

The Bukovina Society of the Americas NEWSLETTER

P.O. Box 81, Ellis, KS 67637-0081 USA

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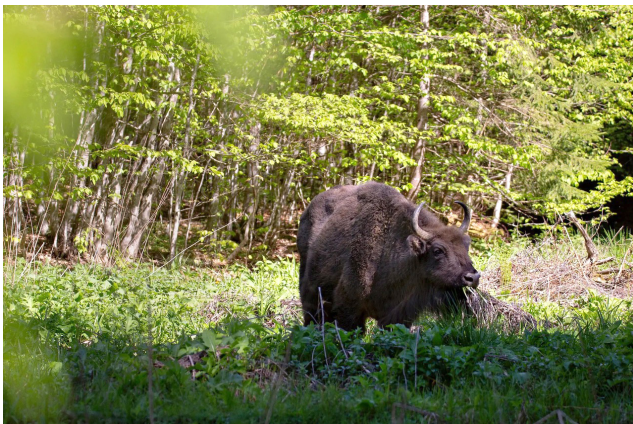
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Membership Dues:
Lifetime \$150.00
Annual \$25.00

SOCIETY NEWS & EVENTS

- Welcome to our newest life members: 292 Dennis and Svetlana Lewis, 293 Steve and Linda Rau, 294 Douglas and Joan Heisler, 295 Rob Harper
- The last newsletter noted volunteers Susan Schlichting and Patty Nicholas have cataloged the library holdings at the BSA museum and the information is now listed on Librarything at: <https://www.librarything.com/catalog/BukovinaSociety> Thanks again for your help.
- The Auroch, depicted on the coat of arms of many Bukovina organization is the extinct wild ox of Europe from which cattle are probably descended. The last Aurochs survived in central Poland until 1627. On the 1996 Bukovina Society tour of the homeland, we were shown a farm where efforts were being made to bring back the Auroch. A back breeding program started in 2009 and the first results are very promising. Scientists are researching ancient Aurochs DNA and comparing it with DNA of European cattle breeds. Based on that, they are setting up a breeding and monitoring program. Archaeological depots, natural history museums and scientists from a variety of European countries have donated Aurochs material and DNA of cattle breeds to be used for this research.



An Aurochs returned?

Hello Everyone,

We are excited to see you at the Bukovinafest 22, September 15-17. We have great variety of entertaining and informative presentations lined up for Friday and Saturday, opportunities to learn about and explore your genealogy, and social time to meet new friends and maybe new relatives! Everyone is welcome.

Although there is no charge for the Fest or for socializing before and entertainment following Friday and Saturday dinners, you must preregister for the events and prepay for Friday and Saturday evening meals if you want to join us. There may be last minute adjustments to the schedule as required.

A complete schedule can be found at www.bukovinasociety.org

Thursday - The Venue at Thirsty's, 2704 Vine, Hays

- 2:00 Prep/Board meeting
- 5:30 Early bird social, dinner

Friday - Morning activities at the Bukovina Headquarters, 720 Washington, Ellis

- 9:00-12:00 Genealogy workshop
- Or museum tours: Ellis Railroad Museum or Chrysler Home and Museum (Entry fees)
- Bukovina Society Annual Meeting
- Photo opportunities at Bukovina Society steps and Bukovina immigrants monument
- Lunch on your own

Friday - Afternoon and evening activities at The Venue, 2704 Vine, Hays

- 1:30 - 4:00 Fürstenthal / Voivodeasa
- Romanian dancers video
- Early days of farming
- Family connections
- 5:30 Social and dinner, music and sing along - dinner must be prepaid - see below

Saturday - Morning, afternoon, evening activities at The Venue, 2704 Vine, Hays

- 9:00 - 12:00 Massirer village tour

- Bukovina Society Webpages tour
- Bukovina German language in Kansas video
- Lunch on your own
- 1:00 Czernowitz to Sydney
- One room schoolhouse interview with the Hanekes
- Family photo sharing - share your old photos for our database
- 5:30 Social hour, dinner, music and sing along - dinner must be prepaid - see below

There is no charge for programs, but you must pre-register BY SEPTEMBER 1.

- Pre-register for Friday morning genealogy workshop
genealogy@bukovinasociety.org or call or text 971-212-2416
- Pre-register for all other programs and museum tours at
bukofest-2022@bukovinasociety.org or call or text 316 633 8502.
- You must pre-pay for Friday and Saturday evening meals.
 - o Friday - Honey Pecan Chicken \$20.00, and Saturday - Prime Rib \$30.00
 - o Pre-pay online with Paypal at www.bukovinasociety.org
 - or send a check to The Bukovina Society, 720 Washington St, Ellis, KS 67637
 - BY SEPTEMBER 7.

FUCHS, DU HAST DIE GANS GESTOHLLEN (FOX, YOU STOLE THE GOOSE)

Published in 1824 to the tune of an older folk song, this title is one of the best-known German children's songs. "Fuchs, you stole the goose" is a well-known phrase when one Fuchs (Fox) surnamed person meets another. I first learned of this in Bavaria from distant cousins who found out my maternal ancestral name of Fuchs. After that, everyone who knew of me would recite the phrase and a few of them sang the song for me. In the middle of the Bukovina Society tour of the homeland, we spent a few days in Czernowitz, the former Capital. On the first morning, a Ukraine lady came to the lobby to inquire about the American visitors. She spoke German and a little English, and we exchanged background stories. She asked of my family and when she heard me say Fuchs, she immediately blurted out "Fuchs, du Gans gestohlen." As I laughed hard, she asked why it was funny and I told her of the way I learned the phrase.

In the Bucovina community of Rio Negro-Mafra, Brazil, Fuchs represents a pioneering and entrepreneurial spirit. The municipality is celebrating 90 years of Sociedade Uniao Fuchs, the oldest Bukovina association in Brazil. Our fellow Bukovinian in Brazil, Francesco Jose Seidl sent a photo to the Society.

In 2017 a German town banned the popular children's song - about a fox stealing a goose - after a vegan resident complained the melody was making her upset. Residents are serenaded daily by the town glockenspiel, which rings out a repertoire

of traditional songs, among them the Fox/Goose saga. The person reportedly objected to a line in the song that says: "the hunter will get you with his gun". The fact that the tune played from the tower was an instrumental version was apparently no consolation.



Fuchs Society BUILDING photo

LUDWIKA GASCHLER'S LIFE

Translated from video interview

By: Becky Hageman and Anni and Klaus Häusler

Installment #4 - From Packebusch to the West

Editor's note: Ludwika Gaschler's memories of her family's narrow escapes during World War II seem incredulous. The will to persevere in terrible circumstances is strong. They left Fürstenthal, eventually going to Poland, witnessed bombing and destruction in Potsdam, fleeing the Russian army. The war is over; they have been relocated to a town called Packebusch. Her story does not end here. At Packebusch....

The mayor, Mr. Bühst, went with us to the biggest farmer in the village. We came to the farm, the baker's wife came and looked at us. We children clung to our mother and Mr. Bühst said, "Mrs. So-and-so I bring you this family. She will be quartered with them. This family must first come to rest. And I want them to treat them decently. "

Then this woman said: "Refugees are out of the question! I'd rather have a bomb in my yard than a refugee." (I feel like I'm hearing it right now.) And this man then went on to say, "If I hear so much as a word that you are not treating this woman decently, you will get to know me."

Packebusch had actually become a bit of home for us eventually. I was there for five years, and the first few years were not easy. We first had a room, and I fell out of bed the first night. I always slept in a bed with my sister when we had one.

And then the next day the farmer's wife came and brought us some kind of indefinable porridge, on tin plates, with tin spoons. I will never forget that. My mom was just standing

there looking at it, and when we were done and she gave the dishes back, she said, "I want to ask to be treated as human beings. I am not used to eating from a tin plate. I don't want to have anything for free. I want to work for you so that I have something to eat for the family and for the children." And that's how it turned out. Mother went to work for the farmer, in the morning she milked cows, then went to the field with her, so that we always had something to eat.

The worst thing was that there was no water in the whole house. My sister and I always had to go around the house to the yard to the pump and get buckets of water every day. That was scary. The toilet, an outhouse, was in the yard. Every time we had to go to that nasty bathroom, we were afraid. But as I said, you get used to everything and slowly it all settled in a bit.

We went to school there, too.

In the summer we went to the forest. We had a small handcart. Someone made it for us. We put our brother on it. We went into the forest and looked for fir apples (pink heritage potatoes). We returned with two bags full so that in the evening they could be cooked.

In the winter there was lignite. What actually stuck in my mind, I was always just freezing during that time. I swore to myself: in my whole life I want to eat less, but I never want to be cold, ever again.

When we arrived in Packebusch we were with the English, in the English Zone.

In the Potsdam Agreement, the four occupying powers redivided Germany. Saxony-Anhalt that is, the East, was suddenly a Soviet zone.

One day several trucks arrived, Soviet soldiers set up a command post in our farmhouse. I only heard that the first time - maybe the first few weeks - there had been some incidents. But we did not notice anything. I can only say that these Soviet soldiers were very friendly and very nice to us. After some months, they left.

Getting back to school. What I always admired over there was that the old teacher we had gave us a very good general knowledge. We had all the subjects,, thoroughly!

By and large, people helped us. One woman sewed clothes for us from flag fabric. One man was cobbling together wooden slats for us to have something on our feet.

Then many, many people from Berlin and the surrounding area also came to barter. I have never seen so many people swap jewelry, just for a few potatoes, for a little flour, for a little bacon. We children then went to stubble fields to pick up leftover grain. We also collected the leftover potatoes from the potato fields.

I have fond memories of the Wischeropp bakery. They had a son, Horst, who used to visit us. When Mrs. Wischeropp noticed that our bread tokens were running out, Horst would come with the basket and bring us bread.

I have never forgotten one incident all my life. There was a dirt road around the corner from us. Due to the fact that it was sandy soil, the paths were always worn out by the horse-drawn carts. Behind our house was a large garden. From a beautiful apple tree, the branches hung half on the side of the street. The apples fell down and when the wagons came, they were all crushed. One day our mother said, "We're going to go around the corner today and see if there are some apples on the street. Then I could cook some applesauce".

Our mother had an apron on, into which she picked up a few apples. At that moment the farmer's wife came into the garden, looked at us and said: "Well, I beg you, Mrs. Gaschler, I would have expected it least of all from you that you pick up apples here." We stood frozen. Our mother just said: "I wanted to pick up a few apples that were still good. The others have all been crushed. The kids would love some applesauce. But you are welcome to have your apples back." She took the apron and poured out the apples again. Of course, that was very unpleasant for this woman. "For God's sake, it wasn't meant that way. Take these apples with you." But - and I remembered this sentence for a lifetime. My mother said: "Thank you, not anymore."

One day our father was suddenly standing on the farm after three years as a Soviet prisoner of war. He had come suddenly, he had found out where we were through the Red Cross. My father was horrified by our situation, but he stayed at Packebusch for a year. He wove baskets during that time. He learned that in captivity in Russia. We had to collect willow rods and peel them. When we still go to our baker today, he always says that there is still one basket from my father. It was kept the whole time.

But my father simply saw no future in the East. He hated the whole system. When one day a friend from the West wrote to him to join him, he discussed it with our mother. In 1949 he managed to escape to the West with a help. Now we were alone again. They knew some people who smuggled the people across the border. That was still possible at that time. It was called crossing the green line.

After a year, our father called. He had gotten an apprenticeship for me in Kassel. That was in 1950. It was like winning the lottery to get such a good apprenticeship at an insurance company. Now they were again looking for an escape helper who could help in kind, such as bacon or flour. He didn't ask for money at all; he didn't want that. I also don't remember exactly where we crossed the border.

I only know that he brought us to the border in the evening in the dark and I still remember that he said that at 12.00 o'clock

there is a change from the border guards. We came to a small stream where the man took each of us on his back and carried us across the stream and set us down over there. He told us not to be afraid, now there is a meadow with cows and then behind it is a village. With my mother going with me, we went and just sat on a stoop in a village at night and waited for hours until it got light. Then we started again. We ran into Western border guards who told us where the next train station was. We took the train to Kassel. Our mother crossed the border with me, and the two little ones stayed at home with a friend of my mother. When I arrived in North Hesse, my mother stayed one more night.

The next day she went back, just across the border. She was locked up for a few hours, had to peel potatoes in the kitchen and then went home again. Only after a year did the rest of the family join us in northern Hesse. During this time, my father and I were alone. We lived as subtenants and I must honestly say that this time was not easy because I felt very unhappy and alone.

From September 1, 1950, I started my apprenticeship at Barmenia Insurance in Kassel. At first, it was very difficult for me, but afterwards I thought that nothing would work without me. Soon, I felt very much at home.

Later I met my husband and I always thought, hopefully you can stay here, hopefully it will be home for you. And it became home.

WOLVES, BEARS AND POACHERS

(Chapter 1 from Renate Gschwendtner's book, "Eisenau – ein Zipserdorf in der Bukowina" ["Eisenau – a Village of Zipsers in Bukovina"])

Edited by: John Lossee

Many descendants of the Eisenau Zipser people will remember the wolf stories told by their parents or grandparents. Fascinated, but trembling a little, they heard that wolves howled up in the mountains at night, and came closer to the villages in the winter.

The „Illustrierter Führer durch die Bukowina“ [„Illustrated Guide to Bukovina“] of 1907 devoted a separate chapter to the country's wildlife. It says there are still animal species in Bukovina that have disappeared from the western portion of the monarchy, due to increasing cultivation there. Listed among others are lynx, bear and wolf. As this early guidebook also deals with hunting opportunities in Bukovina, one learns that wolf, bear and lynx were among the huntable animals at that time. However, interested foreigners needed to apply for a hunting license at the responsible district authority

(Bezirkshauptmannschaft), and the need for the consent of the land owner, went without saying. Most of the hunting grounds belonged to the Imperial and Royal Directorate of the Greek Oriental Religious Fund (k. k. Direktion des griechisch-orientalischen Religionsfonds), but there were also private hunting grounds.

In the area of Kimpolung County (Bezirkshauptmannschaft Kimpolung), which included Eisenau, the following hunting grounds are enumerated: Stulpikany, Frassin, Wama, Russ-Moldawitza, Watra-Moldawitza, Pozoritta, Jakobeny, Dorna-Watra and Dorna-Kandreny.

In 1894 the "Bukowinaer Post" published the following shooting figures: *Game hunting in Bukovina. According to a report published in the Monthly Statistical Bulletins of May and June (Statistische Monatshefte von Mai und Juni) about the game shot in 1892, the following figures were reported for Bukovina:*

Small game: red deer 71, deer 225, wild boars 40, hares 4372, rabbits 1, wood grouse 14, black grouse 12, hazel grouse 601, partridges 135, quails 3026, woodcocks 810, moor snipes 428, wild ducks 494

Predatory game: bears 9, wolves 17, lynxes 4, foxes 406, martens 174, polecats 67, otters 31, badgers 30, eagles 23, hawks, falcons and sparrow hawks 45, eagle owls 86, owls 129

Since these official figures do not, of course, include those of the animals poached, one can only guess at how much was actually hunted at the time. In the case of wolves, which caused damage and frightened the population, as can be seen from the following newspaper articles, one can understand the urge to shoot them. However, the shooting figures of other animal species may horrify today's nature lovers.

In 1886 the "Bukowinaer Rundschau" said:

(Wolves.) From Gurahumora one writes us: "Wolves are becoming a common sight to us. The hungry predators, who in the past hardly ventured near this place, are developing an extraordinary courage and are walking around in our streets as if they were at home. The damage done by the beasts is quite significant. During the night of the 28th of last month, in the courtyard of a house very close to the Armenian church, they mauled two pigs. After midnight the inhabitants of Gurahumora do not dare to go out on the street; they fear meeting the glowing eyes of a wolf at any moment."

In 1890 the "Feldkircher Wochenblatt" wrote:

Dangerous guests. From the Wochenblatt in Czernowitz, Bukovina: „The Bukovina gendarmerie command notified the provincial government [Landesregierung] in Czernowitz that in the district of Kimpolung, particularly in the village of Braza [Breaza, also Briaza], wolves, foxes and bears have appeared in large numbers, and are causing tremendous damage everywhere.“

On March 27, 1892, the “Bukowinaer Rundschau” reported:

Pursued by wolves. On the 23rd of this month, an incident occurred in Eisenau that sounds like a fairy tale, but is all too true. A working class man named Karl Geitz went to the Hašnišch Mountains bordering on Eisenau at 7 O'clock in the morning, to fetch wood. Noon, and finally evening, came and went, while his wife and children anxiously awaited his return. Finally, at about 10 o'clock, they called four men, who went into the forest in search of him. They shouted through the forest for a long time, but got no answer. They returned without success. When they got home and the missing person was still not there, they took torches with them to make one last attempt. Chance brought them near the unfortunate man, whose hoarse call they heard from a tree. The man saved himself on the tree from two wolves. The wolves sat under the tree all day and half the night, and tried to catch their victim by jumping on the tree. The burning torches scared the beasts away and the man was saved. Slowly and silently the unfortunate man came down from his involuntary place and was delivered, quite exhausted, to his loved ones. It was only thanks to his strong physical constitution that this young man endured almost 17 hours in the snow and cold, up in the tree.

Since there were two men named Karl Geitz in Eisenau, of matching ages, the author could not determine which of the two had to flee up the tree from the wolves. Karl Geitz, born 12/24/1858, iron roller and day laborer, was the son of Michael Geitz and Dorothea, née Hermely. Carl Geitz, born 12/13/1859, board cutter and carpenter, was the son of Franz Geitz and Caroline, née Steyer. He emigrated to America in 1904.

In 1892, the following report was published in the journal “Das österreichische Sanitätswesen”:

On March 13 of this year, at about 10 o'clock in the evening, in a homestead located in the center of the commune of Slatiora, of the political district of Kimpolung, a great disturbance was noticed with the sheep which were housed in the courtyard. Hearing the commotion, the farmer's maid rushed into the courtyard and spotted a wolf lying on a sheep. As she did not have a weapon, and the wolf was not scared away by her repeated shouting, she grabbed it with her hands to pull it off the sheep and save the sheep. In doing so, she was injured by the wolf on her nose and head. At the same moment the woman of the house, appeared in the yard and grabbed the wolf with both hands, trying to free the maid. However, the animal jumped on her chest and inflicted two serious injuries on her face and a lesser one on her hand. When people from the neighborhood rushed over because of the noise, the wolf fled in the direction of Dziemine. Although, according to the people, wolves often enter homesteads and take sheep as prey, the fact that the wolf attacked people, which had never happened before, and its behavior was strange, immediately aroused the suspicion that the wolf had rabies. The two injured women were sent to the General Hospital [Allgemeines Krankenhaus] in Czernowitz, by order of the regional government [Landesregierung]. They arrived there on March 19.

There followed a detailed description of the wounds of the two women. They had been treated according to Pasteur's method, but the woman had died 17 days later, and the 13-year-old maid

on the 34th day after being wounded. In both cases, there was no hope of a favorable outcome from the onset.

On October 2nd, 1892 the “Bukowinaer Rundschau” reported:

Wolves in Briaza: The bloodthirsty animals seem to have made the quiet mountain region near Briaza their headquarters, for reports of attacks by wolves are constantly coming in from there. On the night of the 25th to the 26th of last month, again a whole pack broke in, killed a vast number of bristle cattle and small livestock, and the next day repeated its foray to destroy an entire flock of sheep that were grazing on a nearby mountain. The owner of these sheep, a certain Georgi Huzak, died within 10 hours because of the horror. It is time for the government to take appropriate steps to eradicate this terrible plague.

The “Innsbrucker Nachrichten” printed on January 10, 1893:

Torn apart by wolves: From Bukovina it is reported that wolves come into the village in large numbers and cause significant damage. In Gurahumora, Wasyl Munteana, a laborer, was attacked by wolves and completely eaten. Only the boots of the unfortunate man were found.

The “Bukowinaer Rundschau” of February 23, 1893 wrote:

Wolves: Between the 15th to the 20th of last month, 10 to 15 packs of wolves appeared in Fundul-Moldowi and caused great damage by attacking the herd of cattle, and despite shots fired by the shepherds, mauled a significant number of large and small livestock. A drive hunt in that area would bring the desired success.

On April 10, 1894, the “Bukowinaer Post” reported:

From Wama we received a letter: „The numerous and insatiable wolves in our district, to which a very large number of domestic animals fall victim every year, have found their match in the k. k. Forst- and Domänenverwalter [imperial and royal forest and domain administrator], Mr. A. Luczeskul in Wama. This gentleman succeeded in bringing down 3 adult wolves, including a pregnant she-wolf, and 2 foxes in the forest area of Salatruk on the 8th of this month. The joy with which this was greeted by the population, can easily be guessed, if one considers the large number of domestic animals that would have fallen victim to these predators. It would be in the best interest of cattle owners to take similar measures to control the prevalence of this predatory animal in other forests as well.

Part 2 to follow in the next newsletter

BUKOVINA SOCIETY
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