

Pioneers

The Busch and Berning
Families of
LaMoure County
North Dakota
1905

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Archival Collection at North Dakota Historical Society Bismarck ND

Nearly 1000 photos and much written information are part of the Busch-Berning Collection at the North Dakota Historical Society in Bismarck ND. The Direct link is <https://www.history.nd.gov/archives/manuscripts/inventory/11082.html>.

**Note to My Generation (I'm 70)
...and to my children's generation**

Page 2
JULY, 2010

From
my
files

Re-
presented
January
2023

"There were times when help would be needed by a neighbor and a white dish towel would be hung on the corner of the house and either a neighbor came quickly, or maybe a passerby, but [those were] few and far between at the time."

Marie Gourde Byszewski, Grafton ND, memories written about 1976
Highlighted in her memories in the book "400 Years", p. 292

I pulled down the boxes and 'attacked' the 400 Years family history project in September, 2009. I was not naïve. I knew what was ahead. I had done a similar project about my mothers family beginning in 1993, ending with a 350 page book in August, 2005. I knew.... As I've been telling people, the end of a project like this must be a lot like being 9 ½ months pregnant: it's time to be over.

And now it is...maybe.

(400 YEARS)

As I was re-reading, and then typing, and then attempting to organize all of the material that makes up this publication, something important occurred to me: "old days" history progressed slowly enough, and I am old enough, so that I and others of my generation actually experienced the end of the Old Days. We knew how these Old Days were, through our own experience and that of our parents, grandparents and their generation, people who lived their entire lives in what truly were the olden days. **None of our kids have that luxury. Direct memories of those truly old days will end with us.**

My parents have long since departed this earth, as have almost all of their generation.

If the stories of the old days are to live on in any form, the task is up to those of us from my generation to write down, or record our voices or images in other ways, what we remember from those days when horses were still used on farms, before television, and on and on and on. If we don't, no one will. Our kids generation needs to join the task, by asking us what we remember about what they're curious about. We need to work together on this.

Marie's recollection (above), written when she was probably about 60 years old (I don't know her birthdate, but I think I'm close) is just a single example of those old, simple, and to the younger generation, truly incomprehensible stories of the past.

It is, today, fashionable to dismiss the past as irrelevant: It "is so yesterday", as a younger person might say. But out of that simplicity and often hardship (the Great Depression, and including a new kind of hardship and stress with WWII) came many basic learnings that will, unfortunately, I believe, be useful in the future...it is up to us to remember and convey those lessons - and to not forget them ourselves.

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www.peacesites.org
www.outsidethewalls.org/blog Thoughts Towards A Better World.org

www.AMillionCopies.info

Individually and together, we can!

Over

Heritage: some thought starters (random order)

Oct. 2011

- | | | |
|--|--|---------------------------------|
| 1. Graveyard* | What memories do you have about your <u>Heritage</u> your <u>Culture</u> ? what will be your legacy to those who come after? | 22. Holidays |
| 2. Artifact | | 23. Sayings/Folk Wisdom |
| 3. Food/Recipe | | 24. Significant Accomplishment |
| 4. Photo | | 25. Inherited mannerisms/traits |
| 5. Dance | | 26. Family Secrets |
| 6. Religion | | 27. Letters |
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| 10. War/Peace | | 31. Medical/Disease |
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| 13. Country of Origin | | 34. Hobbies |
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| 16. Occupation/Work | | 37. Tools/Utensils/Kitchen |
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| 20. Tradition | | 41. Water |
| 21. Dates/Places | 42. Men's roles | |
| | | 43. Women's roles |

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her'it-āj, n. [OFr. *heritage*, an inheritance, from *heriter*; LL. *hereditare*, to inherit, from L. *hereditas*, inheritance, from *heres*, an heir.]

1. property that is or can be inherited.
2. (a) something handed down from one's ancestors or the past, as a characteristic, a culture, tradition, etc.; (b) the rights, burdens, or status resulting from being born in a certain time or place; birthright.
3. in the Bible, (a) the chosen people of God; Israelites; (b) the Christian church. As being lords over God's heritage. —1 Pet. v. 3.

cul'ture, n. [Fr. *culture*, from L. *cultura*, cultivation, care, from *cultus*, pp. of *colere*, to till.]

5. improvement, refinement, or development by study, training, etc.
6. the training and refining of the mind, emotions, manners, taste, etc.
7. the result of this; refinement of thought, emotion, manners, taste, etc.
8. the concepts, habits, skills, art, instruments, institutions, etc. of a given people in a given period; civilization.

Blog re-titled ThoughtsTowardsABetterWorld.org. (2022)

* A Graveyard Story: *All remain accessible.*
<http://www.outsidethewalls.org/blog/2009/06/21/>

There are many other stories, for example: "Tin Types" (Oct 4, 2011) and several Heritage Commentaries beginning Oct 5, 2011, also click on Quebec/French-Canadian archive category.

At <http://chez-nous.net/fr.html> are items about A French-Canadian family. **BERNARD/COLLETTE**
At <http://chez-nous.net/about.html> about a North Dakota German American family. **BUSCH/BERNING.**

Much More on the French in Midwest
At <http://fahfminn.org/>



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ZIMMANN

Remembering 100 years: 1905-2005

PIONEERS:

The Busch and Berning Families of LaMoure County North Dakota

Compiled, edited & written by

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December, 1991,

June and August, 1993.

Summer, 2005

April, 2006

July 2011

April 2006 Edition

Some Photos and stories on the web:

CHEZ-NOUS.NET

THOUGHTSTOWARDSABETTERWORLD.ORG/BLOG.

UPDATED

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PREFACE to the 2005 Edition

August 22, 2005

No book happens on its own, not even low budget, free-lance, home-published family histories like this!

I have to thank Cathy, my spouse, who suffered through the mess of the last two months...when you do a project like this, there is paper everywhere.

And I have to thank the every member of the Busch and Berning families. Without the willingness to provide information over the years, this book would never have come into existence.

Special thanks to the many people who wrote the letters, and kept them, and allowed them to be passed along for posterity.

Special thanks also for those who took out a camera, took a photograph, however imperfect, kept the photos, and (for the most part) took the time somewhere along the line to label what the photos were about.

Extra special thanks to all of those family members who, when asked, took the time to write down what they remembered about farm life in North Dakota.

Ditto to everyone else who contributed something I've overlooked.

Thank you all. And enjoy the book, with all its errors, typos, etc (let me know about them when you find them: dick@chez-nous.net.)

After the 1993 reunion, in a note to those who attended that event, I made note of a comment made, then, by Bill Berning, of the August & Betty Berning clan. Bill noted the extensive record of the family of the past, contrasted against fewer letters and more phone calls then – hence less of a record for future histories.

We could not have imagined, even as recently as 1993, the explosion in ever more sophisticated electronic communication, almost all of it instant, and (unless the FBI or Homeland Security is looking for the goods on you) instantly disappeared from the future record.

As I type here, on the morning of August 22, 2005, I am using a computer in which I can make corrections and changes instantly, and no one will ever know how many changes I made in this text.

Our ancestors, when they wrote 1905 letters, some of which you will read in this volume, wrote in pencil, sometimes by candlelight. They did not have paper to waste, and likely made their first draft their final draft. They knew their letter wouldn't be received for a few days, and they couldn't expect a response for a few more. They did

not have the capability for even telephone contact (though it began in rural Wisconsin just a few months after Fred and Rosa moved to the prairies, in 1905).

Our ancestors did generate a written record, and its here for you to enjoy.

What will our descendants have to remember about us who live in the digital era, where most everything is instant, and temporary?

Work at writing a real letter, with a stamp, once in awhile. And make a practice of keeping those letters which you receive, and after a while give them back to the people who sent them to you. That way someone, 100 years from now, might be able to bring some life to something that you – and they - thought was insignificant.

Enjoy the book.

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www.chez-nous.net/about.html (Busch-Berning photos and stories)

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A note to those with the 1993 Edition of this book:

Probably a majority of this book is either new or substantially revised. Even within the family stories, which are the same as before, Mary Brehmer wrote a long second chapter in the late 1990s. Mel Berning has added a few comments to his memories.

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* - After the book was completed in 2005, a description of the first Mass at St. John's in Berling (ca 1915); and a handwritten history of Assumption church in Dickey were discovered. These documents are found, unnumbered, immediately following page 54 and preceding page 55.

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The Busch and Berning Families

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Untold Stories

One evening during the 1994 Busch-Berning Reunion at Sinsinawa, Dad, then a spry 86, called us together for a family meeting at our motel in Dubuque.

It became clear that this was, for Dad, a very serious meeting. He said he wanted to tell us something important about his past. You could feel the tension in the room. Did we have a sibling somewhere who we'd never heard of? Had he done hard time for 'grand theft, auto'? What was ahead seemed pretty bad.

Dad told his story. Seemed that when he was in school, years earlier, he'd had to repeat a grade, and he was ashamed of that. He needed to get rid of that secret. The tension lightened rapidly. Was that all? Yes. In a sense, Dad had created a monster in his mind out of what was really an insect. And held it within for most of his adult life.

Were there other untold stories from Dad's past? Who knows. I doubt, 11 years later, that he could have told us anything that evening that would have lessened him in our hearts. He'd earned his stripes. He'd certainly made his parenting mistakes, but we all seem to have survived them. He could have told us much worse stories, I think, and I doubt we'd have deserted him.

So it goes for most of us. We all have our untold stories which, if told, would add an important dimension to our lives...make us more real. Truth be told, we're all in some way abnormal...which is to say, normal is abnormal!

A few years later after the Dubuque conversation, I took on an assignment to write an autobiography. The task seemed simple: One page and one picture for each year of my life. I made a decision to handwrite the assignment, to not sugar coat my role in my own life (in other words, admit assorted screwups, betrayals, and other things of which I was not especially proud), and finally to share the resulting work with my kids. The latter part made me a bit nervous: how would this be received, I thought. I'd spent my life basically trying to look good, and now I set about exposing some of my faults..

Assignment finished, I copied the document and gave it to each of my children. The first to respond, almost immediately, was the one who had helped create a few more gray hairs on his Dad's head during his teenage years. He was grateful that I had done the book, and shared it with him. He had been chasing an ideal - me - that really didn't exist...since I had never revealed to him my own humanity, a humanity he shared, imperfectly.

We all have secrets. This family has secrets. The purpose of this book is not to air the dirty laundry, or to rate our family on a perfection scale from bad to good.

But I would recommend considering talking a bit openly about what you know, but choose not to say, about the reality of this family. It will be of assistance to future generations to know, as Paul Harvey always said "the rest of the story".



Epilogue...and Prologue Cinderella Man

At the end of July, 2005,, 'up at the lake' near Brainerd, I began the task of reading over 100 family letters written in 1905-06 to my North Dakota grandmother and grandfather from, mostly, their siblings in faraway Wisconsin. The letters make up an important chapter of this book.

The letters gave life to the history our ancestors were living 100 years ago. As I read, the letters became like a mosaic of tiny pieces put together. Close up, by themselves, they said little. Together, viewed from a little distance and 100 years later, they vividly told a story of a distant time. Having viewed the entire picture, it became easier to give even more life to each one of the pieces.

It happened that, during the process of reading these letters, two daughters and two grandkids, ages three and five, were with us, so my thoughts were not only to the 100 years past, but to the 100 years in the future, when the descendants of those grandkids might possibly have found a dusty copy of this book, and were looking back at those old days of the early and mid-1900s.

What would be their circumstances 100 years from now? What would be their thoughts about that ancient time? About my generation in 2005? Would there even be a humanity to remember us 100 years from now?

In those 100 letters there was only one reference to an automobile, and that one reference was a hilarious sentence about an encounter with that automobile on a country road near Dubuque, Iowa. Oil's greatest utility then, was probably as grease. During the year of letters, the telephone came to rural Wisconsin for the first time. And on and on and on.

Those letters revealed my grandfather, then 25 years old, as a man on the move...he was going to be somebody. His father was a reasonably successful farmer, his uncle already a land entrepreneur who, by the 1920s, would be talking about visits to look at land in places like Mexico and Miami. (Those letters are in this volume as well.) When I finished those 100 year old letters, it was obvious that Grandpa had the determination and the gifts to make his mark. His spouse, my grandmother, then only 21, was equally spirited.

I knew, of course, much of the rest of their story following 1906.

Things tooled along quite well for this farm family until 25 years later when The Great Depression and the Dirty Thirties hit them with a vengeance. They almost lost the farm, with their salvation being one daughter, Lucina, who had a job and could at least help pay the taxes due on the land.

I can get a sense of how bad it was for them, then, by an absence of a certain kind of data.

They were a family that tended to document life with an old box camera...if relatives came, there would usually be a group photo before the relatives went home...that sort of thing.

But I have thus far found only two photos from the 1930s: both are of my parents wedding in 1937. And I know from previous stories that initially my parents could not even afford to buy those photos. The 1930s for millions were hard times far beyond even the imagination of those who try to imagine hard times.

Which leads me to Cinderella Man, the movie which moved me to write this impromptu essay:

We went to Cinderella Man a couple of weeks after the time at the lakes. It is, for those who haven't seen it, about "the Cinderella Man", James Braddock, once World Champion heavyweight boxer from hardscrabble Bergen NJ. (If you haven't seen the movie, do. You can even despise boxing, and get the point of this wonderful movie.)

Braddock, succinctly, went from modest boxing success in the 1920s, to the soup lines and near destitution of the 1930s, back to Heavyweight Champion of the World in the darkest days of the Depression. He was a man who, if the movie is at all true to his life, everyone could love. And a person everyone of us might emulate. At one point in the film, someone in that dark theatre spontaneously applauded.

This is how I saw Braddock when I walked out of the theatre that August day: loyal, hard-working, confident, compassionate, risk-taking, fearless, generous, humble and a whole host of other positive words. I could say ditto for his wife, Mae.

At the end of the movie, they summarized what happened as life went on for Braddock and his family.

Suffice to say, I wish I had been able to live down the street and get to know them as people.

Do seek out this movie, if you haven't yet seen it. Or read a little about James Braddock, who Damon Runyon dubbed the Cinderella Man....

In a sense, Braddock reminded me of Grandpa and Grandma – from up to down to up again, though never again, probably, coming even close to their earlier dreams of 1905. They dealt with the unintended and imposed circumstances of life as best they could.

But the letters, the grandkids, and the movie together had another impact on me.

Here, 100 years later in the summer of 2005, Oil dominates the national conversation, not only the price at the pump, but the war in Iraq, and other wars perhaps still to come to supposedly protect the "American Way of Life", part of which is our own cars. It is said by some who know that we have reached 'peak oil', which means that in little less than 150 years we have discovered basically all the oil there is to find, and only about half of that is left. We are dependent on a disappearing resource almost all of it far away in other countries; in 1905, we had a huge abundance of this resource, and the U.S. was one of, if not the only, producer of this novel fuel, petroleum. We need to reflect. We can't use more of a diminishing resource for long.

This line of conversation can go on and on, to other things we take for granted, which may not be around even in our own lifetimes. What will be left for these readers who found this history in some box in 2105? We individually will have a lot to say about that.

We are all integral actors in this moment in time, but how we act individually and as a society will profoundly impact on those unknown descendants and their companions on planet earth will be the ones looking back at what we did 100 years ago - today.

What will they say about us?

Have a great life.

Dick Bernard
August 23, 2005

MINNEAPOLIS
StarTribune Editorial

AUG. 27,
2005

www.startribune.com/opinion

e-mail: opinion@startribune.com

Oil's peak

The end may be nearer, it seems

Until recently, opinion on the future of world oil supplies was dominated by two views. One group of experts held that production would decline fairly soon, within a couple of decades at most. Another group argued that the crude would keep flowing for generations, thanks to ever-advancing detection and drilling technologies.

Either way, the scenario was for a gradual and orderly transition to fuels of the future. Now a third perspective is gaining both popular attention and professional respect — the notion that oil's decline will be sharp and uncontrolled, following a peak that may be more or less at hand.

This "peak oil" theory is neither new — some geologists think the world has already passed the high point of recoverable reserves — nor universally accepted. But it is gaining ground as world demand surges, especially in China and India, and as the most important supplier shows signs of strain.

Pretty much everything about Saudi Arabia's oil reserves and production rates is a state secret. This leaves its customers to rely on promises and assurances that can't be checked, from officials whose self-interest can't be ignored.

But one American petroleum expert and industry consultant, Matthew Simmons, sifted through a couple of hundred obscure engineering papers and found clear signs of trouble at Ghawar, the biggest oil field in Saudi Arabia and, so far, the world.

Simmons thinks the Saudis are about to hit their peak production, if they haven't already. This is horrible news for a global oil economy that is relying on Saudi promises to boost production from 10 million barrels a day currently to 12.5 million by 2009 and then 15 million within several years. And, as an article by Peter Maass in last Sunday's New York Times Magazine noted, Simmons is not alone in challenging those pledges — even some in Saudi Arabia have their doubts.

A recently retired top manager in the Saudi oil enterprise told Maass that 15 million barrels a day might not be sustainable, and that U.S. government forecasts of 22.5 million barrels by 2025 can't possibly be met. Anyway, the Saudi said, the problem isn't how slowly his countrymen boost production, it's how quickly consumption is growing. The global appetite has been swelling by at least 2 billion barrels a year, a pace that would require bringing two new

Obviously it would be catastrophic if the flow of petroleum products came to a sudden halt, or even if supplies remained steady but prices climbed to double or triple today's levels. Economies would stagger; some would collapse. Famines and mass migrations would ensue. Wars have been fought over much less.

Saudi Arabias on line every decade.

Back in Washington, a study commissioned by the U.S. government's National Energy Technology Laboratory found no reason to "expect that exploration success will dramatically improve in the future." The world is moving into an era in which, experts found, new reserves are more than offset by growing demand — "one of a number of trends that suggest the world is fast approaching the inevitable peaking of conventional world oil production."

What would that peak be like? Obviously it would be catastrophic if the flow of petroleum products came to a sudden halt, or even if supplies remained steady but prices climbed to double or triple today's levels. Economies would stagger; some would collapse. Famines and mass migrations would ensue. Wars have been fought over much less.

Because it's the nature of oil fields to go into steep declines after reaching their peak, this clearly is not a problem that can be solved — or perhaps even postponed — by drilling new wells. Sooner or later, the United States and every other industrial nation will have to make the switch from oil to renewable alternatives. The advantage will belong to those who act soonest to develop the fuels and technologies of the future.

Just now, the sky-high gas prices are making biofuels more competitive. But even if they were to recede tomorrow to the levels of the early 1990s, there would still be cause for the U.S. government, U.S. companies and U.S. citizens to invest far more aggressively in the necessities of a post-petroleum era — which may be arriving sooner than we like to think.

... and we can't ignore Hurricanes Katrina & possibilities that hurricanes and such might connect to Global Warming

X

NOTE: This data is best available as of August, 2005. Please send changes to Dick Bernard (son of Esther Busch) at dick@chez-nous.net or 6905 Romeo Road Woodbury MN 55125

THE BUSCH AND BERNING FAMILIES OF BERLIN, NORTH DAKOTA
Wilhelm BUSCH and Barbara HEIM **George BERNING and Christine VOSBERG**

Ferdinand BUSCH & Rosa Berning
12/4/1880 1/28/1884
3/17/1967 8/3/1972
married at Sinsinawa WI 2-28-1905
moved to North Dakota 1905

August BERNING & Christina Busch
11/12/1879 3/26/1886
4/ 4/1961 4/12/1950
married at Kieler WI 11-13-1906
moved to North Dakota 1907

Lucina (1-03-07 - ~~7-6~~¹⁹96)

Irwin (died at 6 mos)
Irene (12-07-08 - 7-15-94)

Esther (7-27-09 - 8-20-81)

Lillian (2-08-10 - 12-20-99)

Verena (3-21-12 - 5-2-27)
Mary (9-26-13 - 5-2-03)

Cecilia (11-24-12 - 3-11-98)

Rose (11-01-14 - 1-6-98)

George (1-11-16 - ~~7~~⁶23-79)

August (11-12-16 - 07-03-65)

Florence (11-3-18 - 5-24-96)

Hyacinth (11-16-18 - 12-7-02)

Edith (7-20-20)

Ruby & Ruth (9-25-20)
(Ruth died in infancy) **RUBY (7-5-2016)**
(Family to Dubuque IA 1920)
Rufine (2-21-22) **(9-8-2007)**

Vincent (1-06-25) **(2-2-2015)**

Agnes (Sr M. Catherine)
(1-18-24 - 3-23-81)
Anita (Ann) (10-20-25) **(1-25-2013)**

Arthur (10-16-27) dec 2-23-11

Melvin (4-13-28) **(3-22-2019)**

(Family returned to ND 1933)

NOTE: This data is the best available as of August, 2005. If you have additional information, please contact Dick Bernard (son of Esther Busch) at dick@chez-nous.net or 6905 Romeo Road Woodbury MN 55125-2421

THE BROTHERS AND SISTERS OF FRED, ROSA, AUGUST, & CHRISTINA

(Much of the data on these families is missing. Your help is solicited)

Children of Wilhelm Busch and

(10/23/1849 - 12/9/1942)

Barbara Heim

(11/7/1854 - 7/8/1926)

married 11-23-1875

Ferdinand (12/4/1880)*

married Rosa BERNING

(see genealogy)

Leonard

married Stella RUNDE

Almeda married Howard LENT

Don (Lois, Dennis, Cari, Dianne, Ken); Jim (div) Linda,

Russell; Mary Jean (Vern HARTMAN, Tom, Ricky, Dan);

Joe (Janet HIRSCH, Benjamin, Jennifer)

Bernell married Mary Jane STEIL

Merlin married Pat TAFT

Mary Christine (Tina) (3/26/1887)

married August BERNING

(see genealogy)

William (Bachelor)

Cecilia

married Eldo CHINBERG

Hyacinth

married Theodore CHASE

Vincent Married Mary ACCOLA

Lillian married ? TIMMERMAN

Thegabell married ? ANDERSON

Rosaire married ? AHLERS

Frank

married Adeline KAISER

? Henry 3-7-85 – 2-17-88

? Maggie 9-7-87 – 5-31-99

← EUGENE, LARRY, GERRY

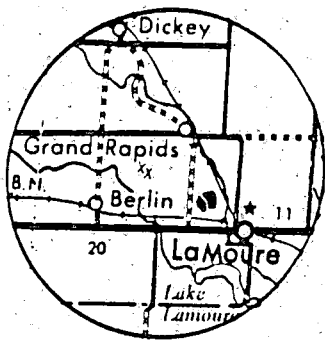
* - This genealogy is very much a work in progress with many unanswered questions. See Henry Busch's letter of Feb 14, 1924 and Glenn Busch's records for some clues in this book. Search for Busch baptismal and other records at the churches in Cuba City and Benton Wisconsin has not been fruitful.

Note: This data is best available as of August, 2005. If you have any additional information, please send on to Dick Bernard (son of Esther Busch) at www.chez-nous.net or 6905 Romeo Road, Woodbury MN 55125-2421

Children of George and
(7-20-1844 – 5/28/1921)

Christine (Vosberg) Berning
(1848 – 10/21/1931)

Anna Maria (1/21/1872 - 1/22/1872)
Maria (9/4/72 - 9/5/72)
Christina Louise (6/28/73 - 10/14/77)
Catherine Margaret (12/19/74 - 6/26/61) married (6/11/1895) Herman Placke
(2/5/1868 – 10/17/57)
Evelyn (6/19/1896 - 11/7/1967) (Nun)
Benedict (5/22/1898 - 7/29/1957)
Mary Clara (12/2/1897 - 3/7/1901)
Clara (8/12/1901 - 3/29/1988) married (7/19/27) Art Budden
(11/2/00 – 1/18/90)
Rose (9/21/1902 - 9/3/1972) married (9/12/33) Fred Pastoret
(3/7/02 – 9/3/72)
Leo (10/4/1904 - 10/11/1985)
Henry (5/28/1906 - 1/22/1972)
Francis (7/17/1908 - 4/7/1977) married (5/20/37) Calista Risselman
→ dec Apr 30, 2010 (5/20/19 – 10/19/86)
Lucina (1/10/1910) married (5/22/34) Henry Stangl (7/11/04 – 6/20/36)
William (6/1/1911 - 4/14/1984)
Florence (8/4/1913) - married (9/16/40) George Droessler
(2/22/12 – 2/12/79)
Marion (8/1/1916) (4-7-2015)
Helene (Lena) (8/19/76 - 9/1/1931) married (5/31/11) Art Parker (- 9/4/52)
Emma Marie (11/8/77 - 6/18/97)
August Henry (11/12/79 - 4/4/61) married Christine Busch
(see genealogy)
Julia Elizabeth (12/28/81 - 8/2/1942)
Mary Emily (4/28/08 – 4/13/2005)
Rosa Catherine (11/28/84 - 8/3/72) married Fred Busch
(see genealogy)
Cecilia Catherine (3/26/86 - 10/14/73) married (1/10/17) Frank Lang
(2/8/84 – 12/18/82)
Raymond Henry (4/25/88 - 6/24/90)
Bertha 1/17/90 - /71 married (1/14/13) Otto Hoppmann 1/13/89 – 1936
& (6/24/44) Henry Lebben
Lidwina 10/16/93 - 2/4/81 married Alfred Buckingham (1892 – 11/29/65)



Busch-Berning Reunion - July 3, 1993

at Grand Rapids ND Memorial Park & the farm (homesteaded by Ferdinand & Rosa Busch)
 c/o Richard Bernard, 7632 157th Street W, Apple Valley, MN 55124
 Telephone: 612-891-5791

THE BUSCH-BERNING SONGBOOK

In May, 1993, family members were asked to suggest the names of two songs for use at the family reunion. Earlier, some family members, in their histories (reprinted elsewhere in this book) also listed some songs regularly played and sung at home.

Music was a very important part of the life of the families. The following songs may bring back some good memories to the reader:

Songs talked about in Mary (Busch) Brehmers history:

- Whispering
- Red Wing
- Beautiful Dreamer
- When The Moon Comes Over The Mountain
- Home On The Range
- Pennies From Heaven

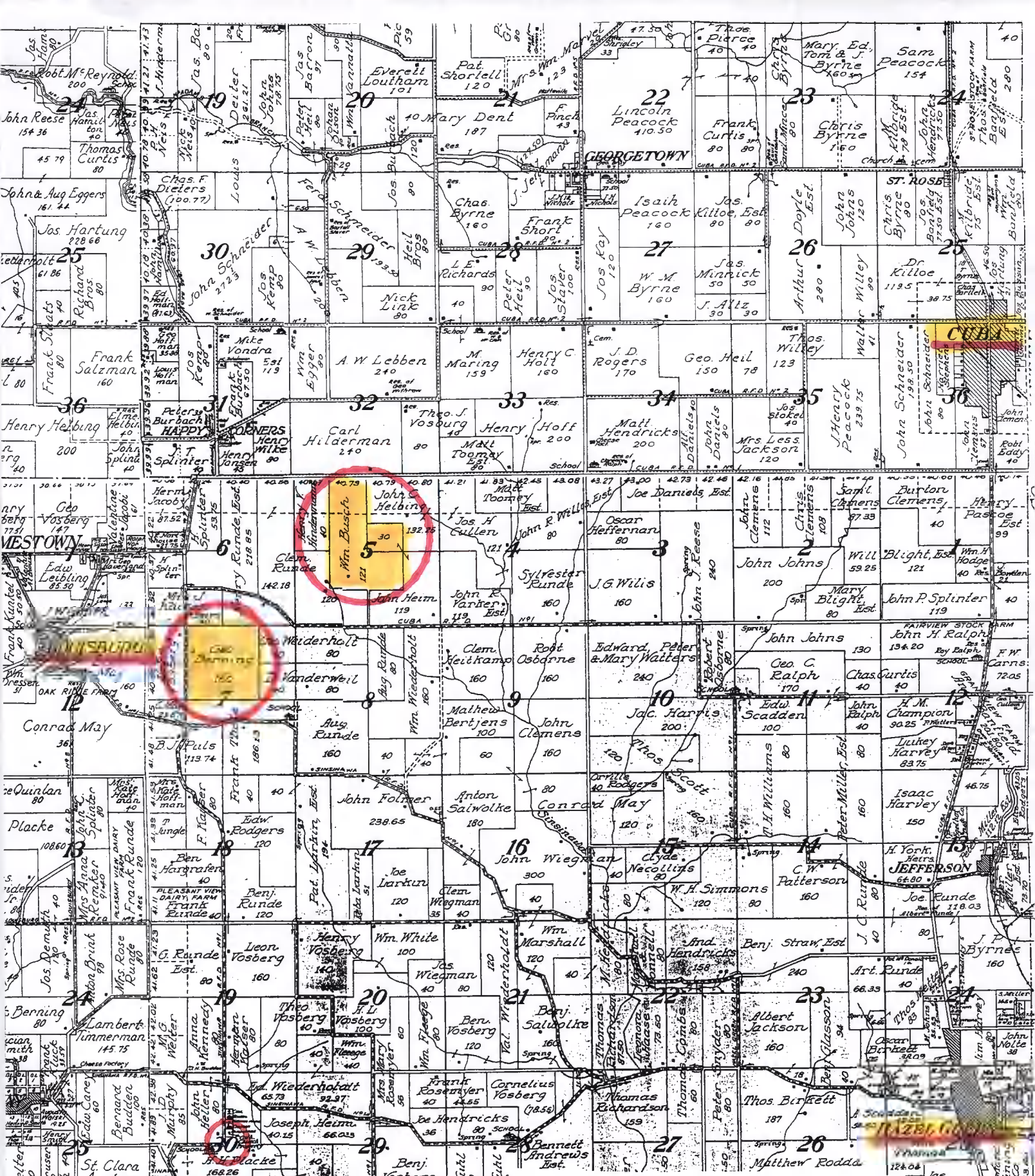
Songs talked about in Ruby (Berning) Fitzgeralds history:

- Shine On Harvest Moon
- There's An Old Spinning Wheel In The Parlor
- Rain, When You Gonna Rain Again, Rain
- Red Wing

Other songs offered from Busch/Berning family relations May, 1993:

- Rockin' Robin
- I Will Follow Him
- Indian Love Call
- Listen To The Mocking Bird
- Santa Lucia
- Amazing Grace
- Blowing In The Wind
- When The Saints Go Marching In
- Walking In A Winter Wonderland
- Last Night I Had The Strangest Dream
- Joshua Fought The Battle Of Jericho
- Sentimental Journey
- Shuffle Off To Buffalo
- You Are My Sunshine

- To Each His Own
- Let Me Call You Sweetheart
- Swing Down Sweet Chariot
- Faith Of Our Fathers
- America
- Holy God We Praise Thy Name
- My Country Tis Of Thee
- Now Thank We All Our God
- Battle Hymn Of The Republic
- How Great Thou Art
- One Day At A Time
- How Great Thou Art
- Rocky Mountain High



THE HOME COUNTRY
 1918 Plat Map of Grant County WI
 Showing all of Jamestown & Hazel Green Townships
 and parts of Paris & Smelser Townships

A CHRONOLOGY: A CENTURY SEEN BY THE BERNING'S AND BUSCH'S

The Busch and Berning families are uniquely fortunate in that many of the family members from the homestead years took the time to write down their memories. These memories are included in full on the following pages, and describe virtually every facet of rural life in LaMoure County, North Dakota, between 1905 and 1945. There is also a rich collection of letters from 1905-06 which vividly describe the transition time from Wisconsin to North Dakota, and how life was in Grant County, Wisconsin, at the time. This correspondence is summarized in the third chapter of this book.

A general history of the families, as summarized from the recollections, follows:

1900-1910: Berlin was platted in 1903 and incorporated in 1906; Fred and Leonard Busch arrived in the area 1905; Rosa, who had married Fred February 28, 1905, almost certainly joined her husband on the homestead by April, 1905. Her sister, Helena, apparently may have come along with Rosa and stayed in the area for some months. Henrietta School was already in operation in 1906; August and Christina Berning married in November 13, 1906 and came to an adjoining farm in North Dakota in 1907. Lucina and Esther Busch arrived on the scene as did Irwin and Irene Berning. Irwin passed away as an infant.

1910-1920: Verena, Mary, George & Florence Busch arrived in the Busch household; as did Lillian, Cecilia, Rose, August & Hyacinth Berning. School age kids attended nearby Henrietta school. About 1915 St. John's Catholic Church was built in Berlin. Before then, LaMoure was the nearest Catholic parish. Marion & Dickey were locations of other churches attended by Busch's and Bernings. Also about 1915, Busch's built a new barn to replace the original structure. Fred Busch registered for the draft in WWI; Esther Busch almost died of the World War I flu; Soldiers Memorial Park in Grand Rapids was incorporated in 1918 and the first caretakers were Art & Lena Parker. Lena was Rosa and August Berning's sister. Farming was good during these years. But the Leonard Busch family threw in the towel with North Dakota as their land was subject to recurrent hail storms and they too frequently lost their crop.

1920-1930: Edith, Vince and Art Busch were born; as were Ruby and her twin, Ruth (who died in infancy), Rufina, Agnes, Anita and Melvin Berning. In 1920, the Bernings had moved back to Dubuque IA where August went to work in the Brunswick Radio Factory. They lived at 1405 Lincoln Ave. The farm was kept in the family and rented. Lucina & Esther Busch completed high school at St. John's Academy in Jamestown. Both took college training and went into teaching, beginning a tradition of public school teaching in the family. Fred Busch ran for public office. As reported in the May 29, 1924 LaMoure Chronicle "[a]nother surprise was the filing of F.W. Busch as a candidate for county auditor. Mr. Busch is a prominent and substantial farmer of Henrietta township and this is his first plunge into the political maelstrom." Fred lost the election, which apparently was quite in line with the wishes of Rosa, his wife. (See Mary Brehmers memories.) The election returns by town are printed as Appendix A. In 1925

Berlin High School began operation and became alma mater for many of the Busch and Berning children. Times were relatively prosperous, but the 1929 stock market crash was the harbinger of very bad times to come. And Verena Busch's death in 1927 was a time of deep sadness for both families. At about the time Verena died, the Busch's added the addition to the original farmhouse which later visitors would identify as the living room and back bedroom. About this time, Esther Busch recalled, Busch's purchased a used piano from someone, and it was well used for many, many years. Irene Berning's marriage in 1928 is the first marriage for any of the Busch-Berning siblings-cousins.

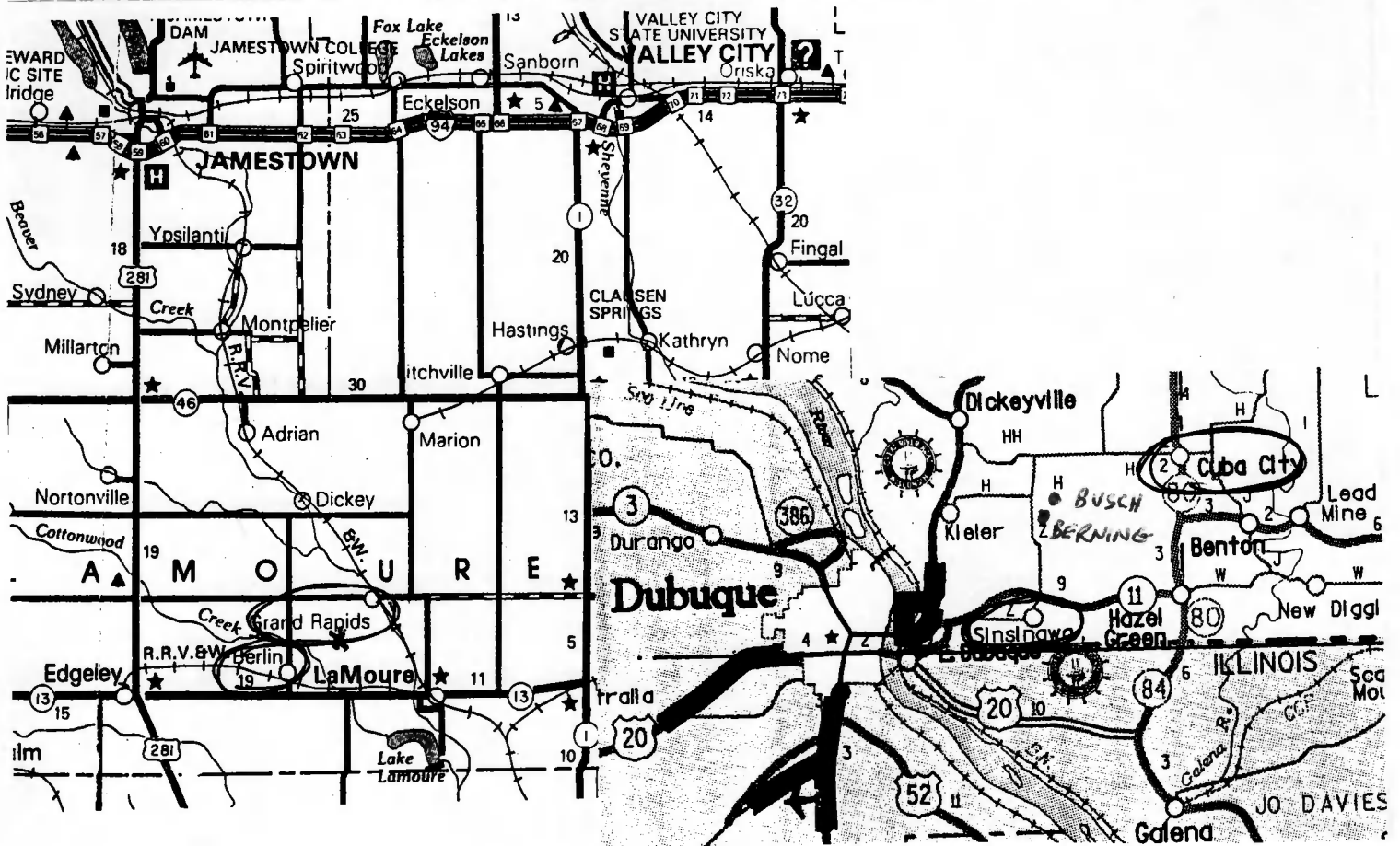
1930-1940: "The Dirty Thirties" and the Great Depression combined to make very tenuous times on the prairie. Drought and grasshoppers made for some grim reaping. Bernings, however, returned to the farm in 1933 since at least they could possibly grow food to eat - the factory at which August worked was closed and there was inadequate work in Dubuque. Mary, George, Florence and Edith Busch graduated from Berlin High School, as did Ruby and Rufina Berning. Lillian Berning, Esther and Lucina Busch married in this decade. George, Florence, and later Mary went on to college and to teaching. August Busch entered the Marines after working with the Civilian Conservation Corps.

1940-1950: The War Years, at least for the United States, began with Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941. Esther Busch's brother-in-law Frank Peter Bernard is killed aboard the USS Arizona at Pearl Harbor. Good crop years began again, but rural areas were unable to find adequate numbers of farm workers. August Berning rose to Captain in Marines and saw combat in the Pacific. Vince and Art Busch graduated from Berlin high school; as did Anita and Melvin Berning. Agnes graduated from St. John's Academy in Jamestown and became a nun. George Busch graduated from college in 1942 and after a summer at home on the farm became a naval officer on the destroyer Woodworth in the South Pacific for the last three years of the War. Rose's husband, and Georgia & Christine's father, George Molitor was killed in action over Italy three weeks before VE day. Art was drafted into the Army after high school and later went on to college. Melvin went to college. By the end of the 1940s most of the family members had left home for other places and occupations. Many married. The farms became places for children and grandchildren to visit. In 1949 a severe windstorm blew the roof off of Fred & Rosa's barn - very shortly after Fred allowed the insurance to lapse.

1950-1960: The families had generally left the farms, except for Fred, Rosa, Vince and Edith; and Christina and August Berning. Christina passed away at the beginning of the decade. August soon left the farm living with his daughters until he remarried and moved to LaMoure. Mel served in the Korean War. The Berning farm became history and the buildings were either demolished or moved. The last Berlin High School senior class graduated in 1959. At the Busch farm life continued as usual. Fred Busch obtained a patent on two devices to aid with farming. His sickle sharpener was patented in 1956. (The actual patent on this device, as well as a photo, is included in Appendix B) Fred also apparently patented a wild oats separator. A photo of this device is in the photo pages. During the 1950s some of the Busch grandchildren began to come

for portions of the summer to help. Sputnik was launched in October, 1957, and was a sought after sight in the brilliant night sky over the farm (it tumbled through space, and thus seemed to blink off and on. Newspapers carried daily accounts of its path across the heavens.) The Berlin depot was sold to Fred Busch in 1957, who then moved it to the farm where it became two storage buildings.

1960-2005: August Berning passed away in Edgeley in 1961; and Fred Busch passed away in 1967 at the farm. Rosa passed away in 1972, the last to die of the four siblings who moved to the prairie in 1905 and 1907. Vince and Edith continued to work the Busch farm. St. Johns Catholic Church closed in 1968, the Berlin school shortly thereafter. There have been many beginnings and endings to lives in the Busch and Berning family trees. In 2000 a family crew 'de-constructed' the old Busch farm house which had been vacant since 1992. In 1993 a big family reunion was held at the farm; another at Sinsinawa, Wisconsin, in 1994; and a third smaller reunion at the farm in 2005.



**BEFORE BUSCHS AND BERNINGS ARRIVED:
SETTING THE STAGE FOR THE MOVE TO NORTH DAKOTA**

"Oh, give me a home
Where the buffalo roam,
and the deer and the antelope play.
Where seldom is heard,
a discouraging word,
and the sky is not cloudy all day"

We all learned this song when very young and the significance of the words perhaps did not sink in initially. But when the Busches and the Bernings came to the North Dakota prairies in 1905 and 1907 respectively, they indeed had come to "a home where the buffalo [had] roam[ed]" - and not too long before, at that¹. They were among tens of thousands of settlers who came west, drawn by promise of inexpensive land and future prosperity. Prosperity that did not always occur.

¹ - A the farm, a couple of days before the 2005 reunion, Vincent had hay cut and baled on the original pasture east of the barn. This land has never been plowed. He said at the time that the hay was to be sold to a neighbor just to the west who raised buffalo. On August 9, 2005, came a letter from Vincent commenting in part as follows: "About three o'clock on Sunday [Aug. 7] a herd of about 30 buffal entered my soybean field [probably the one along the road, just west of the shelterbelt]. Two fighting bulls knocked down thirty feet of Shockman's fence. The whole herd escaped. The buffalo don't drive worth a darn. It took till 8:00 to get out of my field and back in the fence. The two bulls had a real go at each other in my pasture. I was within 50 feet of them."

The land between Berlin and Grand Rapids had but a few years before been the exclusive province of the buffalo and other prairie animals, and the Dakota Indians (misnamed the Sioux, which name was a derogatory term used by enemies of the Dakota) whose artifacts - arrow heads, stone hammers and the like - were found by the thousands by farmers on the prairie.

The land on which the Busches and Bernings settled was virgin prairie at the time of their settlement. It had never been plowed. The east pasture of the Busch farm remains virgin land, and if one is interested in what the land looked like where the buffalo roamed, one needs to look only at the east pasture.

What is now North Dakota had been visited as early as 1738 by Sieur Pierre de la Verendrye, a French explorer from Montreal who was searching an overland route to the western sea. It is quite likely that his expeditions passed through or near LaMoure County since specific evidence of his travels has been found near the present day Pierre, South Dakota (the capitol of South Dakota).

Other than Verendrye, incursions by whites into this area would have been rare prior to the advent of the railroad. There was fairly substantial trading traffic up and down the Missouri River following the Lewis and Clark expedition of 1803, but the interior of Dakota was largely unexploited from the outside.

The change in the area began in earnest with the advent of trade between what is now Winnipeg Manitoba and St. Paul MN. For years there had been activity by French-Canadian fur trappers and traders from the interior to Montreal. Beaver and other pelts were their main goal initially. Beginning in the early 1840s the trade began to be more concentrated towards St. Paul, which was the head of shipping down the mighty Mississippi River. The interior was becoming a commercially exploitable area, and stories about the interior began to be told downriver.

By 1844 the famous Red River Ox carts began moving commerce between the Red River town of Pembina (then Iowa Territory, later to become Dakota Territory and then North Dakota) and St. Paul. These two wheeled carts were made entirely of wood and they could be heard for miles. They followed many routes, with St. Paul as the southern terminus. The area was booming. By 1858 there were more than 1000 steamboat arrivals at the Mississippi River landings in St. Paul.

In 1853 the Stevens Expedition surveyed what was to become the route of the Northern Pacific Railroad. By 1858 steamboats were plying the Red River of the North and Fort Abercrombie had been established near Wahpeton. Stage coaches began to travel to the Red River area. St. Paul had been officially founded in 1841, and became capitol of the new state of Minnesota in 1858. The stage was set for a dramatic transition of peoples which is still being actively debated today.

The Dakota Indians, the sole population of south central North Dakota at the time of white settlement, were nomadic Indians described as "warlike". They had reason to be.

Originally, they had occupied wooded areas of Minnesota and Wisconsin, but had been some years earlier pushed to the west by the Chippewa and other tribes who benefitted by arms supplied by their new allies, the white traders from the east. The Dakota had adjusted to their new environment on the prairie and were living in harmony with nature, hostile as that nature often was.

By the end of the 1850s the Dakota had reached the end of their rope with unscrupulous traders, meaningless treaties, and an explosion of white settlement into their former Minnesota lands. Father Joseph Goiffon, then parish priest in Pembina (now North Dakota), described an 1860 buffalo hunt at the end of which a peace Council was convened between the previous enemy Metis of Red River and the Dakota: He remembered one of the grand chiefs of the different Dakota nations as saying "our grandfathers have always told us to be faithful to our ancient masters, and to be suspicious of our new neighbors, the Americans. The Americans, the English had told us, measuring their arm, would make you promises as long as your arm and give you nothing. They wished you dead." While it is unknown exactly where this peace council took place, many believe it to have been just a few miles to the northeast of the Busch-Berning farms, near the present Little Yellowstone park near Ft. Ransom ND.

In 1862, the Dakota went to war with the United States, but of course were vastly outnumbered, and rapidly put into submission. Many were hanged in Mankato MN in 1862, and even more imprisoned near Ft. Snelling the same year.

On September 3, 1863, the last major "battle" occurred between the Dakota and the Government at Whitestone Battlefield, just a few miles south of Edgeley. This battle, which in reality was a massacre by United States soldiers of an essentially peaceful buffalo hunting party, resulted in the death of 150-300 Indian men, women and children, and 20 soldiers, plus the destruction of an immense amount of the buffalo meat the Indians had been preparing for winter food. (It is worth a trip to Whitestone to see the versions of the history from then and now. In 1909, just four years after Busches and Bernings arrived, a large monument was erected to honor the fallen soldiers. It was not until years later that a monument was erected to the Indians who had, it now appears, been minding their own business and were a threat to no one.)

In 1853, the first land transaction was made in Grant County Wisconsin which involved a member of the Berning or Busch families. (Many of these transactions are listed in this book. Note table of contents.) Land was purchased by the first Heim in Grant County. Later transactions came for Vosbergs, Busches and Bernings. Wilhelm Busch arrived in the United States in 1872. (Some may have arrived earlier than 1863. It was once recalled by August Berning that his ancestors had arrived in the United States about the time of the beginning of the Civil War - 1861 - and that some of the men had gone on to Canada since they had left Germany to get away from war.)

In 1871, the Northern Pacific railroad crossed into North Dakota at Fargo, and the race was on to the west. Initially, the financiers of the NP concentrated more on transcontinental traffic than on settlement, but before long they caught on to the advantages of settlement and began promoting the area to people in the east.

The railroad promoters of all lines were prudent in protecting against the unknown, it is said. While it was very inexpensive to move to one's claim in North Dakota; if for some reason a pioneer family changed its mind, it was much more expensive to move back home. Thus many families endured life on the prairie, even through the worst privations, because it cost too much to go back.

In 1889, North Dakota and South Dakota became separate states. They had been organized as the Dakota Territory in 1862, during the Civil and Indian Wars.

The first settlement in what is now LaMoure County was Grand Rapids, where a post office was established on June 17, 1880, coincident with the establishment of the NP railroad station there. From 1881-1886, Grand Rapids was the county seat of LaMoure County; at which time the seat was moved to LaMoure. In 1890, Grand Rapids with 300 residents, and LaMoure with 309 residents, were the only towns in LaMoure County.

The 1890 census was the last census for 70 years which shows Grand Rapids with any population (people lived there, but it was an unincorporated place). The only subsequent censuses that show Grand Rapids are 1960, when it is shown as having 50 residents, and 1990, when it is shown as having a township population of 111. No population is listed in the 2000 census.

Berlin first appears as a blip on the North Dakota landscape when a rail station was established there in 1887 (LaMoure got its station in 1883, and Edgeley in 1886). Apparently, for Berlin, at least, the designation was on paper only, since old letters suggest that an actual station was not opened until 1905. Berlin got a post office in 1892, was platted in 1903, and incorporated in 1906. It first appears in the 1910 census with 137 people, the largest population the town ever had. In fact, every subsequent census showed a decline in population, with the largest decline being between 1950 and 1960 when the population dropped from 124 to 78. The 1990 census shows Berlins population as 30; in 2000 it had 'grown' to 35..

(Edgeley had 749 people in 1910, showed its largest population of 992 in 1960, and in 1990 had a population of 702 (637 in 2000). LaMoure had 929 people in 1910, showed its largest population of 1077 in 1980, and in 1990 had 958 people on its rolls (944 in 2000). Being county seat, and possessing the Navy communications facility, doubtless helped LaMoure sustain its population.)

Both the Busch and Berning parcels of land were purchased from the same source, and the abstract of title for Section 13 reveals some interesting early information and part of the history of the property:

A) the property was first conveyed from the United States to the Northern Pacific Railroad Company (NP);

B) the NP conveyed the property to Charles F. Young July 16, 1880;

C) after miscellaneous other transactions, on December 20, 1904, for consideration of \$5120 (\$16 an acre), William Busch of Grant County, Wisconsin, purchased a half-section of what was to become the Busch farm from The Citizens State Bank of Waukon, Iowa. There were two mortgages of \$1000 each at 6% interest taken on the property;

D) on December 15, 1915, for consideration of \$1.00, a quarter section of this property was conveyed from William Busch to Ferdinand Busch.

It is presumed that the Berning property had the same original history, though it is stated that August Berning earned the money to buy his quarter section from sale of lead mined on home property in Grand County..

The history of Berlin, which is quoted verbatim later in this history, says that Fred Busch came by immigrant train to Edgeley on March 21, 1905. Letters from 1905-06 tend to verify this account. They are summarized in the next chapter of this book, which comprise an 'eye-witness' account of how the transition from Wisconsin to North Dakota actually happened..

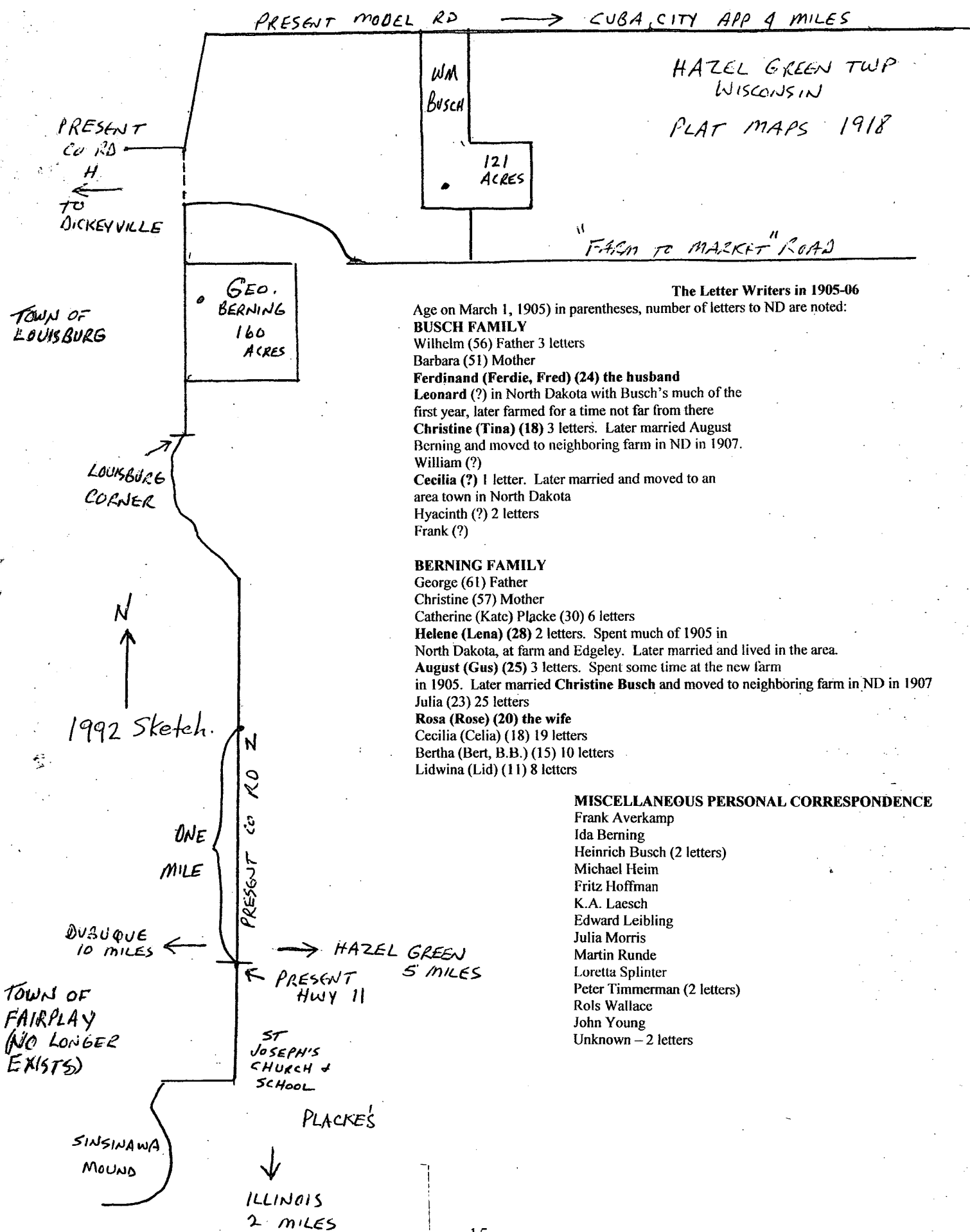
**The First Year in North Dakota:
A Time of Transition
Letters to the Berlin farm from Wisconsin and Iowa – 1905-06**

NOTE: While taking down the Busch farm home in the summer of 2000, a Karo syrup can full of old letters was found in the attic. The letters were copied and duly stored until the summer of 2005 when their contents were read for the first time since they had been written 100 years earlier. Singly and together they represent a treasury of information not only about the process of starting out a home on the then (and, some might say, still) remote prairie of North Dakota, but about contemporary rural life in 1905-06 Grant County Wisconsin.

About the Letters and Their Writers: In all, the can contained over 100 letters beginning February 27, 1905 and ending June 6, 1906. The first letters from Wisconsin – all in the same envelope - were from Lidwina, Cecilia and Julia Berning, each dated April 2, 1905. Some of the letters were as much as six pages long; others were little more than a few lines on one side of a sheet of paper. They came from 35 different people, though a majority of the family letters came from two of the correspondents who seemed to like to write. In all, the letters total 307 pages of writing, all but six in pencil. (Of the remainder four were hand-typed business letters, the other two written with ink pen.) A list of who wrote the letters and their relative ages at the time of writing is on the last page of this chapter. The first letter from Rosa Busch's elder sister Kate Placke, dated April 12, 1905, is reprinted in this chapter, as well as letters from August Berning, and Christina and her father Wilhelm Busch, since they give a representative view of the tone of the letters generally. Kate's letter in particular also provides an interesting historical perspective of the beginning of German settlement of Grant County WI.

Virtually all of the correspondence is from members of farm families, Berning's primarily, but also Busch's and some others. Their general content is very similar to the letters from the Busch farm from 1942 and 1944-45, in another section of this book. That this is so should not be surprising. The letters describe farming, gardening, social relationships, neighbors, activities, crops, livestock. They are mostly written by women living on the farm. (The Berning family had eight daughters and only one son.) These were farm people talking to farm people, and while machinery became more sophisticated in the 40 years between 1905 and 1945, in both eras horses were important farm animals, milking was done by hand, and the kinds of crops grown was fairly similar (though the Wisconsin folks were intrigued by the flax seed sent from North Dakota by the Busch's. Apparently flax was not a well recognized crop there at the time.) Growing conditions were fairly similar from 1905 Wisconsin to 1940s North Dakota, though southwest Wisconsin was rainier and a bit milder.

None of the letters mention politics in any sense of that word. Part of the reason is that 1905-06, then, would have been an 'off year' for elections. Probably more important, though, is that most of the letter writers were women, and women's suffrage – the right to vote – was 15 years in the future. Politics was for men, then.



The Letter Writers in 1905-06

Age on March 1, 1905) in parentheses, number of letters to ND are noted:

BUSCH FAMILY

- Wilhelm (56) Father 3 letters
- Barbara (51) Mother
- Ferdinand (Ferdie, Fred) (24) the husband**
- Leonard (?) in North Dakota with Busch's much of the first year, later farmed for a time not far from there
- Christine (Tina) (18) 3 letters. Later married August Berning and moved to neighboring farm in ND in 1907.
- William (?)
- Cecilia (?) 1 letter. Later married and moved to an area town in North Dakota
- Hyacinth (?) 2 letters
- Frank (?)

BERNING FAMILY

- George (61) Father
- Christine (57) Mother
- Catherine (Kate) Placke (30) 6 letters
- Helene (Lena) (28) 2 letters.** Spent much of 1905 in North Dakota, at farm and Edgeley. Later married and lived in the area.
- August (Gus) (25) 3 letters.** Spent some time at the new farm in 1905. Later married Christine Busch and moved to neighboring farm in ND in 1907
- Julia (23) 25 letters
- Rosa (Rose) (20) the wife**
- Cecilia (Celia) (18) 19 letters
- Bertha (Bert, B.B.) (15) 10 letters
- Lidwina (Lid) (11) 8 letters

MISCELLANEOUS PERSONAL CORRESPONDENCE

- Frank Averkamp
- Ida Berning
- Heinrich Busch (2 letters)
- Michael Heim
- Fritz Hoffman
- K.A. Laesch
- Edward Leibling
- Julia Morris
- Martin Runde
- Loretta Splinter
- Peter Timmerman (2 letters)
- Rols Wallace
- John Young
- Unknown - 2 letters

The letters were generally legible, and one is struck by the lack of cross-outs or fatal spelling errors. The letters are very informal: things like punctuation and capitalization are casual. Though these folks perhaps had no more than eighth grade education (August Berning is said to have gone only to 3rd or 4th grade), they had learned how to make sense in writing. On April 2, 1906, Bertha (Bert) Berning comments that three days mail brought "3 letters and about 8 papers", indicating that the farm family was very well informed in these days before radio, television and internet.

Most often an envelope would contain two or three or even more letters, apparently to save on postage (3 cents). Apparently in those days a letter counted as a letter regardless of how many pages of paper could be crammed into an envelope. Celia Berning, on May 29, 1906, closes her letter "I would write more but the candle is just about out, so I must quit."

Interesting and significant is the fact that not a single one of the 100+ letters came from Mrs. Berning or Mrs. Busch. This would at least suggest that both were illiterate, or at least uncomfortable with either reading and/or writing. In at least one letter, the writer conveyed best wishes from Mrs. Berning.

Similarly, not a single letter from Mr. Berning appears in the collection, though Bertha Berning writes on October 29, 1905, that "Papa is writing a few words to [his daughter] Lena just now". (At the time, Lena was living in Edgeley). In one letter, "pa told us to tell you to write more german letters, he said he could read them better." (Celia Berning May 18, 1905) In Julia's May 15, 1905, letter, a comment is made that "we received Rosa's german letter". Several letters from the girls have sections, usually short, that appear to be written in German, but German is distinctly not their preference in writing.

Wilhelm Busch wrote two fairly long letters in a beautiful hand, in German. On November 2, 1905, he wrote a very few lines in English, as if he was obliged to do so for some business reason: "Enclosed find the Sum of \$200 two hundred Dollars. Your Father Wm. Busch Well I had to write this." Annelee Woodstrom, a retired teacher and author who grew up in Germany and translated Wilhelm's letters, said this about his writing: "William had the German grammar well in hand, and his penmanship is certainly that of a learned man. William surely was successful, and he didn't seem to mind to share his success and help other family members out when needed." The translation of both letters is included later in this chapter.

From Whence the Newlywed Busch's Came: Rural Grant County Wisconsin in 1905-06. While the Busch's and Berning's and Heim's and Vosberg's and doubtless many others had been in the United States for 30 years or more, the dominant language of their community apparently continued to be German. It would seem logical, from the letters, that the Busch and Berning kids were fluent in spoken German, and had at least passable ability to communicate in written German.

As in the later North Dakota farm letters, there was a lot of talk about going to, and goings on at, dances in 1905-06. These were major and frequent social events. The town of Louisburg was only about a mile across a field from the Berning place, and many dances were held there.

The Berning home had an organ, which several of the children could play, especially the youngest, Lidwina. Several letters refer to someone playing the organ while the letter is being written.

Bertha, sometime in January, 1906, opens her letter commenting on the home scene at the time: "As it is only ½ past 6 and rather too early to go to bed I will spend a few moments in writing to you the evenings are so long, but I really believe I'll be silly before long that Lena is always at the organ and Celia too if J [Julia] and I could only find the key [apparently referring to music notation] but we can't find it, and Julia...is writing receipts this evening and Mamma dear is peeling potatoes, and little sister [Lidwina] is not home she is boarding at sister Kates [Placke's, near the Catholic school she attends three miles from home] she started last Thursday...."

Trips to town were frequent, especially to Cuba City. Some relatives seem to have lived there and in Hazel Green as well. The women would shop for things like fabric, which would be sewn into clothing at home. Sometimes reference is made in a letter to an enclosed swatch of fabric to help Rosa visualize an article of clothing being sewn. On a couple of occasions clippings from a local paper were included. Visits to relatives in Dubuque, Hazel Green and Cuba City were common. There was a lot of visiting: people 'dropping in' on each other, especially on Sunday afternoons. Not all visits were announced or expected; but the visitors were accepted. It was part of the country ritual.

The Busch's and Berning's quite obviously knew each other very well. In one instance, noted in a letter, all of the Busch's stayed overnight at the Berning house. The nine women stayed upstairs, nine men downstairs.

Julia, in an early January 1906 letter, describes New Years in Dubuque, visiting a family: "we started out from here at 7 o'clock and went to St. Mark's church in Dubuque. Had dinner at the Western house and a fine dinner. Then we started out for Weiland's get there at 4 o'clock and stayed up and celebrated the old year out and the new year in. Frank went out and shot with the shotgun to beat the dickens. They have a piano for \$500 oh but a swell fixed up house everthing up in yel. New Year normally we went to Asberry church that is the church wer they always go. Went back to Weiland's for dinner and at 2 o'clock out for Wis. I enjoyed that trip, evry girl that the boys seen they called blue bell. Good thing people did not know us...."

"...evry girl that the boys seen they called blue bell"? More than a hint about this puzzling statement comes from Celia Bernings October 29, 1905, letter, where she prints the lyrics of the song, Blue Bell, apparently then popular, at least at the Berning house. Kate Placke in her December 10, 1905, letter says about her siblings "I heard them sing

Blue Bell, a fine song indeed well they are 5 women in the house..." Below, in Celia's own hand, are the lyrics of "Blue Bell".

Blue bell the dawn is waking,
Sweetheart you must not sigh
Blue bell your tears are falling
For I've come to say goodbye
Hear all the bugles calling,
Calling to each brave heart

Blue bell we two must part

Oh,

Goodbye my blue bell, farewell to you
One fond last look, into your eyes so blue.
Mid camp fires gleaming, mid shot and shell
I will be dreaming of my own blue bell.

It

Blue bell they are returning,
Each greets a sweetheart true;
Blue bell your heart is yearning
Never a one greets you.

Sadly they tell the story
Tell how he fought and fell
No thought of fame or glory
Only of his blue bell. Oh you, so young

During the year of the letters, the rural residents in Grant Co. Wisconsin got their first telephone line. As one might expect, this new toy got used, sometimes to excess. But as was true with party lines in North Dakota, there was no privacy, so people were cautious about what they said. On January 19, 1906, Julia writes her sister Rosa, "Say Rose we have things going now we have our telephone going it is ring, ring, ring, the whole day. Gus and Cecilia are always rubbering [listening in] it don't take much of my time. But it is a nice thing if we can telephone to all our neighbors and all around if we would ring you up that would be the stuff!" There was some wishing to be able to talk to North Dakota relatives, but the telephone came a little later there - exactly how much later is not known.

There are plenty of stories of life in the raw in a rural community. A local man died of a gunshot wound. It is variously reported through local conversation and the letters that he accidentally shot himself while hunting (seems most likely); that he committed suicide; even that his wife shot him. The latter account seems totally baseless, but drove his widow, Emma, into virtual seclusion. Rumors and gossip took on lives of their own, as they still do today. One letter includes a very long news clipping about a distraught farm woman in a nearby town who killed her four young children and then herself, all with a butcher knife. Some woman is reported as running off with some man; another person marries a 'protestant', which comes across as obviously not desirable. People are born, and die, and church and its rituals are central to the community conversation.

Two local farm kids are reported as having burned down their parents barn, with a neighbors new carriage in it, because they were curious about what a big fire would be like.

The letters give at least a tiny view of attitudes, not always complimentary to the speaker or the subject of the speech. There is talk of a 'jew peddler', and several times the word 'nigger' is used.

Occasionally one gets a look at the personalities at home. Celia tags on to the end of a September 3, 1905, letter Julia had just finished, commenting on a comment made by "old Corneal", apparently a local hired man - hobo like in appearance - who must have been frequently into and out of their lives, but in recent years had not been around. "Say," he says to ma, "you look better now than you did five years ago. I guess you got your temper down and found out the girls know more than you do." No mention is made of Ma Berning's response to old Corneal. (At the time of the comment six of Ma's kids were still mostly at home and ranged in age from 11 to 28, so Ma's restraint is probably natural. She'd raised a fine family, and most were now adults.) One of the girls apparently sent Rose a magazine or newspaper picture of a hobo that Rose erroneously thought was Corneal. That got a laugh back home.

Sometime during 1905 an apparently short-lived mining rush began in the county, where valuable lead deposits were found and mined on farm property. Some lucky land owners made quite a lot of money, and land prices shot up. Celia, on January 14, 1906,

comments "Gus and Joe are still mining, yesterday they took out a piece of lead weighed 17 lbs. They just keep picking out lead. The people around here are getting crazy about mining." Even in the short time span of the letters, though, it seems as if the rush soon petered out – shallow mines would fill with water and became difficult to work with. The lead rush was soon over.

There are only two references to gasoline powered contrivances: only one reference is made to an automobile: "Sunday, Maggie and Ida had a horse for themselves to church and they met an automobile and she tied the horse to a rail fence but the horse didnt move and Anna Miller was in with them and she was hollering let me out." (Ida Berning July 13, 1905), Another reference is to a gasoline engine owned by a farmer in the area. Since the letters pre-date Henry Ford's major improvements in R. E. Olds invention of an auto assembly line, automobiles were a novelty probably rarely seen in those days, even in Dubuque, about ten miles distance. This was the era of horses.

Why they went to North Dakota: It is obvious from several letters, that a main reason for leaving was that there was simply no land to be had in Grant County. If someone wanted to farm, they had to move. Land was expensive, but for the most part already taken. Someone was said to be able to get \$100 an acre. But scarcity of land seems to have been the greatest impetus for males moving on. Similarly, opportunities for unmarried women were very limited in the rural economy in the days before anyone even thought of such a thing as women's suffrage or other women's rights.

We will likely never know for sure why North Dakota was selected as destination, except that the possibility is very strong that Ferdie Busch's uncle Heinrich (H. H. Busch), already a budding real estate entrepreneur in Dubuque, had much to do with the decision to move to the North Dakota prairie. Heinrich by the 1920s appears to have been a very prosperous land entrepreneur, with holdings in many places, including North Dakota. He describes his business in this book (see table of contents). Ferdie seemed intent to follow in his uncle's footsteps, and had not the Great Depression brought his dreams back to a very grim reality, he might have ended up very prosperous as well. A few letters to him from other men in other places suggest that Ferdie was practicing buying and selling, and there are several inquiries from men in other places about land in Dakota.

Going there, and getting settled: Stories did travel then, as they do now, about places: two or three people heard that North Dakota was a pretty windy place (we now know it is the windiest state in the U.S.). Someone else had heard there were lots of mosquitoes. Celia on May 13, 1905, asks her sister, "Say ain't there any girls up there, that Lena can get so many places [to work] and such pay." There is no talk about marauding wild animals, or other catastrophes in that first year, though in the scheme of things in human history, there were doubtless problems of one sort or another to be dealt with. They are apparently not of sufficient importance to be recorded, or too important to be shared!

Without any question, the initial arriving point for the emigrants was Edgeley, about 20 miles from the farm. The exact route to Edgeley is never specifically defined.

Two letters suggested that it was apparently not until later in 1905 that Berlin actually had its own depot and train station. Only when there is no other option, apparently, do people take the train to Jamestown, and then east through the twin cities. One writer indicates that the trains do not travel on Sunday. No mention is made in any of the letters of using the railroad stops at LaMoure or Grand Rapids. Somebody indicates traveling by train from Edgeley to Oakes to LeMars, IA which is in northwest Iowa. A 1914 U.S. map found in an old calendar book on the farm suggests the general route would be south through Mitchell SD thence to Sioux City, Lemars and Dubuque. The stop in Oakes does not appear to be a normal one for travelers from the south and east.

The letters suggest that when Ferdie Busch went to North Dakota shortly after he and Rosa married February 28, 1905, that a local Wisconsin carpenter John Terfruchte, went to help build the new house, barn and granary. It is suggested, indirectly, that crews of men actually did the building, and did it quite rapidly. In an April 10, 1905, letter Ferdie's uncle Heinrich tells Ferdie to have John Terfruchte stay in the area to help with other building projects. Apparently, according to a letter referenced elsewhere in this section, the house and barn were built immediately. The third original building, a granary between the two, (the only original building still remaining on the farm) was probably built sometime a few months later, prior to the first prairie harvest in August or September. (The 1976 history of Berlin, written four years after Grandma Busch died, and 9 years after Ferdie's death, says that Ferd Busch brought 4 horses, two cows and some simple farm implements to Edgeley on March 21, and that Rose came six weeks later. The letters do not verify the timeline story, which is not surprising, since they were written when the events actually occurred, not 70 years later.)

The letters indicate that the emigrant railroad car bringing the possessions of the newlyweds to North Dakota included at least two Berning cows, Spotty and Ruby, two Busch horses, Jim and Jerry, and a Busch dog, Bruno. Cecilia on May 15, 1905, comments "How is poor old Spotty and Ruby? I wish I could milk them once for you out there, but it would take me all of a day." Hyacinth Busch writes on April 12, 1905, "How is Jim & Jerry getting along I bet they are not so wild any more and how are the rest of the horses & cows all well I hope." A new neighbor gives the Busch's a bobtail cat, it is reported.

Apparently a horse was injured or died enroute to North Dakota, and on April 10, 1905, Heinrich advises Ferdie: "we are sorry that you lost that nice gray horse. I had a talk with Mr. Beddow [apparently a railroad rep] tonight about that horse he told me you should make out an affidavit before a notary public at Berlin that the horse was killed from jerks of cars and give that to Mr. Beddow next time he comes out there this week or next week and he will send it to the Milwaukee headquarters with your freight receipts." The matter apparently was not soon resolved - or Ferdie's father Wilhelm is writing about another horse - as on October 5, 1905, Wilhelm wrote in German to his son: "Lennie [Leonard, Ferd's brother, also in ND] wrote that the horse you bought last spring, died. Lennie said that you can't trust Beddo... Terfruchte told me that he will write to you. He will testify that the horse was sick already and it didn't even eat at that time. If you want to try to get something for the horse, take that letter from Terfruchte

and also your freight bill if you still have it. Send it by express. You may ask to get back the 85 dollars you paid for the horse. I promised Beddo that I would take care of the damages, but so far I haven't done anything about the matter. You probably can write yourself, and maybe you could get a recommendation from an influential man, i.e. John Young, or some one else. Ordinarily, you need proof of damage."

In the same April 10, 1905, letter referred to above, Heinrich writes "I have crated your buggy today and send it off to Edgeley. I paid the freight on same. I would of send it last week but as there was some people intending to move to Edgeley I was going to send it along in their car but they might not go yet. I guess when it arrives at Edgeley the freight agent will let you know because I put your address along on the tags."

What comes through the letters is that it was not only Ferdie and Rosie who moved to the prairies. Rose's sister Helena, and Ferd's brother Leonard, seem to be there for much of the first growing season at least. August Berning comes up for a time, probably at harvest time, and there is indication that at least two other Berning sisters took the train out to visit, as did uncle Heinrich. While not mentioned, it is likely that Ferdie's father also came out to the new prairie farm, which he initially owned and his son and daughter-in-law operated. Julia made a comment on September 11, 1905, about her brother's proud report on returning home: "Well, Ferdie, how did you like the pancakes that Gus baked he told me that you said they were fine. I don't see how he knew how to mix them for he never gets a meal at home he said one morning he and Mark baked pancakes for an hour good for them now they know what the girls are good for."

Apparently, in an early letter from the farm, Rosa sketches part of her brand new prairie house. Celia, May 18, 1905: "And the sketch of your house was just alright. Next time we want to see the upstairs sketched. And now Ferdie must sketch the barn and Leonard the lawn, then when we come up there we won't even need to inquire for your house."

Lena, who lived much of 1905 in North Dakota, and wanted to go back, and ultimately did go back, writes from the farm January 21, 1906: "What's the matter with that big [woman, apparently a neighbor of Busch's] cant she get out of bed in the morning? I guess its like Arthur says N.D. girls aint worth a penny."

North Dakota may still have been a frontier, but it apparently was getting some notice. On August 27, 1905, Celia wrote a note to her brother Gus, out in Dakota with Ferd and Rosa, and said "Say Gus take a good look at the Main St in Edgeley. I saw that pictured in a magazine and also look at the creamery in Edgeley." Wilhelm marveled, on November 5, that "Ed Liebling bought the Beils place in Jamestown for 72 dollars per acre." He notes that his purchase price for the Busch farm a short while earlier - \$16 an acre - seems to have been a pretty good deal.

Peter Timmerman, apparently a friend of Ferdie's and interested in moving to North Dakota, wrote on August 29, 1905, "Well Fred is Berlin a railroad station or not I

could not find it in the map so if you write I wish you would tell me what your nearest station is and tell me where about you live so that I can find you if I come up there...." It is apparently about this time that the depot finally puts Berlin on the map for the first time.

Heinrich on April 10, 1905 writes: "I guess yous are breaking prairie now maybe yous are sowing wheat, barley or oats on a rented piece...I hope you got your house in good shape now and the two sisters and two brothers feel happy and well in the new home" (The two sisters and two brothers were Ferdie and Leonard Busch, and Rosa Berning Busch and her sister Helena.) Helena not long after went to work at a boarding house in Edgeley. It does not seem to have been an especially happy experience for her.

Communication back and forth seemed to be quite easy, though only through letter. One letter, from Celia on March 14, 1906, describes the travel time for a letter, which was apparently two days: "[Your] letter which we received today. You wrote that the seventh and it was stamped in Berlin the 12th and in one corner of the envelope was written "held for postage". Oh I guess you and your old man [Ferdie was then an old man of 25] forgot to put a stamp on, but you never forget the address anymore like you did once."

Julia on May 15, 1905, writes that "I suppose you people have no little chickens yet." She comments "I will send Rose some flower slips as she is a lover of flowers they will look tough when they get up there but if the stems are left they might grow." Cecilia, on the same date, writes to scold her sister about an apparent mistake in planting: "you made a mistake in planting early potatoes. They should be planted in May...."

The first year seems to have been a prosperous one for the Busch's, one letter indicating revenue of \$2000. Julia on September 11 says that "Gus thinks N. Dak. Is the country to make money...." Wilhelm on October 5 writes: "you did very well with your harvest. I had no idea that you could get 12 bushels [?] of flax seed per acre. It was smart that you built yourself a granary, so now you won't have to sell it as soon as you harvest. I believe that the flax seed will surely rise in price." Two paragraphs down he elects to reemphasize what he just said: "Be sure to hold your flax seed in the granary then you are not force to sell it now."

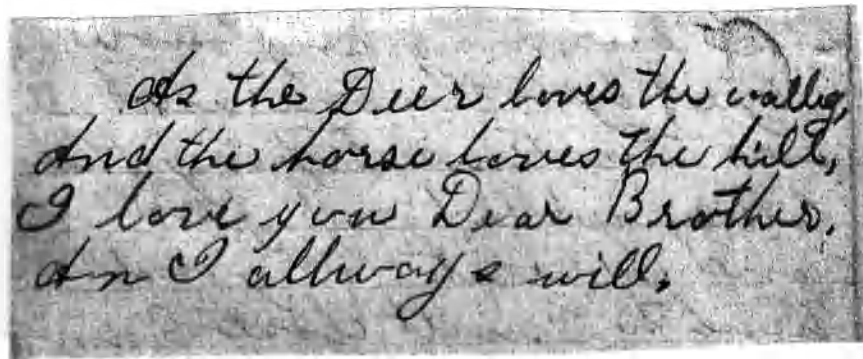
Church is mentioned. The only Catholic church within carriage distance is at LaMoure, about 10 miles distance across the fields. For some reason, in the letters is a handwritten note from Father Fogarty of distant St. Aloysius Church in Lisbon ND: "Collection for our new church will be taken up next Sunday after Mass. I have written to each to bring what they promised with them in order to save the expense of traveling. You promised \$15.00 and if you care to do some better I would be pleased." Someone else in the parish makes a followup entreaty. They seem to make some substantial efforts to get to Sunday Mass, but it is a long trip, and not always possible.

As one would expect, the major reports are when the Wisconsin visitors come home after a visit to the prairies home. Julia, on September 6, 1905, reports on what her

brother Gus reported when he came back from the farm: "Gus thinks it is a fine country... he said you had fine flowers and a neat little home and Lena [and] Gus said you were the same as ever but he says you liked to get up so early in the cook shack good for you I knew you would not stand...."

On October 19, Wilhelm gives a piece of fatherly advice to his son, Ferdie: "If you don't have a well or a spring for water, you must get someone to assure your water supply for winter since you can't fetch water from a distance during the winter."

Through all the letters shines a strong and affectionate connection between the writers and their North Dakota pioneers. This chapter closes with a short poem written by Christine Busch to her brother Ferdie, and included in her July 24, 1905, letter to him. Of course, in less than two years, Christine (Tina) came to North Dakota too, with her new husband, August Berning.



As the Deer loves the valley,
And the horse loves the hill,
I love you Dear Brother,
And I always will.



BERLIN
DEC 16
1905
N. DAK.

AMOUR
GRAND RAPID
DEC 18
1905
N. DAK.



THE SPACE ABOVE IS RESERVED FOR
POSTAL OFFICE
THE SPACE BELOW IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY

W. M. Busch
Grand Rapids ~~Berlin~~
N. D.

NOV 10 4 PM 1905



Mrs Ferdinand Busch.

Berlin

North Dakota

Montgomery Ward Co
CHICAGO

POSTMASTER
If undelivered in 20
days please return and
check one of the fol-
lowing reasons:
ENCLOSURE
Not in Form
Postage Altered
Postmark
Improperly
Cancelled
See Back for Special
Rules and Regulations

Wm. Busch
Jamestown
N. D.

Kate Placke
April 13, 1905

Sinsinawa Apr. 13th 1905

Dear Sister:

Glad to hear from you I will answer your letter but now I will put on the county too I forgot to put that answer's letter I am not sure if she will get it or not let me know if she got it or not. We are all well yet hoping the same of you. Our men are busy sowing oats yet, I Lidwing and Evelyn do the milking in the evening we milk 9 Evelyn milks one a day a slow Lidwing can milk fine she milks pony she gives too little buckets full weather is fine only a little too cool I did not clean house yet it is so cold yet how is your house

2

have you every in order if you have
not what's the difference, George
says in Germany the chickens
come in the house lay an egg on
bed, Herman laughed and said
one could eat an egg on bed
before getting up. I set 11 chickens
I will not set many more I have
not time to fool with chickens
this spring. Mr. Platteau and
Mr. Cop to paint the house and
the floors I was surprised to hear
there were stations I did not expect
that in such a country. O I hope
and pray you will have a church
close by then I don't care if you

3

stay there a lifetime, Mrs Placke
says to their must be people, their
first before they can build a church.
It must be strange to see no fence
just like here some 60 years ago
when Mrs Placke came from
Germany she says she often ran
to old man Bundy without
seeing a fence and at that time
when they would put food out
in the evening for the dog in
the morning the wolves had
devoured it. Mr & Mrs Placke
are married 50 years the 5th of June
Mr P. has the garden nearly made
I think Georg will see you there
some day his heart longs to see
that country he wore wooden

4

shoes to pulverize. Is it so
windy out there to as people
say or is it all talk it has
been windy here to our storm door
tore off it made me laugh Mr
tied it to the sailing, The grass
is so green the trees are budding the
poplars are in full bloom. I see
today Tony Rosemeyer is getting his
new house marked off it will
be on the top of the hill we can
see it so plain Mr. Class will
build it. As it is time for me
to do shoes I will quit write
again you have more time to
write From your Sister Kate.

August Berning
June 6, 1905

Dear Sister

As I received your letter a while ago I will write you a few lines to let you know that we are well yet and hope the same of you. I feel tired tonight, I was plowing for corn today and it was hot as the devil. Well sister I must tell you that we are having some lively times here now a dance or wedding every week, next Tuesday eve Bill Dreeson will have a free dance

in his new hall, he's got the
same band only another fiddle
player. Ed Ward is gone to
somewhere to learn to play
josh. but that new hall is
a dandy, 60 ft long 20 ft
wide, it stands between the
house and barn. the night after
Geo. Walker will have a dance in
his barn, Russ band, that fellow
sent here I am going soon, there
was a fire in Lexington this af-
ter noon, looked like F. H. H. was
burning. joy if felt, by the

Hello for them Well
Gen everything is going
pretty good around here
none of our parties and
well kind of enjoying
I took in no dances
Larddidge and last
times day they recited
given by the pupil
of Henry Magrath the
I have teachers of
Shrimansoo in that
has been taking lessons
for a long time now
they had Ed Wally for
play for that night
Well Len what kind of
it time did you have
the 4th of July We were
home all day until in
the evening Cecilia and I
threw a party for a great time

were to Louisburg with
August Berning. We
miss you terribly now day
when it dance time any thing
of the kind comes off only
for C. B. I think we would
not get many places for
we do not like to drive
at home in the night.
I will now I think we
will have some swell
music at home. & Theo
Shrubs are down to
Rundles this week They
are coming up some
evening see fly told
me that Beddie said that
Lee & Katie Rundles &
the shrub girls must be
advice were coming
Thura for a great time

Our corn is fine. Our
potatoes are just as
nice as can be and I
wonder they make my
month's water when
I look at the feed and
the dew berries. Talk about
berries the other day we
put up 5 gallons and
today we have just 4
I think we will not put
up any more berries but
Apples there aren't going
to be many this year
I think I will ring off
for time is scarce this
time of the year most
time I will write more
Tell Rosa that paper got
her letter but haven't
had the time to answer

it yet we were always so
busy that we hardly fell
like burning any more
by the time hoping this
fall will find you
and the rest in good
health I will close I am
not feeling well today
but I think I will be
all right by tomorrow
the heat here all well as
far as I care as ever
Love Sis
P. Straton

answer a row.
I say ask Lisa if she
didn't get any letter
I have been waiting ever
so long for an answer

3

As the Deer loves the valley
and the horse loves the hill,
I love you Dear Brother,
and I always will.

Excuse my mistakes
and how writing

Talk about my hangers
we can't hate, they got
we got in 10 loads of dry
in five thousand paper
that's better and I
will of course drive the
horse. The other is higher
for Berwyn's are being
seaking there. Well we
haven't got our first mass
but we are getting along
fine with the crops. Oh
you got that threat, they
had got it big boy they
call him. Curious how some
thing of the like I haven't
got time to get the others
we can't would spell it right

Translations of Wilhelm Busch letters to North Dakota
(A portion of one page of the original follows this translation.)

October 5, 1905
Dear Children

I just received the special letter from Lennie [Leonard, his son, also in North Dakota at the farm], and I am so happy to hear that you are all well. We are also well and happy. Since it is too dry to plow, we are in the potato fields, but the potato harvest is not as good as last year. Our corn is ripe enough, so the frost won't hurt it anymore. If everything goes well, our corn harvest will be better than last year. You did very well with your harvest. I had no idea that you could get 12 bushels of flax seed per acre. It was smart that you built yourself a granary, so now you won't have to see it as soon as you harvest. I believe that the flax seed will surely rise in price. But should you need money now, please write to me and I will send you some funds after new Year.

If need be hold the flax until next spring, because I believe that it might go up in price. The \$1000.00 farm loan that I must pay back after New Year, I could get it for 5%. But I think I may pay it back by next month. Leonard wrote that he also did well on the farm. It turned out that the land that I bought was cheap because I had such a bountiful harvest the first year. Just think, Ed Liebling bought the Beils place in Jamestown for 72 dollars per acre. And Lennie wrote that the horse you bought last spring, died. Lennie said that you can't trust Beddo, Johann Terfruchte told me that he will write to you. He will testify that the horse was sick already and it didn't even eat at that time. If you want to try to get something for the horse, take that letter from Terfruechte and also your freight bill if you still have it. Send it by Express.

You may ask to get back the 85 dollars you paid for the horse. I promised Beddo that I would take care of the damages, but so far I haven't done anything about the matter. You probably can write yourself, and maybe you could get a recommendation from an influential man, i/e/ John Young, or some one else. Ordinarily, you need proof of damage.

Be sure to hold your flax seed in the granary then you are not forced to see it now.
Much love to all
Wm Bush

P.S. We harvest 800 bushel of oats, and 245 bushels of barley. We were surprised that Lennie earned so much money with the thresh machine. I know it is hard work. I too, was working with the thresh machine, but I wasn't paid for working. Love from all to all of you.
Please write again.

Cuba City
19 October, 1905

Dear Ferdinand, Rose and Lennie,

It was only today that I received your letter, and tomorrow I will send \$200.00 to you. We are all well. We didn't husk anymore corn for our 51 pigs. We have about 46 acres left to husk, but I don't think that we will start this month, because we have a lot of plowing left. I have only the field of oats on the east side of Hollars of Linderman left to plow. It was so dry that we just couldn't plow. Yesterday, and today we had lots of rain, so now the conditions for plowing are good.

If you need any more money, you must write to me and let me know. We also had several days with frost, but it didn't bother the corn. If you don't have a well or a spring for water, you must get someone to secure your water supply for winter since you can't fetch water from a distance during the winter. I will close my letter, and I send you two greetings.

Please greet Helena from us.

Wm. Büsch

Enclosed you find a draft for \$200.00.

WILHELM BUSCH
OCT 19, 1905

Carber City 19 Octo - 05

Lieber Ferdinand, Rose u. Lennie

Ich habe wohl heute einen Brief er-
halten und zwar einen Margen 200 Dollars
abgesandt nach fünf. Mir sind alle noch
gesund. Mir haben noch nicht unser Corn
gefangen wie wir von der Maschine 51 an
das gut bringen. Mir haben noch wohl
46 Ocker zu fangen. Mir werden auch
einigen Moren wohl nicht damit anfangen
da ich noch zu viel zu fliegen haben.
Ich habe aber noch das Stück Geflügel
an das oft nicht das hollars bei Linden-
mann geschickt das es unser so werden
das man fast nicht fliegen konnte.
Nurgenstern und heute hat es aber fast
genommen so das man gut fliegen kann.
Man ist noch unser Geld bringen das
müßte ich wieder davon berichten.
Es hat sich auch schon mancher gefangen
das der Trost hat das Corn nicht unser

E. E. Miller,

~~333 N. W. 1st St.~~ General Manager

Established 1886 Incorporated 1896
Capital \$60,000

Phone...Naperville 323

J. L. NICHOLS & COMPANY

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Standard Subscription Books, Bibles, Etc.....

Offices...Toronto, Ontario
Atlanta, Georgia

NAPERVILLE, ILLINOIS, 3/15/05.

Mr. Ferdinand Busch,
Cuba City, Wis.

Dear Sir:

We received your communication of the 6th inst. and remittance of \$1.50 for which we sent you a copy of the "Business Guide" in half morocco binding, together with a prospectus for canvassing. This is the way we understood your order when we read it over and we sent you the outfit accordingly.

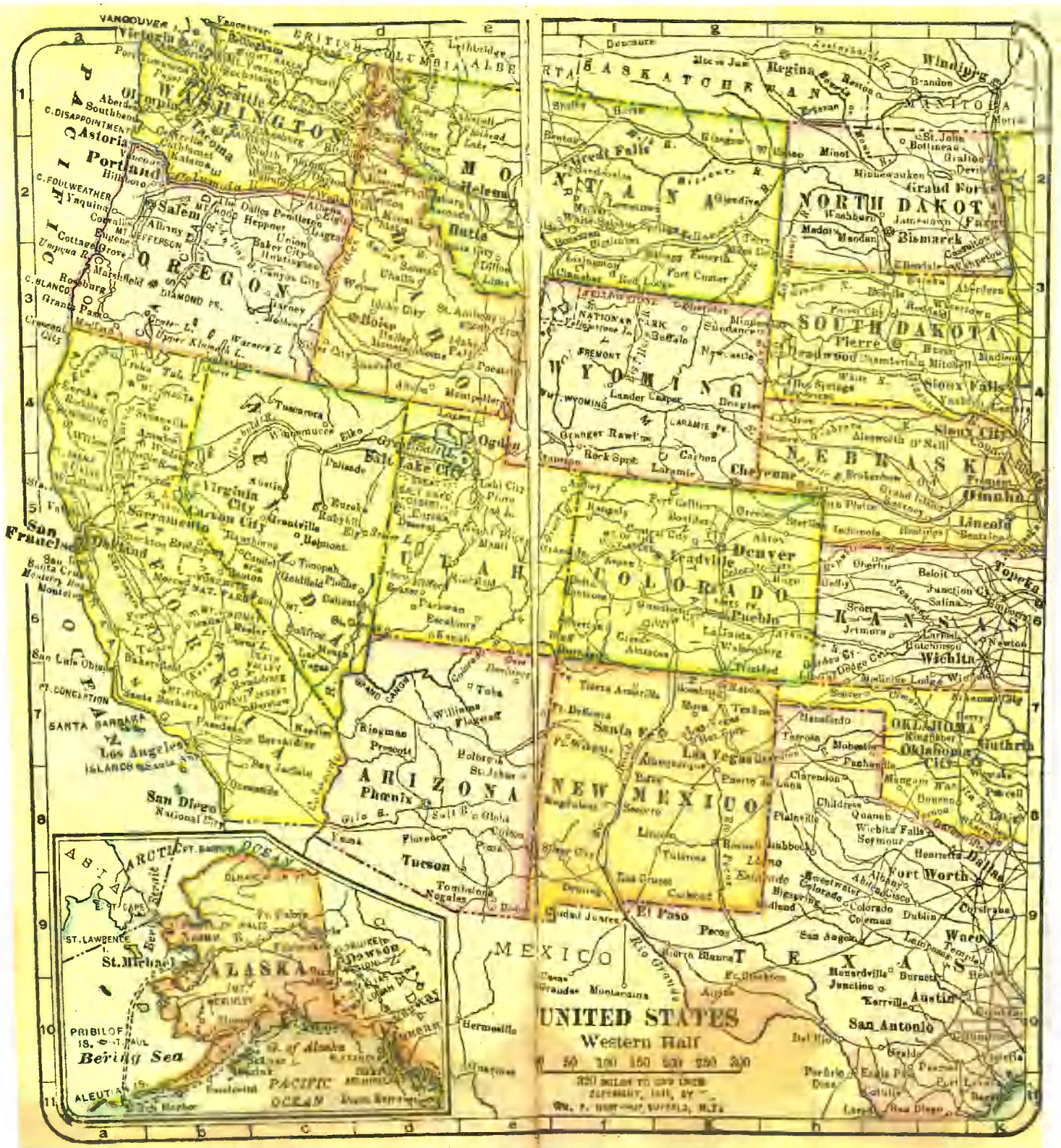
In the latter part of your letter, however, you state that we should send the "Business Guide" and the case. You did not remit sufficient money to cover the cost of the case and hence we did not send it. We make a combination offer on the "Farmers' Manual" sample case and "Dollar Books". It is understood that they are to be sent together in order to obtain these samples at the special price.

If, however, we were mistaken in not sending you the sample case and including the prospectus instead we will make you this proposition: If you will send us 25¢ more with the return of this letter we will send you the sample case which we advertise in connection with the "Farmers' Manual" outfit. You will find a splendid sale for these books in the Dakotas and should have no difficulty in clearing quite a little money with them.

Hoping to hear from you further, we are,

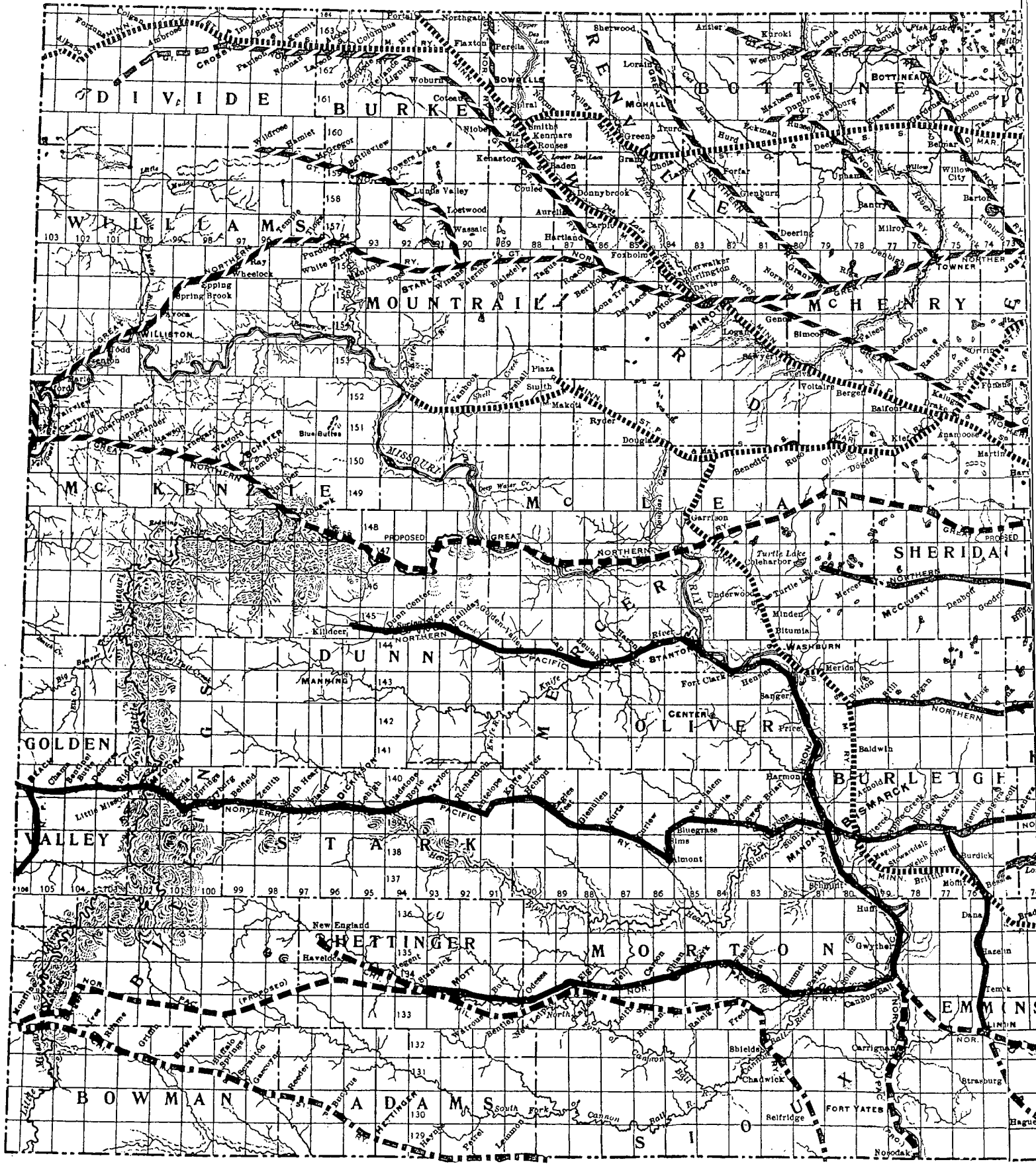
Yours truly,

J. L. Nichols & Co.





Railroad Commissioners' Map



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Map of North Dakota - 1914

EXPLANATORY

- Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry.
- Chicago & North Western Ry.
- Fairmount & Veblen Ry.
- Farmers Grain & Shipping Co. Ry.
- Great Northern Ry.
- Midland Continental Ry.
- M'p'l's, St. Paul & S. Ste. Marie Ry.
- North Dakota Ry.
- Northern Pacific Ry.
- Proposed Lines

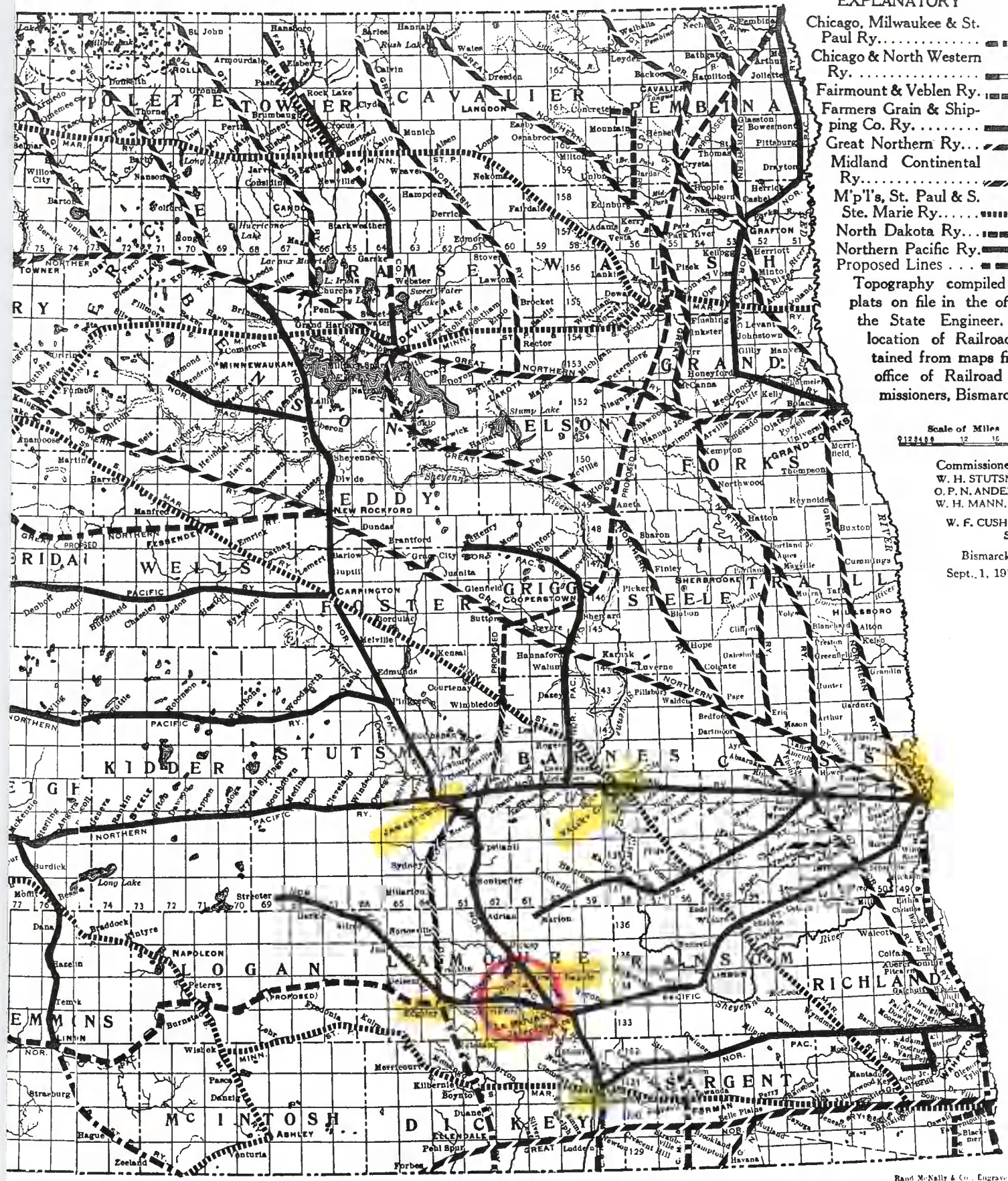
Topography compiled from plats on file in the office of the State Engineer. The location of Railroads obtained from maps filed in office of Railroad Commissioners, Bismarck.

Scale of Miles
0 2 4 6 8 10 12 14 16 18 20 22 24

Commissioners:
W. H. STUTSMAN,
O. P. N. ANDERSON,
W. H. MANN.

W. F. CUSHING,
Secretary.

Bismarck, N. D.
Sept. 1, 1914.



Rand, McNally & Co. Engravers, Chicago

THE FAMILY OF FERDINAND BUSCH AND ROSA BERNING

The ancestors of both families migrated to the United States from northern Germany in the middle to latter 1800's and settled in southwest Wisconsin, near Dubuque, Iowa.

Ferdinand Busch was from a farm family who lived near Cuba City, WI. His father was **Wilhelm (William) Busch** and his mother **Barbara Heim**. Ferdinand was born December 4, 1880, and had some elementary schooling in country schools. He was eldest among seven surviving children in the Busch family. (See Henry Busch Feb 14, 1924 letter in this volume). Two other children seem to have died in childhood.

Ferdinand's father, Wilhelm Busch, was born in 1849 in Germany, and migrated to America in 1872. He was the second of three sons, and first of his family to immigrate to America. According to his younger brother, Henry [a.k.a. Heinrich, Herman], he was first to migrate because he was ill. The American environment apparently helped his medical condition. Another account suggests that he was ill, but eligible for military service and the family preferred he come to America first. (See Appendix C for more detail and letters from Henry Busch and articles by Glenn Busch which include some descriptions of the entire Busch family)..

Wilhelm's father, Bernard Henry Busch, Bernard's second [perhaps third] wife Maria Anna Koer, as well as his brothers John and Heinrich, followed William to America in late 1872 or early 1873. (Wilhelm's mother, Anna Flinkenfluegel, had died in Germany in 1860, and Bernard then married M. A. Osterholt, before marrying Maria Koer. There is an account that one of his wives was named Imping. Sorting this out is a task for a future researcher.)

Ferdinand's mother, Barbara Heim, was born in 1854, probably in Wisconsin. Her parents are described in a Heinrich Busch letter dated December 22, 1924, as "well-to-do Bavarian farmer[s] named Heim." Little is known about the Heim's, though they likely lived in Grant County.

According to a history written by Glenn Busch in 1981, William Busch was apparently a well respected horticulturist, raising various fruits and herbs on his farm. It has been suggested that he was at least a correspondent with the noted horticulturist Luther Burbank, and may have had a hand in the development of the Delicious Apple. It is said he also knew a man named McCormick, with the inference that this was the man whose name became synonymous with many pieces of farm machinery.

From Glenn's history: "William had a small farm, about seven acres [this appears to be in error. The plat map of 1895 shows his property as being 161 acres, and the 1913 map 121 acres, and the disparity in the numbers may be accounted for by his having deeded a large portion of his farm to some member of his family, while retaining only the farmstead. This is a topic for further research.] and was more a horticulturist than a farmer. He planted many kinds of food producing plants and wrote papers and pamphlets detailing the characteristics of their growth...He wrote back to Germany describing life in "the new world" ...Children looked forward to visiting their Uncle William, especially in the summer time, because they enjoyed eating the fruit he grew. William was the first of his family to immigrate. He had been drafted, but was sick when it was time to report so

it was delayed. He would have been subject to the military draft for the next two years so plans were made to come to the United States. He arrived in Baltimore, Maryland, on 23 April 1872." [Heinrich Busches letters in Appendix C speak in rather passionate tones about some aspects of the conflicts which took place in Germany in the area in which the Busches lived.]

In his youth, Ferdinand spent a year as an apprentice blacksmith, and had considerable talent with "smithing". During his adult years he received at least two United States patents, one for a sickle sharpening device to sharpen the cutting edge of field mowers [see Appendix B], and the second for a device to separate wild oats from the other grain. Possibly, problems with securing capital and other expertise needed to develop and market the products led to no source of revenue for the family from the "great ideas".

Ferdinand was also a talented country musician. This seems to have been a family trait. It appears that Ferd's father, uncles and grandfather were also very active in music, and had been active in Germany as well. During his farm years he was a fiddler with a small band which played at country dances. Rosa, his wife, was also musically inclined. Several of his daughters participated in his music activities for some years. His daughter, **Florence**, recalls that "one memorable thing about our childhood was Dad and his violin. We also had a big upright piano in our living room and Lucina or Mary would chord with him. We had "Red Wing" and "Red River Valley" as a steady diet and I for one never tired of it. He played after supper and we would all sing with him much to mother's dismay because she would end up with all the dishes. Don't get me wrong. She loved to sing, too. In fact, she was a regular in the church choir. She had a very good soprano voice - what's more she sang from her heart. We had an active Farmer's Union group and Dad would play for the dance afterwards. I'm not sure who played with him. It was at the Yoeman's Hall in Grand Rapids but some house parties were included too. Mother thought he was putting too much time into it. The whole family was involved at that time. The babies would be put to sleep in the kitchen in a bundle of blankets. Then the Polka's, waltz's and two-steps would swing. Johnny Robertson would call the square dances and just listening to him was a treat even if one didn't dance."

Rosa Berning was the daughter of a farm family who lived within a few miles of the family of Wilhelm Busch, near Sinsinawa Mound in extreme southwest Wisconsin. She was born January 28, 1884, the seventh of eleven children, all but two being girls. One Berning child died six years before Rosa was born.

Rosa's parents were **George Berning** and **Christine Vosberg**. George Berning was born in 1843 in Hanover, Germany. His mother, **Margaret Heitkamp**, apparently was a widow with four boys and a girl, and came to America with money provided by a sister, already here. A story is that Margaret lost her husband to war and was determined that that fate not befall her children. Another story is that her daughter, Caroline, died and was buried at sea. As she became senile, Margaret (Peg's) grandson August Berning once told his daughter Rufina, she would sit in her rocking chair and relive the experience of crossing the ocean, and that one of the children died and was buried at sea.

It is said that the Berning's entered the United States through the port of New Orleans though that is unverified. Another story says that the new immigrants came through New York via the ship Charlotte out of Bremen, Germany, arriving in New York, June 4, 1866. Still another story says that they arrived in the U.S. at about the time the Civil War was beginning (1861-65) and some sons went to Canada to avoid the service. Of course, these are diverse threads, but at this writing, the miscellaneous threads of the

family story are beginning to come together and to even make sense, but there are still many unanswered questions.

Two brothers of George apparently lived in the same general area of Wisconsin as George. They were Herman and Henry. The other brother, John, is as of this writing not certainly accounted for, though he may have lived in the area as well. There is an intriguing collection of Berning's, and a Hazel Green Ave, in Mt. Angel OR, which provides a possible lead for a future researcher.

George Berning's burial card indicated he was born in Salzburg, Germany, which is a puzzle. Hanover was both a city and a region (state) in the Germany which existed at the time of their migration to the U.S. so it is possible the Berning's lived in some town in the region of Hanover, rather than in the city of Hanover.

It is said that Rosa's mother, Christine Vosberg, was also born in Hanover, Germany, in 1849. Her parents **Dietrich and Margaret Vosberg**, were apparently among the earliest settlers in the Dubuque IA area, or so goes the story, left for a future researcher to investigate! Grant Co WI land records show a Vossberg landowner in 1858 (Appendix C).

Rosa completed most of the elementary school years and went to Catholic school at Sinsinawa. She was later a passionate advocate for her children getting as much education as possible. She was equally passionate about her faith. **Florence Wieland**: "I have often thought of mother and her attitude towards the second Vatican Council. Some older people quit going to church because of the changes but she seemed to have the understanding that church regulations are only a means to help us show our love for each other and God's love for us. We always had holy pictures around. One I held in awe was of the people in purgatory begging for our prayers. We always said the rosary and lighted a candle during severe storms. Young as I was I often wondered if we would end up with a fire in case of a tornado - oh ye of little faith! The family rosary was a must. When she was suffering during her last days that was one prayer that would give her peace of mind. Still, one time when I was married and they had a bad storm at my parental home, Esther called to say the roof had blown off the barn [1949] and when she said mother had quit saying the rosary to wipe up the water in the house I knew things must have been bad! In spite of mother's large family she spent many years teaching the Baltimore catechism. Later on Mary and I took over. Father Bannon was the only priest I remember during my childhood as he was our pastor for 12 years. There was always room for him at our family table."

Rosa and Ferdinand Busch were married on February 28, 1905, at the Catholic Church near Sinsinawa Mound, Wisconsin. The Busch's did not buy their farm initially. That purchase was made by Fred's father, William. It is known that Fred Busch had been to the area of the farm sometime before December 4, 1904, probably to investigate the property. As identified by the 1905-06 letters in a preceding chapter - an important historical section in this history - Fred and his brother, and a little later, Rosa and her sister, came to develop the farm. They planted and harvested the first year. In 1914 the title to the land was conveyed from William Busch to Ferdinand..

The Busch's were not alone in coming to North Dakota. Ferdinand's brother Leonard farmed for a time near Dickey. Rosa's sister Lena and husband Art Parker became the first caretakers of the Grand Rapids Memorial Park, and lived in the area till the late 1920s. It is unknown when and where they married, but Lena was in North Dakota shortly after Rose and Fred. Cecilia Busch married Eldo Chinberg and they had a pool hall in a neighboring town before going back to Dubuque. And of course their

respective brother and sister, August Berning and Mary Christine Busch, married and raised a family at the farm one mile to the east, moving back and forth to Dubuque more than once in the middle 1900's.

The early years are described as being very tough, hard-scrabble kind of pioneer days. More than once, it is said, had the family been able to afford it they would have gone back to Wisconsin.

In fact, Leonard Busch, Ferd's brother, had tried farming for a while near Dickey, North Dakota and gone home after several years of serious problems with hail. (Apparently hail would most likely hit the same areas year after year, and if you were unlucky enough to have such land your crops were constantly in jeopardy.) August Berning and his wife Christina Busch their respective brother and sister, who lived at the next farm at least twice went back to Dubuque Iowa for extended periods. It was easier to make a good living in Dubuque, the Berning's reasoned, though during the depression you could at least raise your own food on the farm. But Busch's stuck it out on the prairie.

The 1976 history of Berlin, N.D. describes, albeit describing the earliest events somewhat inaccurately, the Busch family as follows: "Ferdinand W. Busch, son of William and Christine Busch, was born at Cuba City WI, December 4, 1880; there he received his education and grew to manhood. He married Rose Berning February 28, 1905 at Sinsinawa WI. Mr. Busch, Fred as everyone knew him, came to North Dakota with his brother Leonard, and a carpenter named John Durfrichter. They came in an immigrant car with some cows, 4 horses and few pieces of simple farm machinery. They arrived in Edgeley on March 21, 1905; from there they traveled to the half section northeast of Berlin that Fred had bought. They built a house and broke up 80 acres of virgin sod that first summer. Mrs. Busch joined her husband there 6 weeks later. The Buschs made their home there 62 years. Their family of 9 children were born and raised there. Fred was active in community affairs, served on the township and school boards. Mrs. Busch directed the choir and played the organ in the church at Berlin for many years. She naturally assumed the duties of the care and upkeep of the altar linens. The Buschs celebrated their 62 wedding anniversary on March 5, 1967. It was shortly after this Fred passed away, March 17, after having suffered a coronary heart attack. Mrs. Busch continued to live on the farm with their son Vincent, who took over the management of the farm; and a daughter Edith. Mrs. Busch, having been in failing health, went to the Colonial Manor in LaMoure, was there until her death August 3, 1972."

Differing with the Berlin History account, the aforementioned 1905 letters suggest strongly that Rosa was at the new farm by very early April, 1905, the carpenter's name was Terfruchte, and most likely Rosa's sister Helena came out with her. The letters also suggest that the house and barn may have been ready for occupancy by the time the ladies arrived, suggesting that a crew had helped build them. But otherwise the description in the booklet seems reasonably accurate.

The growing up years of the Busch children are described in detail on following pages.

To Fred and Rosa were born nine children:

Lucina was born January 3, 1907. During her high school years she attended St. Johns Academy, a Catholic girls high school, in Jamestown, North Dakota. (It was an objective of Buschs to send their children to Catholic Schools if possible. The impact of the depression ultimately made this impossible.) On graduation, Lucina became licensed

as a teacher and began a career of teaching elementary school which spanned many years. She was a very helpful person to the family. In times of trouble in the 1930's she helped pay the taxes on the farm so it would not be lost. She helped her sister Florence go to the College of St. Benedict for one year. Lucina married Berlin high school teacher Duane Pinkney August, 1939, and they had two sons, Ron and Jim.

Esther was born July 27, 1909. Like Lucina, Esther attended four years of high school at St. Johns Academy. She graduated from high school at 16, and as soon as she could she became licensed as a teacher and began a career of teaching elementary country schools in the late 1920s. (One of her early schools is now a museum at Grand Rapids Memorial Park). It was during her summer school years at Valley City Normal that she met her future husband Henry Bernard. Of all the Busch children, she appears to have been among the most headstrong and determined. She wanted to be a salesperson for Mason Shoes; she wanted to be out on her own. She married Henry Bernard at Berlin August 9, 1937. Henry and Esther had five children.

Verena was the third child, born March 21, 1912. Verena died of peritonitis (burst appendix) in May, 1927. She is buried in the Berlin cemetery. Esther, Mary and Florence talk more about Verena in their articles.

Mary was born September 26, 1913. She had been slated for St. John's Academy, but the Depression dashed those plans. She also became a career teacher and married a farmer, Allan Brehmer, from Wales ND. They had seven children.

George was the first boy, and doubtless this was an important event for a farm family whose culture traditionally relied on boys for field work. His contemporary accounts of life on the farm in 1942 appear in this volume, plus many additional letters from the farm family. George was born January 11, 1916. He went to college at age 22, got a teaching degree, became an officer on board the Woodworth in the Navy during WWII, and later had a long teaching career in high school science. He married Jean Tannahill in June, 1944. (She formerly had been Henry Bernard's student at Allandale in 1928 and following years.) George's first teaching experience was with Henry Bernard at Sykeston, 1945-47. Jean started the 1945-46 school year for him until he was released from Navy duty. In the late 40s and 50s he taught in Rugby ND, and moved to Babbitt MN in 1959, where he taught until his death June 23, 1979. He and Jean had six children.

Florence was the sixth child, and fifth girl, born to Fred and Rosa. She was born November 3, 1918. Florence also went to Valley City and became a teacher for a time. With Lucina's financial help she spent one year at the College of St. Benedict, St. Joseph MN. She married Bernard Wieland in April, 1942, and they subsequently adopted two children. They farmed for many years near Dazey ND, near the farm where Bernard grew up.

Edith was born July 20, 1920, and received her high school education in Berlin. She did not go on to college, and never married; and continues to live on the home farm. For all of us, Edith and her brother Vincent along with Grandma and Grandpa were always present at the farm when we came to visit. We have lots of good memories of both Vince and Edith at home on the farm.

Vincent was born January 6, 1925. Vince's memories appear at various places in this volume. He and Edith remain at the farm, and after high school he did not continue on to college. After high school graduation in 1943, Vince was drafted, but never called up. Like Edith, Vince never married and lives on the home farm.

Arthur was born October 16, 1927 and was the youngest and last child. His memories appear in several places in this volume. He completed high school at the end of WWII, was drafted and then spent 16 months in the ski troopers in the US Army, then completed a degree in electrical engineering at the University of North Dakota after spending the first two years at Wahpeton School of Science. He spent a career as a sales engineer with General Electric, primarily in the Chicago area. He married his first wife, Eileen, in January, 1955, and they had seven children.

THE "DOUBLE COUSINS": THE AUGUST BERNING FAMILY

Living at the next farm, about a mile to the southeast of Fred Busch's, was a family - the **August Bernings** - we all knew as close neighbors. At the same time, the Busch grandkids did not attach a lot of significance to the Berning family since by the time they were old enough to care, the Berning place had been vacated. **Mrs. Berning, Grandma Christina**, had passed away by early in 1950, Mr. Berning basically left the farm after her death, and the farm was sold and the building removed by the mid-1950s.

The family lived in North Dakota from about 1907-20, and again lived in North Dakota beginning in 1933. It appears from the recollections of the Berning children, that Dubuque was probably more commonly thought of as "home" for many of the family.

Nonetheless, the family next door to Busches were indeed very closely related. **August Berning** was the brother of Rosa Busch, **Christina Berning** was the sister of Ferdinand Busch.

August Berning was born November 12, 1879, and was Rosa's older brother. **Christina Busch** was born March 26, 1887, and was Ferdinand's younger sister. They married on November 13, 1906, at Kieler WI, about a year and a half after Busch's had married.

Christina was an accomplished amateur writer and poet, and sometime right before April 13, 1941, she wrote the following wonderful piece of prose/poetry about the August Berning family history:

"We were married on the 13th of November, 1906. Bought a farm in North Dakota in Section 13. Lived on Section 13 for 13 years, then moved to Iowa, found we were living in the 13th precinct. While living in the 13th precinct we celebrated our 25th wedding anniversary on Friday the 13th. Gave birth to a 13th child who was born on Friday the 13th. On the 13th of June, after living in the 13th precinct for 13 years, we moved back to section 13, over Highway 13, and our 13th baby will be 13 years on the 13th of April in 1941." At the end of this wonderful piece is the notation: "This is the biography of Mrs. August Berning."

Some of Christina's other poetry, as faithfully transcribed by her granddaughter Christine Moyer, is in this book.

Following are some descriptions of this family "next door":

From **Vincent Busch**, written December, 1989. Vincents description basically "melds" the two families into one unit, in many ways, and in many ways they were really one family:

"The Berning house was a basic pioneer home, two story, with two bedrooms upstairs, and two down. A dirt basement held potatoes, as did ours. It had an entry porch on the east side as wide as the house. It was heated by a warm morning or round stove with lignite coal. Coal was kept in the basement at Busch's - I'm not certain where it was kept at Bernings. Both families had dogs. Invariably our dogs Skip or Bingo, and Pete, (Bernings dog), would get in a horrendous fight when brought together by visits between family. It was some excitement for a kid trying to end the fight by throwing water on the dogs along with a lot of hollering. I don't think they make farm dogs like that anymore! They really fought as to put an end to each other.

During the time Bernings lived in Dubuque the farm was rented. I believe one party was Shorty Seeferts.

Their trees were probably planted at the same time as Dad had some planted - where the cottonwood stand near where Bernings and Busch lands join east of the farm. WPA (Works Progress Administration) workers planted them by hand in 1936. A number of men were involved in the planting. I think Dad had ten acres planted.

I remember when the Berning family came back to North Dakota in 1933. Agnes and Anita were, respectively, a year older and a year younger than me. Rufina came and Ruby also. [August Jr. also came back, but went into the CCC, and then into the military]. Ruby was Edith's age. Melvin was the youngest, and was Art's age. We all went to the grade school northwest of here a mile. [Ed: near the Schober farm] We walked most of the time across the field. Tested ice in the spring to see if we could skate on it. Going to high school we drove sometimes in Bernings Model T or Dad's Dodge. We sometimes drove horse and buggy. In later years a bus hauled us in every day. The roads were ungraveled clay and were there ruts in them! The bus was a small van and we were packed in there pretty tight. It sometimes cut across pastures to get around impassable roads. Robert Shockman was the owner/driver. It sure beat going ourselves. Two high school teachers were the most we ever had for all four years of high school. I think we learned reading, writing and arithmetic quite well in grade school and did what we had to in high school to get a passing grade. Ruby and Rufina went on to be nurses. Agnes a sister of St. Joseph in Edgeley. Anita taught school some, then nursing. Mel went to Carroll College in Montana for a year after high school. Then he transferred to Montana State at Bozeman. Art went to the Army at 18 after being drafted. He spent time with the ski troops at Leadville, CO, for an 18 month Army tour, then he continued school at Wahpeton School of Science and the University of North Dakota at Grand Forks, where he graduated as an electrical engineer.

Uncle Gus, as any uncle of ours was called, had a very nice team of four horses and did an excellent job of farming, I thought. He had only 160 acres, most of which were tillable. He had a large garden and some apple trees and plum, also. The two families worked together for years threshing. Dad had an old Case tractor in the 30's, and in the 40's a regular F-20 Farmall. Schober's sometimes joined in the threshing. it was no small job to say the least. Combines are very appreciated by me. We elevated our grain with an old grain elevator off of a threshing machine that Dad had fixed up with a gas engine. Sometimes the grain was all shovelled by hand. Don't remember the girls helping much with threshing but they worked along side their Dad shocking grain. Everybody worked, I guess, even hauling bundles."

August and Christina's children were:

Irwin, first child, unsure of birthdate, died at six months of pneumonia.

Irene, born December 7, 1908, married Carl Langkamp in 1928. Irene was a homemaker; Carl was a machinist. They had five children.

Lillian, born February 8, 1910, married Walter McFadden in 1931, who farmed near Dubuque. Lillian went to Dubuque's Bayless Business College and became a bookkeeper. Like her sister's Cecilia, Rose and brother August, she likely went to business college as her parents could not afford Catholic High School tuition, and public school was not believed to be a desirable option for them. Originally it was necessary to keep their marriage a secret so as to not jeopardize her job. They had ten children.

Cecilia, born November 24, 1912, married Donald Thimmesch, who was one of the first 50 state patrol officers in Iowa. She also went to Business College and became a bookkeeper. She was an outstanding marksman, winning a national championship in 1939. They had nine children.

Rose, born November 1, 1914, married George Molitor in 1941. They had two children. George was killed in WWII in April, 1945, over Italy (he was a tail-gunner and the plane he was in was shot down over enemy territory within a month of VE Day); Rose married Ben Van Hoorn after her children were grown. Rose also went to Business College in Dubuque and did secretarial work..

August, born October 26, 1916, married Betty Cisinski in 1946. He also went to Bayless Business College in Dubuque. After working in the CCC, he went in the Marines, and ended WW II as a Captain. His career was as a printer. Betty was a homemaker. They had six children.

Hyacinth, born November 16, 1918, married Robert Sweeney, and was a homemaker. Robert was a farmer, and then a machinist. They had six children.

Ruby, born September 25, 1920, married Miles Fitzgerald in 1946. Ruby had a twin sister, **Ruth**, who died before she was one. Rose, in a letter November 5, 1989, said "I imagine she died of a syndrome also called "crib death". We were settled at the time at Grandma and Grandpa Busch's house while Dad looked for a job and a house in Dubuque for us to live in." Ruby took nurse's training and married Miles, a school classmate, several years after high school. She then was a homemaker. Miles was a blacksmith in Berlin. For much of their married life they lived in the St. Paul area, where they had purchased a small farm in 1956, and Miles worked as a welder. Along the way they got into the antique business. They had eight children.

Rufine, born February 21, 1922, married Don Anciaux in 1946. Don worked for years in a printers shop in Iowa City. Rufine went to nurse's training and ultimately became an RN and a School Nurse. Don was in the Army in WWII. They had four children.

Agnes, born January 18, 1924, attended St. John's Academy and Jamestown, and became Sr Mary Catherine of the Sister Servants of Christ the King in Edgeley ND.

Ann (Anita), born October 20, 1925, taught country school for two years after high school, then joined the Nursing Cadet program, and became a Registered Nurse. In 1952, she married Dale Cranfield, who was a chemist. They had four children..

Melvin, born April 13, 1928, married Leola Peters in 1952. After high school he went into the service, then got an engineering degree, then served in Korea. Lee was a nurse. They had five children.

The reader will readily note that 10 of the 13 Berning children were girls, essentially "mirroring" the Busch family next door! The genes in both families strongly favored girls!

In December, 1989, **Ann Cranfield** wrote the following reminiscences about her family:

"Mom and Dad were married in 1906 and moved to North Dakota immediately. They lived on a farm right outside of Berlin until Dad got the house built on the home place.

Because Aunt Rose and Uncle Ferd had moved there it made the move attractive to them and they lived about a mile from Busch's farm. I remember Mom and Dad telling about a big fire. The barn burned down and Dad's arms and hands got badly burned while trying to get the livestock out. Also about all the neighbors gathering for a barn raising. They lost their first child **Irwin** when he was six months old - died of pneumonia. Then in December of 1908. **Irene** was born. **Lillian, Cecilia, Rose and August** were all born in North Dakota. The rest of us were born either in Wisconsin or Dubuque. When Mom and Dad moved to Iowa they rented the farm out and had various tenants throughout the years. So the old place was waiting for them to come back to in 1933. I remember the year of the move well because I was seven years old and it was the middle of the drought and the depression. I don't remember much about Dubuque, but I remember the North Dakota years from 1933-42 very well. One year the crop was destroyed by rust in the grain. One year the grasshoppers were so bad they ate everything including clothing on a clothesline and corn in a crib. You could look up in the sky and see a whole layer of grasshoppers flying, the sun reflecting off of them. One year the drought was so bad that the grain didn't get high enough to harvest so Dad carefully cut it with a mower, raked it into windrows for it to dry so he could put it in the barn to use for food for the cows and horses (mostly during those years there was no hay and hay and straw had to be bought for the livestock) but it never made it into a barn or a stack. That night one of North Dakota's well known winds hit and every stalk was blown away.

I left in 1945 to go to Rockford IL and Nurses training. I graduated in 1948 and came back in 1949 because mother (Christina) was so sickly. Mother died March 22, 1950, and Dad stayed on the farm, more or less, until 1953 then he sold it to Glen Witt (Luella Hoffman's husband) and he tore down or moved the buildings. Dad lived with Ruby in Berlin for a couple of years and then he married Grace McGregor and they lived in LaMoure until 1958. Then Grace got sick and her girls said that were closing up the house so I took Dad with me to Rochelle IL. By that time his memory was so bad that he was not responsible so I arranged with Sister Mary Katherine (our sister Agnes) for him to go into the Manor in Edgeley where she was a sister. Her order ran the nursing home. Dad died there in 1961. I couldn't even go to the funeral because my four little ones had chicken pox and I had had surgery shortly before. I always felt terrible about that. My, how the memories come back - walking to school in the spring and fall, remember being late one time and taking a flying leap over a tumbleweed and looking down on an animal with a broad white strip down its back. I got out of there fast!

Our old dog, Pete, digging out gophers and our drowning them out and our saving the tails for a penny bounty (there was an infestation). How I loved to see the new little animals - colts, calves, kittens and little pigs. I could go on and on. Of course all during this time our two families were very close. Always loved our times at Uncle Ferd's and Aunt Rose's with Uncle Ferd playing his fiddle, Mary or Lucina playing the piano, mostly Mary because Lucina had finished school and was teaching then. Vince and Art on Sax and clarinet and singing all the songs from the late 1800s to the 1940s. They played for our barn dances also."

In November, 1989, **Rose Van Hoorn** wrote some memories of the families time in Dubuque IA, where they spent much of their life:

"We lived in Dubuque, I believe the address was 1405 Lincoln Avenue. It was three blocks from school - we went to Holy Trinity Catholic School. The house had three bedrooms upstairs and bath; big kitchen, dining room and living room down and a full basement too. There was a hillside garden, a back porch, a cement patio covered with a thick grapevine. I remember the cistern. We had our washing machine in a built on shed behind the house off the cement slab. Uncle Frank often brought us black walnuts. Dad

spread them out on the shed roof to dry. Those dreadful hulls! We spent a lot of time out there in summer - cool and shady - the grapes were Clintons, a small grape, fantastic eating, and jelly out of this world.

We had a swing out there - cracked nuts and our fingers - black walnuts are tough, but good!

Dads garden was always beautiful. He had a grapevine in back, too, the big concords and a white grape whose name I don't know.

There was a rocky hill behind our house - another house directly behind us on a lane along the bottom of the hill. Gus and I would climb up there as soon as the weather got nice - we picked asparagus for as long as it lasted - Mom loved it. we climbed around on a horrible rock and thought we were pretty daring. Scares me now to remember the tight corners and tiny foot and hand holds - at least no one slipped off and got hurt.

We weren't too far from Eagle Point Park. On one of our many fishing trips we climbed up from the Mississippi River and into the park and walked home that way. You couldn't pay me enough to try that again! Gus and I did a lot of fishing - he wouldn't allow any of the other kids to come. They got tired too fast.

I loved Dubuque - Irene and Lill were married before the folks left for N.D. Hycie stayed behind. Mother said she needed me to come along and help her so of course I went. I loved North Dakota too, have been happy everywhere I've been.

The house in Dubuque - I've walked downtown from home. Found my way to Uncle Art's [Parker] house there, and Aunt Mary's [and Uncle Henry Busch] house. You could spot it, maybe a mile from the river. (I never thought of it in terms of miles) but town was the opposite direction, west.

You asked about school - I didn't ever attend school in Dakota - Ann, Mel, Rufine and Ruby did, and Agnes of course. Thinking back, Cecilia was married while I was back in Dubuque - I was a bridesmaid for her. Believe Lillian asked me to come and help her with the kids while she had a baby."

From another November 1989 letter: "Dad worked at the Brunswick factory in Dubuque. His job was a furniture refinisher for radio cabinets and that may been the reason they moved from North Dakota to Iowa. Mother also wanted us to be able to go to a Catholic School, plus this, our home in North Dakota was two and a quarter miles from school, winters were tough, so Dad had to take the kids to school on a sled, across the fields.

We went back to Dakota during the depression, 1933. Brunswick had cut their staff and Dad was out of work. The city had part time work for family heads, but it wasn't steady work and Dad was very depressed. Mother again decided we'd go back on the farm, at least Dad would be busy and we could raise our own food.

The neighbors were kind and when Franklin D. Roosevelt said to destroy calves, lambs, etc., to bring prices up, they brought them and left them for Dad. We were never really sure who brought them, but it was an early Christmas!"

On January 18, 1990, Rose responded to some questions raised after reading the above letters:

"You asked, "who was Uncle Art?" He was married to Dad's sister Lena and his name was Parker. He and Aunt Lena lived in North Dakota for awhile as caretaker at the Park in Grand Rapids. I don't know much about that, too small to remember when they moved to Dubuque even [apparently about 1927], and Uncle Henry Busch and Aunt Mary were Grandpa Busch's brother and his wife. They had a lovely big home on Grand Avenue in Dubuque - a tree lined street, lovely old trees. Uncle Henry delighted in watching the squirrels as they checked out the nuts he supplied, weighing them carefully in their tiny paws, they tossed aside any that were empty. (he cracked those to see they really were empty, and they were!) He had to be the first of the Busch boys to come to America. [Wilhelm Busch was apparently the first to arrive].

Mother had to take a trip to North Dakota one year because the farm tenants seemed indisposed to pay the rent."

From **Dorothy Aschtgen**, daughter of **Irene**, December 31, 1989:

"[Irene] did talk about having to pick potato bugs and putting them in a pail of kerosene and how she HATED that job. Also about walking across field to the Busch house and how the snow covered the fences in the winter. Also of Grandpa Berning taking them to school in the horse drawn sled."

And another comment from Dorothy, October 7, 1989:

"I remember visiting the farm in Wisconsin and the summer cook-house and WIDE front steps stand out in my mind. Always lots of people around too."

And another...December 4, 1989:

"Regarding Berning's moving between Dubuque and LaMoure - after they were first married, they left Wisconsin and homesteaded next to Rose and Ferdie Busch. They left the farm because of needing money to feed their children. Grandpa Gus found work in Dubuque, then during early depression years he was laid off and moved back to farm because they could at least grow their food."

On April 23, 1991, **Christine Moyer**, daughter of Rose (Berning) Van Hoorn, and a contemporary of the second generation of Busch-Bernings, wrote her recollections of trips to the Berning farm:

"During our younger years, we would take the train from our home in Bozeman MT and spend our summer vacations on the farm with Grandma and Grandpa. Those were fun days, for a couple of 'city' kids. Grandpa Berning would take us fishing, usually in Grand Rapids. We had our bamboo poles with the red and white bobbers, and likely as not, we would take home a string of bullheads for supper. I remember my sister Georgia hooking a snapping turtle one day, and almost taking a header into the river. Grandpa took the pole, and it bent over double and broke before he pulled the turtle in. I was very impressed!! I'm not sure what Grandpa's old car was, a Model "A" or "T", or what, but I do recall that he felt the center of the road was where he should drive, and he never gave an inch to oncoming traffic. Once on the way home from town, the car over-heated, but Grandpa was undaunted. He spoke to it emphatically in German, and emptied our bottles of "strawberry soda" into the radiator. It hissed and belched considerable, but we made it home in a cloud of fragrant pink steam.

Those days were always an adventure. For a city kid, even bringing the cows in to be milked was a treat. When it was time to harvest the wheat, Grandpa would let us sit

behind the horses, on the grain wagon and think we had an important role in the whole procedure. I remember it was hot and sticky, and between the flies, and the chaff down your neck, it was miserable, but my most vivid remembrance centers around the horses, they had a severe flatulence problem. I think we spent most of the day in a green, noxious cloud, but we wouldn't have given up our "job" for anything. Grandpa always made us feel that we were a vital part of the entire operation, God love him. Looking back, as an adult, I imagine we were a real nuisance, but he sure didn't let on. It's a shame more people don't have that quality. There would probably be a lot fewer messed up kids, if there were more Grandpas like him. I've always been a "hands on" admirer of the animal kingdom, so I really loved being on the farm. The baby animals were such fun. I picked up a baby pig once, and the mama took extreme offense at my audacity. She chased me up onto the grain wagon, and proceeded to systematically dismantle the wagon out from under me. My uncle, Melvin, saved the day however. He finally convinced me to drop the piglet, which did get Mama off my case. It was fun when Mel was on the farm, he used to hide from us down in the basement and when we'd go to track him down, he'd pop out of the dark with a flashlight in his mouth and scare the dickens out of us. We loved it.

It was always a treat to go over to Aunt Rose and Uncle Ferdies, for the day. I remember once, Vincent ran over a goose coming back from church on Sunday. We all had that goose for supper and I gloated thru the entire meal. I was scared to death of those damnable geese. They always hung out in the shade of the lilac bushes, and every trip to the out house was a real contest of wills. They'd hiss and bite and I'd holler and kick. There were a few times I didn't make the little house in time, for having to run the "gauntlet of the geese". I remember Vince and Edith, of course, and I remember Art, bless his heart. I bonked him on the nose with a spoon the last time I saw him. As I recall, we were leaving for home, or he was going somewhere. and I'd been instructed to give Uncle Art a hug. Being the rotten child that I was, however, my parting gesture was a little more physical than what had been called for. I wonder if he remembers that, I couldn't have been very old, maybe four at the time. The only cousins I recall meeting from the Busch side of the family were the two Pinkney boys. They were there visiting once while we were there. Don't remember much about them, so I must have been fairly young. Do recall that they initiated a cow chip fight, and my sister Georgia and I were definitely outclassed. They both had a better arm for chip slinging than we did. As I recall, we all got in trouble over that little episode.

I don't really have as many memories of Grandma, as I do of Grandpa. From early on, as I recall, she was somewhat incapacitated, because she never participated in any of our outings. We kind of gave her a wide berth, because she would pinch our cheeks to make them rosy. It was an uncomfortable ordeal, so we avoided it. I do remember, once when I was ill, I'd come down with an inexplicable ailment of some sort. Had run a "hand blistering" temp for days, and mother was quite concerned, since there wasn't a doctor for miles. I remember waking up fit and sound, but somewhat puzzled, because my socks were full of glassy, semi-cooked onions. It seems Grandma had told Mother to put a thick slice of raw onion against the bottoms of my feet to break the fever. Whether it was the onions, or coincidence, I'll never know, but the fever broke within a couple of hours and I was up and raring to go, no worse the wear for my ordeal. There were several occasions, when my own kids were small, that I resorted to the "onions in the socks" cure, and it always seemed to work. When I asked the doctor about it, he just laughed and said it was the most absurd thing he'd ever heard of. Absurd or not, I'd use it again, if the situation were to arise. He laughed also when I told him that a grated red Delicious apple would stop diarrhea, but that's one home remedy that I'll swear by.

I can remember once, on the farm, we had come home from town and grandma said that a mess of thieves had been there and stolen all the valuables. We found silverwear under the mattresses, in the trestle table, and all sorts of strange places. I guess she got a bit "eccentric" before she died.

After Grandma died and Grandpa sold the farm [early 1950's] we only went back once, that was after Grandpa had moved to LaMoure and married Grace. Due to ill health and other circumstances, that didn't last too long. Once he left LaMoure he came and lived with us for awhile, and then he lived with Ann for a time. He suffered several small strokes during that period, and became somewhat incapacitated. At this point, he went to the nursing home that was run by the order that Sister Mary Catherine [aunt] belonged to. That way Sister could keep watch over him, and make sure he was well cared for. He died while he was there, at the home in Edgeley. He really was a dear sweet man. Aunt Rose was also sweet dispositioned, and very warm and demonstrative. Grandma seemed a bit more reserved somehow, or at least that's how I perceived her to be back then, but I was really quite young. Think I was only 5 when she died. That's probably why I was so moved by her poetry. I felt I knew her better with every line I transcribed. It was a strange feeling, really, one that would be hard to describe. In any case, it was an enlightening and heartwarming experience."

We were married on the
13th of Nov¹⁹⁰⁸ bought a farm in N.D. in
sec 13 lived on sec 13 for 13 years then
moved to Iowa found we were
living in the 13th precinct while
living in the 13th precinct we
celebrated our 25th wedding anniversary
on Fri. 13. gave birth to a 13th child
who was born on Friday the 13th
on the 13 of June after living in
the 13th precinct ^{+ 13 years} we moved back to
section 13 over highway 13 and
our 13 baby will be 13 years on
the 13 of April in 1941

This is the Biography of
Mrs Aug Berning

BERLIN

ST JOHN'S
BERLIN
1915(?)

SOLEMN FIRST MASS AT BERLIN

Impressive Services at Berlin On Wednesday of Last Week

A celebration as impressive and heart touching as it is rare in this part of the country, took place in the St. John's Catholic church at Berlin, June the 9th. The occasion was the First Solemn Mass, celebrated by a newly ordained priest, Rev. Father R. V. Long, whose home is two miles northeast of Berlin. A celebration of this kind, which stands unique among all the solemnities in the Catholic church, can be understood and appreciated only, when it is remembered that the day marks the end of long and trying years of arduous study for the young priest, that with the day of his ordination great spiritual powers have been invested in him, and have segregated his life from that of the rest of men, and the many ties of spiritual friendship and service reaching from the cradle to the grave, weave the priest's life intimately together with that of his people. By a solemn vow he willingly renounces the natural right of man to family life and family joys, and that for one reason, that he may give his undivided attention to his larger family—the flock entrusted to him. There is nothing and nobody to stand between him and his congregation. Because of this peculiar manner of living, he has for centuries sustained the brunt of attack against ignorance or malice, yea, from the very lips of those who feel themselves called to feed to the faithful, the gospel of Christian charity, there trickles now and then the black poison of slander against the Catholic priest.

All this stands out in clear relief to the Catholic people, and so, whenever a young man arises from their midst, who has devoted his life to the crown and the cross of the priesthood, their enthusiasm, their reverence knows no bounds. It was this idea that guided the Catholic people of Berlin mission, as they beset themselves to make arrangements for a day never to be forgotten. The eve of the feast was marked by great activity of many hands on the church premises, the children were being trained, the church decorated with festoons and cut flowers, two rows of tree branches set on either side of

the road leading into the church gave surroundings a festive appearance.

The day dawned bright, and although a lively breeze was fanning the heights that presented the glittering crosses of the St. John's church to the morning sun, the weather conditions were favorable.

At nine o'clock the crowds began to arrive, afoot, by teams, by automobiles, and when at ten o'clock the bell announced the beginning of the celebration, the large premises of the church seemed to be waving with one vast mass of heads, an expressive poise and prayerful quietness resting over all. The children were being arranged into lines to form the guard of honor of Father Long on entering into the church. At 10:15 the young priest arrived by automobile from his home, in cassock, surplice and stole, accompanied by his two little brides who carried on a cushion, the wreath, emblem of purity and everlasting union with the church. He was met by the children, the visiting priests, in cassock and surplice, and Father Baker the pastor, vested with the surplice and the cope, and while the bell was sending its joyous peals into the broad surrounding prairies in festive green, the procession wound its way slowly into the church. As Father Long set foot onto the threshold, he intoned with a strong vibrant voice the hymn to the Holy Ghost, which was sung alternately by the priests as the young celebrant was led to the altar. Every available space in the church, both in the nave and in the large gallery was filled with the crowds of faithful, when Father Long began the Mass, and for the first time sang the angels' words, so well fitting for the occasion, "Glory be to God on High."

He was assisted at the altar by Father Duffy of Ellendale, as the archpriest, Father Meyer of Fairmount as Deacon of the Mass, Father Wilkes of Fingal as Sub-Deacon, Father Thiel of Langdon as Master of Ceremonies, Father Hart of Cogswell and Father Duerr of Lidgejwood assisted in the sanctuary.

The sermon was preached by the pastor, Father Baker, who in a half an hour's discourse developed the glories and the sufferings of the priesthood. The music was furnished by the Catholic church choir of LaMoure, with Mrs. W. D. Lynch at the organ, and Mrs. Woolsey as choir director. The Holy Rosary choir has been the pride of all the missions in this neighborhood, but never did they develop the volume of harmony, the precision, and the beauty of melody

as on this occasion. They contributed greatly towards enhancing the solemnity of the feast.

After the services, which closed with the popular hymn, "Holy God, we praise thy Name," the blessing of the newly ordained priest was given to all present individually, and a souvenir holy card distributed to all in remembrance of the occasion.

At one o'clock a bounteous dinner was served at Young's hall by Mrs. Long, the mother of the young priest, assisted by the ladies of the parish, at the end of which Father Baker presented with a few words to the young priest two beautiful presents.

Father Long answered and, after having expressed his thanks in well chosen words, promised, never to forget his friends at Berlin and all who contributed towards the success of the day.

In conclusion let it be said that the members of the Berlin congregation did themselves proud in arranging matters for the occasion, no pains were spared, no expense was too much no time too precious, the little congregation set a beautiful example and have the heartfelt thanks of both the pastor and Father Long, for their untiring willingness and zeal in making the day one long to be remembered.

RECOUNTING
THE FIRST
MASS AT
THE
BUSCH + BERNING
CHURCH.

ST. JOHN'S
IN
BERLIN, ND.

PROBABLY FROM
BERLIN
LAMOURE OR
EDGELEY
PAPERS.

Stella Freese
St. Victoria Long
1975

HISTORY OF
DICKY N.D.
CHURCH

Assumption Church - Dickey N.D.
Father Baker who was pastor in
Oaks, N. Dak. was the first priest
to offer mass in Dickey, this
was in the Spring of 1908.

He came to Dickey by train
stopping along the way to say
mass in Verona and La Moure
then on to Dickey, from there
one of the parishioners took
him to Berlin, by horse & buggy
then he said mass & would take
the train to Verona, how he
got to Oaks I don't know.

Mass was first said above a
store owned by Frank Webster
on the north side of main street
It burnt down, then Mass was
said in the hall above ~~patrons~~
store on the south side of main
street. In the year 1909 they

started to build the first
Catholic Church in Dickey.
It was at this time Dickey got
their first priest, by the
name of Father Casey. The
church was a small wooden
building, a very small base-
ment, to take care of the furnace.
In the winter of 1916 and 1917
it burnt down; they saved
nearly all of the fixtures, they
were stored in the Verona Livery
stable, which was south of the
church.

The first parish house was a
small one the church owned,
on the corner N.E. of the school
This was for a short time. They
bought the Paten house, a little
to the N. west across the street
from the church, now owned

by Adrian & William Schulte. After the church burnt, mass was said in the parish house during the rest of the winter. Then in the summer, mass was said above the pool hall, it was over the Mike Johnson restaurant was, on the south side of main street.

They started to build the present church on the same location in 1919. It is constructed of tamped cement, so they had to put a very wide foundation to hold the weight of the building. During this time Father Casey left for Calif. because of ill health. The new pastor was Father Falvey.

So with buying the house and then the church burning down,

the parish was heavy in debt and interest was high. One of the parish members, saw a man who was quite wealthy and asked him for a loan, and got it with much lower interest. This was at the time of the depression after world war one. So as time went on, they raised funds with Mr + Mrs Patton, and again the small house was the parish house.

Hoping some day to either build or get a different house.

About 1916 Father Baker started forming a parish in Berkeley, they built a church, and was a mission of Dickey.

From the time of Father Falvey, including 1924 the following priests were in Dickey, Father Duffey, Father

Heart, and Father McMullen
 Mrs Frank Webber ^{helped} got the first
 Aid started. At one time there
 were 2 aids, known as the
 East and West. Each fall
 they had a chicken supper,
 with a dance and lunch after
 all in the parlor of the supper
~~to get ready~~ ^{to get ready} a few of the men would
 have to get lumber from
 Patons lumber yard and make
 the tables, a lot of the
 dishes were carried in Bushel
 baskets from Washburn store and
 had to be washed before we
 could eat the table's, many
 dishes, silver ware, dish towels,
 Table cloth, and all the hot & cold
 water were carried up those steps,
 beside stores brought from some
 ones home, and to get it all sorted

Upper was a very man.

When Father McMullen left Father
 Bannon came to Dickes, being with
 the parish the longest of all the
 priests, about 20 years. In the last few
 years he also served Marion and Montpelier.
 Having mass in those two places one
 Sun. and Dickes and Berlin the next.
 When mass wasnt said in Dickes
 or Berlin, the parish went elsewhere,
 to the closest place, some to Marion
 - Montpelier, Edgeley or La Motte. When
 Fr Bannon left, Father Cormier came,
 he also took care of the 4 parishes,
 for a time, then Marion & Montpelier
 went together and had their own
 priest. While Father Cormier was with
 us, that the church basement was
 fixed and the supports were held down
 there. Some dishes bought, many don-
 ated; Also other things were donated
 by different families, as time went on
 such as the sink, Hot water Heater,
 Refrigerator, set of Dickes. (Laten on
 Honor.)

continued from 322A
side

Steel chairs replaced the wooden ones, New tables were bought to replace the heavy wooden ones made by one of the parish members.

Years later the Basement was remodelled and carpeted during Father Conway's time

After Father Conway then Father Schuck, then Father Rudd, St. was during his day that Dickey became a Mission of Berlin, a different house was much needed and they could get a good house in Berlin, so much cheaper than to build, he was pastor from 46-51. Then Father Szapala 51-54. Father Yorka 54-59. Father Rudd 59-67. Father Broder came in 67 and was with Berlin and Dickey, Berlin was closed Aug 1968, and Dickey became a mission of mission, Father Dickey had been pastor in mission for several years ~~at the mission~~ ~~at the mission~~ ~~at the mission~~ the two places until 1970

Father Conway came in 1970 and stayed till June-74. A Father Collier was pastor for a short time, from June 74 until Sept 74. Father Backman came to Mission Oct 74, and stayed until the fall of 79. He went to St. Paul Parko. While here he also had Dickey, Samelson and Erdstein, who missions

In 1979 Dickey started to remodel the church, also building an addition to the north.

As far as I can go with the building

There was a change in pastors in 79. Several priests from other parishes helped out until, Father Donald Cole of Edgley was appointed pastor to Sanborn, and has Mission and Dickey as missions.

Over

on Sept 5-1979 at 3 P.M. there will be a Dedication of the remodeled Assumption Church by Bishop Justin Wisniewski of Fargo, N. Dak.

Hope you can get some information from this.

would like it Back
Sincerely Stella Freese

1975

INTRODUCTION

Compiled by
Christine Moyer, 1990

The following prose and poetry, was written by my Grandmother, Christina M. Berning (Busch). They were taken from copies of her hand written notebook, which were so kindly provided by my Aunt, Ruby Fitzgerald (Berning). I can never thank her enough, for sharing this treasure with us. In transcribing the following pages, I feel I have come to know this lady, who was, previously, a ghost of my childhood memory. Since Grandmother died when I was only six, my memories of her were somewhat sketchy. Reading these lines, has given me the opportunity to know her as an adult, and has given me a new perspective. A priceless opportunity, to share in the things that shaped the character of this lady, who's blood we share, in a common bond. I cannot describe the flood of emotions that this effort has evoked, the smiles, the tears, and the myriad feelings in between, a bitter sweet potpourri of feelings, memories and dreams, there, between the lines that she wrote. It's been a true labor of love, and I hope that her words will touch all of your lives, as much as they have mine. I was compelled to pull out box after box of old photos, with a need to reacquaint myself with the people and places, times and faces, that are a part of my life.

THE BETTER WAY

I sit and think of the better day---
Yes, it is true, very true indeed.
People worked in much better ways,
And helped their neighbor in his need.

They didn't think, how much will he pay
And ask too much, yes, yes indeed.
No, in the better day,
There wasn't such a terrible greed.

Thanks, my friend, the neighbor would say,
How much you helped, and what fun.
Oh, I'll need your help too some day,
And soon our work twill all be done.

You don't find them any more that way,
They think, not of what they've done,
But, how much will he pay.
Now, isn't the Better Way more fun.

Biography of Christina M. Berning (Busch)

We were married on the 13th of November, 1900. Bought a farm in North Dakota in Section 13. Lived on Section 13 for 13 years, then moved to Iowa, (and) found we were living in the 13th precinct. While living in the 13th precinct we celebrated our 25th wedding anniversary on Friday the 13th. Gave birth to a 13th child, who was born on Friday the 13th. On the 13th of June, after living in the 13th precinct 13 years, we moved back to section 13, over Highway 13, and our 13th baby will be 13 years on the 13 of April in 1941.

This is the Biography of Mrs. August Berning.

TRANSPLANTING THE FAMILY BUSCH

Mr. Wm. Busch of Westfalen, Germany, his brothers, John and Henry, also his Father, Bernard, who had a twin brother with him till they arrived in Philadelphia, in some manner were parted at that city and never more seen or heard from. Mr. Wm. Busch was 94 years at his death in the year 1942, which would make it about 1848 at the time of birth; or 1871 when they left Germany. Wm. Busch had four sons, Ferdinand, Leonard, Wm. and Frank, and three daughters, Christina, Cecilia, and Hyacinth, all of which are living, excepting Cecilia.

(This undated accounting, was hand written by Christina Busch.)

MAKE YOUR MOTHER HAPPY

Thru her cabin door, I can see her,
As she rocks there, to and fro.
Of her dear ones she is thinking,
That have left her long ago.

So write to your dear old Mother,
For she is thinking most of you.
Tell her how you still do love her,
For she has been both kind and true.

In a cabin on the mountain,
Sits a man, head bowed in shame.
He had forgotten to write to Mother,
Who had given him his name.

So he writes to his darling Mother,
Who has been so loving and true.
He tells her how he loves her,
And has made her happy too.

MEMORIES

It seems long ago, when so soft and warm,
The tiny babes nestled in my arm.
Many years have gone, and how they grew,
Young men now, and women too.

But still in memories, I seem to see
Them small again, depending on me.
Their little hands cuddled into mine.
Their eyes with love, for me ashine.

But now my steps have weary grown,
I'm feeble, old and gray,
I cough, I grumble and I moan
As I trod the dreary way.

All I ask is, patient with me be.
For the time is drawing near,
When I no longer here will be,
And then I'll need no Cheer.

JACK FROST

Jack Frost has left his finger prints
On vegetable, flowers, and trees.
He has sent the leaves a fluttering down,
And fans us with his icy breeze.

The snow he has piled
High in the lane.
Flowers he has painted
On our window pane.

Barrels are filled with apples red.
Fruit jars were filled with love and care.
Coals bins too, in cellar or shed,
And cosy we rest in our easy chair.

WINTER HAS COME

Jack Frost has left his finger prints
Upon vegetable, flowers, and trees.
He has sent the leaves a fluttering down.
Whew, what an icy breeze dos't meet us at the dawn.

The snow is piled high along fence and lane.
Apple barrels are filled with apples red,
And flowers are on our window pane.
Coal in the bin, sheep in the shed.

The jars in the cellar were filled with care,
Now we rest our weary bones in our easy chair.
Thinking and planning for Holidays a coming one by one.
As we hear the corn a popping, oh what fun.

Thanksgiving with its turkey and pumpkin pie.
While children dance up and down, Christmas just comes flying by.
Oh Lent has come with its penance and fast.
Then Easter brings joy and Spring, at last.

HOPE

Strong winds are fiercely blowing
Winter days are cold and drear
Tis nice to sit by fireside glowing
And feel that spring soon will be here

Cheer up, cheer up, my dear friend
And prepare ye for the spring
Winter so cold, soon will end,
And the birds again will sweetly sing

We will all hope and pray
For surely then we shall see
The dawning of a new day
And nineteen thirtynine's prosperity

Then if we work, with might and main,
And carefully put our seed in
God will give us plenty of rain
To fill up our old grain bin

THE MASTER

One morning the bushes were snowy white
And glistened like a beautiful gem
If painted, by some great artist bright,
He never could do justice to them

But out comes dear old Mr. Sun
And says, old Man Winter, your work is done
He takes away that beautiful sheen,
And paints them all a wonderful green

Against this wonderful green background,
There is many a blossom to be found
In purple and red, blue and gold,
This great Artist of nature, doe'st beauty unfold



GRANDPA AND HIS FIDDLE

In the same old chair, with his bow on his knee
Grandpa and his fiddle, I still can see.
He strikes a note as he turns a key
And there beside him were both you and me.

Our feet no longer still could stand,
We turn around and join our hands.
While a pretty waltz he now doesn't play
As we keep in step, so happy and gay.

With a smile on his face, he doesn't thus dream
Of youth and friends, so it does seem.
I loved to see him just that way,
And silently watch, while a tune he'd play.

Or in the orchard out under a tree
With a basket of apples close to his knee.
With his pocket knife, he'd sit and peel
While close beside him, we would kneel

With a darning needle, and a long cord
We string his apples without a word.
He would place each string upon the line
And cover them with a cloth so fine.

The sun upon them, lovely and bright
Would dry them O, so juicy and white.
And then again, when they were dry,
Within a bag, them he would tie.

THE OLD HOME

There was a small yellow house, built into the hill.
At the end of which, a huge lilac stood.
The porch was moss covered, old grey shingles of wood,
The perfume of the lilac, mingles there still.

At one end of this porch, a great rock wall
Around the ell shaped porch, a mince plum tall.
It was bent and crooked, by an old fashioned cistern lid.
Much fruit I ate from it then, as a small kid.

On the south, 3 bull pine,
thru it's branches there crept,
A vine of sweet, juicy green grapes
Which ripened while we slept.

Now my father did change, all by a large 9 room house.
Surounded it with pine from the east to the south,
Virginia spruce, alpine cedar, and spruce so blue,
Like sentinels stand, all kinds of weather thru.

From crab apple seed, he built up a ten acre plot.
It contained fruit trees grafted by my fathers hand.
After years of labor, they still do stand,
And plenty of fruit, the neighbors have got.
He sure tended all with care,
Father, as he planted them there.

Now my Father, even so hard he does work,
At the age of ninety two, still at nothing does shirk.
With out glasses, he still does read,
And he writes with an even hand, indeed.
Straight as a soldier, and with a soldier's stride,
He views his work, o'er acres wide.

RED LIGHTS

Red lights, Red lights,
All up and down the hall.
Red lights, Red lights,
Over the door upon the wall.

Nurses, Nurses,
How they do flit by,
Just like so many butterflies,
High against the sunlit sky.
With uniforms of white and blue,
White cap, white cuff,
And white collar too.

Red lights, Red lights,
All up and down the hall.
Red lights, Red lights,
Over the door upon the wall.

You have a red light?
What can I do for you?
No bother, not at all,
I just was passing thru.
A tinkling glass of water,
Or an ice bag in her hand.
Maybe some very hot water,
To warm an aged man.

Red lights, Red lights,
All up and down the hall.
Red lights, Red lights,
Over the door upon the wall.

The
Busch/Berning
Family:
Wisconsin,
Dubuque IA,
Berlin ND



The parents of Rosa Busch, George and Christine Berning. This photo hung for years above the piano in the living room at the Busch farm.



The grandmother of Rosa Busch, and August Berning, Grandma Berning. (Maiden Name Heitcamp)



Grandma Rosa's and August Bernings
Grandma and Grandpa
Vosberg, photo in Dubuque IA 1887.



The wedding picture of Wilhelm Busch and Barbara Heim on November 23, 1875.



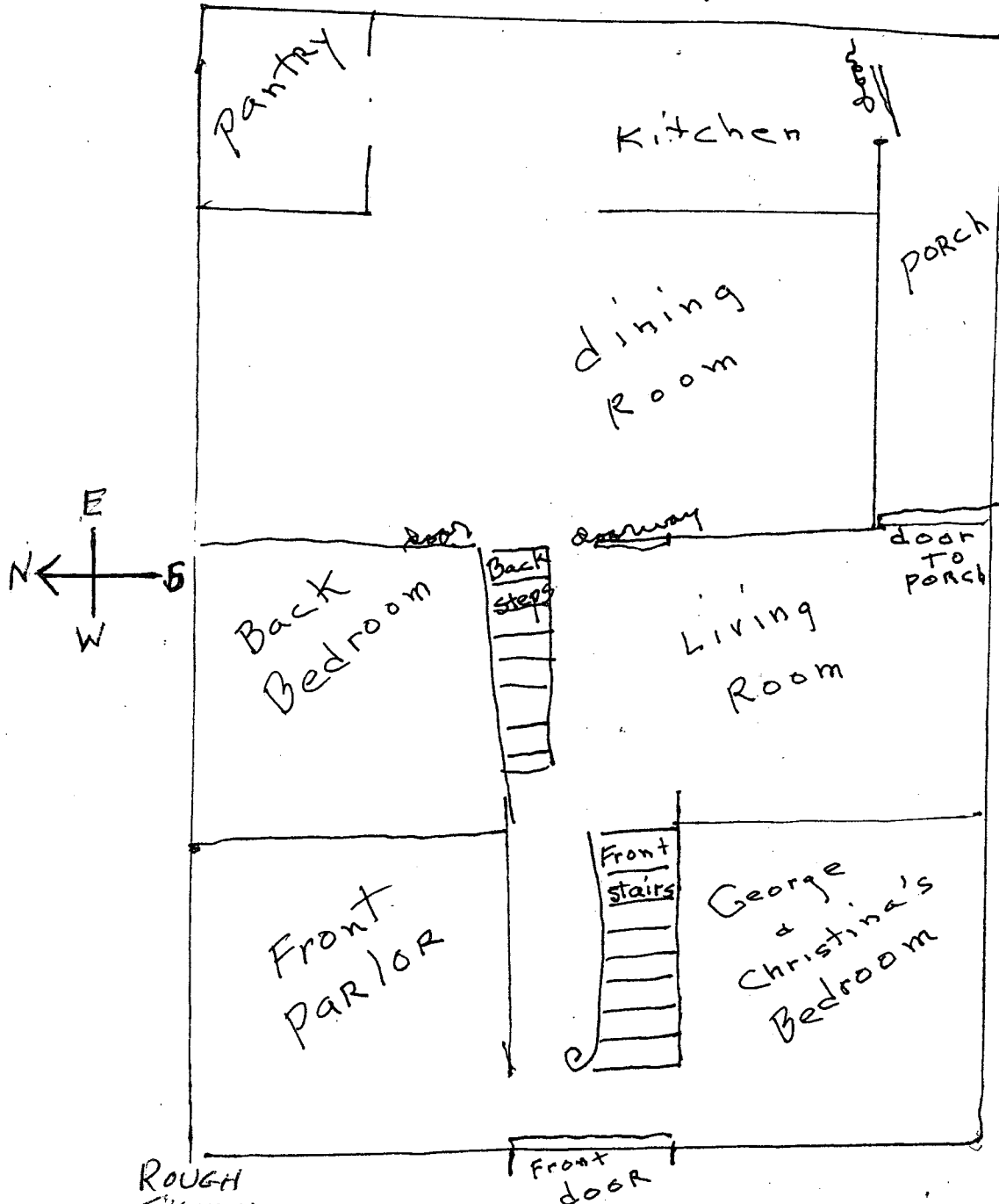
The Wilhelm and Barbara (Heim) Busch family: Photo probably from late 1890s or early 1900s. William and Barbara seated, standing from left: Hyacinth (Chase), Frank, William, Celia (Chinburg), Leonard, Ferdinand, Mary Christine (Berning).



**The newlyweds about February 28, 1905.
Rosa (Berning) Busch; Julia Berning; Leonard Busch, Ferdinand Busch**

65A

6 Bedrooms Upstairs
plus a hallway



ROUGH SKETCH

THANKS TO
LOIS PIKENBROCK
(DAU. OF MARY EMILY
& CYRIL WISSELL)
WHO GREW UP
IN THE HOUSE

George + Christina
Berning's
12 Room Farmhouse

Rendition 15 AUG 2011

1526



The George and Christina Berning home and family, very possibly in the summer of 1905, shortly after Ferd and Rosa Busch moved to North Dakota. Pictured from left:

August, Christina, George, Julia, Celia, Bertha and Lidwina. Kate had married 10 years earlier and lived about three miles south. Helena was likely already in North Dakota. This and other photos on this and following two pages are from the children of Cyril and Mary Emily Wissel.



The Berning girls and Mary Emily, probably taken at the farm home after the death of their sister and aunt Helena in 1931. Front row from left: Julia, Mary Emily, Lidwina, Bertha; back row from left: Kate, Rose and Celia.

bse



Rosa and Julia Berning
undated



Helena Berning
undated



Herman and Kate Placke
Wedding photo June 11, 1895

630



Cyril and Mary Emily Wissel (formerly George and Christina Berning) farm probably in the 1950s. Wissels added the porch to the front in the 1940s.



Earlier photo of the Berning farm from the road.



The Wilhelm and Barbara Busch home and, likely, many family members and perhaps visitors, perhaps around the time Ferd and Rosa went to ND. It appears that Barbara Busch is in center of this photo, with possibly several of her children. If one imagines a line from the photographer through the corner of the house and goes one mile further (southwest), the line would come very near the Berning farm.



A colorized photo of the Busch farm. This is undated, but probably from the early 1900s. This and the above photo were found, framed, in the Busch farm in North Dakota. They were likely intended to be reminders of home.

65F



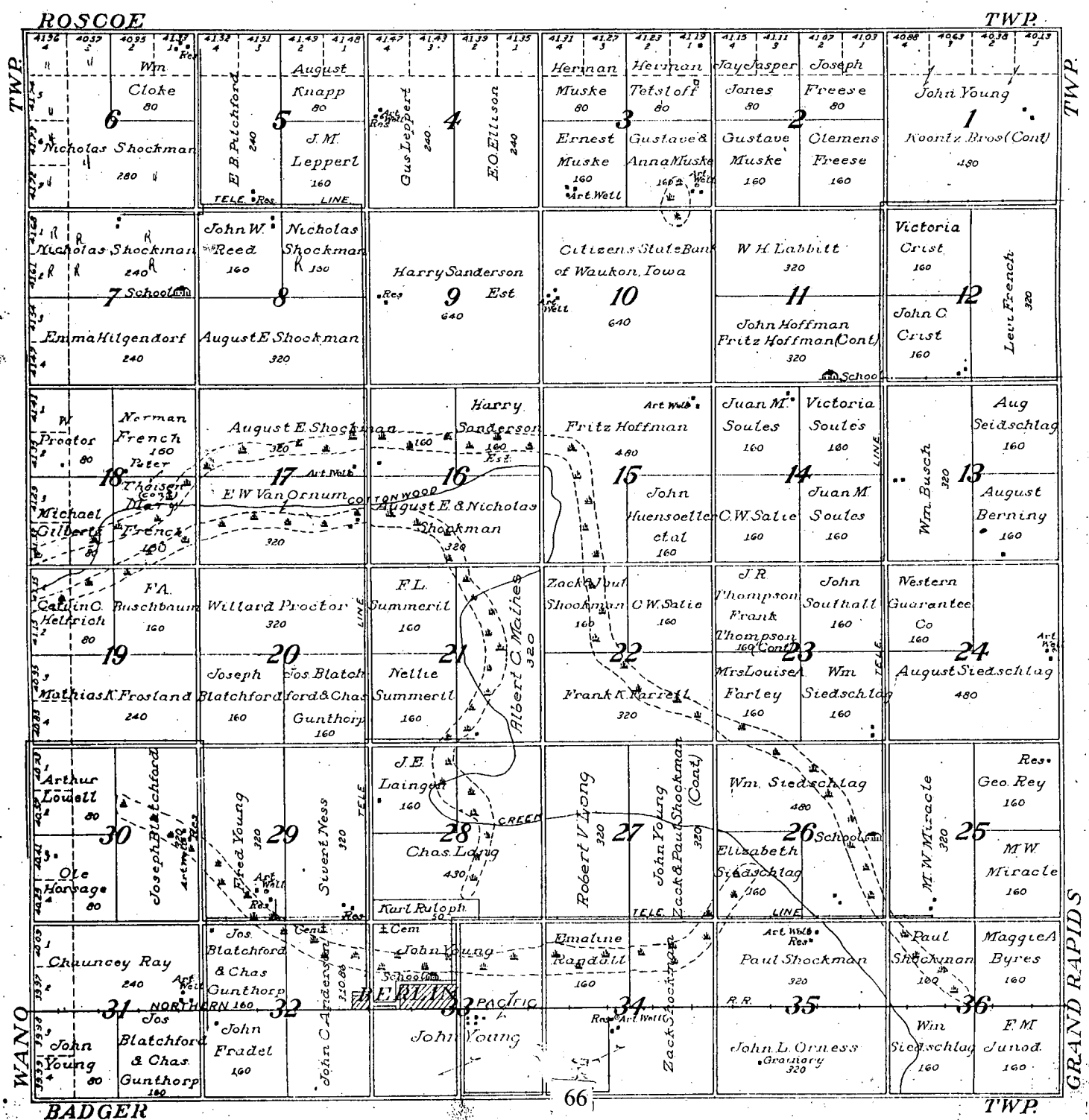
The Wilhelm and Barbara Busch family, possibly about 1905, though neither date nor names are known with certainty. It is believed that the children are, from left: Hyacinth, Francis (Frank), William, Cecilia, Leonard, Ferdinand and Christina.

MAP OF HENRIETTA TOWNSHIP

Scale 1 1/4 inches to 1 mile

Township 134 North, Range 62 West of the 5th P. M.

The Busch and Berning Farms are in Section 13.
This is from the LaMoure County Atlas of 1913.





Wedding photo of Ferdinand Busch
And Rosa Berning, Sinsinawa WI Feb 28, 1905.



Ferdinand and Rosa Busch with their first
child, Lucina, at the farm



The Busch family at the farm about 1921. This photo
pictures Fred and Rosa and (in order of age) Lucina,
Esther, Verena, Mary, George, Florence and Edith.



The Busch farm as it appeared in about 1916. The barn is new.



Haying in the old days. The hay loader to elevate the hay from the windrows to the rack was a big improvement over the pitch fork. Later an "overshot stacker" was used to put the hay on the stack but at the time of this picture just hay forks were used. The three young children in the foreground are Lucina, Esther and Verena. Thus, the photo most likely dates from the summer of 1913.



Berlin in 1910



St. John's Catholic Church - photo taken in 1915

While slightly more distant than Grand Rapids, Berlin became the focal point for many of the activities of the Busch's and Berning's. The primary reasons for this were St. John's Catholic Church (established 1915), and the Berlin high school, which began operation in 1927. The families were very active in the Church, and 10 of the children graduated from the high school (Mary, George, Florence, Edith, Vince & Art Busch, and Ruby, Rufina, Anita and Melvin Berning.) Agnes Berning graduated from St. John's Academy in Jamestown. The high school closed in 1959, and the Church was sold in 1968.



Berlin School - built in 1908 - Gym built in 1951



At the Grand Rapids Memorial Park perhaps about 1918. The man may be Art Parker, the Berning and Busches brother-in-law and park caretaker. And the kids may be some of the Busch kids.



The Busch family at the farm, perhaps about January, 1943. From left: Mary, Florence, Rosa, Fred, Art, George, Edith, Esther, Vince, Lucina. This is the entire family at the time. It is likely that this is George's farewell photo as he went to three years in the Pacific in WWII.

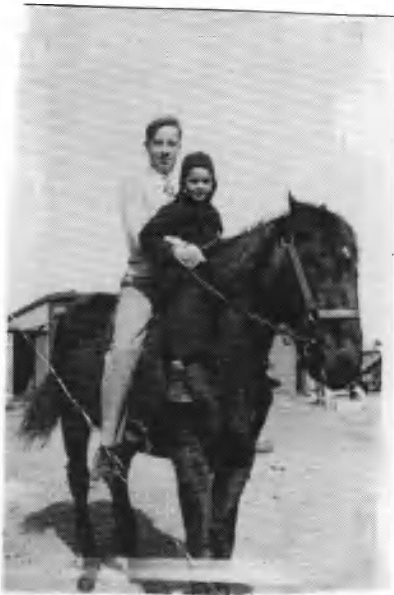


This is a photo of the original barn, which was one of three original buildings on the farm (house and granary were the others.) This photo would have been taken before 1916. The granary is at the left. It is also pictured at lower left. The granary is the only original building remaining on the farm.



Some Busch farm livestock in the 1950s. In addition to geese, turkeys and chickens were raised; not to mention sheep, pigs, cows and horses. Every animal had utility and were not raised as pets! (Except for the farm dogs and cats, that is.)





This photo appears to be Richard Bernard with George Busch. It is undated, but may be at the farm in late October, 1945, when George returned from the War.



Some of the cousins on a team at the farm. May have been taken at the same time as photo of George and Richard.



In background is a picture of the barn after the windstorm in early August, 1949. The Bernard family was visiting the night of the storm, and Henry Bernard helped rebuild the barn.



This photo was taken about 1950 and was identified as Fred Busches favorite picture just before harvest.

Hard Gale Thursday Wrecks 60 Barns, Damages Other Buildings; Total Loss May Prove \$100,000 in LaMoure County

A terrific gale, roaring to about 50 miles an hour or more in some places, at shortly after midnight of last week, blew down or wrecked some 60 barns in LaMoure county, wrecked the Elmer C. Lind farm house in Greenville township near Verona, wrecked or partially wrecked other farm buildings, uprooted or broke over many trees, causing damage which may reach \$100,000 in LaMoure county alone.

The storm was characterized by

Boxcar Blown 16 Miles

A freak of the storm came, when a lone boxcar on a siding at Glover was blown onto the main NP track, then thru Glover village, next onto the Northwestern track at Oakes, thru Oakes, finally stopping about 1 mile north of Ludden, when it came to an uphill section of track. No damage was done. The boxcar was blown about 16 miles.

the headquarters office at LaMoure of the North Dakota Farmers Mutual Tornado & Cyclone Co. as a "hard, straight wind, with violent gusts".

Heavy Dickey County Loss

After roaring across LaMoure county, the storm, seemingly in two general paths, tore across Dickey county, inflicting much damage there, especially in the Monango area, where both farm houses and barns and other buildings and trees were either demolished, wrecked or badly damaged.

The storm apparently arose north of Edgeley in one path, and north of Grand Rapids in another path, doing much damage over both paths.

Mem. Park Trees Hard Hit

Many fine, noble trees in historic Soldiers Memorial Park near Grand Rapids were uprooted, broken off, or bent and snapped over or off. Estimates of the trees badly damaged in the park alone range from 100 up.

Other trees along the James river in the general Grand Rapids area suffered.

Some of the park trees broken over or uprooted were more than a foot in diameter, while scores of sturdy, heavy branches were broken or twisted off from the main trunk.

The park auditorium was not damaged, its rounded roof and trees north of it evidently operating to break some of the force or ward off full force of the wind.

The storm appeared to be marked by what might be termed "whirlpools" of wind, judged from erratic courses taken by flying debris.

Lind House Badly Wrecked

In the immediate general LaMoure area, the only outstanding case of damage to a farm dwelling was on the Elmer C. Lind farm 4 miles north and 3 miles west of Verona.

Here the wind tore the roof completely off from the 1½ story dwelling and down to the upstairs floor, depositing the shattered roof several rods to the east and southeast. It blew the east end of the dwelling loose, leaving a gaping crack, while the west side of the house was damaged by flying timbers or debris.

Other damage on the Lind farm included:

One barn 32x48 with 18-ft. lean-to totally wrecked, with timbers scattered; another barn 26x36 caved in; 2 garages badly wrecked; 2 wooden granaries wrecked, and two steel grain bins badly damaged; steel-tower windmill and a windcharger blown down, boxcar granary moved about 35 feet; trees damaged.

Phone Service Disrupted

The storm blew down 6 poles of the NW Bell Telephone Co. main toll line south of the Verona-Oakes junction, disrupting 17 talking circuits, one radio circuit and one telegraph circuit. Repairs were made about 5 p. m. Thursday, however.

Damage in LaMoure City

Damage in LaMoure city included pushing 65-ft. light poles at the night baseball park into leaning positions, blowing down some park fence, slight damage to sheds and out-buildings, and considerable damage to trees around town. Some trees were broken over and many sturdy branches were snapped off or broken over, with tree branches and twigs littering lawns and streets.

Rain falling at LaMoure accompanying the storm was checked at .74 inch by Andrew Remick, official U. S. weather observer at LaMoure.

Rail Washout Near Litchville

Rain of about 5.65 inches in the Litchville area tore out a culvert and left a 12-ft. gap in the roadbed of the Fargo-Maria branch of the NP railroad about ½ mile east of Litchville. Many fields were flooded near Litchville by the deluge.

Firms Report Many Losses

The N. D. Tornado Co., with headquarters here, received some 250 loss claims from the general storm area in LaMoure and Dickey counties, (about \$60,000 of its own in LaMoure county); and the First State Agency of LaMoure reported receiving about 80 loss claims, including some 24 crop loss claims.

Some damaged farms had little or no insurance.

Some hail losses are reported. Smaller loss claims range from \$25 to \$200 and \$300—while big losses running into several thousand dollars result from destruction of barns and other farm buildings.

Several crop losses from hail and wind effects were reported to the LaMoure county AAA office.

HARD GALE THURS. WRECKS 60 BARNs

(Continued from page one)

Some Detailed Damages

In a survey by The Chronicle from sources available, the following losses on various farms of owners or tenants come to light:

Albert Smith — Barn blown down.

Leo Riddle — Barn down.

Paul Smith Farm — barn down.

Ole Hanson — Coal shed and chicken house down.

Finch farm — hog-house wrecked and house porch damaged; several trees blown down.

George Fenno — Barn partially wrecked.

John Hildahl — Barn down.

Quick work saved two cows and five calves from endangered building. Another cow not in saved bunch was hit by debris and received a leg fracture, necessitating butchering it to salvage the meat.

F. W. Busche — Barn badly wrecked, roof taken off.

Garfield Anderson — Barn and machine shed blown down; granaries and garage damaged.

Barns down — on Sig C. Sandness, Fred Larson, Ole Torgerson, Charles Kocher, and Delmer Gordon farms.

Foster Gordon — Machine shed down, barn twisted.

Barn blown down on old Tom Torgerson farm — tenanted by Gerhardt Busche.

Barns down on old John Wilson farm, Elias Olson, and Bratland farms.

Lee H. Stewart — Shed blown down.

D. Randall — Barn down.

F. A. Ferch — Garage demolished, car and truck in garage damaged.

Nick Quinlan — Barn down.

Peter Ketterling — two-year-old barn demolished.

R. A. Holen — Barn blown down and other damage.

Ed Ketterling — Barn down.

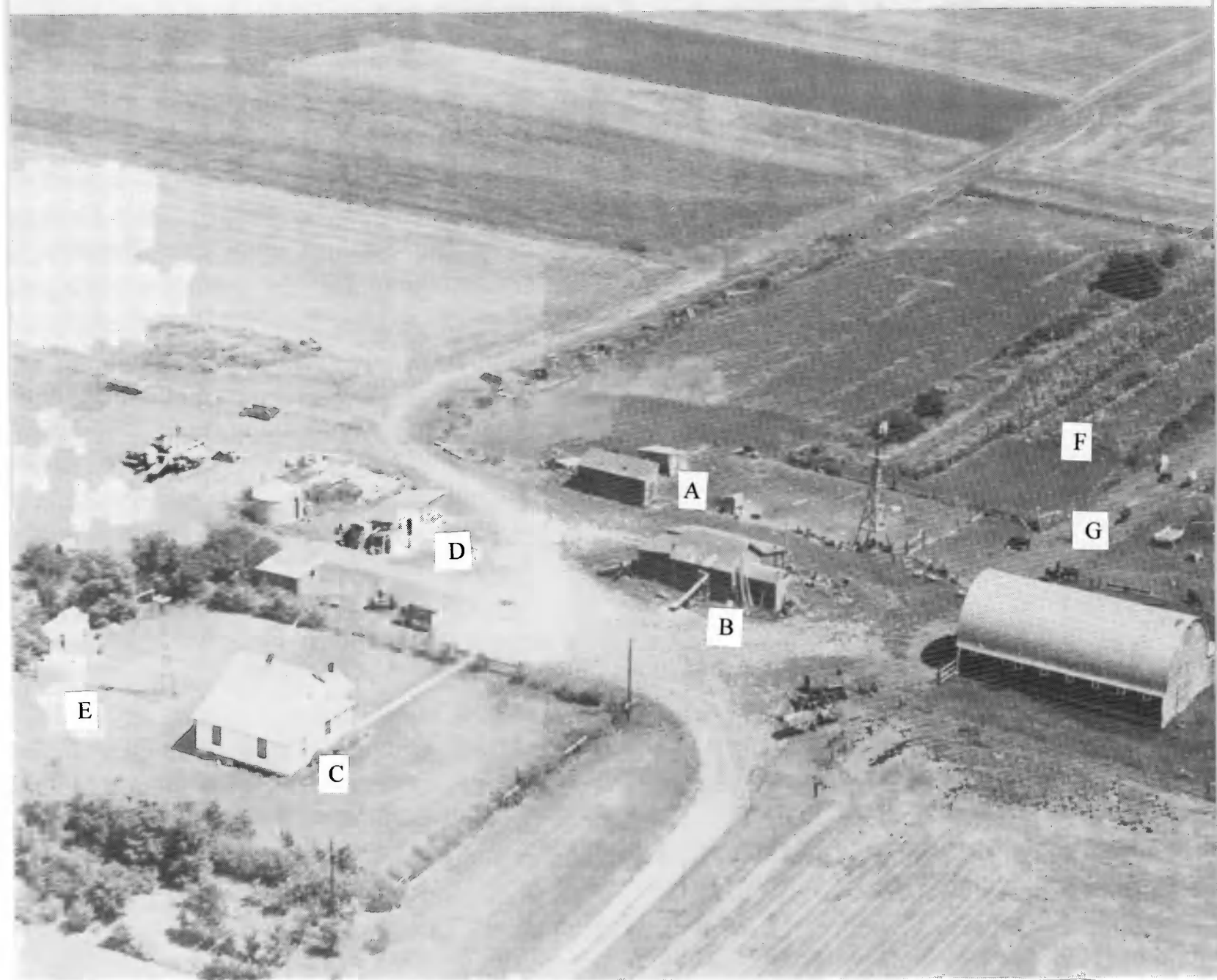
Furley Carrington — Two barns badly wrecked.

Ed Ubben (Dickey county) — Hoghouse demolished and machine shed wrecked.

Carl Larson (Dickey county) — barn wrecked.

See Grand Rapids news for damage in GR community.

(Continued on Page 4)



An aerial photo of the Busch farm in the early 1950s. Marked with an A is the site of the original barn, built in 1905 and replaced with the present in 1915; B marks the original granary, which still stands; C marks the original house, which stood until the summer of 2000; D marks the chicken coop. The outhouse, is off the photo to the left of the letter E, in the northwest corner of the farm. F is the garden, past through the present. G is the lane to the barn – cattle are visible in the lane.



November, 1959, at the farm. In the photo are Bernards and Pinkneys and Art Busch, as well as Grandma and Grandpa Busch.



November, 1959, after dinner. Clockwise around the game table are Florence Bernard, Ron Pinkney, Mary Ann and John Bernard. Cards and/or games were a staple of holidays at the farm.



At the Busch farm, summer of 1963 or 1964. The younger kids in front are the Brehmers. Standing from left: Rosa, Fred, Mary Francis Wieland, John and Florence Bernard, Jim Pinkney, Richard Bernard, Ron Pinkney and Barbara Bernard.



At the farm about March, 1967. This was at the time of Fred and Rosa's 62nd anniversary. From left: Esther Bernard, Rosa, Tom Bernard, Fred, Henry Bernard. Fred passed away only two or three weeks later.



March, 1967. Grandma and Grandpa Busch cutting the cake at their 62nd Wedding Anniversary.



At the farm August 3, 1972. The front yard to the south of the house was the gathering place for the family pictures, for games of all sorts, and just for relaxation and conversation. This particular occasion was a sad one: the funeral day for Rosa Busch.



Another photo of the family from August 3, 1972. From left: Duane and Lucina Pinkney, Art and Eileen Busch, Bernard and Florence Wieland, Jean and George Busch, Esther and Henry Bernard, Mary and Allan Brehmer, Edith Busch and Vincent Busch.



The George and Christina Berning home and family, very possibly in the summer of 1905, shortly after Ferd and Rosa Busch moved to North Dakota. Pictured from left:

August, Christina, George, Julia, Celia, Bertha and Lidwina. Kate had married 10 years earlier and lived about three miles south. Helena was likely already in North Dakota. This and other photos on this and following two pages are from the children of Cyril and Mary Emily Wissel.



The Berning girls and Mary Emily, probably taken at the farm home after the death of their sister and aunt Helena in 1931. Front row from left: Julia, Mary Emily, Lidwina, Bertha; back row from left: Kate, Rose and Celia.



Rosa and Julia Berning
undated



Helena Berning
undated



Herman and Kate Placke
Wedding photo June 11, 1895



Cyril and Mary Emily Wissel (formerly George and Christina Berning) farm probably in the 1950s. Wissels added the porch to the front in the 1940s.



Earlier photo of the Berning farm from the road.



*Mackenzie
Zuluque, Pa.*

August Berning and Christina Busch
Wedding November 13, 1906.



The Berning girls, summer of 1965.
From left: Lillian, Anita, Agnes, Rose,
Irene, Cecilia, Rufina, Ruby, Hyacinth.



Melvin Berning about 1951.



August Berning in CCC,
Probably in the late 1930s.



August Berning Sr standing on the well at the farm.



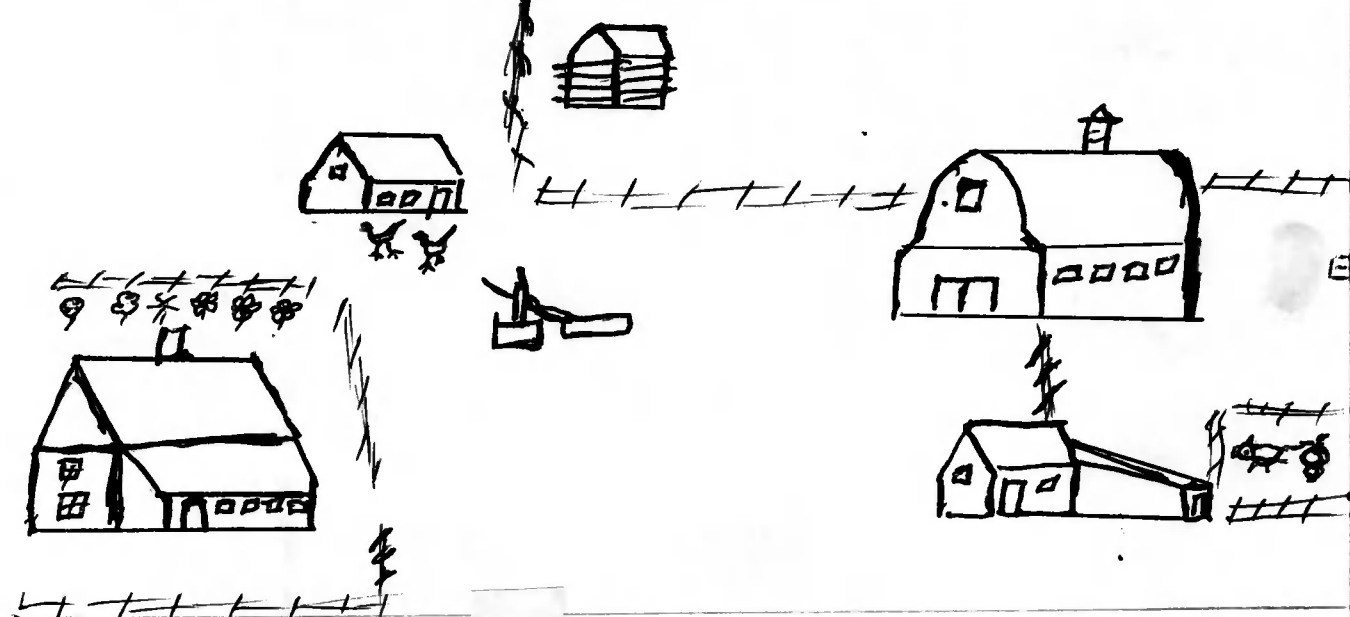
Christine (Mrs August Berning) most likely photoed in Dubuque IA (where the family lived from about 1920-1933).



Christina Berning at home on the farm, probably in the 1940s. Especially during the 1940s Christina had been in ill health. Rosa Busch makes a brief comment on Christina's doctoring in an August 8, 1945, letter to George.



N While the Busch farmstead is still a working farm, the Berning farm buildings were dismantled or moved away by the late 1950s. While Ruby Berning apologizes for her 1993 art work (below) it represents a very understandable schematic of the Berning farm as she remembers it.



S

The Berning Farmstead

SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1939.

THE FORT DODGE, (IOWA), MESSENGER & CHRONICLE

FORT DODGE WOMAN WINS NATIONAL RIFLE MATCH



MRS. THIMMESCH

Mrs. D. A. Thimmesch of Fort Dodge was the winner in the tyro division of the recent national women's individual rifle match sponsored by the United States war department, it was announced today.

Mrs. Thimmesch scored 499 points of a possible 500, firing 50 shots at a standard 50-foot target with .15-inch bullseye. She finished two points ahead of Helen Gumbs of Rockville Center, N. Y. Third place went to Eleanor G. Lum of Madison, N. Y., and fourth to Letty Sibley of Drexel Hill, Pa.

The war department will award Mrs. Thimmesch a gold medal. This year's contest was the third in which she has fired. She placed fourth in 1936 and second in 1937.

The contest is an annual event open to any markswoman in the United States.

Mrs. Thimmesch is a pistol expert as well as a sharpshooter with the rifle. She usually leads the field in the matches of the Fort Dodge Rifle and Pistol club.



Bernings, from left: Christine, Irene, Lillian, Ruby and Cecilia



At the Berning household, perhaps in 1948 or 1949. Those appearing are most likely Ruby, Miles and John Fitzgerald; Agnes (Sister Mary Catherine); Betty (Mrs. August, Jr) and David Berning; and August Berning Sr.



The Berning girls at the George & Christina Berning farm near Louisburg WI, probably April, 1921. From left: Cecilia Lange, Rosa Busch, Bertha Hoppmann, Julia Berning, Lidwina Buckingham, Helena Parker. Absent was Catherine Placke. In the background is the Berning house.



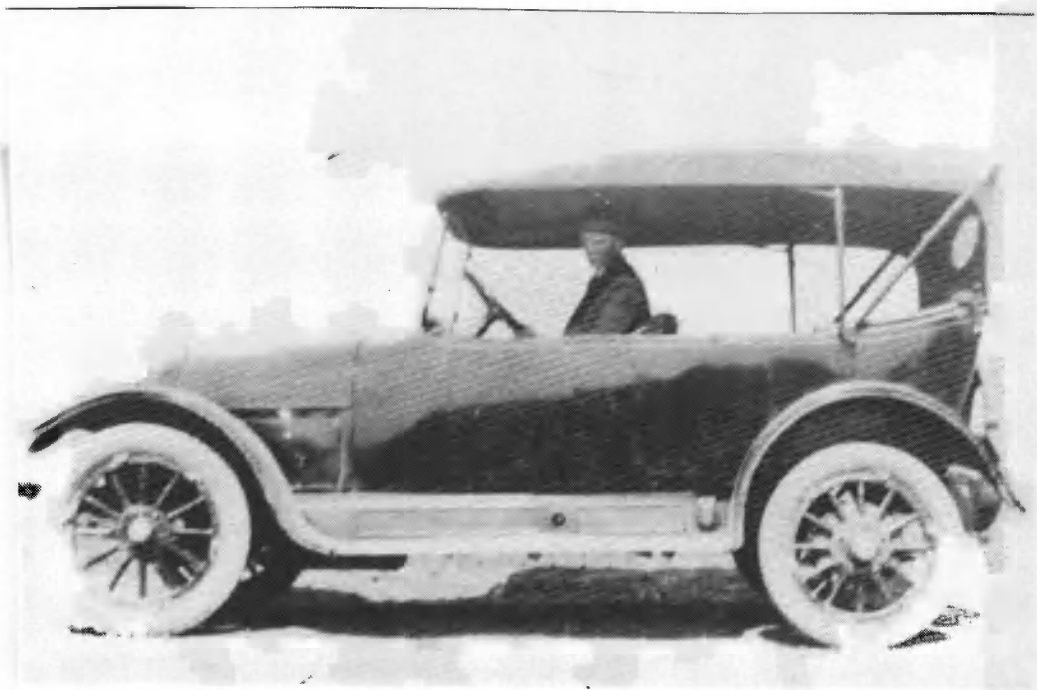
A family photo in Wisconsin in 1921. The place was the August and Christina Berning home and the occasion was their Golden wedding anniversary. They are pictured in the center. The children pictures are, from left: Lucille Hoppmann, Mary Emily Berning, Harold Hoppmann. Adults from left are Archie Hoppmann, Lidwina Buckingham, Rosa Busch, Lena Parker, Cecilia and Frank Lange, Julia Berning, Bertha Hoppmann.



More Golden Anniversary pictures from 1921. In front, from left: Otto Hoppmann, Lucille Hoppmann, Cecilia Lange (in chair) with Lorin Hoppmann. Standing: Frank Lange, Bertha Hoppmann, Lena Parker, Lidwina Buckingham, Mary Emily Berning, Rosa Busch.



Dominating the countryside near the Busch and Berning farms in southwest Wisconsin was Sinsinawa Mound, about 10 miles east of Dubuque IA. In the foreground is Herman Placke's oat field. This photo was probably taken in the 1920s. Herman Placke's spouse, Kate, was the sister of Rosa Busch and August Berning.



Herman Placke's first car, the 1918 Overland.



Art and Lena Parker at the Grand Rapids Soldiers Memorial Park, probably before 1920. Lena was the sister of Rosa Busch and August Berning. Parkers were the first caretakers of the park, and many of the early improvements to the property were made by them. They lived in the house which still is near the entry to the park. Later they moved to Dubuque IA.



Aunt Lena Parker at her Grand Rapids home about 1918. This home, at the Memorial Park, still stands in 1993.



Clara Placke at Uncle Art and Aunt Lena's home in the Grand Rapids Park about 1918.



Evelyn Placke from Sinsinawa WI is shown visiting the home of her Uncle Art and Aunt Lena Parker at their home at the Grand Rapids Park. This photo was taken perhaps about 1918.



The James River at the Grand Rapids Park about 1918.

June 18 1942 -107-

My pen is poor
My ink is pale
My love to you
will never fail
it lags but
a very little apart
to plant the page I'm not

Your Gramma
Mrs A Berning

I wanted My Gram pa,
Here to write.

But he turned up his nose,
and said, "Not tonite".

August Berning

June 18, 1942.

La Mouse, N. Dak.

These were written in my autograph book -
on our families visit to the farm in
La Mouse in June 1942.

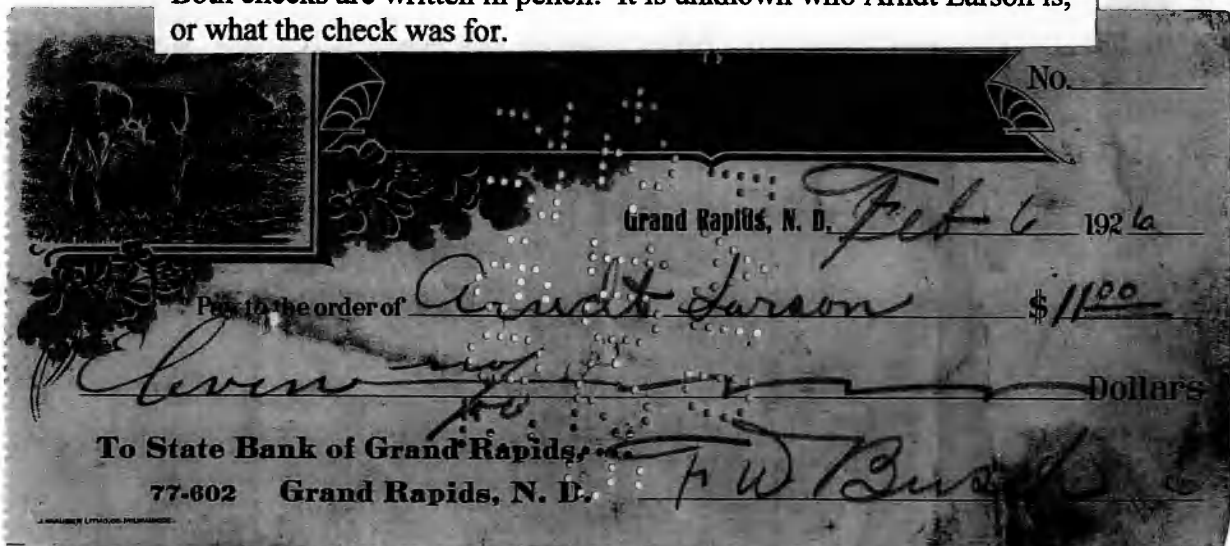
I understand Ruby (Berning) Vitzgall has a
notebook of poems written by Gramma & has
asked for copies from her.

Dorothy Aschtzer
(nee Langkamp)

MEMORIES
It seems long ago, when so soft and
warm,
The tiny babes nestled in my arm.
Many years have gone and now
they grew,
Young men now, and women too.
But still in memories, I seem to see
Them small again, depending on me,
Their little hands cuddled into mine,
Their eyes with love for me a shine.
But now, my steps have weary
grown,
I'm feeble, old and grey,
I cough, I grumble and I moan,
As I trod the dreary way.
All I ask is, patient with me be,
For the time is drawing near,
When I no longer here will be,
And then, I'll need no cheer.
Mrs. Christina Berning, LaMouse.



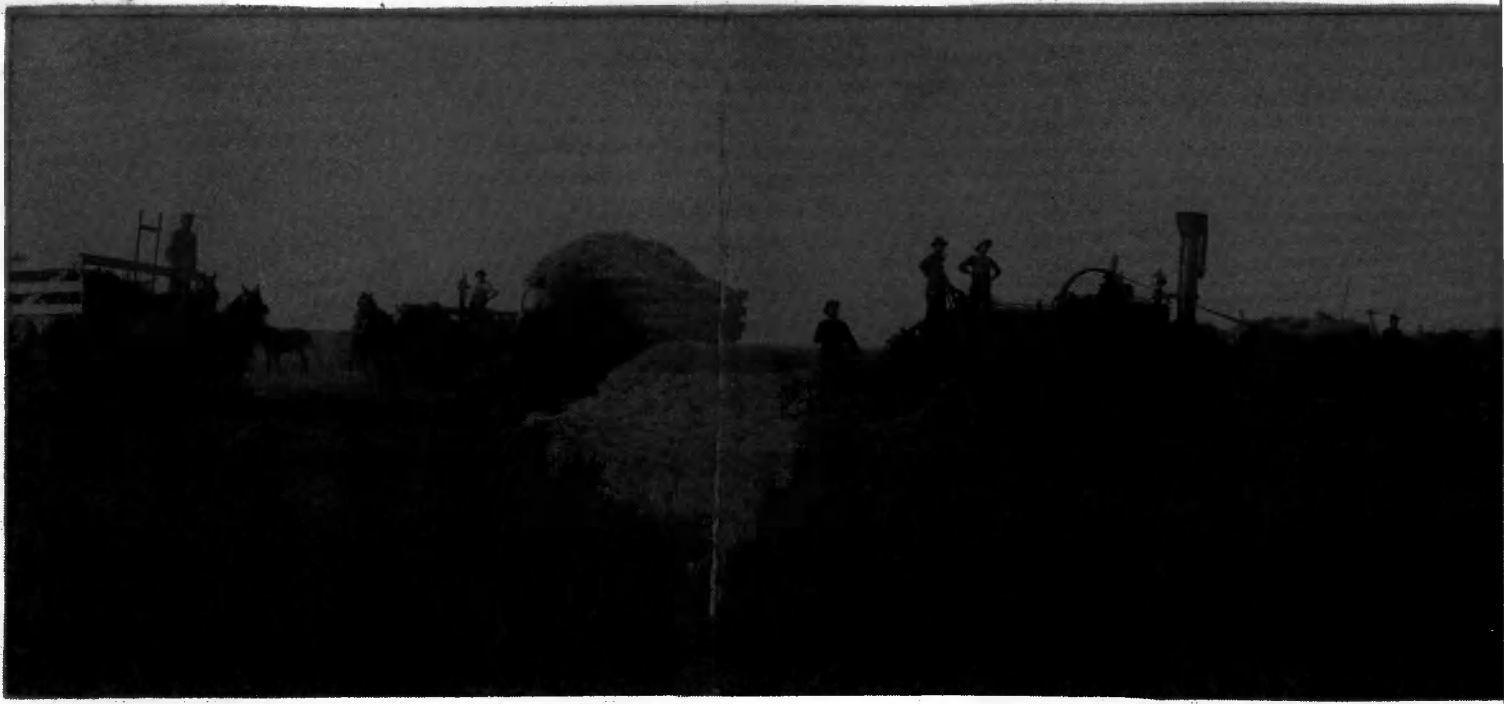
Here are two checks written by Ferdie Busch. The top check is especially interested, in that it is written to Joe Marge. Esther Busch recalled Joe Marge in her 1981 memories, which are reprinted in this book. He worked as a hired man on the Busch farm. Both checks are written in pencil. It is unknown who Arndt Larson is, or what the check was for.



Fred Busch with one of his inventions, a wild oats separating device. Fred also invented a sickle sharpener, and had both inventions patented. His inventions probably never made money, but he was nonetheless an inventive man. In the background is a grain wagon used to haul grain to Berlin in the horse days; and the stand for the windmill.



Melvin, Christina, Agnes, Anita and August Berning on a binder. This was probably taken sometime near the end of the 1930s, when they finally had a good crop.



A panoramic view of threshing on the Busch farm. It is believed that this photo was probably taken before 1920, though it is undated. Photos such as this were taken by itinerant photographers using a "cirkut" camera which took a wide angle photograph. This particular photo was found printed as a postcard, folded in thirds. Threshing was a labor intensive, and very difficult job. Casual labor appeared in the form of hired men, and neighboring farmers helped each other out. Some farmers owned their own rigs and rented them to their neighbors.





An essay about threshing is
Found on the following pages.
It was written by Ernest Ebert,
a friend of Henry and Esther Bernard,
whose father ran threshing crews.



Harvesting with threshing machine. Neighbors helped each other
get their crops up. Every bundle and bushel of grain was handled
by fork and scoop shovel.