

SINCE 1916

HEYDINGER

Newsletter

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Autumn Musings

Here it is, autumn of 2015, only ten months out from the Heydinger Family Centennial Reunion at the end of July, 2016. Here in Northern Ohio, the news is good. The woolly bears are predicting a manageable winter. The harvest is progressing well, with most of the beans off, and the corn heads drooping low, ready for combining. Apples hang ready for pressing, with the barrels cleaned, soaked, and ready. Gray skies and cooler nights make the grass grow green - and tall. The last stubborn, vine-rotted tomatoes are stinking up the garden, but the winter turnips, beets, and salsify are ready for burying beneath mounds of insulating leaves - a fresh veggy fridge far into the winter. Last of the Concord and Niagaras pressed out well. With luck, the wine will make up for the grape-sucker smell permeating the garage lately. Loads of pumpkins, acorn squash, and gourds await the first frost, then harvesting. Warm afternoon trips to the woods have garnered bags full of walnuts and hazelnuts but no swamis or puffballs. Too dry! Still waiting to pull the popcorn, though.

Punch list well under way to being whittled down to nothing. One warm afternoon, painted that darned front porch where the blowing snows and rain, then the sandblasting hail have stripped the cedar bare. Shutters touched up and refastened to the brick. Corner eave leak repaired so the falling icicles don't stab any guests next March. Wisteria trimmed off the yard light pole so a body coming home in the dark doesn't trip over a cat. Groundhog trying to burrow under the barn foundation eliminated. (Note: Will repair the buckshot damage to the sliding metal door next spring.) Two thieving squirrels already in the freezer - nice head shots with the new eyes - and looking for more. Snowblower greased up and ready to mount on the tractor after the garden is tilled up and turned to rye grass. One last trip to Amish country to load up on cheese before the roads turn bad. No Halloween decorations up and don't intend to! Bah, goblins and ghosts, and things that go bump in the night! One last perch fishing trip scheduled to replenish the freezer; memo - dole them out by two's until ice fishing season. Stupid daily bag limits! Greenhouse cleaned up, potting soil laid by and waiting for spring. Last tulips and daffodils purchased and ready to fill in some holes. Last church festival in the books.

God, isn't it a great time to be alive up here in God's Country! Thank God for seasons to break up the boredom. Hope your autumn is going as well. May you enjoy it wherever you are, and hope to see you at the Big One!

Reunion Preparation Updates

Family Cookbook Project

It seems that folks are finally thinking about things gustatory. Gretchen reports that family heirloom recipes are beginning to trickle in to her for the Heydinger Family Cookbook. Just the names of some sound lip-smacking good!

We want your branch of the family to be represented in this book as well. So if you haven't rummaged through your cooking shelf yet, now that the days are getting shorter and you spend more time indoors, why not dig out those dusty old tomes and send in a few of the best that you remember from back in the day. Do tell a little background about the person from whom you received the recipes and any other sweet memories you have of sharing in the eating experiences with that person. We'd like to book to be more than just pages of dry bones ingredients and measurements and instructions.

When you come up with some good ones, send them to Gretchen Schellenger at gshelleng@yahoo.com, or use the snail mail and send to her at 1786 S State Route 53 Tiffin OH 44883. She and her team will make sure that it is properly formatted for the book, and you will have the pleasure of seeing your family's name in print.

But you need to get moving now, as the deadline for submission will be in a few months. They will need time to get everything set up and to the printer in time for the reunion. You don't want to be left out of what will be a treasured keepsake from this historic reunion.

Family Auction

Don't forget to think up something to bring to the reunion for the traditional Family Auction on Sunday afternoon of the reunion. We depend upon proceeds from this fun process to help fund the entire reunion. So think up something unique that you believe a true Heydinger would want to fight over! And if it requires some putting together, get it started. We are now under three hundred days until the Big One.

Family Alsace-Lorraine Trip

Plans are coming along for the family trip back to the European homeland next May. If you have been merely thinking about it, now would be the time to update your passport or send in an application. Then notify us of your intention and make contact with the people putting this together for us at Passports.

All the information you need about the trip itinerary, flights, lodging, meals, and pricing are located on the Passport people's website. Cut and paste this URL to the family's portal there:

<http://secure.passports.com/Group/TourOverview.cfm?a=6A44B9ACD0AF4F25CA10FF57494CFCCDCDFDE-B03E1>

If you run into anything that requires a username/password, use HMICHAEL and gu92. Go up and take a look at what has been planned so far. If you have any questions at all about the trip, email us. If you have never traveled abroad and have misgivings, this would be a great way to get your feet wet. Group travel is an excellent way to take that first step. All you have to do is pack your suitcase and show up at the airport with your passport. The travel folks do the rest of the worrying for you.

If you have butterflies, email me and maybe I can help you out. I am gaining valuable experience at this. This past summer I braved the odds and took my thirteen year old granddaughter to Italy, France, and Spain, the two of us alone, for an adventure. She did so well on her first trip abroad, and I survived also! And learned a lot about modern teenage female members of the species - this after raising nothing but boys.

This past month we picked up one more applicant and several others have inquired. But the bottom line is that before long the Passports people will issue their drop-dead final deadline so they can make the group flight arrangements. At least let us know that you are seriously thinking about it so we can keep the planners apprised. That much costs you nothing! Then if you make a final commitment, you can get the travel documents in order and workout payment plans with the Passports people.

I recently spent a couple days in Chicago with a former school mate who has traveled the Alsace-Lorraine area several times. I drooled all over the photo albums of shots taken in many of the places on our own itinerary. It promises to be a most memorable trip. If you are into family history and genealogy, this is your opportunity to steep yourself in all things Heydinger. What better way to experience some of the sights and sounds, tastes, and views of what our ancestors did those many decades ago. Some parts of Europe and their way of life have remained basically unchanged for centuries. Yes, parts of the major cities are as modern as ours here in the States. But the customs and rhythms of life in many of the older sections of towns and other outlying places pulsate as they did from antiquity, and that after experiencing two world wars and sometimes internal upheavals that devastated areas of their countries.

Don't miss out on the opportunity of a lifetime for a true family experience. Contact us today to begin the process.

Family Fun Day

We have heard from many folks about the Family Fun Day being planned for the Friday afternoon and evening of the reunion weekend. Thank God, they seem to be saying.

Normally the reunions such as this begin with Saturday morning contests for bragging rights and then conclude with the family auction on Sunday afternoon. So what do all the kids do who may show up knowing absolutely no one? And any spouses, too, who are not in the true Heydinger bloodline? It can be like attending a high school reunion where you walk in not knowing a single person, and so you sit around for a few hours pretending not to be bored as folks rattle on about all their accomplishments and how great their children are. Bummer!

So plans are continuing to be made for the family to come on out to North Auburn and the Auburn Lake Park and Campgrounds. They have a large lake with a beautiful beach of hauled-in sand, paddle boats for folks to laze around the lake, and even fishing if you can coax the bass up to bite. There is a nice volleyball court where we could start another nice tradition, an area for basketball, even a large wooded area to explore. Two large pavilions provide tables and cooking and eating areas. And the best part is that the old two-holer has disappeared and clean, modern restrooms are available, close by all the action.

We are planning all sorts of activities to give families something to talk about for years. Kids will make friendships that can continue on the modern social media sites. The spouses who always feel left out will have plenty of opportunities to get acquainted and drawn more closely into the larger Heydinger family.

But again, all this takes planning, and especially we need numbers so we can figure on the food needed. You are going to be fed in the evening with a hog roast with all the trimmings, with something there to delight the palates of all. Revelry will continue until after dark when a brief fireworks display will occur. And if more folks volunteer to bring in a few rockets to shoot off, that part will last even longer.

So do take the time to fill out the survey form enclosed in this edition again and send it in, either by mail or email. We need to know what you are thinking and how many to provide for.

Contact Information

Thanks to all who have sent in contact information for relatives not on our email list. We want to make sure everyne is receiving the Newsletters. Special thanks to those family members who go beyond by printing out copies and giving to relatives without email. We would love to be able to mail each time but the cost is simply prohibitive. Just check the cc list with the email you received that sent you this copy and see if there are siblings or parents or cousins or friends who are not on the list and then shoot us their email.

Thanks again to all who help further this project!

Family Quilt Project

If you remember, the idea has surfaced that, in keeping with the grandeur of this centenary reunion, we should construct a family quilt to be auctioned off at the Sunday afternoon family auction. The idea is that members of each branch design and construct a single square to represent what its family contributed to the history of the John Heydinger family. The squares would be sent to a single person who, working with her team, would then arrange and sew them all into the final quilt. This project is quite an undertaking, and we are grateful to the person who came up with the idea. In the upcoming holiday seasons, as your families celebrate and you are just sitting around the picked-over carcass of Tom Turkey, bring up the subject and sketch something out. The final product should be no more than a foot square, including any border that you wish to stitch into it, with a one inch clear border around all sides. But above all, let us know - just a short email - that you are planning on contributing to this project so the crew knows how to plan. Do they rent a church basement to assemble it or will a spare bedroom and quilting loom suffice? Make sure your family's branch is represented in this historic project.

Heydinger Family Tree

No, we are not talking here about a genealogy type tree. Rather we have a REAL live tree in mind. One hundred years from now, when plans are being laid for the bicentennial Heydinger Reunion, what will those folks then be able to look back upon - other than all the pictures that we are going to leave for them - and proudly recognize as part of the Heydinger legacy in the area where our ancestors settled first in America? It will be a gorgeous, living monument to our family's heritage, a tree.

The present pastor at the twinned parishes of New Washington's St. Bernard and North Auburn's Mother of Sorrows churches, Fr. Eric Culler, has given his permission for the family to plant a tree on the west boundary of the cemetery at Mother of Sorrows Church. For decades it will look down upon the final resting places of many of our forebearers, and then eventually of many of us. In its grace and beauty, it will help provide shade and a respectful solitude to all who will visit this site. Generations will come and go but the tree will remain as a symbol of the Heydinger family and our pride in the history of the area.

As planning for the reunion continues, we will arrange to have a proper ceremony to dedicate the tree. Right now it is anticipated that the dedication will take place immediately after the Mass on Saturday evening of reunion week, right before the family goes into the school dining room there for munchies and an evening of music and dancing.

As to the species of tree, a gorgeous maple already stands in the tree line along the proposed site. The Heydinger Memorial Tree should probably match and surpass it someday. Arrangements will be made with a local nursery to get it into the ground yet this fall so it has a good start by next July. Stay tuned for future progress.

Calling for an Auctioneer

If you have been a regular at these huge Heydinger Reunions, you know that for the past few times one of the highlites has been the wild family auction held after dinner on that Sunday and the family meeting. To help the process along and insure that the reunion is over before any curfew at the homes, we need someone who has ANY kind of experience at running an auction to step forward. If you are an old pro, that would be great. If you are young and inexperienced - but warm and breathing - you'll do just fine! We can help build your resume for when you decide to go pro.

There is no preparation work necessary except for exercising your tonsils immediately beforehand. All objects to be auctioned will be spread before the family in front of the stage all afternoon for viewing. Then you will take to the mic, as an aide hands you the first item, and you are off.

So contact us if you think you could be of help. Or if you know of someone in the family who has done this before, let us know that also so we can contact the person. Help make this the most memorable auction ever.

Memories

Remember your first family reunion? Maybe it was at the Homestead, or out at one of the brothers' farms, or Kibler's Grove in later years, or up to the Mother if Sorrows school. Wherever it was, and however old you were, hopefully some lasting impressions were made.

We'd like you to share some of those memories with the rest of the family - right here in these pages in future editions. How can you do this? Simple. Just write up what you remember most about those grand affairs and send it to us. Don't worry about polishing up the prose. That's why God invented editors.

So set yourself down in front of your keyboard or grab a pen and start recoding your memories of what past family reunions used to be like from your point of view. Maybe it was the trip itself, from however far you had to come. Perhaps as a kid it was the games and romping around in the woods with cousins you hadn't seen for ages, or the mountains of food spread out before you and no one cared whether you ate your veggies that day. As a parent, maybe it was the work preparing all the food, or then chasing kids around, or worrying whether they'd get into the poison ivy or a hornets nest. What was it that always made those first Sundays in August so memorable in your life?

Whatever you come up with, share the memories with the rest of the family right here. Who knows but that maybe your memories will inspire others to follow suit, share their fondest recollections, and then inspire someone to attend the next Big One who may have been undecided about coming out. Make it as long or short as you wish. We'll find a way to get it in here.

We're Here! Coming to North Auburn

When last we left John Adam and his family, they had boarded the good ship *Zampa* and were waving goodbye to anyone who actually would have been at the dock in LeHavre to care. It was a fearsome, lonely, but necessary venture upon which they were embarking. Their homeland in Lorraine was undergoing economic turmoil, famine, and wars, plus the vagaries of weather had made scratching out an existence in Merlebach all but impossible any longer. So John Adam and Catherine, as thousands of their countrymen had already done, made the decision to uproot, leave all behind except what they wore and could jam into a single trunk, and take their chances in the New Country, America. They were not complete strangers to this America, for at least two

cousins had previously emigrated, separately and safely, and had probably sent them letters describing what opportunities lay in the Ohio area. With their holdings converted to cash, accompanied by many prayers, and with the two "insurance policies" of crucifix and shotgun, they set sail with 176 others from four different countries on the *Zampa*.

Name	Age	Sex	Occupation	The country to which they severally belong	The country in which they intend to become inhabitants	Place on the Voyage
1. Christian Jones	21	m	laborer	Germany	Alabama	
2. Margaret Adams	13	f				
3. Mary Adams	9	f				
4. Charles Adams	18	m				
5. George Adams	14	f				
6. Thomas Adams	17	m				
7. Elizabeth Adams	10	f				
8. John Adams	23	m				
9. Mary Adams	15	f				
10. Joseph Adams	20	m				
11. Charles Adams	17	m				
12. William Adams	15	m				
13. Hannah Adams	10	f				
14. Thomas Adams	18	m				
15. George Adams	14	f				
16. Charles Adams	17	m				
17. William Adams	15	m				
18. Hannah Adams	10	f				
19. Thomas Adams	18	m				
20. George Adams	14	f				
21. Charles Adams	17	m				
22. William Adams	15	m				
23. Hannah Adams	10	f				
24. Thomas Adams	18	m				
25. George Adams	14	f				
26. Charles Adams	17	m				
27. William Adams	15	m				
28. Hannah Adams	10	f				
29. Thomas Adams	18	m				
30. George Adams	14	f				
31. Charles Adams	17	m				
32. William Adams	15	m				
33. Hannah Adams	10	f				
34. Thomas Adams	18	m				
35. George Adams	14	f				
36. Charles Adams	17	m				
37. William Adams	15	m				
38. Hannah Adams	10	f				
39. Thomas Adams	18	m				
40. George Adams	14	f				
41. Charles Adams	17	m				
42. William Adams	15	m				
43. Hannah Adams	10	f				
44. Thomas Adams	18	m				
45. George Adams	14	f				
46. Charles Adams	17	m				
47. William Adams	15	m				
48. Hannah Adams	10	f				
49. Thomas Adams	18	m				
50. George Adams	14	f				
51. Charles Adams	17	m				
52. William Adams	15	m				
53. Hannah Adams	10	f				
54. Thomas Adams	18	m				
55. George Adams	14	f				
56. Charles Adams	17	m				
57. William Adams	15	m				
58. Hannah Adams	10	f				
59. Thomas Adams	18	m				
60. George Adams	14	f				
61. Charles Adams	17	m				
62. William Adams	15	m				
63. Hannah Adams	10	f				
64. Thomas Adams	18	m				
65. George Adams	14	f				
66. Charles Adams	17	m				
67. William Adams	15	m				
68. Hannah Adams	10	f				
69. Thomas Adams	18	m				
70. George Adams	14	f				
71. Charles Adams	17	m				
72. William Adams	15	m				
73. Hannah Adams	10	f				
74. Thomas Adams	18	m				
75. John Adams	23	m		Nederland	New York	

John Adam

First page of passenger manifest, at the top, overlaid by page two. John Adam's name is recorded as the last on the page, at number 75. Notice the spelling of his name - the familiar "y" instead of an "i," and notice the country of origin - Nederland - and destination - New York. On the origin, it is probable that the scribe carried the ditto marks above down to the bottom of the page in error.

With favorable winds, then, the *Zampa* set out, the exact course undetermined at this time. It was not uncommon for ship captains to detour first a little north to the southern coast of England, usually stopping at Portsmouth or Plymouth to pick up additional passengers or maybe cargo. We cannot surmise whether this was done on this particular journey. The only evidence would be gleaned from the passenger manifest which listed place of origin of each passenger as well as the hoped for destination. On the ship with John Adam were passengers from Germany mostly, about a third from France, some few from Italy, and then Nederland - the Netherlands (which is where John Adam was listed). None were listed from anywhere in the United Kingdom. Many were destined for Alabama and North and South Carolina, even Wisconsin, with a large group seeking Ohio, but the majority were listed for New York (which is where John Adam was listed). Strange that John Adam was mis-identified both as to origin and destination.

But that's not all that was strange about the manifest. The ages of at least two of the children don't jive with what we know from cemetery records. John was correctly listed as being 23, and Joseph as 20. Elizabeth appears as 17, which she could have been depending upon the embarkation date. However, the two younger girls, Margaret and Maria were listed as being 13 and 9 years of age respectively. Margaret in reality was 15 and almost 16, while Maria, who was born in 1837, was at least a teenager and not nine years old. We can find nothing in the records indicating that there were reduced rates for children 13 and under.

One possibility is that the two younger ones were listed as younger in case of some sort of accident at sea. Schooners in 1850 did

76. Heydinger Catherine	18	f		Nederland	New York	
77. Jean	10	m				
78. John	20	m				
79. Charles	17	m				
80. Margaret	13	f				
81. Mary	9	f				

Heydinger family listed on next page of manifest, beginning with Catherine, then Jean (John) and the others. Notice their occupation given as laborers. Noticed also the different spelling of the family name. Had John Adam brought over the wrong woman?

carry lifeboats aboard, and they were reserved for women and children first. Records from various rescue stations along the Eastern seaboard from 1850-51 indicate many wrecks occurred within sight of shore and passengers were rescued both on lifeboats carried by the schooners themselves and on those sent out from shore to save passengers and crews. It's noble to think that John Adam would have had the foresight to thus provide for

the lives of his womenfolk in the event of a possible mishap, but whether it was a chivalric or economic reason for his purposely mis-stating the ages of his children we can only guess.

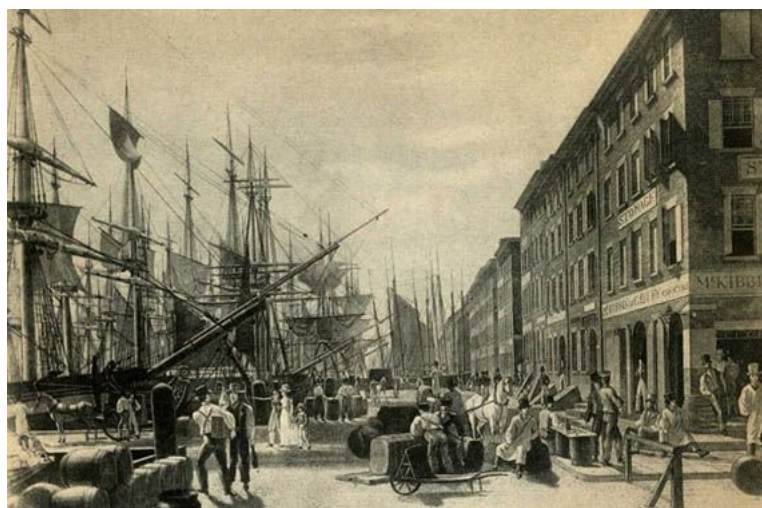
That John Adam's prescience may have indeed almost paid off is evident from the length of the journey across. Family oral traditions, handed down mostly in the Peter Heydinger line, indicate that the crossing consumed sixty-some days. An exact number is never given. If the normal 45 day crossing on average took an additional two or more weeks, and if it was a hurricane that blew them off course, then yes, it is understandable that an exact number was not given. Many surviving accounts from crossings of the time period in which we are interested indicate that when beset by hurricane force winds, a ship's master would have ordered all passengers below decks and the hatches battened down securely to prevent flooding. Then sometimes up to two weeks of pure hell ensued in which passengers never saw the light of day, never slept, almost never ate - certainly never hot food - and had to lash themselves down to avoid being tossed about below like the proverbial rag dolls. A diary account from 1852 tells how in darkness the hold was filled alternately with screaming, crying, and prayers. Passengers frequently vomited all over, and the chamber pots were tossed about, with the contents emptied upon whatever or whoever happened to be the target of the waves' fury. An added hardship occurred when anyone perished during these times of storms - there was no way to properly dispose of a body!

Perhaps we don't know the exact details of either the crossing or its duration for the same reason that most troops returning home from combat zones are reluctant to ever relate what they saw or did on the battlefield. The horror of it all is simply too great to ever wish to recall. Best to move on and try to forget. (But the next time any readers travel by air and encounter turbulence at any altitude - for a few moments or even for an hour or so - thank God for seat belts, barf bags, and supersonic jets that usually carry the plane away from bouncing about in short order. And be thankful that you are not strapped into your seat for a week or so!

October and November are usually the downside of hurricane force storms that beset the North Atlantic in the fall, but don't count upon it. Storms peak in September, with most of the winds originating far south, usually off the coast of Africa, and then traveling westward slightly above the equator until they veer toward either the Gulf of Mexico to the west or skirt Florida and head north up the Eastern Seaboard of America, following the warm water Gulf Stream. Ever wonder what happens to the wind once the all-clear is sounded in areas up around Boston or north into Maine? That's probably what John Adam encountered coming out of Europe in late October or in November. It is not uncommon at all for the storm force winds to travel eastward as far as Ireland or the southern coast of England or northern France. Indeed, a tragedy struck the famous Kew Gardens about nine miles to the west of London in October of 1987, wiping out botanical collections of trees and shrubs centuries in the making - all because a hurricane didn't put on the brakes back in Maine or even Newfoundland.

We don't know whether the *Zampa* actually completed its voyage as planned. The passenger manifest rather lays out its intended course. New York would have been the easternmost port where passengers - Heydingers included - would have disembarked. Then the list showed passengers bound as well for the two Carolinas, the usual port being Charleston, and finally for Alabama where New Orleans would have been the point of off-loading. There the ship would have been relieved of its passenger accommodations and retrofitted for cargo, cotton being the main load, for the return trip to France. That it landed at New York we are sure of, for we are here, right! But how long the ship remained in New York, whether she was able to complete her intended journey, whether she was scrapped as being too costly to repair, or whether she ever sailed again we simply don't know. There are no more records of a *Zampa* sailing again between Europe and America. There was another *Zampa* that sailed on the West Coast of America in the late 1880's

up to about 1900, but she foundered twice and was scrapped in 1912. She was longer than the *Zampa* that brought the Heydinger's to America and owned by a different shipping line. The fact that the same name was repeated for a ship indicates that the first to use the name had either sunk or was otherwise out of commission. But we have no idea when the first *Zampa* ceased to be. She had done her work as far as the Heydinger's were concerned. Blessed death, she surely earned it!



Dockside scene of landing on the Hudson side of Manhattan, 1850's.

What exactly did the Heydinger's find upon their landing in New York in late 1850 or early 1851? Forget about Castle Garden which opened at the foot of Manhattan in 1855 as a processing point, or even Ellis Island, which opened in 1892. Frederic Bertholi, designer of The Statue of Liberty, was born in Colmar, in the Alsace, just down the road from the Heydingers only a year before Margaret Heydinger was born, so no chance of Lady Liberty's greeting the Heydingers. The answer is that, after medical doctors ascertained the health status of all passengers, the Heydingers walked down the gangplank that winter and first set foot on the frozen streets of New York with no one to greet them. True, there was a thriving German



Ships plowing through ice on East River, winter of 1851

speaking community in the city, but most of the city's public assistance resources were being expended upon the immigrant Irish who were escaping their own "Potato Famine," an immigration process that peaked the same year the Heydingers landed. So essentially the Heydingers were on their own immediately.

True, New York City, unlike Baltimore or Philadelphia, did have Passengers Laws passed in 1849. These city statutes first provided for bonding, paid by the ship's master - a kind of insurance in case of death upon the journey - for proper disposition of property and care for any minor children orphaned while on the journey. It also included for women with children but no husband some small amount of support until they could find employment. Lastly, it provided for the maimed, deaf, dumb, or lame a bond of \$500 to care for them. Ill or quarantined passengers could also receive up to one year of aid from the City of New York. These terms were all very generous for the time, but the Heydinger's qualified for none of these

provisions. True enough, also, son Joseph probably entered the country very ill - but alive - only to die later that year. However, he passed away in Auburn Township in Ohio and the family was thus ineligible to receive any benefit.

So there they stood, dumbfounded by the activity on the docks, the immensity of warehouses, buildings and homes stretching in every direction, and their own unfamiliarity with the city. If John Adam had read some of the pamphlets circulating in the Merlebach area before he had left, he would have known two things for sure - there would have been lodging available, for a price, with others of his kind, but more importantly he would have been warned to get out of town fast. In New York in 1850 only 11% of German-French speaking immigrants elected to remain in the city to seek employment, while over twenty percent of the Irish remained. The odds of a farmer-turned-weaver - like John Adam - finding employment at a rate high enough to support seven people were not stacked in his favor. Thus John Adam chose to go west toward Ohio with all due speed.

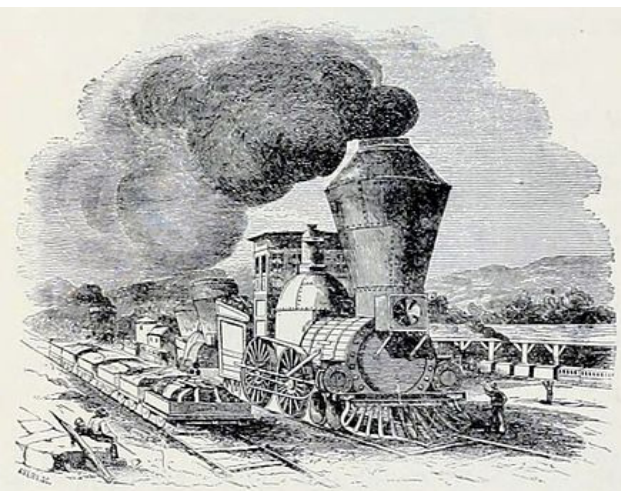


Erie Canal Packet Boat, 1840 Era.

How did he travel to Ohio? After all it was winter time, and options were limited. Obviously he had enough of ox carts while leaving France. Another option was the Erie Canal, and the third was the newly opening railway systems.

To obtain passage on the Erie Canal, immigrants had to travel by steamboat up the Hudson River to the port of Albany, New York. That involved expense and time, but what were a few extra days when they had just come through their own hell on the Atlantic? Fare tables of the era show that expense for travel from New York City was modest by today's standards, but rather hefty for the 1850's. New York to Albany alone was a 150 mile trip up river and cost \$1.00 American per head! To complete the journey across the Erie Canal, and thence by steamship to Sandusky or Huron would have been a total of \$5.75 American per head, a total of 734 miles.

The problem was, though, that neither the Hudson nor the Erie Canal operated in the winter. The Hudson, in 1850, closed to traffic on December 17th and the Erie Canal on December 11th. In addition, the water levels in the towpath areas of the canal were low to begin with, as the barges usually needed only a few feet of draught below their keels. So the water levels in the canal towpath areas and in the lock areas were actually lowered even more during the ice season to preserve the canal itself from the expansive forces of the ice. Indeed, the canals could serve as shortcuts across cities, once frozen solid enough to support horse and sleigh. The citizenry also turned out to use the canal surfaces to ice skate for pleasure and skate around town as well. So it is highly improbable that John Adam used the Erie Canal to work his way westward.



Contemporary sketch of an Erie RR engine in 1840.

However, there was a railroad that led from New York City to the Buffalo and Erie, Pennsylvania areas. The Erie Railroad had been incorporated as early as 1832 and construction had begun at Piermont, NY. It was chartered by the state and had a 6' wide track as opposed to the standard 4'8" width that we see today. The state wanted to be sure that the lines could never connect with those of any other railroad leading out of the state of New York. So travel to Ohio entirely by rail was not in the cards for John Adam. The lines actually were completed in stages, with the final route to Dunkirk, NY not completed until May of 1851 when the first run from New York City to Lake Erie was made. However, it would have

been possible for John Adam and the family to travel to within a few miles of Dunkirk by rail and it appears he may have done so.

There is a story that circulated in the family lore that upon the train ride - which took two days - John Adam made a horrible discovery. In the morning it was discovered that someone had tampered with the lock on the trunk which held the belongings that the family thought necessary to bring to America to begin their new life. The legend says that John Adam made sure that the trunk was fully guarded by family during the duration of the trip. Remember that shotgun he bought in Paris!

However, the same family lore is confusing as to where exactly the family stayed that first winter. Some say that he wintered in Buffalo, others in Erie PA. Dunkirk - where the train line ended - is situated almost exactly between the two. Prior to 1851, there were short spurs leading from the Erie Railroad's main line to both Erie and Buffalo, so one can take his pick as to which version is correct. It is probable that Erie would have been the better choice for two reasons. First, it lay closer to John Adam's eventual destination, north-central Ohio, and second, it had ferry service to the port of Sandusky, Ohio. We know that the family entered Ohio through Sandusky, but just not exactly how they arrived there, for Buffalo, too, had passenger ferry service to Sandusky in 1850. However, service at Buffalo always began later than that at Erie simply because of how the Lake Erie ice melted and how the prevailing westerly spring winds blew much of the floe ice toward Buffalo and the Niagara Falls area. We also know the date of the first sailing from Erie to Sandusky in the spring of 1851. It was approximately March 18 before any prudent captain that year would venture upon the lake from Erie or Buffalo. The problem was that at the Port of Sandusky, locked in as it is by Sandusky Bay, the waters could still be ice covered, as the Bay often held ice much longer than the eastern part of Lake Erie. But steam forth they did, for the family oral tradition tells us that John Adam arrived in Sandusky in early spring of 1851.

Steamboat travel in 1851 was certainly not posh. For long trips, the wealthier travelers were berthed in private cabins up above, but for the rest it was dormitory-style traveling. Everyone slept in the same dorm area and ate in common areas - much like the Amish still do today where true Amish restaurants feature a "common table." For short two to three day journeys, though, the conditions were tolerable. Thousands of folks just like the Heydingers made these journeys, one estimate being that as many as 3,000 passengers per day was the norm. Records indicate that steamers made excellent time in the 1850's from Buffalo to points westward. Buffalo to Detroit could be done in 14 hours. Erie to Sandusky in about eight hours, in good weather. Do you really think the Heydingers minded that after spending over two months crossing the Atlantic!

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Restored Erie Railroad locomotive used on the Albany to Buffalo route in the 1850's.



Sandusky view from the north in mid-19th century. Waterfront dockage areas for steam boats are clearly visible. On the right side, the route headed south out of town was the Sandusky-Columbus Pike that the Heydingers would have used to travel south to Crawford County (present day Route 4)

In Sandusky, what would John Adam and the family have found? A town, small by most accounts, at around 5,200 souls. A pocket of German speaking citizens upon whom the family could lean for immediate aid in finding their way about that first day they landed. A final stop in America for those headed *out* of the country, notably slaves riding on the underground railroad. (In fact, at the very time John Adam landed in Sandusky, Harriet Beecher Stowe had already completed her *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and was beginning

to publish it in serialized form in an Abolitionist paper back East. The fictional Eliza would have been running across Sandusky Bay ice toward Canada about the time it was melting to allow John Adam to enter Ohio.)

For another thing, the Heydingers would have found lodging. We don't know how long the journey took from Buffalo/Erie to Sandusky, but at most it was only a couple days if favorable weather was had. But offloading of belongings at the foot of the main Columbus Avenue dockage area in the middle of March would have required finding lodging and food fast, as the north winds off the bay chill to the marrow in March. John Adam may have had an idea of where he wanted ultimately to go, but how to travel there presented several options, choices that could not be properly sorted out and then acted upon while standing in the cold at the edge of the bay. Thus, the family would have needed quick shelter. The closest and most accommodating of the several hotels in town would have been the Steamboat hotel, built in 1817. Across the street sat the Colt's Exchange, aka the St. Lawrence, built in 1837 by Sandusky's first German immigrant. (Incidentally, it was the same hotel in which one Charles Dickens had lodged almost a decade earlier - no word on whether the Heydingers slept in the same room! Later known as the Porterhouse, it was torn down for a parking lot in 1985.) Which of the two John Adam chose we don't know. We opt for the more German of the two, the old Porterhouse.



The Porterhouse, shown in its decrepitude before being torn down in 1985.

It's for sure that John Adam would NOT have wanted to tarry too long in Sandusky upon landing. Two recent cholera outbreaks, the latest in 1849, had decimated the city's population. Over three hundred persons lost their lives in that one. Most of the deadly outbreak had taken place a few hundred yards west of where the Heydingers would have landed, and had they kept to the hotel area of the downtown, they would have been alright. However, being the good Catholic family that they were, if any part of their stay in Sandusky had fallen upon a Sunday, John Adam surely would have sought out a Catholic church to attend Mass. Unfortunately, the only one in town at that time was Holy Angels Church, on the west side of town, and about a block and a half today from the present Sandusky Cholera Cemetery. By the grace of God the family managed to avoid the plague.

While sojourning in Sandusky, then, John Adam would have had the opportunity to explore options for traveling down to Crawford County to the New Washington area. In spring, 1851, Sandusky was the terminus of two railroads, but neither would have taken the Heydingers close to Crawford County. One line went to Tiffin, the other more southwest to the Xenia and Springfield areas. As early as 1835, charters had been let for seven other railroads in the general areas of New Haven, Monroeville, Mansfield, Huron, Oxford and Sandusky. Most never laid a rail and those that did connected to nothing! There were also canals in the general area, but they, too, were short and served only area farmers intent upon getting their grains to market. Hence, they all ended at the shores of Lake Erie, the opposite direction of where John Adam wanted to travel.

A third option was to travel by ox cart or horse drawn wagon along the Sandusky-Columbus Pike. This road was begun in the early 1830's and "finished" by 1837. It corresponds roughly to that part of the present day Ohio Route 4 running from Sandusky to Bucyrus. It was a corduroy road, meaning that in wet and swampy areas, in order to prevent a vehicle's sinking into the mud, trees were felled and laid perpendicular to the roadway's direction of travel and next to one another to form a firm base. Then sand or clay was placed over the logs to attempt to smooth out the roadway. If an acidic soil or peat were added, the logs would decay much more slowly and the road could thereby last for decades. It was this road that John Adam wisely decided to traverse on his way south toward the Crawford County area.



Unfortunately for John Adam, what was supposed to be a piked road was not. The contractors took so many short cuts that the finished product was usually referred to as the "mud road." Spring time especially was bad when buggies went up to the axles into the mud before finding a log. Pity the shoes, pity the dress hems, pity the horses as well, if you will. And to make matters worse, since it was a private corporation that was given the state charter, toll booths were erected every so many miles! By the 1840's, the populace was so enraged that they burned the toll booths which were then promptly rebuilt, and the cycle continued until 1845 when the Ohio legislature wisely voided the toll provision of the charter. Investors may have gone belly up, but travelers won a moral victory.

What was travel like on these piked roads in the 1850's? Slow, treacherous going, lonely, dangerous, and without any amenities. Consider the footing beneath them, and it is clear that the Heydingers would have been lucky to average only a mile or two per hour, in some places even less. Accounts of the period tell of the farmers actually traveling along the edges of the pike because the hard

packed ground there was not as rough as the potted, sand-gravel surface of the road itself. The road on both sides was hemmed in most of the way with dense forests, punctuated only occasionally by postage stamp sized fields. To create tillable land, the farmers had first girdled the trunks of the mammoth trees so they would die and gradually decay. Without leaves, the sun could shine through to the crops planted below. Eventually the trunks would rot enough that they could be felled, with the wood burned either in the fields or for heating the cabins. Acreage was limited to several acres at most in the early days of development, with the stumps sticking up all over waiting for rot to claim them so a straight furrow could be plowed.

A contemporary traveler described his journey along this route by way of stage coach thus:

“The deadened trees on the farms were still standing and the corn was growing up among the pine and oak trunks. Life and desolation were never brought closer together. . . . You must see it pressing on you and overshadowing you by its silent forms, . . . and you must travel in its solitariness, hour after hour, and day after day, frequently gazing upon it with solemn delight, and occasionally casting the eye about in search of some pause, some end, without finding any, before you can understand the impression.”

The occasional farmstead contained a small log cabin, usually in the 16 x 20 foot range, crude outbuildings for animals and equipment, but only a rare barn. Perhaps the local families would come down to the roadside to greet strangers like the Heydingers, but language differences would cut short any conversations. Perhaps only a cup of water was proffered, and then the strangers continued their journey. Good luck the homesteaders would say, as they remembered all too well the same trek they had taken only a decade or two earlier.

Between the farms usually nothing lay except the forests. Some tales survive of robbers waylaying the occasional travelers, and even stories of Native Americans lurking in the shadows abounded. They would have been stragglers from the Wyandot tribe whose reservation had been closed out only four years previous. It was best not to be caught on any road at night out in the countryside, for in addition to human miscreants, wolves, bears, and even an occasional panther frequented the areas. To their peril, many a young courtier who, in those days, tarried too long at the door of the cabin of his lady friend, upon leaving for home, actually spent the night treed like a coon by a bear or, worse yet, wolves until daylight should arrive and they be rescued. The pike was narrow enough in places that traversing it would have been like driving through a darkened tunnel, except at high noon. The Heydinger children, though now teens, were going to receive a rather spooky introduction to this newly adopted land of theirs. But not to fear. Remember the shotgun that John Adam had purchased back in Paris? A good load of buckshot would have awaited any and all that dared attack his family!

Accounts from the 1850's tell us that even thus improved as a road, a farmer pulling a grain wagon with a good team would require five to seven days to travel from the New Washington area to Sandusky and thence to Huron to sell his grain. Hopefully, headed south with no more weight than a trunk and whatever other provisions he had purchased, John Adam could have reached Crawford County by the first of April, 1851. The first leg of his journey took him down the pike from Sandusky to an intersection of the pike and present day Mason Road, a place called Seven Mile House, due to its distance from the center of Sandusky. There lay a crude hotel and saloon, with the building still standing to this day. Due to the low lying nature of the road through this area, travel in the late winter early spring of 1851 would not have taken them any further. The next day would not have taken them much farther, to an area just east of Bellevue, Ohio, at an intersection of Strong's Ridge Road (Route 113) where there lay Lyme Village and lodging. The distance was approximately another six miles only but would have required at least a day of arduous travel. That area too was often wet well into late spring, and even today the road is only passable because of extremely deep ditches on both sides draining field water north to the lake.



Log Church still standing at Lyme Village

From Lyme Village, the pike continued south to another small way station at present day Reedtown. Today it has a couple dozen souls living in about six homes surrounding a tavern; back then, a few log cabins lay there at the confluence of a road leading to farms east and west of the place. Some referred to the place as Hanford's because a certain Captain Hanford operated there the best tavern along the pike and provided some lodging at a log "hotel." To further confuse the travelers, it was also called Cook's Gate after a certain Mr. Cook who collected the toll at this stop. Notable among the buildings was a toll house, as a toll had to be paid every so often to traverse the road. It must have ground John Adam's grits to have to pay a toll to use such a muddy and decrepit roadway, but, like today, someone has to bear the cost of upkeep on turnpikes. John Adam would most likely have overnighted here at Reedtown at the "hotel" as well, after slogging the ten miles from Lyme.

The next day, just a short stone's throw down the road, the family would have encountered the community of Omar and a little church, still standing today next to a cemetery, together with a small collection of cabins. The cemetery, begun there about 1830,

accommodated the first generation of settlers who were starting to die off. A grim reminder to the Heydingers and all who would travel there after them, that though they were born in Europe, they would all someday lie forever beneath American sod.

They then would have continued toward the Attica area, another six miles away, by passing through Siam, while headed toward Caroline, a small settlement just south of present day Attica and the Honey Creek bridge. Just managing to cross the creek would have been a difficult task in the spring of 1850. Even today, the valley scoured out by the creek is several hundred yards wide, and as late as mid-20th century flooded annually until a small dam was constructed to help retain the rush of water. Evidently they made it without incident because nothing has been recorded to the contrary. Surveyed as a settlement in 1828, a full five years prior to Attica, Caroline boasted sixteen buildings but no lodging along the pike in 1850. The Heydingers would thus have had to slog another two miles along the pike and south of Attica, to a village called Chatfield. All of 250 people lived there in 1850, one family of whom was the Dallas clan. They probably lived east of the little settlement, on present day Chatfield Center Road. The Dallas family was related to the Heydingers on the side of John Adam's mother, Barbe Delesse Heydinger. A Delesse family member had emigrated to America in the wave of French who left in the early 1830's in reaction to the post-Napoleonic upheavals. While processing into America and giving his name to the ship's authorities, his name was mispronounced and then misspelled by the cretin taking names. Thus Delesse became Dallas. If you speak French, you probably get the idea.

For a few weeks, the Heydinger family squeezed into the Dallas home. John Adam, however, had other ideas about where he wanted to permanently settle, and it was NOT in the New Washington area. Rather, his intention all along had been to put down roots further west, out in the Delphos, Ohio area. How would he have known about the opportunities in Delphos? Enter another relative from the Merlebach area who had also emigrated earlier, this time on John Adam's side of the family. John Adam actually had twin sisters, Marguerite and Susanna. Marguerite had died at birth (her memory was carried on when John Adam named his own daughter Margaret), but Susanna lived to marry a Jean Nicholas Fortner, mason, a stone mason. This couple was six and ten years older respectively than John Adam, and one of the Fortners emigrated to America in the emigration wave of the 1830's. He went out to the Delphos area, scouted it out, and was probably the family member recommending Delphos as a desirable area to live. In addition to having his name messed up by the authorities - it became Fortens - the lad's brain was also scrambled. Talk about selling Florida swampland today! It's exactly what Fortens was doing when he wrote back to the other family members in Lorraine.

Delphos straddled two county boundaries and was settled by Germans in 1845 right in the middle of the Great Black Swamp area. It grew in importance as the Miami and Erie Canal ran through it, connecting both the Great Lakes areas and the Cincinnati-Ohio River areas, and giving construction jobs to farmers waiting for their crops to come in. Trade increased and the area prospered greatly until the railroads shortcut the canal's success. But the good high farm ground, what little there was of it, had already been claimed. So how did John Adam intend to earn a living there and support his family? We know that there were no weaving industries in that area, a trade about which John Adam had considerable knowledge. That left farming, his other area of expertise. Unfortunately for him, the spring of 1851 was one of the wettest on record in western Ohio. Winter had persisted well into March, and April's rains deluged the farm fields already cleared. The untamed areas abounded with fetid, slow-draining swamp land - five feet deep in places - that gave little promise to John Adam of his being able to succeed in farming there. Also, disease was a threat, especially cholera and typhoid, the latter caused by "muskeetos" so prevalent that even the dogs of the area contracted the shakes and died. John Adam preferred to take his chances instead in the New Washington area, and thus returned to the Dallas family home until he could provide a place for his family on its own.

So what was New Washington like in 1850, and what were his chances for success there? Every farmer had his chickens and every cabin in town as well, but there was not yet a growing hatchery industry bringing prosperity. The railroad had not yet come through town, so the village was not growing in size. What the region did have was water, lots of it, and cranberries, wild ones that the Indians used to harvest by the bushel. Hence, the name Cranberry Township for the New Washington area. The town itself was a mixture of log cabins and frame buildings. The industries there that provided a few jobs were a small tannery, later taken over by the Kiblers, and a couple saw mills run by steam. It was typical of hundreds of other small Ohio communities springing up as the state was being settled, totally nondescript and as yet too young to have given rise to anything or anyone of note. It looked as if John Adam and family were about to trade life in one small French village for the same in a new country. Harsh as it was here in Ohio, though, John Adam knew that he would not starve as he would have had he remained in Merlebach. He knew that industriousness and hard work could carve out a comfortable life for himself and the family. He knew as well that he would have certain freedoms that he had not enjoyed in his native land. However, none of this would make a difference if he did not procure for himself land and a dwelling place. Winter was only six or seven months off, and knowing nothing of Ohio weather, he figured it had to be at least as bad as his first in America, in the Western New York area. So he had better get going!

So exactly how did one set about to buy land as an immigrant in a foreign land? There were no realtors, no FSBO (For Sale By Owner) signs posted about the township. All land was originally bought directly from the federal government at various stations, with Wooster, Ohio being the site for Crawford County purchases. For farms being resold, word of mouth was the best way. At least in that regard, John Adam picked the right place to settle, for New Washington truly was Dutch Town. German and Alsatian immigrants made up the bulk of the settlers there. They conversed in various German dialects with one another, worshiped in German, transacted business in German, bought and sold property in German. It was this way that John Adam learned of property that

might be available in the North Auburn area.

The land in question had a long and storied history that would eventually connect the now rustic American Heydingers with German-Austrian culture.

It seems that a Hungarian born, German speaking dandy, Nikolaus Lenau had succumbed to a fad descending upon the languid idlers and intellectuals of the 1820's and '30's, a self-induced melancholy fashioned after the sentimental romanticism made famous by the English poets Byron, Shelley, and Keats and the German poet Goethe. The main focus of the malady was a certain inability to find much satisfaction in life at all - in German called *Weltschmerz*, or a weariness with the world. Lenau, for example, had dabble in law, medicine, music, and literature before beginning to write poetry. He found little satisfaction in life, as revealed by his poetry, whether read in English or German. His poems are replete with themes of darkness, and longing for places that could never be, for ideal beauty, and eventually for death as an easy escape. Today we'd say, "Get a job!" kick him in the butt, and make him find his own way - sink or swim. Back then, having received an inheritance from his grandmother, he could afford to suffer in his leisure until he could stand his native Austria no more. He longed for adventure, especially in nature, fell for the idyllic images of life in America spread all over Europe by hucksters, and thus set sail for the New Eden - he thought. His trip was as bad as that of the Heydingers, a normal five week journey, through storms, taking over two and a half months. He landed at Baltimore on October 8, 1832, was rowed ashore, but carried the last few yards aboard the back of a sailor lest his fine shoes get wet!

Once on land, within one week he commenced to bitching about everything American. With money in his pocket, he could still not buy what he longed for. To him, American wine was only cider, her nightingales were crows, her music crude bar room fiddling, her people crude, uncultivated rustics, the kind that God made so that Lenau's kind had someone to look down upon with their long pointed noses. He decried Americans for their eternal *englisches Talergelispel*, their tendency to all the time be chattering about money. Talk about the blackened pot calling the kettle black! For all his idealism, his real motive for coming to America seems to have been to make his fortune in land speculation. For he immediately purchased a horse, set out for Pittsburgh and thence down the Ohio to New Harmony, Pennsylvania where he fell in with German speakers at this communistic village. He learned from them, apparently, how to purchase land, and by the 26th of October is said to have purchased four hundred acres in Crawford [sic] County Ohio, of good Government Lands, sometimes called Congress Lands.

Scholarly research later showed that Lenau had indeed NOT bought the land in October of 1832 but actually had made the purchase on November 26, 1832 at Wooster Ohio, one of eight post towns in Ohio where purchase of Congress Lands could be made. The National Archives show that Lenau had purchased the SE 1/4 portion of Section 1, Township 18 North, Range 21 West, containing 160 acres. He paid \$1.25 per acre or \$200 for the land. He purchase two more adjacent patents so that the total came to four hundred acres for five hundred dollars. The plots actually formed an inverted letter L, with the two larger lots of 160 acres each directly north and south of one another, and the narrower 80 acres extending westward. Today the land would lie between Young and Scott Roads in North Auburn, with the smaller plot stretching westward along Young Road.

Then in mid-winter of 1832, around Christmas time, Lenau abruptly made a journey by horse and sleigh to visit his purchase and stayed on the outskirts of New Washington. He arrived at his land purchases by sleigh dressed in fur coat, dancing shoes, and white gloves! He picked up an ax to fell a tree, rubbed his hands together, dressed in kid gloves, took a few whacks at it, laid the ax down, and departed the scene. While in the area he stayed with a Boyle family, German speakers also, but Lenau kept to his room, wrote poetry all day, and justly earned the title of "crazy German." By February of 1833 he left the area, took a stage back to Pittsburgh and from there worked his way east to sail back to Europe. Enough of these Philistines!

However, before Lenau left the New Washington area, he contracted with a farmer, Ludwig Haeberle, to develop his lands. Haeberle was to build a cabin, clear the forests at a certain rate every year, and in return would be granted a portion of the lands for his labors. He did build a cabin, began clearing the land, actually built a couple out buildings, and patched together a few fences. That was done in 1833-34. By 1835, Lenau's former American servant wrote to him back in Europe that Haeberle had botched the deal, that a squatter family had moved in and refused to leave, but that the land had appreciated in value to about \$5 per acre. Thus began a long distance fight, carried out by Lenau and his American attorneys, to properly evict the squatter, make sure the taxes were paid to avoid forfeiture of the lands, find someone to handle the transaction in New Washington, and actually find a buyer so as to gain a profit on the lands.

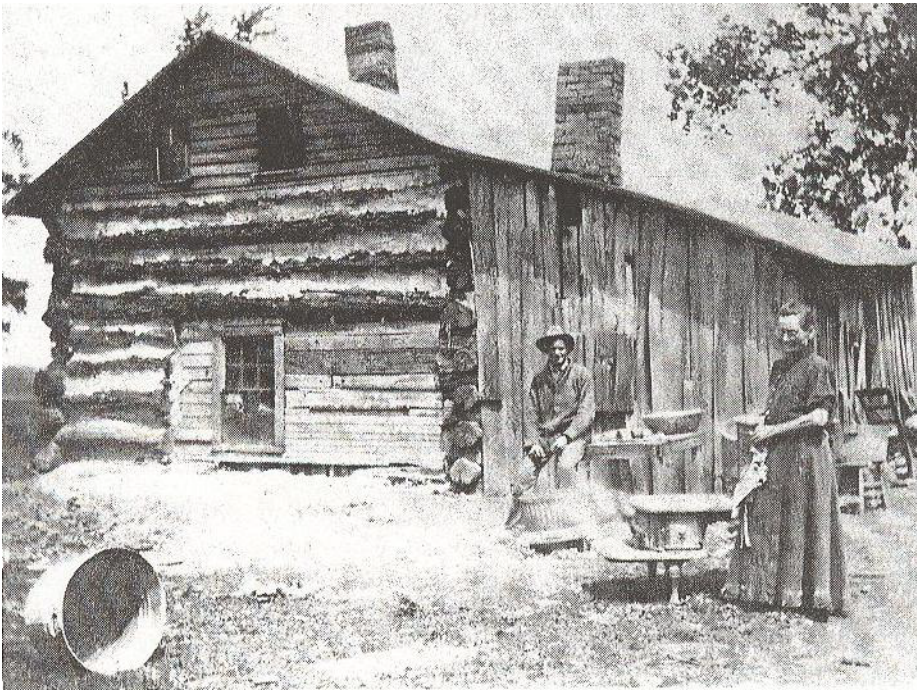
By late 1840, Lenau's name as an active participant in the proceedings disappears. He was concentrating on writing his own epic poetry back in Austria. Hence, In late 1844 he jumped from his window screaming "Revolt! Freedom! Fire!" and soon thereafter was committed to an asylum. After six years of living in his second childhood, he died in 1850.

But his lands remained here in America in his name until records show that by 1840 no taxes had been paid, so the land went up for sale. The parcels were purchased first by a Samuel Myers, with \$23.18 and four mills paid for back taxes and penalties. Within two weeks he transferred the properties to Lewis Young and Peter Gartner. After the transfers and splitting of lots, each farmer ended up with two hundred acres, the original 80 acre lot having been split into two parcels of forty acres. Lewis Young's two lots were not

contiguous. The matter was not settled, however, as a New York lawyer discovered that the original sale of the property contained irregularities, notified both Young and Gartner, who honorably filed quit claim deeds and passed the lands back to Lenau via an intermediary. Enter another attorney, who, for a \$100 fee, then had the lands deeded back to Lewis Young, minus forty acres kept for Mr. Gartner. Lewis Young then sold his half of the original 80 acre plot to John Burger, with Gartner selling his, the western half, to a William Jewel.

Why this apparent long digression on some lands on Young Road in North Auburn? Because that original cabin, built by Haeberle at the direction of Lenau, and the Jewel property is what John Adam purchased for his family in 1851. Later on, John Adam's oldest son, John Heydinger, would then purchase Lewis Young's 360 acres. Thus ended the Heydinger family's close call with German Romanticism and a Hungarian-born romantic poet who went insane. The Heydingers, however, unlike the "crazy German," had no illusions about the realities of making a living in the still harsh wilderness. They didn't use kid gloves to carve out their future in this new land. Rather, they settled in to do what had to be done to live and eventually die on land that had to be fought for, tamed tree by tree, stump by stump, rock by rock. The hard task of keeping roads graded, bridges in good repair, and yes, the taxes paid, fell to these transplants from Lorraine, France who made the land yield its bounty.

Later on John Adam would sell part of these lands to the Puchta family and move his own family to a farm he had bought just north of New Washington on the present Boundary Road, along the Broken Knife Creek, just a long stone's throw north of where Scott Road intersects with it. The Puchta's had the land for more than a century, with old Frank dying in 1988. Bill Heydinger, Ott's son, then purchased thirty acres of the land and Mark Heydinger, in turn, bought two acres from his dad containing the cabin and a barn, restored the cabin, and still lives in the home. The original logs, visible from the inside only, are beautifully preserved, with a stone fireplace having been added to the east end of the room. It's probably a tad more comfortable these days than when John Adam lived there. Mark has indoor plumbing, after all and even electricity - which did not come to the home until Frank Puchta gave in to neighbors in about 1971 and had it installed. It was a long way from the middle of the nineteenth century to now the first quarter of the twenty-first century, but it's always good to know that a piece of Americana and original Heydinger family history is right where it belongs, in Heydinger hands once again.



This log cabin was built by German immigrant Ludwig Häberle on Nikolaus Lenau's land in 1833, the present Mark Heydinger home on Young Road. The photo was taken in the 1890's, and the persons are unknown.

Heydinger Reunion Survey ¹⁰¹⁵

As a Reunion Consumer, your attitude toward past Heydinger Family Reunions, The Big Ones, is being sought. Please help us out as we continue the planning process to make this Centennial Reunion the greatest.

Name: _____ (optional) Family Branch: (Circle one) Peter, Frank, John, Adam, Bernard, August, Charles

If you attended any in this 21st century, then you are familiar with the format used for the past three reunions: basically a two day affair, with golf and cards on Saturday AM, Mass and dancing in the late afternoon and evening. Sunday is the big meal at noon with the family meeting thereafter and the family auction, games for the kids, and various other minor contests throughout the day. Family history displays are set up each day as well. Our intention right now is to include a third day, Friday, as a family fun day out at Auburn Lake Park, where families can bring kids to swim, fish or ride paddle boats all afternoon, then enjoy a hog roast and square dance in the evening, followed by a fireworks display. Are you satisfied with this basic three-day format or not? We also want to know what can be done to improve the reunion experience for all attendees. (Use reverse side for input). So help us out here:

I am satisfied with the two-day format of the past. Yes _____ No _____

I would be interested in camping in the area for a few days. Yes ___ No ___

I would ___ or would not ___ participate in the third day's activities, a Friday, if it were offered.

I (and the family) would probably attend the following: (Indicate HOW MANY you think would participate in each.) Friday afternoon Family swimming, paddle boats, fishing _____ Euchre contest _____ Hog Roast _____ (how many for the supper) Dancing at pavilion _____

I would stay for some fireworks (probably after nine PM weather permitting) Yes _____ No _____

I can bring a few fireworks to set off Yes _____ No _____

We could provide a responsible teen to help out part-time for life guarding service _____

Saturday: AM Golf Scramble _____ (How many _____) Euchre tournament _____ Scavenger Hunt _____

Geo-caching _____ PM Mass at North Auburn _____ Dance at NA School _____

I/We will be entering into the talent show on Friday nite. (Yes _____ No _____ (How many _____))

On the other side, describe briefly the talent and approximate time required to perform:

Sunday: At noon the Family Photo _____ Dinner at 12:30 PM _____ Family meeting _____ Kiddie games _____ Family Auction _____ I would be willing to bring something to be auctioned off _____

I have wine to enter in the tasting contest _____

I will be contributing something to the family cookbook by December 1, 2015 Yes _____ No _____

I will bring some sort of visual display of our branch of the family to set up and display _____

I will bring something of historical interest to the family for display. Yes _____ No _____

I can help design a family crest/coat of arms. Yes _____ No _____

I am working on a quilt square for the Heydinger Family Quilt (See the May issue for details) Yes ___ No ___

Here are other suggestions for family activities or for generally improving the family's experience over the 3 days: (Copy and mail this in or fill it out and email it to us as an attachment at mheydinger@huronhs.com or to gschelleng@yahoo.com) Or mail to Mike Heydinger 2715 East Perkins Ave. Sandusky OH 44870 or Gretchen Schellenger 1786 S State Route 53 Tiffin OH 44883