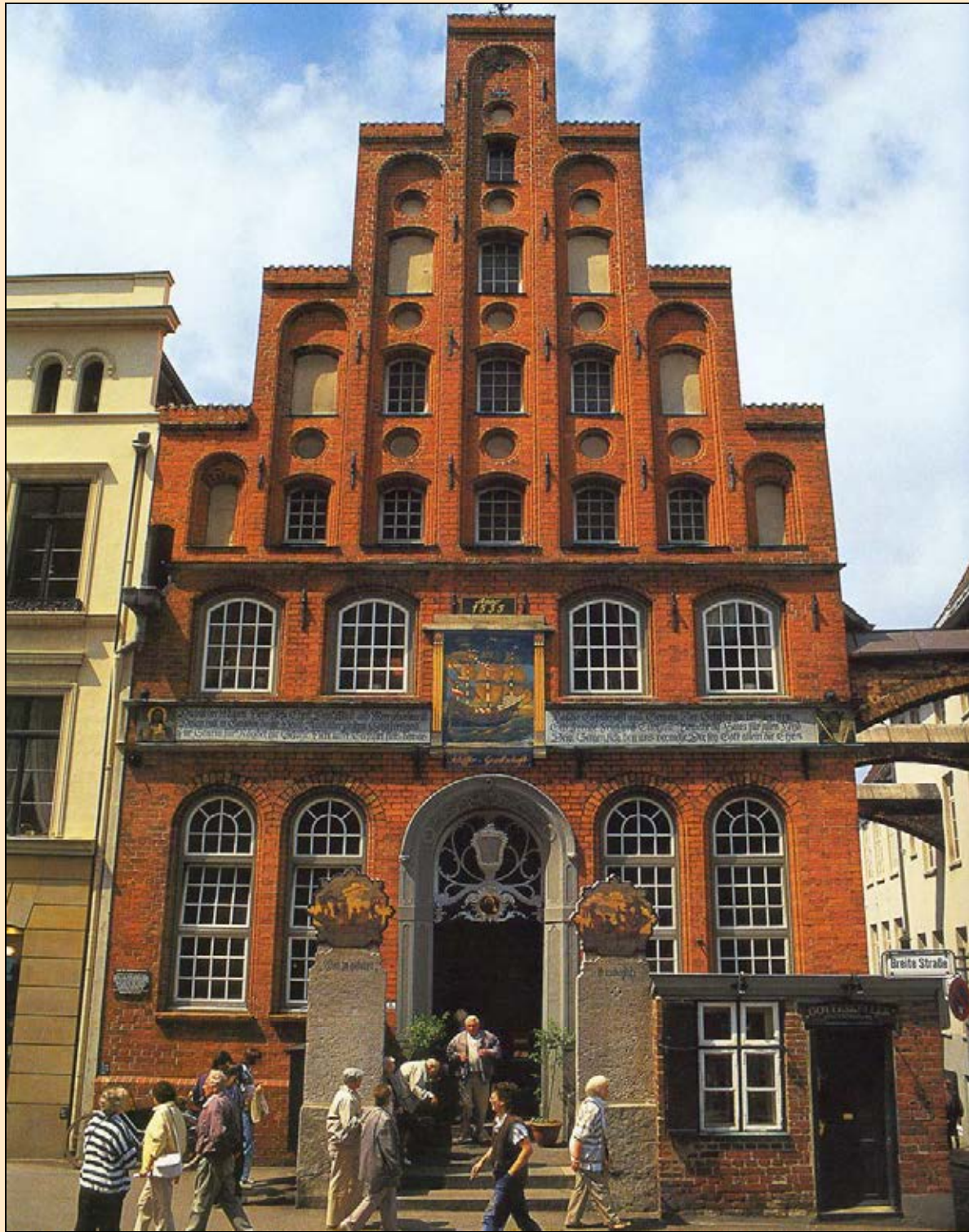
It seemed like everywhere you looked, you saw fascinating pieces of nautical *Erinnerungsstücke* (memorabilia) from all over the world. All of these maritime treasures were bathed in soft light emanating from nautical-themed hanging light fixtures as well as one very large 350-year-old *Kronleuchter* (chandelier) whose candles are still lit every night by hand.

Even the tables and seating had a story to tell. The long oak tables and benches were made from solid oak planks, and it's my understanding that the table we ate at was made from oak that was approximately five centuries old. In former times, the ship captains were grouped around these tables according to the various harbors to which they sailed and according to the different commercial corporations in which they served. At the back wall, a somewhat isolated and slightly raised table was reserved for the elder captains, who from this vantage point, could see the entire assembly hall and make sure that proper decorum was observed.

The lower level of the building is known as the "cellar of God." This name comes from former times when a poor sailor could stay overnight at the *Schiffergesellschaft* by "paying for God," which effectively meant paying nothing.

The four of us had a great time at the *Schiffergesellschaft*, and during our two-week stay in Schleswig-Holstein, the meal I enjoyed there was topped only by the one prepared earlier in the day by Regina Eicke.

I think prolific German author Hans Leip summed up the *Schiffergesellschaft* experience best by saying it was "*Die klassischste Kneipe der Welt*," which roughly translated, means "the classiest pub in the world."



The *Anno 1535* sign above the picture of the old sailing ship indicates the year the property was acquired by the *Schiffergesellschaft*. The door visible in the lower right-hand portion of the picture provides entry into *Gotteskeller* (God's cellar).





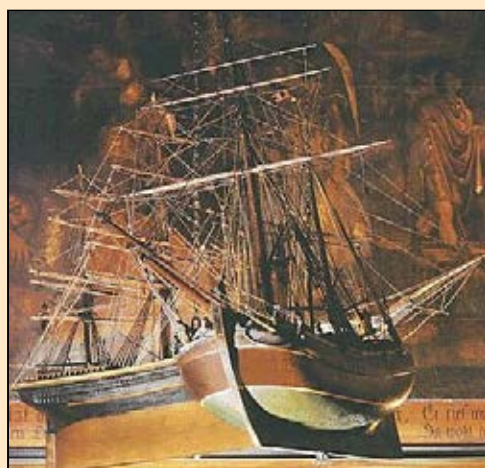
**Above left:** The ornate entrance to *Schiffergesellschaft*. The society was founded in 1535, and since 1868, the building at *Breite Straße 2* has been used as a public restaurant. **Above right:** The painting over the rococo entrance shows a three-masted, seventeenth century sailing ship. Flanking the picture is the *Schiffergesellschaft's* rather lengthy motto. **Below:** Several of the impressive ship models (the oldest of which dates to 1607) hanging from the ancient ceiling beams. In the background, you can see one of the *Wandgemälde* (mural paintings) on the old, dark oak walls. Also evident are several nautical-themed hanging light fixtures as well as a colorful wood carving.



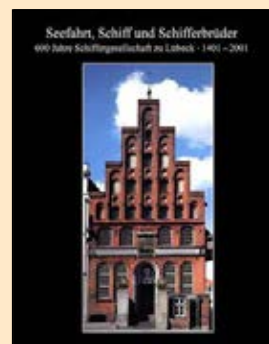




The twenty candles of the 350-year-old *Kronleuchter* (chandelier) are still lit every night. Everywhere you look, you're treated to more visual eye candy such as detailed ship models, colorful wood carvings, and all kinds of nautical *Erinnerungsstücke* (memorabilia).



**Left/bottom left:** *Das Urteil Salomons* (The Judgment of Solomon) and *Susanna baden in den Garten* (Susanna Bathing in the Garden), two 1624 oil paintings hanging in *Schiffsgesellschaft*. **Bottom middle:** Carved bench ends with the coats-of-arms of various merchants. **Right/bottom right:** *Schiffsgesellschaft* is the only restaurant I've eaten at with books written about it!



After dinner, we drove back to the Eickes' house in Bad Oldesloe, and after heartfelt thanks and *Tschüss's* all around, we got in Yogi's car and headed back to Flensburg. It had been a great day from its beginning in Fredesdorf and the old Henry Finnern residence to our memorable dinner at the *Schiffergesellschaft*. We'd covered a lot of ground, seen a lot, learned a lot, made new friends, and built some bridges of our own. Carol, however, was already looking forward to the next day, for this was the day we would meet a real princess.



Historische Gaststätte  
**Schiffergesellschaft**

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RECHNUNG für

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Money well spent! Our invoice for dinner and drinks at *Schiffergesellschaft*.

Regina & Dee Eicke  
Timm-Kröger-Weg 18  
23843 Bad Oldesloe, Germany

Moin Moin Regina & Dee,

Carol and I don't know how to thank you both for the absolutely perfect day you made for us in Bad Oldesloe and Lübeck. It was one of the big highlights of our whole trip.

It was so gracious of you to invite us into your home, make such a special meal, and give us the personalized tour of Lübeck. We both thought that your home was charming — so modern and fresh and yet so homey with the fruit trees and koi pond in back.

The meal Regina prepared — and this is no exaggeration — was the finest we had while we were in Germany. The coq au vin was unbelievable, the potatoes "straight A+" (a Yogi-ism I've picked up!), the wine superb, and the "Danish pudding" reminded me of my youth (but was even better than my grandmother made!).

Carol really enjoyed the personalized tour of Bad Oldesloe, Regina, and we both enjoyed our tour of Lübeck with all of the historical insights that you and Dee brought to our attention. We also had a fine time at the maritime restaurant.

But most of all, we will remember the kindness, charm, and hospitality you showed to two strangers from Iowa. We really hope that you will visit the United States and stay with us in Iowa City for a few days. We hope you know that the welcome mat will *always* be out for you.

Thanks again, *unsere Freunde!*

**Scott and Carol Christiansen**  
Iowa City, Iowa, USA

The day had started with "Moin Moin!" and it ended with "Tschüss." The story of *Tschüss*, like *Moin Moin*, is an interesting one. During our visit, it became apparent to us that there seemed to be a little bit of an "attitude" between those residing in Germany's northernmost state, Schleswig-Holstein, and those living in its southernmost state, Bavaria. I think that North Germans, although they might joke about it, are a little tired of Americans always associating Germany with Bavaria, *Oktoberfest*, *Lederhosen*, and cuckoo clocks. They also seem to feel that Bavarians look down their noses a bit at those living in the northern part of the country. This attitude of southern superiority was demonstrated by a bumper sticker spotted on a car driven by a Bavarian resident that said *Tschüss freie Zone*. The message makes its point succinctly and clearly in Bavaria, but might not be fully understood in other areas of Germany and certainly not by most Americans.

In Bavaria, the standard greeting in an initial encounter is *Grüß Gott* (God bless you, or literally, God's greeting), and the traditional goodbye is *Führ' di (Gott)*, meaning "May God lead your way." In many other areas of Germany, however, the standard greeting is *Guten Tag* (Good day), and the conventional goodbye is *Auf Wiedersehen* ("Until seeing you again"). The problem? In German areas outside of Bavaria (which Bavarians tend to think of as "Prussian"), it has become common when taking one's leave to say *Tschüss* instead of *Auf Wiedersehen*. Apparently, this informal expression meaning "See you" is especially abhorrent to Bavarians who prefer *Führ' di (Gott)*, will tolerate *Auf Wiedersehen*, but find *Tschüss* offensive.

Thus, in just three words, the owner of the car sporting this bumper sticker expressed his pride in Bavarian tradition by rejecting that objectionable "Prussian" word, *Tschüss*. Well, *my* ancestors hailed from Schleswig-Holstein, so to all you Bavarians ... *Tschüss!!*





September 4, 2006

*We meet my namesake, a newspaper editor, and a real princess!*

**Our first trip to the *Hotel Alter Meierhof***

On Monday morning, Yogi, Gitta, Carol, and I made the five and one-half mile drive from the Reppmanns' apartment to the *Hotel Alter Meierhof* at *Uferstraße 1* in Meierwik/Glücksburg. Actually, our first stop wasn't at the Hotel, but two doors away at the house of Helle Emmertsen, a Copenhagen-born massage therapist. Since Gitta's horrific accident in March of 1996, massage therapy has been an important part of her treatment. Luckily for the Reppmanns, their family physician recommended Helle, or as Yogi calls her, the "Danish lady with the golden hands."



Our five-and-one-half-mile drive from the Reppmanns' apartment ("A") to the *Hotel Alter Meierhof* ("B") proceeded along the **eastern** side of the *Flensburger Förde*. Later in the day, Yogi, Carol, and I would again take this route when we visited the Glücksburg Palace. (The palace's location has been indicated with a red rectangle.)



Back on August 28th, we had driven along the **western** side of the *Flensburger Förde* when we toured the grounds of Grästen Palace and got our Danish hot dogs at Annie's kiosk. (The locations of Annie's Kiosk in Sönderhav [known in Germany as Süderhaff] and the Ox Islands have been indicated with a white rectangle.)

The Reppmanns have become good friends with Helle, and in thanks for all the good she has done for Gitta, they paid for her visit to Northfield, Minnesota in 1997.

Like so many North Germans that we met, Helle has a child who studied in the United States. In Helle's case, it was her daughter, who not only studied law in California, but now lives and works in New York City.

Helle's office (kind of a wellness clinic) is located in the lower level of the Emmertsen home which overlooks the *Flensburger Förde*. After getting a brief tour of the facilities, Yogi, Carol, and I went



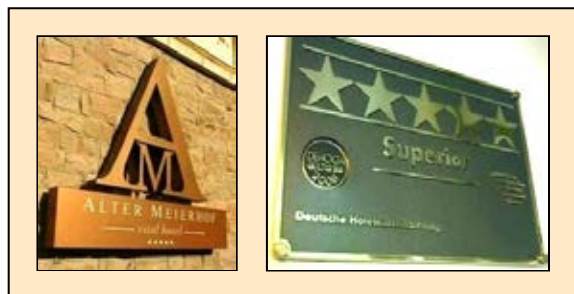
**Above:** Danish-born massage therapist Helle Emmertsen. **Below:** We enjoyed the view of the *Flensburger Förde* from our vantage point in the Emmertsens' living room.





upstairs and were served a pot of strong Danish coffee by Helle's housekeeper. We were all a little tired from the events of the day before, so strong, black coffee was just what the doctor ordered. As we drank our coffee, we enjoyed the great view of the *Flensburger Förde*, the Ox Islands, and Denmark on the opposite shore.

With caffeine now coursing through our veins, we walked over to the *Hotel Alter Meierhof*. The name *Meierhof* has its origins in the Middle Ages. At that time, administrators of a manor that were appointed by the Duke of Glücksburg were called *Meier*. In former times, such a *Meier* resided where the *Hotel Alter Meierhof* is now situated.



Built in 1999, the *Alter Meierhof* is a five-star hotel with a strong "wellness" theme. Any type of spa amenity you can possibly imagine, the *Alter Meierhof* has in spades. From the quality of the facilities, it was obvious that the hotel catered to a very well-heeled clientele who want to be pampered to the max. We enjoyed seeing how the well-to-do relax, but knew that we were just a tad light in the wallet for this type of pricey hedonism.



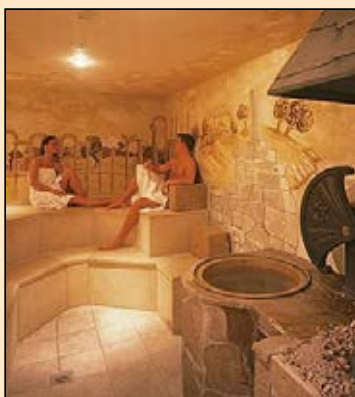
**Above left:** The entrance to the *Hotel Alter Meierhof* at *Uferstraße 1* in Meierwik/Glücksburg. **Above middle/ above right:** Like the *Fakkelgaarden Hotel* we visited on August 28th in Kollund, Denmark, the *Hotel Alter Meierhof's* location affords beautiful views of the *Flensburger Förde*.

**Below:** Every child in Germany knows what these are: *Strandkörbe*. A *Strandkorb* (which literally translated means beach basket) is a German beach chair that is common along both the North Sea and Baltic Sea coasts. These chairs can also be found in German gardens, on balconies and patios, and ... overlooking the *Flensburger Förde* at the *Hotel Alter Meierhof*.

The invention of the *Strandkorb* was prompted by the rheumatism of an old lady named Elfriede Maltzahn. Despite her illness, she was determined to enjoy a holiday break on the Baltic Sea. In 1882, she commissioned Wilhelm Bartelmann, basket maker to the Imperial German Court, to invent a seat that would protect her from the wind and too much sun on the beach. The first models were single-seaters, but today, most models are two-seaters with tiltable tops; some even allow the occupants to lay flat. They are typically equipped with armrests and footrests, storage space below the seats, rainproof covers, and sunshades. According to the State *Strandkorb* Rental Association in Schleswig-Holstein, there were precisely 19,958 of the chairs on the state's beaches as of 2002.

In northern Germany, *Strandkörbe* can generally be found in two different shapes: the straight angular North Sea variety and the rounded Baltic Sea variety.





**Above/left:** While Gitta received her massage next door at Helle Emmertsen's, we were given a tour of the five-star quality pool, spa, sauna, and massage facilities.

It's easy to see why the clientele includes former German Chancellor Gerhard Schroeder and German Minister for Foreign Affairs Joschka Fischer.



Your taste buds are also pampered at the *Hotel Alter Meierhof* whether you dine at the Brasserie, the beach terrace (**right**), or the *Restaurant Meierei Dirk Luther* (**left**) which features gastronomical creations meticulously prepared by head chef Dirk Luther (**above**).



**Above:** Many of the well-appointed rooms at the *Hotel Alter Meierhof* have great views of the *Flensburger Förde* which can be enjoyed from bed, the sitting area, or the bath area. Although I didn't know it at the time, I would be back at the *Hotel Alter Meierhof* in several hours for a meeting and would receive a tour of some of the rooms from several hotel employees that Yogi knew.

When our tour of the *Alter Meierhof's* spa facilities had concluded, we returned to the Emmertsen house where Helle was just finishing her session with Gitta. After saying our goodbyes, we headed back to the Reppmanns'



apartment for lunch.

About half way back to the apartment, Yogi called our attention to a large building housing the *Kraftfahrt-Bundesamt*, or Federal Motor Vehicle Department.

All throughout Germany, the phrase "points in Flensburg" rings a bell. Driven too fast? Run a red light? Then you'll get points which are placed on file at the *Kraftfahrt-Bundesamt*, or KBA. The KBA, which was founded on August 4, 1951, collects data regarding traffic violations in the so-called *Sünderkartei*, or Sinner's Index, and issues penalty points according to the weight of the offense.

### Lunch with Bernd Ruf

Shortly after our return to the Reppmanns' apartment, we were joined by two friends of Yogi's, Rolf Wiedenbrück, who runs the wellness area in the lower level of the *Hotel Alter Meierhof*, and Bernd Ruf from Lübeck. After sitting down to a lunch of cold cuts and cheeses, I learned the purpose of Bernd's visit.

Yogi had been contacted by Gerd Theilen, the owner of the *Hotel Alter Meierhof*. Gerd was interested in organizing some small concerts for the hotel's guests and wanted a liaison between himself and the famous Lübeck Music Academy. Since Yogi was good friends with Bernd Ruf, who had been associated with the Lübeck music school as a lecturer, professor, and director since 2004, he hoped to bring the two men together. Apparently, Yogi was successful, as Gerd and Bernd have cooperated on several successful projects.



The *Kraftfahrt-Bundesamt*, located at *Fördestraße 16* in Flensburg-Mürwik, does more than keep track of drivers' penalty points. It also authorizes vehicles and vehicle parts, oversees the work of the inspection authorities who conduct general and exhaust inspections, controls auto recalls, and compiles data on vehicle deficiencies and the vehicular transportation of goods.

Nevertheless, the KBA is most well-known as the keeper of the *Sünderkartei*, or Sinner's Index, and any German citizen visiting Flensburg can stop by and get a free printout of their points at the gate shown above.



**Bernd Ruf**

For someone so young, Bernd Ruf has had an incredibly full and diversified musical career. A gifted conductor and clarinetist, he has both conducted and played with leading figures in the fields of classical, jazz, rock, pop, and world music. He was nominated for a Grammy in 2001 in the category of "Best Classical Crossover Album" for his conducting on *Paquito d'Rivera: The Clarinetist/Volume One*. Since 2004, Bernd has been associated with the Lübeck Music Academy as a lecturer, professor, and director.

Much as Yogi has built bridges between Schleswig-Holstein and America's Midwest, Bernd, as a conductor, clarinetist, lecturer, and producer, has built bridges between all types of musical styles and performing artists.

When Yogi celebrated his "round" birthday number fifty, Bernd and his students (who are under the Reppmanns' wings when they study at McNally Smith College of Music in St. Paul) performed the Buxtehude musical *Anna Margareta* at his birthday parties, first at the Reppmann apartment on March 31st and then on April 1st in front of 350-400 guests at the *Hans-Christiansen-Haus* in Flensburg. In late June of 2007, Bernd and his students debuted *Anna Margareta* at *Musikhochschule Lübeck* to high acclaim.

### A return trip to the *Hotel Alter Meierhof* and a glimpse of the *Marineschule Mürwik*

After we'd finished our lunch, we made the return drive to the *Hotel Alter Meierhof*. One of the sights you see on this drive is the *Marineschule Mürwik* (Mürwik Naval Academy). Located at *Kelmstraße 14* (a little less than four miles from the Reppmanns' apartment), *Marineschule Mürwik* is the educational and training facility for officers entering the German Navy. The school was established by German Emperor Kaiser Wilhelm II



**Above left:** On April 1, 2006, Bernd Ruf and his students performed the Buxtehude musical *Anna Margareta* for Yogi's fiftieth birthday in front of 350-400 guests at the *Hans-Christiansen-Haus* in Flensburg. The *Hans-Christiansen-Haus* and the *Heinrich-Sauermann-Haus*, which both sit high on a hill overlooking Flensburg's *Stadttheater*, make up the *Museumsberg Flensburg*. The *Hans-Christiansen-Haus* used to be the *St. Nikolai-Knabenschule*, an elementary school that Yogi attended as a child. (*Knabenschule* means "boys school," but by the time Yogi attended, the school had become coed.)

Some of the artworks on display at the *Hans-Christiansen-Haus* are by the famous North German expressionism painter, Emil Nolde, who at one time actually studied at *Museumsberg Flensburg*. I noticed that many of the homes we visited (including both Yogi's apartment and his brother Bernd's home in Kating) had Emil Nolde prints on the walls.

**Above right:** This map shows the location of the Reppmanns' apartment at *Moltkestraße 6* vis-à-vis *Museumsberg Flensburg* (indicated by the black rectangle). Carol and I would pass the *Museumsberg Flensburg* buildings when we took our "*Christiansengang* shortcut" from the Reppmanns' apartment to downtown Flensburg.

(1859-1941) in 1910, and since that date, about thirty thousand officer cadets have been trained there.

The *Marineschule Mürwik* is part of a very interesting footnote to the history of World War II. On April 30, 1945, Adolf Hitler committed suicide. In his will, he condemned both Hermann Göring and Heinrich Himmler as traitors and expelled them from the Nazi Party. He also designated *Großadmiral* (Grand Admiral) Karl Dönitz as his successor and Supreme Commander of the armed forces and appointed Joseph Goebbels as Chancellor of Germany. (Interestingly, Dönitz did not become *Führer*, but rather *Reichspräsident*, a post Hitler had abolished years earlier.)

On May 1st, the day after Hitler's suicide, Goebbels also took his life. At this point, Dönitz, now the sole representative of the crumbling German Reich, fled to Flensburg with what was left of the government.

The cabinet of Dönitz's government, or as it became known as, the "Flensburg Government," had its first meeting in Flensburg on May 5, 1945. Other key members of the Flensburg Government included Field Marshall Wilhelm Keitel, General Alfred Jodl, and Minister of Industry and Production, Albert Speer. The rapidly advancing Allied forces limited the Dönitz government's jurisdiction to the Flensburg-Mürwik area.

Most of Dönitz's efforts during his brief time as *Reichspräsident* were centered on trying to ensure the loyalty of the German armed forces and brokering a surrender to the British or Americans and not to the Soviets from whom he feared vengeful reprisals. On May 7th, Dönitz authorized General Jodl to sign an unconditional surrender in Rheims. On May 8th, Field Marshal Keitel repeated the signing in Berlin. Speer suggested that the Flensburg Government dissolve itself after the surrender, but Dönitz and his ministers chose to continue in hope of presiding over post-war Germany as a provisional government.

Announcing the Allied victory to the British people, Churchill mentioned that the surrender was authorized by "Grand Admiral Dönitz, the designated Head of State." Some see this remark as a de facto recognition of the Flensburg Government's authority. After the unconditional surrender, however, the Allies ceased to recognize the Flensburg Government. On May 23, 1945, a British liaison officer went to Dönitz's headquarters at *Marineschule Mürwik* and asked to speak with all members of the government. He then read General Dwight Eisenhower's order calling for the arrest of all members of the Flensburg Government, effectively dissolving





**Top:** An aerial view of the *Marineschule Mürwik* which is located at *Kelmstraße 14*, a little less than four miles from the Reppmanns' apartment. **Middle:** This photo was taken from the west side of the *Flensburger Förde*. **Bottom:** Many of the red brick buildings of the *Marineschule Mürwik* were built between 1907 and 1910.



the government which had been "in power" for only a little over three weeks.

So, for a brief few weeks, Flensburg was the capital of Germany and the last seat of the Third Reich's government.

\*\*\*\*\*

Before long, we were back at the *Hotel Alter Meierhof*. Rolf, Bernd, Yogi, and I sat down at a table near the lobby, and a short time later, we were joined by Bernd Storch, who along with his wife Christina, manages the hotel for owners Gerd and Gerlinde Theilen.

After a few minutes, Gerd Theilen appeared, introductions were made all around, and drinks were ordered. In a great example of "six degrees of separation," Gerd Theilen, Rolf Wiedenbrück, Yogi Reppmann, and I are all connected through an individual previously introduced to the reader: "Porsche Peter" Radtke. Peter's daughter is married to Carsten Theilen, Gerd's son; Rolf is a close friend of Peter and his wife Babsi and once lived with the Radtkes; Peter is a good friend of Yogi's and his Mercedes mechanic; and Peter was the man who located the hard-to-find Eljer toilet seat for me that I lugged over five thousand miles back to Iowa. Needless to say, I didn't regale multi-millionaire hotel investor Theilen with my little "six degrees of separation" story!

After we'd finished our drinks, Bernd Storch gave Yogi, Bernd Ruf, and me a tour of the dining facilities and some of the rooms in the *Hotel Alter Meierhof*. When our tour had concluded, we returned to the Reppmanns' apartment and picked up Gitta and Carol.

#### **Next stop: the offices of the *Flensburger Tageblatt***

The offices of the *Flensburger Tageblatt* are located in *Holmpassage*, a multi-story retail and office complex that Carol and I had briefly visited two days earlier when we

enjoyed an ice cream at *Eis Krüger*. There are thirty-four stores and drinking and eating establishments in the *Holmpassage*, while most of the office space is occupied by *Schleswig-Holsteinischer Zeitungsverlag* (sh:z for short), a chain of fourteen daily newspapers in northern Germany. The largest of these fourteen papers is the

*Flensburger Tageblatt*. (Sh:z also provides many pages to *Der Nordschleswiger*, the daily newspaper of the German minority in Nordslesvig [the southern part of Denmark].) The *Chefredakteur* (chief editor) for the *Schleswig-Holsteinischer Zeitungsverlag* is Yogi's good friend Stephan Richter.

After parking in a large garage connected to the *Holmpassage*, we took an elevator up to the *Flensburger Tageblatt* offices where we were greeted by Stephan Richter's office manager, Reni Christiansen. Reni escorted Bernd, Yogi, Gitta, and me into a conference room and informed us that Stephan would be tied up in a meeting for awhile. After serving coffees all around, Reni sat down, and we all had a very enjoyable conversation.

Reni is a very valuable employee of sh:z, and it wasn't hard to see why: she was charming, intelligent, and well-spoken. Although she learned very little English in school, she started evening classes some years ago and now speaks English extremely well. In addition to serving as Stephan's office manager, Reni writes travel reports for the Sunday edition.



**The *Flensburger Tageblatt* offices at Nikolaistraße 7 in Holmpassage**

Germany is definitely a newspaper country. It has 334 newspapers with 1,529 local editions, is the biggest newspaper market in Europe, and is the fifth biggest in the world in terms of circulation — and all of this from a country the size of Montana! In addition, just under three-fourths of the German population over the age of fourteen read a newspaper on a regular basis.

Nevertheless, strange as it may seem to Americans who love to read their thick Sunday paper, Sunday newspaper editions in Germany have historically been quite rare. Despite owning fourteen newspapers, sh:z only offers one Sunday edition.



**Reni Christiansen**

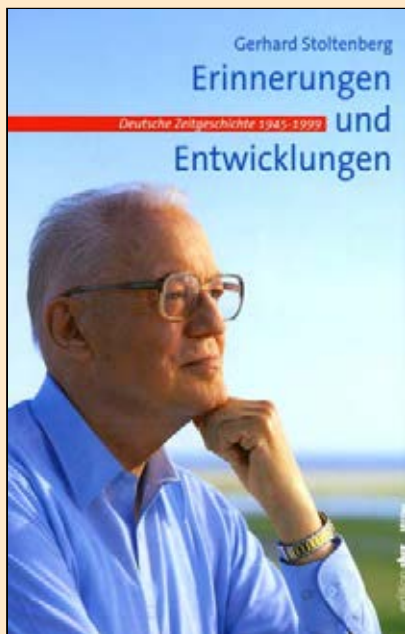
Reni and her family live about six miles east of Flensburg on a farm near Husby. Her husband is a successful horse breeder, and Reni is an expert and co-worker in this field as well. Carol had a good time talking horses with Reni and was glad to meet someone whose main focus wasn't the Forty-eighters and the Schleswig-Holstein War of 1848-50!

Near the end of our *Kaffeeklatsch*, Reni disappeared for a moment, and then returned with a gift, Gerhard Stoltenberg's *Erinnerungen und Entwicklungen, Deutsche Zeitgeschichte 1945-1999*. The edition given to me was published by sh:z, and the foreword was written by Reni's boss, Stephan Richter.

At about this time, Stephan appeared and introduced himself. For a man in such a powerful position, Stephan appeared to be remarkably unassuming and down-to-earth. Much like Heinrich Christian Finnern, the German immigrant who started as an apprentice and eventually became a newspaper owner and editor, Stephan, too, did a three-year apprenticeship before working his way up to the position of *Chefredakteur*. As I quickly learned, Stephan is a very generous person. My first indication of this came during our initial meeting, when after learning of my interest in all things Schleswig-Holstein, he presented me with a beautiful book entitled *Schleswig-Holstein Topographie, Städte und Dörfer des Landes*. This book is the third in a very ambitious series of books about every town and village in the entire state of Schleswig-Holstein. Beautifully illustrated with a wealth of photos and maps, the book is extremely interesting and a very valuable research tool. I'm anxiously awaiting the publication of the other books in the series to see what information there will be about Rantrum (the birthplace of my great-great grandfather, Jürgen Peter Ankerson), Mildstedt (the parish where Jürgen was baptized), and Husum (the long-time residence of Theodor Emil Jansen).

Before our brief meeting ended, Stephan asked the Reppmanns, Carol, and me to a breakfast at his house the next morning, and needless to say, we all immediately accepted his gracious invitation.





Gerhard Stoltenberg, the son of a Lutheran pastor, was born in Kiel, Schleswig-Holstein, in 1928. At sixteen, he was a *Hitlerjugend* troop leader and then served in the army during the last year of World War II, including some time in a British POW camp.

After the war, Stoltenberg got an undergraduate degree and then a PhD for his study of the German parliament after 1871. He then became a lecturer at Kiel University, and in 1952, spent five months in the United States. It was at this time that he first met Dr. Henry Kissinger who was teaching at Harvard at the time. The two historians established a close friendship that lasted until Stoltenberg's death.

Long active in politics (having joined the Christian Democratic Union [CDU] in 1947), Stoltenberg began a long career in public service in 1965 when he was appointed Federal Minister for Scientific Research, a position he would hold until 1969. From 1971 until 1982, he served as *Ministerpräsident* (similar to our office of governor) of Schleswig-Holstein. While serving in this position, Stoltenberg met Yogi and his friend Dee Eicke and arranged for financial assistance for the boys' research trips to America's Midwest in 1978 and 1982.

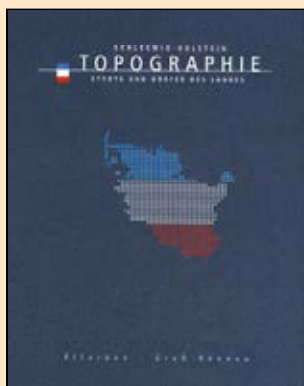
From 1982 through 1989, Dr. Stoltenberg served as the Federal Minister of Finance, and from 1989-1992, he was the Federal Minister of Defense. Four years later, Stoltenberg became the first chairman of the board of trustees of the Otto von Bismarck Foundation; his good friend Henry Kissinger served as a member of the advisory board.

In 1999, Stoltenberg paved the way for Yogi's meeting with Henry Kissinger at Kissinger's New York office. While at Kissinger's office, Yogi shot a five-minute video of Kissinger, who, speaking in his native German, expressed his deep feelings of admiration for his German colleague and friend, Dr. Gerhard "Stolti" Stoltenberg.

On December 12th of that year, Yogi attended a book party in Flensburg given by Stephan Richter who had just published the Stoltenberg book pictured above. In this book, Dr. Stoltenberg wrote about his political career and explained the value of his 1952 visit to the United States and his friendship with Henry Kissinger. During the party, the video was played as a surprise for Stoltenberg, causing tears to well up in the eyes of the old politician. Stoltenberg, who many had thought would be Germany's next chancellor, would die in less than two years. *Erinnerungen und Entwicklungen, Deutsche Zeitgeschichte 1945-1999* proved to be the last book he would write.

#### **Reni Christiansen's remembrances of *Erinnerungen und Entwicklungen, Deutsche Zeitgeschichte 1945-1999***

*"It was Stephan Richter who had the idea for the Stoltenberg book. He asked me to write it down because I am one of the few who can still take shorthand. I was enthusiastic about this and made an appointment with Mr. Stoltenberg in the Kiel offices of sh.z. Immediately, I could see how well-disciplined Stoltenberg was. 'I will arrive at the office at ten A.M. Then we will work until noon, finishing the first three chapters. I will invite you to lunch, and then we will work again until five P.M. In four meetings, we will have finished our work.' And so it happened. He arrived punctually each day, dressed in an old blue trench coat and carrying a well-worn briefcase. Working with a small ring binder and little more than an outline, his dictation was 'publishing-ready' — no 'ahs' or 'hms.' He stopped at twelve o'clock — precisely at the end of the third chapter! We then went to lunch at his favorite restaurant; each day he ordered the same thing: salted herring. During our lunches, he morphed from the conservative, dry person that had dictated to me into a brilliant conversationalist who regaled me with stories about his time as Ministerpräsident and with anecdotes about the important people he had worked with. After four days of dictation, I wrote down his last words ... just as he had predicted during our initial meeting."*



A gift from Stephan Richter, the  
Chefredakteur of the Schleswig-  
Holsteinischer Zeitungsverlag

Reni Christiansen  
Verlagshaus Flensburg/Nikolaistraße 7  
24937 Flensburg, Germany

Dear Reni,

Just a short note to thank you for the hospitality you showed me, my wife, and the Reppmanns during our visit to the offices of the *Flensburger Tageblatt*. What a wonderful *Kaffeeklatsch* and conversation! My wife and I felt so ashamed that you spoke perfect English, while our German vocabulary consisted of about ten words (three of which were *die*, *das*, and *der*!)

Your most generous gift of *Erinnerungen und Entwicklungen* was completely unexpected and now sits alongside *Schleswig-Holstein Topographie, Ellerbek – Groß Rönnaue* as a dual reminder of the true generosity of Flensburgers.

All the best,

**Scott and Carol Ann Christiansen**  
Iowa City, Iowa, USA

## **The Battle of Bov monument**

Before returning to the Reppmanns' apartment, Yogi went a little out of the way to show me a monument honoring the soldiers who lost their lives at the Battle of Bov. Since Bov is located twenty-two miles northwest of Flensburg in Denmark, the first question that comes to mind is "Why is this monument located in Flensburg rather than Bov?" (In 2007, the municipality of Bov ceased to exist. It was merged with the municipalities of Lundtoft, Rødekro, Tinglev, and Aabenraa to form the new municipality of Aabenraa.)

To answer this question, a little background information is required. The Battle of Bov, which occurred on April 9, 1848, was the first battle in the Schleswig-Holstein War of 1848-50. Although most German historians consider the fall of the Danish fortress at Rendsburg, which occurred on March 24, 1848, to be the beginning of the war, it had not been a battle since no bullets were fired and no blood was shed. Some Danish historians, therefore, believe that the Schleswig-Holstein War of 1848-50 did not begin until shots had actually been exchanged between both sides. This occurred *after* the fall of Rendsburg but *before* the Battle of Bov.

Immediately after the fall of Rendsburg on March 24th, Prussian King Frederick William IV (1795-1861) promised military support to the population of Schleswig-Holstein, stressing that he would enter the duchies as the guardian of existing law and protect the Schleswig-Holsteiners from Danish incursions and attacks. Ten days later, the Diet of the German Confederation also approved the "defensive measures" that had been taken in the interim by both Prussia and the Confederation's own Tenth Corps. Before the promised help from Prussia and the German Confederation had reached Rendsburg, however, the Provisional Government of Schleswig-Holstein ordered its army to advance to the north and occupy Flensburg. It was as if the Provisional Government said "Let us beat the Danes where we find them, before foreign troops take the honor." As the Battle of Bov demonstrated, however, this proved to be a somewhat irrational bit of exuberance.

On March 28, 1848, the Danish paddle steamer *Geiser* entered the *Flensburger Förde* both on a reconnaissance mission and to deliver a proclamation from the Danish king to the local residents. Earlier that day, however, Flensburg had been occupied by the Schleswig-Holsteiners under deputy commanding officer General Karl Christian Gerdus Alfred von Krohn. As a result, when the *Geiser* approached, it was met by heavy gunfire from the Schleswig-Holsteiners who were in charge of some of the houses on the waterfront. Without returning fire, the *Geiser* left and slowly steamed out of the inlet.

Encouraged by this success, General Krohn and his forces continued the march north towards Aabenraa which is located about twenty-five miles due north of Flensburg. This advance proceeded smoothly until the troops reached the southern part of the Aabenraa Fjord. At this point, General Krohn saw the Danish brig *St. Thomas* which immediately opened fire on his troops. (This is the point which some Danish historians view as the beginning of the Schleswig-Holstein War of 1848-50.) Shortly after this, the Schleswig-Holsteiners were in full retreat across the fields and away from the coastline. They then entered Aabenraa from the west, outside the reach of the Danish naval guns.

The next morning, the anti-Danish population of Aabenraa awakened to the news that the Danish naval blockade had been escalated, as during the night, the paddle steamer *Hekla* had joined the *St. Thomas* in the Aabenraa Fjord. In short order, troops from the *St. Thomas* came ashore, and under cover of the canons of the *Hekla* and *St. Thomas*, took command of the steamer *Christian der Achte* which had been in the Aabenraa harbor. The *Christian der Achte* was immediately placed in service as a Danish troopship.

On April 7th, the Schleswig-Holstein ground forces again exchanged fire with the Danish navy. At this time, a large number of Schleswig-Holsteiners were erecting field artillery on the shoreline near Bogholm on the south side of the Aabenraa Fjord. The paddle steamer *Hekla* and two gunboats took fire from the Schleswig-Holsteiners on the shore, but were able to silence the shore artillery, causing the Schleswig-Holstein forces to once again flee inland.



Also on April 7th, the Danes landed a small task force on the Holdnæs Peninsula. This required the Schleswig-Holstein army to send two battalions and half a squadron to Glücksburg to defend against this task force.

With the Danes approaching from the north and his army divided due to the presence of the Danish taskforce at Holdnæs, General Krohn rightfully feared that his men could be surrounded. He requested permission to withdraw. There seems to be some disagreement on whether Krohn received this permission. Military historian Jesper Stenild has stated that Krohn did receive permission to withdraw, while Danish military expert Nick Svendsen indicates that the Prince of Nør denied Krohn's request, as he was under pressure to initiate the fighting in the Duchy of Schleswig by the Provisional Government of Schleswig-Holstein which wanted to emphasize that the fighting was not only about the Duchy of Holstein. Regardless of which historian is correct, Krohn was unable to effectuate a withdrawal before the fighting at the Battle of Bov began on the morning of April 9, 1848.

According to the diary of Danish soldier Peter Jorgensen, the Danes had located the Schleswig-Holstein army on the evening of April 8th near the town of Bov. After raining the entire night, April 9th dawned bright and sunny. At 8:45 A.M., the vanguard of the Danish army advanced along the main road towards the village of Bov where they encountered two companies of the Schleswig-Holstein 2nd Battalion. The fighting at Bov lasted for half an hour during which time the Danes forced the Schleswig-Holsteiners to begin retreating to the southeast.

A short while later, half of Danish Colonel Friderich Adolph von Schlepp-egrell's "Schleswig Flank" division



**The Battle at Bov**

The drawing above shows the expired Danish Captain Hegermann Lindencrone of the 3rd Chasseur Battalion (part of the vanguard of the Danish army) being carried away. The skirmish line has taken cover behind a *Knick*, a fence made out of rocks and covered by bushes. *Knicks* are a common element of the landscape in both Denmark and Schleswig-Holstein and were often used as cover in the various battles of the Schleswig-Holstein War of 1848-50.



**The company column formation in battle**

In the Schleswig-Holstein War of 1848-50, the operational unit of the **army** was the **battalion**. In 1848, this consisted of eight hundred men; in 1849, one thousand men; and in 1850, 1,100 men. The battalion was divided into four **companies**.

The operational unit of the **cavalry** was the **squadron** which consisted of 180 men with horses. Four squadrons made a **cavalry regiment**. (The foregoing information pertains to the Danish army, but would be roughly applicable to the Schleswig-Holstein army as well.) Jürgen Peter Ankersen was in the Fourth Squadron of the 1st Dragoon (cavalry) regiment. During the Battle of Bov, his 1st Dragoon Regiment was part of the Left Wing Reserves which also included the 2nd Dragoon Regiment and several *Freikorps* units.

When the Danish fortress at Rendsburg fell on March 24, 1848, the following Danish units became the initial part of the Schleswig-Holstein army: the 14th, 15th, 16th, and 17th Battalions; the 4th and 5th Chasseur Battalions; the 1st and 2nd Dragoon Regiments (Jürgen was in the 1st); the 2nd Artillery Regiment; and some engineering units. The Prince of Nør organized this army so that the 14th-17th Battalions were numbered I-IV, and the Chasseur battalions became the 1st and 2nd *Jägerkorps*. Three new battalions (numbered V-VII) were formed from reserves which were called up. The volunteers which came from Germany formed the *Freikorps*. (They were released in July of 1848 due to poor performance and lack of discipline.)

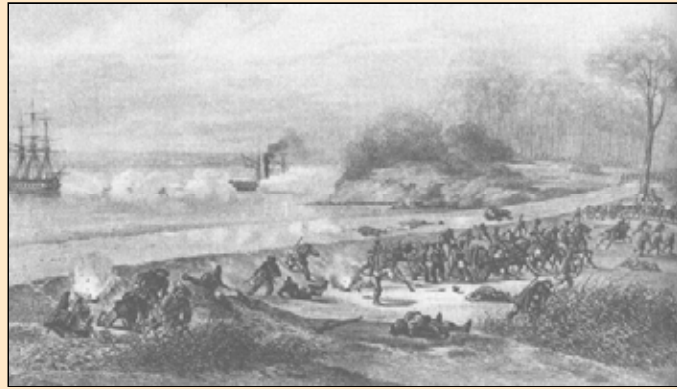
The illustration above shows the Danish company column formation used at the Battle of Bov. The Danish infantry is moving forward with two skirmish lines: in the front is the first **platoon** and behind is the second. Placed behind the two skirmish lines are three **reserve companies** (seen at the bottom of the illustration). The Schleswig-Holstein units are positioned on the hill.

reached Bov. One of the division's battalions took up a position east of Bov and was involved in some minor skirmishing with the Schleswig-Holstein units. By 11:00 A.M., the Schleswig-Holsteiners began a gradual retreat toward Flensburg.

As more Danish troops arrived, the Schleswig-Holsteiners were pushed further back to Harrislee. During the fighting, several Danish royal naval vessels had sailed into the *Flensburger Förde*. When they saw the Schleswig-Holsteiners retreating along the coast road, they enfiladed the coast.

At about this time, the Prince of Nør (who had been in Rendsburg) arrived in Flensburg. As soon as he was briefed about the situation, he commanded his army to retreat. Unfortunately, this message was not conveyed to the forces retreating near Kruså. When these forces reached the hills north of Flensburg, they discovered that the town had been evacuated by the other part of the Schleswig-Holstein army. They were then attacked by several Danish battalions which had reached the outskirts of Flensburg at the same time. In addition, the crews of several Danish naval ships that had docked in the Flensburg harbor participated in the fight as well.

Things were to become even worse for the retreating Schleswig-Holsteiners, as their potential avenue of escape to the south of Flensburg (where the rest of their army had already retreated to) was cut off when still other Danish battalions moved into that area and blocked the southern road. As a result, a considerable number of Schleswig-Holstein soldiers were captured.



During their retreat along the coast road running from Kruså to Flensburg, the Schleswig-Holstein 2nd *Jägerkorps* was pursued by parts of the Danes' "Schleswig Flank Division." In addition, the Schleswig-Holsteiners received fire from a Danish frigate, steamer, and some gun barges positioned in the *Flensburger Förde* near the shoreline. Ironically, these naval craft also inadvertently fired at the pursuing Danish troops since both the Danes and the Schleswig-Holsteiners had similar uniforms in the first battle of the war.



**Above:** George Bleibtreu's 1852 painting showing Kiel university students and Turner members fighting in Flensburg during the Battle of Bov. All of these individuals, who made up the *Freikorps* unit that was part of the Right Wing, were either killed or taken prisoner during the battle. **Right:** F. C. Lund's painting of the aftermath of the Battle of Bov depicts the victorious Danes who had retaken control of Flensburg after the Schleswig-Holsteiners were forced to retreat south of the city.



The Danish mounted brigade attempted to stop the further retreat south of the remnant Schleswig-Holstein battalions which had successfully withdrawn to the hills south of Flensburg, but due to the difficult terrain and the long and exhausting day for both men and horses, they were unable to do so.



**1: 1847**

Jürgen Peter Ankerson begins to satisfy his military obligation to the Danish crown.

**2: 1848-03-24**

The Danish fortress at Rendsburg falls without a shot being fired. The Schleswig-Holstein War of 1848-50 begins.

**3: Shortly after 1848-03-24**

Col. von Holstein releases his troops from their oath to the Danish king. Jürgen joins the S-H army as a trumpeter in the 4th Squadron of the 1st Dragoon (cavalry) regiment and immediately goes to Rendsburg.

**12: 1848-04-09  
12:00 P.M.**

The Prince of Nør, the commanding officer of the S-H army, arrives in Flensburg from Rendsburg. After being briefed, he orders a retreat, but the order is not conveyed to the units retreating from Kruså through Harrislee. A Danish corvette, steamer, and gun barge enfilade the S-H troops as they retreat along the coast road from Kruså to Flensburg. When these troops reach the hills north of Flensburg, they discover that the rest of the S-H army has already evacuated. They are then attacked by the Danes advancing from the north and by some of the crew from the Danish ships in the harbor who had come ashore. Other Danish troops seal off a possible retreat through the southern part of Flensburg. A considerable number of S-H soldiers are captured.

**11: 1848-04-09  
11:30 A.M.**

Despite heavy resistance, the S-H troops are forced to retreat from Harrislee towards Flensburg.

**10: 1848-04-09  
9:00 - 11:00 A.M.**

Half of the Danes' "Schles.-Flank" division arrives at Bov at 9:00 A.M. Its chasseur battalion takes a position east of Bov and skirmishes with S-H troops forcing them to retreat southeast towards Flensburg.

**13: 1848-04-09 post 12:00 P.M.**

The Danish mounted brigade attempts to stop the retreat of the remnant S-H battalions which first assembled on the hills south of Flensburg, but due to the difficult terrain and the long and exhausting day for both men and horses, the mounted brigade is not able to interfere with the S-H retreat. The Prince of Nør, who had ordered the retreat, hopes to stop at Idstedt and present some kind of resistance. Seeing that his army is no shape for this, he instead continues south to the Eider River.

**9: 1848-04-09 8:45 A.M. - 9:15 A.M.**

The Danish vanguard skirmishes with two companies of the Schleswig-Holstein 2nd Battalion at Bov. The S-H troops are forced to retreat to the southeast.

**8: 1848-04-07**

As a diversion, the Danes land a small task force on the Holdnæs Peninsula. This requires part of the S-H army to be sent to Glücksburg as a defense against this task force.

**4: Post-1848-03-24**

Under the deputy commanding officer of the S-H army, General Krohn, Jürgen and his comrades march thirty-seven miles north from Rendsburg and occupy Flensburg. Jürgen's older brothers Hans Peter and Claus Peter are living in Flensburg at this time.

**5: 1848-03-28**

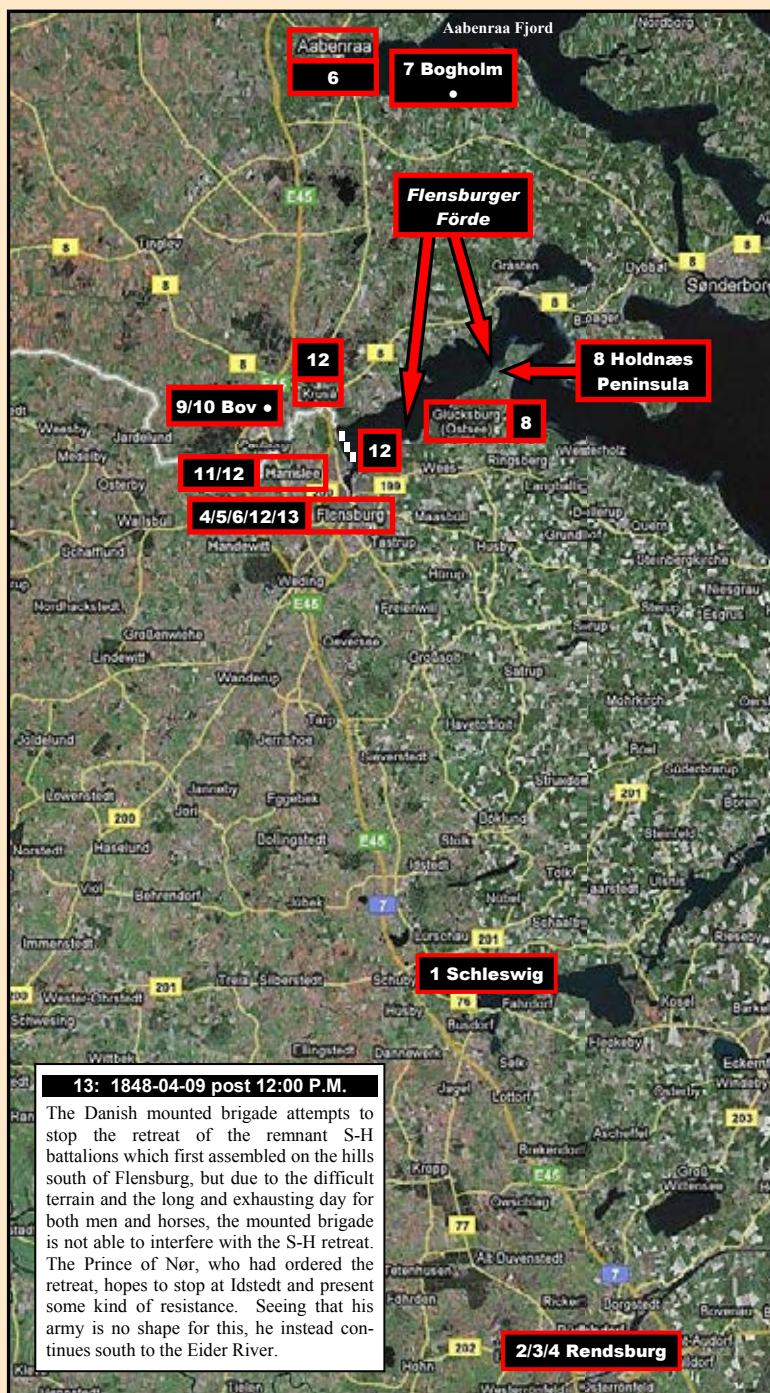
After Gen. Krohn's forces reach Flensburg, a Danish paddle steamer enters the *Flensburger Förde*. It's met by heavy gunfire from the S-H forces who are in charge of some houses on the waterfront. The ship slowly steams out of the inlet without firing a shot.

**6: 1848-ca.-03-30**

Gen. Krohn's troops march from Flensburg to the southern part of the Aabenraa Fjord. They are fired on by the Danish brig *St. Thomas* and forced to retreat across the fields and away from the coastline. They enter Aabenraa from the west, outside the reach of the Danish naval guns.

**7: 1848-04-07**

S-H troops, who are erecting field artillery on the shoreline near Bogholm, are fired on by Danish naval vessels forcing them to once again flee inland.

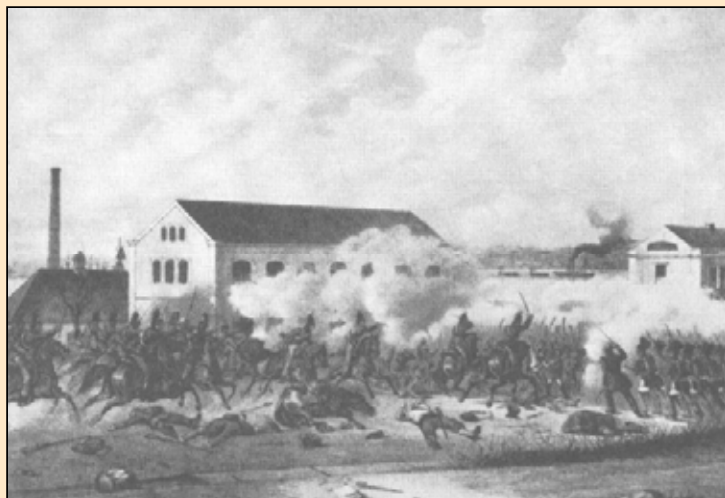


The Prince of Nør, who had ordered the retreat, had hoped to stop at Idstedt and present some kind of resistance. It was obvious, however, that his army was in no shape for this, and he opted instead to retreat further south to the Eider River.

The Battle of Bov, the first battle of the Schleswig-Holstein War of 1848-50, was really more a series of skirmishes than a battle. Two untried forces had met, and things had ended very badly for the Schleswig-Holsteiners.

They Schleswig-Holstein army had been outnumbered (eleven thousand to either six or seven thousand, depending on the historian), badly coordinated and isolated, and more prepared for withdrawal than fighting. Their superior commander, the Prince of Nør, had not arrived on the battlefield until almost three hours after the fighting had begun, and there were several instances of orders not being relayed up the line properly with the result that many of the troops had been put in an impossible position.

Thirty-five Schleswig-Holsteiners lost their lives, 138 were wounded, and 923 were captured. The Danes, on the other hand, lost but eighteen men, had sixty-six wounded, and had none of their troops captured. Although subsequent battles would cause infinitely more carnage, the horror of war began with the Battle of Bov. When Danish secretary of war Anton Frederik Tscherning visited one of the hospitals after the battle, he stumbled over a bucket with arms and legs, the result of various amputations. He then asked the doctor in charge if this was not too drastic and if fewer amputations would do. The doctor replied abruptly, "Your Excellency, we are at war." There was no time for



During the last phase of the battle around Flensburg, a squadron of the Danish Cavalry attacked the Schleswig-Holstein *Jägerkorps* who were retreating to Flensburg. *Jäger* is a German word for "hunter." In German military parlance, the *Jäger* were light infantry who were excellent rifle shots and thus valuable as snipers able to inflict heavy casualties on enemy officers. Their ability to lay exceptionally accurate rifle fire also made them good for providing covering fire for other more vulnerable troop types such as engineers constructing forward trenches. For fighting in close quarters, the *Jäger* carried a straight bladed small hunting sword called a *Hirschfänger* (literally, a "deer catcher"), a short saber, or a falchion. During the Schleswig-Holstein War of 1848-50, the *Jäger* wore a green uniform and a green shako. (A shako is a tall, cylindrical military cap, usually peaked and sometimes tapered at the top. It is usually adorned with some kind of ornamental plate or badge on the front and often has a feather, plume, or pompon attached at the top.)



**Jürgen Peter Ankerson's  
1st Dragoon Regiment uniform**

For the first part of the Schleswig-Holstein War of 1848-50 (including the Battle of Bov), the Schleswig-Holstein troops were dressed in Danish uniforms or in combinations of Danish, Prussian, and dyed Danish clothing. (Remember that the initial part of the Schleswig-Holstein army [including Jürgen Peter Ankerson] had been in the Danish military prior to March 24, 1848.)

Sometime during 1848, a new uniform based on the Prussian model was introduced. The drawing at the left depicts a member of a Schleswig-Holstein dragoon regiment (like Jürgen) astride his horse. Hanging on his right side is his scabbard and saber.



less severe treatment; amputation was the only solution.

Contemporary accounts of the Battle of Bov spoke of "dark feelings in every true soldier's mind" when Schleswig-Holstein and Danish officers faced old friends now fighting for the "enemy." As would be the case in America's Civil War, members of the same family frequently fought as volunteers on opposing sides. As the war progressed, it would become clear that not everyone, especially in the Duchy of Schleswig, was prepared to take up arms against the sovereign.



**Above left:** After leaving the *Flensburger Tageblatt* at Nikolaistraße 7 ("A"), we drove to the beginning of Harrisleer Straße ("B"), the site of the monument honoring some of those who died during the Battle of Bov. Ironically, Harrisleer Straße is a very apropos street for the monument to be located on, since some of those honored on the monument may well have died during the retreat from Harrislee to Flensburg.



**Above middle:** The monument is located in a tiny park area indicated by the red rectangle.

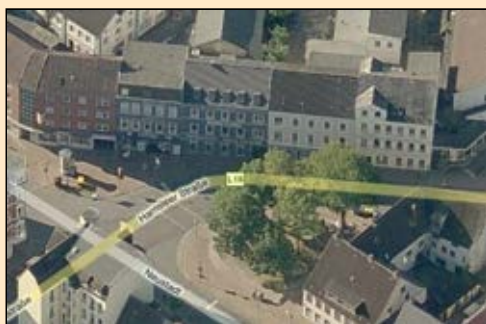


**Above right:** The inscription on this side of the monument indicates that it was erected in 1888 and that it honors Germans (students from the University of Kiel, volunteers, and soldiers) who lost their lives during the Battle of Bov on April 9, 1848. The other three sides of the monument are dedicated to fallen members of:

- The **II Jägerkorps**, including Major Sören Johann Diderik v. Michelsen who commanded four hundred men in the Right Wing.
- **Infantry Battalions I, II, III, IV, and VI.**
- The **Freikorps** and the **Studentenkorps**. Listed under "Studentenkorps" on the monument are "Bernh. Gülich" and "Count C. zu Rantzau."
  - ✓ Could Bernh. Gülich possibly have been a brother of Theodor Gülich, Schleswig-Holstein War of 1848-50 combatant, Forty-eighter, and founder and first editor of Davenport, Iowa's *Der Demokrat*?
  - ✓ Although the monument indicates that Count C. zu Rantzau was a member of the *Studentenkorps*, my research indicates that he commanded one of the *Freikorps* units in the Left Wing Reserves. (The Left Wing Reserves consisted of the 1st Dragoon Regiment [Jürgen Peter Ankerson's unit], the 2nd Dragoon Regiment, and two *Freikorps* units.)

**Above:** Until very recently, one of the white walls in the background of the photo above had remnants of a cannonball lodged in it. (This may have come from one of the Danish navy vessels that were in the *Flensburger Förde* during the latter stages of the Battle of Bov.)

**Below:** Buildings on Harrisleer Straße across the street from the park with the Battle of Bov monument.



The *Studentenkorps* and the Kiel Turner members were commanded by Major Sören Johann Diderik v. Michelsen of the II *Jägerkorps*. One of the members of the *Kieler-Männer Turnverein von 1844* was future Davenport, Iowa resident Christian Müller. The reader may remember that Müller was the son-in-law of Hans Reimer Claussen and the great grandfather of Dorothy Horton née Mueller, the person who sold Yogi the Hans Reimer Claussen trunk. At first, I didn't understand how Müller could have been at the Battle of Bov. I knew he had been injured three times during the war including once at the Battle of Idstedt in 1850. This didn't seem to square with the fact that all *Studentenkorps* and Kiel Turner members had either been killed or captured at the Battle of Bov. I subsequently learned that many of the Schleswig-Holsteiners taken prisoner during this battle were held in

Continued on the next page

the prison ship *Dronning Maria* in Copenhagen. After the peace treaty of Malmö was signed on August 26, 1848, the prisoners were released. Many of them such as Christian Müller went on to fight again when the war resumed in 1849.

### **Combat comrades in Schleswig-Holstein/Fellow members of *Der Davenport Verein der Kampfgenossen der Schleswig-Holsteinischen Freiheitskriege von 1848, 1849 und 1850* in Davenport, Iowa**

It appears that a number of *Der Davenport Verein der Kampfgenossen der Schleswig-Holsteinischen Freiheitskriege von 1848, 1849 und 1850* members fought alongside Jürgen at the Battle of Bov. Hans Heinrich Andresen, future president of Davenport's German Savings Bank and a fellow Davenport alderman with Jürgen in 1859; Bleik Peters, a very close friend of Jürgen's; Johann Halkens (the father-in-law of Jürgen's friend Emil Geisler); and Peter Boie Harding were all members of Ranzow's *Freikorps*. (Ranzow's *Freikorps* and Jürgen's 1st Dragoon Regiment were part of the Schleswig-Holstein army's Left Wing Reserves that fought at the Battle of Bov.) In 1872, Andresen, Peters, Halkens, Harding, and Ankerson became charter members — Jürgen Peter Ankerson being the first president — of *Der Davenport Verein der Kampfgenossen der Schleswig-Holsteinischen Freiheitskriege von 1848, 1849 und 1850*.

Other *Der Davenport Verein der Kampfgenossen der Schleswig-Holsteinischen Freiheitskriege von 1848, 1849 und 1850* members who served alongside Jürgen in the 1st Dragoon Regiment included Peter Feddersen, Fritz Bluedorn, Carsten Frahm, Jacob Hellberg, Hinrich Knutzen, Nicolaus Matzen, Hans Mehrens, Jürgen Ralf, and Martin Brehmer.

### **Thick as thieves**

The more one studies the history of Davenport, Iowa, the more one becomes aware of the many ways in which the lives of the Schleswig-Holstein war veterans were intertwined. Wilhelm von Schirach, who only remained in Davenport for about seven years before returning to Germany, is a good example of this high degree of interconnectivity.

- Jürgen Peter Ankerson and Wilhelm von Schirach were both at Rendsburg in the latter part of March in 1848. (We know that von Schirach was there when the fortress fell on March 24 and that Jürgen arrived shortly thereafter.) Both men fought at the Battle of Bov, Wilhelm as a member of the *V Jägerkorps* (which made up part of the Right Wing) and Jürgen as a member of the 1st Dragoon Regiment (which was part of the Left Wing Reserves). When Jürgen made his first Davenport real estate purchase in 1854 (buying the property that would be the site of his grocery store/residence), he executed a deed of trust. The grantee on this deed? None other than Wilhelm von Schirach, who, trained as a lawyer, ran a conveyancing, land, and loan office.
- Who began working in von Schirach's conveyancing, land, and loan office in early 1856? Bleik Peters, another Forty-eighter who had been trained as a lawyer, but whose first job in Davenport was clerking in Jürgen Peter Ankerson's grocery store.
- In 1854, Wilhelm von Schirach, a former member of the *V Jägerkorps* unit and therefore very talented in the use of a rifle, was elected president of Davenport's first German rifle club (the precursor to the *Davenport Schützengesellschaft*). Serving as secretary of this rifle club was Theodor Gülich, founder and editor of Davenport's *Der Demokrat*, another Forty-eighter who'd fought in the Schleswig-Holstein War of 1848-50, and a future member of *Der Davenport Verein der Kampfgenossen der Schleswig-Holsteinischen Freiheitskriege von 1848, 1849 und 1850*.
- From 1858-59, Wilhelm von Schirach boarded with Johann Nicolaus Ludewig Hanssen. Hanssen, yet another Forty-eighter, participant in the Schleswig-Holstein War of 1848-50, and future member of *Der Davenport Verein der Kampfgenossen der Schleswig-Holsteinischen Freiheitskriege von 1848, 1849 und 1850*, was an avid marksman and one of the incorporators of the *Davenport Schützengesellschaft*. He became very well known for founding a hardware store that was a fixture in downtown Davenport for 120 years. Hanssen's original partner in the hardware business he opened in 1850? Fellow Schleswig-Holstein War of 1848-50 combatant Peter Boie Harding.

In 1851, Louis Hanssen lost a business partner but gained a brother-in-law when his sister Caroline Hanssen married Peter B. Harding. A little over a month later, the newlyweds sold a piece of property to fellow German immigrant Frederik Bolte. Several years later, Bolte sold the property to two men who opened a grocery store on the site. One of those two men was Forty-eighter and Schleswig-Holstein War of 1848-50 veteran, my great-great grandfather Jürgen Peter Ankerson.

When fellow Forty-eighter Christian Müller arrived in Davenport in 1852, he was met by future Wilhelm von Schirach roommate, Louis Hanssen. Hanssen and Müller had both been members of the *Kieler-Männer Turnverein von 1844*, the first *Turnverein* founded in Schleswig-Holstein. Hanssen told his friend: "Christian, we must found a Turner society immediately just as we had over there." With the help of eleven other Germans, including Theodor Gülich, the *Sozialistischer Turnverein* was founded in Davenport on August 3, 1852.

- On the 1860 U.S. Federal Census, Martin Brehmer, Jürgen Peter Ankerson, and Charles Schirach all appear on the same page. Brehmer and Ankerson were both members of the 1st Dragoon Regiment, while Charles Schirach, or as he was known as in Germany, Karl Louis August von Schirach, was a younger brother of Wilhelm von Schirach. Karl, who died in 1866 (six years prior to the inception of *Der Davenport Verein der Kampfgenossen der Schleswig-Holsteinischen Freiheitskriege von 1848, 1849 und 1850*), was in all likelihood, like his older brother Wilhelm and his neighbors Brehmer and Ankerson, a participant in the Schleswig-Holstein War of 1848-50.

Five thousand miles removed from Schleswig-Holstein and the Battle of Bov, the combat comrades of the Schleswig-Holstein War of 1848-50 continued to form a myriad of financial, social, and familial bonds amongst each other. This tightly knit group of Forty-eighters would become the most colorful and important patch in Davenport, Iowa's many-hued quilt of German immigrants.



## Gott Gebe Glück Mit Frieden

After visiting the Battle of Bov monument, we returned to the Reppmanns' apartment. After cleaning up and putting on the best clothes we'd packed, we set out for Glücksburg Castle and a visit with Princess Elisabeth. In retrospect, visiting the castle right after seeing the Battle of Bov monument was quite ironic, as on April 9, 1848 — the same day the Battle of Bov occurred — the Danes seized Glücksburg and immediately put the castle into a state of defense.

After a drive of about seven and one-half miles from *Moltkestraße 6*, we turned onto *Am Schloßsee*. This short road led us into a paved courtyard surrounded by buildings on three sides. After parking the car, we made a short walk southwest along a wide, bush-lined brick path and got our first close-up view of the exterior of the castle.





**Am Schloßsee, the castle courtyard, and the stone path leading to the castle**



**1st row left:** An aerial view of Am Schloßsee, the castle courtyard, the brick path leading to the castle, and the castle.

**1st row right:** Looking up the Am Schloßsee which leads the visitor into the castle courtyard. Visible through the arched entryway of the Torhaus (gate house) is the Kavalierhaus.

**2nd row left:** Am Schloßsee runs across a granite bridge and through the Torhaus into the courtyard. Centuries ago, before the granite bridge, there was a drawbridge that spanned a moat. In 1859, the drawbridge was replaced with stone construction with the keystone bearing the monogram of King Frederick VII of Denmark (1808-1863).

**2nd row right:** Kavalierhaus, the part-time residence of Princess Elisabeth, was built in 1786.

**3rd row left:** This photo was taken in front of the Kavalierhaus looking back into the courtyard.

**3rd row right:** Looking from the castle back down the stone path towards the courtyard. **4th row left:** The stone path crosses an earthen dike leading to the castle entrance. (Originally, before the earthen dike was formed, there was a bridge leading to the castle.) As we arrived, a film crew was just leaving. The crew may have been working on the German television series *Der Fürst und das Mädchen* ("The Prince and the Girl") starring Maximilian Schell.



Between 1209 and 1210, a Cistercian monastery called *Rüdekloster* was erected on roughly the same site as the Glücksburg Castle. The *Rüdekloster* survived until the Reformation resulted in its secularization. King Christian III (1503-1559), who had known Martin Luther and become a Christian, decreed that Denmark would be Lutheran in 1536. Catholic bishops were taken into custody, monasteries like the *Rüdekloster* were dissolved, and vast estates came to the crown.

After King Christian III's death in 1559, his older son became King Frederick II of Denmark (1534-1588). After the distribution of Christian III's estate in 1564, his younger son, Johann II (Johann the Younger) (1545-1622), inherited the *Rüdekloster* which had been abandoned. (The history here is a little unclear. It's possible that Johann the Younger did not acquire the *Rüdekloster* until 1581. The scenario would have gone as follows. After Johann the Younger's uncle [Johann the Elder] died in 1580 without heirs, his property was divided between his brother Duke Adolf I and the two sons of his other brother, the deceased King Christian III of Denmark. The older of these two sons was King Frederick II of Denmark. It's possible that it was Frederick who initially received *Rüdekloster* and then ceded it to his younger brother, Johann the Younger.)

On December 21, 1582, Duke Johann II entered into an agreement with architect Nikolaus Karies to demolish the *Rüdekloster* and build the Glücksburg Castle. Reportedly, the fee paid for the work was the equivalent of about twelve hundred cattle.

By 1583, the monastery had been torn down, thus paving the way for Duke Johann II to begin construction on the Glücksburg Castle. Granite from the *Rüdekloster* was used in the castle's two-and-one-half-meter-high foundation, and many of the monastery's bricks were reused in the new castle. *Schloß Glücksburg* was finished in 1587, and today, is Germany's largest "water castle" and one of the most significant family houses in Northern Europe.



**Johann II, Duke of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg**  
(1545-03-25 - 1622-10-09)

Duke Johann II of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg (Johann the Younger) erected the Glücksburg Castle between 1582 and 1587.

Duke Johann II is the progenitor of the various branches of the Sonderburg House of Princes, including Glücksburg, Plön, Augustenburg, and Beck.

**King Frederick I** of Denmark and Norway (1471-1533) had three sons by two wives: Duke Johann of Schleswig-Holstein-Haderslev (Johann the Elder), Duke Adolf I of Schleswig-Holstein-Gottorf, and King Christian III of Denmark. In 1544, the three sons divided the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein. The areas were divided according to approximately equal tax proceeds.

**Duke Adolf I of Schleswig-Holstein-Gottorf** (1526-1586), the youngest of King Frederick's three sons, was entitled to the first choice. He selected the part with the castle Gottorf. Gottorf (German) or Gottorp (Low German and Danish) is a palace and estate in the city of Schleswig and the ancestral home of the Holstein-Gottorf branch of the House of Oldenburg. The House of Oldenburg (a North German noble family) first became royal when Count Christian I of Oldenburg became King of Denmark in 1448, and has been the Danish Royal House ever since.

**Duke Johann of Schleswig-Holstein-Haderslev (Johann the Elder)** (1521-1580) got Haderslev, a former province in Denmark located on the northernmost part of South Jutland. (Since the Schleswig Plebiscites of 1920, South Jutland has been divided into Northern and Southern Schleswig. Northern Schleswig is now part of the Region South Denmark. Southern Schleswig is part of the German state of Schleswig-Holstein.)

**King Christian III of Denmark** (1503-1559) selected Sonderburg (today, known as Sønderborg, Denmark).

When Johann the Elder died in 1580 without leaving heirs, his share was divided between Duke Adolf I and two of the sons of his deceased brother, King Christian III. These two sons were **King Frederick II** of Denmark (1534-1588) and **Johann the Younger**. The older brother, King Frederick II, allotted his younger brother Sonderburg, and Johann the Younger became **Duke Johann II of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg** in 1582.

Thanks to Yogi, our tour of the Glücksburg Castle would be conducted by **Princess Elisabeth of Ysenburg and Büdingen** whose maternal great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great grandfather was Johann II, Duke of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg.

After the death Duke Johan II in 1622, his estate was divided among his heirs. Receiving Glücksburg Castle was Duke Philip (1584-1663). Philip would be the first of five consecutive generations that resided in the castle. The last duke of the "older" Glücksburg line, Duke Friedrich Hinrich Wilhelm (1747-1779), died without any heirs in 1779. His widow continued to live in the castle until her death in 1824.

On July 6, 1825, King Frederick VI of Denmark (1768-1839/reigned as King of Denmark from 1808-1839), awarded the castle to Duke Friedrich Wilhelm of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Beck (1785-1831), a direct descendant of Duke Johann II. At that point, Friedrich Wilhelm became Duke Friedrich Wilhelm of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg, the first duke in the "newer" Glücksburg branch of the House of Oldenburg.



**King Christian IX of Denmark**  
(1818-04-08 - 1906-01-29)  
"The Father-in-law of Europe"

Four of his children became monarchs, sitting on the thrones (either directly or as a consort) of Denmark, Great Britain, Greece, and Russia. Today, most of Europe's reigning and ex-reigning royal families are direct descendants of Christian IX.

The six children of Christian and his wife Luise Wilhelmine Friederike Caroline Auguste Julie, Princess of Hesse-Kassel, were:

- **King** Frederik VIII of Denmark.  
Son: **King** Christian X of Denmark.  
Son: **King** Haakon VII of Norway.
- **Queen** Alexandra of the United Kingdom/Princess of Wales/Princess Alexandra of Denmark/Princess Alexandra of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg. Son: **King** George V of the United Kingdom.
- **King** George I of Greece. Son: **King** Constantine I of Greece.
- Maria Feodorovna Romanova, **Empress** of Russia/Princess Dagmar of Denmark/Princess Dagmar of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg. Son: **Tsar** Nicholas II of Russia.
- **Princess** Thyra of Denmark.
- **Prince** Valdemar of Denmark.

One of Friedrich Wilhelm's children was King Christian IX of Denmark (1818-1906/reigned as King of Denmark from 1863-1906). Christian IX is known as the "Father-in-law of Europe" (his descendants can be found in the royal families of Belgium, England, France, Greece, Yugoslavia, Luxemburg, Monaco, Norway, Romania, Russia, Spain, Sweden, Germany, and Austria) and is the progenitor of the current Glücksburg line on the Danish throne.

Another of Friedrich Wilhelm's children was Duke Friedrich of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg (1814-1885) from whom Prince Christoph, the current head of the House of Schleswig-Holstein, is descended.

After 1854, the castle served as the summer residence for King Frederick VII of Denmark (1808-1863/reigned as King of Denmark from 1848-1863) until his death at the castle on November 15, 1863.

During the Second Schleswig-Holstein War (1864), Prussian troops used the castle as a headquarters and military hospital. After Schleswig was ceded to Prussia by Denmark following the conclusion of the war, King William I of Prussia (1797-1888/reigned as King of Prussia from 1861-1888/was the first German Emperor from 1871-1888) gave the castle back to the family. (At this time, however, most of the castle's furnishings had been removed. After Duke Friedrich Hinrich Wilhelm's wife died in 1824, many of the furnishings were auctioned off, and after the Schleswig-Holstein War of 1864, much of what remained was transferred to Berlin.) Duke Karl (1813-1878), the brother of King Christian IX of Denmark and the head of the House of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg at the time, made the castle his permanent home in 1871.

Auguste Viktoria (1858-1921), the last German Empress (wife of Kaiser Wilhelm II) and a descendant of the House of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg, frequently stayed at Glücksburg Castle. (Husband Kaiser Wilhelm II also visited, but typically spent the nights on his yacht.) Auguste Viktoria was the great grand aunt of the current head of the family, Prince Christoph.

Other than having its castle bells seized and melted during World



War I, Glücksburg Castle survived both world wars without any major damage. In 1922, the House of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg incorporated the castle into a non-profit foundation (*Die Stiftung Schloß Glücksburg*), and in 1925, it was opened to the public for the first time. As I understand things, members of the family are still entitled to live on the property, and I believe Princess Elisabeth lives part time in the *Kavalierhaus*.

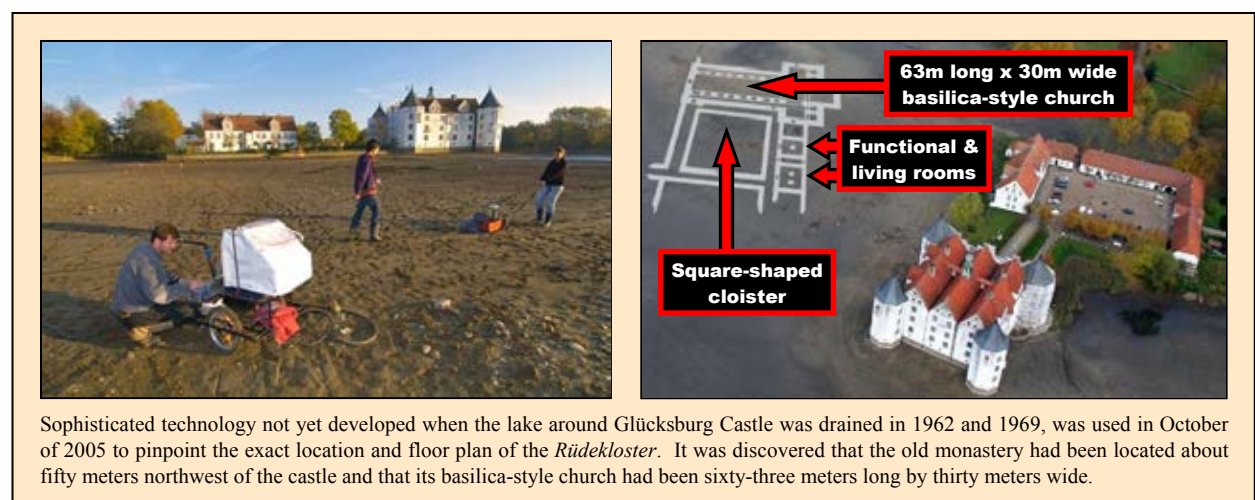
An interesting footnote to the history of the Glücksburg Castle occurred at the end of World War II. As the reader may remember, earlier in the day, I had seen the *Marineschule Mürwik* from a distance on one of our trips to the *Hotel Alter Meierhof*. This naval school was the seat of *Großadmiral* Karl Dönitz's "Flensburg Government" at the conclusion of World War II. As previously noted, a British liaison officer went to *Marineschule Mürwik* on May 23, 1945, and read an order from General Eisenhower calling for the arrest of all members of the Flensburg Government, thereby effectively dissolving it. One of the members of that government was Minister of Industry and Production Albert Speer.

When Germany surrendered on May 7, 1945, British troops surrounded Flensburg. For two weeks, however, a hiatus reigned with neither arrest nor freedom for the members of the Flensburg Government. Speer was permitted to accept an offer by the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein to stay at Glücksburg Castle. For ten days there, Speer "leaned over backwards" to help the American authorities who questioned him.

In the months following the Speer interrogation, Glücksburg Castle served as a prison for nearly two hundred former members of the *Wehrmacht*. Three years later, the castle was reopened to the public.

From 2002-2003, Danish television produced a multi-part documentary series (since shown in over one hundred countries) entitled *König Christian IX und seine europäische Nachkommenschaft* (*King Christian IX and his European descendants*). The series featured interviews with many of Christian IX's descendants including Princess Elisabeth.

Two years later, in October of 2005, the artificial lake around *Schloß Glücksburg* (known as *Schloßteich*, or Castle Pond) was drained. When it had been previously drained in 1962 and 1969, the foundations of the *Rüdekloster* had been revealed and numerous small metal objects such as copper and bronze belt buckles, book locks, windows, coins, and lead window glazing had been found. The discovery of various tools, slag from a smelting furnace, wooden water



pipes, and a floor heating system of sorts testified to the high technical standard of the monastery. The draining that took place in October of 2005, however, went significantly further. Using magnetic imaging, the exact location and floor plan of the monastery were determined.

— The entrance to *Schloß Glücksburg* —

Glücksburg Castle received its name from the motto of Duke Johann II: *Gott Gebe Glück Mit Frieden*, which roughly translated means "God grant happiness with freedom" or "God grant happiness and peace." The initial letters of this motto (GGGMF) along with the duke's coat of arms can be found above the castle entrance. Flanking the duke's coat of arms are the coats of arms of his two wives (Elisabeth von Braunschweig-Lüneburg and Princess Agnes Hedvig von Sachsen-Anhalt) who bore him twenty-three children.

**The entrance to *Schloß Glücksburg***



**Top left:** Carol standing in front of the entrance to *Schloß Glücksburg*. Heraldically speaking, it's likely that the two lion statues flanking the entrance (which were originally located in the castle's park) symbolize the former Duchy of Schleswig.



**Top right:** A close-up shot of the three coats of arms over the entrance to *Schloß Glücksburg*. The one in the center is Duke Johann II's, while the ones flanking it are those of his two wives.

**Bottom right:** Since the time of Johann the Younger, the members of the house of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg have had a coat of arms showing the origins of the family.

- The two red chevrons against a golden background represent **Oldenburg**, while the golden cross with the blue background is taken from **Delmenhorst**.
- The crowned golden lion holding the silver halberd (a combination spear and battle-ax) with the golden handle represents **Norway**.
- The two blue lions above each other on a gold background represent **Schleswig**.
- The silver swan with the golden crown represents **Stormarn**.
- The silver horse with the armor-clad horseman symbolizes **Dithmarschen**.
- The silver nettle leaf on the red background signifies **Holstein**.



— The architectural design of *Schloß Glücksburg* —

Glücksburg Castle consists of three identical adjoining gable-roofed buildings which form a roughly one-



hundred-foot square. Each corner is flanked by an octagonal tower with a diameter of about twenty-three feet. A ridge turret in the middle part of the roof was added in 1768.

Originally, the gable ends of the three adjoining buildings featured scrolled ornamentation typical of the Renaissance period. In the nineteenth century, these ornamental ends (*Zwerchhäuser*) were removed resulting in the clean, somewhat stark current appearance. Similarly, the four towers, which were originally topped with battlements, were later capped with slate roofs.



**Top left:** This drawing shows the original decorative gable ends typical of the Renaissance period. **Top center:** Compare this photo of the gable end of the center building with the drawing to the left, and you'll see that the Renaissance era decorative facings have been removed. **Top right:** This aerial photo clearly shows the three identical adjoining gable-roofed buildings, the four octagonal corner towers, and the ridge turret in the middle part of the roof.



The first and second floors contain four large rooms (one in each corner) and four smaller rooms (two in the middle of each side wing). In the middle wing is a long, continuous room with windows at both ends. The ground floor, first floor, and second floor all have arched ceilings. The overall impression of the castle is one of great symmetry, and this is enhanced by the placement of the windows.

— **The maintenance and upkeep of *Schloß Glücksburg* is an expensive proposition and requires the combined efforts of many individuals and institutions.** —

As previously noted, in 1922, the family incorporated the building into a non-profit foundation (*Die Stiftung Schloß Glücksburg*) to promote art and culture and maintain Glücksburg Castle and the treasures contained in it in a manner befitting their historical and cultural importance. Achieving these goals is a tremendous

challenge since the income from the public fails to cover the significant maintenance expenses required to preserve this architectural and cultural treasure. This shortfall is made up in a number of ways including income from commercial projects (event staging, weddings, movie productions, etc.), private contributions, governmental assistance, and help from the "Friends of Glücksburg Castle" (*Freundeskreis Schloß Glücksburg*), a group established in 2001. *Freundeskreis*

*Schloß Glücksburg* was instrumental in the renovation of the castle's whitewashed facade as well as the restoration of the old park. Only with the concerted efforts of all these groups, institutions, and individuals is the entire property able to be presented in all its former glory to Glücksburg's citizens and the castle's many visitors.

— **Our tour of Schloß Glücksburg** —

Although we had arrived just as the castle was closing for the day, Yogi's friend, Elisabeth, Princess of Ysenburg and Büdingen, had agreed to give us a private after-hours tour. When we entered the castle, Elisabeth was not yet available, so Yogi acted as our interim tour guide.

After passing through the double doors with the three coats of arms overhead, we entered the "Green Vestibule," the entry hall of Glücksburg Castle. Near the rear of the room we entered a doorway which took us down to the lower level where the chapel was located.



Event staging (above) and weddings (right) are but two of the ways expenses for the maintenance and upkeep of *Schloß Glücksburg* are defrayed.

The "Green Vestibule" is the entry hall of the Glücksburg Castle. I'm unsure as to the origin of the name since there doesn't appear to be anything green in this room! Historical records indicate that this entry hall was frugally furnished and served as a fire-fighting center of sorts. (Leather water buckets still hang from hooks on the staircase walls.) Today, the room seems to be a catch-all for some odds and ends including a suit of armor, some wedding chests, and a few family portraits including Duke Friedrich Heinrich Wilhelm (1747-1779), the last duke of the "older" Glücksburg line. The stone floor with its clearly visible fossils comes from the Swedish island of Öland. **Above right:** King Christian IX (the "Father-in-law of Europe") was married to Luise of Hesse-Kassel (1817-1898), the daughter of an ancient German princely family known as the Landgraves of Hesse. On the right side of the photo, you can see a sedan chair with the Hesse-Kassel crest.

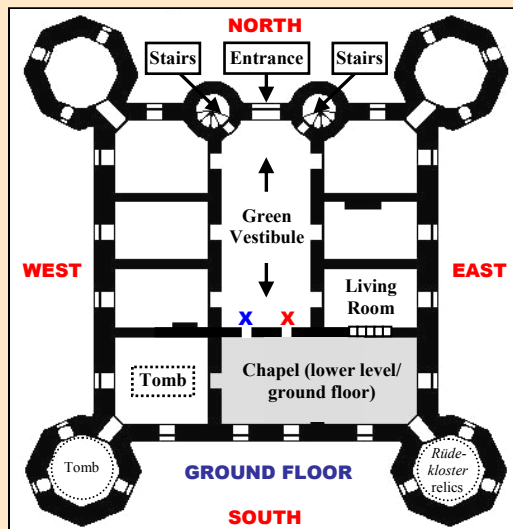


The chapel, which is one of the earliest Protestant churches in Schleswig-Holstein, is the one room in Glücksburg Castle that deviates from the strict symmetrical overall design. Rather than being located in one of the three identical adjoining buildings (as are the other rooms), it is laid out east to west and spans two of these buildings. In addition, rather than being confined to one floor, it is two floors high.

Initially, the chapel was likely quite Spartan in appearance. In 1717, Duke Philip Ernst (1673-1729) made



radical changes when he redecorated the chapel in the baroque style, and today, the chapel looks much as it would have at that time.



The layout and location of the two-story chapel vis-à-vis the living room and Green Vestibule on the ground floor is very interesting.

Although the altar and main pews of the chapel are located in the lower level, the dukes did not actually have to go to that level to attend church services. The drawing (top left) and the photo below (middle left) illustrate the first way this could be accomplished. By opening the windows in the living room, the duke and his family could sit in the privacy of that room and hear the Sunday sermon. Sounds similar to the convenience of drive-through banking, doesn't it?!

Another way the duke and his family could attend church services without walking down to the lower level was by entering the door from the Green Vestibule (indicated by the red "X" on the drawing to the left). This door led to the pews shown in the photo below (middle right). (This was also the only way the organ player could get to the organ.) These "upper" pews were added by Duke Philip Ernst in 1717 when he redecorated the chapel, changing from a Renaissance look to a baroque environment.

The blue "X" on the drawing to the left indicates the way Yogi, Carol, and I descended from the Green Vestibule on the ground floor to the chapel in the lower level.



The stairs from the Green Vestibule to the chapel

**Below:** She's already taken, Yogi! Actually, it is possible to tie the knot at *Schloß Glücksburg*, either in the registry office located in one of the towers or in the chapel. Following the ceremony, couples often choose to hold a reception in the Green Vestibule, the Red Hall, or in the orangery in the castle's park.

The ornately carved pulpit (which most unusually is placed above the altar) and baptismal font were fashioned almost four hundred years ago by Flensburg master woodcarver Claus Gabriel. The painting of the "Last Supper" over the altar is by Glücksburg-born artist August Carl Vilhelm Thomsen (1813-1886).



The chapel is not the only interesting room to be found in the lower level. There is also a tomb, a room that may have served as a prison, and a room adjoining the chapel where one can inspect exhibits of many items relating to the *Rüdekloster* that were unearthed in 1962, 1969, and 2005 when the *Schloßteich* was drained. In former times, the kitchen and various storerooms were also located in the basement.

After we'd finished in the lower level, we made our way back up to the first floor, or as it's known in Germany, the "ground floor." Princess Elisabeth was now free and relieved Yogi of his duties as tour guide.

We climbed the stairs to the second floor — or as it's known in Germany, the first floor — and continued our tour. Far and away the most spectacular room on this floor, and for my money, in the entire castle, is the "Red Hall."

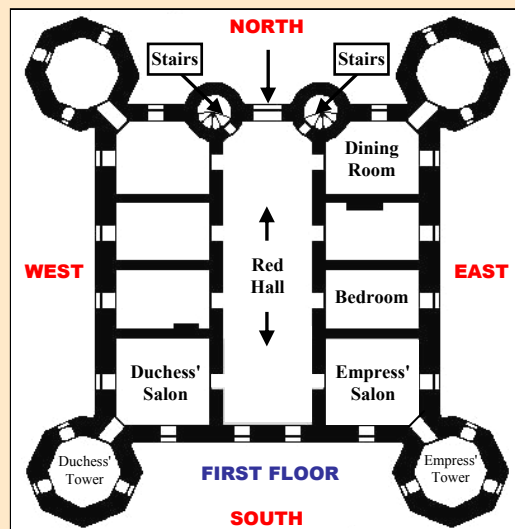
The Red Hall, which received its name from the original red linen wall coverings, served as a salon and living room as well as the palace ballroom. At thirty meters long and ten meters wide, there would have been ample room for a great many dancers. The ornamentation of the barrel-vaulted ceiling is considered the earliest example of stucco work in all of Schleswig-Holstein. This stucco work and the wood flooring are "original," i.e., they date to 1587, the year the castle was completed.



**Above:** Located in the lower level at the entrance end of the castle is a room that may have served as a prison in former times. Various medieval torture devices are on display such as the "rack" shown in this photo. **Right:** The organ shown in this photo was installed in 1847 by the renowned firm of Marcussen of Aabenraa, Denmark. Beneath the organ is the door leading to the tomb which holds thirty-eight members of the ducal family. The last burial occurred in 1811.



The Red Hall's barrel-vaulted stucco ceiling and wood flooring date to 1587. A good deal of the furniture, however, was not originally in Glücksburg Castle. Most of that furniture was either auctioned off after the wife of the last duke of the "older" Glücksburg line died in 1824 or transferred to Berlin after the conclusion of the Schleswig-Holstein War of 1864. Most of the interior furnishings that are seen today came from several Gottorf castles.







**Left:** Princess Elisabeth and Jim Amoss standing in the Red Hall in front of the coat of arms of the House of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg. Amoss, editor of New Orleans' *The Times-Picayune*, became friends with Yogi and sh:z chief editor Stephan Richter because of the Hurricane Katrina fundraising efforts of the two Germans. **Above:** This room became the dining room of the castle in 1707 and is still used as such on special occasions. The two landscape paintings at the end of the room were painted around 1800 in the manner of Claude Lorrain (ca. 1600-1682), a noted French landscape painter of the Baroque era.

Since the castle's inception, the private quarters have been located on the first floor. Originally, the rooms on the east side of the Red Hall were the duke's, while those on the west side were his wife's.



**Above left:** The salon of the empress is named after Princess Auguste Viktoria of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg (1858-1921). Auguste Viktoria, the wife of Kaiser Wilhelm II (1859-1941), the last German Emperor and King of Prussia, was a regular visitor at *Schloß Glücksburg*. She was an older sister of Duchess Karoline Mathilde (1860-1932), the wife of Duke Friedrich Ferdinand of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg (1855-1934) and the great grandmother of today's head of the family, Prince Christoph.

Among the many outstanding furnishings in this room are the Renaissance fireplace and the portraits of King Frederick V of Denmark (1723-1766) (the maternal great-great-great-great grandfather of Princess Elisabeth) and his first wife, Louise (1724-1751), a daughter of King George II of Great Britain. The painting of Louise was done by Swedish-born painter Carl Gustav Pilo, the painter to the royal court under King Frederick V. Pilo's renowned painting of King Frederick V hangs in the Altona Museum in Hamburg.

The marble bust of Queen Caroline Amalie of Denmark (1796-1881/wife of King Christian VIII [1786-1848]) was fashioned by the famous Danish sculptor Bertel Thorvaldsen. Although most well known in Europe, copies of Thorvaldsen's sculptures can be found in Central Park in New York and Temple Square (the Mormon Church complex) in Salt Lake City.

**Above right:** The tower of Empress Auguste Viktoria. Once the dressing room of Countess Danner (1815-1874), the third wife of King Frederick VII of Denmark (1808-1863), this room was used as a writing room by the empress beginning in 1905. In addition to the Biedermeier-era furniture, the main point of interest in the room is the series of portraits of Duke Friedrich Wilhelm of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Beck (1785-1831) and his family. (Friedrich Wilhelm was the first in the "newer" Glücksburg branch of the House of Oldenburg and a maternal great-great-great grandfather of Princess Elisabeth.) The top two portraits are of the duke and his wife Luise Caroline (1789-1867), while the other nine portraits are of nine of their ten children including King Christian IX of Denmark.



**Above left:** This room, which features Empire-period furniture, was set up as a bedroom in 1857. It was used by Empress Auguste Viktoria when visiting her sister. **Above middle:** Three of the rooms on the west side of the Red Hall were reserved for the use of the duchess. The room shown here was her drawing room. In the middle of the nineteenth century, the room was used as a billiards room. The portrait in the photo is of Princess Adelheid of Hohenlohe-Langenburg (1835-1900), the niece of Queen Victoria of the United Kingdom (1819-1901) and the wife of Duke Friedrich VIII of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augstenburg (1829-1880). The marble bust visible in the photo is another work of Danish sculptor Bertel Thorvaldsen. **Above right:** The tower of the duchess. This bright and friendly room located at the southwestern corner of the castle is decorated with furnishings from the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. There is a display case in the room featuring various pieces of Berlin Iron Jewelry. During the Prussian War of Independence (1813-1815), the Prussian royal family urged all citizens to contribute their gold and silver jewelry as a means of funding the fight against Napoleon. In return, the contributors were given iron jewelry with either an inscription (*Gold gab ich für Eisen* ["I gave gold for iron"] or *Für das Wohl des Vaterlands* ["For the welfare of our fatherland"]) or the portrait of King Frederick William III of Prussia (1770-1840) on the back. Prior to this time, iron jewelry had only been worn as a symbol of mourning because of its black color. Suddenly, however, it became a symbol of patriotism and loyalty and became very popular overnight. Some of the jewelry produced included Iron Crosses given for outstanding military service that were designed by renowned German architect and painter Karl Friedrich Schinkel.

After finishing on the first floor, Princess Elisabeth walked with us to the second floor (or what we in America would call the third floor). It is uncertain what this floor of the castle was used for after its completion in 1587. It's quite possible that it was used for grain storage. Since the mid-eighteenth century, however, much of this floor served as the living quarters for the princes, princesses, and their tutors. In addition, several guest rooms were also located on this floor. The dominant room of the second floor, however, is the centrally located White Hall. Like the Red Hall one floor beneath it, its dimensions are about ninety by thirty meters.



Nineteenth century inventories indicate that the White Hall was furnished in a very elegant fashion with large mirrored consoles, leather wall coverings, and chandeliers. Beginning in the mid-nineteenth century, the room was used as a banquet hall and featured a table that could seat about seventy people. Today, the White Hall is often used for concert performances, meetings, and special events.

The tapestries hanging on the wall were made in 1740 by the well-known Brussels tapestry makers van der Borcht and van der Hecke. These tapestries are based on drafts of the famous Flemish artist David Teniers the Younger (1610-1690). More than two hundred paintings by Teniers are on display in museums in Madrid, St. Petersburg, Vienna, Munich, Dresden, Paris, London, and Brussels.





The tapestries which hang in the White Hall were made by the Brussels firm of van der Borgh and van der Hecke in 1740.

In the *Dankwart'sche Salon* (Dankwart Drawing Room) on the second floor, you'll find some very rare leather wall hangings that were made in a Belgian workshop around 1680.

Leather wall hangings, which were often found in the homes of nobility from the seventeenth century on, are very rare today. The technique for making them was brought to Spain by the Moors in the early Middle Ages and then came from Venice to the Netherlands in the sixteenth century.



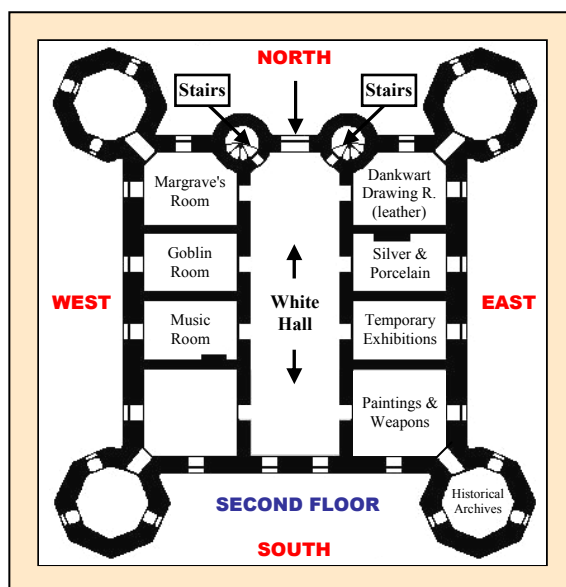
The technique for making these beautiful creations was expensive and time consuming. Goat or calve skins were well tanned and then cut into rectangular shapes and covered with silver leaf which was varnished with a transparent yellow lacquer making the silver look like gold. The skins were then stamped or embossed with patterns in relief formed by heavy pressure from metal dies. Finally, the reliefs were painted with brilliant colored oils.

Many of the other rooms on the second floor comprise the main part of the castle's museum. You'll find a cornucopia of things to admire and study including a rotating exhibition from the Glücksburg collection of graphic arts, a weapons display including ornamental hunting weapons from the eighteenth and nineteenth century (something I'm sure artist and gun aficionado Rups Leiß has checked out!), Dutch tapestries, a ca. 1700 goblin collection from the Brussels workshop of Reydam the Younger bearing the Schleswig-Holstein-Gottorf coat of arms and brought to the castle by King Frederick VII of Denmark, *Lübecker Tüchlein* wall

hangings which are made from a specially woven linen painted in the tempera style, and a magnificent collection of eighteenth and nineteenth century ducal silver and porcelain.

One area on the second floor that I didn't get a chance to explore was the historical archives located in the southeast corner tower. The archives contain several thousand books with the main emphasis on local history; personal papers of the ducal family (mainly from the nineteenth and twentieth centuries); letters written by the last German empress, Auguste Viktoria; mementos and documents relating to the two Schleswig-Holstein wars; and old photographs.

According to Yogi, much of this material is understandably not available to the general public. Professor La Vern Rippley of St. Olaf College in Northfield, Minnesota, and twenty-two American teachers were able to look at much of this treasure trove of information in 1988 because of the efforts of Princess Elisabeth's father, Prince Friedrich Ferdinand of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg.



The story of how the *Schloß Glücksburg* archives came into being begins with Johann von Ewald (1744-1813), a Hessian military officer. In October of 1776, von Ewald, then a captain in the *Hesse-Kassel 2nd Jägerkorps*, arrived in America to fight on the side of the British during the Revolutionary War. He was a participant in many of the war's significant battles and was with Lord Cornwallis at the surrender of Yorktown in 1781. He kept a detailed diary of his Revolutionary War experiences and created numerous military maps.

Von Ewald was a courageous and daring officer who earned the respect of not only his superiors and subordinates but of the enemy as well. While on parole after the surrender at Yorktown (he had been a prisoner of war), von Ewald visited West Point as the personal guest of General Henry Knox who would later become America's first secretary of war.

After the conclusion of the Revolutionary War, von Ewald returned to Hesse-Kassel. In 1788, after twice being denied a promotion because of his commoner birth, he entered the Danish Army, was appointed a Lieutenant Colonel, ennobled in 1790 (hence the "von" before his surname), and finished his fifty-six-year military career as a Lieutenant General and the Commanding General of the Duchy of Holstein.

After von Ewald's death in 1813, about seven hundred volumes of his were donated and became the genesis of the castle library and archives. Thus, a whole collection of different items about the Revolutionary War made their way to the *Schloß Glücksburg*. Included in these items were topographical maps of various Revolutionary War battles including the Battle of Trenton, the battle made famous by the painting "Washington Crossing the Delaware" by German-born Emanuel Leutze. So it appears that to fully understand the history of the Revolutionary War, one must travel to Schleswig-Holstein and visit Glücksburg Castle!

After completing our tour of the second floor, we had one more floor to visit: the attic. Over the last several years, the attic has been extensively renovated and now showcases the servants' quarters in their original condition together with dozens of period costumes. There is also a children's playroom complete with period furnishings and historical toys.

After our tour had concluded, Princess Elisabeth led us into a room that served as an office, beckoned us to sit down, and then asked us if she could get us a coffee, some tea, or a soft drink. At that time, I didn't know





**Above left:** Historically accurate period costumes of the servants of the dukes and duchesses are displayed in the attic. **Above right:** A children's playroom with period furnishings and historical toys can also be viewed in the attic area.

much about the princess or her ancestors. After returning to the United States and researching her ancestry, I can say without doubt that I have never and will never meet anyone with a family tree as impressive (or as complicated!) as that of Princess Elisabeth. I spent many hours attempting to piece it together, and the results were truly amazing. From her four times great grandfathers to her twenty times great grandfathers, I counted no less than thirty-three kings. Elisabeth is also an eleven times maternal great granddaughter of Mary, Queen of Scots; a twelve times maternal great granddaughter of Catherine de' Medici; and a descendant of William the Conqueror.

Interestingly, several of Elisabeth's ancestors are on *both* sides of her family tree. King Christian I of Denmark and Norway, for example, is both her *maternal* fourteen times great grandfather and her *paternal* twelve times great grandfather. Elisabeth is also related to Prince Charles and Queen Margrethe II of Denmark. King Christian IX of Denmark (1818-1906) was the great-great grandfather of all three, thereby making them all third cousins.

Elisabeth Marie Alexandra, Princess of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg, was born on September 10, 1945. She was the oldest of four children born to Prince Friedrich Ferdinand of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg (1913-1989) and Duchess Anastasia Alexandrine Cecile Marie Luise Wilhelmine of Mecklenburg-Schwerin (1923-1979). On January 2, 1975, Elisabeth married Prince Ferdinand Heinrich of Ysenburg and Büdingen, a descendant of King William I of the Netherlands.



This photo was taken in front of the entrance to Glücksburg Castle on August 2, 1988. Princess Elisabeth's third cousin, Prince Charles (in the center of the photo), is about to shake hands with Princess Elisabeth's father, Prince Friedrich Ferdinand (1913-1989). (Elisabeth's mother, Duchess Anastasia, had died on January 25, 1979.) At the far right side of the picture is Prince Christoph, the current head of the family and the head of the Glücksburg Castle Foundation.

1979 was a very sad year for Princess Elisabeth. On January 25th of that year, her mother died. Less than two months later, on March 8th, her husband died in a tragic accident. Needless to say, the loss of these loved ones in the space of four months must have been a very difficult cross to bear, but Elisabeth soldiered on, no doubt focusing her attention on her two young sons, Johann-Georg (born on July 8, 1976) and Ludwig Ferdinand (born on February 6, 1979). (Both of the sons graduated from the University of Illinois.)

As the Princess showed us around *Schloß Glücksburg*, I was struck by several things about her. Her demeanor

seemed very businesslike and no-nonsense, and she radiated a certain inner strength. At the same time, however, she seemed to manifest a bit of world-weariness. Perhaps this was the result of the painful losses she suffered at such an early age and the difficult task of raising two young boys without a father.

Without wishing to read too much into such a brief encounter, however, I also wonder whether a little of my perception was based on the inherent conflict of being such a special person (how many of us can say our ancestors include thirty-three kings?!) that spends a great deal of time interacting with people of less noble ancestry. I'm sure it's hard to ever completely "let one's hair down" when most people you come in contact with constantly look at you through "the Princess filter."

Nevertheless, Carol and I found Elisabeth remarkably down-to-earth and comfortable with two strangers from Iowa. While we enjoyed our refreshments, Carol mentioned that she was from Fort Madison, Iowa, and that her hometown's sister city was Prüm. Elisabeth was not familiar with this small town, and immediately disappeared to look it up on her computer. (Prüm is located in the state of Rhineland-Palatinate.)

After we'd finished our drinks, and not wishing to overstay our welcome, we said our goodbyes. Before leaving, Elisabeth graciously allowed Yogi to snap a few photos of us together.



**Above left:** Carol, Princess Elisabeth, and me in an office in *Schloß Glücksburg*. **Above right:** Yogi and Princess Elisabeth in the Reppmanns' apartment on March 31, 2007, the night before Yogi's fiftieth birthday celebration.

Princess Elisabeth of Ysenburg and Büdingen  
Stiftung Schloß Glücksburg  
Große Straße  
24960 Glücksburg, Germany

Dear Princess Elisabeth,

We are friends of Yogi Reppmann who arranged a tour of the Glücksburg Castle for us several weeks ago when we visited Schleswig-Holstein. We were dumfounded when to our great surprise you graciously took time from your busy day to personally show us the castle. We don't know how to thank you for your hospitality and charm in giving us the tour complete with all of the interesting historical information you imparted.

Yogi worked so hard to show us so much in our two weeks in Schleswig-Holstein, and the tour of Glücksburg Castle and the opportunity of meeting you was a huge highlight for both of us. After returning to our home in Iowa City, Iowa, we have

reminisced many times about our trip. The one thing that we always return to is the incredible hospitality and friendship that the people of Schleswig-Holstein showed two strangers from Iowa.

We know that with your busy schedule, you probably don't get to the United States too often, although we understand you did visit Manning, Iowa once. Should you ever return to Iowa, we would love the opportunity of repaying your hospitality, although our humble castle is quite a bit smaller (It would probably fit in the Red Hall!) and not nearly as old (1948) as *Schloß Glücksburg*.

Once again, Princess Elisabeth, thank you from the bottom of our hearts for making our afternoon in Glücksburg something we'll remember for the rest of our lives.

Sincerely,

**Scott and Carol Ann Christiansen**

Iowa City, Iowa, USA



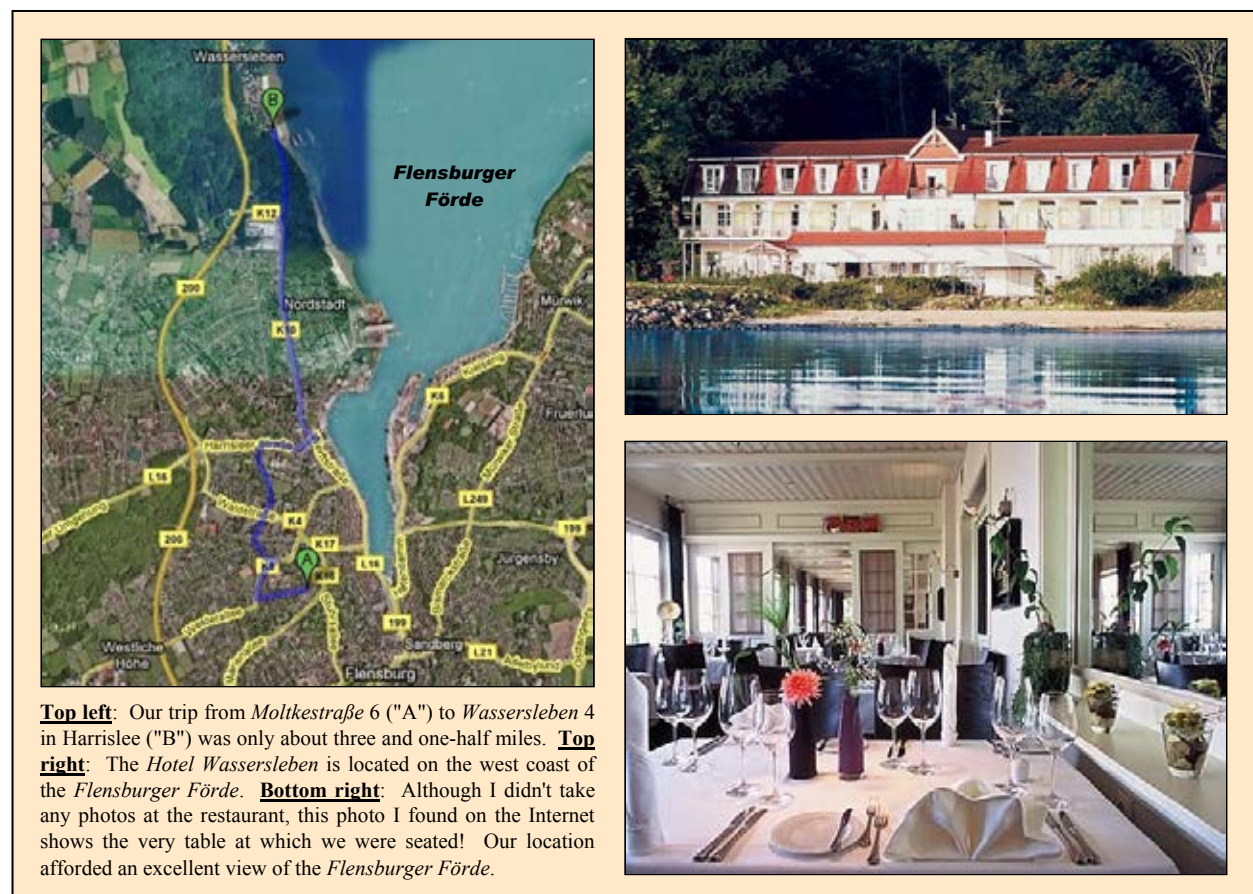
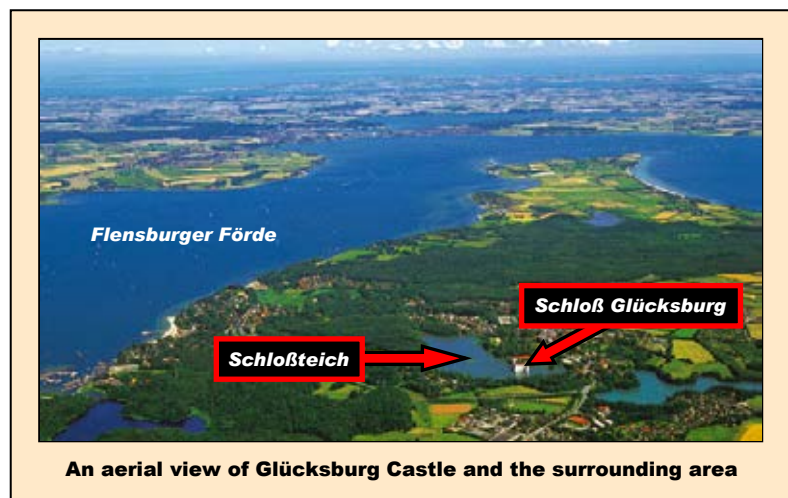
Carol and I were all smiles on the way back to the Reppmanns' apartment. After all, it's not every day that you meet a princess!

### **Dinner at the Hotel Wassersleben**

After leaving *Schloß Glücksburg*, we returned to *Moltkestraße 6*. We wanted to take Yogi and Gitta to a nice restaurant for dinner and asked Yogi for a recommendation.

A short while later, we were making a three-and-one-half-mile drive along the west coast of the *Flensburger Förde* headed for the restaurant at the *Hotel Wassersleben* in Harrislee.

The restaurant had a beautiful view of the *Flensburger Förde*, and luckily, was not very busy. We enjoyed an excellent meal complemented by several *Flensburger Pilsener* beers which I was rapidly developing an affinity for. It felt good to relax and talk about the day's events; I think I'd felt a little nervous during our visit with Princess Elisabeth.



*September 5, 2006*  
*Breakfast at Richter's/Research at Landesarchiv Schleswig-Holstein*

Bright and early on Tuesday morning, we made the eight-mile drive to the home of newspaper editor Stephan Richter who had graciously invited us to his home for breakfast.

After arriving at 7:30, we were greeted by Stephan's charming wife Christel. Stephan was not at home when we arrived, as he had walked to a local bakery to pick up some rolls for our breakfast.

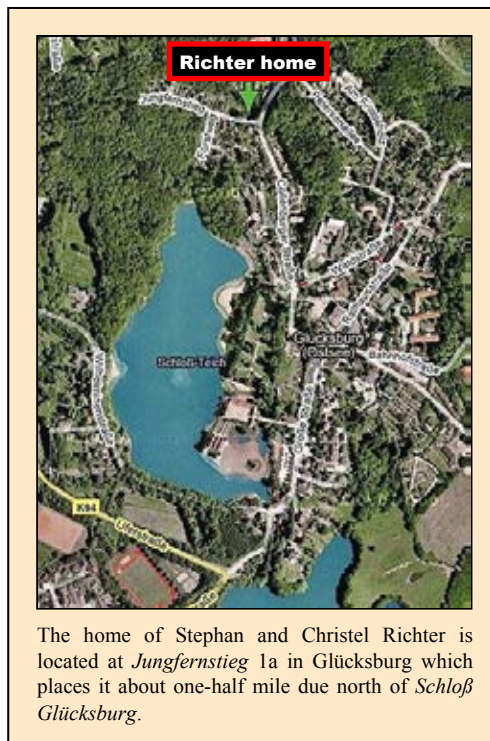
After introductions were made, Christel gave Carol a tour of her garden while Yogi, Gitta, and I waited in the living room. Before long, we saw Stephan walking up to the house carrying the bag of rolls he'd purchased and accompanied by Jule, the family dog.

Christel had worked especially hard to prepare a breakfast that would not only be enjoyed by the Reppmanns, but by the Christiansens as well. In other words, in addition to the traditional German breakfast fare of cold cuts, cheeses, and fish, Christel had also prepared scrambled eggs and bacon and set out several types of fresh fruit.

Everything she served was delicious, but I was especially intrigued by the rolls Stephan had purchased. There was an assortment of German hard rolls (*Brötchen*), many of which were covered with what appeared to be thick granules of sea salt. At first, this struck me as odd. In America, any rolls that I was used to eating for breakfast were *sweet* rolls — rolls with some type of frosting, jelly, or cream filling. Eating a hard roll with a lot of salt on it seemed more like something one would do at dinner. But then again, most Americans don't eat cold cuts, cheeses, baby shrimp, pickled herring, and the like for breakfast. Given those choices, I suppose that this type of roll makes the perfect complement. Despite my reservations, I tried the rolls and really enjoyed them.

Historically, the Germans have been very serious about their bread. Ask a German living abroad what he misses most about home, and the answer is often "German bread." What they mean is the sheer diversity of baked goods available across Germany. (There are said to be more than three hundred types of bread and twelve hundred different types of rolls on sale in the bakeries between Flensburg and Munich.) I had noticed this on our very first morning in Flensburg when Yogi and I had gone to a relatively small grocery store (at least by American standards) which had a bakery offering a huge assortment of freshly baked rolls. One doesn't see this tremendous variety in the typical American grocery store.

Unfortunately, however, many of Germany's traditional artisanal bakeries which have been responsible for this wonderful diversity have been squeezed out of the market in recent years by bakery chains and cheap bakeshops. As a result, the number of craft bakeries in the former West Germany has dwindled from 55,000 in the 1950's to just sixteen thousand today. What's more, the number of bakeries using the traditional slow baking techniques which produce a better flavor and use no preservatives — hence the need to go out and buy fresh rolls more frequently — has also steadily declined. Nowadays, the "fresh" rolls on the breakfast table are often made from industrial baking mixes which are delivered to the bakeries and then simply stirred, kneaded, shaped, and put in the oven.







Germans love their bread and rolls! The bakery above is the *Bäckerei Hansen Mürwik* in *Holm-passage*, the retail/office complex where the *Flensburger Tageblatt* offices are located. Seeing freshly baked rolls stacked like cordwood in display counters sans shrink-wrapping or packaging was a common sight in Schleswig-Holstein.



We had a very stimulating conversation during breakfast that ran the gamut from gardening, children, travel, language, the newspaper business, and World War II. Carol and I really enjoyed the easygoing hospitality of the Richters. Their unassuming attitude and friendliness immediately made us feel at home. It would be easy to see why someone in Stephan's position — chief editor of a chain of fourteen newspapers throughout Schleswig-Holstein — would be preoccupied, uptight, or even a little arrogant. Stephan was none of those. Like Yogi, he is a very giving and generous individual.

This trait is probably best illustrated with the work the two men did to aid the victims of Hurricane Katrina. Although Stephan had never even been to New Orleans, after seeing the many horrifying images of personal suffering in the hurricane's aftermath, he felt compelled to help. His readers did, too, as sh:z began getting calls from its subscribers asking how they could help.



**Christel Richter**

The day that Katrina hit, Yogi and Gitta were visiting their daughter in Braunschweig when Yogi received a call from Stephan's deputy asking whether Yogi could get somebody from New Orleans for a telephone interview. Yogi immediately began working the Internet, and through his friends in the Society for German-American Studies, obtained the phone number of a New Orleans professor. Unfortunately, this did not pan out; the professor's house, as Yogi would later learn, was already under water.

Two days later, the magnitude of the devastation wrought by Katrina prompted a phone call from Stephan suggesting that they start a major donation campaign. Money began to pour in. Even though America's popularity had declined in Germany because of the war in Iraq, Schleswig-Holsteiners could relate to flooding — boy, could they relate to flooding. When one of your inland towns becomes a port city overnight (as Husum did in 1362), when a huge chunk of your coastline disappears with one storm (as happened when a second *Grote Mandränke* hit in 1634), when 162 of your fellow citizens perish in a North Sea flood (as happened in 1962), and when you and your ancestors have fought the tempestuous North Sea and the flooding it has caused for centuries — well, let's just say you can relate to the plight of New Orleans residents in a way few others could.

A short while after the fundraising had begun in earnest, Stephan heard an interview on his car radio with an

American journalist from New Orleans who spoke excellent German. He and Yogi decided to contact the journalist, Jim Amoss, editor of New Orleans' *The Times-Picayune*, but this proved to be no easy task because telecommunications in New Orleans were inoperable. What Stephan and Yogi didn't know was that Amoss' office had been relocated to Baton Rouge. Finally, Yogi was able to get a cell phone number through the German Honorary Consul in New Orleans and reached Amoss as he was driving back to the ravaged city. Amoss stopped his car, had a lengthy conversation with Yogi, and the two struck up a friendship.

Several months later, Yogi traveled to New Orleans seeking leads on how to use the donations that had been received. While there, he met Amoss in person for the first time. After consultations with *The Times-Picayune*, it was decided that the \$157,000 in donations sh:z had received should be appropriated in the following way:

- \$60,000 to the Kingsley House, a nonprofit organization founded in 1896 that has repeatedly been acknowledged for its community service including its work with very young children and their families.
- \$48,000 to Missouri Baptist Disaster Relief in support of a soup kitchen in Algiers, a community within the city of New Orleans.
- \$36,000 to City Park, a public park in New Orleans (the sixth-largest and seventh-most-visited park in the United States) that was devastated by high waters and forced to lay off virtually all of its staff.
- \$13,000 to aid selected individual families.

In a telephone interview with the Associated Press, Richter made three significant points about the Schleswig-Holstein fund-raising efforts:

- 1) Because of their constant battles with the North Sea and the Baltic Sea, North Germans were very sensitive to New Orleans' precarious location: "The people of this area know the violence of water and storm very well."
- 2) Germans were very cognizant of the immigration patterns that resulted in many of their best and brightest making a new home in America. (Louisiana's German citizens constitute both one of the oldest and one of the newest [post-World War II] populations in the state. The earliest recorded German immigrants arrived in Louisiana in 1722, and Germans continue to arrive every year, especially in the New Orleans area. The fact that residents of German descent comprise Louisiana's largest cultural group is often overlooked, and it was not until the last decade that scholarly forays have been made into this history. According to Reverend Heinz Neumann, who maintains the *Deutsche Seemannsmission* [German Seamen's Mission] in New Orleans, "The two world wars contributed to the muting of this culture in Louisiana and America, so that many people are not aware of the German traditions here and the contributions Germans continue to make in Louisiana." Indeed, New Orleans residents without German ties often expressed surprise when learning that Germany contributed vitally needed pumps and major assistance after Hurricane Katrina.)
- 3) Many Germans have never forgotten the relief measures that benefited them after the conclusion of World War II. Using his own family as an example, Stephan recalled that his parents had related stories from the postwar period to the effect that they couldn't have survived without American help. Stephan also spoke of his childhood memories of Americans handing out gum and other treats to German children. "Chewing gum was more than a dream for us," he said. (Jürgen Rudloff expressed very similar sentiments to me during our visit to Bremerhaven on August 26-27.)

Richter concluded his remarks by noting that the success of the *Brückenschlag* (bridge-building) campaign would be celebrated on January 28, 2006, at the University of Flensburg's *Campushalle*.

Jim Amoss flew into Hamburg to attend this celebratory thank you gala (*Die Dankeschön Gala*) that Stephan had organized for his readers. Over five thousand people from all over the state of Schleswig-Holstein attended. Appropriately, the Get Happy Brass Band from Schleswig-Holstein provided the music —



appropriately, because the eighteen-piece brass band that specializes in Dixieland jazz was founded after an inspiring visit to the New Orleans Jazz Festival in 1992.

At the conclusion of *Die Dankeschön Gala*, Yogi hosted a party for eighty to ninety guests including:

- Duane Butcher, the Hamburg U.S. Consul General whom we met in Hamburg on August 30, 2006.
- John Cloud and his wife Mary. Cloud, who is now the U.S. ambassador to the Republic of Lithuania, was the Deputy Chief of Mission at the United States embassy in Berlin at the time the gala was held.
- Ramona Till, Treasurer of the American Club of Hamburg, an organization founded by American expatriate businessmen in 1904.
- Dee and Regina Eicke, Yogi's good friends from Bad Oldesloe and our Lübeck tour guides on September 3, 2006.
- Professor Dr. Gerd-Winand Imeyer and his wife Petra, our hosts at the Bulgarian barbeque in Hamburg on August 30, 2006. Imeyer is the honorary consul of Bulgaria for the states of Hamburg, Schleswig-Holstein, Lower Saxony, and Bremen.
- Jim Amoss, editor of *The Times-Picayune*.

While at Yogi's party, Amoss received a donation of ten thousand euros from the American Club of Hamburg to be used for the restoration of the *Deutsche Seemannsmission* in New Orleans.



**Top left:** The University of Flensburg's *Campushalle*, the site of *Die Dankeschön Gala*. **Top right:** Over five thousand people from all over Schleswig-Holstein attended the gala. The sound and light systems for the event were donated by a company owned by a friend of Stephan Richter's, entrepreneur and environmentalist Prof. Dr. Günther Fielmann. Fielmann is known throughout Germany as the "King of Glasses" because over fourteen million Germans wear glasses sold by his chain of optical stores. **Lower left:** Do you think the papers these two are holding were printed by sh:z?! **Lower right:** The Grand Marshall and standard bearer of the Get Happy Brass Band which performed at the gala. Note that both the Schleswig-Holstein and American flags feature red, white, and blue as their colors.



**Top left:** Honored guests at *Die Dankeschön Gala* included Duane Butcher, Hamburg U.S. Consul General; Prof. Dr. Gerd-Winand Imeyer, honorary general consul of Bulgaria for the German states of Hamburg, Schleswig-Holstein, Lower Saxony, and Bremen; and John Cloud, Deputy Chief of Mission at the U.S. embassy in Berlin. Yogi was quite impressed when ambassador Cloud showed up at his after-gala party with a nine-man Secret Service retinue in three Mercedes limousines!



**Top right:** A grateful Jim Amoss, editor of New Orleans' *The Times-Picayune*, delivers a superb speech in German from behind the sh:z podium at Flensburg University's *Campushalle*. Amos was named the National Press Foundation's 1997 Editor of the Year and also received the Editor and Publisher's 2005 Editor of the Year award. Under his leadership, *The Times-Picayune* won Pulitzer Prizes in both 1997 and 2006.

**Bottom left:** From left to right, sitting in the front row at *Die Dankeschön Gala* are John Cloud, Duane Butcher, Jim Amoss, and the event's organizer, sh:z *Chefredakteur* Stephan Richter. **Bottom right:** Fellow newspaper editors Jim Amoss and Stephan Richter getting the lay of the land at *Campushalle* the night before the gala. Note the headline ("7th DAY OF HELL") of *The Times-Picayune* on the wall.



Stephan's work as a newspaperman has been recognized countless times. In 1999, he received the second highest German medal of merit for his "Century Story," a series of fifty-two separate articles, each focusing on an important aspect of twentieth century history in Schleswig-Holstein.

A very modest man, Stephan never mentioned this award, but rather, chose to give me a copy of a 1995 sh:z section that had dealt with the fiftieth anniversary of Germany's surrender at the close of World War II. In that

The *Verdienstorden der Bundesrepublik Deutschland* (Order of Merit of the Federal Republic of Germany) is the only state decoration of the Federal Republic of Germany. Between three thousand and 5,200 awards are given every year in all classes.

Stephan Richter was awarded the second highest class of this medal for his "Century Story" in 1999. Only the President of the Federal Republic and a foreign head of state can be awarded the highest class.



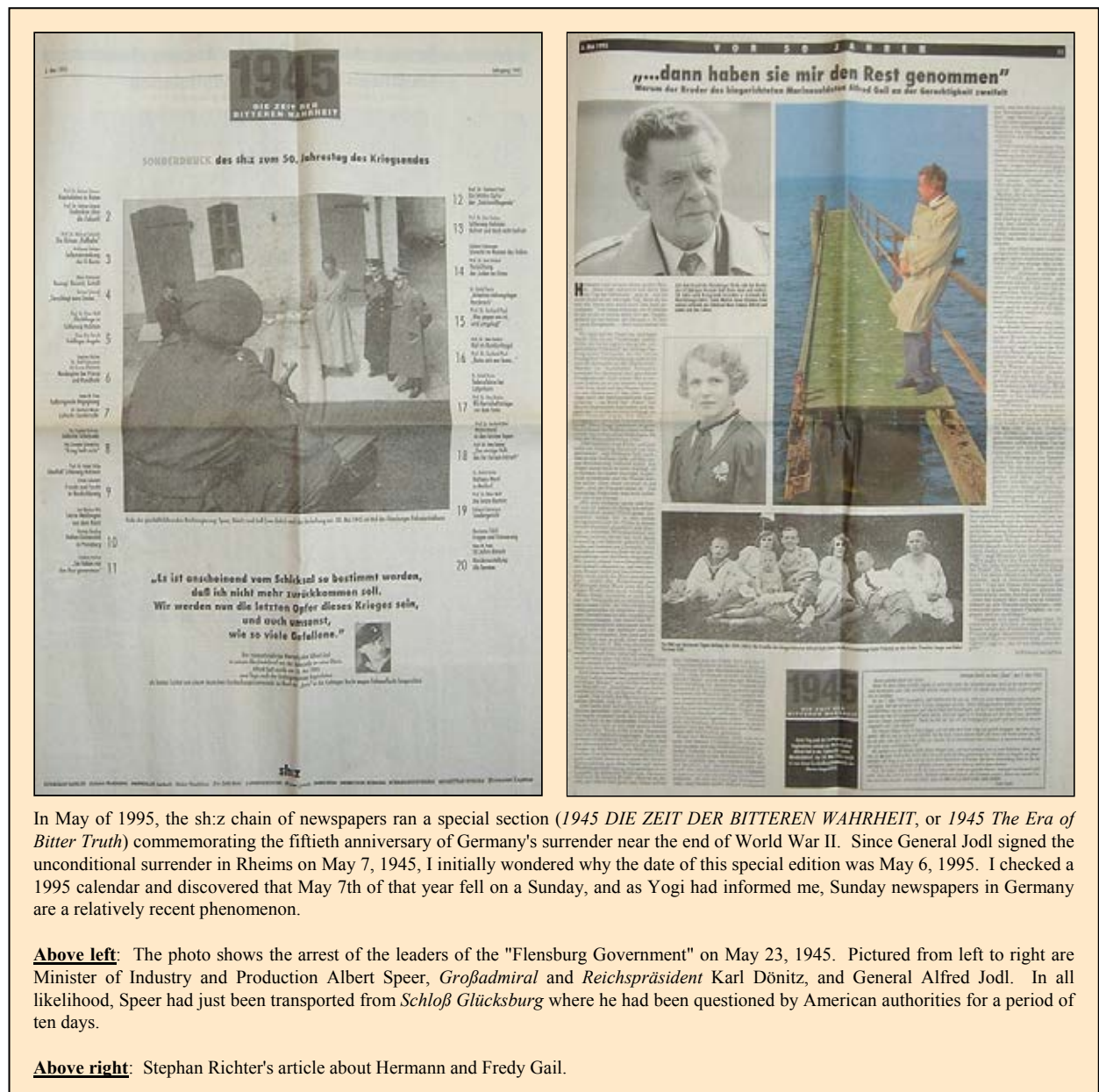
section, Stephan had written a very poignant article about the fate of Hermann and Fredy Gail, two brothers



who had served in Germany's armed forces at the end of World War II.

In simple, straightforward language, sixty-seven-year-old Hermann Gail recalled the cruel and undeserved fate that befell his younger brother at the close of the war. On May 5, 1945 (Germany signed an unconditional surrender on May 7, 1945.), seventeen-year-old naval enlistee Fredy Gail and his comrades had been told in no uncertain terms by their commanding officer that they would be handed over to the enemy. Hoping to protect his parents, Fredy attempted to go to their home, but was forced to return to his outfit after he and several of his fellow comrades were attacked by twenty heavily armed Danes. He was charged with desertion, court-martialed, and sentenced to death. He was executed aboard a ship on the *Flensburger Förde*.

Richter's article, which included a heart-wrenching May 9, 1945 letter from Fredy to his mother and father on the eve of his execution, movingly captured the futility, frustration, and sorrow still felt by the surviving brother. In differing degrees, these feelings of sorrow and shame at the indefensible actions of Germany's



In May of 1995, the sh:z chain of newspapers ran a special section (1945 DIE ZEIT DER BITTEREN WAHRHEIT, or 1945 The Era of Bitter Truth) commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of Germany's surrender near the end of World War II. Since General Jodl signed the unconditional surrender in Rheims on May 7, 1945, I initially wondered why the date of this special edition was May 6, 1995. I checked a 1995 calendar and discovered that May 7th of that year fell on a Sunday, and as Yogi had informed me, Sunday newspapers in Germany are a relatively recent phenomenon.

**Above left:** The photo shows the arrest of the leaders of the "Flensburg Government" on May 23, 1945. Pictured from left to right are Minister of Industry and Production Albert Speer, *Großadmiral* and *Reichspräsident* Karl Dönitz, and General Alfred Jodl. In all likelihood, Speer had just been transported from *Schloß Glücksburg* where he had been questioned by American authorities for a period of ten days.

**Above right:** Stephan Richter's article about Hermann and Fredy Gail.

wartime government and military still seem to exist in much of Germany's population. Despite his altruistic nature, Stephan did not seem immune from this collective guilt.

This fact was driven home as Yogi, Stephan, and I discussed my book on the von Schirach family, a great portion of which deals with Nazi war criminal Baldur von Schirach. After attentively listening to Yogi recounting my great interest in "all things Baldur," Stephan excused himself from the breakfast table and returned with a 1937 issue of the *Völkischer Beobachter* that had a photo of Baldur von Schirach on its front page. For twenty-five years, the *Völkischer Beobachter* was the official public face of the Nazi party. One of the last editions of the paper (April 20, 1945) hailed Adolf Hitler as the "man of the century" on the occasion of his fifty-sixth birthday. Hitler would commit suicide just ten days later.

Stephan appeared genuinely embarrassed that he even had a copy of this paper in his possession. But he was,



**Above:** The September 9, 1937, issue of the *Völkischer Beobachter* given to me by sh:z Chefredakteur Stephan Richter.

The photo shows *Reichsjugendführer* Baldur von Schirach who was in Nürnberg attending the annual *Reichsparteitag*. The *Reichsparteitag* (literally, "national party congress") was the annual rally of the Nazi Party. These huge propaganda events were held in Nürnberg from 1933 until 1938 and are usually referred to in America as the Nuremberg Rallies. The primary aspect of these rallies was to focus a quasi-religious spotlight on Hitler who was portrayed as Germany's providentially chosen savior. An additional important component of the Nuremberg Rallies was the numerous deployments and parades of organizations affiliated with the Third Reich such as Baldur von Schirach's *Hitlerjugend*.

Each year's rally had a theme and a title. For 1937, the Nuremberg Rally was called *Reichsparteitag der Arbeit*, and the main focus was the celebration of the reduction in unemployment since Hitler had come to power. It ran from September 6th through the 11th, and as was customary, the last day of the rally was devoted to Baldur von Schirach's Hitler Youth.

**Right:** Adolf Hitler, Rudolf Hess, and Baldur von Schirach at the *Reichsparteitag* in Nürnberg in September of 1937.





after all, a newspaper man, and he collected old newspapers just as a numismatist might collect old coins. I saw nothing unusual in this at all and was greatly flattered at the generous gift of this historical artifact.

Nevertheless, it certainly appeared that this quiet, unassuming, and modest journalist was embarrassed to let an American know that he had an old Nazi newspaper in his collection. I think Stephan's desire to be of help and his inherent generosity trumped this concern, but probably not without a little mental tug of war.

Perhaps the Nazi era vis-à-vis today's German population and slavery vis-à-vis Americans today are directly comparable. Obviously, no living American has any direct involvement with slavery, yet many still feel a collective guilt about it, and this nearly a century and a half after the conclusion of the Civil War. Germans' memories, after only six decades, are undoubtedly much fresher.

I remember watching a television show with Yogi where a German was being interviewed about various Nazi atrocities. Yogi remarked that Germans will probably still carry a collective burden of guilt over this into the next millennium. German Chancellor Angela Merkel voiced a similar feeling in a March 18, 2008 speech given to Israel's parliament. She noted that Germans are still "filled with shame" about the Nazi genocide of six million Jews.

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During breakfast, we also talked about the Richters' two children, Thomas and Matthias. Like the daughter of Danish massage therapist Helle Emertsen and the two sons of Princess Elisabeth, the Richter boys have pursued their college education in America. Before going to England to earn his MA degree, older son Thomas graduated with a degree in economics from St. Olaf College in Northfield, Minnesota (a college that Yogi taught at). In 2008, younger son Matthias graduated with a degree in Public Relations and Business Management from the University of Minnesota.

Both boys had to pass their TOEFL (Test of English as a Foreign Language) before pursuing their academic career in the United States. I had never heard of the TOEFL before, but apparently, it is required for non-native applicants at many English-speaking colleges and universities. The test is four hours in length and consists of four sections (reading, listening, speaking, and writing) that focus on language used in an academic environment.

Not being able to speak or understand German, the thought of pursuing a college education in a foreign country would never even occur to me. Even if I had studied German for four or five years in high school, I would still not be up for such a daunting challenge. But then again, as Mark Twain once remarked, "a gifted person ought to learn English (barring spelling and pronouncing) in thirty hours, French in thirty days, and German in thirty years!"

**Right:** Two of Yogi's friends at an event preceding his fiftieth birthday dinner: Dr. Hans-Jürgen Ahrens, Chairman of the board of *AOK-Bundesverband*, Germany's largest health insurance company, and Stephan Richter (no doubt reading the *Flensburger Tageblatt*!). **Far right:** Yogi and Stephan at the 2003 Baltic Media Summit held at the Schierensee estate of Prof. Dr. Günther Fielmann.



Knowing that Stephan had fourteen newspapers to run, we thanked the Richters for what had been a most enjoyable morning, got in the Mercedes, and headed back to the Reppmanns' apartment. After dropping Carol and Gitta off, Yogi and I made the short drive to *Prof.-Mensing-Straße 14* to pick up Ingo. Our next stop: The *Landesarchiv Schleswig-Holstein* in the town of Schleswig.



The obituary of Hans Peter Anckersen (my great-great grand uncle) that one of Stephan Richter's employees found for me in the October 12, 1890 edition of the *Flensburger Nachrichten*. The translation of this obituary appears below:

**(Instead of the normal  
announcement.)**

To all relatives, friends and acquaintances  
this obituary, that my dear husband  
and our good father,

**H. P. Anckersen,**

died at one o'clock this morning at the age of  
77, gently passing away after long sufferings.  
Flensburg, October 9, 1890.

**The widow, children, in-laws, and  
grandchildren are in deep grief.**

The funeral will take place Monday afternoon  
at 2 o'clock at the house of the deceased.

**Landesarchiv Schleswig-Holstein**

We arrived in the town of Schleswig about mid-morning and proceeded directly to the *Landesarchiv Schleswig-Holstein*, the state archive for the state of Schleswig-Holstein. The archive is located in the *Prinzenpalais* ("Prince's Palace"), a beautiful old baroque mansion built ca. 1700 that was at one

Christel & Stephan Richter  
Jungfernstieg 1a  
24960 Glücksburg, Germany

Dear Stephan and Christel,

Please excuse the tardiness of this letter, but things have been quite hectic since our return to Iowa. Although we've been back for some time now, we continue to reflect on the two weeks we were able to spend with Yogi and Gitta. Yogi had promised me that the visit would be a life-altering experience, and he was absolutely correct!

Every day was filled with new sights and wonderful experiences peppered with fascinating historical insights provided by Yogi. Now that my wife and I have had time to reflect on our adventure, however, we are in total agreement that by far the most memorable part of our trip was the wonderful people we were so fortunate to meet. We were (and continue to be) amazed at the friendliness, graciousness, and generosity displayed to two strangers from Iowa. The kindnesses shown to us by you, however, set the benchmark.

Our first experience with the *Flensburger Tageblatt* was meeting your assistant Reni Christiansen. If the old saying about the caliber of the employees representing the caliber of the employer is true, Reni says volumes about you and your newspapers. During a most enjoyable *Kaffeeklatsch*, she talked with us for over an hour (in perfect English I might add!) on a wide range of subjects and concluded by presenting me with a most generous gift, *Erinnerungen und Entwicklungen*.

Then, as you may remember, we had the privilege of meeting with you. You presented me with *Schleswig-Holstein Topographie Ellerbek – Groß Rönkau*. This book is truly a treasure for me, Stephan. It has already become one of my research "bibles," and I can't thank you enough for it.

The mere fact that you, the editor of fourteen newspapers, took time out of your busy day to meet two people from Iowa that you didn't even know spoke volumes. But I shouldn't have been surprised. The work that you and Yogi did in raising \$157,000 for the aid of Hurricane Katrina victims in New Orleans was truly remarkable.

What really surprised me, though, was your insistence that we all join you and Christel at your lovely home for breakfast the next morning. My wife and I said to each other, "This man *doesn't even know us*, and he is inviting us into his home for breakfast at 7:30 in the morning!" We arrived to find a beautiful table set by Christel and you walking up the street having already visited the local bakery to pick up a sack of delectable rolls.

We very much enjoyed the excellent breakfast and the conversation, and Carol, a huge dog lover, was quite taken with Jule! But your generosity towards us had not ended. To my surprise, you disappeared and returned with several issues of old German newspapers. The front page of the September 9, 1937 edition of the *Völkischer Beobachter* immediately caught my attention as it featured a picture of Baldur von Schirach. Knowing that I was writing a book about the von Schirach family, you made another generous gift and presented me with the entire paper from your collection. To say that I was overwhelmed by your generosity at this point would be an understatement.

But you weren't done. Yogi informs me that you had one of your associates find the 1890 newspaper with the obituary of one my relatives, Hans Peter Anckersen. What can I say about all these acts of kindness? My hope is that you and Christel will some day visit the United States, stop in Iowa, and let Carol and me repay your kindness (if that's even possible) by staying at our house and letting us show you a bit of life in our hometown.

Yogi may have told you that I have a great interest and admiration for the editors of *Der Demokrat*, a German-language newspaper that was published in my hometown of Davenport, Iowa from 1851-1918. Of those editors, the one I most respect is Dr. August Richter. Now there are two fine editors with the name of Richter to be admired!

Eure Freunde,

**Scott and Carol Ann Christiansen**



time owned by Prince Frederick Emil August of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg, or as he is often called, the Prince of Nør.



Our drive to Schleswig and the *Landesarchiv Schleswig-Holstein* took us about twenty-seven miles southeast of Flensburg. Although I wasn't aware of it at the time, we passed very close to the sites of several important battles of the Schleswig-Holstein War of 1848-50 including Oeversee (April 24, 1848), Stolk (July 24, 1850), Idstedt (July 25, 1850), and Schleswig (April 10, 1848). We also passed about seven miles to the west of the village of Struxdorf, the birthplace of Adolph Petersen. Petersen was the founder and longtime editor of the *Iowa Reform*, a Davenport German-language newspaper that Jürgen Peter Ankerson contributed articles to from 1906 until his death in 1912.

The *Landesarchiv Schleswig-Holstein* is a remarkable research facility with over 110,000 volumes, twelve thousand documents, 25,000 cards, nearly thirty thousand meters of shelving, and an extensive film archive. The various sources available span the Middle Ages up to the present.

Yogi, Ingo, and I spent almost the entire day in the archive, not even breaking for lunch. Our day of research started with a meeting with Baron von Hoyningen-Huene. Mr. Hoyningen-Huene is a descendant of a family of nobles that trace their roots back to the beginning of the sixteenth century. His family has their own coat of arms, and family members carry the title of "Baron," or *Freiherr*.

Yogi informed Mr. Hoyningen-Huene that we were interested in finding anything we could about Jürgen Peter Ankerson's time in the Schleswig-Holstein army. He made several suggestions including a book written by historian Jan Schlürmann entitled *Die Schleswig-Holsteinische Armee 1848-51*.



**Members of the Provisional Government of Schleswig-Holstein**

**Back row, left to right:** Martin Torsen Schmidt and the Prince of Nør. **Front row, left to right:** J. Bremer, Wilhelm Hartwig Beseler, Theodor Olshausen (future resident of my hometown of Davenport, Iowa, and part owner and editor of *Der Demokrat*, Davenport's leading German-language newspaper), and Count Fritz Graf von Reventlow.

For the first six months of the Schleswig-Holstein War of 1848-50, the Prince of Nør was the commander in chief of the Schleswig-Holstein army. His military career in service of this army started out on a high note when he seized the Danish fortress at Rendsburg without a shot on March 24, 1848, but quickly went downhill from there. (The previous day [September 5, 2006] we had seen a monument in Flensburg honoring the Germans lost at the Battle of Bov on April 9, 1848. At this battle, the Prince of Nør did not arrive on the battlefield until almost three hours after the fighting had begun.) After a seven-month armistice was ratified at Malmö on August 30, 1848, the Prince of Nør, who for some time had been in opposition to the Schleswig-Holstein Provisional Government, was forced to resign as Supreme Commander of the Schleswig-Holstein army. He then resigned from the Provisional Government and left Schleswig-Holstein.

Thus, the prince's time as commander-in-chief of the Schleswig-Holstein army was quite short-lived, lasting only six months from March through September of 1848. According to one Web site I visited that ranked the Schleswig-Holstein commanders, the Prince of Nør scored a "D" and was rated as an "inexperienced, conceited, and ambitious politician."

Needless to say, the prince, who had a good deal of Danish blood in him, did not enamor himself to the Danes by becoming the commander in chief of the Schleswig-Holstein army. After the revolution failed, the prince was forced into exile, and chamber pots with his likeness on them were sold in Denmark.

**Right:** The *Landesarchiv Schleswig-Holstein* is located in the *Prinzenpalais* ("Prince's Palace"), a beautiful ca. 1700 baroque mansion that was once owned by the Prince of Nør. **Bottom left:** If one viewed the *Landesarchiv Schleswig-Holstein* as a giant book, then the *Findbuchzimmer* (located next to the reading room) would be its index. Not far from the point where this gentleman is standing, I stumbled onto a book that provided some background information about the university career of Jürgen's good friend, Bleik Peters. **Bottom center:** The reading room at *Landesarchiv Schleswig-Holstein*. **Bottom right:** The archive library, located above the reading room, contains over 110,000 volumes.



We were successful in finding the book in the archive, and at 656 pages with a plethora of remarkably detailed footnotes, it appeared to be the definitive account of the Schleswig-Holstein War of 1848-50. In it, we found references to Colonel von Holstein (who apparently was Jürgen Peter Ankerson's commanding officer just prior to the outbreak of the war). It was on March 24, 1848, that Colonel von Holstein released the non-officers (such as Jürgen) from the military oath they had sworn to the King of Denmark so that they could become part of the Schleswig-Holstein Provisional Government's fledgling army.

Excited as I was over finding such a remarkable book, *Die Schleswig-Holsteinische Armee 1848-51* was a metaphor for the frustration and helplessness one who speaks no German feels when trying to do research in a facility like *Landesarchiv Schleswig-Holstein*. In my hands, I held a book that could undoubtedly help me understand an important part of my great-great grandfather's life in a way that I had only dreamed possible. (To my knowledge, there are no books written in English that deal with this war in anything approaching the scholarly exactitude that Schlürmann's book appeared to represent.) I knew that answers to many of my questions were literally at my fingertips, but because of the language barrier, they might as well have been a continent away.

Sadly, it's unlikely that this scholarly treatise will ever be translated into English; there just wouldn't be a wide enough market for it. Paying someone to do an accurate translation would cost a fortune. As Yogi has emphasized to me many times, just because a person is fluent in both English and German does not mean that he can read something in German and translate what he has read into English posthaste. It just doesn't work that way. What about translating specific pages of the book? This is definitely a conundrum; one would have to read and understand German to know *which* pages to have translated! Even *if* one knew this, query whether the understanding gained would be the correct one without a proper understanding of the larger context that the translated pages were but a part of.

My frustration about *Die Schleswig-Holsteinische Armee 1848-51* was repeated many times and in many ways throughout the day. I knew there were many nuggets of valuable information to be mined in the archive, but I



just didn't know how to go about finding them. My experience with archives in Iowa such as the State Historical Society in Iowa City and the Richardson-Sloane Special Collections Center in Davenport has taught me that it takes a fair amount of time to become familiar enough with an archive to really know how to find what you're looking for. Yogi had spent a great deal of his life in archives throughout Europe and the United States, but his efforts had been primarily oriented towards historical research. Genealogical research is a whole different ball of wax, and there are many "tricks of the trade" that need to be mastered to lead one to the desired information. The learning curve never flattens out; there are always new techniques or approaches that can take you further in your field of inquiry.

Nevertheless, despite our willy-nilly approach, we were able to turn up some very interesting information

1. Peter Anckersen . . . . .	59.	verheiratet	ihre Kinder
2. Christina Hansen . . . . .	48.	idem	ihre Eltern
3. Claus Peter Anckersen . . . . .	14.	unverheiratet	ihre Kinder
4. Jürgen Peter Anckersen . . . . .	11.	idem	ihre Eltern
5. Anna Christina Anckersen . . . . .	9.	idem	ihre Eltern

This is a portion of the 1835 census for the village of Rantrum, the birthplace of my great-great grandfather, Jürgen Peter Ankerson. It was discovered during our visit to the *Landesarchiv Schleswig-Holstein* on September 5, 2006.

**Line 1:** Peter Anckersen was my great-great-great grandfather. At this time, the family surname was apparently spelled Anckersen. This is interesting in that an 1816 land transaction involving Peter that was mentioned in the *Rantrumer Chronik* (the book presented to me by Rantrum's *Bürgermeister* on August 29th) spelled Peter's name as Ankersen. Peter's age was listed as fifty-nine. This agrees with the birth year of 1776 provided to me by genealogist Georg Weise on our visit to Rantrum on September 6th. I believe that the word in the third column is *verheirat(h)et*, or "married." Peter's occupation (the fourth column) was listed as a *Höker* (merchant).

**Line 2:** Christina Hansen was my great-great-great grandmother. I have no idea why Christina's maiden name was listed. Also, research done by genealogists Otto Meier-Ewert and Georg Weise indicates that Christina's maiden name was spelled Hansen, not Hannsen. Christina's age was listed as forty-eight. This agrees with the birthdate of June 27, 1787, provided to me by genealogist Georg Weise. I believe the word in the third column (*idem*) is a Latin word meaning "the same;" i.e., Christina, like her husband Peter, was also married. At this point, I don't know what the words in the fourth columns are.

**Line 3:** Claus Peter Anckersen (who later spelled his surname Ankersen) was my great-great grand uncle. (Hans Peter Anckersen, Jürgen's oldest brother, would have been about twenty-one years old at the time this census was taken. He had obviously left the family home by this time and may have been living in Flensburg where he was married in 1839.) Claus Peter's age was listed as fourteen. This agrees with the birthdate of August 9, 1821 provided to me by both Georg Weise and Otto Meier-Ewert. The third column says *unverheirat(h)et*, or "unmarried." The fourth column says *ihre Kinder* ("their children").

**Line 4:** Jürgen Peter Ankerson (or as he was apparently known as in 1835, Jürgen Peter Anckersen) was my great-great grandfather. Jürgen's age was listed as eleven. This squares perfectly with his birthdate of March 1, 1824.

**Line 5:** Anna Christina Anckersen was my great-great grand aunt. Anna's age was listed as nine. This agrees with the birthdates of October 9, 1826 (given to me by Otto Meier-Ewert) and September 9, 1826 (given to me by Georg Weise).

Interestingly, the Gottburgsen family appeared three families above the Anckersen family on this census. That family was comprised of father Andreas Hansen (spelled Hannsen) Gottburgsen, his wife Ellin Jensen (Like the listing of Christina Hansen, this is another example of the maiden name being used.), and their two children, Paul Ludwig and Emma Ottilie.

The letter that Jürgen wrote to his uncle from Davenport on May 16, 1854, was apparently addressed to Mrs. L. M. Gottburgsen. The letter said "to be delivered to the barkeeper Mr. A. Gottburgsen in Husum" and "sealed with E. J. (Ellin Jensen)." With my current state of knowledge, all this information is very interesting, but also very confusing. Andreas Hansen Gottburgsen was married twice. His second wife's first name was Lucie. Therefore, she might be "Mrs. L. M. Gottburgsen." Ellin Jensen, the first wife of Andreas Hansen Gottburgsen, died on July 30, 1840. Why her name appeared on Jürgen's 1854 letter remains a mystery at this point. Hopefully, my next trip to the *Landesarchiv Schleswig-Holstein* will allow me to make sense of all of this.

such as the 1835 and 1840 Rantrum censuses for Jürgen and his family. We also found a lot of interesting information on Bleik Peters including a family tree; a letter from his wife that mentioned their good friend Jürgen Peter Ankerson; several interesting photos of Bleik, his wife, and their house in Davenport; and unbelievably, the Davenport, Iowa death certificate for Bleik.

1. 1. Peter Ankerson.	64.	idem	Johann
2. Christiane Hansen.	53.	idem	Christine Hansen
3. Jürgen Pet. Ankerson.	16.	unverheiratet	id. Sohn
4. Anna Christina Ankerson.	14.	idem	id. Tochter
5. Claus Petersen Rehm.	58.	unverheiratet	Wohnort: Husum, Dithmarschen

When comparing the entries on this 1840 census with those on the 1835 census, several differences are readily apparent. Peter's wife was still listed by her maiden name, but this time, it was spelled correctly (Hansen). At this point, I do not know what the occupation (fourth column) entries are for Peter and his wife Christina.

By the time this census was taken (ca. February 1, 1840), Jürgen and his sister Anna were the only two of Peter and Christina's five living children still residing with their parents. Jürgen's autobiographical sketch indicated that after he'd finished his schooling and been confirmed, he was "seized with the Wanderlust" and moved to Flensburg for a few years before going to Hamburg in the spring of 1842. Focusing on the words "for a few years" and keeping in mind that Jürgen was living in Rantrum ca. February 1, 1840, it appears that he moved to Flensburg shortly after this census was enumerated. After moving to Flensburg, it's possible that he may have lived with one of his brothers. Hans Peter, who was ten years older than Jürgen, married Catharina Maria Jensen in Flensburg on September 29, 1839. Claus Peter, who was two and one-half years older than Jürgen, was living in Flensburg in 1840 (and perhaps earlier) and working as an apprentice for a beer brewer (quite possibly for his future father-in-law).

The entry beneath Anna Christina Ankerson is for Claus Petersen Rehm. In *Rantrumer Chronik*, the book of Rantrum history presented to me on August 29th by Rantrum *Bürgermeister* Horst Feddersen, there is the following entry: "Book 2289, p. 178: In 1816, Peter Ankerson buys 1/4 *Bonden-Staven* from Claus Petersen-Rehm for two hundred marks."

I also found the Gottburgsen clan on this census, although it appears they had relocated to Rödemiş, a small "suburb" of Husum that was the birthplace of Theodor Jansen, the central figure in the book I'm writing about the Jansen family. The listings were all consistent with the 1835 census except for the addition of a third child, Asmus Otto Gottburgsen.

Baron von Hoyningen-Huene  
Landesarchiv Schleswig-Holstein/Prinzenpalais  
24837 Schleswig, Germany

Dear Mr. von Hoyningen-Huene,

I don't know if you remember me, but I had the pleasure of meeting you in early September of this year. I was accompanied by my friends Professor Joachim "Yogi" Reppmann and his father Ingo (both of Flensburg). The purpose of our visit to the archive was to do research about my great-great grandfather Jürgen Peter Ankerson and his good friend Bleik Peters. You made suggestions to help us in our endeavors, including looking into Jan Schlürmann's book, *Die Schleswig-Holsteinische Armee 1848-51*.

We had a very productive day of research. My only regret is that we didn't have more time to spend, but I'm sure we'll return! It was very gracious of you to sit down with us and advise us on our research. I wish there was some way to repay your kindness. If there is ever anything I could do for you in America, please feel free to contact me.

Thanks again, Mr. von Hoyningen-Huene. The visit to your archives was one of the highlights of my visit to Schleswig-Holstein.

All the best,

**Scott Christiansen**  
Iowa City, Iowa, USA

It had been a productive day, but a tiring one as well. Although I'm sure that we'd only scratched the surface of what we could find, we'd been in the archive for about six hours without a break and without any lunch, and we were all ready to call it a day.

After our return to Flensburg, Yogi caught up on some much needed sleep with a late afternoon nap while Carol and I walked downtown, ate dinner at McDonald's, and bought some gifts at *Bücher Ruffer* for our friends back in Iowa City.

During our next visit to



to Germany, I would not only like to return to the *Landesarchiv Schleswig-Holstein*, but would also like to explore other sights in Schleswig including *Schloß Gottorf* (the Gottorf Castle), the *Schleswiger Dom* (the Schleswig Cathedral), and Hedeby, an important Viking settlement which flourished from the eighth through the eleventh centuries.

## September 6, 2006

### Full circle

Wednesday, September 6, 2006: our last full day in Schleswig-Holstein. The time had passed so quickly; it seemed like only a few days had elapsed since Carol and I had arrived at the Hamburg Airport. My desire to learn more about my great-great grandfather and the land he grew up in had been the impetus bringing us to Schleswig-Holstein. It seemed only fitting that much of our last day would be spent in his birthplace of Rantrum.

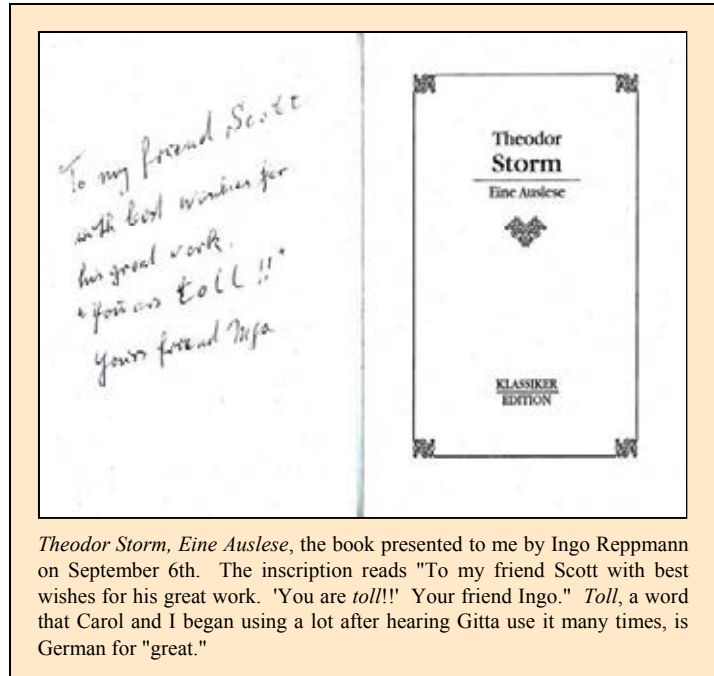
The day dawned bright and sunny, and after breakfast, we headed over to Yogi's parents' house to pick up Ingo who would accompany us on the day's activities. After getting in the car, Ingo presented me with *Theodor Storm, Eine Auslese*, a book of selected works by the great Husum novelist and poet. The gift of this book — so appropriate for a day on which we would have lunch in Husum — together with the inscription Ingo wrote in it meant a great deal to me.

This seventy-seven-year-old former civil servant had been a treasure for both Carol and me during our visit to Schleswig-Holstein. Although roughly the age that my father would have been at this point, I viewed Ingo as more of a grandfatherly figure — someone who looked right past your faults, who was always ready with a smile or a quip, and who genuinely seemed to enjoy spending time with you.

Even before I had met Ingo in person, he had demonstrated the giving nature of his personality by doing Forty-eighter research for me and by sending me his *Hitlerjugend* membership booklet because he had heard of my research on Baldur von Schirach, the Hitler Youth leader. He had accompanied us on a great many of our adventures in Schleswig-Holstein and had been an asset and a source of enjoyment on each and every one.

- **Flensburg:** Research at the *Stadtarchiv Flensburg* with Dr. Broder Schwensen, research at the St. Nikolai Church archives with Dr. Dieter Pust, and lunch at Dubrovnik's Steak House.
- **Husum:** Our visit to the home of genealogist Otto Meier-Ewert and our tour of the old harbor area.
- **Rantrum:** Our unannounced visit to the home of *Bürgermeister* Horst Feddersen.
- **Hamburg:** Research at the *Staatsarchiv Hamburg* with Dr. Klaus-Joachim "Lori" Lorenzen-Schmidt, lunch at the Block House restaurant, and our visits to the *Reeperbahn* district and the *Turnhalle St. Georg* café and restaurant.
- **Kating:** Our visit to son Bernd Reppmann's house.
- **Eiderstedt Peninsula:** Our tour of the *Eidersperrwerk*.
- **Katingsiel:** Our visit to *Schankwirtschaft Wilhelm Andresen*.
- **Schleswig:** Research at *Landesarchiv Schleswig-Holstein*.

Just the day before, Ingo had spent six hours pouring over records and documents at the *Landesarchiv*



*Theodor Storm, Eine Auslese*, the book presented to me by Ingo Reppmann on September 6th. The inscription reads "To my friend Scott with best wishes for his great work. 'You are toll!!!' Your friend Ingo." *Toll*, a word that Carol and I began using a lot after hearing Gitta use it many times, is German for "great."



*Schleswig-Holstein* to help me with my research, and here he was, presenting *me* with a gift as we embarked upon the last day of our visit. The embodiment of the "soul of Schleswig-Holstein?" I couldn't think of a better candidate than Ingo Adolf Paul Reppmann.



**Theodor Storm ca. 1865**

#### **Theodor Storm: Husum's most famous native son**

Theodor Storm was born on September 14, 1817, in Husum. He attended the *Gelehrtenschule* there from 1826-1835. The next two years were spent studying at the *Katharineum Gymnasium* in Lübeck. It was here that Storm was first introduced to the classics of German literature. After studying law from 1837-1842 in Kiel and Berlin, he began practicing law in Husum in 1843.

Like my great-great grandfather Jürgen Peter Ankerson, Storm became enmeshed in the Schleswig-Holstein war for independence from Denmark. After the Schleswig-Holstein Provisional Government proclaimed freedom of the press, Theodor Olshausen<sup>1</sup> recruited Theodor Mommsen<sup>2</sup> to edit the *Schleswig-Holsteinische Zeitung*, the new government's quasi-official organ. Mommsen then recruited his friend Theodor Storm as a contributor to the newspaper.

After the conclusion of the war, Storm's staunch patriotism and opposition to Denmark's policies in Schleswig-Holstein prompted his voluntary exile. From 1852-1856, he took an unpaid assignment with the Prussian civil service in Potsdam, during which time he depended on his father's financial support. He then moved to Heiligenstadt where he took a paid position as a magistrate.

After Schleswig's liberation in 1864, Storm returned to Husum where he became a judge, but his time in exile had left indelible marks of pessimism, bitterness, and

world-weariness on his psyche. A year later, he suffered an additional blow when his wife (who was also his cousin) died. Though Storm would soon marry again (Dorothea Jensen in 1866), the cumulative effect of the events of the past ten years would be evident in his subsequent literary works.

Storm spent the years after 1880 in retirement in Hademarschen, where he died of cancer on July 4, 1888. A prolific writer, Storm's works spanned the gamut from sentimental narrative poems to historical novels. He is perhaps best known, however, for the more than fifty novellas he authored, many of which show man in a lonely struggle against a dark and often tragic destiny.

1. Theodor Olshausen emigrated to the United States; became the second editor of the well-known Davenport German-language newspaper, *Der Demokrat*; and served on several committees with Jürgen Peter Ankerson.
2. Theodor Mommsen went on to win the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1902.

Our drive to Rantrum (in the administrative district of Nordfriesland) took us about thirty-three miles southwest of our starting point at the Reppmanns' apartment in Flensburg. As we admired the pastoral scenery along the way, Carol and I were struck with three things: how much the farmland resembled that of eastern Iowa, the number of Holstein cows grazing in the fields, and the great number of wind turbines that dotted the countryside.

Nordfriesland is more than just a good site for wind farms; it's a trailblazer in the planning, production, installation, service, and maintenance of wind turbine systems in Germany. Husum, the capital of Nordfriesland, is world renowned as the leader in wind technology and hosts HUSUMwind, the world's largest wind trade fair.

In the state of Schleswig-Holstein, there are about 115



Our thirty-three-mile drive from Flensburg ("A") to Rantrum ("B")

companies and 5,500 jobs that are directly involved in the wind energy industry. As time goes on, the focus of this flourishing industry will be less on the land-located turbines that Carol and I witnessed on our drive to Rantrum and more on large scale offshore wind farms in the North Sea and Baltic Sea. In the German part of the North Sea alone, twenty-two wind farms have already been planned. Wind energy is exploding into a huge global business, and the epicenter of that business will be located a stone's throw from Jürgen Peter Ankerson's birthplace of Rantrum.



**Above:** Two very common sights in Nordfriesland: a Holstein-Frisian cow and wind turbines.



**Top left:** A Holstein-Frisian cow, or as it is known as in the United States, a Holstein cow. In milk production, these cows average a higher yield than that of any other breed, although the milk has a relatively low butterfat content. Large numbers of Holsteins were imported in the United States in the last part of the nineteenth century, and they are now our dominant breed of dairy cattle.



**Bottom left:** This photo gives an idea of how huge some of Schleswig-Holstein's wind turbines are. **Bottom right:** In 2007, Iowa Governor Chet Culver (pictured in the middle) and Yogi Reppmann both attended HUSUMwind, the world's largest wind trade fair. Like the state of Schleswig-Holstein, my home state of Iowa has made a big commitment to renewable energy sources and currently ranks third in wind power production in the United States.

Our first stop of the day in Rantrum was going to be at *Bürgermeister* Horst Feddersen's house ... at least I thought it was. Yogi spotted the "Moin Moin im Ferienort Rantrum" sign, and we couldn't resist stopping to snap a few pictures.

After we'd taken our photos, we continued on to the *Bürgermeister's* house at Mehrensweg 17. Unlike our impromptu visit on August





29th, Horst was expecting us this time. After exchanging "Moin Moin," we took a few pictures and began a walking tour of Rantrum.



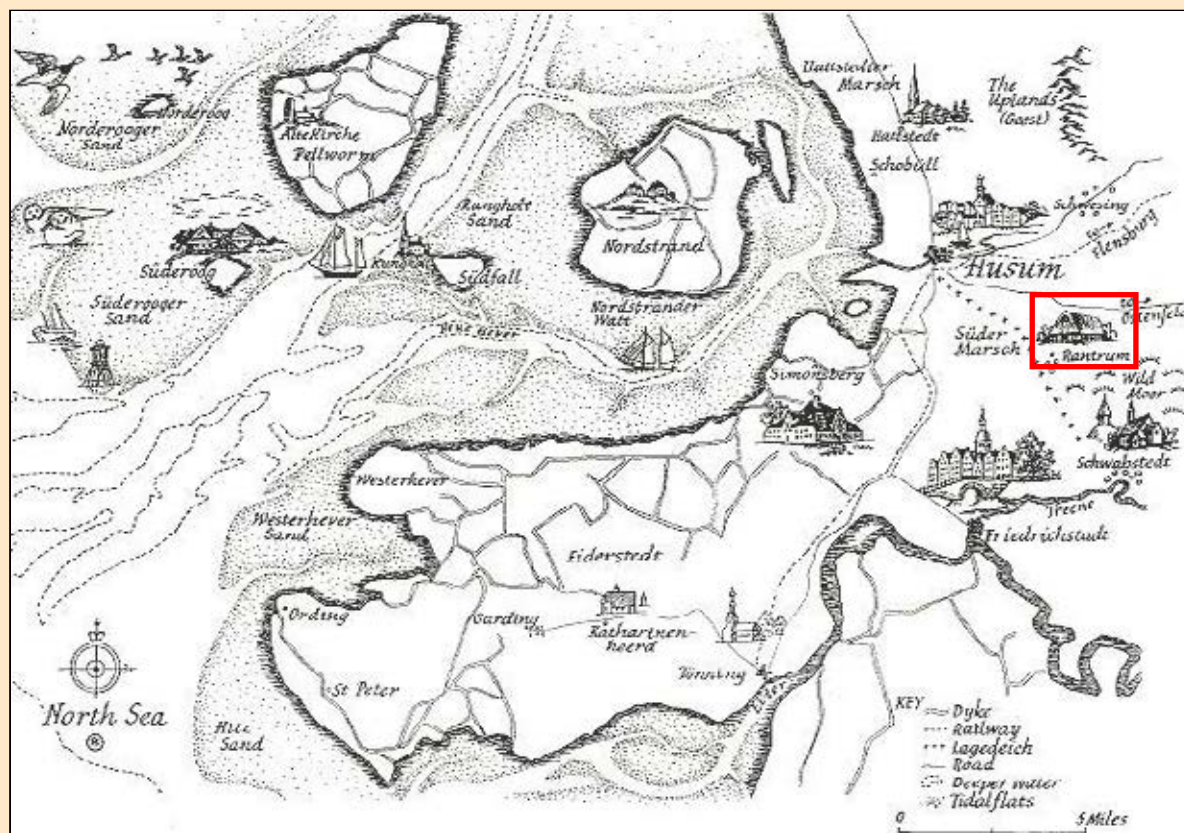
### Before the walking tour ... some geography and a little history

The village of Rantrum is located about five miles southeast of Husum on the transition between the marshlands and the *Geest*. (*Geest* refers to coastal sandy moor lands found in northwest Germany, Denmark, and the Netherlands. *Geest* is derived from either of two Low German adjectives [*gest* or *güst*] meaning "dry" or "barren.")





The slightly elevated *Geest* shares the cool and humid climate of the marshlands, but is far from fertile. As a result, much of the *Geest* is pasture devoted to cattle raising and dairying. Since Rantrum is situated at the transition of the marshlands and the *Geest*, its elevation is still quite low at only seven meters above sea level.



**A ca. 1860 map showing the west coast of Schleswig, Husum, and the North Sea Tidal Flats**

Note Rantrum's location on the transition of the rich marshland and the infertile sandy land of the *Geest*. The flat, marsh wetlands are arable, but typically require extensive dikes and drainage measures in order to be productive farmland.

The tiny village of Südermarsch (population: 148) is located just over three miles to the southwest of Rantrum. As its name implies, the village lies in a marshy area and has two pumping stations to keep it drained. It is primarily an agricultural village, and with only five inhabitants per square kilometer, one of the least populated areas in Schleswig-Holstein.

Rantrum is one of twenty-seven small municipalities that are part of *Amt Nordsee-Treene*, a "municipal confederation" of Nordfriesland. (*Ämter* are unique to the states of Schleswig-Holstein, Mecklenburg-Western Pomerania, and Brandenburg.) The Nordsee-Treene takes its name from the Treene River (located just to the south of Schwabstedt on the map above). The Treene, a tributary of the Eider River, starts in northern Angeln southeast of Flensburg and flows mostly south-southwest until it joins the Eider near Friedrichstadt.

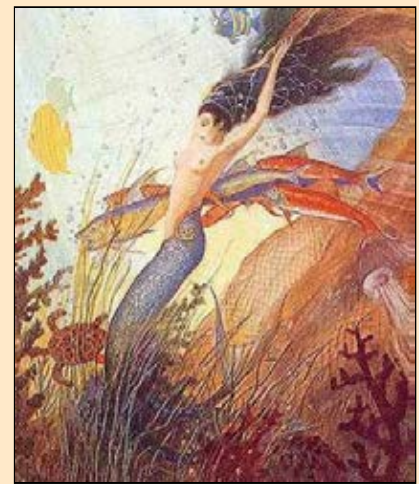
The largest of the twenty-seven municipalities comprising *Amt Nordsee-Treene* are Mildstedt (3,687), Hattstedt (2,475), Nordstrand (2,234), Rantrum (1,604), Ostenfeld (1,549), and Schwabstedt (1,355). Another of these municipalities is Horstedt (754), the home of Jürgen Peter Ankersen's aunt and uncle according to the letter he mailed them from Davenport on May 16, 1854.

The village of Rantrum was first mentioned in 1381. As a result, Rantrum celebrated its 625th anniversary in 2006, the year of our visit. Nevertheless, the village is certainly much older than this, but since the parish church in nearby Mildstedt burned in the fourteenth century, there are no prior written references.

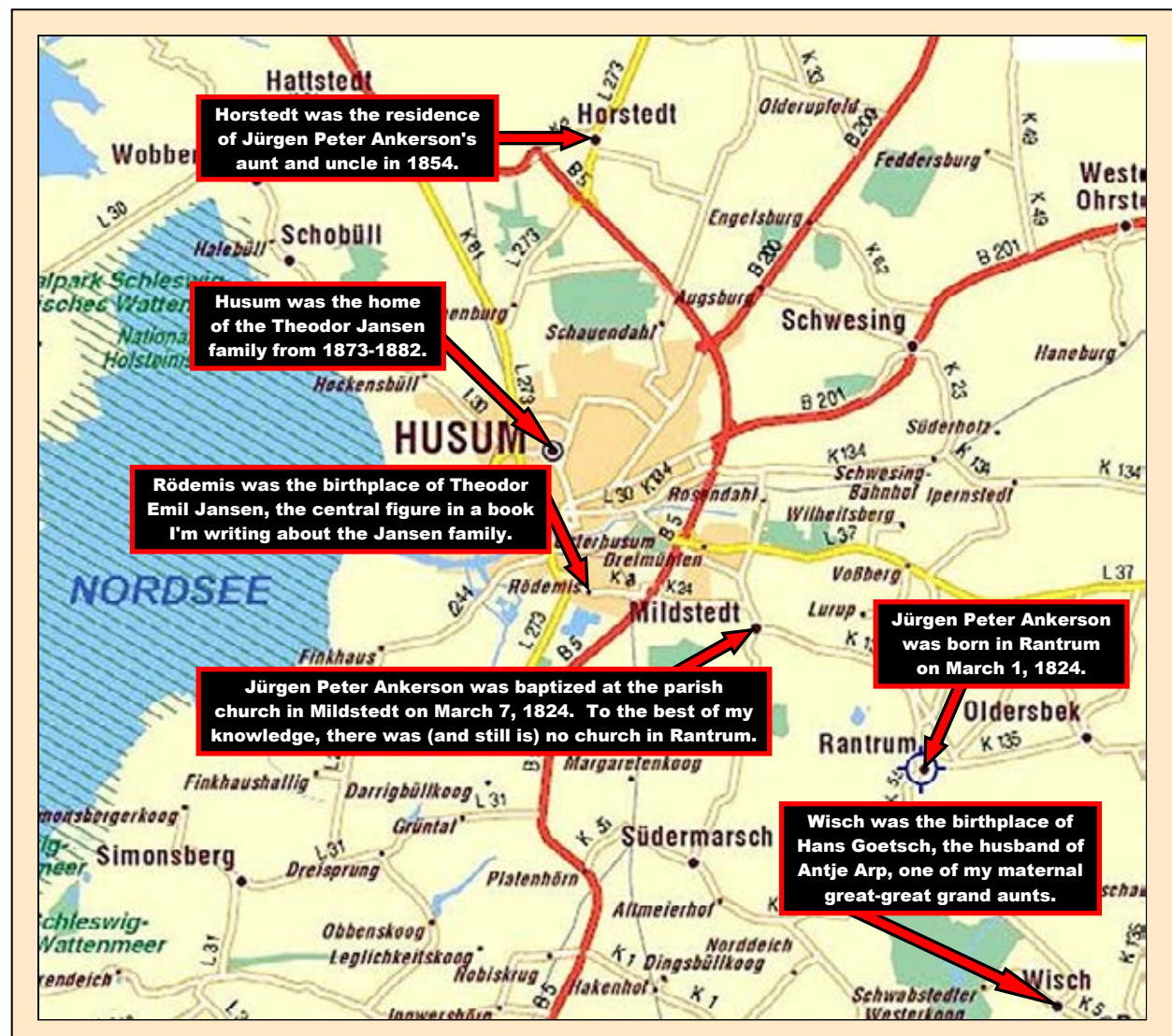
The name of the village is derived from Rante, a person's name, which in turn, was derived from the sea goddess Ran, an unfriendly sort who was said to try and sink ships. As a result, people would be sacrificed to her before sea journeys to ensure a safe voyage.

In former times, the site of the present village was a small inlet from the North Sea. Because of the building of dikes (which began around 1460), the inlet ceased to exist by the latter part of the sixteenth century. This resulted in the creation of grasslands, and this in turn led to what some historians believe was a thriving cattle market. This era has been referred to as Rantrum's golden age, and during this period we see the first mention (1602) of the school at Rantrum.

Despite this increased prosperity, Rantrum's population remained very constant (roughly one hundred families) from the late sixteenth to the mid-nineteenth century. Probably the biggest reason for this was the lack of any major roads connecting Rantrum to the outside world. Prior to 1887, the only "road" running by Rantrum was the centuries-old "Ox Trail" which ran north and south between the marsh landscape on the west and the *Geest* landscape in the central part of the



**The sea goddess Ran**





state. From the fifteenth century onwards, Danish farmers used the Ox Trail to drive their cattle to market in northern Germany.

To a great degree, land ownership up until the early 1770's was communal; i.e., most of the land was owned by the municipality. Most residents had a house, a garden, and a very small piece of land (typically, just enough to feed one's family). Needless to say, nobody got rich farming. The real value to the residents of Rantrum was in the town's nearly 1,235 acres of marshland with its excellent grazing conditions. Being located at the transition between the marshlands and the *Geest* led to the saying "*In drögen Tiden hebb wie de Marsch und in 'e Nadden de Gees.*" ("In dry times we have the marsh and in wet times the sandy land.")

In 1773-74, some type of privatization of land (*Die Verkoppelung*) occurred. As a result, land that had been municipally owned now became privately owned. This development, when coupled with improvements in agricultural techniques such as artificial fertilizer, caused an upswing in agriculture.

In 1835, when Jürgen Peter Ankerson lived in Rantrum as a lad of eleven years of age, there were exactly one hundred houses in Rantrum. 245 years earlier, there had been ninety-one families in the village, so as you can see, Rantrum was not growing at a rapid rate! In 1856, the number of houses in Rantrum still stood at one hundred.

From what I can gather, there were no postal deliveries to Rantrum during Jürgen's residence there. Instead, mail was picked up in Husum at *Inn Süderkrug*. This fact made me think of the letter Jürgen had written from Davenport on May 16, 1854, to his aunt and uncle in Horstedt. The letter had been addressed so that it would "be delivered to the barkeeper Mr. A. Gottburgsen in Husum." It's quite likely that the residents of the small village of Horstedt (located three and one-half miles north of Husum) would also have picked up their mail in Husum. Perhaps A. Gottburgsen was the barkeeper at *Inn Süderkrug*.

Until 1867, the school in Rantrum was a community school. This meant that Rantrum bore all the expenses associated with the school and paid the teacher's salary with no help from the state. If Jürgen went to school in Rantrum (There's a slight chance that he might have attended the *Gelehrtschule* in Husum.), he would have attended classes in a school built in 1799. In 1835, when Jürgen still would have been a student, the schoolrooms were remodeled.

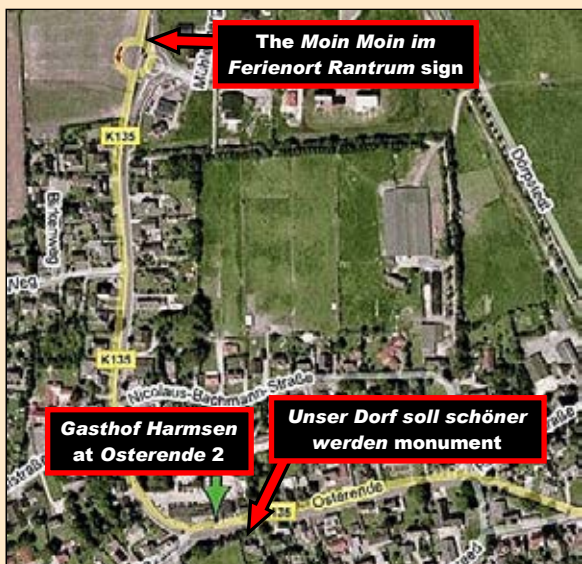
A causeway connecting Husum, Rantrum, Schwabstedt, and Seeth was completed in 1887. This development ripped Rantrum out of the remoteness that had shackled it for centuries and made it part of a transportation network. Twenty-three years later, a railway line from Husum to Rendsburg was completed. This allowed Rantrum's citizens to travel to Husum in a mere fifteen minutes as opposed to the hour and a half it had previously taken. (Apparently, this train connection no longer exists.)

In 2000, Rantrum won a silver medal in the *Unser Dorf hat Zukunft* ("Our village has a future") competition. Since 1961, this national competition for villages with less than three thousand inhabitants has been held every three years in almost all the states in Germany.

Prior to 1967, the competition was known as *Unser Dorf soll schöner werden* ("Our village will be beautiful"). After that date, infrastructural aspects of the village and activities of its residents began being considered along with the village's inherent beauty.







**Top left:** Beneath the inscription on the monument is the silver medal awarded to Rantrum in the *Unser Dorf hat Zukunft* ("Our village has a future") competition. Prior to 1967, the competition focused primarily on the inherent beauty of a village and was known as *Unser Dorf soll schöner werden* ("Our village will be beautiful"). Interestingly, the inscription Rantrum chose to engrave on the marker says *Dem schönen Dorf mit Zukunft*, or "The beautiful village with a future." After seeing how beautiful Rantrum is, I can't hold it against them for inserting "beautiful" in the inscription! **Top right:** This photo (taken in the spring) shows a white and blue maypole located just to the left of the *Unser Dorf soll schöner werden* monument. In Germany, the tradition of erecting a white and blue maypole began in Bavaria in the sixteenth century. **Middle right:** These two photos show the *Gasthof Harmsen*. **Bottom right:** The *Gasthof Harmsen* is located just across the street from Rantrum's *Unser Dorf soll schöner werden* monument. Information in the *Rantrumer Chronik* leads me to believe that the store of Peter Ankersen (Anckersen) was located next to the *Gasthof Harmsen* parking lot.

### Let the walking tour begin!

After walking only a short distance from the *Bürgermeister's* house, three things became obvious. One: Rantrum was a very quaint village with friendly and conscientious homeowners who took pride in the appearance of their property. Two: All the houses were made of brick. (Until 1700, the buildings in Rantrum were constructed from wood, but starting in the eighteenth century, bricks began to dominate.) Three: Although the majority of houses had tile roofs, there were a number that had thatched roofs.

In Schleswig-Holstein, a thatched roof is called a *Reetdach* (literally, "reed roof"). (The term *Reetdach* is used primarily on the North Sea coast. In Mecklenburg-Western Pomerania, the state just to the east of Schleswig-Holstein, the same type of roof is referred to as a *Rohrdach*, or pipe roof.) A *Reetdach* consists of bundles of reeds tied together and installed over a wooden roof frame. Each reed is a hollow stalk which traps air, thus providing excellent insulation.

At one time, thatched roofs were quite common in Schleswig-Holstein, but several factors have contributed to their steady decline. Obviously, a thatched roof is not fire resistant, and as a result, insurance rates for houses with these roofs are much higher than for houses with tiled roofs. In addition, thatched roofs can be expensive to maintain, and their increasing uniqueness makes it harder to find people with the appropriate skills to properly repair and maintain them, let alone install one from scratch. Nevertheless, some areas of Nordfriesland such as Keitum on the Island of Sylt (the birthplace of Jürgen Peter Ankerson's good friend Bleik Peters) have certain districts where *only* thatched roofs are allowed.

One hundred years ago, it was not uncommon for a Schleswig-Holsteiner in a village like Rantrum to either have his own reed bed or be able to buy bundles of reeds locally. In those days, the reed harvester would go out onto a local lake or into the marshlands and cut the reeds by hand with a scythe, bundle them together, and bring them to a dry place on land to properly dry. Good reeds were those that were very dry and very hard; dampness invited rot and decay.

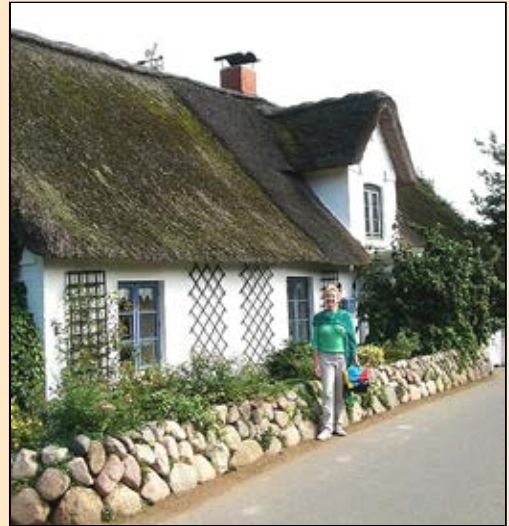
Today, it's estimated that there are still about thirty thousand thatched roofs in Germany. The useful life of these roofs is typically thirty to fifty years, but there are documented cases of a *Reetdach* lasting one hundred years.



The first thatched roofs are thought to date to four thousand BC. Due to the risk of fire in densely built-up areas, thatched roofs began to be replaced with hard roofs during the Middle Ages. In less populated areas of the countryside like the village of Rantrum, however, thatched roofs can still be seen today.

**Left:** A close-up photo of the installation of a *Reetdach*, or reed roof. Note the two bundles of reeds. **Right:** The repair of a *Reetdach*. Bundles of reeds can be seen stacked near the peak of the roof just as packages of shingles would be in the United States.





**Top right:** Carol standing in front of a *Reetdachhaus*. The stacked stone wall and the tidy garden are indicative of many of the houses we saw on our walking tour.  
**Bottom left:** The old (the house with the *Reetdach* on the left) and the new (the house with the tile roof and solar panels on the right).



Red bricks and tile roofs are as common in Schleswig-Holstein as vinyl siding and asphalt shingles are in Iowa. Note how well maintained the gardens are, the beautifully made stacked stone wall, and the brick wall with the granite capstone.





To their credit, Schleswig-Holsteiners seem much more serious about remembering and honoring significant events in their history than we in the states often are.

**Top left/right:** The inscription on this stone ("In memory of the founding of the German Empire 1871") refers to the unification of Germany effectuated by Otto von Bismarck (the "Iron Chancellor") on January 18, 1871. The new German Empire was a federation of twenty-five constituent states (kingdoms, grand duchies, duchies, principalities, and free cities), each of which retained some autonomy. The King of Prussia, as German Emperor, was not sovereign over all of Germany; rather, he was only *primus inter pares*, or first among equals. He served as president of the *Bundesrat* and appointed the chancellor who presented policy to that legislative body. The German Empire, or *Deutsches Reich*, formally ended with Kaiser Wilhelm II's abdication on November 28, 1918.

**Bottom right:** If one doesn't understand the inscription on this stone (*Up ewig ungedeelt*, or "never to be divided"), he will never understand the history of Schleswig-Holstein. Anyone who attempts to truly understand Schleswig-Holstein's history, however, knows that it is not a task for the faint of heart. As English Prime Minister Lord Palmerston noted, only three people had ever known the answer to the Schleswig-Holstein Question. Prince Albert, the first of these three, was dead; the second, a Foreign Office official, was mad; and the third, Lord Palmerston himself, had known the answer but had now forgotten it.



So what is *Up ewig ungedeelt* all about? The story begins in the Middle Ages when the Danish province of Schleswig was a source of rivalry between Denmark and the nobility of the German duchy of Holstein. The Danish position is best summarized by the inscription on a stone in the town walls of Rendsburg (located on the border between Schleswig and Holstein): *Eidora Terminus Imperii Romani* — the River Eider is the border of the Holy Roman Empire. A number of German nobles, however, sought to challenge this proposition.

In the early fourteenth century, Denmark went bankrupt and increasingly came under German influence. In 1326, the Schleswig-Holstein nobility forced King Valdemar III of Denmark (1314-1364) to sign the *Constitutio Valdermaria* which set forth the principle that the Duchy of Schleswig and the Kingdom of Denmark must never be united under the same ruler. As we will see, the *Constitutio Valdermaria* was the precursor to the Treaty of Ripen of 1460.

On March 5, 1460, King Christian I of Denmark (1426-1481) and a number of German nobles agreed to the terms of a *Freiheitsbrief*, or a "Charter of Liberty." Under this agreement, which became known as the Treaty of Ripen, King Christian I became the Count of Holstein and regained the Danish duchy of Schleswig. The treaty also gave the nobility the right to revolt should the king break the agreement, a usual feature of medieval coronation charters.

Regarding Holstein, the treaty was pretty straightforward: the King of Denmark became the Count of Holstein but was not allowed to

**Continued on the next page**



annex Holstein to Denmark proper. Regarding Schleswig, however, the agreement seems rather odd at first, since Schleswig was a fiefdom under the Danish crown thus making the Danish king his own vassal. The German nobles, however, viewed this arrangement as a guarantee against Danish domination and the partition of Holstein among Danish nobles.

The Treaty of Ripen allowed King Christian I (who as you may remember, is both the maternal fourteen times great grandfather and the paternal twelve times great grandfather of Princess Elisabeth of Ysenburg and Büdingen, our "tour guide" at *Schloß Glücksburg*) to gain control of the German province of Holstein and be confirmed as the duke of Schleswig and the count of Holstein. The price he paid for this, however, was a permanent link between those two provinces, one Danish and the other German. In fact, the treaty contained the statement "*dat se bliven ewich tosamende ungedelt*" (which somehow morphed into *Up ewig ungedeelt*) which meant that the two provinces were to remain forever undivided and were never to be separated.



The proclamation that became known as the Treaty of Ripen. The noblemen affirmed their agreement to the union of Schleswig and Holstein by affixing wax disks imprinted with their seals. Assuming that "size does matter," one can safely conclude that the largest seal affixed to the left side of the document was that of King Christian I of Denmark.

As we made our way south from the residential neighborhoods near the *Bürgermeister's* house, we came to the outskirts of the populated portion of the village where we saw some beautiful pasture land with horses grazing on it.

Horses are a very important form of recreation in Rantrum, and I believe the village won some type of award in 2002 from equestrian clubs as



**Horses grazing at the southern end of Rantrum**

being the most horse-friendly village in Schleswig-Holstein.

Not only do people enjoy leisurely rides on their horses, but many engage in a centuries-old pastime known as "ring riding" where riders attempt to pierce a very small suspended brass ring (one to two centimeters in diameter) with something akin to a jousting lance. *Ringreiten* tournaments have been very popular in Schleswig-Holstein for a great many years. In Rantrum alone, there are five separate equestrian associations (*Vereine*), three of which pertain to ring-riding (*Kinderringreiten*, *Ringreiter "Jung Rantrum"*, and *Ringreiter "Wohl Auf"*).



**Top:** A ring-rider with lance in hand. **Middle:** A couple of equestrians enjoy a leisurely ride as Yogi and Horst prepare to enter *Ehrenhain*. **Bottom:** This soccer field is located just to the left of Yogi in the picture above. I snapped the photo because of my surname (which apparently is fairly common in Schleswig-Holstein) being on the fence.



**Above:** We began our walking tour of Rantrum from Bürgermeister Horst Feddersen's house located at *Mehrensweg* 17. After walking through some residential neighborhoods we arrived at a heavily wooded area with a walking trail (shown by the large red rectangle) known as *Ehrenhain*. **Below:** The *Ehrenhain* pond.



Our walk had gradually taken us to *Ehrenhain*, a heavily wooded area with a little pond and several shaded areas with monuments and markers honoring Schleswig-Holsteiners killed in battle. It's a very contemplative and relaxing place, and both Carol and I enjoyed our walk through it.

As we exited *Ehrenhain*, I realized that we had come in the "back way" and were actually walking out the entrance, as there was a sign written in Low German admonishing those entering *Ehrenhain* to be respectful.





**Above:** This Low German sign sits at the entrance to *Ehrenhain*, a heavily wooded, park-like environment that honors Schleswig-Holsteiners killed in battle.

*Come visit this place of honor!  
Be dignified and quiet!  
Let the little birds sing,  
Don't use a bicycle,  
Don't tear anything down,  
Don't destroy anything under your shoes,  
Don't litter,  
Pay attention to your kids,  
Don't leave them alone!*



10, 1871) which brought about the final unification of the German Empire. **Bottom right:** An interesting grouping of stones in *Ehrenhain* honoring various Schleswig-Holsteiners who died in battle. **Middle left:** Ingo exits *Ehrenhain* with Horst and Yogi just ahead. **Bottom left:** All that walking makes one thirsty, but alas, the *Flensburger Pilsener* stand was closed!



**Top right:** Yogi points to the dates of the first Schleswig-Holstein war for independence. Although many historians refer to the first Schleswig-Holstein War as the Schleswig-Holstein War of 1848-50, the monument says 1848-1851. This is because the final decision by the Provisional Government to lay down arms did not occur until January 11, 1851. The second date, 1864, refers to the second Schleswig-Holstein War. This war began on February 1, 1864, when Prussian forces crossed the border into Schleswig and ended on October 30, 1864, with the Treaty of Vienna which resulted in Denmark's cession of the Duchies of Schleswig, Holstein, and Lauenburg to Prussian and Austrian administration, respectively. The third dates, 1870-71, refer to the Franco-Prussian War (July 19, 1870 - May



## Dorfmuseum Rantrum

After we'd finished our walking tour, we made our way to *Schulstraße 1* and the *Grundschule Rantrum*. The main building of the school is over a century old. A newer portion of the school had not been utilized in recent years and is now occupied by the *Dorfmuseum Rantrum*.



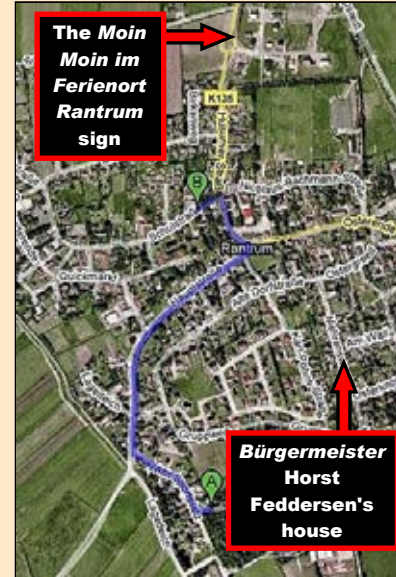
**Grundschule Rantrum**

The goal of the *Dorfmuseum Rantrum* is to preserve Rantrum's cultural heritage — its customs, language, and history — for future generations of Rantrumers. The museum has published a book on Rantrum's history (*Rantrumer Chronik*, the book presented to me by *Bürgermeister Horst Feddersen*), collects and digitizes historical documents, sponsors lectures, and is involved in many community activities.

After *Bürgermeister Feddersen*, Yogi, Ingo, Carol, and I made our way up the stairs and into the museum, we were greeted by Georg Weise, Jens Voss, and Hans Friedrich Harmsen. We all sat down at a long table, and to my great surprise, it soon became obvious that these gentlemen were going to make this a very special occasion for us.

Georg Weise, the *Museumswart* (honorary curator) for the *Dorfmuseum Rantrum*, introduced himself and presented me with some fantastic genealogical research that he had done on the Ankerson family. Yogi and I had not requested this; apparently, it was done as an act of friendship and generosity towards the descendant of a Rantrumer.

I was then presented with a full-size flag of Rantrum and some decals with Rantrum's coat of arms by *Bürgermeister Feddersen*. It's hard to put into words, but these acts of kindness and generosity meant a lot to me. When I had begun researching the life of my great-great grandfather several years earlier, I never dreamed that I would one day visit the village he grew up in. Yet here I was, surrounded by a group of Rantrumers who were every bit as interested as I was in the history of their village and of those who had lived there centuries before. It's true that I was a native Iowan and they were Schleswig-Holsteiners, but for that



The *Dorfmuseum Rantrum* at *Schulstraße 1* ("B") is located about seven-tenths of a mile north of the entrance to *Ehrenhain* ("A").



**Above:** Before our tour of the *Dorfmuseum Rantrum*, Yogi, Ingo, Carol, and I were seated at this table where I was presented with the flag of Rantrum as well as genealogical research on my great-great grandfather. The room was filled with historical records, old maps and photos, and other items of historical interest. **Below:** One of the rooms in the *Dorfmuseum Rantrum*.





special moment, I felt that Jürgen Peter Ankerson gave us a common bond.



**Top:** Rantrum mayor Horst Feddersen (third from right) and friends are holding the same type of flag that he presented to me at the *Dorfmuseum Rantrum*. The building in the background is the *Grundschule Rantrum*. **Bottom left:** *Bürgermeister* Feddersen delivers a speech from behind a lectern adorned with the Rantrum flag. **Bottom right:** One of the Rantrum coat of arms decals presented to me by *Bürgermeister* Feddersen.



**Above:** Former schoolteacher Carol practices her letters on a slate from behind a turn-of-the-century desk. **Below:** Having spent so much time researching the life of *Reichsjugendführer* Baldur von Schirach for my book on the von Schirach family, Yogi and I enjoyed a chuckle when we saw that the *Dorfmuseum Rantrum* had an antique stove with the name "Baldur" on one of its drawers.



**Left:** Carol poses with Hans Friedrich Harmsen (left) and *Museumswart* Georg Weise (right) in one of the *Dorfmuseum Rantrum*'s period rooms. *Herr* Weise was the gentleman who did the excellent genealogy research for me on the Ankerson family. **Top middle:** A period-accurate child's bedroom. **Top right:** A collection of farm implements used in former times.

For a town of only sixteen hundred, the *Dorfmuseum Rantrum* is a remarkable facility. Because of the efforts of people like *Museumswart* Georg Wiese, the museum has made great strides towards achieving its goal of preserving the village's cultural heritage for future generations of Rantrumers.

Mr. Georg Weise  
Sandkuhle 1  
25873 Rantrum, Germany

Dear Mr. Weise,

I don't know if you remember me, but I had the pleasure of meeting you on September sixth of this year. I was accompanied by my friends Professor Joachim "Yogi" Reppmann and his father Ingo.

You had graciously done genealogical research on my great-great grandfather Jürgen Peter Ankerson. Receiving the information you discovered was one of the highlights of our entire trip.

I wish I would have had more time to spend at Rantrum. It's a beautiful town with unbelievably friendly, gracious, and generous people. I know I will return one day, and I hope I will have the pleasure of seeing you and thanking you again in person.

If there is ever any research I could help you with in America, please let me know, and I'll be glad to return the favor.

Thanks again, Mr. Weise. You helped make September 6, 2006 one of the most memorable days in my life.

All the best,

**Scott Christiansen**  
Iowa City, Iowa, USA

### Lunch at Der Friesenkrog

After we'd finished our tour of the *Dorfmuseum Rantrum*, I invited *Bürgermeister* Feddersen to have lunch with us in Husum. Although Husum is only about five miles from Rantrum, our drive was interesting, to say the least. Yogi's Mercedes isn't a very big car, and with Yogi and Gitta in the front, we had to figure a way to squeeze Horst, Ingo, Carol, and me into the back seat. Somehow, we managed to shoehorn poor Carol in, but suffice it to say that Horst and I didn't see too much of the countryside between Rantrum and Husum!



The drive from the *Dorfmuseum Rantrum* ("A") to *Der Friesenkrog* restaurant in Husum ("B") is about five miles.

Other than a *kaputten Auspuff* (defective muffler), we logged a lot of trouble-free miles on Yogi's 1994 Mercedes during our visit to Schleswig-Holstein. Thanks to the skilled hands of Yogi's mechanic friend "Porsche Peter Radtke," the Mercedes is still going strong at almost 470,000 miles.

#### German license plates

As you can see from looking at the license plate on Yogi's car, European plates are quite a bit wider than those in America.

Moving from left to right, the first bit of information disclosed on the plate is what country in the European Union the car is registered in. In the sample plate shown at the right, the "D" stands for *Deutschland* (Germany). Above the "D" is the European Union's flag which consists of twelve golden stars in a circle on a blue background. The number of stars has nothing to do with the number of member states; rather, there are twelve stars because the number twelve is traditionally the symbol of perfection, completeness, and unity.

Next, the plate will have between one and three letters which show the city or region where the car is registered. In the case of Yogi's plate, "FL" signifies Flensburg. The number of letters in the city or region prefix code typically reflects the size and location of the district, with the largest German cities generally having one letter codes [B = Berlin, M = München (Munich), K = Köln (Cologne), F = Frankfurt]]. There are, however, a number of exceptions to this rule. For example, although Hamburg is Germany's second largest city, it uses the two letter prefix "HH" (*Hansestadt Hamburg*) because of its historical membership in the Hanseatic League.

After the location name, there are the emission test and vehicle safety test stickers. These are followed by one or two usually random letters and one to four usually random numbers. The total quantity of letters and numbers on the plate is never higher than eight.

Various combinations that could be considered politically unacceptable — mainly due to implications relating to Nazi Germany — are not used. Such combinations include SS (*Schutzstaffel*, a major Nazi military organization under Adolf Hitler and the Nazi Party), SA (*Sturmabteilung*, the paramilitary organization of the Nazi Party known as the "stormtroopers"), HJ (*Hitlerjugend*, or Hitler Youth), NS (*Nationalsozialismus*, or National Socialism), and KZ (*Konzentrationslager*, or concentration camp).





After arriving in Husum, we walked west on *Hafenstraße*, the street that runs alongside Husum's old harbor area. It was a beautiful sunny day, and Carol and I enjoyed looking at the historic old harbor, quaint shops, cafés, and restaurants as we made our way towards *Der Friesenkrog* restaurant.

Understandably, seafood was *Der Friesenkrog's* specialty, and we ordered accordingly. We all enjoyed a fine meal and a few *Flensburger Pilseners* before saying our final goodbyes to *Bürgermeister* Feddersen. Horst is a genuinely nice man who went out of his way to make this a memorable day for us, and he had definitely succeeded in that endeavor. The many kindnesses he showed to us on our two visits to the Rantrum/Husum area will never be forgotten.



**Top left:** The green arrow indicates the location of *Der Friesenkrog* at Kleikuhle 6. Husum's old harbor area is located east of *Deichstraße*. **Top right:** Horst (in the red shirt), Ingo, Gitta, and Yogi walk along *Hafenstraße* on our way to *Der Friesenkrog*. **Bottom left:** A smiling Carol (in the sunglasses) turns back as I snap a photo of her, Ingo, Yogi, Gitta, and Horst. *Der Friesenkrog* is visible in the distance. **Bottom right:** *Der Friesenkrog*, where we enjoyed a fine seafood lunch on our last full day in Schleswig-Holstein.



*Bürgermeister* Horst Feddersen  
Mehrensweg 17  
25873 Rantrum, Germany

Dear Horst,

Please excuse the tardiness of this letter, but things have been quite hectic since our return to Iowa. Although we've been back for some

**Continued on the next page**

time now, we continue to reflect on the two weeks we were able to spend with our friends Yogi and Gitta Reppmann of Flensburg. Yogi had promised me that our visit would be a life-altering experience, and he was absolutely correct!

Every day was filled with new sights and wonderful experiences peppered with fascinating historical insights provided by Professor Reppmann. Now that my wife and I have had time to reflect on our adventure, however, we are in total agreement that by far the most memorable part of our trip was the wonderful people we were so fortunate to meet. We were (and continue to be) amazed at the friendliness, graciousness, and generosity displayed to two strangers from Iowa. The kindnesses shown to us by you, however, *Herr Bürgermeister*, were unequalled during our stay in Schleswig-Holstein.

From the very first day that we met — which as you may recall, occurred when we arrived unannounced at your front door! — you were the epitome of friendliness and generosity. After finally making my way to Rantrum (the hometown of my great-great grandfather whom I'd been writing a book about for many, many months), I found myself sitting at the kitchen table of Rantrum's *Bürgermeister*. Let me tell you, Horst, for a person who had never even been outside the United States before, this was a big thrill. The next thing I knew, you'd presented me with the thick book on the history of Rantrum. I was amazed. I spent the better portion of that night lying in bed with a night light looking through the book and searching for the name of Ankerson (which I did indeed find!).

On our next trip, you took a lot of time out of your day to give us a truly memorable walking tour of your beautiful village. I'm sure if my great-great grandfather could visit Rantrum today, he would be one proud Schleswig-Holsteiner! Like you Horst, he was an elected official (in his case, an alderman) who served the citizens of his hometown (or more accurately, his adopted home of Davenport, Iowa).

As you may recall, you then took us to the *Dorfmuseum Rantrum*. There we met Jens Voss, his friend "Siggi," and Georg Weise, the man who had done a lot of research on my great-great grandfather. I'm hopeful that you or Yogi will be able to provide me with an address for Mr. Weise, as I definitely want to thank him for all his hard work.

After being presented with the research, I was truly overwhelmed when you presented me with the Rantrum flag and decals. Receiving that flag, Horst, was the highlight of my entire trip. With all the countless hours of research I've done about my great-great grandfather and his early life in Rantrum, to receive the Rantrum flag — and from the *Bürgermeister* no less — well, words fail me.

We then took a tour of the various rooms in the *Dorfmuseum Rantrum* and gained valuable insights into what life was like for its residents a century ago. After our tour of the museum had concluded, we drove to Husum for lunch. We were so happy that you could join us at *Der Friesenkrog*. What a nice restaurant and what a wonderful town Husum is.

I would love to return to Schleswig-Holstein and have more time to explore Rantrum and Husum. Hopefully, my wife and I can make that happen some day.

What can I say about all your acts of kindness and generosity, Horst? My hope is that you and your wife will some day visit the United States, stop in Iowa, and let Carol and me repay (if that's even possible) your kindness by hosting you at our house and showing you a bit of life in our neck of the woods. Should any of your children ever venture to the Midwest of the United States, please let them know that the invitation extends to any member of the Feddersen family. In the meantime, if there is ever any research or favor I could do for you here in the states, just let me know.

*Deine Freunde,*

**Scott and Carol Ann Christiansen**

Iowa City, Iowa, USA

### **We tour *Schiffahrtsmuseum Nordfriesland***

After lunch at *Der Friesenkrog*, we met Jens Voss and Siegfried "Siggi" Feigel at the *Schiffahrtsmuseum Nordfriesland*.

The *Schiffahrtsmuseum Nordfriesland* (Nordfriesland Navigation Museum) is a wonderful museum dealing with all things maritime including the economic and social history of Nordfriesland's sailors and their families, dike building, flood tides, the *Wattenmeer* (Wadden Sea), shipbuilding, the fishing industry (including the historically important whale-catching), ship models and paintings, ancient maps, the science of navigation, and a multitude of maritime objects. With four floors of meticulously crafted exhibits (and more being added all the time), to really do justice to this very fine museum would take many, many hours.

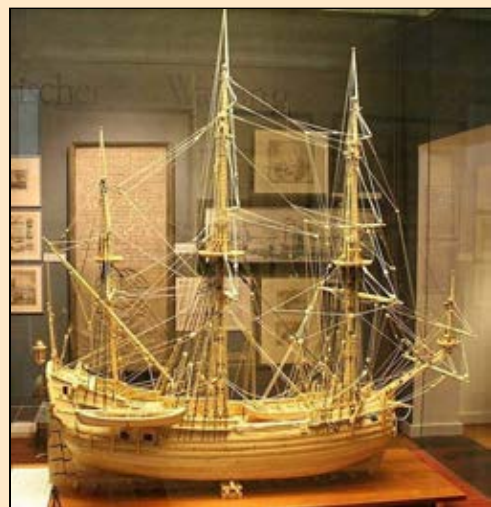


After we finished our lunch at *Der Friesenkrog*, we walked to Zingel 15 and the *Schiffahrtsmuseum Nordfriesland*.





**Top:** An aerial view showing the relative locations of *Der Friesenkrog*, the *Schiffahrtsmuseum Nordfriesland*, and Husum's old harbor area. **Middle left:** The *Schiffahrtsmuseum Nordfriesland*. Meticulously assembled displays can be viewed on each of the building's four levels. **Middle right:** If the remains of this ship look a little dilapidated, it's to be expected: the vessel is four hundred years old! The ship's two-man crew had lost their rudder and anchor in a storm and had crashed on the shore near Uelvesbüll (located about nine miles southwest of Husum). The wreck was salvaged in 1994, and spent three years in a sugar solution before being transported to the basement of the *Schiffahrtsmuseum Nordfriesland*. Now, the temperature and humidity are strictly regulated to preserve the vessel for posterity. **Bottom left/right:** Two of the many detailed ship models on display at *Schiffahrtsmuseum Nordfriesland* that help chronicle seafaring for the past ten centuries.





With everything on display in the *Schiffahrtsmuseum Nordfriesland*, things could easily devolve into a morass of overlapping, disjointed, and chock-a-block displays. Instead, each exhibit is tightly focused thematically and presented in an organized and uncramped fashion.





After we'd finished our tour of the *Schiffahrts-museum Nordfriesland*, we said our goodbyes to Jens Voss and his friend "Siggi." Jens, a freelance photographer for the *Husumer Nachrichten*, had played an important part in the day's activities. Before we'd made our first visit to Rantrum on August 29th, Jens had already given *Bürgermeister* Feddersen a heads-up about our upcoming visit. He had been one of the men who welcomed us to the *Dorfmuseum Rantrum* and accompanied us on our tour of the maritime museum in Husum. Jens is also the one responsible for the very nice article about our visit to Rantrum that appeared in the *Husumer Nachrichten* on January 16, 2007.

Yogi is very fond of Jens and refers to him as a "great guy with a big heart who loves everybody from the United States." Ironically, however, Jens' work as a photographer almost prevented Yogi's first trip to America.

While visiting Chicago in 1978, Jens heard about Chicago's *Schleswig-Holsteinischer Sängerbund*. Intrigued by the facade of the building owned by the choir (which was done in the Schleswig-Holstein flag colors of red, white, and blue), Jens took several photos which were published in newspapers back in Germany.

Yogi and Dee had planned to make their first trip to the United States later that same year, but after learning of their plans, Dee's girlfriend at the time chastised the young researchers, noting that everything they hoped to learn had already appeared in Germany's newspapers! Undaunted, Yogi and Dee did make their trip to America, Yogi's *Freedom, Education and Well-being for All!* was published in 1999, I read footnote 707 from that book in 2006, and the rest, as they say, is history.

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On the drive back to Flensburg, I was filled with mixed emotions. We had enjoyed a fantastic day in Rantrum, but our wonderful trip was basically over. After arriving back at the Reppmanns' apartment, we spent the rest of the day packing in preparation for our flight out of Hamburg early the next morning.

Jens Voss  
Finkhaushallig/Husum  
Rieke Reech 23  
25813 Simonsberg, Germany

Dear Mr. Voss,

I don't know if you remember us, but we had the pleasure of meeting you in Rantrum when we visited with our friends from Flensburg, the Reppmanns. I believe you were instrumental in informing Rantrum *Bürgermeister* Horst Feddersen about our visit.

We also had the pleasure of seeing you and your friend "Siggi" in Husum when we toured the shipping museum.

I can't tell you how incredibly gracious, hospitable, and generous everyone from Schleswig-Holstein was to two strangers from Iowa. Horst was a magnificent host in Rantrum and Georg Wiese did an absolutely splendid job of research on my great-great grandfather Jürgen Peter Ankerson.

If I remember correctly, you have made many trips to Iowa. As you may recall, my wife and I live in Iowa City, and I was born in Davenport. We wish to extend an open-ended invitation to you to visit us on your next trip. I don't harbor any hopes that we could make your visit as memorable as you and your friends made ours in Rantrum and Husum, but we would do our best!

Thanks again, Mr. Voss, and we hope you have a pleasant fall.

All the best,

**Scott and Carol Ann Christiansen**  
Iowa City, Iowa, USA



During their trip to the United States in 1978, Yogi and Dee were the guests of a Low German choir (the Schleswig-Holstein Choir of 1882) and were serenaded with a lively round of "Dat du mien Leevsten büst."

*In Nordfriesland haben sie ausgedient, die alten grünen Polizei-Uniformen. In den Vereinigten Staaten von Amerika kommen sie nun noch einmal zu Ehren: in drei Museen in Chicago, Northfield/Minnesota und Los Angeles.*

**Nordfriesland/jv**

„Das ist eine gute Sache“, befand Nordfrieslands Polizeidirektor Hans Peter Johannsen und gab grünes Licht: Die Polizeimuseen in Chicago, Los Angeles und Northfield/Minnesota bekommen nun einige Exemplare alter, ausgedienter nordfriesischer Polizei-Uniformen. Siegfried Feigel, aktives Mitglied der „American/Schleswig-Holstein Heritage Society“ in Husum, hatte die Idee dazu und fand für sein Vorhaben die Unterstützung bei „Amerika-Fahrer“ Rainer Bruns, Geschäftsführer des Unternehmensverbandes Unterelbe-Westküste, und Uwe



**Verpacken die alten Uniformen für die drei US-Polizeimuseen:** Polizeidirektor Hans-Peter Johannsen und Siegfried Feigel. Foto: jv

Jacobs, Vorsitzender der International Police Association (IPA), Verbindungsstelle Nordfriesland.

Ernst Ott, National Präsident des Deutsch-American National Congress in Chicago, freut sich schon jetzt auf das ungewöhnliche Präsent-Paket, „da es zur Stärkung und Förderung der Freundschaft zwischen den USA und Deutschland beiträgt“. Ott will die Dienstanzüge an die Bestimmungs-orte weiterleiten.

Auch die Mitglieder der „German American Police Association“ in Chicago mit über 1400 Mitgliedern sind begeistert. Sie freuen sich zudem auf den Besuch von Nordfrieslands Polizeidirek-

tor Hans-Peter Johannsen im Juni.

Was die Verbindung Nordfriesland-USA anbelangt, ist Siegfried Feigel ein wichtiger Ansprechpartner. Seit Jahren betreut er ehrenamtlich US-Besucher in der Storm-Stadt. Im vergangenen Jahr waren es über 100 aus allen Teilen der USA, die über den Großen Teich nach Nordfriesland reisten. Sie alle bekennen sich zu ihrer deutschen Abstammung und wollten nun die „Wurzeln“ ihrer Vorfahren kennen lernen und die Verbindung zur alten Heimat pflegen oder wieder aufbauen. Unter den Besuchern aus den USA war auch der 54-jährige Scott Christiansen

aus Iowa City. Sein Ur-Ur-Großvater Jürgen Ankerson wanderte im Mai 1852 als 19-Jähriger via Hamburg mit einem Segelschiff in die USA aus. Als Anwalt machte er sich im US-Bundesstaat Iowa einen Namen und verhalf vielen deutschen Einwanderern zu ihrem Recht. Als 80-Jähriger wurde er noch Journalist im Bundesstaat Kalifornien: Der Ex-Rantrumer berichtete über das große Erdbeben am 18. April 1906. Tausende Menschen starben, die Stadt San Francisco wurde zu 80 Prozent zerstört.

Bürgermeister Horst Feddersen lud den Gast nach Rantrum ein. Bei einem Spaziergang durch den Ort und einem Besuch im Dorfmuseum wurde Scott Christiansen viel Wissenswertes über seinen Ur-Ur-Großvater vermittelt. Als Geschenk überreichte der Bürgermeister dem Gast eine Rantrum-Flagge. Im nächsten Jahr will der Anwalt Scott Christiansen wiederkommen und dann für einen längeren Zeitraum.

Auf der Wunschliste der Besucher steht fast immer ein Besuch im Schiffahrtsmuseum in Husum. Dies galt auch für eine achtköpfige Gruppe aus Atlanta. Mit von der Partie war eine direkte Verwandte von John F. Kennedy. Das ließ sich Peter Cohrs nicht nehmen und führte den Gast persönlich durch das Museum. Weitere Besuchergruppen haben sich für 2008 angemeldet.



**Scott Christiansen** zu Gast bei Horst Feddersen. Foto: jv

#### **2007-01-16 Husumer Nachrichten article**

The article above appeared in the January 16, 2007 edition of the *Husumer Nachrichten*. This newspaper is one of fourteen in Schleswig-Holstein that comprise the sh:z group for which Yogi's friend Stephan Richter serves as chief editor.

Ironically, on the same page as the story about my visit to Rantrum is a photo of Siegfried "Sigg" Feigel, one of the gentlemen who toured the *Schiffahrtsmuseum Nordfriesland* with Yogi, Ingo, Jens Voss, Carol, and me. A rough translation of the article appears below.

*"One of the visitors from the USA had been Scott Christiansen, a 54-year-old from Iowa City. His great-great grandfather, Jürgen Ankerson, emigrated in May of 1852 as a 19-year-old (Jürgen was twenty-eight when he emigrated.) via Hamburg on a sailing ship to the USA. As a lawyer, he became famous in the state of Iowa and helped many German immigrants find justice. (The author may have confused Jürgen with his good friend Bleik Peters.) As an 80-year-old, he became a journalist in California: the ex-Rantrumer reported on the big earthquake of April 18, 1906. Thousands died, and up to eighty percent of San Francisco was destroyed.*

*Mayor Horst Feddersen had invited the guest to Rantrum for a stroll through the city and a visit to the village museum where Scott Christiansen learned many interesting details about his great-great grandfather. The mayor presented his guest with the Rantrum flag. Next year, lawyer Scott Christiansen will come back for a longer visit.*



**September 7, 2006**  
***What a difference 154 years makes!***

It was pitch-black when we left Yogi and Gitta's apartment early on the morning of September 7th. After loading our luggage, we set out for Ingo and Hilde's house where Gitta would spend the day. As we drove away from what had been our home away from home for the past two weeks, it was a little sad to know that this time we would not be returning to *Moltkestraße 6* later in the day as we had so many times before.

Upon reaching the home of Yogi's parents, we hugged Gitta and said our goodbyes. I had expected that we would also bid farewell to Ingo at this point, but because of the early hour, he had not yet arisen. After walking Gitta to the house, Yogi returned to the car, and we began the ninety-four mile drive to the airport in Hamburg. As we drove by *MoinMoin Flensburg*, I chuckled to myself. So many things that had seemed "foreign" to us only a few weeks earlier now seemed so natural.

The drive to Hamburg on the *Autobahn* was uneventful — no *kaputten Auspuff* this time around!

For the most part, we didn't talk that much on the ride to the airport. The mood in the car seemed rather contemplative, with Carol and me remembering our first drive on the *Autobahn* from Hamburg to Flensburg just two weeks earlier, and Yogi probably thinking about the busy day he would spend in Berlin after dropping us off at the *Flughafen Hamburg*. In addition to a lunch engagement with his good friend Hans Jürgen Ahrens, Yogi had a meeting with a government official that he hoped would result in a new visa.

After checking our bags, it was time to say goodbye to our good friend who had done so much to make our trip one that would be remembered for the rest of our lives. I've never been much on long goodbyes, and this one seemed especially awkward. I knew a sturdy handshake and some words of thanks would never adequately convey my appreciation for all that Yogi had done for us. The consummate bridge-builder had shown us much, taught us much, and helped me build many bridges of my own between Iowa and my ancestral homeland.

As Carol and I waved goodbye, we both felt sad. A little humor would be just what the doctor ordered, and I had the

Mr. Ingo Reppmann  
Prof.-Mensing Str. 14  
24937 Flensburg, Germany

Dear Ingo,

Please excuse the tardiness of this letter, but things have been quite hectic since our return to Iowa. Although we've been back for some time now, we continue to reflect on the two weeks we were able to spend with Yogi, Gitta, and our good friend Ingo. Yogi had promised me that our visit would be a life-altering experience, and he was absolutely correct!

You were so helpful and sweet to us, Ingo — how can we ever thank you? Our trip wouldn't have been the same without your smiling face and all of the help and good cheer you provided.

It was so gracious and generous of you to answer my questions about the *Hitlerjugend* and send me home with all of the associated materials. Writing about something is one thing; talking to somebody who lived through it is quite another. It will be a little while before I return to the von Schirach book, but rest assured that these documents will be well looked after in the interim.

The book you gave me on Theodor Storm meant the world to me. When I first started researching the Rantrum/Husum area, the Theodor Storm web site was one of the first I visited. I have returned to it countless times since then — so many times that I feel like Storm is one of the family!

What good times we shared together! Trips to the Hamburg and Schleswig archives, lunch with Broder Schwensen in Flensburg, lunch with "Lori" in Hamburg, our trips to Rantrum and Husum, Matze's birthday party, our research at the church archives in Flensburg — and patient Ingo always with a smile, a kind word, and an insightful comment on the research. Yogi is indeed a lucky man to have a father like you.

I'm sorry that we didn't get to see Hilde more. Please thank her for being so understanding about monopolizing your time with all our research projects.

The only regret I had about our entire trip was not being able to say a proper good-bye to you. We thought that we would have the opportunity of seeing you on the morning we left, but it didn't work out that way.

I know you're not an Internet person, Ingo, but I hope you'll take a pen to paper once in awhile and write us. I know I'll be in touch with you. Where would I be without your research and translation help?!

Your Iowa friends,

***Scott and Carol Ann***

prescription right under my arm ... the new toilet seat that had been procured by "Porsche Peter" Radtke. We had quite a few chuckles as I lugged it through the airport and placed it on the scanner with our carry-on items. No doubt it was the only toilet seat carried on-board any flight out of Hamburg that day!

### **Reflections at 35,000 feet**

As we reached cruising altitude, I began thinking once again about how our whole trip came about: footnote 707 in Yogi's book *Freedom, Education and Well-being for All!* Without those few seemingly cryptic lines in Times New Roman number eight type, I never would have become friends with Yogi, and we never would have made the trip to Schleswig-Holstein.

As Yogi and I had discovered, there were some strong similarities in our backgrounds. We're both in our fifties, both have graduate degrees, and both hail from towns of ninety to 100,000 people that are situated next to imposing bodies of water, Yogi from Flensburg located at the *Flensburger Förde*/Baltic Sea and I from Davenport on the Mississippi River. We're both great admirers of the Forty-eighters and want to make sure that their many accomplishments are not forgotten. Both of us are obsessed with historical details and react like happy archaeologists whenever we unearth a significant fact from the slag heap of historical sediment. There's even a parallelism of sorts in the reasons for our visits to each other's home states. The impetus for our trip to Yogi's home state of Schleswig-Holstein was to better understand my ancestral homeland, while a significant reason for Yogi's initial trips to my home state of Iowa was to study the tracks left there by fellow Schleswig-Holsteiners.

Despite these many similarities, however, Yogi and I are polar opposites in other areas. Like my great-great grandfather Jürgen Peter Ankerson who was "seized with the wanderlust," Yogi, too, has been impelled by a desire to travel ever since as a child he visited his grandparents in Communist East Germany and read Wild West novels by the famous German author Karl May. Yogi is constantly on the move — you don't put nearly a half million miles on a 1994 Mercedes without a lot of traveling, and that's only living in Germany for half of each year! Yogi and Gitta spend the other half in Northfield, Minnesota, but never allow too much grass to grow under their feet there either. I, on the other hand, have never felt a great urge to travel, and view a 220-mile excursion to Chicago as a fairly major trip.

Conversely, however, I'm greatly interested in genealogy and love the detective work involved in discovering heretofore unknown information about my ancestors. Yogi, on the other hand, doesn't really know that much about his family tree, and like many Europeans, isn't all that interested. Perhaps that's a fundamental difference between the two continents. Most Europeans know — at least in the general ballpark — where their ancestors came from; Americans, however, are not so fortunate. As Americans, we are *all* descended from immigrants. Perhaps this simple fact explains why genealogical research has always been more of a passion for Americans than Europeans.

Yogi and I also differ quite a bit in our basic approach to life. Yogi is a whirling dervish, always seemingly juggling a million things at once. If he were a businessman, he'd be the proverbial tycoon with one phone held up to each ear. He moves from one idea to the next in rapid succession and is thinking of the next project before the present one is even half finished. My personality, on the other hand, is probably more "German" than Yogi's. I'm very regimented, and like the TV character "Mr. Monk," feel most comfortable when things are "in order."

Several months after meeting Yogi for the first time, my obvious penchant for organization and order prompted him to tell Carol and me his "*Ordnung muss sein*" story. (A rough translation of *Ordnung muss sein* is "There must be order.") In 1982, Yogi and Dee were in New York City doing research on their MA theses. To help defray the costs of their trip, they did some interviews with German-Americans that would be played on NDR (a public radio and television broadcaster based in Hamburg) after their return to Germany.



At that time, the largest German newspaper in the United States was the *New Yorker Staatszeitung und Herold*. After much searching, the young researchers finally found the newspaper's building which was located under a bridge in an industrial area. There they met their interviewee, the newspaper's editor, retired archaeologist Dr. Ferdinand Lachmann. Dr. Lachmann was a very friendly man, but at the same time, very serious. According to Yogi, he was VERY German looking, well dressed in a suit and tie, and had a part in his hair that was as sharp as if a razor had cut it.

The two historians placed their brand new Sony portable tape deck on Dr. Lachmann's desk in preparation for their interview. Lachmann excused himself, and as the boys observed, went to a mirror and worked very hard on his already perfect, knife-like part — and these efforts in spite of the fact that it was a *radio* interview!

When Dr. Lachmann returned, he spied the tape deck on his desk, looked at the microphone cable connected to the recorder, and noticed one small knot in it. With no hesitation, he pointed at the knot and bellowed "*Ordnung muss sein!!*" Yogi and Dee immediately knew what the good doctor required, and trying their best not to double over in laughter, apologized for the miscreant knot and removed it posthaste. They realized that any other action on their part would have resulted in the interview ending before it had even begun.

*Ordnung muss sein!!* Words to live by for some of us.

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As we cruised at over five hundred miles per hour high above the cold waters of the Atlantic, my thoughts once again turned to Jürgen Peter Ankerson. 154 years earlier, Jürgen had also traveled from Hamburg to New York. How much had things changed in a century and a half?

Jürgen sailed out of Hamburg on a ship called the *Oder*. According to a family chronicle written by members of the Ingwersen family on the fiftieth anniversary of the arrival of the *Oder* in the United States, the vessel

was "for its time an especially well furnished and handsome emigrant ship which was quite comfortable and pleasant."



**Peter Christian Holm's painting of the *Oder* on an 1861 voyage from New York to Hamburg**

Mathilde Henningsen, the bride-to-be of Jürgen's good friend Bleik Peters, also emigrated on the *Oder*, arriving in New York on July 3, 1854. Further adding to the irony, Jürgen's second wife, Caroline Christine Alwine Michaelsen, also emigrated on the *Oder*, arriving in New York on June 15, 1859.

The *Oder*, which had been built just one year prior to Jürgen's voyage, was employed between 1851 and 1868 on the Hamburg-New York service of the Hamburg America Line (HAPAG). It was HAPAG's last sailing vessel (afterwards, they used only steamers), and it was also the largest packet ship under sails used by them for the America service. (A packet ship is an old term for a ship traveling at regular intervals between two ports, originally for the conveyance of mail.)

The *Oder* had three masts, was of wooden construction, and weighed 621 gross tons. With passengers and freight for Jürgen's voyage, the ship weighed 667 gross tons. The vessel was capable of carrying twenty first class pas-

sengers, twenty second class passengers, 249 third class passengers, and a crew of eighteen.

The *Oder* carried 288 passengers on Jürgen's voyage with Jürgen and nineteen others enjoying second class accommodations. All twenty of these second class travelers were unmarried males, and with the exception of one Bavarian, all were Schleswig-Holsteiners, most of whom had fought in the recently concluded Schleswig-Holstein War of 1848-50. Seven of these north Germans — Jürgen, Peter Hans Petersen, and the five Ingwersen brothers (Nicolaus Eduard, Peter Broder, Heinrich C., Carl H., and August M.) would be reunited on June 27, 1902, at Lyons, Iowa, on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the *Oder's* arrival in New York.

With Captain H. Ehlers in command, the *Oder* raised anchor and sailed out of the Hamburg harbor on May 15, 1852. What thoughts ran through the minds of Jürgen and his fellow emigrants as they departed their beloved homeland? A valuable insight can be found in a speech made a century ago by German immigrant Henry Lau on the fifth anniversary of the German-American Pioneer Society of Scott County. (Bleik Peters and Jürgen Peter Ankerson were the first president and vice president of this organization.)

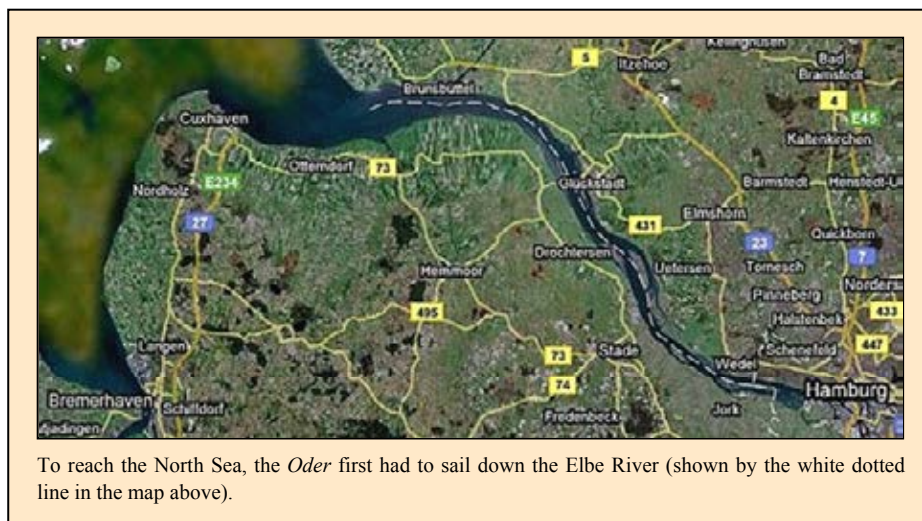
*"Oppressed and troubled they left, torn between fear and hope, their souls tortured by the nagging sorrow of parting and an uncertain future in a strange land. They did not leave their homes with light hearts, the home where they were born, where the cradle of their fathers stood, where in the blossoming meadow or the shadow of old lindens they played as children, and where in the village cemetery the bones of their ancestors decayed. When the sailboat raised anchor, the emigrant stood on the deck looking with moist eyes at the distant coast. When the last strip disappeared beyond the whitecaps of the North Sea, his home and fatherland and his past and youth lay behind like a sunken world."*

To reach the North Sea, the *Oder* first had to sail down the Elbe River. According to the Ingwersen chronicle, the river trip was beautiful, but the passengers' pleasure was short-lived.

Because of the *Oder's* exceptionally deep draught (the depth of water needed to float a ship), it ran aground in the shallows in the lower Elbe. Captain

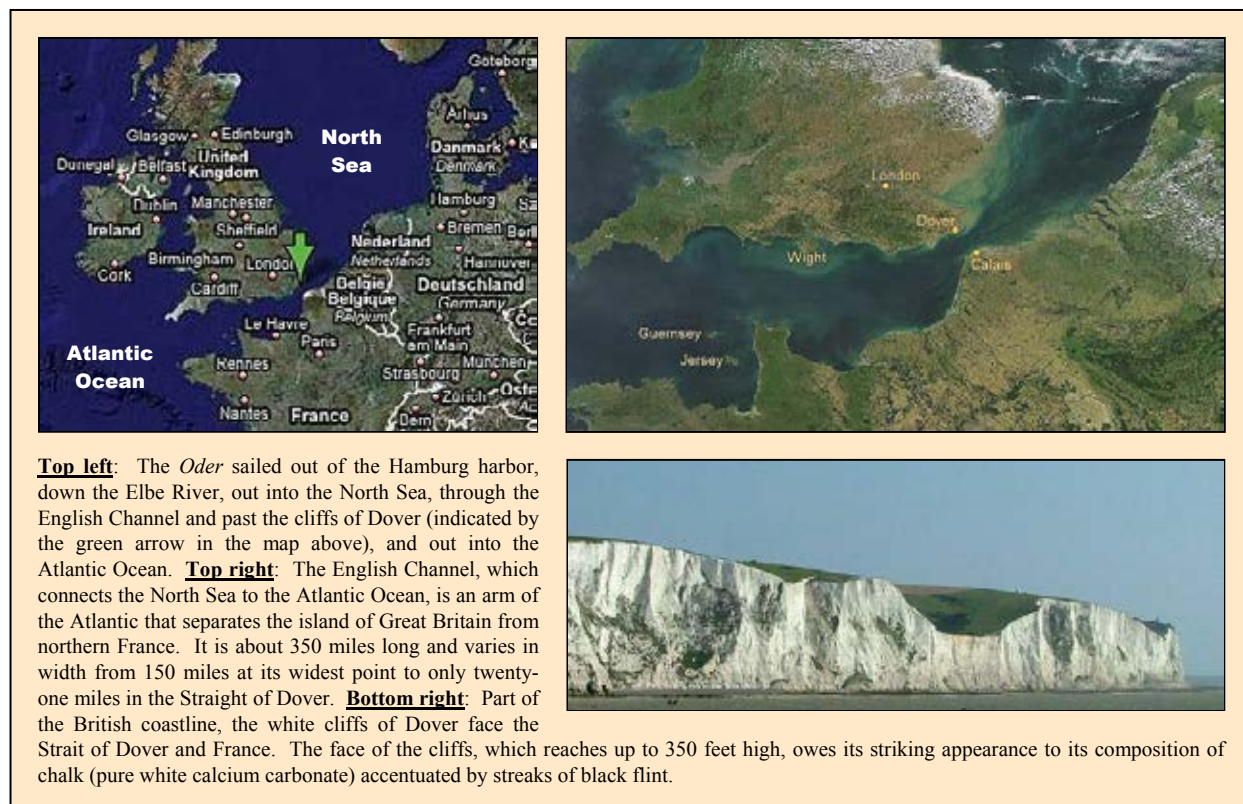
Ehlers had to watch with concealed rage as the *Johanna Elise*, a small, four-hundred-ton emigrant ship that had sailed out of Hamburg on the same day, proudly overtook his vessel. Not until they were far out on the Atlantic Ocean did the *Johanna Elise* come into sight again, and during a calm period, its captain paid a visit to the *Oder*. (The *Johanna Elise* arrived in New York four days before the *Oder*.)

The shallows which had caused the *Oder* to run aground caused only a relatively short delay, and it wasn't long before the ship had passed Cuxhaven and made its way out onto the North Sea. The trip through the North Sea went exceptionally well, and soon the ship was in the English Channel. Aided by favorable winds, the *Oder* cut through the towering waves quickly, and the trip past the white chalk cliffs of Dover took place under bright sunshine and in the best of weather. Soon, the last bit of the European coast disappeared from the





passengers' searching gazes, and the Atlantic Ocean rocked the vessel on its waves.



Although accounts of many voyages in this era are replete with horror stories about food, accommodations, sanitary conditions, and the like, the voyage of the *Oder* apparently went fairly well. According to the Ingwersen chronicle, most of the passengers were "very pleased and full of praise, all the more because the hearty captain offered them everything he could to relieve boredom and make the journey enjoyable for the travelers. The food on board left nothing to be desired. The Sunday specialty, '*Plummensupp und Klump*' (thick gravy broth with dumplings), found an especially enthusiastic disciple and consumer in the youngest of the group who came running eagerly to the captain's hearty command: 'Boy, eat dumplings.' After fifty years, no one, not even his good, honest wife, has been able to prepare him the tasty old country dish as well as the cook on the emigrant ship *Oder*."

All was not peaches and cream aboard the *Oder*, however. Numerous times, the emigrants paid their tribute to the sea, throwing up and turning their pale faces toward New York. During calm times, the travelers marveled at the majestic sea, but during storms, they were terrified of the Atlantic's towering mountains of water with their snowy crests and gaping abysses. The *Oder* was tossed up and down as if it were a small nut shell while the "sinister wind whistled and howled and the beams creaked and groaned fearfully." The ship rolled back and forth, and the hatches were locked down for days at a time to protect the travelers. There were often empty places at the table despite the gravy broth with dumplings and the rice in milk with sugar and cinnamon (a dish I enjoyed many a time at the table of Jürgen Peter Ankerson's granddaughter [my grandmother] Paula Louise Geertz née Ankerson). All things considered, however, the passengers entertained themselves quite well and passed the time with jokes and games as well as could be expected.

After six weeks, the proud little ship sailed into the New York harbor. The astonished emigrants looked left and right at the new Canaan which would become their adopted homeland. Before long, a boat made its way alongside the *Oder*, and the harbor physician climbed aboard. After he'd received a satisfactory report from

the captain and carried out a quick inspection, the *Oder* moved slowly toward the city and docked in a row of other ships. The crew furled the sails, fastened a crane over the hatches above the hold, and started unloading baggage and crates with the help of some of the younger and stronger passengers.

After forty-four days on-board the *Oder*, Jürgen Peter Ankerson trod on American soil for the first time on June 27, 1852.

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For the most part, the Ingwersen account of the *Oder's* voyage makes it sound pretty bearable. It appears that Jürgen and his comrades made a wise choice in selecting the *Oder* as their means of transportation.

As previously noted, the *Oder* was owned by the *Hamburg-Amerikanische Packetfahrt-Actien-Gesellschaft* (HAPAG). At the time of HAPAG's founding on May 27, 1847, steamships were still in their infancy. Given the modest financial resources at its disposal, HAPAG wisely decided to start with sailing ships. Despite their scarce funds, they were intent on acquiring efficient, solid, and fast sailing vessels. Their first three ships — the *Nord-Amerika*, *Rhein*, and *Elbe* — were placed in service between 1848 and 1849. (Schleswig-Holstein patriot and future Davenport, Iowa resident Hans Reimer Claussen and his family emigrated on the *Rhein* in 1851.)

In December of 1848, HAPAG's director made the following remarks about the accommodations and operation of these ships:

*"All three vessels have turned out very beautifully. The cabin and steerage accommodations are, without any undue luxury, as pretty and comfortable as one could have wished. Each ship has a small library on board. All crockery has the name of the ship engraved, and there is a plentiful supply of linen for the needs of the passengers. Care was taken in particular to provide a bed for each passenger.*

*The benefit of this comfortable accommodation has already proved its value, for passengers, who had the intention to travel with ships of other shipping companies, upon inspection of our ships, chose the latter.*

*Care was taken in particular to entrust the command of the ships to efficient captains, who are not only efficient seamen, but also people, who by their friendly, courteous, and sociable character will render life on board as comfortable as possible for the passengers, and one has been fortunate in this regard to have made a very good selection.*

*The captains and mates have been given a uniform of their own, and in consideration of their rank on board, a comprehensive instruction has been issued for them. Since a similar packet service does not yet exist here, it had been the aim of the directors to create something extraordinary, and for that reason the whole undertaking was planned from the outset, being internally solid and respectable through and through, whilst outwardly also providing it with the necessary glamour.*

*The directors have also introduced so-called conduite-books, one for the cabin and one for the steerage, which the captain is obliged to present to the passengers each time after completion of a voyage, so that they may record their views about the treatment on board."*

HAPAG also set new standards with regard to the speed of the transatlantic crossing. The average length of a HAPAG packet voyage was about forty days westbound and twenty-eight days eastbound. (Jürgen's voyage took forty-four days.) By contrast, seventy to one hundred days were not unusual for other shipping lines. As a result, HAPAG's ships and staff soon acquired a high reputation, and by the spring of 1850, a network of agencies had been established throughout Germany. Due to the rapid rise in emigrants, thirteen additional ships were chartered in 1851, and in that same year, the *Oder* was purchased.

Despite the positive pronouncements by HAPAG's director and the fifty-year recollections of the Ingwersens,



it's likely that Jürgen's voyage was a difficult and taxing journey. Others emigrating at the same time as Jürgen, who may not have been fortunate enough to travel on a HAPAG ship like the *Oder*, often endured conditions that by today's standards seem absolutely barbaric.



**Top left:** The main mast of the *Deutschland* (HAPAG's first ship) passed through the middle of the gentlemen's salon. The *Deutschland* was similar in size (and assumedly, also in accoutrements) to the *Oder*. **Top middle:** The ladies' lounge was in the ship's stern. **Top right:** Emigrants embarking from Hamburg in 1850.

#### — Increased demand and ships not designed for emigration —

Many of the problems experienced by emigrants were not due to the shipping business itself, but rather, to the increased demand for passage to America. Two decades before Jürgen emigrated, there were only thirty to fifty thousand people who crossed the Atlantic from Europe. By the 1840's and 1850's, however, there were a quarter of a million people seeking passage.

High demand, however, was not the only factor contributing to the often abysmal conditions on-board. Earlier ships were primarily cargo vessels used to transport slaves, cotton, tobacco, wheat, beef, and pork on the westward crossing, while returning on the eastward voyage with iron, pots and pans, nails, salt, bricks, glass, chemicals, and textiles. Passengers were an afterthought taken on to increase profits.



The three-masted *Oder*, the ship that Jürgen Peter Ankerson emigrated on, was commissioned by HAPAG in 1851 for its Hamburg to New York route. This Roger Chapelet painting is part of the Hapag-Lloyd AG collection.

Unfortunately, little effort was made to adapt the cargo ships that were increasingly used to transport emigrants. Apart from bringing on provisions such as flour, potatoes, oatmeal, tea, salted fish, and water (often made rancid by being stored in casks previously used for oil or other contaminants), a captain would merely lay down a temporary deck over the cargo and construct narrow, flimsy berths that could be dismantled after the voyage. Once on-board, the passengers might find carpenters hurriedly constructing berths in what recently had been used as cargo space on the eastward crossing.

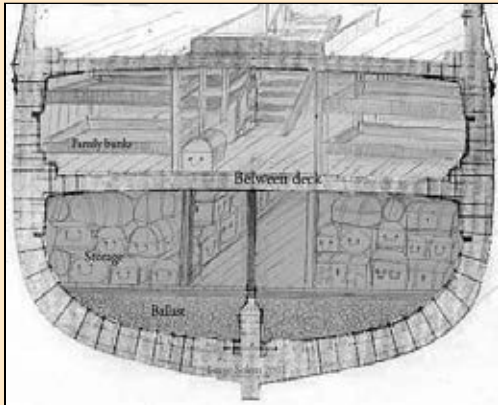
It was only by the 1850's that a passenger bound for America would have embarked on a vessel that specialized in passenger traffic. Prior to that time, only cabin passengers could rely on a supply of cooked food, utensils, and bedding from the ship. Jürgen was fortunate, therefore, to have had second cabin accommodations, and it's entirely possible that the *Oder*, which was built in 1851, was more "emigrant friendly" than ships built just a few years before.

— Cramped quarters —

In 1852, conditions varied considerably among ships used to transport emigrants, and as noted, it's likely that they were better on the *Oder* than many other vessels. Nevertheless, nearly all emigrants traveling on sailing ships at this time, regardless of class, had to suffer overcrowding and disorder, seasickness, a foul atmosphere, and poor food. Unlike Jürgen, most of the emigrants traveled in steerage (third class). The prescribed minimum height of the steerage deck was five and one-half feet, and each steerage passenger was entitled to a space of about six by two feet. As noted previously, these facts prompted historian Carl Wittke's observation that steerage passengers were often "packed like herring in a black hole."

The only way to accommodate all the passengers was to keep half of the steerage deck free for eating and moving about and to stack the other half with bunks one on top of each other in pairs. Each stacked pair of bunks was six feet square and was designed to hold up to four adults and their luggage! (During our visit to Bremerhaven's *Deutsches Auswandererhaus* on August 27th, we saw a very good recreation of the cramped size of these accommodations.)

As already alluded to, one of the big reasons for these abominable conditions was the fact that many of the ships used to transport the emigrants had not been designed for that purpose. When ship owners began to realize that the transportation of "human cargo" could be an important new source of profit, they built a flimsy, temporary floor beneath the main deck and on top of the cargo hold. The flooring of this "steerage deck" was often set so far down in the hold that bilge water would seep up through the planking, and rats were often seen scurrying about. Ventilation and light came only from the hatches when they were open. The only lights in the compartment were a few hanging lamps along the side which could be lit at night.



**Left:** The steerage or "between deck" was located immediately below the main deck of a sailing ship. Most sources I consulted indicated that the name "steerage" came from the fact that the control strings of the rudder ran on this level of the ship. A less accepted theory suggests that the name was derived from "steers" or cattle, indicating that the emigrants traveled on the same deck used for transporting livestock.

Interestingly, "steerage" is an expression found only in the English language. Other languages use the phrase "between deck;" in German, the word is *Zwischendeck*.

To get down to the steerage deck, the passengers often had to use ladders, and the stairs down from the hatches could be both narrow and steep. Steerage passenger accommodations were in a large space, rather like a dormitory, located in the aft portion of the ship, while cabins for the second and first class passengers were in the fore portion of the vessel.

**Right:** An 1866 drawing showing the cramped conditions for steerage passengers and the ladder to the main deck.

— Bad smells aplenty —

Concomitant with the cramped conditions were the filth and smell. Some of the odors were those of a normal ship: the bilge water, the perpetually rotting hulk, and the lingering odor of old cargo. (The "bilge" is the



lowest compartment on a ship where the two sides meet at the bottom. Bilge water refers to the water that collects in this compartment. Water that doesn't wash off the side of the deck (from rough seas or rain) drains down through the ship into the bilge. Because the bilge wells receive fluids from many parts of the ship, bilge water can contain water, oil, urine, detergents, solvents, sweat, blood, chemicals, pitch, saliva, etc.) Other odors were those that had settled into the compartment due to lack of ventilation and problems of previous emigrants. These included the smells of urine and vomit as well as rotting refuse that had gotten down into the cracks. Rounding out this plethora of putrid odors was the smell of water-soaked bedding or clothing, unwashed passengers, and the current slop buckets in the compartment.

#### — "Toilet" facilities: a few screened-in buckets —

When there were toilets, they were generally up on deck, beyond the reach of the more weakened passengers, and in stormy weather, out of everyone's reach. The more usual facility in steerage consisted of a few screened-in-buckets which might or might not have seats. When storms struck, these often went flying around the steerage compartment.

#### — Seasickness and storms —

"Once the ship was on its way, seasickness was seldom far behind." When seasickness struck, the buckets were often full or out of reach, and many passengers vomited on the floors or in their berths.

A storm often made things much worse. With the ship pitching and creaking, decks awash, and people sick everywhere, it's hard to imagine a more miserable experience. Making matters even worse, out of safety concerns, emigrants were often denied access to the main deck during a storm. With the hatches battened down tightly, there was no source of ventilation except for a few pinhole or strainer-sized holes which were in the cover. In addition, lights could not be used during the storm because of the danger of fire. Adding further to the unpleasantness, the hatches were typically not tightened down before a few waves had poured in and soaked all the bedding and clothing. There was no respite from this surfeit of miserable conditions until the hatches could be opened, and with storms at sea, that could sometimes mean a week or more.

#### — Livestock —

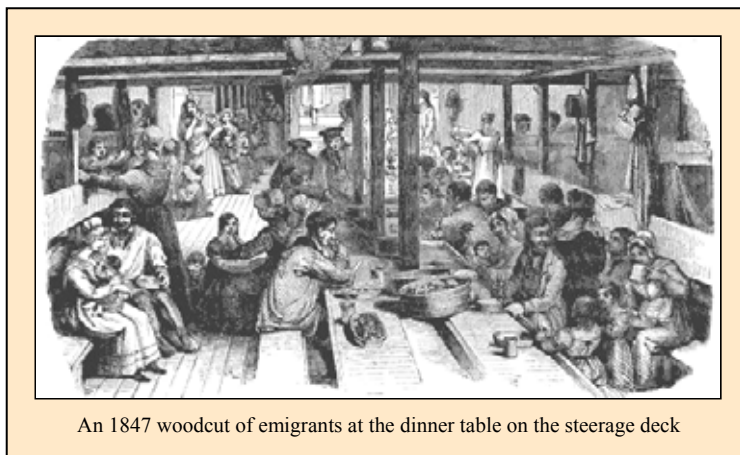
Animals such as chickens, cows, and horses were often kept on deck, making many a ship a virtual barnyard that sometimes only secondarily accommodated humans. In 1849, for example, a ship leaving Great Britain had 280 passengers, but more importantly, 240 cows, 206 pigs, nineteen sheep, and four horses. Passengers were packed shoulder to shoulder with difficult access to the water pump, and the deck was afloat with animal mire.

#### — Provisions —

Securing provisions for a transatlantic crossing was no easy matter as the voyage lasted many weeks and only limited cooling facilities were available on-board the ships. Therefore, meals were generally prepared from simple and cured or non-perishable foods, at least for the passengers traveling in steerage.

Provisions were measured and doled out carefully to ensure they would last the required ninety days, if necessary. Water, which was carefully rationed with only a small amount given to each passenger, had to suffice for drinking, cooking, and personal hygiene. The food provided to the passengers was sufficient to ward off starvation, but certainly neither healthy nor appetizing. Although travel accommodations usually stipulated "all meals, but without meat and butter," many passengers sold their extra trousers, mufflers, watches, and other belongings on the way over to provide their families with adequate food. In addition, inadequate food preservation methods used during the lengthy voyages resulted in moldy bread, rancid butter and pork fat, flour full of bugs, and water which was almost undrinkable.

Stews (made of cured pork or beef, sauerkraut, bacon, and potatoes) and soups (made of cabbage or onions) were standard fare. Other staples included ship biscuits, dried fruits, pumpkin, turnips, and dishes made of rye, spelt wheat, or oats. Bread was generally rationed. Steerage passengers could choose from grain coffee made of chicory, tea, cocoa, and occasionally, beer. Drinking water was scarce and therefore rationed.



Cooking grates were set up on deck for the steerage passengers, and there were always lines of people waiting to use them in order to prepare the family meals. Those handling the cooking chores had to learn new methods. If the ship lurched, the pot might tip over and the meal would be lost. Boiling liquid could be spilled resulting in severe burns. During bad weather, the cooking grates could not be used at all.

Cabin-class passengers such as Jürgen and his comrades were favored with a greater selection of menus. Ships kept live poultry, hares, and even pigs on-board which were slaughtered at sea and used for preparing a variety of meat dishes. The ship's cook, also referred to as the "doctor," prepared tasty fish dishes from sea bream or tuna caught at sea. Cabin-class passengers were served fresh vegetables (at least at the beginning of the voyage). Delicacies such as eggs, butter and cheese were also reserved for these passengers, as were chocolate, pure coffee, and wine.

#### — Fires and shipwrecks —

On a wooden ship, lighted candles and open cooking fires were a constant hazard. It was not unusual for more than one hundred people to die of shipboard fires in a single year. Shipwrecks, too, took their toll. In the terrible winter of 1853-4, two hundred German emigrants drowned when their ship was driven onto the New Jersey shore, and a ship sailing out of Glasgow with 480 emigrants disappeared altogether.

#### — Disease and death —

Three diseases were rampant on emigration ships: cholera (an infection of the stomach and intestines), typhus, and smallpox. Cholera started with diarrhea that would become so severe that it resulted in acute dehydration, vomiting, and muscle cramps. The diarrhea and dehydration were so relentless that the victim could literally shrink into a wizened caricature of his or her former self before death. Once cholera struck a ship's passengers, it spread quickly, and no one seemed to know how to deal with it. One treatment utilized was administering a combination of Epsom salts and castor oil, rubbing the patient's face with vinegar, and then giving the person thirty-five drops of laudanum, a highly addictive opiate. If there was no ship's doctor — and usually there wasn't — the captain's "medicine" chest might be used. It often contained remedies such as balsam, various kinds of drops, cream of tartar, peppermint, powdered rhubarb, or pills advertised on the waterfront as useful for curing a number of ailments.

Outbreaks of smallpox were less common but more feared. The disease was often accompanied by pneumonia, encephalitis, or blood poisoning, and the mortality rate was high.

The worst killer of all on the crowded sailing ships was typhus (often referred to as "ship fever"), a lice-borne disease that afflicted the victim's skin and brain, causing dizziness, headaches, and pain throughout the body,



together with bloodshot eyes, a dark red rash, and a dull stare.

With all of the aforementioned maladies, deaths were likely to occur during the crossing, and on Jürgen's voyage, three people died before reaching New York. Corpses were wrapped in sailcloth, weighed down with sand, and placed on the plank while the captain or another passenger read a burial service.

— Pleasant moments on-board —

With all these dire possibilities, there were still some pleasant moments at sea. In good weather, passengers could go on deck. Men and boys might help the sailors haul sail or make repairs, while women and girls sat on deck reading or chatting. Children played with homemade toys, marbles, cards, and dominoes. There were also worship services and sometimes music and dancing.

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If I ever feel moved to complain about transatlantic air travel, I will do my best to remember the voyage endured by Jürgen in May and June of 1852. His journey lasted forty-four days, and during that time, the *Oder's* average speed was 3.62 miles per hour. On the other hand, our trip aboard a Continental Airlines Boeing 757-200 averaged 437.03 miles per hour and lasted but eight hours and forty-five minutes. In other words, Jürgen's trip from Hamburg to New York lasted *120 times longer* than our trip from Hamburg to Newark.

While today's air traveler might be tempted to complain about the legroom between seats, the freshness of the air, the selection of reading materials, or the quality of the meal served to him, he would do well to remember the cramped conditions, foul air, mind-numbing boredom, and often stale, moldy, and rancid food and drink endured by emigrants in the early 1850's.

When one feels like whining about air turbulence and a bumpy ride at thirty thousand feet that might last for a few minutes until the pilot finds a calmer altitude, he should bite his tongue and think about the veritable vomitorium that a ship like the *Oder* became during turbulent Atlantic storms. And when one becomes perturbed at having to wait in line for a few minutes to use a clean and sanitary lavatory on-board a modern jet ... well, he would thank his lucky stars if he only knew what the toilet facilities were like on an 1850's emigrant ship and the difficulty encountered in even getting to them, especially in times of bad weather. Lastly, when today's traveler is inclined to throw a hissy fit because he is forced to sit on the tarmac for an hour without moving an inch, he might want to remember that on sailing ships like the *Oder*, a lack of wind might result in virtually no advancement for *several days*.



A drawing of emigrants on deck that appeared in the *Illustrated London News* on January 20, 1849



Our Continental Airlines Boeing 757-200 averaged 437.03 miles per hour on our trip from Hamburg to Newark. The *Oder* averaged but 3.62 miles per hour on Jürgen Peter Ankerson's trip from Hamburg to New York.

### Home sweet home

After landing in Newark, it was as if a switch had been flipped in my brain. My thoughts shifted from the last two weeks in Schleswig-Holstein back to family, friends, and responsibilities in Iowa. The flight across the Atlantic had been smooth, and even if it hadn't been, I certainly wasn't going to complain after reflecting on what Jürgen had been through when he made his trip from Hamburg to New York.

Our flights from Newark to Minneapolis and from Minneapolis to Cedar Rapids were uneventful. After landing in Cedar Rapids, I had exactly the same thought that I had on the very first day of our trip: I couldn't believe we had been five thousand miles and a continent away earlier in the day. Luckily, our luggage arrived safely, and before we knew it, we were greeted by my brother Dana who would drive us back to our house in Iowa City.

As we drove along the interstate, it was good to see the familiar sights. I looked at the seventy-mile-per-hour speed limit signs and chuckled; after our experiences on the *Autobahnen*, it seemed like we were crawling along. Before long, Dana roused me from my reverie with a question. "How was the trip?" It was a question that I would be asked many times in the coming weeks, and I never had a satisfactory answer. How could I convey the essence of what we'd seen and experienced in a few sentences? I couldn't, and as a result, I never looked forward to answering the question.

Now, after having been back in the states for well over a year, the question doesn't come up as often. The next time it does, however, I'll be ready with a new answer: *Read the book!*



## Postscript

Since our return to the United States, my interest in Schleswig-Holstein, the Forty-eighters, and the lives of my ancestors continues unabated. Yogi Reppmann and I continue to work together on various projects and are still hopeful of seeing a documentary film produced about the Forty-eighters. Yogi is actively working on his Henry Finnmern Conference to be held in Denison, Iowa in the late summer of 2009, and I continue to work on my biography of Jürgen Peter Ankerson as well as my books about the Theodor Jansen and von Schirach families.

Recently, Yogi and I were privileged to be involved in a very special ceremony honoring the Forty-eighters who settled in my hometown of Davenport, Iowa. The event received coverage not only in the newspapers in and around Davenport, but in Schleswig-Holstein, as well.



Preparations are made for sandblasting the inscription on the monument honoring Davenport's veterans of the Schleswig-Holstein War of 1848-50.



24. März 1898 in Davenport: Die Veteranen der Schleswig-Holsteinischen Freiheitskriege vor dem ersten, mittlerweile verschundenen Denkmalstein.

### Ein deutsches Denkmal am Mississippi

Amerika verspricht Freiheit und Demokratie! Nach dem erfolglosen Aufstand von 1848 gegen die adlige Despotie fanden viele Schleswig-Holsteiner auf der anderen Seite des „großen Teiches“ eine neue Heimat. Den deutschen Freiheitskämpfern zu Ehren wird heute in Davenport am Ufer des Mississippi ein Denkmalstein errichtet.

Die Revolution von 1848 liegt 160 Jahre zurück. Überall in Deutschland rebellierten die Bürger gegen adlige Willkür und Unfreiheit. Im Krieg gegen Dänemark kämpfte eine Gruppe schleswig-holsteinischer Freiheitskämpfer zwischen 1848 und 1850 für Freiheit, Demokratie und nationale Einheit. Das Ziel: dem dänischen Despotismus entgegenkommen, den jahrelangen Konflikt um die staatliche Zugehörigkeit der dänischen Elbherzogtümer Schleswig und Holstein beenden.

Oben Erfolg. Viele dieser „48er“ aus Schleswig-Holstein wanderten aus und suchten jenseits des großen Teiches die Missionsgesellschaft Davenport südlich von Chicago in Iowa zu ihrer neuen Wahlheimat. Zum 18. Jahrestag der demokratischen Revolution von 1848 wird dort heute, am 30. März, ein großes Denkmal eingeweiht. Den Freiheitskämpfern der Schleswig-Holsteinischen Freiheitskriege zu Ehren wird heute in Davenport am Ufer des Mississippi ein Denkmalstein errichtet.

Bemerkenswert ist, dass viele der Schleswig-Holsteiner aus in die Region im Mittleren Westen emigrierten, indem sie die Missionsgesellschaft Davenport und Scott County, Iowa zur neuen Heimat wählten. Während der 150 Jahre des 19. Jahrhunderts unternehmen eine Reihe von schleswig-holsteinischen „48ern“ den vergeblichen Versuch, einen Verein von Ehemaligen zu gründen. Erst um 1872, nahezu ein Vierteljahrhundert nach dem Krieg von 1848, wird das Anliegen erfüllt.

Am 15. September 1872 traf sich erstmals „Der Dänisch-porter Verein der Kampfgenossen der Schleswig-Holsteinischen Freiheitskriege von 1848, 1849 und 1850“ in der Turnhalle an der Kreuzung Second- und Scottstraße. Dem ersten Vorstand des Vereins gehörten an: Gründungspräsident: Jürgen Ankerson, geboren in Schleswig-Holstein, nun in Davenport.

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Stein war ein großer Teilblock aus rotem Granit, von dem über den Mississippi aus dem Dorf Rockingham, heute ein Stadtteil Davenport, die Firma Scherck und Rodler aus Davenport, eine Lieferung dieses Stein geliefert wurde. Der Stein wurde am 24. März 1898 errichtet.

Anfang des 20. Jahrhunderts galt Davenport als „Amerikanische Stadt“ in gewisser Weise. Nur knapp 30 Jahre später, mit Beilegung der USA am Ersten Weltkrieg, wanderte sich das Bild. In der amerikanischen Hysterie des Kalten Krieges wurde der Stein gelb angemalt, umgestoßen und verschwand spurlos.

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The article above appeared in the sh:z Sunday edition which is distributed throughout Schleswig-Holstein. Jürgen Peter Ankerson is the fourth from the left in the first row.



Davenport Mayor Bill Gluba presented this ribbon to me during the monument rededication ceremony for the Schleswig-Holstein veterans of 1848-50. The ribbon indicates that Jürgen Peter Ankerson was a trumpeter in the fourth squadron of the first Dragoon Regiment.



From 1848 to 1850, a group of German patriots from Schleswig-Holstein fought for liberty, democracy, and national unity in a war with Denmark. Unsuccessful in their struggle, many of these Schleswig-Holsteiners emigrated to the United States where they hoped to find the freedom they had fought for in vain in their homeland.

These freedom fighters were part of America's most remarkable and unique group of immigrants: the "Forty-eighters." The Forty-eighters provided an intellectual transition which not only affected their fellow countrymen but which also had a pronounced effect on the political and social history of America during one of its most critical periods. Remarkably, a great many of the Forty-eighters hailing from Schleswig-Holstein emigrated to a single area of the Midwest, choosing Scott County, Iowa, as their adopted home.

#### — A veterans society is formed —

The first meeting of *Der Davenport Verein der Kampfgemeissen der Schleswig-Holsteinischen Freiheitskriege von 1848, 1849 und 1850* (The Davenport Society of Veterans of the Schleswig-Holstein Wars of Independence of 1848, 1849 and 1850) was held in the Turner Hall at the corner of Second and Scott streets on September 15, 1872. The first officers were Jürgen Peter Ankersen, president; Julius Langheim, vice president; Emil Geisler, recording secretary; Ernst Clausen (who would subsequently serve as Davenport's mayor for a record seven consecutive terms), corresponding secretary; and Hans Heinrich Andersen, treasurer. In addition, Hans Reimer Clausen, the famous Schleswig-Holstein patriot who had so diligently worked for the cause of freedom, was made the group's first honorary member.

#### — The fiftieth anniversary celebration —

On March 24, 1898, the fiftieth anniversary celebration of the beginning of the Schleswig-Holstein War of 1848-50 was held. A grand parade wound its way through the streets of Davenport to the park at Washington Square, the site of the present YMYWCA. Twelve hundred people jammed the square to hear the speeches, witness the dedication of a stone monument, and see three oak trees planted. Two of these trees were donated by Otto von Bismarck, the architect and first chancellor of the unified German Empire, while the third, a twin oak, symbolized the inseparability of the former duchies of Schleswig and Holstein.

The stone selected was a huge, red granite boulder that

## Scott County's Schleswig-Holstein freedom fighters



March 24, 1898, Washington Square Park: The fifty-year reunion of *Der Davenport Verein der Kampfgemeissen der Schleswig-Holsteinischen Freiheitskriege von 1848, 1849 und 1850*. First row (left to right): Unknown, unknown, unknown, Jürgen Peter Ankersen, Johann Nicolaus Ludewig Hassens, Emil Nicolaus Johannes Geisler, Bleik Peters, unknown, Ferdinand "Fritze" Jucker, unknown, Heinrich C. Horstmann, and Heinrich Nagel. Back row (left to right): Unknown, Otto Johann Dordel Klug, Carl M. B. Hass, unknown, and unknown.

reportedly came from the banks of Rockingham Township. The inscription was carved by Schricker and Rodler, a Davenport firm founded by the sons of German immigrants. The inscription was surrounded by two crossed oak branches which symbolized the eternal linkage between Schleswig and Holstein.

*Kampfgemeissen* president Bleik Peters dedicated the stone, at the base of which a box containing the association's membership list, newspapers, and other documents of interest was cemented. Following the dedication, Emil Geisler, the society's long-time *Schifführer*, or recording secretary, made a speech about the higher meaning of the celebration:

*"Just as this granite block was lifted from its primal soil in the far north by mighty forces hundreds of years ago, and just as the oak were transplanted here from their home soil in the Saxon forest, the heart of Germany, the original home of the old Anglo-Saxons, so have we, the Schleswig-Holsteiners of 1848, been*

*transplanted by great political forces to this side of the Atlantic Ocean. It is just fifty years that our beautiful homeland rose with weapons in hand to break the hated yoke of Denmark in the storm of freedom sweeping through almost all the countries of Europe at the middle of the century. The object was to escape the Danes' despotic domination. We old warriors, who are gathered here today, were powerful youths and young men as we hurried to the colors to defend the honor and freedom of our beloved country with blood and life. For three years we stood up to the superior forces of the enemy in bloody conflict. That was longer than any other people at that time; several times we drove the enemy back to their native fortresses. Finally, however, their superiority allied with the armies of princes who had suppressed the aspirations of their people, disarmed us. It was no longer possible to remain in our beloved home, and so we left for the new Canaan, the land of freedom, the United States of North America.*

*We landed here on the bank of that mighty stream, the*



**Schützenpark  
Gilde**  
Gegründet 1996



*Mississippi, in the youthful state of Iowa, which was just opening to civilization. Here we exchanged the weapons of war with those of peace and culture: the plow, the hammer, and the saw. The virgin earth was broken and the flourishing farms of this county, the factories and businesses of the city, which German hands created, gave proof of their diligence and energy.*

*When groups hostile to freedom threatened the free institutions of this country and scorned its laws, many of our comrades again took up arms to defend freedom and our union; they helped to suppress the bloody rebellion.*

*May Germania and Columbia like a pair of sisters, distinguished among the civilized nations of the world, always be united in their efforts for the welfare of their children and the distribution of the blessings of the civilization among all nations. And may the United States of America, now our blessed home, ever enjoy the blessings of peace and prosperity; and may it forever be the land of the free and the home of the brave, and its glorious banner forever wave!"*

At the conclusion of Geisler's speech, Parks Commission President A. W. Vander Veer accepted the monument with words of thanks, and then the *Star Spangled Banner* was played.

Sadly, during the anti-German hysteria of World War I, the stone was painted yellow and tipped over. It eventually disappeared from Washington Square never to be seen again.

#### — Davenport honors an important part of its heritage —

In 2006, a new "Lady of Germania" statue was positioned with arms upraised, reaching toward the levee as it had 130 years earlier when it welcomed immigrant travelers ashore. In March of 2008, the American/Schleswig-Holstein Heritage Society (ASHHS) and the Schützenpark Gilde dedicated a new stone in honor of the *Schleswig-Holstein Kampfgemeissen Verein von 1848-50*.

*Der Davenport Verein der Kampfgemeissen der Schleswig-Holsteinischen Freiheitskriege von 1848, 1849 und 1850* was the only organization in the United States dedicated to the participants of the Schleswig-Holstein War of 1848-50. Many of Davenport's citizens can trace their roots to these freedom fighters, and all Davenporters can take pride in the fact that many of these extraordinary individuals chose Davenport as their adopted home.





**Top left:** The new monument flanked by the Schützenpark Gilde flag, the flag of the Federal Republic of Germany, the American flag, the Schleswig-Holstein state flag, and the Iowa state flag. **Top right:** President of the Schützenpark Gilde and driving force behind the Schleswig-Holstein Kampfgenossen 1848-49-50 monument project, Kory Darnall. **Middle left:** Dr. Joachim "Yogi" Reppmann delivers the keynote address at the rededication ceremony. Pictured behind Yogi from left to right are ASHHS membership director Jim Stelk, Davenport Mayor Bill Gluba, and ASHHS president Jack Schinckel. **Middle right:** Schützenpark Gilde President Kory Darnall prepares the ribbons that will be presented by Mayor Bill Gluba. **Bottom left:** The ASHHS choir serenades the audience as Yogi listens approvingly with obvious enjoyment.





*Thanks for a wonderful experience in Schleswig-Holstein, Yogi!*

*Deine Freunde,  
Scott and Carol Ann*



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### **From *The Soul of Schleswig-Holstein:***

"After our quick walk around the old harbor area, Yogi decided to make a brief stop at Rantrum on our way back to Flensburg. I snapped one last photo, we loaded in the car, and began the short drive to the town where Jürgen Peter Ankerson was born. As I stared through the windows of the Mercedes at the lush, green Schleswig-Holstein countryside, my thoughts returned to Iowa City and all the research I'd done there. The words of Jürgen's autobiographical sketch that had appeared in the Davenport German-language newspaper, the *Iowa Reform*, rattled around in my head ... 'As the youngest son of beloved and worthy parents, I was born on the first of March in the year 1824 in Rantrum.' The time was at hand; I was finally going to see the place where my great-great grandfather's life had begun."

**Scott Christiansen** received a B. A. degree in Economics from the University of Iowa and a J.D. degree from Florida State University. He practiced law for several years in his hometown of Davenport, Iowa, and then operated a small business in Iowa City for twenty years.

After retiring, he began doing genealogical and historical research with a special emphasis on "Forty-eighters" who emigrated from Schleswig-Holstein and settled in Davenport, Iowa.

