

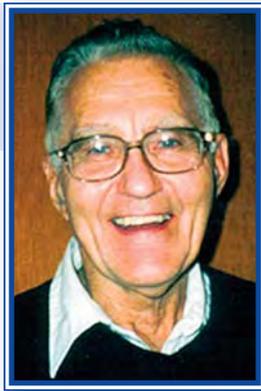
GROW Quarterly Newsletter

Area Chapter of the Germans from Russia Heritage Society (GRHS)

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Message from the President



Roger Haas, President

Our GRHS (Germans from Russian Heritage Society) has been so diligent now for 40 years discovering, collecting, preserving and disseminating information relating to the history of parents, grandparents and many years prior to them. They have brought forth the culture, heritage and

our genealogy of those that preceded us. Many have so valiantly sacrificed for what freedoms we have today and the national pride we can have in our ethnic group called Germans from the Russia Empire.

We have had individuals over the same 40 years doing much of the archive searching, but soon it was realized that the cost of retrieving old documents, translating, indexing, etc. was best done by pooling of our efforts and sharing the expenses. So Regional Interest Groups (RIG) became virtual GRHS Chapters covering the areas of our ancestors. Most their information is secured and unless you are a GRHS member and have a password, you cannot have this information. Therefore, you can see the value of your membership in our local and national organization for working on your ancestral family history. You can be an annual member, but new information is annually being made available thru the Heritage Review Journals by revelations from more archives being obtained, translation and indexed. It is an ongoing project! THINK ABOUT IT! Do you want to continue to pay annual dues of \$50 per year or would you rather start paying on your Life Membership, when some have paid for 40 years?

Being that this is perhaps the last opportunity of

getting your LIFE MEMBERSHIP thru GRHS for \$650 or a minimum of \$130 per annum, I would highly recommend you consider this extraordinary low price for yourself, children, grandchildren, etc. I've enrolled my children and grandchildren and will do likewise for my 17-year-old granddaughter. As she leaves home she will be getting the GRHS Heritage Review four quarterly journals each year for Life. Also she will have access to all the records collected, those to be collected, plus getting the annual PASSWORD to access the obituaries, regional interest archives, etc. Much this information is secured can NOT be obtained without being a member. You, favoring yourself or someone else, would be greatly appreciative for your investment of \$130 per year for 5 years or \$650. This \$650 is scheduled to be increased at the GRHS July 2011 Spokane Convention. Please also enroll each new member in GROW for \$5 per year. If I can help, please call me at 503-659-8248 or write rahaas@haasfamily.us Thank You!

While GRHS emphasizes the time period while our ancestors were Germanic settlers in the Russia

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Eating Our Culture



Ronald Schauer

We were nearing the end of a six week German holiday. Deutsche Bahn had taken us from Frankfurt on a large and misshapen loop, as we visited Weihnachtsmarkts, the famous Christmas Markets. At the edge of the Schwarzwald, Freudenstadt was our last stop before Frankfurt and the return home. It was also the area where some of my wife Pat's ancestors lived before migrating to the Russian frontier.

We were gathering supper, as we often do when we travel. At a downtown bakery, we purchased a few hard rolls. Down the street from there, we stopped to add an apple and a kohlrabi. And now we stood in a meat market, a few blocks off the downtown, with thoughts of wurst and kase.

We waited for other customers to finish their orders - a good thing as we had time to look over the meats and sausages displayed in the refrigerated case. Here, familiar names, smells, shapes, and colors abounded: fleischkuchla, schwartamagan, bratwurst, weisswurst, and more.

The clerk, an older woman with a strong peasant body and a rosy smile listened with a silent chuckle as we called out food memories. I finally said, "Das ist genug," in hopes of cutting off our expensive reverie. She looked with a wide grin and said, "Du bist Schwäbisch!" I agreed and explained a little of our family background, as much as my forty-three word German vocabulary would allow.

Culture comes in many forms. My experience is that one can tell a lot about a person's culture by their food. For example, many young persons refuse to eat anything that can't be gotten from a drive-through window. Their culture is based in mass-marketing, television, and social media. If it hasn't a brand name, it's suspect.

In contrast, the food our people ate was unpretentious; simply made with the ingredients on hand. We, long before the advent of foodies and locavores, ate seasonally ... because that was what there was. We grew it and then we ate it. We didn't have sauces with romantic names. We did better: We had cream. The rule was: If it's good, cream can make it even better. Canning and the root cellar, sausage and canned meats, and cream--the essence of a culture.

When we first moved to Washington, we traveled each summer back to Dakota to visit parents and dear uncles and aunts, some of whom still lived and

thrived on the farm. We made quick stops, several hours for a visit and then on to the next farm, the next aunt.

This became a pleasant ordeal. At each farm, we were met with a stock greeting: "You've been driving. You must be hungry. Come; eat." At 8:00 pm or so, we would waddle out to our car, filled beyond capacity with three breakfasts of sausage, eggs, and potatoes, sandwiches for lunch, and a gigantic supper that invariably had its beginning as a clucking chicken. Weak coffee was usually included. We gathered around the table to laugh and converse and catch up on recent news. But it was really about eating. Who could do better?

The Writer: Ronald Schauer is a mostly retired counselor and teacher living in Longview, Washington. His interests are traveling and eating, a combination that fits well and easily. He travels with Patricia, his wife. They are in the process of doing volkswalks at each of the fifty state capitals.

President's Message, cont.

Empire, many of our researchers have gone into our family histories in Germany and the German Empire going to the 16th and 17th century and beyond. We have a national pride in our ethnicity and we can bring that forth via immigration from Russia or directly from Germany.

To go back to 6 October 1683, the first 13 German families arrived aboard the small ship "Concord", the "German Mayflower". They founded Germantown in Pennsylvania and in 1688 issued the first manifesto against slavery. Over seven million German immigrants followed. Today, more than one fourth of the population of the United States claims German ancestry whether it was via Germany or the Russia Empire.

Now, I can't be sure you'll get this newsletter before the 27 March, but I want to announce that we will have a special treat with our Longview Genealogical President, Lola Weber, Charter GROW Member, speaking to us at our Mar 27 Chapter Meeting. She is a favorite and always full of great practical ideas. We all go traveling, seeing relatives, going to reunions, etc. She has an enjoyable program making your excursions even more meaningful and making your memories live on. She has something for everyone.

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My Story Continued

In previous issues of this forum I described to you how I use Stump's *The Emigration from Germany to Russia in the Years 1763 to 1862*, to trace my Lang ancestral line back to a Paul Lang who immigrated to Russia in 1814. We also explored further the contents of the book and looked at other more complete sources of census records that have recently become available. In this issue we return to my story.

With the information from Stump's book, I had traced the male (Lang) line of my ancestry but I had found little about my female ancestors. I knew that my grandmother Lang was Katherine Reich, and that my great-grandmother Lang was Magdalena (Maggie) Pietz. But who were their parents?

My grandmother died in Idaho, so I wrote to the Idaho Bureau of Vital Records and Health, to get a copy of her Death Certificate. The Death Certificate listed her father as Gottlieb Reich and her mother as Maggie Borner or Boiner (spelling not clear). I looked in the 1858 revision list for Kassel in Stump's book and found that there were two Gottlieb and Maggie Reichs. One Gottlieb was uncle to the other. Which pair were her parents? She could have been one of the younger children in one family or one of the older children in the other family. My grandmother was born in 1861 so she was not listed in the revision list. I tried to find Maggie's parents in the revision list. Maggie was already married in 1858 so she would not be listed with her parents but the parents should be listed in the 1858 list. I searched the lists for Kassel and the other Glueckstal Colonies and could not find any names that looked like Borner or Boiner.

Then I decided to look for records of a brother or sister of my grandmother. I knew of my dad's Lang uncles and cousins, but I did not know any Reich uncles, aunts or cousins. My parents were already dead so I could not ask them. Then I discovered a picture in my parents album that was labeled Mr. and Mrs. Gottlieb Meidinger, mom's sister (mom referred to my grandmother). I wrote to a cousin living near Gackle, ND, and she knew the Meidingers (grandmother's sister) and was able to put me in touch with one of their sons. While he was able to give me information on his family, he did not know the maiden name of our grandmothers. I then wrote



Harold Lang, PhD

to the North Dakota Department of Health to get a death certificate for his grandmother, Elizabeth (Reich) Meidinger. Her death certificate indicated that her father was Gottlieb Reich (agrees) and that her mother's maiden name was Bonard (slightly different). Unfortunately I could not find the name Bonard in Stump's book either. Some years later after the Lutheran Parish Records became available I learned that the name was Bonnet some times spelled Bohnet. The parent information on a death certificate is only as good as the information given by the informant in these cases a son (who did not know his grandparents) and a husband (who probably spoke with a German accent).

I am telling you my story because some of the things that worked for me may also work for you. And when you have problems you know that I had problems too, and still found information. Of course you always try to get what information you can from relatives, and pictures may give you some leads. Later after the death of one of my cousins I was sent a picture of an Eberhardt family that were identified as relatives of my grandmother. For years I looked for records in Russia, and North and South Dakota and did not find any Eberhardts that fit. Several years ago on a disk accompanying a GDRA book, there were some birth, marriage and death records for few years around 1900. These records contained records of children born in Kassel to Magdalena Reich and Jakob Eberhardt. Magdalena died in Russia, Jakob remarried and migrated to Canada. No wonder I had trouble finding them.

Meanwhile I joined the American Historical Society of Germans from Russia (AHSGR) and later when I learned about the Germans from Russia Heritage Society (GRHS), I also joined it also, and have been a member of both societies ever since. I sent both societies my family history charts and have been listed as researching my ancestral names (Lang, Reich, Pietz, etc.). From time to time these listings have generated some contacts. In 1991 I received a letter from a lady researching the Reichs. In the letter was some information that she had received from the Glueckstal Colonies Research Association (GCRA). I had not heard of them before. Since Kassel was one of the Glueckstal Colonies, I reasoned that this organization could be of help to me, so I wrote to them. I soon received a letter from Margaret Freeman, the director. In the letter she told that as soon as she received my letter she called Gwen Pritzkau, one of my relatives. Actually it is Gwen's husband that is

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Genealogy Forum, cont.

related to me three different ways we have the same Lang and Reich ancestors. I had mentioned in my letter to GCRA that we were planning to make a trip west with a stop in Salt Lake City. Margaret told me that Gwen would like to meet us and that we should call her and make an appointment to see her at the Family History Center, which we did. Gwen was a professional librarian in a public library. She spent all of her spare time at the Family History Center and was a very productive researcher. We had a nice visit with Gwen and she gave me a big sheet of paper with her notes on the Reichs.

Gwen also told us some thing very significant. She said that she knew that there were records of the Germans in Russia in the archives in St. Petersburg, and that the Latter Day Saints had signed a contract to microfilm them. Today we know these records as the St. Petersburg, Lutheran Parish Records, which will be the topic of the next Genealogical Forum. These records cover the period from about 1830 on into the 1880s and contain birth, marriage and death records for the evangelical villages in the Black Sea area. They are undoubtedly the most important

records for Germans from Russia family history research. It took several years for the records to be filmed and processed before they were available. And then they had to be indexed before they were useable. The records were organized by year and then by parish. So for a particular parish each year was on a different roll of microfilm. Today they are available on line at familysearch.org, and are organized by parish. We will tell more about that next time.

In closing, let me say that I was privileged to have many contacts with Gwen Pritzkau a productive researcher and Margaret Freeman who effectively stimulated and organized research. Unfortunately Gwen died in 2006, and Margaret died in 2010. We miss their help.

President's Message, cont.

She is always more than prepared so "plan on getting your learning from Lola". If you have a special question, please call 360-423-8359 or write to her at hunter6806@msn.com for personal answers and particular information. While we are on the topic of future programs, you can't forget Joanne Pfau's unique program on making German Sausage in our 17th April Chapter Meeting. Joanne will be bringing her family, sausage stuffer, and the whole 9 yards from the North Dakota Plains butchering social event to the Oregon liquid sunshine family sausage making tradition. WOW, can you beat that?

You've heard of the great "Hurrahs" of our GROW Family Heritage Recipe Book! We've sold out of the first printing, but the 2nd printing with a couple more recipes, a smudge-free glossy front & rear cover for \$12.50 will be available when this newsletter is in your hands. Please order copies from Alice Summers at 503-775-9929 or sewsum4u@msn.com. The recipe book features the special recipes, records the family traditions, tidbits of heartwarming stories behind the recipes, and a photo to which that someone can relate.

All GROW attendees have appreciated the beautiful meeting room, commercial kitchen, and the expanded Library for almost 6 years at 7901 SE Division, Portland, OR. We will have our last Chapter meeting 15 May at this exquisite Louise Weinhard Home of almost 100 years, which will be taken over by Portland Community College. The new location is expected to be announced at this final Chapter Meeting. Please come to this farewell party with possibly Austrian Sister Club President Egbert Kunrath presenting our program.

It's All Earth & Sky

If you missed the broadcast, you can view the entire program on our Prairie Public On Demand streaming video service.

It's All Earth and Sky, is the sixth documentary in Prairie Public's series about the legacy of the Germans from Russia. It is a co-production of Prairie Public Broadcasting and the North Dakota State University Libraries.

The following link will take you to the webpage. Type the link in your browser address bar to navigate there. Click on the **On Demand Arrow** and the video will come up on your screen. Click the arrow in the middle of the photo and the video will play.

www.prairiepublic.org/television/local-productions?post=25034

Katherine



Sausage Making Memories

by Joanne Pfau

While growing up in North Dakota, sausage making day was a social event at our house. We lived at the 'home place' so most of the butchering and meat processing was done at our house. Often uncles, aunts or cousins would butcher along with us. We would share the work and share the rewards.



Joanne Pfau

I don't remember the beginning of the process as my Dad did not want us kids around until after the meat was hung. He usually did that on a Friday while we were at school. When we got home the sections of the hog would be hanging in the shed to cool. We would spend Friday evening getting the equipment out, washing everything, setting out the tables, washing everything, sharpening knives, washing everything, preparing food for the next day, washing everything, and we would have to clean house because we were getting company!

On Saturday morning people would arrive. We would have coffee, and breakfast for anyone who was hungry. My mother liked to fry the brains for breakfast. That delicacy is an acquired taste. Then the meat cutting would begin.

The liver would be cooked for liver sausage. The tongue would be cooked and the disagreement would start as what it would be used for. Sometimes it went into head cheese. Other times Mom would keep it to slice for sandwiches. I usually monitored the cooking of these while I was preparing lunch and doing dishes (again). When the tongue was done I would sample it, several times.

The meat was cut, wrapped in freezer paper, labeled and frozen. Keeping the meat cool was not a problem in North Dakota. We kept it in covered containers outside and hoped it wouldn't freeze before we were ready for it.

The ham portions were kept in a tub of water until the brine was prepared. We would thread about three feet of store string through the upper shank of each piece. After securing the string we would attach a piece of paper with a description of that piece of meat to the other end of the string. Brine was prepared in a barrel or crock. The meat was placed in the brine with the description end of the string hanging over the edge of the crock. This was covered and kept cold in a shed. The top inch or two of the brine would stay frozen throughout the winter. When we wanted something out of it, we would break the ice and use the descriptions on the paper tags to find the string attached to the piece of meat we wanted. Then

you would follow the string to the right piece and pull it out. If you ever plunged your arm into freezing brine water only to grab the wrong ham and then have to plunge in again, you can appreciate this method.

After lunch the sausage making would begin. My Dad had hooked an electric motor to his meat grinder. This worked really well. He handled the grinding of the meat. Again, no kids were allowed close to the grinder. Some people used kidneys, lungs or glands for sausage. But my Dad never did. Good sausage starts with good meat.

My Dad mainly seasoned the ground meat with salt, pepper, brown sugar, a cure like TenderQuik or Freeze-Em Pickle, and garlic. The fresh garlic was cleaned and thinly sliced. It was steeped in warm water for about 20 minutes and then poured through a strainer. The garlic was discarded and the water was used in the sausage. He would vary using other spices. The measurements were always in 'handfuls' and were never written down. My father-in-law would count the flecks of pepper on the back of his hand after mixing the meat to determine if there was enough pepper in the meat. No one remembers how many flakes it took to be just right. So much knowledge has been lost.

While mixing the meat, they would squeeze the mixture in their hands to see if it was "schmootze" enough to slide through the stuffer. I don't know where that word came from or how you would translate it to English.

About this time that my Dad and his brothers would tell us the story their father told them. Grandpa John served in the Czar's infantry and told of a sausage that did not need refrigeration. He said only the Russian government made it. They always speculated about how that sausage was made.

After the meat was mixed, we would fry some samples to taste. There would be disagreements about too much garlic or not enough pepper. Adjustments were made and more samples tasted. Finally the stuffing would begin.

We used hog casings for the regular sausage and sheep casings for the sausage links. One of my jobs was sorting and un-tangling the casings. Oh, how those casings could get knotted! My Dad would blow into one end of the casing so it would be easier to slip onto the nozzle of the stuffer. We would take turns turning the crank. We had to keep a steady pressure and pace so the casings would fill evenly and not rupture. My Dad would make each section about 18 inches long, then twist it in the middle so it would hang for smoking.

The amount of sausage we made varied with how

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Sausage Making Memories, cont.

many people were involved and how much meat they had. In an average year about 100 pounds was made. Most years we also made blood sausage, liver sausage and head cheese.

Now, remember that all this while there were dishes to be done. Every time one phase ended, all of those tubs, bowls, knives, pans, etc. had to be washed and dried. And we had to have all of the equipment clean and ready for the next phase.

The sausages that were being smoked were hung on poles and kept cold overnight. This gave the seasonings time to mingle. The smoking process started the next morning.

My favorite part of the day came around 8 at night.

One of my aunts or cousins made soup and another made bread that day. (Usually they cooked in their own kitchens.) They brought these to our house and we cooked sausage. People who had been working all day sat down to this feast for supper.

We had been talking, laughing and joking all day, but now the story-telling started. They told stories of family, their childhoods, adventures and dreams. This is where I learned the history of my family. It was a time filled with love, acceptance, belonging and satisfaction in a job well done.

Yes, sausage making was a social event for us. How could such hard work have been so much fun?

Anise Sugar Cookies - original recipe, very good!

by Joanne Pfau

In a bowl combine these dry ingredients and set aside:

- 4-1/3 cups flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. cream of tarter
- 1/4 tsp. ground star anise
- 1 cup chopped pecans in a separate bowl (optional)

In a mixing bowl cream together:

- 1 cup butter
- 1 cup canola oil
- 1 cup powdered sugar
- 1 cup sugar

Beat in:

- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Mix in the dry ingredients to form a soft dough.

In a separate small bowl mix 2 Tbsp. of sugar and 2 Tbsp. ground star anise.

The original directions say to form walnut-size balls of dough and flatten them. Sprinkle the top with the sugar and anise mixture.

However, I roll the dough into three 2-inch diameter logs and wrap these in waxed paper and chill them. Then I cut the logs into 1/4 to 1/2 inch slices. I dip one side of these in the sugar and anise mixture and place them on parchment lined cookie sheets with the anise side up. I sprinkle a little extra anise and sugar on them before I bake them.

Bake at 350 degrees for about 10-12 minutes. Store these in an air-tight container. The flavor enhances with time.

This is how I made them for the GROW meeting:

In a bowl combine these dry ingredients and set aside:

- 3 cups flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1-1/3 cups almond meal
- 1 tsp. cream of tarter
- 1/4 tsp. ground star anise
- 1 tsp. soda

In a mixing bowl cream together:

- 1 cup butter
- 1 cup canola oil
- 2/3 cup powdered sugar
- 2/3 cup sugar
- 2/3 cup Splenda

Beat in:

- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. vanilla

The rest is the same.

Trader Joe's is a good place to buy almond meal.



Context of Mass Murder

TO THE KINGDOM OF DEATH: ETHNIC GERMAN VILLAGERS IN UKRAINE AS WITNESSES, VICTIMS, HEROES, AND PERPETRATORS IN TRANSNITRIA IN THE YEARS 1941-1942.

PRELIMINARY NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS

by Ron Vossler

I began my documentary video "We'll Meet Again in Heaven" by commenting on the terrible secret I'd discovered in an old letter—a secret about the starvation in German villages in Soviet Ukraine, where my grandparents were born.

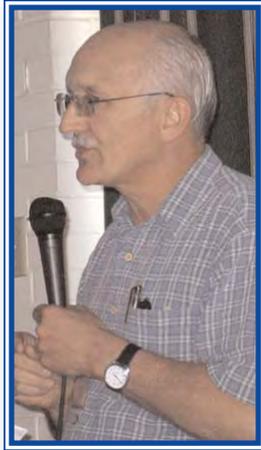
But there is another secret too, kept by many ethnic Germans who did not immigrate to the Dakotas—some our direct relatives—but remained in the old country of South Russia, now Ukraine.

There, less than a life span after the Dakota Germans settled the prairie, the villagers greeted the occupying German army who 'liberated' them; but that liberation came at a terrible cost: complicity, and, for some, direct involvement in the murder of Jews, as the Volksdeutsche became both the darlings, and the victims, of the Nazis.

Transnitria, an area between the Bug and the Dniester Rivers in what is now Ukraine, after being occupied by the invading Germans in 1941, was quickly ceded by Hitler to his ally, the Romanians. As Einsatzgruppen Death Squads swept into the area in the wake of the German army, all local Jews, along with any German villagers accused of collaboration with the previous Soviet regime, and the children of any mixed marriages between Jews and the Volksdeutsche, were shot without judicial proceedings.

Transnitria, including the city of Odessa, remained under direct control of Romania, while the 200 German villages in that area, as well as matters concerning their welfare, came into the hands of Special Command Russia—SKR—an organization ultimately under control of Hitler's Reichsfuhrer, Heinrich Himmler.

Special Command Russia organized its SS headquarters in 24 of the largest ethnic German villages, often in the same buildings which once housed the Soviet NKVD secret police; and from the manpower of the German villages self protection units, local police units under SS control were formed. It was obligatory to join the police if healthy and fit to carry



Ron Vossler

a weapon.

In 1941-1942, Romanians, with their own brand of anti-Semitism, forced tens of thousands of Jews from Bessarabia over the Dniester River into Transnitria; and these Jews, along with those Jews from Odessa and surrounding areas—there were 200,000 Jews in Odessa alone—were then murdered in Odessa, in incredibly brutal ways by the Romanians, with the survivors sent in cattle cars from Sortirovka station in Odessa, to the city of Berezovka.

From there, guarded by Romanian soldiers, these columns trekked eastwards in the direction of the Bug river; the Romanians wanted to cleanse Transnitria of Jews and force the German command to assume control of these refugees, many of whom were sick, typhus ridden and also had little or no food.

That path—from Odessa to Berezovka and eastwards towards the Bug River—was called "The Road of Death"; just this past September and October I took weeks to follow it. I spoke with various local people, some of whom remembered, or knew about the events from their parents: as masses of Jews, tens of thousands of young and old, pregnant women, and those carrying infants, old men and children, were driven to the east, under the guard of Romanian soldiers, and into a killing zone around ethnic German villages, what the Jews who survived later called the Kingdom of Death.

The Ukrainians and Germans in villages the Jews passed through, if caught attempting to aid the Jews, were shot or beaten by Rumanian soldiers. One village boy who'd tossed bread to the Jews was beaten so severely that he lay near death for a week.

At great personal risk some Ukrainian and ethnic German villagers, especially the latter, according to one Jewish survivor, hid, fed, and otherwise saved a number of Jews from death. Some Jewish mothers threw babies into the crowd of onlookers in the villages they passed through, and the Ukrainian villagers raised these rescued babies or children as their own. One teenage girl hid by a Ukrainian family under a sofa-bed from Romanian soldiers, who neglected to look under an aged man, who lay sick on the bed.

One five year old Jewish girl, knowing she would die, approached the Romanian commander of one column, asking him if, in addition to killing Jews, he also killed Russians; when he replied he didn't kill Russians, she claimed she was actually a Russian; so the commander allowed her to leave the column, and she was taken in by a family of Ukrainians and raised by them.

There were few survivors of this genocide. Besides

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Context of Mass Murder, cont.

heroic acts, such as by the Lippert family of Neudorf, who hid Jews for several weeks in their vineyard, and the Dukart family of Landau, German village police units, also called self protection units, consisting mostly of young men, were commanded by SS officers from the Special Command Russia offices.

These police units murdered thousands of Jews in the vicinity of Rastadt, Mostove, Lichtenfeld, Muenchen, Speyer, Johannestal, Gradofka, Sucha Balka, Podoleanca, Wesseloe, Slepuchca, Nova Petrovka, Gut Mauch, and other places. A favored killing place became numerous balkas, deep ravines, which cross the land outside many German villages.

I visited many of these places, and found human bone fragments, shattered by gunfire; and I saw now-overgrown murder pits where bodies were burnt; and wells where some bodies were thrown. I picked up copper shell casings of bullets, "fascisti" as villagers pointed out to me, German bullets, used to murder Jews. And I listened to riveting eye-witness stories, which remain embedded deep in the oral history of the Ukrainian villages, terrible stories of atrocities, and, also, thankfully, stories of heroic acts in saving Jews.

Most German villagers knew of the murders, which occurred near their own villages, for the smell of the burning bodies often wafted into the streets, and the Jews were often enough housed in ghettos in barracks or cattle pens in or near the ethnic German villages.

The clothing of murdered Jews was given to German villagers in Transnitria. Many, if not most, German villagers from that time, 1942-1944, wore clothing belonging to murdered Jews, including the children. One Volksdeutsche witness told of how, as an eight year old, from an entire schoolroom that was full of clothing, she picked a green dress, and she remembers her mother, washing out blood stains, so she could wear the garment.

In February, 1942, to the west of Lichtenfeld—birthplace of my grandfather's siblings---police units from the village, made drunk on samogun, a home-made vodka, shot thousands of Jews. Then, the police units were forced by their SS commandant, as part of their swearing-in ceremony and initiation, to parade past the corpse filled ditch.

The total of Jews murdered by police or self protection squads from former German villages numbers 90,000; the total number of Jews murdered in the Odessa region in 1941-1943 overall, by the SS squads, Einsatzgruppen, and German village self-protection units totals at least 200,000.

Below is a confession by a former policeman, Robert S. Worms, who as an eighteen year old in 1942, from Worms, Ukraine, took part in an execu-

tion outside that village while it was under German occupation:

"I personally took part in a mass execution. It was the end of January or the beginning of February in 1942; the exact date I can't remember. At that time, the police recruits were in the barracks in Worms, when a order came from the German commander. We were armed with Russian rifles, formed into ranks by one of the policemen, whose name I don't remember, and transported in lorries six kilometers to the Beresowka field. On the way to a barn of the Soviet collective to which our village belonged before the war, along the bend of the road, we came upon corpses; and as we neared the barn, I saw there our mayor, a man named Wolf, and the head of the police, whose name I don't remember, and other people from our village. As soon as we got there, the policemen, and I was among them, were commanded by the German commander and the mayor W., to drive the Jews from the barn, and, in turns, to shoot them. That took place some thirty meters away from the barn. Those who definitely took part in the shootings were the German commander, the mayor W., Alfred R., Jacob K. and other policemen whose names I can no longer remember after so many years. Another participant with me in the shootings of the Soviet citizens of Jewish nationality was Artur K., an acquaintance of mine from the village. I don't know how many shots there were or how many Jews were murdered.

In the last part of January, 1942, I took part in another shooting of Soviet citizens. At that time, the German commander gave the order that members of the self-protection unit, whose names I no longer remember, and myself, were to shoot six women. This shooting took place 1.5 to 2 kilometers from the village of Worms, in the direction of Kolosofka. I did not take part in other executions. But I did know that the Jews were escorted to the execution place by Romanian soldiers. What happened later to the corpses I don't know."

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Continued on page 9.

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Maxine Daily, Director Emeritus

In Memory—Clifford Haberman, Director Emeritus

Robert Majhor, Director Emeritus

Ed Weber, Director Emeritus

GROW 2011 Quarterly Calendar

A P R I L 2 0 1 1						
SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12 Board Meeting	13	14	15	16
17 Chapter Meeting	18	19	20	21	22 Good Friday	23
24 Easter Sunday	25	26	27	28	29	30

M A Y 2 0 1 1						
SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10 Board Meeting	11	12	13	14
15 Chapter Meeting	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30 Memorial Day	31				

J U N E 2 0 1 1						
SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
			1 Newsletter Deadline	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19 Father's Day	20	21 Board Meeting	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30		



Chapter Meetings are held at:

Deutes Haus

7901 SE Division, Portland, OR

Doors open at 1:00 pm

Meeting starts at 2:00 pm until about 5:00 pm

Coming from I-205 South take Exit 19 Ramp and turn West on Division St., then turn left and go to 7901.

Coming from I-205 North take Exit 19 Ramp onto Division St. Go West on Division to 7901.

Chapter Meetings

NO MEETINGS IN DECEMBER

27 March - Lola Weber

17 April - Joanne Pfau - German Sausage Making

15 May - Austrian Sister Club President, Egbert Kunrath - tentative

26 June - To Be Announced

Fundraising Opportunities— At No Cost To You!!

- Electronic Newsletters. Receive your newsletters via email, and save GROW in postage costs. Thank You!

Other Opportunities to Help...

- **Oscar Geiszler** is recycling inkjet and laser cartridges. Bring your empty cartridges to Chapter Meetings or contact Oscar directly. He can also help you receive approximately 50% discount on refilled cartridges.
- Visit **Cathy Lobb** before/after the Chapter Meetings to view the fascinating collection of books, audio CDs, videos, etc. that are available for sale. Also take a look at the tote bags, key chains and magnets, all with the GROW logo.

In Remembrance

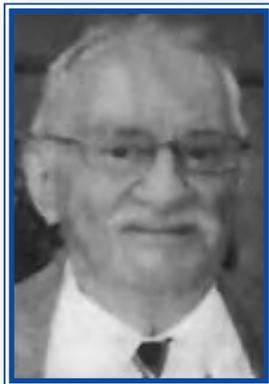
Oliver E. Schiermeister

May 26, 1932 - March 3, 2011

Oliver E. Schiermeister, 78, died March 3, 2011, in Cape Coral, FL. He was born May 26, 1932, in Bowdle, SD, and lived most of his life in Battle Ground, WA.

Schiermeister enjoyed woodworking and was retired at the time of his death. He was preceded in death by his brother, Marvin and sister, Renada. He is survived by his wife, Barbara A. Schiermeister; son, Dallas E. Schiermeister; daughter, Misty M. Schiermeister; and brothers, Ellsworth Schiermeister and Lloyd Schiermeister. He also had eight grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren.

Layne's Funeral Home handled the arrangements. A service was held Thursday, March 10, 2:30 pm at



Oliver E. Schiermeister

the Battle Ground Community Center, 912 E. Main St., Battle Ground. Viewing was held Wed., March 9, 6:30-8:30 pm and Thurs., March 10, 9:30-10:30 am at Layne's Funeral Home, 16 NE Clark Ave., Battle Ground. Burial was Thurs., March 10, 11:00 am.

Dolores Joan Burghardt

October 13, 1933 - December 27, 2010

Dolores Joan Burghardt, 77, was received into heaven December 27, 2010.

Born in Bismark, ND, in 1933, Dolores moved with her family to Oregon in 1943 where she attended St. Patrick Grade School and St. Mary's Academy. She married Joseph W. Burghardt in 1953 and together raised a loving family until Joseph's death in 1997.

Dolores worked for the Tigard-Tualatin School Dis-



Dolores Burghardt

Continued on page 12.



GROW Membership Application

Germans from Russia Oregon and Washington



Years of Membership _____ New Renewal

Birth Month (optional) _____ Anniversary Month (optional) _____

Name (please print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone (include area code) _____ Email address _____

Name of ancestral village(s) _____

Family surnames _____

Names of adults in household desiring membership cards _____

Enclosed is my remittance of \$ _____ Membership fees are due annually on January 1.

GROW Newsletter/Operation Donation (minimum \$5.00)

GRHS Membership \$50.00 • GRHS Lifetime Membership \$650.00 (\$130.00 per year)

Make checks payable to GROW - US Currency Only • Mail to: Arlene Maston, 8202 NE Going St., Portland, OR 97220-4860

Please send email updates and address corrections to Arlene Maston - amaston@aol.com

GROW Quarterly Newsletter Deadlines: September 1 • December 1 • March 1 • June 1

All submissions are welcome. If you would like any materials returned, please include a SASE.

Send articles to: icprunier@comcast.net or by mail at 1218 Pacific Ave., Everett, WA 98201

In Remembrance, continued

trict as a cafeteria manager for many years and after she retired she began her life of ministry and travel.

As an active member of St. Anthony Catholic Church in Tigard, Dolores was a lector, Eucharistic minister, minister to the homebound, St. Vincent de Paul volunteer and Catholic daughter. She was fondly referred to as the "Prayer Warrior" by her family and friends and was always praying for others. When she wasn't volunteering, she was traveling the world, which she did extensively!

Dolores is survived by her children, Christine Fitzgerald (Robert), Joseph Burghardt Jr. (Amanda), Thomas Burghardt, and Michael Burghardt (Kara). She will be greatly missed by her grandchildren, Megan Christensen (Matthew), Lindsay Wilkerson (Steve), Joey Burghardt, Bobby Fitzgerald, Christian Burghardt, Ryan Burghardt, Jessica Burghardt, Holly Burghardt and Will Burghardt. She is also survived by her best friends and sisters, Betty Thatcher, Hilde Archer and Marge Judy of Eugene; and brother Ted Baron of Shell Beach, CA. Dolores was preceded in death by her sisters, Ann and Regina.

A Mass of Christian Burial was held at noon Thursday, January 6, 2011, in St Anthony Catholic Church, Tigard. A reception followed in O'Reilly Hall.

In memory, please make donations to the St. Vincent de Paul Food Bank at St. Anthony Catholic Church, Tigard.

Please sign the online guest book at www.oregonlive.com/obits

NEWSLETTER SUBMISSIONS WELCOMED!

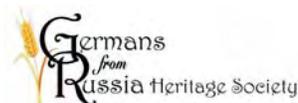
*Please send articles, photos, stories,
anecdotes, recipes, etc. to:*

Janice Prunier, Editor

1218 Pacific Ave., Everett, WA 98201

jcprunier@comcast.net

Deadline for next issue is June 1, 2011.



Germans from Russia Heritage Society

GROW Chapter

8618 SE 36th Avenue
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