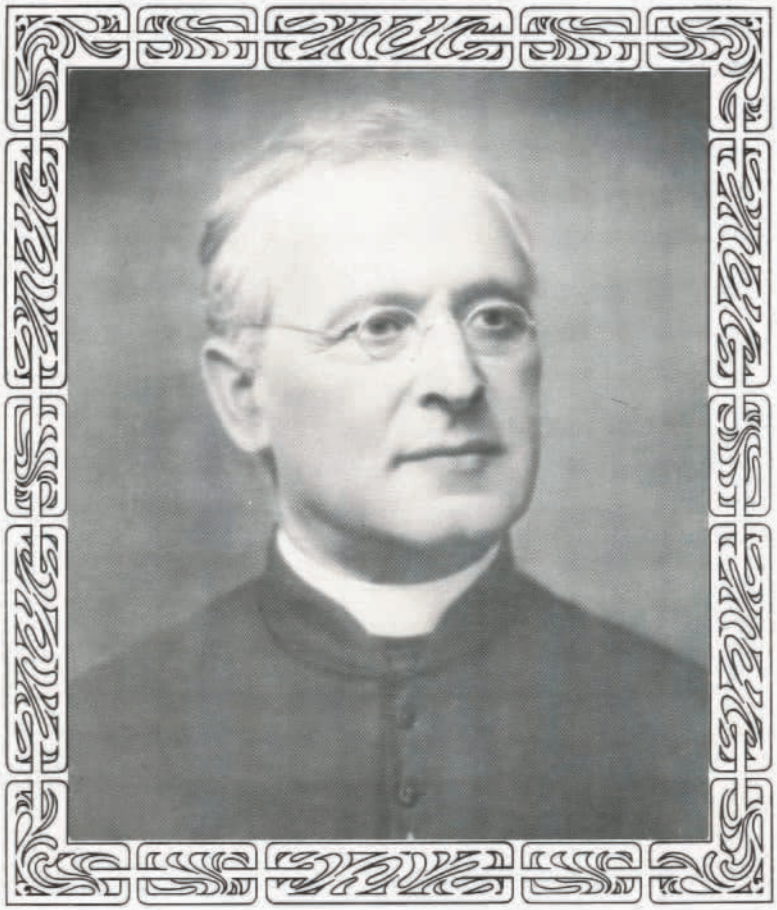


The Reverend Wilhelm P. Bigot

Pastor of St. Michael's Parish

1874 ✣ 1903

Annals

OF

St. Michael's Parish

IN

LORAMIE (BERLIN), SHELBY COUNTY, OHIO

IN THE

ARCHDIOCESE OF CINCINNATI

FROM 1838 TO 1903

EARLY HISTORY OF LORAMIE
AND PIONEER PERIOD

FROM 1769 TO 1838

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

WRITINGS AND DESCRIPTIONS

BY

The Reverend Wilhelm P. Bigot

Pastor of St. Michael's Parish

1874 ✣ 1903

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in 1903

by Reverend Wilhelm Bigot

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NOTE

Much labor has been expended in the preparation of this volume. Naturally, as in all books involving translations, there are differences in interpretation and spelling.

Some names have undergone changes in the way they are written. Examples of those in our immediate area which seem to be different are: Boerger, Broerman, Broering, Danzig, Drees, Ernst, Hoelscher, Moeller, Miller, Poeppelman, Sherman, Schlater, Wuebker, Zircher to name a few.

If one particular name is similar to one you are interested in, it may be well to check the spelling further.

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CHAPTER ONE

Ten Years as Priest in Germany, 1864-1873

From St. Marys in the Archdiocese of Köln on the Rhine to Loramie (Berlin) in Archdiocese of Cincinnati, Ohio, 1873.

The last seventy years of the century, especially the year, 1873, were a sad remembrance for the Catholics of Germany. [1]In June, 1870, the horrible war that had been begun by France, with all its bloody battles, was ended. The German people, at least most of them, saw their sons, after a nine month battle, return home. When the celebrations in the capital and all the cities was over with, all hoped that after the fruits of the war, all would live in peace. That is where we were mistaken, especially the Catholics. The Catholics, as well as the Protestants, gave their best and shed their blood for their ruler. Instead of acknowledging this sacrifice, the organization of the German Empire began to form the hated [2]"Kultur Kampf".

Instead of commending them for their work and suffering, the government began to persecute the Catholic Church. The religious communities were disbanded and sent out of the county. Bishops and priests were treated the same and sent into exile. The May precepts of 1871 were taken with different feeling. For instance, the liberal Catholics and Protestants, with great jubilation, but for the true Catholics a very sad foreboding. The laws were enforced very strictly. Next, all the convents of the Society of Jesus were put to an end, and all members declared enemies of the German state and exiled from Germany. After this unheard of happening to the Society of Jesus, it was hoped others would be treated a little more kindly. Soon the same happened to all other societies, many of whom were under the Jesuits; for example, the Fathers of the Holy Ghost who worked under the Jesuits. The Jesuits had three headquarters in Germany:

1--In Marianstadt in the diocese of Limburg.

2--St. Marys on the Sieg, in the archdiocese of Köln.

3--Kaiserwerth on the Rhine, two hours below Dusseldorf.

For weeks we had been anticipating a disaster.

After my ordination in Paris, France, May 22, 1864, I was sent to Köln at the request of the cardinal of Geisel. Here I was put in charge of the archbishop's house. I remained here six years, 1864-1870, until the French-German war. In a very short time the whole French army was captured, many were sick and wounded. They were put in prisons in Germany. Bishop Joseph Hefele of Rottenburg asked the priest who could speak both German and English, to care for the captives. The lot fell on me. I received orders to take care of 15,000 captives in prisons in Stuttgart, Ludwigsburg, Hohenasperg and Germund.

I was to look after their spiritual needs and also care for 700 to 800 sick and wounded. This I was obliged to do for nine months. (More is said about this in later paragraphs.)

After the war, (1871) I was sent back to St. Marys. I was the superior and there was very much to do. All of a sudden in June, 1873, the convent was closed. For weeks we had read in the daily papers about the closing of different convents; then also our turn came. For a long time we had anticipated this disaster.

The pilgrims came in groups to the "Shrine of the Sorrowful Mother" at the quiet of St. Marys, telling us that soon no services were to be held in the Holy City.

It was on June 24, 1873, about three in the afternoon, on the Feast of St. John the Baptist, that the noise of a two horse vehicle could be heard on the road coming our way. Soon it arrived and a Mr. Landrat from Altenkirchen and his secretary alighted and soon disappeared behind the building. This was something very amusing to the people of this quiet place. Many Catholics as well as Protestants assembled in the church and waited hours for the outcome of this visit. Our St. Marys was located at a very quiet place, no noise was heard except the ringing of the bells and the prayers and songs of the pilgrims, who often arrived late at night. Only one noise penetrated our quiet; the firing of the cannons at Coblenz, a distance of eight hours. The cannons were often fired on occasion of some sort of celebration.

Now Mr. Landrat and his secreatary were ready to carry out their orders from the No. 1 ruler of Coblenz. This Mr. Landrat was a very good Catholic, who occasionally came to St. Marys to give the people a good example and to visit the convent. Today it was somewhat different. He was obliged to do Pilate's work. He knew better and his conscience bothered him. But had he not done his job he would no longer be a friend of the Kaiser. Although he was overcome by the injustice of his orders, he asked, "What is the truth?" and went to work.

The good Mr. L. called me, as superior of the convent, to the meeting room, where he wished to finish his job in a hurry. In the presence of two witnesses he could soon finish. I saw the importance of the moment and called a meeting of all the priests and brothers in the assembly room of the convent, explained to them the reason for their presence. Mr. Landrat then read the following:

Coblenz, June 14, 1873

To acquaint you with the decree of the federal council, concerning the Society of Jesus and to allow me to read to all the members living here the following:

1. That, as of now, each priest must refrain from his priestly duties, namely preaching, hearing confessions, giving absolution, celebrating Holy Mass, and distributing Holy Communion.

2. That, as of November 1st, the convent must be evacuated and by that time announce where you are going.

Mr. Landrat thought that since I had heard the decree, that he and I, with two witnesses, sign the document, so he could deliver it to the rulers.

In that he was greatly mistaken. I told him that neither I nor any member of the convent would sign such a document. That would be like a death sentence. I also told him that neither the government nor any worldly authority had given us the power to celebrate Mass, preach, administer the sacraments and give absolution. I and my brother priests would refuse to sign these orders. We were under the juris-

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diction of the Reverend Archbishop of Köln. From him we received our spiritual powers and by order of the superior of the Society of Jesus we were sent here. It was up to our spiritual advisor to let us remain or move us. Finally I told him, in the name of myself and the others here, to take the document away. I would neither accept nor sign it.

Mr. Landrat thought there was no other way but that I sign it, just to prove that he had been there, read the decree to us, and done his duty. I finally accepted the protocol but protested in my name and that of my fellow brothers. We are doing this, not because we are against doing our duty as citizens or as priests who are afraid of the government, but because our presence as religious seems against the government. "Contrarius est noblis", we protested again to show our determination. With these words I signed my protest. Soon after I sent the following protest to Archbishop Paulus Melchers to be published in the daily paper: "Concerning the disclosure of the protocol, we the undersigned members of the convent of St. Marys have heard the decree delivered to us by district magistrate from Altenkirchen. Nevertheless, we will not discontinue to protest against it. The rules that were hung over us in such an offensive manner are very shocking and the reasons given to justify them must be signed untrue."

We did not know until now that we were dangerous to the country. Perhaps it was also dangerous to the country that members of our congregation served the German and French soldiers, under great stress. A proof of our statement is the knowledge of a good and clear conscience, which through no outward might or force can be changed. Thus, may the open handling of this, help everybody so as not to be afraid of the government.

But we still have to escape force. What other chance is there for unarmed priests?

We also protested against the one who said: "If you have followed me, so will they also follow you, so we are going to drive you out of the country, so clean the dust off your shoes and go elsewhere."

We protest against the so-called report of our settlement. Our convent at St. Marys is no settlement and never can be. This place which we have, is approved by the bishop and also by the state. Until now we have never hesitated to register as citizens, simply because no one had ever said that we were dangerous to the government.

The following was entrusted to us by the Archbishop of Köln: namely, caring for the pilgrims, which caused much trouble and self-denial, and also taking care of the spiritual needs of seven widely scattered villages, besides the large parish of Altenkirchen. All this was done through the determination of Right Reverend Paulus.

Just as we received the power of our functions so must we acquaint the Reverend Archbishop of our rights and also to let the high officials know that we did not receive the power of absolution from a government officeholder, but it was given to the apostles and their successors: "Whatsoever shall be loosened on earth shall also be loosened in heaven."

We protest on behalf of the Catholic cause, which has been destroyed by the closing of the convent.

We also protest for our own personal interest. As Elsasser we believe that the freedom we have been taught through words and examples should be allowed in the new Germany Fatherland. Now our living in the new Germany is made impossible for as citizens we are harmed and wounded.

There is probably nothing left for us to do but go to the wilds of Africa or find some other place to live a quiet, undisturbed existence.

Signed: P. W. Bigot, Superior

P. J. Bangratz

Priests of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost
and Immaculate Heart of Mary.

The following is the letter received from the Archbishop:

To the Superior P. Bigot and Reverends at Marienthal,

I have received your correspondence of the 27th, of the month concerning the protests. I have considered them and reviewed them with great sorrow.

I am sorry from the bottom of my heart for the Fathers of the Holy Ghost. This is also harmful to the whole archdiocese.

I know how the Fathers of the Holy Ghost worked with difficulty for many years in a wide area and also cared for the Pilgrims. You did this with great self-sacrifice, love and success to my satisfaction. I am thinking of getting a suitable priest, but more about that later.

Accept my heartfelt thanks for all the love and care you and the other Fathers have given. You did what was entrusted you, namely the spiritual care of my diocese. May the dear Lord bless you during this dreadful and uncertain time.

May the Lord reward you richly and soon grant your wishes to reopen St. Marys. Hoping this will soon be possible in all Germany. I remain

With greetings and blessing,

Right Reverend Paulus

Colen, July 4, 1873

The next morning, I took the first train, the Köln-Giesener train, to inform Bishop Paul Melchers of Köln of all the happenings. "You have handled this matter very well," said the Bishop, "by not taking nor signing the document. But wait," said the Archbishop, "Some days ago I wrote to Kaiser Wilhelm and asked him to save St. Marys and a few others. His majesty likes me very much and I think he will do us this favor." The Archbishop had his hand on my shoulder and said, "Do not leave Germany. I sincerely hope that in a few months this storm will blow over and you will be able to return to St. Marys. If time seems too long for you at St. Marys, come to Köln and stay with me until times are better."

The good Bishop was very much mistaken, for in a few months he was in prison at Köln, his own episcopate under lock and key. He was fined, his bishop's title taken away and, like a criminal, put in a cell, with the inscription put above the door: "Paulus Melchers-basket weaver."

At the same time Archbishop Ledochowski of Gnesen, in the province of Posen, was put in prison at Ostrowo, until he had the opportunity to flee to Rome.

The other bishops of Germany fared no better. The Martyr Bishop, Conrad Martin, from Pader-

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born starved in prison and then left the country. He died in exile, but his body was returned to Paderborn.

Bishop Bernhard Brinkman from Münster in Westphalen was forced to leave the country, but returned later.

Bishop Peldram from Trier wandered from prison to prison until he died.

Bishop Peter Blum from Limburg a.d. Lahn was exiled to Austria.

When better times returned most of the bishops came back but the two Archbishops Ledochowski from Gnesen and Paul Melchers from Köln were not allowed to return. They died as cardinals in Rome.

In the meantime I had returned to St. Marys to clean the place. The fathers and brothers had left one after another. None wanted to return from Bismark to east Prussia or Hinterpommern. A parish priest from Köln was sent to look after the Pilgrims and have the necessary services for them. The people sadly noticed the difference. Formerly there were five or six daily masses at whatever time was convenient for the pilgrims, now only one mass could be celebrated. I myself remained at the convent two months, but, so as not to put myself in any danger of being put in prison or exiled, I celebrated mass in a private chapel of the convent.

On Sunday following the closing of the convent, the Reverend Pastors, Vicars and Chaplains from the surrounding territory came for a solemn farewell celebration. Even the Protestant Ministers protested the rules. The farewell celebration was of a sad nature, songs were sung, talks given and all wished each other a goodbye and hope to see you soon.

During this celebration I was called aside. The postal clerk was there and had a telegram for me. It said,"Father is dying, come home at once."

I thought to myself, "another misfortune, to give up the convent, not being allowed to celebrate Mass, no home and father dying. In the evening I went to Köln to ask the Archbishop what I should do. He advised me to offer up this sacrifice and not go home. He was awaiting a letter from the Kaiser and hoped for a decent answer. He said my presence at St. Marys was needed. I remained, my father died, my brother the priest, my two sisters in the convent, and the rest of the family let their tears fall on the coffin, I remained far away.

Weeks passed; St. Marys was empty, well packed trunks and chests were everywhere. Everything was sent to Paris. I left St. Marys in the month of September. I went by the way of Frankfurt and Strassburg to my home in Altkirch in Ober Elsasz. In Frankfurt A.M., I made use of my long years of friendship with the pastor and spiritual advisor of the cathedral, the Reverend Ernst Münzenberg. I was welcome, but he thought it would be wiser for me to celebrate Mass in a private chapel of the cathedral, because the Jesuits were already being watched. "O tempora, a mores!" now we are being watched everywhere. How different the times today from the time I was with the same Father in Dusseldorf at St. Andreas church and later in the cathedral at Frankfurt, when I helped in the confessional until late in the evening. Perhaps his anxiousness had a reason, "Propter metum Judearum"-a fear of the Jews. In Frankfurt A.M. lived many Jews. But I must praise the Jews, for they are on the side of the Catholics, concerning the rules and regulations. I learned about this, for I had the opportunity to associate with them. When I went from Frankfurt to Strassburg several Jews were also travelling. They protested most emphatically against the "Kultur Kampf", against closing of the convents, sending priests into exile and declared that without doubt that Bismark had bent the bow too far, and he should come to an understanding with the Pope.

Arriving at my home I found the pastor and the people still very angry about the annexation of Elsass-Lohringen. The mayor thought it quite proper if I would celebrate a Requiem Mass openly for my deceased father.

At the beginning of December, 1873, I bid farewell to my homeland, the German Empire, and made my plans for Paris, uncertain as to where I would be sent in the future. In Mainz I visited with the Reverend M. and Dr. H. Domherren. They advised me not to go to Paris, for on account of the war the French hated the Germans and also the German priests. I did not let that deter me. I went by way of Köln and Brussels to Paris, I soon found out that the Rev. M. and H. had been correct for I had barely arrived at the mother house, when the superior told me that since I was from Germany, I would not dare to be in the city without my papers, passport etc., which the mayor had ordered. I could not remain in the mother house since it was still under military rule. I had a regular pass so I went to the 'Maire' on the outskirts of Paris to register. The mayor, who was a German hater, yelled at me and said, "Is it not enough that the Prussians have taken Elsass-Lothinggen and five Milliarden, now you fools come and give us trouble."

I was told that I could no longer remain at the mother house; there was no room for the Prussians. In the morning I must leave for Landhaus, Chivlly. That place had been very beautiful at one time but had been damaged very much during the war so it no longer had doors or windows; it was almost uninhabitable. As it says in the bible, "No room for you in the inn."

When need is the greatest, Almighty God is the nearest. Through all these tribulations there came a ray of sunshine. Unexpectedly a letter was received from Reverend Stehle of Cincinnati with a message that all exiled priests who spoke German and French, could come to America, for Archbishop Purcell in Cincinnati would gladly have them. Now began the packing and making railroad and ship arrangements. Sooner than expected all was in order. On New Year's Day, 1874, four priests and twelve brothers left for the train station. Next morning we celebrated mass at the church in Havre. At nine o'clock the steamship "Pereire" lifted anchor and we were on our way. On January 14, 1874, we landed safely in New York.

After a short rest in New York, we left for Piqua by the way of Cleveland, where we arrived Sunday, January 21st and celebrated Mass there. On Monday we four priests paid a visit to Bishop Purcell in Cincinnati and here the Archbishop assigned me to St. Michael's, Loramie, (Berlin), where on January 29, 1874, I had my first church services;-High Mass, Sermon, Instructions, Vespers, and Benediction.

The following is the report of our trip I later sent to Marienthal.

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CHAPTER TWO

Report of my Trip from Paris, France to Loramie, (Berlin) Ohio

Berlin, O., Feb. 25, 1874

Rev. Dear Father:

The post card which I send to you from Piqua on 28th of January without doubt arrived at your address and informed you of our safe arrival in America. Since we are so far from the Fatherland, we won't be dangerous to them anymore. Now I'm going to fulfill my promise to you and the other priests, after my release from the convent of Marienthal, by telling you about some of the experiences of our trip and about my working territory.

At first I thought I had to forego this pleasure of writing to you. On the first day of my arrival without much rest, I was informed that one Father had to administer to the needs of not only the large parish of St. Michael's, but also to that of the mission in Newport, in all about 1500 Catholics. But as the old proverb says, "Labor omnia vinit"--"Perserverance conquers all", so now this evening I can keep my promise and share with you the highlights of our trip, and in later letters about my pastorate and all other interesting happenings.

It was late in the evening, ten o'clock in fact, New Year's Day, when I, with three other priests and twelve brothers left Paris. With a shrill whistle and a puff of the engine we were on our way. It was a very dark night but soon the moon broke through the dark clouds and dimly lit the coast of Normandy. After we rested several hours the steward of the ship announced that at six in the morning we would arrive at Havre. This city was founded in 1516 by Franz 1st. The reason for its present prosperity must be credited to Napoleon because Paris, Rouen and Havre all had the Seine River as their main thoroughfare. Havre exports all articles made in Paris and the northern part of France, and in later years has become a port for importing. After our arrival there, we had enough time to go ashore and celebrate Mass, but had to hurry back for our ship was ready to leave. At 8:30 the anchor was brought up, two cannon shots were fired for the benefit of the curious, who had come to see the departure of the steamship. After the last farewells, the gangplank used to get aboard, was pulled on deck and we were soon on our way.

Storm at Sea

We were hardly on our way when black rain clouds appeared in the sky, the wind began to blow and soon we had a storm. The rocking of the ship made each and every one sick. Even I did not have the good fortune to remain on deck, to watch the wonderful display of clouds that became blacker and blacker and the sea became very wild. I did not even get a good look at the disappearing coastline and mainland. The rocking of the ship, forward and backward, right and left, made me feel light-headed and also scared, so I followed the example of the others and went below deck. I soon had a terrible feeling in my stomach and felt very miserable. This evil lasted longer than it was dangerous, but the one good thing about it was that it made one forget the danger of the sea. The best thing to do was to stretch out on the bed and from time to time try to take a little nourishment, but usually that came out immediately. After two or three days, things began to improve, and soon all were well again. Thus it was for the first days and nights. There was nothing but wailing, complaining and groaning, each in his own tune. The ship rocked back and forth, the mast looked like a white arc against the sky, and often when the ship tilted sideways the waves rolled over the deck.

On January 3 at 10 in the morning we were in the harbor of Brest. Here the ship took on more passengers. As soon as the engines stopped and the anchor dropped our sickness disappeared and after a good meal we had new life and courage.

Brest, on the coast of the Atlantic is a city of about 80,000, a first class fortress and an important military harbor of France. Since we were not to set sail until 3 in the afternoon, we went ashore and admired the large arsenal and the shipyards of the city. The city is also known for its factories, fisheries and trading. Here we had the opportunity to get a look at our ship and its passengers.

Discription of Ship and Voyage

The ship to which we entrusted our lives was named "Pereire." It is one of the best, and on account of its speed, the most recommendable of the French ships. It is 313 feet in length, but only 40 feet wide. The idea of the construction is evident, by building the ship that length it could better withstand the waves and diminish the rocking of the ship as much as possible. This speed and rocking is what made the travelers ill. The deck belonged to the sailors for the maneuvering of the ship. The passengers did not bother them, although we did come up on nice days. The inner division and arrangement of the rooms was very interesting. Below deck of the "Pereiere" were first and second class apartments. The first class was furnished with lights, flowers, silver and pictures. It is here where we ate our meals which were very cheap, and on bad days we spent most of our time here telling stories. Smoking was not allowed below deck. In the lower part of the ship, above water level were the cabins or bedrooms. They were about 9x5 which was standard size and could be occupied by eight people for sleeping. The bunks were built one above the other. They served as sleeping quarters for the passengers and also as a refuge during seasickness. It was very amusing when one in the upper bunk became ill, and the one in the lower bunk had to get back out of the way in a hurry so as not to get a bath from above. Another amusing thing was when the ship did its crazy dance of the waves, then sometimes the head was up and there was always the danger of getting rolled out of bed. This happened to me several times when I was half asleep.

The passenger list wasn't too large, only 176 whereas the ship could accommodate 800. Earlier in the winter the French ship, Ville de Havre, in the dark of the night was rammed by an English vessel and sank within ten minutes with more than 283 passengers. They were afraid to trust their lives to the sea. It was hard to believe how so small a vessel could split a large ship in two, yet this unheard of spectacle was done purposely.

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Some of the stewards on our ship, who had witnessed the shipwreck, told some heartrending stories of the terrible scene. For instance, how a small ship had rescued 30 people. These 30 who had been rescued by the small ship were happy to be alive and the next minute the mast from the big ship went right on them and they were thrown into the sea. This distressful event served as a guarantee that the captain of the ship, to whom we had entrusted our lives on our trip to America, would be ever watchful. It had been told us in Paris that on account of this tragedy there would be fewer passengers.

These circumstances also had their charm as we were getting used to life aboard, but interruptions of any kind were welcome. Had we not known where we were, it would have seemed like a room in the convent.

Aboard ship were four Fathers, twelve brothers, a secular priest and four St. Joseph's nuns, who were on their way to Florida. Also aboard was a lady from Strässburg, with three small children, a lady from Bordeaux with four small children. Both families were on their way to California to join their husbands. There were also two families from Italy with more children, also young buyers and doctors. I must not forget, an eighteen year old Jewish boy from Rheinbavern. All were lively and awake and outwardly decent people. The small children helped make the time go faster. They did not see the dangers of the sea and thought of nothing but play, which made us think of our home when we were children. Especially amusing was one four year old, Louis, from Strässburg, who wanted to become a little American and day by day astonished us with such things as, "In America one would not be able to see one single house, etc." Daily I gave two hours instruction in German to a French doctor, who was very eager to learn the German language, and some of the remainder of the days I spent many hours with the Jewish boy. For some reason he took a great liking to the priests, and there was no need to fear him, like all the Christians did at home. He had great fear of the sea, even of a small uprising. He reminded us of the old proverb, "Don't trust yourself to the sea." We often had to cheer him to relieve him of his fears. I'm also thinking of a different sort of passengers that followed us from Brest to New York, namely the seagulls. It was very interesting to watch these birds flutter about the ship and at the same time amuse the passengers.

At this point I must say that during the whole trip we were treated very well and had the best of service. The French government had given free passage to the four of us and had given the twelve brothers a 15% discount. This was probably done so the German government would have a better opinion of the French.

In the morning at 7 o'clock we had coffee, at 9 o'clock lunch; 11 o'clock we had soup, at five in the afternoon we had dinner. At eight in the evening we gathered for tea. Wine was served at every meal. The servants were very attentive. They knew we were banished people from Alsace, and we also knew they were hinting for tips. Although the captain of the ship was very friendly, the other officers were more so.

Now back to our journey. As mentioned before we departed from Brest January 3rd, with the knowledge that from now on we would see nothing but sky and water. At three in the afternoon the cannon blasted off, a sign for the passengers to be aboard and again the shots echoed over the land, to tell of our departure. We left, God alone knew for how long, with wishes of good luck from the mainland. Again the rudders grabbed hold, the ship lurched forward. We recited prayers for the passengers, trusted ourselves to Almighty God and asked for protection from "Mary, Queen of the Sea."

Seasickness again bothered most of them. I was spared, but had enough of the others and their ailing, that I remained on deck rather than down in the cabin. I held fast to the iron of the mast, until the everincreasing storm drove me in. Often times it was very difficult to hold the ship against the restless and unsafe currents. This place in the Atlantic ocean was called "la manche". The Romans called it "finis terrae" or as the French call it "the end of the world." No one dared venture here wihout harm. The sailors swore like ??? the devil. "To the devil" yelled one, "OK, yelled another, "if the story begins that way it will soon end." "Right," said another. The deck got a good washing. We were hardly five or six hours out to sea, when the waves became like small mountains and with a terrible noise rolled over the deck to "wash" it. We could feel in our cabins how the mighty waves dashed against the ship. Windows, shutters and hatches were latched. I was never really frightened. Father P. Strub and Father P. Reichert, the seminarian and myself shared the cabin, and I must say we always kept ourselves in a very good mood. It made us laugh when one of us, half asleep would tumble out of bed and look like he fell out of the sky. At times it seemed as if the terrible long night would never pass, but then each did his best to entertain the others.

I and some of the others discovered that when seasickness is conquered, and the air is calm, that to breathe deeply and expand the chest and lungs was very beneficial. Soon cheerfulness prevailed and lightheadedness gone. But usually our funny stories were interrupted by a howling wind, the turmoil of the waves, and the swearing of the sailors, who clung to the mast like wet mice and were in danger of being blown overboard. The rocking of the ship seemed worse by day, especially when it was meal time. Then the bottles, plates, glasses, in fact everything that was not nailed down, went tumbling under the table and benches, and one had to be careful so as not to follow. At that I suppose our ship did not toss about too much during the crazy mood of the elements. As the winds cut through the clouds so our ship cut through the tides and shot through the waves like a ship through a tunnel. The ship drove in twenty-four hours, two hundred, two hundred thirty or two hundred sixty English miles. On the fourth day the weather became calmer, but the waves were still very high. Our spirits soared. The very mild springlike weather in January allowed us to trade our pesky cabins for some sea air and allowed us to remain on deck until ten or eleven o'clock. Beautiful was the sky which arched over the large sea like a huge mirror. All gave out a loud "hurrah" when another ship was sighted, or when in the distance one could see, what seemed like a spring, similar to a waterfall, the jumping of a whale. This happened six or seven times. We never failed to watch the phosphorescence of the waves, when they broke against the ship and made thousands of sparks. This small firework was nothing compared to the rebellion of the entire ocean. So on the sixth, seventh and eighth of January we had

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very quiet days. But on the evening of the eighth of January it broke loose again. A few hours earlier one of the sailors had told me that in a little while I would see something beautiful. Soon they would be in the "Devil's Hole." This is the passage above the Azores, a group of Islands between Europe and America, belonging to the Portugese, where during the winter they have very stormy north winds. The Azores were discovered by Portugal in 1432, and were found to be bleak and uninhabited. The Azores are of a volcanic nature, have a climate good for planting and now export wine, brandy, oranges, and moss used for dye to Portugal, England and the United States. Here it was scary. The howling of the storm was terrible. Very quietly the captain gave orders to the sailors who were already soaked by the waves. They gritted their teeth and obeyed him, some through habit, with cursing. We were afraid to even talk to each other, and all looked frightened. Suddenly the ship lay quiet, there was a loud rattling, hammering, and crying "what was that?" We could not find out at once, but later on one of the officers told us that the storm had torn loose the steps and door of the furnace. Had this not been located immediately the water would have gotten into the machinery, which would have been fateful. This time we came through with only fear, since we had no warning. The next morning it was somewhat quieter. On the tenth it was stormy again. On the eleventh was the feast of the "Three Kings." We were on a French ship, while in France they would be celebrating Ascension Sunday the following Sunday. Nevertheless we had a wonderful day. On stormy Sundays on the ocean we were not able to celebrate Mass, but not so today. We were with four and had brought along everything needed. The captain had nothing against the celebration, all the others could hardly wait for the festivities to begin. This is a most fitting feast to celebrate on the ocean. Father Strub and I had prepared everything in the large second class room. The servants aided us and put a green carpet on the floor.

The following morning at 8 o'clock Father Strub celebrated the first Mass, at which the brothers and nuns received Holy Communion. Father Reichert celebrated his mass at 9:30. The other priest was ill. My mass was at 11 o'clock for the passengers and ship's personnel. All the officers and passengers, and even the Jew attended with great devotion. On the whole it was a wonderful feast of the Three Kings. This made us think of poor Germany, our homeland, where this could not have been done openly.

How good it was to know that on the free ocean we were truly on our way to a free country. Even the waves quieted down this day and it gave us great pleasure to practice our vocation without any disturbance. We sailed trustworthily under the "Star of the Almighty", whom we served in Germany and under whose guidance we intend to fulfill our duty in America.

The twelfth of January found us on the shores of Newfoundland. The fog here was as thick as soup. Newfoundland is known for its cod fisheries. From April until October, more than two thousand ships trade here yearly with a return of twelve million dollars. This was so important that there was often cause for war between France and England. The island is rich in undiscovered coal beds and is also known for its large, smart shaggy dogs. In an area of one thousand, eight hundred ninety square miles were one hundred twenty two thousand inhabitants, mostly Catholics. The capital of the island is St. John, with a beautiful cathedral.

New York

From Newfoundland to New York the ocean was quiet and smooth as oil, no wind was stirring, no clouds in the sky, no other sound except that of the machinery, and once in a while a splash of a fish in the ocean. On the thirteenth we noticed a small vessel. It was a pilot from New York to lead us safely through the reefs. On the morning of the fourteenth we could see the mountains and soon thereafter the new world with everything covered with snow. Wonderful is the bay of New York, but above all else is the port, where yearly, seven to eight thousand ships enter from all parts of the world. Here ends the journey of most European ships, here the tired European pilgrims come ashore to establish a new home. We arrived at four in the afternoon after a tiresome journey of thirteen days. Here at the landing we were met by a trustworthy German, Mr. Kölble, an immigrant from Baden. He assisted us with our baggage and other problems.

The harbor of New York is one of the best, prettiest, and largest in the world. The entrance is fortified with cannon of high caliber and the construction is the best. From far out at sea the harbor seems like a forest of ships and masts. A maze of rigging adorns New York and hardly does the color of the buildings shine through. But the life in the harbor I will not try to describe.

Toward evening, when all was in order and everything made secure, we took a ride to the inner part of the city, which now in 1876 combined with Hoboken and Brooklyn have a population over one million, and yearly income from trading amounting to 350 to 400 million, about half of this in the hands of the Americans.

Brooklyn grew the fastest, in 1800 there were 3298 residents, now 400,000. The big artery of New York is the well-known 80 feet wide, 3 mile "Broadway." Both business and walk ways. Over the East River, a small stream separating New York from Brooklyn, is a drawbridge five thousand feet in length. It also united the two cities. The builder of this largest bridge in the world was a German, J. A. Robling from Muhlhausen Thuringen. He died while doing some surveying. The oldest son took over the work of his father and thinks that by July 1, 1875, it should be finished.

On account of the snow and bitter cold, we left New York on January 15th in the evening at 7 pm. In the daytime we visited schools and convents but we were anxious to leave, to get to our appointment as quickly as possible. The train took us over the beautiful and fruitful land between Lake Erie and the Ohio River, so named after the state of Ohio. Many Germans settled in Ohio. The population of Ohio is two and half million (one million of German descent), so the German population is increasing more rapidly than the English. The principle occupation of Ohio is agriculture and cattle breeding. Ohio has the best wheat fields in the Union. The main city in Ohio is Cincinnati, which grew very rapidly. It has 217,000 residents of which 50,000 are German. Columbus on the Scioto is the capital. From Cleveland, the main

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port of Lake Erie, we went down to Piqua, which was our destination. The trip from New York to Piqua took 280 hours, 3 days and 3 nights, so that on the 18th which was Sunday we were able to greet our brother Fathers, Steur, Kaiser, Ott, and Schwab.

I am hurrying to a close and notice that this has become very lengthy. Later on I will write again, telling you about the people and other interesting happenings, then I will be able to describe things better. About Berlin all I can say that it is entirely different from the big city of Berlin, Germany. The big difference is that our Berlin here is entirely Catholic and has no almighty ruler. The priests here need not be fearful of their government and there is plenty to do. More about this later.

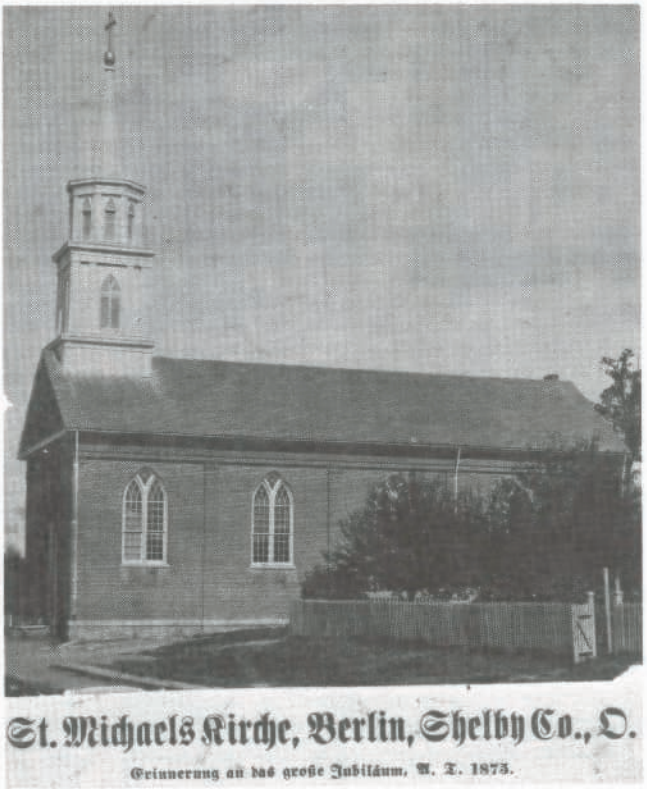
In closing I would like to ask you to greet all the Fathers of Hissen, who are my friends and share with them this letter, for time does not allow me to write to all, but I would like to be remembered by them. Finally I would like to hear from you very soon, and now wish you all the best of health.

Very humbly yours,

Father P. Bigot

Pastor of St. Michael's

Berlin, Ohio



St. Michael's Church. Berlin. Shelby County, Ohio. Jubliee 1875. Picture of old St. Michael's Church. This building is now used for chapel on northwest corner of newer structure.



Old Church and Priest House - 1874

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CHAPTER THREE

St. Michael's Parish 1874

Organization and Taking of Census

The report of our trip to America, was greatly appreciated by our friends in Germany. They, especially Father Steinbush, were happy to hear of our pleasant and safe voyage. He had the account published in several German papers.

Meanwhile I, being refreshed, was anxious to begin my new work, get acquainted with the people and better organize the parish.

On my second visit to Archbishop Purcell, he said to me, "You will find the people of Berlin very cooperative, true Catholics, easily won over and who will do anything for their religion. I like the area very much because through speech and religion they are closely united. I am looking forward to my visit there to administer the Sacrament of Confirmation. Especially does Berlin deserve the attention of other priests. St. Michael's is growing very rapidly and soon a new church must be built. Work slowly toward this goal without neglecting your duties."

With this fatherly advice, I returned to my parish. I was told it consisted of one hundred seventy families. For me this seemed like a small parish, but the distance of the farmers from the village made the pastorate seem double that of one in town, where all the people live near the church. St. Michael's in Berlin has a peculiar location. It lies in the northwestern part of Shelby County, part of Darke County and in most of McLean and Cynthian Townships. From east to west is a distance of eleven miles, from north to south a mere four miles. This geographic platte is odd, since only one mile to the north is the beginning of St. Augustine's at Minster. To the south between Berlin and Wynant (Newport) is a Baptist church. About seventy-five farmers live to the east, which is only six miles from Sidney, while Sidney is fourteen miles from Berlin. In this territory is no Catholic church. St. Michael's also serves the people to the west. The next Catholic Church is to the southwest of Frenchtown, a distance of eighteen miles and farther on (22 miles) is Union City. Between these places is no Catholic Church; so the pastor in Berlin has to serve people twelve to fourteen miles distant.

Now I would like to get busy to get acquainted with these 170 farmers and families. In the village this is easily accomplished, but to find the farmers was no easy task, for their homes were in the forest. But before I visited the families I had to take care of something else. We were in the month of March which meant Lent, Lenten devotions and religious instructions for the First Communicants. Lenten devotions were held twice a week and were well attended. Since most of the farmers lived far from church and the roads were muddy, often impassable, it was best to have them after Mass. Evening devotions were no good for the farmers. The old people could not walk the distance and it was not good for the young people to walk home in the dark.

The religious instruction for the Communicants and children must get the special attention of the pastor, especially since there are no parochial schools. The peculiar settlement of the people in different counties and townships, made it possible that the children attended eight different schools. In most of these schools especially where most of the children were Catholic, a German teacher is hired, with a promise to have one-half hour of religion either before or after school hours. With this arrangement the people did not have to pay anything. The district paid the teacher and the upkeep of the school.

This arrangement for school religion is satisfactory, but it is still the duty of the pastor to prepare the children for First Holy Communion. Therefore beginning in 1874 and yearly thereafter, from November to May, I had two half days of religion, usually Tuesday and Thursday mornings. This was fine with the parents, the children were willing to come and it was a pleasure to teach them Catechism, Bible, etc. On this I will say more in a later chapter, when I have gathered more data and become acquainted.

Another point the Archbishop stressed was Sodalities. He said it was a shame that a parish the size of Loramie had so few. At that time there were only two organizations, "St. Joseph's" for the Men and "St. Marien" for the women. But you could hardly believe that these organizations belonged to the parish. At that time the older immigrants had no use for these organizations. If one would have mentioned around forty years ago "St. Johannes Ritteen" (knights) one would have been surprised to hear of such an organization. The usual church clubs which existed in Germany in the large parishes were unsuitable for the immigrants if not unnecessary. So as all belong to one church and attended, Mass seemed enough.

But we did begin. At first it was a problem to organize a sodality. The people were not for or against it but just ignorant of it all, but once it was explained they all agreed that perhaps it was a good idea. On Septuagesima Sunday, 1874, I announced after the sermon, that on the following Sunday under the patronage of St. Ann, a Sodality would be organized. I asked the ladies who intended to join, to remain in church, after the High Mass the following Sunday. During the week it was much talked about, for and against. On the following Sunday over ninety ladies came (later there were hundred fifty members). Then the by-laws were read, officers elected, and in thirty-five years they have done much good for the parish and the people.

Now the young ladies came forth. Therefore on Sunday before the Annunciation (at that time a Holy day), the young ladies remained after High Mass, eighty of them. They were organized the same as the married ladies, on the Holy Day of the Annunciation and were named the "Holy Mary Young Ladies Sodality." Then the young men, especially those least expected, came to the parish house to have a sodality of their own named "St. Lawrence Young Men's Sodality." They wished to be organized before Easter in order to take part in the Resurrection Services and also Communion celebration. On Palm Sunday the necessary by-laws were taken care of and on Holy Thursday they were officially organized, in the big room of the schoolhouse. Nearly one hundred men belonged and to this day have made a good name for themselves. Only the old married men belonged to the St. Joseph's Sodality. They thought that with their old legs they could not take part in the processions. But as head of the household they would pay the pew rent and put plenty in the collection basket. To them this was sufficient. They did want to keep the Feast of St. Joseph as their special

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day with High Mass, Sermon and Benediction. Later on the "Society of the Infant Jesus" came into being. There were three hundred children. They were happy and more so when the new bell was purchased. The week before their feast day (the Sunday after the Three Kings) they collected for their sodality. They went from house to house and would not leave until something was given them.

That is what happened in the first half of 1874 concerning the sodalities. On Whitsunday, was First Communion celebration for the children. About the other feast days during the year will be spoken of in another chapter.

Now in the summer of 1874 it was time to go from house to house to take the census. The following questions were asked:

1. Baptism and family name of father and mother.
2. Baptism and family name of grandparents.
3. From which country came mother and dad.
4. Year and date of birth of parents.
5. Year and date they entered the United States.
6. Year and date of marriage and did they get married a second time.
7. Names of children, dates of birth.
8. Names of strangers and maids living in the house.

Every family had their own sheet in the census-book. It looked Like this:

FAMILY OF VICTOR PROBST

Father - Victor Probst	Mother- Maria Klein
Born 14 March, 1831, in Baden	Born 18 Jan., 1835 in Baden
Entered US - Fall, 1862	Entered US - Fall, 1862
Married 13 April, 1857	Married 13 April, 1857
1. --vice--	1. --vice--
2. --vice--	2. --vice--

GRANDPARENTS

Karl Probst	Theresia Peins

CHILDREN

1. Karl, born 12 March, 1858	1. Maria, born 24 Dec., 1861
2. Johann, born 18 July, 1860	2. Theresia, born 5 Oct., 1874

3. Michael, born 15 Nov., 1863
4. Wilhelm, born 6 Aug., 1872

NAMES OF STRANGERS AND MAIDS IN THE HOUSE

Karl Wenzel,	born 5 June, 1852 in Fulda Germany

To keep order in this undertaking, we began at the upper end of the village to visit every family. At that time there were seventy families, now there are one hundred. (In 1838 when the village was founded, fifty families were enrolled). The beginning of the parish will be described in another chapter. To the west were seventy families, now eighty five, to the east were forty five, now fifty. In 1874 there were one hundred seventy five families, now in 1903 two hundred thirty five. The reason Berlin could not compare with larger cities, because there, the big farmers, bought out the little farmers and they in turn moved to the city. But the parish of Berlin is growing rapidly and nearly all own their own places. The village itself did not grow very much. Though there is no railroad or other means of transportation the mail goes twice daily.

Now it's time to visit the farmers back in the forest where for years Pierre Loramie worked among the Indians. Here we found farmers from many parts of Germany. There were east Prussians and west Prussians. Low Germans and High Germans. There were Oldenburgers, Hanoveranians, Westphalians, Rhinelanders, Hollanders, Hessians, Bayerns, Badeners, Alsacians, Swiss people, Luxemburgers, Lothringers, also a few Frenchmen and Irishmen, either immigrated or born here. Many roads at that time were named after the pioneer who made the first road through the forest. For instance, to the east, we have the Schürrmann's Road, so named for the memory of Joseph Schürrmann, who with his four sons, Joseph, Heinrich, Johann and Wilhelm came over from Ostbeyern, Westphalia. Another one named Klein-Alfhausen and another Pleiman's Road for they settled nearby. Far out east is the "Badische Ländle" for the people who came from Baden. Another road, now a pike, was called "Wayne Trail" in honor of Anthony Wayne and Scott as they travelled from Loramie to Fort Recovery.

The taking of the census progressed slowly. Mr. Teacher Notheis was willing to accompany me. We rode in a buggy through the forest. In the year of 1874 the months of May and June were very pleasant, but the later months were very hot so we could not visit too many families in a day, maybe only 10 or 12. Fate should have it that on the very first day we had a very uncomfortable accident. In the sweltering heat we sat half asleep in our buggy. We had to drive through a swamp in which were many stumps. The horse rammed the buggy against one of these stumps, broke the shaft and we, like Tantalus, landed in the middle of the swamp and nearly died of thirst. Mr. Notheis waded out to get help from a nearby farmer. I and the surprised horse guarded the buggy. It so happened that near noon we arrived at the log house, where the children and some grownups were ill with gall fever; at that time it was a very lengthy sickness. Regardless, we were obliged to have a meal with them. The noon meal was soon ready. Eggs, butter, bread and ham were always on hand. The happiness of the family to have their pastor with them was very much appreciated. The children said the before and after meal prayers. After that it was story telling time.

In most instances the father would tell where he came from, the name of his parents and also that of the relatives and servants living with them. But this was not as important to him as the ways and means he left the Fatherland and how it took three to four months to cross the ocean. Then he would tell how he cleared some land and built his house. There was no shortage of material, there were hundreds of trees and plenty of lime and moss to fill the crevices. The whole neighborhood would come together and the chopping and sawing and hammering echoed through the forest as if they were in a large temple.

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All were gathered together like children of the Father; all were willing to help one another, to share trials and happiness. This was noticed more now, than later, for then the people could help themselves and had no need for others. But regardless of the weather the building continued, and what at first seemed impossible for the beginner, with much ability and perseverance was soon finished. The simple meal of the farmer was delicious. During the night a storm blew up and next morning the logs of the log house looked like the tower of Pisa. That did not stop them, but, with renewed energy they worked to get all in order again. The crevices were filled with lime and moss. When they were filled, the roof was put on. The furniture resembled the house. The table and chairs were hewn out roughly and often nailed down. No home was without the big trunk brought over from Germany which now served as a bench or sofa. An oven for cooking, baking and heating was next built. There was an abundance of firewood in the forest. These log houses were warmer in winter and cooler in summer, than those built later. As soon as the house was finished, a well was dug near by, and plot laid for a garden. Shelter for animals was not thought of. Horses and cows remained out in the open, day and night, winter and summer. There was plenty for them to eat as the ground was overgrown with grass, etc. Then the little old grandmother came around and said: "Father, at first we had an awful problem with the chickens and the garden. The coop had to be fastened securely, for the foxes would steal the chickens at night. The garden had to be fenced in to keep out the rabbits, deer and other animals, that ate the vegetables (lettuce, beans, etc). Many a night our Hermann stood guard, with his gun brought from Germany, and shot a deer, elk or rabbit. Then we had a meal of Hassenpfeffer or an elk steak, which in Germany only the Lords and Earls could afford.

It was very beautiful in the forest, and many deer and elk became very tame, like pets. Squire R. had two elk that were so tame they would follow him two miles to church on Sunday. They would lay down in the grass in the churchyard and listen to the music. After services they would follow him home again. There was so much wildlife a person had to protect himself, but now it's mostly disappeared.

On another visit with a family the talk was about the fertility of the land. Said one mother from Hanover, "How good does everything grow back here in the forest, that wheat was good, the oats better and the corn extraordinary. A stalk of corn eight to ten feet with two or three big ears." Those were blessed and fruitful years. Every place had a good harvest and soon the fruit trees which grew slowly began to bear. There were plenty of big red apples, juicy pears and apricots. The people waited patiently to get a fruit press, to make cider from the surplus. Then when fall came it seemed like Paradise. The trees with different fruits, the well-filled barns and cellars, made everybody forget all the sacrifices made. The reward was great.

Another big problem for these pioneers was to get their grain, etc. to market to exchange for money or have flour ground for use in the home. The nearest place was Sidney, fourteen miles or Piqua, 18 miles. Here they sold their grain or traded it for flour. This was a two or three day journey through the forest. Other necessities were also bought on this trip. On their return home they had much to talk about. On account of all this the census moved along very slowly, so that it took all summer and part of the fall. In the so-called Indian summer the last families were visited. This time of the year was a lovely sight to behold with the leaves changing color. Then many a glass of good cider was served and the people were happy to have their pastor with them.

This census there were 175 families. In 1838-54 families. In 1903-235 families.

THE PIONEERS OF THE PARISH

Following are the names of the families enrolled as members of St. Michael's June 4, 1838. Some lived in this area as early as 1828.

Heinrich Franke	Bartholomew Schebel
Ignatz Schell	Christian Hoffmann
J. Heinrich Ratermann	John Ruttges
Lucas Meyer	Christopher Borger
Ignatz Martz	George Marz
Philipp Kneufner	Michael Meckladen
Friedrich Meistermann	Bernard Pille
Hermann F. Klöne	Joseph Hummer
Herman H. Broering	Peter Hummer
James Pilliod	Dominic Hummer
Heinrich Müller	Anthony August
Georg Müller	George Lump
Amandus Schüler	Michael Lehman
Zacharias Schüler	Ignatz Zurcher
Henry Weisbrod	Louis Hotzen
John H. Wiemann	Nicolas Langly
Wendelin Schenk	Adam Shanding
George H. Eilermann	Fred Henke
Patrick Kannaus	Henry Schluter, Sr.
Charles Schilz	Bernard Maier
Valentine Bernhard	Philip Dudenhofer
Joseph A. August	Herman H. Dresmann
John W. Sherman	Michael Lulle
Frank S. Meyer	Fred Kistner
Henry Schulze	John Costollo
Joseph Kirner	Anthony Schuler

Of these 54 pioneers none are among the living. As a remembrance their names are listed in the annals of the church. Most of these have died, some have moved away. Soon after the founding of the church many more families have joined the parish and their names are entered as follows:

Joseph Hoelscher	Theodore Hesselfeld
Karl A. Barhorst	Henry Wolken
Arnold Dressman	John Stephan
Joseph Ernst	Bernard Puthoff
Dietrich Hilgefort	Ferdinand Arkenberg, Sr.
Joseph Eilermann	Henry Inderrieden, Sr.
Martin Lehman	John Kirsch
John Bernhard Rottinghaus	
	Henry Rottert
John Friedrick Rottinghaus	
Bernard Holthaus	Matt Utz
Conrad Fleckenstein	Joseph Pfefferle
Fred Wachsmuth	Clem Gudenkauf

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William Schüler	Lawrence Weber
Gabriel Daniel	Dominic Lemmel
John Willmann	August Wehinger
Joseph Rieger	Benedict Benanzer
Arnold Pleiman	William J. Meyer
Henry Lehmkuhl (Arling)	
	Herman Bushmann
Henry Bushmann	Stephan Kirner
William Stockhoff	Bernard J. Ahrns
Henry Wolken	Henry Bramlage, Sr.
Henry Beckman	John Stang
William Wolfe	Conrad Fox
Anthony Rethman	Peter Greven
Joseph Pelster	John Toller
Victor Nunlist	Leopold Koberle
William Danzig	John H. Dressmann
Frank Tobe	Bernard Bussing
Ferdinand Bussing	Bernard Gast
Bernard Brokamp	Bernard Borchers
Henry Borchers	Simon Schafer
John F. Rottinghaus	Joseph Zurline
Martin Romie	Conrad Brucken
Bernard Vondrelle	John Kruchten
Tom Newberg	Clem Broering

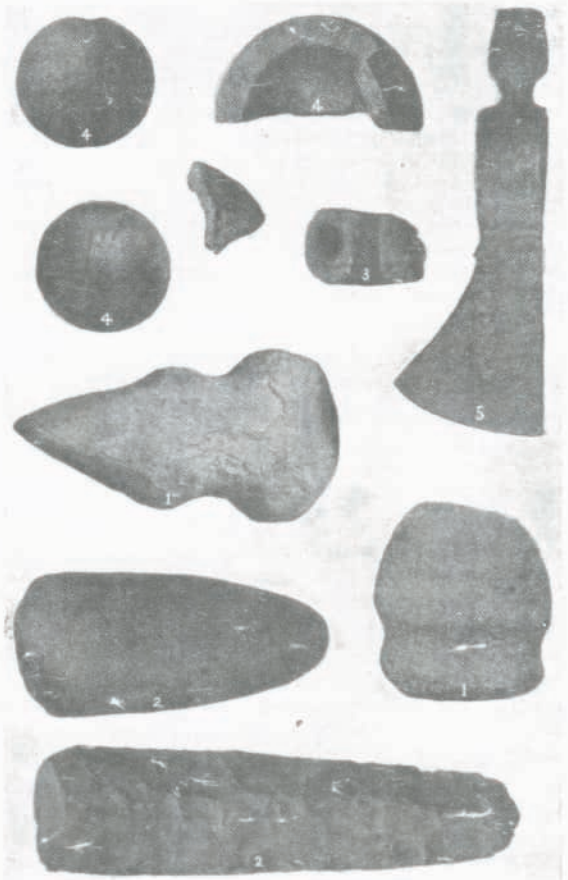
The remainder of St. Michael's are either listed in the section of "Loramie Village", or in the appendage under "Building of the Church".



Painting of Little Turtle



1 Arrowheads 2 Scalping Stones



1 Tomahawk 2 Sharpened Scraping Stones
3 Peace Pipe 4 Cannon Balls
5 Tomahawk with Peace Pipe

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CHAPTER FOUR

Report to Germany about My First Work

Dear Father:

Today is the first of May, but by all reports a very unusual one for the year of 1873. Of the abnormalities, I will only tell that for this time of year it is exceptionally cold. This has, for America, where money is an important factor, bad consequences, in as much that all planting is late, and all the small things that had been planted and come up, have been frozen the past several nights. This winter I have put my desk next to the stove and have never found reason to move it. The wood in the stove snaps and crackles, making merry as though it were Christmas or Three Kings, and we are still writing May 1.

Our Berlin has a southern exposure, similar to some cities in Italy and Spain, but this unheard of spring weather cannot be compared with that of our brothers in Spain.

Some, waiting patiently for better weather, became weather prophets, and prophesied the weather would soon change. To strengthen their belief and ban the frosty ghosts, they said May 1st was the day for things to change. Then it would get better, but they were only human prophets. The calendar makers already knew this and the farmers should have known it for a long time. The day came. The bells called the faithful to the festive decorated May Altar. The bell had a shrill and especially clear tone as if it were a cold Christmas Day. The people came wearing overcoats and mittens as if making a pilgrimage to the crib. Instead of the beautiful spring covering that nature dresses the forests and meadows with, we see nothing but funeral black, over fields and meadows: instead of a blue sky, there are stormy clouds; instead of mild spring weather, for weeks now we have been having stormy furious hurricane-like storms; one half inch of ice covers the streams. That is how it is in Berlin, May 1st.

That my mood is not of the best, I need not tell you. But I will not put off to tell you about my life since my last letter and about the over-all Church's condition in North America.

THE FEVER

Remember the proverb I quoted in my last letter, "A newcomer seldom escapes the fever." It did not delay to give me the value of it completely. The year before, in the beginning of August, I felt certain discomfort which seemed very strange to me, and did not seem to take any definite character. On a trip to the big city of Cincinnati, which I had planned for some time, I decided to look into this strange feeling. A trip in the stage-coach and on the railroad with its shaking and jolting should give the doctor a reason for the fever. One is shaken and jolted more on American trains and stage-coachs than one likes. The latter are nothing more than large four-cornered chests, that are covered with canvas in winter, but are open in summer, so as not to hide God's beautiful earth. On the whole they can be compared to the German gypsy wagon, both inside and out. The hacker, better known as the driver, is allowed to transport all sorts of things, possible and impossible, so often times the trip was far from ideal. [3]Once I had the pleasure to make the trip from Sidney to Berlin with a load of stoves. One small space, which I had reserved earlier, was left open for me. Fortunately it was summer time; had it been winter I would have frozen amid the stoves.

Still I wanted to get rid of the fever so I left the coach and got on the train. There also the jolting and shaking began again, and now I had the opportunity to get the truth of the saying, "What is good for one, the other tries to spoil." The weather was clear and bright, just as it had been all summer. To me everything seemed dark blue and green; soon it seemed like a hot, then cold, electric shock going through me. Whenever we went over a very bumpy stretch, I would think, that was the end. But it became worse; a very hard pain in the neck, a bitter taste, and during the night, a true sign of fever, a cold sweat.

CINCINNATI

In the evening around six, we arrived in Cincinnati, and in less than an hour I could notice a change. It was not the fever that began to disappear, but the money in my purse. At Benziger and Pustat it almost made me get consumption. One ciborium, $100.00; one chasible, $75.00; books etc., $80.00. There are many more things to be seen in the American Rome, and would like to buy, but could have been dangerous to me amidst the shivering and chill of fever. The friendly young men in the Benziger store, all Germans, noticed at once that I was a greenhorn, by greeting them, I removed my hat. In America one goes in and out, if not without greeting, but without taking off one's hat. These men noticed at once that I had a fever and were ready to help me. They took me to different places and took care of some things for me.

In the evening I had intended to visit with Archbishop Purcell, so as to have a free day, but I had to postpone this to another day for I needed more and more to find a place to stay. For a "greenhorn" it is not easy to find a place in the big city without advice, but I met with assistance. A family, Terhalle-Ronnebaum, who lived two and one half miles west of Cincinnati on a hill called St. Bernhard, whose daughter married a Mr. Schroeder, and were visiting the latter, invited me over, and told me not to find any quarters any place, but with them at St. Bernard's. St. Bernard's is a small town of about 3,000, mostly German. It is a suburb of Cincinnati, mostly a resort place and a resting place for the dead, for many from Cincinnati are buried on the large, beautiful cemetery there. The Catholic Church is taken care of by the Franciscan Fathers, who occupy the convent and novitiate built onto the St. Clement Church. I would gladly have spent a few days here to get acquainted with Cincinnati and its beautiful surroundings. P. Dyonis, the guardian of the convent, and Father Lorenz Schroeder, in whose family circle I found a very warm welcome, were on hand immediately to make all sorts of plans for me to see as much as possible in my short stay. Father Dyonis thought that on account of all the nice things to see I could agree to swallow a little dust. He offered me a lemonade and, in return asked for an explanation of how the Jesuits were a danger to the state. I was not able to fulfill his wishes. I told him much about the God-fearing and good people of Germany, about the German Chancellor and his supporters, so that

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the lemonade wasn't served for nothing.

The following morning work began early. The spring wagon and horse were soon ready. Mr. Schroeder did not think of the terrible heat, he did not think of the fever, which for him was an old evil; he thought of only giving me pleasure. That was enough for me. This lasting evil, which bothered me more now than ever, made me grit my teeth. We drove to Clifton, which is known for its splendor, romance and riches. In this place of worldly paradise are the residences of most of the money kings of Cincinnati, who built for themselves beautiful country homes surrounded by parks. To this the town council has decided to spend, I do not know how many dollars, for more parks and amusement arcades so Paris will be nothing compared to this. On a higher area one gets the wonderful view of the valley, beyond the opposite shore of the Ohio, which is Cincinnati. Slowly we came to the last hill, the town of Corrieville, with its beautiful newly built St. George's Church. From there we went with lightning speed, down the half hour long and very steep, bustling street. Fortunately the streets in Cincinnati, as well as other streets in America, are very wide, otherwise, without doubt many accidents and misfortunes would have happened on account of the crowds of people and carelessness of the driver. My first visit was to Archbishop Purcell. I did not find him home, but awaited his return. The very busy Archbishop always found an hour or two to visit the sick and devote some time to the poor. His bishop's ring was pawned many times to get money to be used for the needy. So we found out about it and got it back for him. He is the second bishop of the diocese and during his time has done his bishop's duties splendidly. He is held in great esteem by all, even by those of different faiths. He likes to speak French as well as English. One feels at home with him at once so we were not lacking in conversation. The Archbishop received my requests very kindly and I could leave with the knowledge that his visit would benefit me in my duties. Later we hurriedly visited several institutions and hospitals and later the exhibition building, where in the fall of every year, the natural products of the states as well as other art are exhibited.

There is nothing unusual about the architecture of the houses, institutions and churches, except for a few palaces, built out of marble, which shows the richness of the land. Everything is big, grand, modern, but without great artistic value and all of one pattern.

Beautiful buildings, done in Europe in the Middle Ages, in great numbers such as the cathedrals in Köln, Paris and Rheimer, the new world with all its riches and modern aids and inventions is nevertheless unable to compare. The hospitals and institutions and the like in Paris and other cities cannot compare with those in America however, for comfortableness.

In the afternoon we went over the long, broad draw-bridge which crossed the Ohio that joins Cincinnati and Covington, Kentucky. The two cities remind me of Köln and Deutz, with the difference being that Cincinnati is twice as large as Köln, and Covington three times the size of Deutz and has fewer soldiers. Covington is also the seat of the bishop whose diocese takes in a large part of Kentucky. Along the Ohio is another city called Newport; the first immigrants landed there one hundred years ago. They sailed up the Ohio river. The Indians came and killed all but one Irishman and one German, whom they left for dead. The Indians thought it not safe for them, so they moved on farther to the inner part of the country. The two wounded men, one who had lost both arms and the other both feet, in the skirmish with the Indians, crawled along the Ohio, to the massacred caravan where they found enough food to survive until strong reinforcements found them. For one hundred years this was wilderness; the wilds ruled. And now, there are the prosperous cities of Covington and Newport, and Cincinnati on the other side of the Ohio River (a beautiful river). There is no sign of such happenings today.

Except for a few negroes, this place is ruled and governed by European people and everything is arranged European fashion. Richness, activity and a life of pleasure are more at home here than in the old country. On the above named drawbridge could be seen the wonderful panorama, on both sides of the river and also the wonderful layout of Cincinnati. We could see the many slim and high towers of the churches and the many ampitheater-looking streets; on the hill, the Hydraulic, which furnishes the entire city with water and, lastly, in all directions the charming hillsides, where the country homes are built and give a beautiful view of the city. It can be said that something like this is seldom found in Europe. After a seemingly long curved trip along the Ohio, always accompanied by Mr. Schroeder, we came to the old solid bridge below Newport, built with American ingenuity to a staggering height.

We took this opportunity to return to Cincinnati because of the terrible heat and the recurrence of the fever. After a quick look at the machinery of the Hydraulic, we returned to the friendly St. Bernhard's, by a horsedrawn railroad. Hardly returned, I had to go to bed. The unusual activities of the day put me into a fevered sleep. The next day I could not retain anything. The Reverend Father Guardian accompanied me to the train. Just knowing that I was on my way home made me feel better, although the fever infested, low German plateau of Berlin, can only be to me a stepmother's home.

MALARIA

At seven in the evening I arrived at Berlin. The following day I felt some better; on the third day the fever was worse than ever. From then on it came regularly for a whole month, from mid-August until mid-September every other day.

The everyday recurrence of this malaria is the wildest, but dies out the fastest. The third day is the worst, it ruins a person so badly he either dies or has to leave the place.

When it comes every other day it is the most usual, but also more long lasting, that sometimes it hangs on for years. I can be happy that I got rid of it so quickly. At least I always had one free day, but still it was no fun.

At first there is a slight chill in the arms, then followed by a hot feeling. Then the chill became stronger and stronger, over the whole body, as almost to be shaken out of bed.

One cannot imagine how a fever can torment a person for two or three hours. It is a good idea not to eat anything for several hours before an attack, otherwise it is worse and lasts longer. As soon as the chill begins it is to one's benefit, to get a warm

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blanket and sip some warm tea once in a while to break the chill. After three hours of shivering, then the high fever began accompanied by the wildest and most fantastic dreams. This was most annoying to me, that I could not be master of my own imagination, while I knew and saw what was happening in my head. I think in those weeks I had more fear in my thoughts than a cab- driver by profession has all his life time. It is understandable that I took some trips to Cincinnati now and then. But an ocean voyage was unthinkable. I could not stop the decree against the Jesuits and their relatives and even my presence there at St. Marys would make it unsafe.

This fever made one tired and weak; then a severe headache and perspiration followed and finally sleep, so when no other sickness is at hand, this does much good for the body. The sleep more than the food kept me strong and alert in the first days of the fever. Also the free day and on the morning of the fateful fever day one noticed some recovery.

The fever began regularly at one o'clock and lasted until ten in the evening. Whenever this happened on Sunday I could have morning services; outside help was not available. The rule is to let the fever run its course, so that it will not return so soon. In that I gained several months, but at the end of September, there was nothing else to do but get rid of it. The Feast of St. Michael's was nearing and I wanted to be undisturbed. My wish was fulfilled. The doctor prescribed several doses of quinine, which chased away the stormy hallucinations. I felt free of fever but otherwise not so good. The evening before St. Michael's, the Reverends Ott and Stewier from Russia came to help in the Confessional. The next morning, the Reverend Austerman, the pastor of St. John's and superior at Maria Stein, came with another priest. The feast was celebrated in a solemn manner. Days after, it was said, one good turn deserves another, Father Ott celebrated St. Remigus Day, October 1st, the patron saint of the parish. Mostly French lived in Russia. Since Father Ott had helped me, there was nothing left for me to do but help him. I really was not strong enough for all this exertion.

The day after St. Remigus, I hurried back to Berlin as fast as the horse could travel over the bad roads. At ten in the morning I was home and went to bed. It turned out that besides the malaria, I also had gall fever. Dr. Schmieder of Minster diagnosed this; he could tell by the rash that had broken out and the thoughts were not too far out of my mind, but that I should have a place reserved for me in the cemetery. In a few days I was terribly sick and miserable, the sight of food made me more so. To conquer the fever the doctor gave me a medicine made in America from a poison plant. It is dispensed as a last hope. With the use of this no cold drink is allowed. But nobody had told me this, so it happened that after taking the medicine I had a drink of cold water. Around two in the morning I awoke in fear, my head and inside of my mouth were swollen, so I really became alarmed. Fortunately on the same day, influenced by the medicine, the saliva began to flow; the swelling did not get any worse, but slowly abated, but the inside of the mouth was like one big sore. Pain, day and night, followed without end. For more than fourteen days I could only drink very small amounts of water, warm milk and light food. Then every half hour I had to rinse my mouth out with sharp alum water. After this crisis, especially after the mouth was healed I began to improve and in a short time I might say I felt better than before.

It is understandable that during this time I had to refrain from all services. Help was willingly had from Minster and Maria Stein. All Souls Day I had a procession in the cemetery, with a sermon, this was followed by three days of rest in bed!! But from then I must say everything was fine. You may ask how it happens that there is so little of this American fever in Europe and since nothing is in the paper about it. There may be a cause for this. In America, especially in many parts of the country, the people are so used to it they don't even talk about it. They would always want to hear something new. But it is true that fever abounds in all parts of America, especially along the rivers and near the reservoirs and ditches. The hot foregoing summer dried up the reservoir by Berlin and made it a breeding place for the fever, then from the slime, horrible odors arose to pollute the cleanest of air. In the northern states the fever isn't as bad as in the southern states; the farther south, the worse it was.

For instance, in Florida, from time to time, the yellow fever rages and reduced the population. Here, however, nearly all had the fever, one worse than the other, but none died.

**Since this report thirty three years ago, much has changed. The fever has disappeared. The cleaning up and drainage of the fields has done much to improve the conditions.

On very bad days of my illness, when my head and mouth was swollen and I couldn't talk, all I could do was follow the tick- tock of the clock and I would have no idea of the time of day, had not the sun cast a shadow over my bed.

FOREST FIRE

A heavy , bad smell covered the earth and clouded the sky. Two nearby forests were on fire, on account of the carelessness of some Berlin hunters. Here in the forests are many squirrels, which can easily be seen when the leaves have fallen. For pastime, the young men, after vespers, hunted these poor animals. Everybody who could carry a gun; boys, young men, and even old ones, went into the woods and hunted to their hearts content. There was more powder shot away than the booty could have been worth, but still they had the satisfaction to practice and improve their shot. One evening, during my illness, it was called out, "The woods is on fire." On account of the drouth and water shortage, it was impossible to put out the fire. The fire could not be stopped so they had to limit their work to cutting the costly fences in order to save the cattle.

It was already toward the end of November, when one evening I was called upon to visit the sick, living in an area of the burning forests. These old parched giant trees stood like burning men, with a fiery glow. Others were half burnt, coal black, seemed to meet us like ghosts. The lasting smoke made breathing difficult for the horses and made them clear their throat (snort) and made the driver hold the reins tight, so the horse would not get it into his head to run away.

It would be terrible if the weather were stormy, for then the flames would be carried farther and farther. This was not the case, however. The woods

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burned down in quiet weather and soon the smoke disappeared.

WINTER

Soon after a hot summer and fever stricken fall came the blessed winter. Some thought it would bring rain, to quench the dry earth and fill the crevices in the ground. It would bring frost, the cheapest and surest remedy for the fever. Thus they comforted one another. The latter happened. With the frost, the horrible plague, that caused so much suffering would disappear. Rain did not come. A little snow, with unusually cold weather wherewith Old Man Winter ruled his kingdom with an iron hand for a long time. You probably read in the paper, how the winter here in America makes itself known. Here in the northwestern part of Ohio the people do not have to fight such severe winters as in the northern states of Wisconsin, Minnesota and Dakota, where many with very red ears and shiny noses stumble into spring. Here was such cold that the older people had never lived through anything like it. There were days when, with the hottest fire, one felt frozen down to the bones. One morning when I arose I felt exceptionally cold. I went to the window to see what the thermometer registered. To my sorrow I noticed the little rascal had crept into its lowest bed, just a bit of head could be seen. He wanted to follow the example of the Berliners, who hid from the climate, lay deep in the feathers, barely having their heads showing. My poor thermometer must be excused for its fright, it was not made for American conditions. In Frankfurt it was never 25 degrees below. On this morning it was 24 degrees below. I also crawled under the covers again, awaiting daylight and until the fire had warmed my room.

VISITING THE SICK

In such cold it was difficult to care for souls. On workdays, the large room used for catechism, which was also used as the sacristy, had to be readied for services. On Sundays the big stove in the church was fired so that at Mass time it would be warm. Visiting the sick had its difficulties, but it was this severe cold that brought much sickness. From November until the end of April I visited twenty three sick, most of them living far from the village. More often and the speediest way was to go by sled over ice and snow. In the night of February 18 or 19, when the cold was at its worst I was called out at one o'clock to visit the sick. Who was it? A Mrs. Bergman near Newport, four miles from here. The man, a strong Oldenburger, had a big sled, with two horses that could run like lightning. Soon we were over the field, soon over the canal on which the ice was frozen, so we need not fear a bath so much as a tumble with the neck breaking speed of the horses.

It must be remarked, the farmers here, like everywhere else, are very proud of their horses. In the winter there is no work for these animals; they are fed oats and thus are sort of wild. Should the opportunity arise that they must get the pastor, naturally they hitch up the best horses. There is hurry, the horses having no idea of danger are also hurried. Since the farmers do not want to stand still long enough for one to get in and out, they just say "The horses are a little wild." Anxiety, however, is a fear a person can cope with.

On Palm Sunday, a family came to church in their wagon. On the way home the horses were in a hurry and jumped down a somewhat steep bank near Loramie Creek. The mother of the family, a lady of about thirty-eight, received a bursted blood vessel and soon died. But that did not hinder them from using the same horses twice that night again. Some time before Lent, a wedding couple, with four horses hitched to their wagon, were taken down the same bank at the same place which nearly cost them their lives. The horses were "just a little wild", and went down into the water. One had to be pulled out. The man only had a sprained arm.

As I said before, the two horses to take me with lightning speed to Mrs. B. were more than a little wild, but thank God, all went well. The beautiful moonlight, which was almost daylight lit up the beautiful blue sky. Not too many people were out to see it. Out of the chimneys on both sides of the street, smoke was rising, similar to the offering of Abel, the smoke went up straight into the air. People kept their fires burning day and night, so as not to get frozen in bed.

My strong Oldenburger and his two horses looked very festive. The red shawl, the man had tied over his hat and head, and his beard were covered with frosty crystals, as also were the manes of the horses. You can be sure that my nose and ears were well protected.

As we were nearing the house, we could see that the doctor, a Yankee, had just pulled into the yard. The saying is: whoever gets there first, works first. After a demonstration, which I would like to call interesting, since the doctor could not understand me nor I, him, this eager scholar of Socrates, began explaining about the examination and the prescription for the sick one, in a very learned style, talking at least an hour. Then, only, could I fulfill my duty. About 3:30 in the morning, with the same speed and same horses, I was brought back to the parsonage. There we seated ourselves near the stove. The driver asked for a little drink, then a second. After the first one he said it was extra good for him, because it went right through his veins. After a second drink he took one half of a third, but no more. I thought that perhaps this strong French cognac, in this bitter cold, could have a reaction and overpower him. For me there was nothing else to do but go back to bed and wait morning, to celebrate Mass and get something warm into me.

FIRST COMMUNION

Regardless of the bitter cold, which lasted until the end of March, the children in the First Communion Class came regularly. So twice a week we had religious instructions so that on Whit Sunday we could bring this all to an end. Lent, Holy Week, Easter celebration, with its exacting work were over and First Communion would bring this all to an end. This yearly celebration could not fail to put an impression on the Catholics as well as those of other faiths who were present and the newly formed St. Lawrence Sodality did its share. This sodality bought a small cannon to fire which really roared.

At 9:30 the young men's sodality, eighty seven in number, with the choir and pastor, ringing of bells and firing cannon, formed a procession to escort the First Communicants from the school to the church. A wonderful procession of young people, the eighty

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seven young men, wearing red and white sashed, with an insignia of the sodality and forty eight dressed-up, happy children. Then followed the renewal of baptismal vows at the beautifully decorated altar, high mass and sermon, after which, at 12:15, the children were escorted back and amply entertained. In the afternoon, during vespers, after the Magnificat, another talk was given on the protection of Mary, and, at the same time, the children were enrolled in the Society of the Immaculate Conception. The children then received their Communion remembrances. After "Holy God, We Praise Thy Name," the ringing of bells and firing of the cannon, the children were eager to get home to celebrate the happy day with their family and friends. They left in the heart of their pastor the wish that the fruits of this day would last forever.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

Since I have told you mostly about my work and territory, I will now tell you about the condition of the church as a whole. In my last report I told you mostly about the beginning and expansion, also the rate of expansion of the church, with the intent of telling you of the condition of the church in America. What I have forgotten I will try to remedy. It is noticeable, and the more one ponders the cause, the more astonishing it becomes, how the religious churchly element exists in all classes of the American people. Not only in the Catholic but also in the Protestant party, there is very active life, but now one should get acquainted with the two great religions. While the Catholic church is spreading on all sides and areas, and active life unfolds causing the members to be more one and steadfast in their belief, but on the other side we see that the work of the Protestants is creating new sects and crevices. Why the split in Protestantism? Whence the growth of Catholism in the U.S.A.? The answer to the first question may not be difficult. The Catholic religion has as its ground work, the teachings of Jesus, by the power of the Holy Spirit; thus order and unity in the Catholic Church.

The active life which demonstrates the rule of religion in the United states, may also be another cause, next to the peculiar relation of all the continents, the coming together of all the different people.

Here, in fact, everybody is a stranger and only feels native when joining a religion. It should not be said that there are no irreligious. There are many to be found having no God.

Also, a further cause, freedom for all.

It shows that the freedom for Catholics denotes unrestrained devotion for the Church as one, while the Protestant uses this freedom to form new sects, or go from one to the other. Finally there is also rivalry among the different sects, which benefits the cause of their religion.

What is special regarding the Catholic Church?--"how it develops" a hostile voice may tell us. We hear the following:

What a preacher of the Presbyterians says about the Catholic Church:

In an Oakland, California, paper, "The News", the following is a sermon of a Presbyterian Minister, Reverend Hamilton:

"We must admit that the old Mother Church still has a lot of vitality, more than half the Christians still kneel before altars. The ordinary people hang on to their mantles. Through the worst storms which leave our Protestant Churches empty and deserted, these people crowd at all times of the day to church services. Wherever one of their children settles, immediately there is a cross-adorned church. They get busy building a church, arrange for the needs of their children, make arrangements with an architect, and, when the parish can afford it, they build their house of God. Their missionaries are sent to all heathen lands and among the many people of India and China. They have a thousand Catholic conversions to one Protestant. They do not shy away from any sacrifice or hard work. No danger makes them waver. Wherever they once set their foot, soon next to the church, will be a university, college or seminary, and through this they win over thousands of sons and daughters of different faiths. Near the church are also found homes for the poor and unfortunate of all sorts. When some sort of plague takes down thousands, then the charitable nuns aid the father confessor, going from house to house, from bed to bed, regardless of their own health, never leaving their post until the plague is gone or death puts an end. And many a good priest has done his duty amid gunfire and brought comfort and the last rites to the dying.

We also hear it said that the whole Roman system, is a shell without a heart, substance or spiritual living, led by false pretenses.

The Catholics find in their church the deepest needs of their heart answered, otherwise they would desert her for a false mother. This church goes nearer and nearer to the idea of love instead of prejudice."

The tone of the Protestants in behalf of their worth has undergone a great change.

The "Atlantic Monthly" lately had an article worth talking about, where the merits of the church were fully admitted. The Reverend Thomas Beecher, with more praiseworthy words, and the Rev.Ijams described in the same tone the ceremony at the installation of the Reverend Doctor Rexford in San Francisco. Still more! This week we received the "Christian Union", one of the best and most widely published papers, which contains the following phrase: Concerning all the religious minded of the old Catholics and European Protestants, our opinion is that the church of Rome embraces the greater part of the spiritual belief that still exists in Europe. We cannot give better proof. The power of the Catholic Church and the use of it for good, cannot be disputed. Wherein lies this great strength? A short sentence gives the answer. This church came to fixed decisions. In teaching and practice everything is regulated, nothing is contradictory nothing ambiguous. It is unchangeable and has one mind. The ritual is the same, for one and all, for the Pope in Rome, the Indians and the gold-diggers in California.

Even the tone and pronunciation of words remain the same. No thought of making changes has for one moment, entered their minds. They do not quarrel over methods. The provision for work has affected all. All carelessness and suspicion are eliminated. There is nothing to do but work. And what this undergoes has been decided hundreds of years ago: the church, the way it is, to preserve and spread. Every church member learns and knows his

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part. Hundreds and hundreds of years ago the command goes forth from the Pope in Rome. The whole mighty organization from the purple cardinal to the rag picker in the street gets into motion from this command.

So many of other faiths think and say that the Catholics, more here than in the old country, know that the spiritual leadership of their church makes them happy. They know the many storms the church has withstood for thousands of years, how many million souls have gone through life trusting and believing, and how many others were true and without interference could continue their good works.

It would be a good idea to take a look at the Catholic church in America. A few main points should suffice to be oriented about the building, growth and condition of the church. The good news went forth from these places that the religion was being spread to the wild lands, in the valleys of the mountains, the steppes of the endless prairies and the swampy shores of the rivers. First let us look at New York, the metropolis of the country, which today is recognized by the whole world because of the announcement that the Archbishop was made Cardinal. The first Catholic Church was built in 1785 - 90 years ago. It was a simple building, but the place is now occupied by the large beautiful St. Patrick's Church. In the time of 90 years the Catholics have built 40 churches, besides numerous chapels and places of prayer in the Catholic Institutions and Convents. These churches have a seating capacity of more than 60,000 people, at a cost of six million dollars. Is this not proof of the outstanding willingness for sacrifice that has taken root and brought fruit?

But long before the first church was built in New York, the Catholic Religion had laid the cornerstone of their history in the metropolis of America. The letters of this history were written in blood, therefore, the astonishing growth and rich fruits.

230 years earlier the Rev. Jesuit Father Jacques, born in Orleans, France was here for the spread of Christendom. After many tortures in the wilds, he was finally murdered. One million Catholics perform their devotions in 1900 churches, 700 priests celebrate daily mass. Besides the Archdiocese of New York there are two other bishoprics in the state, Buffalo and Albany.

Somewhat farther north in the state of Massachusetts, we find in the city of Boston, the bishopric, whose first bishop the Archbishop of Cheverus of Bordeaux, the exiled Cardinal of France, exiled during the French Revolution. The city of Boston is still very proud of him. These past days the cathedral was blessed in his memory. This has a seating capacity of 4,000, and is a, or rather will be, a masterpiece of architectural skill.

At the same time the present bishop was made archbishop. In 1784 the fourth parish was started with one priest. The government did not give the Catholics the least bit of protection, but let them be oppressed and followed in every possible way. Only long after the forming of these United States did the oppression cease and Catholics made free. How the Catholics took advantage of this can be seen, that in 1800, in the wide territory of Boston there were 1200 Catholics and four priests, while in 1874 the count was 1,300,000. There were 427 finished churches, and 30 just begun, 107 chapels, 447 priests, 217 seminarians, 2 colleges, 13 convents, 17 high schools, 98 parochial schools, 4 hospitals and 12 orphanages.

In the state of Maryland and Pennsylvania we find two mother churches of the United States. Baltimore and Philadelphia both very flourishing. The first was Baltimore founded in 1789 and now has 180 churches and chapels, many convents and institutions, 230 priests. The second, Philadelphia, since 1810, in growth and zeal can measure up to any others.

CINCINNATI ARCHDIOCESE

Now I would like to give some attention to the well-known Archdiocese of Cincinnati. When the first bishop, the Rev. Edward Fenwick, visited and took over his bishopric, he found it so poor and lacking of all necessities that with tears in his eyes he cried out,"Oh, if the Holy Father would see all this misery, he would surely give me the title of "The Poorest Bishop." At that time there was no church, no living quarters for the bishop. There were only log houses and the Catholics were scattered sparsely among the settlers. Bishop Fenwick, untiringly took care of his diocese, which took in the whole state of Ohio. He hunted up the Catholics in their log houses. After ten years of blessed efficiency he was grabbed away by the cholera. His successor is the now Archbishop Purcell, who in October of the same year, in the Dome of Baltimore, was consecrated by Archbishop Whitfield, assisted by Bishop Dr. Dubois of New York and Rev. Dr. Kenrick of Philadelphia. At that time the young Bishop Purcell was only 32 years of age, but his talents and strength of character were widely known.

During the week of his consecration he attended the second Provincial Council of Baltimore. Back in Cincinnati the bishop found only one Catholic church built by his predecessor, in which a German and an English Mass were celebrated at different times on Sundays and Holy Days.

As a foresight, because it seemed that the German element was to have the greatest influence, the Bishop decided to build a church for the Germans and named the Rev. Henry D. Junker as pastor, who in 1853 became the first Bishop of Alton in Illinois.

Outside the city, in the whole diocese in the state of Ohio, there were sixteen so-called churches, frame buildings. None of these are standing now, but worthy churches take their place. At that time the widely spread Catholics in the whole state were taken care of by 16 priests; these in truth were missionaries. The secretary of the state put all sorts of obstacles in their way. The impudent lies, so bewildered their heads, so that for them, the Catholic was a criminal and the priest a terrible monster. Regardless of these obstacles the young diocese grew rapidly. Through the eagerness and persistent cooperation of the priests and laity, the number of faithful increased, also the number of parishes, that it was necessary to divide the diocese. As first bishop of the new divided diocese of Cleveland, the Rev. Andrew Rappe was chosen, and October 10, 1847, was consecrated in the Cathedral of Cincinnati. His diocese of Cleveland consisted of 174 churches, 147 priests, 100 parochial schools, etc. The second division of the Cincinnati diocese followed in 1866 with the forming of the Columbus Bishopric and the Rev. Sylvester Rosekranz was consecrated bishop.

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In this diocese are 74 churches, 52 priests, 3 high schools, 60,000 Catholics. (At present, 1906, the Archdiocese of Cincinnati has 160 priests, 208 churches, in most parishes a parochial school, a seminary with 110 students, 25 higher institutions, besides orphanages and hospitals.) The number of Catholics is 220,000 - sixty to seventy thousand living in Cincinnati. Most of the people in the city are German, who alone attend twenty-five parochial schools. It would take too long to portray all the dioceses. It is the same all over, from New York to San Francisco in California, from New Orleans in the south to Minnesota in the north. There is the same eagerness and love for the church. The seven church Provinces with 66 bishops and about seven million Catholics (two million are Germans) warrants the best hope for the future of the church in North America, which at the beginning of the century was almost completely Protestant. The many provincial and Synod councils of the bishops and the active societies of the faithful help not just to keep the present but to further and broaden it.

A person cannot think that the now hopeful stand of the Catholic Church in North America was achieved without effort and struggle and much less believe that all is in good standing, namely, there where the Catholics are in fewer number and live among different sects, and have no church nearby, there will be found indifference. On account of the great expansion of the land and Catholics found in all places, there will be found less gain than where the church is well established. For ten converts double that many can be counted as shipwrecks, because of the distance from the church and priest. These seldom turn to other religions, but just live without any. But this misunderstanding, through the establishment of bishoprics and the eager activities of the priest should be lessened year after year and the time should not be too far distant when no local or immigrant soul will be lost. The number of priests is increasing in a most encouraging manner, and even Germany is helping. Many different societies have left the rules of their Fatherland and have taken a happy admittance here and found work in far fields among souls.

Great was the loss of the Church for 40 years, during the immigration of the Germans. In 30 years in the state of Pennsylvania more than 7,000 German Catholics became indifferent and fell by the wayside, on account of lack of ministerial work. It is this and the like one complains about, but still it is not too much of a surprise, when one thinks there are many regions where the Catholics are scattered and often live 20-30 miles from church and school. Now, if the North American Catholics number 8-9 million, then if all the Catholics and their descendents had remained true to the church, the number would be doubled. In America the words of Holy Scripture are especially true, "the harvest is very good, but the workers are few, pray to the Lord to send workers into his vineyard." Nevertheless the account of the success of the church is very great in a land where for 100 years the Catholics were hardly acknowledged and still now have to strive against prejudice and partiality, where often for the fallen away ones, there was no catholic school nor spiritual adviser. The countless children living among the dispersed Catholics must attend school without religion, if they wish to have an elementary education and in most cases impossible for the parents without the assistance of Catholic teachers to rear their children as good Catholics. The non-catholic surroundings and schools leave a strong impression on these young souls that is not easily wiped out. Such children usually become indifferent, often have no religion, or join another one nearby, mostly for entertainment and companionship. The sad state of affairs is helped somewhat by having the bigger boys and girls live with some family very cheaply during the period of Communion instruction. About this preparation and educational system I may say more in a later report.

After this small review of the Catholic, about their goal and improvement, we will now take a look at the Protestant Camp. So as not to be accused of a one-sided opinion, I remember what I said earlier that the Protestant life is just as alert as the Catholic, and this activity brings about a disunion amongst them. So as to not seem to show partiality I will report something from the Protestant Camp.

The New York Herald has the following lamentation: "In the Catholic Church is found an earnest and strong discipline, active clergy, a believing and united people. In the Protestant church, splitting after splitting follows and in some churches the Divinity of Christ and the sanctity of the church are lied about. Foolishness instead of religion, idolatry instead of praying to the Lord. The people do not attend church to hear the word of God, but to hear people talk. The parishes do not ask the newcomers, 'What will he learn?' The question more often is 'Will he attract?' We have such attractions in New York and Brooklyn, but none attracted better than Beecher and Storrs. But at their last appearance these two Revs. seemed more like having a boxing match. A severe sickness has overtaken the Protestant Church and nothing good is awaiting them."

I hope you do not want proof of the Protestant denominations and sects. I would not be able to render a complete report of so great a number.

OTHER RELIGIONS

In America we find old and new Lutherans, Calvinists, Reformists, Zwinglianer in different variations. the Anglican Church, Methodist, Episcopalian, the old and new United Presbyterian, the Methodist classed in the white, black, German east, west, north and south, the Baptists, two dozen varieties, the United Brethren, Quakers, Christians, Unitarians, Congregationalists, Ritualists, Universalists, the Mennonites, Puseyten, Irvingianers, the Swedenborgianer, the Puritans, to whom the scandalous Beecher in New York belongs. Besides these there are still different sects in other states. The splitting of religion has a very bad effect on family life. The marriage is often without any religion. The couple either has no religion or each belongs to a different one. They easily change from one to the other and just as easily are their marriages dissolved. One lawyer openly declared in a New York paper he can give proof that he decreed 5,000 divorces.

All the sects have their own teaching and each claims to be the true teaching of the Bible. They all call on the Bible each in his own way.

All sects have their own churches or prayer houses and are usually divided as to nationality and language. One can have no idea how this seems in America. One is astonished, when one visits a big

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city for the first time and finds long streets occupied by the different churches and prayer houses. Koln, as it was 100 years ago, with its many churches looked nothing like this. They were all built along the same style and served the same purpose. How different it is here. For instance the city of Cleveland in Ohio. I have not counted the number of churches there but I do not think I'd be wrong if I were to say 150. What a large amount of money was spent just for rivalry. Here stands a huge, massive, four-cornered building, colossal and simple according to the imagination of the Baptists. These know no child baptism, no oath, no military service and not allowed to accept official positions of the ruling government.

Another place will be found, an entirely different building with very small windows, where the Methodists set forth with their preaching, until filled with emotion, fall to the floor, and with sobbing and crying, await a miracle from the Holy Spirit.

On another place is a charming style church, with two towers and beside it a cumbersome Byzantine building with a dome. All sorts of buildings, from modern style to heavy, old fashioned rococco, all with suitable and unsuitable, beautiful and repulsive variations, are to be found in Cleveland. And so it is everywhere. For instance a small town, something like Piqua, that has a count of 10,000 souls. There are about 1,000 Catholics, 2 churches, one Irish and one German. The Protestants have twenty- two sects, each their own church or prayer house. And what does not all happen at these places. In Piqua, lately a preacher went so far with his fanaticism, that amidst his raving and frenzy he called out. "Come Holy Ghost! If you cannot find entrance into these stubborn hearts, come in through the roof! I will pay for the shingles." (In America houses are roofed with little slabs called shingles.) I do not know whether the One called upon spared him these expenses or if he had to pay. Part of the public follow this salvy talk with close interest, while another is indifferent and permits all sorts of thoughts. Another place sits another couple. The fashionable master, tired of sitting, stretches out, puts both feet over the upper part of the chair in front of him and, with blinking eyes calls to the speaker. "Very good! Very Good! The speaker thankfully accepts this and continues.

Between Berlin and Newport is a small Methodist temple, on the edge of the forest. Here the brothers of the area get together. The Rev. charges $12 a talk and calls upon the Holy Spirit. Soon the crying and lamenting begin and the air inside becomes too oppressive, they go outside and throw themselves on the ground, and when the spirit, not even the holy one, work the hardest, they go into convulsions. The Methodists like their services out in the open which they call "Camp Meetings," where strange happenings take place and where frightful fanaticism is practiced. It may seem unbelievable, but the Methodists have many million followers in America.

As the Methodists, so also the other sects have their strange ways, for instance the Quakers, they know no baptism, no evening meal, live without a preacher, but with shaking and trembling get together for their services. The Shakers and Jumpers have their services by saying their prayers with nasal tones, they also have some dancing.

Then there are the Mormons, with their many wives. In Chicago there is a sect called Adventists. Their spiritual leader has prophesied the end of the world would be April 19, 1874. He told them all, old and young, to be dressed in white and await the end. After a delicious evening meal, the midnight hour was nearing, time for the world to come to an end according to the prophet. For the latter it almost happened, for soon after the hour of midnight, the foolish ones, who had gotten rid of all their possessions, fell over the so-called prophet and manhandled him that he barely escaped with his life. So there is no madness, no fanaticism in which there are always some willing to take notice of.

In a Lutheran paper the following story was told, true or not, I do not know. In Paulding, Ohio, the son of the widow Schnellenberger's boy lay critically ill. During his sickness a minister visited him. This one said the sick one had to be baptized again, because the baptism he received as a child was now worthless. The mother was harassed so much that she finally consented. The poor boy, although very ill and feverish, was pulled out of bed and immersed into cold water for a valid baptism according to the minister. A few minutes later, the boy was a corpse, murdered through religious fanaticism. Of course this baptism probably was not called worthless since it took the soul so quickly into eternity.

In not too distant a town lived a man named Beaver, with his four sons, who are all bad fellows, regardless of the warnings and teachings of the preacher to whose parish they belonged. The boys liked their good times. At one time it happened that one of the boys had been bitten by a rattlesnake, and at death's door they had the preacher come, so that he could pray with him, not for him. He found this young man to be sorrowful, he called the family together by the bed and began to pray, "O Lord, we thank you for the rattlesnake, because we think it has bitten him and made him sorry. We ask you to send another rattlesnake to bite John, another to bite Sam, and another to bite Paul. O Lord, last of all, send the biggest of rattlesnakes for old man Beaver, for it is only the rattlesnakes that can bring the Beaver family to penance." what fee the man received for his prayers I do not know, whether all the rattlesnakes came and bit the ones they were supposed to.

In contrast to this prayer leader, who was concerned about the healing of his sheep we have this behavior of a certain justice of the peace in Iowa. At the finish of a churchly meeting the preacher asked all those to stand who would like to go directly to heaven without any stopover. All stood up but one boy so he asked who would like to go to hell, to rise. The boy promptly responded. One can imagine what the others thought. They grabbed the boy, dragged him before the justice of the peace and charged him with disturbing the peace. He had a different opinion than the people. He told them that, if the boy wanted to go to hell, that was his business. He had a free will and would let it go at that. The preacher did not have a chance to ask another question like that one.

Oftentimes church-going for a whole American tribe is for business. For this reason he joins a sodality. He joins mainly to get into the circle, thereby able to make some sort of transaction. For that reason in many families the father and children attend different churches. Some of these religious circles have their evening entertainment, with tea and ice cream and they also have their dance circles,

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their pianos and camp meetings. They all have their petty jealousies and hatefulness, which, on account of unsuccessful business, erupt and that in the house of prayer. But why should the herd not be allowed to do this, since the shepherd goes before them so constantly.

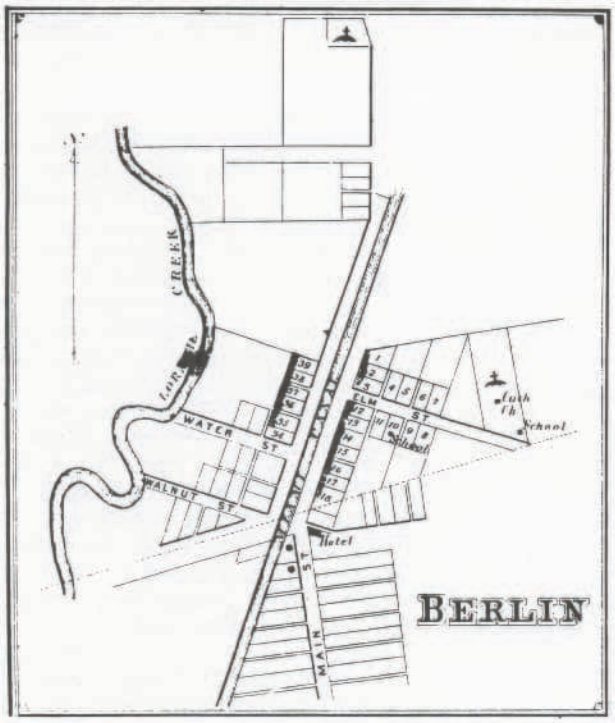
About a Methodist preacher in Ohio is written: he has a class school, owns a warehouse, performs weddings, has funerals, also is a doctor, makes money, truly a genius.

I could relate to you many more curiosities of the same kind, but enough. In North America every religious and irreligious have their own opinion of their representative, from superstition we are not free, from disbelief not far. They dabble in their emotions until crazy, follow a fanatic, false prophets, adventurers, or live without any religion. From year to year it's getting more variegated and more insane. One sect tries to outdo the other. Why not the old church Father Dollinger, who is working for nothing in Europe, trying to unite the old Catholics, Protestants, Russians, Greeks, and Anglicans, come to America? Here he would find richer material for his union, but thankfully, that is another question. Every intelligent person would not dare be in doubt that Döllinger's endeavors would only create more sects.

Why the great number of sects in North America? Why the great split of the Protestant Church which is continually spreading?

Why else, the authorities have free access to the Holy Bible, but no one to explain it. It confirms entirely what the great teacher St. Augustine said, "Whence so many misunderstandings and mistakes? While the scripture, which is in itself good, agreeably displayed, but not understood, and what is not understood they are too stubborn to accept.

With the Bible it is like arriving at Babel, with a Babylonish confusion. Nothing is more foolish than to answer all the many errors in the interpretations of the Bible so they would be clear and understandable by all.



To keep away from the quarrels and disunity it is doubtless necessary to have a teacher and arbiter, who is qualified to teach the true meaning of Holy Scripture as the theory of race today pass sentence about the disputes in religion and pass judgment.

Where this is not, there also is the parish of believers, the true Church of Christ is not, for not in vain did the Lord pray to his heavenly Father; "I pray that all who believe in me, be one, and entirely one." We Catholics know, acknowledge and respect such a teacher, in the follower for whom the Lord prayed. That his faith not be broken to whom he said, "Feed my lambs, feed my sheep". When a person throws away or deserts these shepherds, then without necessity there is wandering and confusion. This is especially noticed in the new world where the state does not protect, but lets them go their way free and unhindered, to follow their own objectives.

So much for this time. The foregoing report is longer than I had intended it to be and also I do not have time for more, for tomorrow is Ascension Day and there is much to be taken care of. I must remark that today on May 5 it is just as cold as at the beginning of this report.

In closing I greet all of you at St. Marys, also you, dear Father.

Your most devoted servant,

F. Bigot



Pope Leo XIII
Archbishop Möller, Archbishop Elder
Archbishop Purcell

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CHAPTER FIVE

Pierre Loramie and French Jesuit Father

1) Loramie, who he was and where he came from
2) Loramie's store and station 1769-1782
3) What Prof. Henry Wildermuth writes about Loramie as a missionary.
4) Col. Johnston, the Indian Agent at Loramie's time.
5) Fort Loramie, Gen. Wayne and Scott 1794
6) Loramie Creek and Reservoir, Old Pickawillany Stream
7) The Loramie Indians
8) The silver cross
9) Loramie Post Office 1812-1830
10) Loramie Village, 1830-1903

Historian Howe says in his "Historical Collection of Ohio": The first white man, whose name is closely linked with the history of Shelby County, and who has achieved lasting fame in connection with it is Pierre Loramie for his name is immortalized in many of the namings and events, mentioned above. Since the time, when the French Father Pierre Loramie lived and ruled in the wilderness among the Indians here, the name or better, the first white man, must have been given special importance, otherwise the people and history had not immortalized his memory in such an efficient manner. One often hears the saying: "Ingratitude is the reward of the world." Certainly this is not true here. In gratitude for his unselfish life and work among the Indians, General Wayne seeing the grand ruins of the destroyed Loramie store, ordered to build a fort there in 1794. The people at the time called the Pickavillany River, at that time still navigable, Loramie Creek from this place on, and the fort was given the name Fort Loramie in memory of the unforgettable Father Loramie. Since then, the waters gathered (accumulated) by the Pickavillany River were called "Loramie Reservoir". Later when the fort as such was abandoned, a trading post was established within it, under the name of Loramie P. O., which name was officially recognized later. When the canal was built, from the Ohio River to Lake Erie, the post office was moved to the newly established town of "Loramie Village" which was given the popular name of Berlin. To get the matter straight, it will be good to render and to explain, chronologically, the namings and events, mentioned above.

Section 1: Loramie, who he was and where he came from.

As already mentioned, historian Howe, who also used the works of Sutton, Knapp, a.s.o. calls Pierre Loramie the first white man, who, in 1769, settled in the wilderness in the area of Shelby County today, among the Wyandott and Shawnee Indians. Howe and Sutton simply call Loramie a tradesman who came here from Quebec, Canada, in 1769 to trade with the Indians. They report Loramie to have built a store and a station on the banks of the Pickavillany River, "Loramie Creek", approximately 15 miles northwest of the mouth of mentioned river into the Miami and which he equipped with goods of all kinds by which he made himself useful and popular among the Indians. [4] He exercised such an influence upon them, that he kept the Puritans and the English settlers busy in the whole valley of the Miami River down to the place where Cincinnati is now. But would Loramie have been a simple merchant or an uneducated adventurer only, he would not have been able to exercise such a power upon the savage Indian tribes, as the Wyandotts, Shawnees, Delawares, Miamis, etc. [5] He just was more than a simple tradesman; he was, as several English historians call him, "The French Jesuit Father." The English historians who report unfavorably about Loramie did not know better or did not want to know better, and Loramie himself had enough reason to behave among the Indians as one of them more or less, because of the sad political and religious conditions at that time as we will understand better from the following.

The political conditions commanded greatest caution to the missionaries. After the end of the so-called Braddock war which was carried on between the English and the French from 1753 to 1763, and which turned out in favor of the English, the "Great Northwest", [6] (now Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Michigan) together with the whole Dominion of Canada was ceded to the English. This happened in accordance with its Peace Treaty of Paris in 1763. However. it was agreed, and this was fixed in a clause of the treaty, that the settlers in the ceded area, most of them French Catholics, be guaranteed the free practice of their religion. Because of this Archbishop Briand (Brilland) was guaranteed the ecclesiastical jurisdiction, as he exercised it hitherto, (because there was no bishop of the United States at the time). Therefore he kept his eyes vigilantly on the colonies, now administered by the Puritans and the English, he was anxious too, to preserve the existing missions at the Mississippi River and in Illinois and to establish new ones. So it came to happen that this Archbishop of Quebec sent a number of missionaries to this area in 1769 to serve the sparsely living European settler in Illinois and especially the Indians in Ohio. Now, one of the missionaries was Pierre Loramie. He came from Quebec, down the usual grand trade route to Vincennes in Indiana where the Vicar- general Gibault, as the representative of the Archbishop of Quebec, sent him to the Northeast (Ohio) among the Indians. He set out with a number of French tradesmen, sailed the Ohio River up to the spot where the Great Miami flows into the Ohio River. (Lawrenceburg, Indiana). When they arrived at the mouth of the Miami river, they turned into the latter and rowed northward until they arrived at the mouth of the Pickavillany River into the Miami River to the place of the village of Lockington today, where the English stockade of Pickavillany had been, before the war, during the years from 1749-1753 resulted in the Braddock war, which was so disasterous to them. [7] Then they sailed up the Pickavillany River and arrived at a large turn in the river, seventeen miles from the mouth, in a northwesterly direction, where they halted. Here on a hill on this turn the missionary decided to settle down and establish his mission station and store among the Indians of the wilderness, the place is known today as Arkenbergs' farm. Not only the elevated and healthy location, but the fertile (productive) hunting grounds and excellent spring water, too, and other things available here, caused Loramie to settle here. [8] Not far from this place was a large Indian village. At that

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time the French Jesuit Father maintained the best imaginable relation with its inhabitants during the years from 1769 - 1782. Loramie had to exercise the greatest care on account of political conditions, which still prevailed, because of the cession of these areas to the English, and where bloody frictions occurred frequently between the different nationalities, especially between the Indians and the whites, because the redskins were often treated harshly by the English and Puritans.

The political conditions were already difficult for the missionaries, especially for Loramie, but as far as the religious conditions at that time are concerned it was still worse. In Europe and partly in America too, the enemies of the church generally ruled the countries. A bitter hate against the church and her religious orders, and associations, rules in England and her widely extended colonies in America and Asia. Voltairism, the embodied atheism, agitated in France; the ungodliness drove at the bloody great revolution at a rapid pace. Spain and Portugal joined in waging war against the church in their own countries and large colonies.

JESUITS

But before this great blow could be waged, an army of brave, spiritual fighters, the bodyguard of Christ, the "Society of Jesus" had to be removed. The Jesuits were an eyesore to the atheists and to the revolution "helds", therefore had to be removed. England was the first power to banish the Jesuits from her Empire. Most of them fled to France or Spain, but they were persecuted and banished there, too. Spain and France did not cease to solicit Pope Clemens XIV to dissolve, to exterminate the Society of Jesus. The Jesuits were the alleged disturbers of the peace in the whole world; so finally Clemens XIV was moved to take these important, unheard of steps to abolish the Society of Jesus. This occurred in accordance with the famous papal Breveadate July 16, 1773. But a long time before one had not missed the agitations, lies and defamations against the Jesuits. The bishops of the whole world looked upon the sixteen thousand members of the Society of Jesus with anxiety and did not know well, how to conduct themselves toward them.

The cardinals who had the order to announce the Breve of the pope concerning the dissolution and annihilation of the Society of Jesus to the archbishops, bishops, apostolic vicars, etc. In short to the whole world, declared at the same time that one has not the slightest objections against the doctrines, the methods of teaching and the manner of living of the Jesuits; on the contrary, one admitted, the Society of Jesus, with its sixteen thousand members, to be the only support confronting the then existing trend so hostile to the church. But - or perhaps just therefore, because the Society of Jesus was an eyesore to the godless governments in Europe, America and Asia, it had to be removed. "Contrarius est nobis," she is repugnant to us and therefore "away with her". To prevent still greater mischief, the pope gave in, in this matter; but it appeared before long, that he and the leaders of the church gained nothing by doing so. The bloody, great revolution in France which had the goal to do away with the belief in God, and which found its response in almost all the countries of Europe, followed too soon after it.

At the same time with the Breve or decree of the Pope, which ordered the dissolution of the Society of Jesus, the bishops were given the order to send a circular to every member of the dissolved society, by which the latter, under oath, in obedience to the Pope had to accept it, to sign it and to comply with it. This circular decreed; Every Jesuit must acknowledge that there is no "Society of Jesus" anymore and he must take the obligation to take off the monastic garb, not to direct a school or any other institute or to participate in such one anymore, and he must no more conduct any public worship of any kind. But they were free to put themselves at the disposal of the priests as secular priests or to say Mass and to pray their breviary behind closed doors.

The older members of the society, exhausted because of the continual persecution, did no more feel able to bear the strain of the cure of souls and decided for the latter, mostly they returned to their families and spent the rest of their lives in quiet privacy. Thousands of Jesuits, who were active in the missions in South-Central, and North America, Canada, East India, or anywhere in the wide world, were shipped to their homeland like goods, where they perished in misery by the hundreds in barracks, fortresses and prisons. The younger priests signed the circular with its annihilating obligations, and where possible, placed themselves at the disposal of the bishops. Such a circular was even sent to the Jesuit missionaries among the Indians; even in the deepest wilderness they had to conform to it because they were obligated under oath, to obey the directions of the Pope unconditionally. The breve of the Pope and the circular of the Archbishop also reached our Loramie among his Indians. For political reasons he had to be careful already because of the English and Puritans; now he was exposed to all intrigues and persecutions because of the annihilation of the Society of Jesus. The Archbishop of Quebec could not take the missionaries into his diocese, whom he had sent into the bush among the Indians. (There was no bishop yet in the whole territory of the United States of today.) The priests and Catholics, who were settled sparsely in the central, northern and north-western states were subject to the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Quebec. The Archbishop of Quebec had their vicar general in Vincennes in Indiana, at that time the Rev. Pierre Gibault. This vicar general later directed his attention to the small French settlement "Paincourt" at the Mississippi River in the state of Missouri and founded the city of the "City of the Holy Ludwig"- St. Louis, Missouri. The priests and Catholics in the southern and southwestern states were subject to the jurisdiction of the respective of San Domingo in Haiti and were directed by a deputy of the Archbishop from New Orleans. In these circumstances Father Loramie had no alternative but to take off his monastic garb to say Holy Mass behind closed doors and to abstain from any priestly action, according to the decree of the circular. This all explains that Loramie did no more appear as a priest publicly later and fought his way though life as halfway layman among the Indians although this might have been quite difficult (painful) for him.

The opinions about it, if this representation is in conformity with the actual occurrences, if consequently Pierre Loramie has been a Jesuit priest and missionary or, by chance, had only been a simple

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tradesman, harmonize in so far as none of the numerous authors, who deal with this subject, make the assertion that Loramie had not been a priest. On the contrary, there are a number of authors who positively maintain and furnish the proof, that Loramie has been a French Jesuit Priest. Others again hold the view one has called him a French Jesuit, because he acted in the manner of a Jesuit. Those writers who represent Loramie to be the first white man who has come among the Wyandott and Shawnee Indians in Shelby and Auglaize County and do so without to state who else he was, did not know better or did not want to know better, while going over these history books, especially those of the modern historians, everything is either slandered or omitted tacitly, which is related to the Catholic religion, and especially to the monastic and missionary life during the colonial time, same authors as Howe, Sutton and Knapp, that the Pierre Loramie more as a French Canadian Trader, because for their purpose they had in view more the political and geographical importance of the place, without regard to who else he was.

Others as editor Williamson, professor Wildermuth and editor Amos Sr. call special attention to the French Jesuit Father, or the "French Jesuit Priest" although the priestly character of the pretended merchant almost had to fade away because of the sad situation, into which he was placed by the dissolution of the Society of Jesus.

One thing is evident from that mentioned above, namely that Pierre Loramie "The French Jesuit Father" as one generally called him at that time, has lived and worked as forest messenger among the Indians at the Pickavillany River (now Loramie Creek) seventeen miles north of the mentioned river into the Great Miami river; that he has established a store and station there in the year 1769 and this store has been destroyed by Gen. Roger Clark in 1782 and that the important Ft. Loramie was built at the same place by Anthony Wayne in 1793.

These are historical and geographical facts, which cannot be denied. Now enough of this. I feel induced to make known the reports and opinions of a number of writers in detail here.

RANDALL

First I would like to render the opinion and judgement of a specialist, whose name and authority enjoy great esteem in the capitol of Columbus as well as the whole state of Ohio and beyond. This is Emelius O. Randall, secretary of the Supreme Court and holder of several other important state offices. He has written a whole series of historical and archaeological or (archaic) books, approximately 30 volumes, which show deep erudition and vast knowledge. Besides others he wrote the "Ohio Centennial Celebration 1903" an ornamental book in octavo.

In this book Randall gives splendid testimony in favor of the pioneer priests, especially of the Jesuits when saying: Long before colonial time already, when neither explorer nor settlers, nor tradesmen ventured near the dangerous banks of the mighty rivers of the country or into the thicket of the marshy virgin forest or into the interior of the vast areas, we find Catholic priests and missionaries in these dangerous places where they established stations and went to see the Indians in the wilderness. Here we only name the Jesuits, Marquette, La Salle, the famous Martyr, Isaac Jacques, and the two Jesuits, Jacques and Vincent Bigot, who were active among the Hurons in the year 1687, etc. They came to the savages as the so-called "Black Robes" as forest messengers, "Courriers de bois", with cross in hand and the friendly words of blessing on the lips. One cannot find fault with them by no means, when these first champions of civilization and religion established a store or warehouse besides their station. They found no church, no rectory and no suitable dwelling at their arrival in the wilderness among the Indians. There was offered nothing to them but the river, the virgin forest, the wilderness, savage men and wild grown food. What they had to do first was therefore to care for themselves in the style of the Indians--to build a hut and to lay out farms, which they enlarged and improved gradually and from which came into being a magnificent country and large cities in the course of the centuries. They tried to exchange the goods of all kind, which they either had brought along with them or which they asked to be sent to them against such goods which they were offered by the Indians. In this way station and store came into being at the mission gradually, by which the missionaries attracted the Indians and slowly won them for instructions and Christian life.

Several years ago Mr. Randall visited the old Indian place Pickavillany at the mouth of Loramie Creek into the Great Miami River (now Lockington) and the place at Berlin (Loramie), Shelby County where Loramie's store and Fort Loramie stood, with the intention to gain some historical clues, he might be able to use for his new book, a detailed history of Ohio. Mr. Randall had come to know that the writer of this book was pastor of St. Michael's parish at Loramie (Berlin) for thirty years and therefore probably would be able to tell him something interesting of the history and tradition concerning the important old place Loramie's store and station as well as Fort Loramie. Unfortunately Mr. Randall did not meet me in Loramie anymore, but did not restrain from paying me a visit in Dayton. At this occasion various items were discussed which completed and confirmed the opinions on both sides concerning the place Loramie. According to his opinion, Loramie's store and station supposedly has been one of those Jesuit mission stations, as they were found frequently in Canada and manifoldly in the United States during colonial times. It would have to be attributed to the dissolution of the Society of Jesus that Pierre Loramie "The French Father" appeared less as a Jesuit and priest. Mr. Randall told me he would study this question especially thoroughly and to give it proper consideration in his new book, because, in his opinion, Loramie's store and station offer important clues for the colonial time and for the wars following it.

HOWE AND SUTTON

The historians Howe and Sutton treat French Father Pierre Loramie more as a tradesman. They simply call him "The French Canadian Trader" without to say who else he was. The proposition of these two historians was to establish the historical and geographical importance of the old colonial place "Loramie's store". In this sense especially

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Howe has solved his task in a most magnificent manner. He proves historically that Pierre Loramie was the first white man who came into this wilderness as "Canadian Trader" in the year 1769 to settle among the Wyandott and Shawnee Indians. He built a store and station which settlement grew to such a size and to such an importance almost not believable for that time. Howe further says that Colonel Johnston has written him the French had the advantage to the English to have been able to attract the Indians. They, the French, treated them generously, mildly and with kindness, therefore in a short time the Indians were devoted to the French with body and soul. The governor applied to the priest and missionaries. The "Black Robes" could move unhindered among the Indians, especially among the Wyandotts, because they were very devoted to them and were most easily approachable to the Catholic religion and ceremonies. If the French at all were able to attract the Indians because of their obliging manner, then the French Father was head and shoulders above his countrymen in this respect. Well, why should Loramie have exercised a still greater influence upon the Indians than all the other Frenchmen? Because he had earned this attraction by the Indians for his capacity as a Jesuit and priest.

Further, Howe renders the service for us, to have established the geographical location where Loramie's store and station and later the Fort Loramie had been. He says Loramie's store was there for thirteen years from 1769-1782, where General Anthony Wayne built the Fort Loramie twelve years later. Everything is most interesting which Howe reports about the place, so important geographically about the Loramie period, and about the time of Ft. Loramie, until its laydown in 1812 when it was changed into a "Trading Post"; especially the episode of the last commander of Ft. Loramie, "Butler" and the death of his son there as well as the details, which he reports about the first owner, James Furrow, who purchased the land, where Loramie's store and station had been and laid ground for the Loramie Post Office. (See seventh section). Howe visited the place Loramie twice, first as a young writer in 1846 and later in the 80's of the previous century at which occasion he gained the corresponding knowledge and used it for his "Historical Collection".

WILDERMUTH

The testimony of Professor Wildermuth will be of greatest importance to us, the German speaking people. This young, learned man and able journalist has made special studies about the life and efficacy of the French Father Loramie and has published them in several articles which was sent to me in the eighties, when I was pastor of Berlin (Loramie). I do not enter into these communications with Professor Wildermuth about Loramie further, they are rendered in full in a special section of this book (Section 3). Here I will mention only that Wildermuth says: In the fall of the year 1769 Archbishop Oliver Briand (Brilland) sent three Jesuit Priests to Vincennes to be assigned to posts among the Indians by the Vicar General Pierre Gibault there. Among these three was Pierre Loramie who was sent among the Indians in Ohio.

This statement is in accordance with the ecclesiastical history by Gilmary Shea where is said that Vicar General Gibault of Vincenness and Father Meurin S.I. asked the Archbishop of Quebec to send priests to them for help. He sent the three, without to have a presentiment, that all Jesuit missions would come to a close because of the dissolution of the Society of Jesus, which followed before long.

PROFESSOR WILLIAMSON

Professor Williamson says in his history of Northern Ohio and Auglaize county: In the year 1769 the French Trader Pierre Loramie came from Quebec in Canada to the Indians in northern Ohio, via Vincennes, Indiana, where he established a store and station which was of great importance until the year 1782 when they were destroyed by General Roger Clark.

In a speech by Professor Williamson before a rally of pioneers in Sidney, Ohio, on September 1, 1894, at the centennial of the establishment of Fort Loramie, he called Loramie a priest and Jesuit. He based this on the oral tradition of his grandparents who lived at the time of Loramie. He said that, while he was a boy, his grandfather told him how a French Jesuit priest had lived there at that time. Loramie often was among the Shawnees in Augliaze County where the Williamson family lived at that time. Williamson said further Loramie has come to the Indians single, and it never has been rumored there that he was married, another reason for the assumption that he was a priest. Williamson says further, Loramie has lived among his Indians but has done everything for them, as the Indians have always been ready to do everything for him, their French Father.

EDITOR AMOS SR. IN SIDNEY

In several articles, published by Mr. Amos of Sidney, former editor of the Shelby County Democrat, he mentions that the tradition as well as several historians introduce the Loramie as Priest and Jesuit.

KNAPP

The historian Knapp gives testimony in favor of the French Father Pierre Loramie. He says he has come from Canada to the Northwest of Ohio and has had a grand trade with the Indians. He has been a man of uncommon energy and has taken care for his Indians until store and station have been destroyed by General Roger Clark in the fall of 1782. During this disastrous night Loramie almost fell into the hands of his enemies. After the destruction of the place, he went into exile with several hundreds of Shawnees to the West on the other side of the Mississippi where he died among his Indians, several years later. This, too, confirms the view that Loramie was a missionary, a simple tradesman does not bring such sacrifices. Knapp makes the error that he places Loramie's store at the mouth of the Pickavillany River of Lockington in one chapter, in another chapter he gives the right location, namely there, where Fort Loramie was established later, a quarter of a mile north of the little town of Loramie (Berlin). He changes by mistake Pickavillany river with the Pickavillany village.

COLONEL JOHNSTON

Colonel Johnston, who has lived as an Indian

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Agent after 1798 at Loramie's time, calls him the "French Father" and says the Indians had shed tears and could not be comforted for years after the exile of their great benefactor. (See fourth section (Colonel Johnston). The arguments that Loramie indeed was a missionary can be completed by others. So, for example, the fact that Loramie went into exile to the West with several hundred Shawnees, where he was followed by all the others; which would have been very strange for a tradesman whose main concern is to make money.[9] A remarkable fact is further, that one has found a silver cross of the size of 69 inches near the place where Loramie's store and station had been established, which certainly points out the priestly religious life and efficacy. Finally tradition is on this side of the question. Several old people in Loramie (Berlin) and surroundings, who have heard much about Loramie 60 to 70 years ago, told me, all agreeing: "Father, we have never heard otherwise than that Loramie has been a missionary."

As a counterpart to the sad situation, experienced by Loramie and still many other missionaries, the fate of the famous Jesuit Father Meurin deserves to be mentioned. This ambitious missionary and Jesuit, who has a place of honor in the ecclesiastical history by Bilmary Shea, worked among the Indians and the Colonists at the unwholesome banks of the Mississippi in Kaskaskia for half a century. He was honored as a messenger of faith and benefactor of mankind by all. But as soon as it became known that the Society of Jesus had been dissolved and that no one of its members was permitted to act as a Jesuit publicly, everything was against him immediatly. The Breve of the Pope and the circular of the Archbishop Briand of Quebec was sent to him by the Vicar General Gibault, and now he was despised and persecuted by all, who formerly highly respected him and to whom he had done so much good. He must not show up in public any more, therefore he used the darkness of the night to flee to Vincennes with the help of some faithful friends, to visit the Vicar General Gibault there. Father Meurin, the venerable old man, upon his knees imploringly asked him to be taken in as a secular priest, which would protect him against persecutions and would enable him to make his living. Gibault refused this to him, for already he did not know what to do with all the Jesuits put at his disposal. Then he gave him the advice to flee to the north, where less excited people were living and where times were more quiet. Father Meurin broken by grief, age and worries, and persecution of mind and body, went from thence and had to spend his last years in exile, as a reward for his fifty years of work among the savages.

In the meantime, Loramie, like many others, lived in the midst of Indians; he was young and husky and, as Knapp remarks, equipped with great energy and rare talents; therefore the hard fate, because of the dissolution of the Society of Jesus was not too hard for him, for he found compensation for the loss in his restless activity.

SECOND PART

Loramie's Store and Station 1769 - 1782
The Meaning and Restoration

There is no doubt but that the French Father Pierre Loramie, in the year 1769, built a store among the Indians in the wilderness in the northwestern part of Shelby County. The historians, Howe and Sutton, taken from the diary of General Roger Clark, have designated the place as seventeen miles northwest of the mouth of the Pickavillany River (Loramie Creek). The place is now known as Arkanberg's farm, one-fourth mile northwest of the village of Berlin (Loramie).

[10] As mentioned in an earlier part, Father Loramie came from Quebec, Canada to Vincennes, Indiana where he received orders from the Vicar General Gibault to go to the Indians in the forest of northwestern Ohio. He cannot be blamed that he began with building a mission station combining it with a store. In earlier times, as well as then, the Jesuits did the same; they built a store by their mission to secure for themselves a living, to make themselves useful to the Indians and thus win some over. The missionaries today still do the same when they are sent to Africa, China or Australia among the wild people. They take along bright material, pictures, shiny playthings, small guns to give these wild people as presents, in that way they can get them more readily for instructions. In the same manner Loramie worked among the Indians. Different historians tell about Loramie's store. Among others, Howe says that in the time of Loramie's store it had become so extensive, with an abundance and variety of articles, that considering the transportation, it was almost unbelievable. His travelings made him acquainted and gave him a thorough knowledge of all trading material. He used the route between Quebec, Montreal and northern Ohio, to get different articles, on the water routes and also to send different articles northward. The route extended from Quebec to the St. Lawrence river, Lake Erie to the Maumee river, down the St. Marys river, then Loramie Reservoir to Loramie's Store. Should he want to trade with the south he used the Pickavillany River into the great Miami, down the Ohio to a place where he could use the Wabash to Vincennes, Indiana. Thus the traveling at that time was very slow and troublesome.

The Indians were accustomed to be richly rewarded, at every occasion, by their French Father; so it was understandable that they did everything for him and obeyed him like children. Thus it was all year long. To guide these was almost impossible for Loramie, even though the new ones from the Allegheny mountains to the Great Miami, the different tribes did listen to him. Even though he preached peace, he could not prevent the bloodthirsty redskins from digging up the hatchet and going to war, especially since the new rulers of the land, the English, did not quit oppressing them, and when they had to see how the Puritans followed their French Father on account of his religion. From 1776-1882 the Loramie Indians, as they were called, were disposed toward hostility on account of the continual persuit.

Twice it happened during the night that secretly, on their fiery ponies, they rode toward the south, where about fifty Puritans were living in blockhouses near Cincinnati and destroyed them. The place is now Fulton. This the future metropolis of Ohio had not wanted to happen, especially not from a Jesuit, even though Loramie had nothing to do with it. Loramie's store had become of such an importance to the Indians that they, under the protection of Loramie's leadership, felt strong and important, and

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new immigrants didn't want to settle down in the valley. This fact was reported to the government and they decided to bring an end to it once and for all. For this reason, in the fall of 1782, Sir Roger Clark was contacted to go against the Indians. Clark was a man of great strength and skill, who already had subdued more Indian tribes in different parts of country. [11] He did not tarry long, but gathered 1600 Kentuckians on his way to the north, and destroyed many Indian villages on his way to the north through the Miami valley like Upper Piqua; when he came to the town of Lower Piqua. He found peaceful residents, but he let them alone. Upper Piqua was about four miles north of the present Piqua, where he found a strong force of 5 - 7,000 Shawnees, whom he destroyed. His main point was still seventeen miles farther north, near Loramie's store, to which he immediately marched, after the downfall of Piqua. But this was not done very easily nor with speed, for now he had to take his troops through the thick virgin forest, and with an ax had to hew their way through the forest. This went forward very slowly until they came to what is now Houston, then still eight miles farther north to Loramie's store.

Loramie's store could not be taken easily, because of the south side of it was the navigable Pickavillany River, with its powerful flow of water, curving around the hill. Clark had to build a bridge across this, which took time and labor. He succeeded through false pretenses to trade with the Indians until it was too late. Howe and Sutton report that General Clark, during the night surprised the Indians at this famous place, by applying some sort of trick. What the trick was is not given, nor has Clark anything in his diary, most likely because this ruse, according to moral standards, was not quite free of objections. Tradition has it as follows: Clark came from Upper Piqua to the banks of the Pickavillany and, while building the bridge, gave the redskins to understand they need have no fear, for he would not attack them. At the same time he sent his spies over with several kegs of whiskey for the Indians, so when the raid took place, all the Indians were intoxicated.

As this raid at Loramie's took place, Loramie himself hardly had time to flee. Under cover of darkness he fled into the nearby forest and soon found shelter among the Shawnees near Wapakoneta. The store was taken and Clark allowed his soldiers to plunder the place and then set it on fire. One can imagine what great joy the Kentucky soldiers had in destroying such a place. Each took what he could use. In their frolic the soldiers did all the mischief they could, thus destroying many valuable objects.

Sometime after the destruction of the place in the fall of 1782 it was decided to auction off the objects lying around, those that were still worth something. One of the soldiers, an Irishman by the name of Burke, who seemed sort of extravagant, at the plundering of the store found a sum of money about $200 and hid it in a special place. He did not trust to tell the others about his find for fear they would take it away from him. Burke pondered here and there as to where he should hide his find . Finally he had an original idea. Among the articles to be sold was an old torn saddle; into this he put his money he had found and, since no one bid on it, the seemingly worthless article, Burke called out in a loud voice, "3 schillings." This was very amusing to those attending. The saddle was offered once, twice, three times by the auctioneer, and now before all eyes Burke took the money out of the hole in the saddle saying, "Aha! in the end it was not such a bad buy." All laughed and let the Irishman undisturbed with his booty.

One wonders whether Loramie with his brave Wyandotts and Shawnees, would let this raid, with the horrors of its destruction pass by without any resistance.

[12] During the existence of Loramie's store, i.e. from 1769-1782 the fearless Indians did much raiding, so now, to be or not to be, to defend their home, their village and Loramie's settlement which meant everything to them; should they not have moved ahead to defend themselves, or as the report has it, If they really were intoxicated when the invasion took place during the night, would they not have taken revenge the following day, when they were sober, on the handful of soldiers?

It is told that when the battle had taken place, a military general had fallen. Graves, that should belong to the dead of this war, are still to be found near Berlin and stories about the battle between the soldiers and Indians are inscribed on the graves.

[13] The statement that a higher officer had fallen in the battle comes from Loramie's contemporary, namely James Furrow, the first English settler in this area, where Loramie's store had been. This James Furrow designated in his will that he be buried beside the general who had fallen in the battle, as his last resting place. That Furrow and his family are buried there can be proven. The small cemetery on the Arkenberg farm, 40 square feet, can prove this. Also the later finding of the silver cross, with a blemish, also proves that acts of violence had taken place there. Then too, the cannon balls found there also proves that a battle had taken place. As could be seen Clark was not yet finished with the Indians. That the Indians and Father Loramie were raided by the soldiers, the historian Knapp agrees with. He had great praise for Loramie. He says "this Frenchman" is a person of great energy and did much good among the Indians. Father Loramie, on this fateful night, almost fell into the hands of the enemy, but he fled to Wapakoneta with the Shawnees. The Anglo-American historians keep quiet about deeds like this because it would give the Americans a bad name.

[14] Some time after this unfortunate night Pierre Loramie made friends with the government and was given permission and means to go west with several hundred Shawnees. Far to the west, where the Kansas River flows into the Missouri, where now is Kansas City. Loramie with his faithful Indians established his home. That territory at that time was a Spanish colony, ruled by a Catholic Viceroy, who gladly took in the refugees.

After the departure of Loramie, the Indians remaining behind, no longer under the influence of their beloved leader, began to show their wild nature in all sorts of acts of violence, to take revenge for the destruction of Loramie's store. One object of theirs was the overthrow of the Puritan settlement at Cincinnati called Fulton, where they did terrible destruction. With this, the displeasure of the government aroused to the highest degree and, on September 30, 1790, General Harmar, with 1200 volunteers, went north to hunt the rebellious Indians. On October 10, Harmer luckily arrived at the place where Loramie's store had been, but could not seize the Indians, who this time were on their guard. [15] It has

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gone so far, that in different reports, it is told that the whole army of this general was destroyed by the Indians. Arriving at the ruins of Loramie's store October 10, Harmar could see the great wrong done to Loramie and his Indians. The fate that befell his army, he could take back as punishment, when he returned without an army. Now the Americans were getting serious. The following year, September 17, 1791, General St. Clair left Cincinnati with 3,200 soldiers and arrived at Greenville September 24, 1791, where he camped and trained his army with the Indians. Then he marched on farther and November 2, at the banks of the Wabash, at a place where now Ft. Recovery is located. Here the brave and uncertain St. Clair let himself be surprised in a very clumsy way, with the result that a very bloody battle took place between the whites and Indians. At least 900 soldiers, who had been scalped, covered the battlefield. The Shawnees from Wapakoneta, the Wyandotts from Loramie and a half dozen other tribes aided in the bloody battle; not just the men but also the Indian women (squaws) were there to perform their atrocious acts on the white men.

In the evening, after the great battle, the Indians started for home; an unbroken line a mile long moved on toward Wapakoneta and Loramie. The Indian women (squaws) wailed and bellowed like wild animals, which could be heard for miles. They boasted that their arms were lame from scalping the white men. One squaw told another she had scalped twenty-five white men and, as a trophy, has two scalps of the soldiers on her head. The doctors, nurses and the living soldiers had a whole night's work in burying the dead. Thus the wild Indians avenged themselves for the destruction of Loramie's store and station and other injustices. (See Chapter 5 "The Indians".) Some time later the Shawnees and the Wyandotts united, several thousand in number, and traveled up to the far west to their beloved Father Loramie. [16] According to the historian, Knapp, Loramie should have died among the Indians.

To this day the Indian reservation, with the name of Wyandott Shawnee reservation, is marked on the map in the southwestern part of Kansas.

A railroad official, Mr. James Costolo, a brother of Fr. J. W. Costolo in Sidney, went out among the Indians twice weekly to aid them, told me the following: The government put up some frame houses in which they wanted the Indians to live. Some time later when the officials came into the area again, the houses were there but the Indians were not living in them, but their horses were. These half-wild people are accustomed to living in God's free out-of-doors, so they put their ponies in the houses and they themselves lived in tents. Had the Indians had a "half-dozen Loramies" amongst them, everything would have been better for them. So now they are left to their own fate.

Everything that Loramie did for his Indians in Ohio and the west shows that he was the one whom most of the impartial historians called the "French Jesuit Father". A mere trader would not have acted the same nor have such an influence on them.

Twelve years after the destruction, General Anthony Wayne and Scott passed by the place of ruins of Loramie's store, which could still be seen. They decided to build a fort there on account of the strategic location , which they named Fort Loramie. They then went on farther to the place where three years earlier a bloody battle had taken place, which was a loss for General St. Clair. They also robbed this place and named it "Fort Recovery" in the year 1794. From there they went to Ft. Wayne.

PART THREE

Loramie as a Missionary

Gathered by Prof. Henry Wildermuth

In his different reports Prof. Wildermuth treats in great detail the continual wars between the English and French, for the colonies in Ohio and the entire land from the northwest. He especially describes the so-called Braddock War from 1752-1763. The idea of this was to destroy the English stockade near the Indian village, Pickavillany, near the mouth of Loramie Creek at the great Miami, (Lockington). The English had built this stockade in 1749, with the help of Indians to secure the trading for this area. In 1753 the French arrived from Canada and destroyed the stockade and the Indian village, Pickavillany, which was never rebuilt. This was the thirteen-year war which now ended, and all the colonies in the northwest and Canada were taken from the French and ceded to the English. What happened later will be reported in another article by Prof. Wildermuth.

Pages of the History of Ohio

The English government could no longer ignore the success of the Catholic Church, therefore the treaty with France, the clause was added that all the French colonies, who came under English jurisdiction, have the right to keep their religion and laws the same as they living as French colonists. Through this concession, the Bishop of Quebec kept his churchly jurisdiction over the Ohio Colonies. In 1769 the bishop sent some missionaries, mostly Fathers of the Heart of Jesus, to the missions in Ohio. This step was taken to keep the Indian Mission in the church. The missionaries sent to Ohio were under the control of the General Vicar Gebault, who sent them to different Indian villages to enliven and refresh them. So the same year Pierre Loramie sailed the Ohio to the mouth of the great Miami, then Pickavillany River. (Loramie Creek) to the Indian Village. The village was near the place where is now the village of Loramie. Forests and swamps covered the area and the now small Loramie Creek at that time was navigable and the only way to reach the interior of the land and Loramie, true to his mission, settled near the Indian village and built a chapel. Through his friendliness and care for the poor wild ones, and through his teaching of his holy religion, he soon won the hearts of the wild ones in great number. They all loved and honored him as a father. English and also American historians, and not to let out Howe, have only characterized Father Loramie as a French colonist and falsely testified and identified him as a trader. It is not denied that Father Loramie had a trading store. He did not have this for profit, but only to teach the Indians the blessings of civilization and win them over to his religion. A sure example of this is that the Indians in the whole area clung to him body and soul and this devotion came out of thankfulness for the presents Loramie freely distributed among the wild

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ones, which could be mailed to him from Canada for a significant sum of money. Had he been a greedy trader who tried to exploit the Indians, they, the red men, would never had shown such devotion as was given Loramie and his mission. To put it mildly, a great injustice was done by the Protestant historians, the way they treated the Catholic Missionary Loramie while they often describe some of the greedy English adventurers of this settlement as heroes. That Loramie, as a Frenchman, often stood up for France is understandable, that Ohio land was taken honestly and it is a historical fact that the French in all the colonies have just as human and friendly a government as the English.

Through the influence that Loramie practiced over the Indians, so soon by and by they became estranged from the English government and regarded the Puritans as their enemies from whom they had nothing to gain or lose.

Although he preached peace, he could not swing many of the Indian tribes to a peaceful life. The red warriors, influenced by the example of the whites, were accustomed to be continually living at war with some of them. So by and by some tribes joined forces and made rapacious raids against the English settlements in the south. These so-called "Loramie Indians" were so feared that no settler wanted to settle in the area between Loramie and the Ohio River. To conquer this evil, General Clark was sent across the Ohio River with 2,000 Kentuckians to flog and, where possible, chase the Indians, marched to [17] Loramie Mission where he surprised the Indians and defeated them. This was in the year 1782. During the battle Loramie fled and stayed with friendly reds deep in the virgin forest, the hiding place of the Indians. Later on he gathered a band of Indians (Shawnees) and went to the colonies west of the Mississippi. Near the joining of the Kansas and Missouri Rivers he established a new Mission, which was soon strengthened by more Ohio Indians.

Knapp reports that several years after his going to the West, Loramie died.

In 1794 General Wayne was sent to Ohio to conquer the Indians. He built a fort near the place where Loramie's Mission had been [18] The fort was built of logs, according to the regulation of the times, also a few log houses were built, all surrounded by walls, named Fort Loramie by the builders, in honor of the man who made this place known and important in the first place.

As peace by and by came to Ohio the needless fort was torn down in 1815 and in its place later the Catholic settlement of Loramie was established as an imperishable memory of the old battlefield and sharing the cross of the church which the plain missionary raised in the virgin forest.

PART FOUR

Colonel Johnston

The name of this extraordinary man is narrowly linked with the different Indians in northwestern part of Ohio, also a part of Michigan and Indiana. He kept busy with the so-called Loramie Indians or Wyandotts in Shelby County, the Shawnees in Auglaize and Miami counties; the Delawares, the Ottawas, the Pottowattomies, etc., were more in the northern part of Ohio.

Colonel Johnston was born in 1775 in Farmanagh County in Ireland. He came to America with his parents as a youngster and the family settled in Philadelphia. As a young man of seventeen he obtained a job with the War Department, from General Wayne. His extraordinary capability was soon noticed by the head officers (1798), so when he was twenty-three they decided to send him to Fort Wayne as general agent to govern the Indians. Here his task was as difficult as it was glorious, which he fulfilled for forty years, to the satisfaction of all concerned. At times he lived in Fort Wayne, but more often, in Upper Piqua, four miles above the present Piqua where he found a settlement of 7,000 Shawnee Indians, who by their restless way made much work for the young colonel.

From upper Piqua Colonel Johnston often visited the so-called Loramie Indians, or Wyandotts, in Shelby County, where earlier Loramie's store and station had been, and later in 1798 Fort Loramie was built. The Loramie Indians showed an unlimited trust in their new benefactor. His affable manner, his goodness, his youthful good humor and his inherited wit, gained for him the affection of the Indians, especially during a storm. Colonel Johnston writes the following: "The Indians came to me, hot tears streaming down their cheeks and begged me to give them back their French Father." They felt they had been very fortunate the time the French Father ruled over them. At that time sixteen years had gone by since Loramie left the Indians but the memory of him was as fresh and unweakened as if he had just left them. This surely is proof enough that Loramie was not just an ordinary trader, but had acquired their boundless love through the same love he gave the Indians. Col. Johnston says further: If the French people understood the Indians better than the English or Puritans, through their affable way, to win them over and be of use to them, so one had to admit that in this, the French Father Loramie surpassed all his countrymen.

The Colonel himself had great esteem for Loramie, even though he never knew him personally, but had heard much about him from the Indians, and what is more, he tried to follow the example of the French Father. He treated them with love and kindness and in a short time won their confidence.

In all, the Indians were like children. But when the chiefs and the men of the tribe found out they were being tricked they, with their inborn cunningness and mistrust, stepped forth and buried their peace pipe, and with wild cries, dug up the tomahawk, readied their scalping stones and poisoned the flints and arrows. This would not be a regular battle, but a slaughter, man against man, which was a terrible bloodbath, divided equally. Therefore, the saying: "Do not lock the tiger out of his hiding place, he will let you feel evil."

Indian Chief

[19] The same happened when the old Germans were tricked out of their oak forest by the palefaces of the south, the Romers. The Indians came with their axes and hatchets, did much devastation but still were driven out. This "Furor Teutonicus" could not pass by unpunished, neither by the old Germans or other Indians.

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Colonel Johnston tried in all possible ways to acquaint the various Indian tribes with the system of the United States Government, but he did not always succeed. Sometimes he would go into the deep forest which often nearly cost him his life. Especially the Shawnee Indians would seek his life at every opportunity. But he was always warned by the friendly Indians and thus escaped their treacherous plans.

From 1798 until 1847 he had this job and during this long period was a righteous, loving agent until finally all the different tribes left the state of Ohio for the west, across the Mississippi, where earlier the others had gone with the French Father Loramie. They did not rest until the year 1782 when they were to follow Loramie and the others of their tribe.

The tribes which Colonel Johnston had the most dealings with were the Wyandotts, the so-called Loramie Indians, later the Shawnees, the Ottawas, the Delawares, the Pottowattomies, Senecas, etc.

A large number of the Wyandotts, Ottawas, Delawares and Shawnees, were at the beginning of the 19th century, 1800-1820, already Catholics, and by the transfer of their land to the United States, had an agreement put in that they be allowed to send their sons to the Catholic Institute of St. Ann in Detroit in order to have them brought up as Catholics.

So much for the work of the honorable man, Colonel Johnston. Had the Indians had a half dozen Colonel Johnstons, and just as many Father Loramies, much could have been accomplished to make good christians out of them.

FIFTH PART

The Indians

The whole continent of the now North, Central and South America, from the northern polar district to the southern point of Patagonien, was, at that time of the discovery of America, inhabited by many tribes of Indians. It would be very tiresome to attempt to even list a fraction of the names, for most have been forgotten by the Indian tribes themselves. Many of these were inaccessible, for they led a nomadic life, that is, they wandered from one part of the land to another, finally mixed with other tribes or were pushed out. Some tribes were friendly, while others were warlike; some had a gentle nature, others were horrible and mistrusting. One can imagine that the immigrant to the new world would at first have a very difficult time to either win the red people over to civilization and Christianity or by and by uproot them. The latter, in time, became the general rule after a few were visited from different governments to win these people over to civilization failed. Oftentimes it was the greed of the adventurers or unscrupulous officers who enticed these wild ones, through selfish and unjust treatment. The religious, that is the servants of the mission, have again performed the greatest service and gained the most followers. It often happened that the authorities did not risk to go among the Indians, so they sent the "Black-Robes", as the missionaries were called, with their cross in hand and preaching peace as "Courriers de bois", that is forest messenger, to the suspicious Indians. It would be going too far to even try to give an approximate picture of the works of these priests and missionaries; but one thing is true, they had seen to it to win the Indians with holy articles of religion; this seemed the purpose of divine providence to be more appropriate than the unjust political tricks which were later applied to uproot these people. Our only problem is to look after those people, forest messengers, who work in that part of Ohio where Loramie lived among the Indians. Therefore, it also suffices to speak of these Indian tribes, where the principle character of this book, Pierre Loramie, came into contact with.

It has been put down in another chapter in what manner Loramie was sent by the General Vicar Gibault in Vincennes, the representative of the Archbishop of Quebec, to the Indians in the forest to the northwestern Ohio, how he rowed up the Ohio River, then the Miami and Pickavillany, then came to the area where now is Loramie and settled there. In that area at that time, also were Indians, the Wyandotts, a little to the north, the Shawnees, now Auglaize County, more to the north the Delawares and the Pottowattomies, and then to the south the Miamis. Especially the Wyandotts, his next neighbors, on whim Loramie exercised a favorable influence, and who, from that time on, as all historians agree, wherever found showed affection toward the Catholic missionaries. This tribe is probably one of the oldest known Indian tribes in that they were already mentioned in 1860. The General Governor Graf of Fontenac, in this year, sent an expedition from Quebec in Canada to the northwest now the United States, to the area of the now Vincennes, Indiana and established a strong place for the French traders. This expedition chopped their way from Quebec to the south, to the great territory now the United States and found the Indian tribe of Wyandotts were, at that time, living in the area where they still were found in the time of Loramie. Graf of Fontenac also remarked that the Wyandotts in 1680 seemed to be the resident tribe for hundreds of years. For many hundreds of years they also were the rulers of the land until they were driven out in such a forceful manner at the destruction of Loramie's store and station.

It is also tradition that the Wyandotts were not only the oldest residents but the mightiest Indian tribe of the west. They could be found everywhere from Sandusky to Miami and from there to the Scioto. Many other Indian tribes were friendly toward them and wished to unite with them.

By and by they were chased out of the reservations allotted and finally, after the destruction of Loramie's store and station, went to the west to be with Loramie again. The last Wyandotts, who for this reason went west, 700 in number, sold their reservation at Sandusky in 1843, to Colonel Johnston and followed the rest of the tribe.

One of the oldest pioneers of McLean Township, Johann Bernhard Rattermann, still had, at the beginning of the first 30 years, some Wyandott Indian servants.

[20] Thus disappeared out of Ohio one of the oldest and mightiest Indian tribe that was very powerful for many hundred years while today no trace of them is to be found. The sad remnants of this mighty people can be found on a reservation in the southeasterly part of Kansas.

Another important tribe was the Shawnees. They were not original residents of Ohio but came from West Virginia and settled as neighbors to the

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Wyandotts in Auglaize County. About the Shawnees is said that they had in their manners a higher culture than other Indian tribes and were also the most restless among the nomadic tribes. They came into this area long before the beginning of Braddock's war in 1752; after which they found the opportunity, after 1769, to become friends with the French Father Loramie. The Shawnees, the entire time from 1769-1782 were true to their benefactor and to them in that fateful night Loramie sought refuge in their abode. Soon after several hundred of this tribe went west with Loramie and his Wyandotts. Later the remaining Wyandotts followed.

With the "better culture" of the Shawnees it seemed they were not as far ahead of the others, when you take into consideration the horrible deed committed by them, in company of other Indians in the battle of Wabash on November 4, 1791, against the white soldiers. Therefore, two years later they were punished sufficiently when Anthony Wayne attacked and brought them under control.

So when the Indians were brought under control, General Wayne had the chiefs of the different tribes come together at Greenville, Ohio, to talk about the future. It was then that for the United States the important Treaty of Greenville was completed. Instead of freedom of the whole land and ownership of the same, the Indians were made to understand that, at different locations in the United States would be reservations, six or four square miles, ceded by the United States and the latter would be the moral owners of the land.

One of the six square mile reservations was located where Loramie's store had been, the result of which was that the Indians were pushed out of the part of the earth they loved most. General Wayne held the place to be one of the most important, that is why he was in the area so often, to keep an eye on it. Not only strategically, but also in regard to trade and traveling. The reservation was also important, it being the mid point between Piqua and St. Marys and Ft. Wayne. At the settlement of the Greenville Treaty the chiefs of the Wyandotts and Loramie Indians, with their fiery talk, won over Wayne himself.

So much for the Wyandotts and Shawnees. The other tribes of this area as the Miami's, Delawares, Pottowattomies, etc. were pushed out.

Every Indian tribe had its own mode of living, more or less different from the others. Some were residents, i.e., they would not leave their home, but lived by hunting and products in their area. Others were nomads, i.e., they travel from place to place according to the seasons. In the spring when the snow was melted and the water had somewhat run away, the men and the young men left on their trip, while the women and children remained at home; when the autumn came they returned to their home and, in winter, ate what they had brought along from their trip; in this they were like children, foreign bread tasted better than their own. About the Wyandotts it was said that they went up to Greenbay, to the great sea. There they busied themselves with fishing; they dried the fish they caught, and in the fall, returned home with their booty. During the winter months they indulged in the noble pastime of hunting and in their spare time ate the venison with their dried fish. The land between the Alleghenies and the Miami River was the richest hunting ground of the entire northwest. That Father Loramie ever took part in the nomadic trips is not believable.

All the Indian tribes were united on one point, that is religion. They all believed in one Great Spirit, who created heaven and earth and ruled everything. They all believed in the immortality of the soul and retribution in the world to come. Their hope was to enter the eternal hunting grounds of the Great Spirit. The more good one did on earth, the higher the place would be shown them, and the wicked ones would be turned around and put in a lesser place. They also believed that the Great Spirit sent infirm spirits to the earth, both good and bad. The good spirits brought sunshine, health, peace, a good harvest and much wild life for hunting. The bad spirits brought dreams, sickness, bad passions, bad winters and famine. The fortune tellers and medicine men were very important to them. Temples like the heathens had in the old country, they knew nothing; their whole worship consisted of that on a designated day and a designated place, they brought offerings, had grand banquets, and wild dancing and singing.

FEASTS

As said earlier, the Indians celebrated no special feasts. This must only be taken generally. They had no special time or day. They had no Sunday like the Christians, nor a Sabbath as the Israelites; their religion consisted of the knowledge and veneration of the Great Spirit "Manitau", and under that good providence they lived and traded all the days of the year in happiness and sadness, in health and sickness. Some tribes like the Shawnees, seemed to celebrate special feasts; when the Indian corn or maize began to ripen. The Indian women had planted this along the rivers or wet places. The one of the most worthy men, a sort of medicine man among them, picked out an especially nice ear, and brought it back to the village. All the people gathered and the medicine man took two wooden sticks, rubbed them together until they started a fire. With this they lit a fire over which the corn cob was roasted. Every Indian took a bite, all praised the Spirit for the good harvest. The feast had a resemblance of the harvest festival of the Jews in the old testament.

WAR

Special celebrations were for the Indians the beginning and the end of a war. When two or more Indian tribes declare war against one another, or when in colonial times, the Indians got into a fight with the Europeans, then the beginning of hostilities began with a willing religious formality. The chiefs called all men able to carry weapons, together they went to the place where, at the end of the last war the tomahawk, the chief weapon of the Indians, had been buried. At the beginning of the war the weapon, amidst roaring and grotesque dancing, was dug up as a sign for the warriors to arm themselves with such a weapon or one similar.

The tomahawk is a hatchet-like weapon, made out of red stone. The upper end was tied to a wooden handle, this could serve as a hatchet. Every Indian carried such a weapon wherewith he could kill his opponent man to man, or he would have a spear with a poisoned point, or a bow and arrow; the arrow having a poisonous flint at the point.

Most all carried a scalping stone, with which they took off the skin of the head of the enemy. A per-

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son can think of nothing more horrible as when two hostile Indian tribes faced each other with such horrible murder weapons. These were no regular wars, but just a mutual knocking off and killing with the tomahawk or a horrible stabbing with the spear as the poisoned flint was stabbed into the opponent's body, causing an agonizing death with many hours of suffering. This sort of death was caused by the poisonous flint or arrow with the bow and arrow. And then the scalping. The dead or half dead soldiers lay on the ground and an Indian or a squaw comes along, stabbed the fallen one in the forehead under the hair, with the sharp scalping stone pushed it over the whole skull and cut it off at the neck. At the battle of Ft. Recovery, Mercer County, on the Wabash, November 4, 1791, the combined Indian tribes against General St. Clair, with an army of 3,000 in one of the bloodiest battles, in one day 900 white soldiers were scalped. In this battle the wellknown General Richard Butler was slain, a nephew of the beloved Captain Butler who was the last commanding officer at Ft. Loramie until the abandonment of the fort in 1812. The Indians killed the white soldiers, scalped them and left the bodies lie on the battlefield. As said in another article, on their way home from Wabash to Wapakoneta, one of the squaw's arms was lame for she alone had scalped twenty-five heads. As a war trophy they carried two scalps on their heads.

Once the battle was over the tomahawk, with all sorts of ceremonies, dancing, etc. was buried again, the peace pipe gotten out, on which every warrior took a puff.

On the site of Loramie's store and station and later Fort Loramie many murder weapons were found, such as tomahawks, scalping stones, arrowheads, spearheads made out of flint, also a peace pipe and around twenty-five cannon balls. This wellknown place, one fourth mile north of the village of Loramie, Berlin, and twenty-two miles from Fort Recovery, was often the theater of such battles among the Indians, for the Hurons and Wyandotts were inhabitants of this area for hundreds of years. The last battle of any importance took place in October 1782, when General Roger Clark, with 1,600 Kentuckians, surprised, plundered and burned down Loramie's store and station. The Indian village near Loramie's station seems to have been on the west side of the Pickavillany River, between Arkenberg's barn and Lehman's farm. That is where the silver cross was found and many other curiosities as Spanish silver coins, the size of a quarter and half dollar, from the time of King Karl III, 1779, and Karl IV, 1798. The cannon balls of small caliber were found on Arkenberg's and Lehman's farms in great number, were from this time when Fort Loramie was occupied. Some authorities maintain that the position of these balls prove that they were fired from the south and also from the south side of Pickavillany River, were aimed at Loramie's store. So, by the taking of Loramie's store a battle had taken place led by General Roger Clark, but most historians do not mention this, because they kept quiet about everything that would give a bad name to the Americans.

James Furrow, who lived in Loramie's time and the first owner of the land now Arkenberg's farm, says in his will that at the destruction of Loramie's store a battle had taken place in which an American general had died there and that on this place he and his family should be buried.

[21] This cemetery, with the three graves of the Furrow family and the American officer, is still there. It is surrounded by a regulation wall and cannot be used for anything else. Through the sharing of Frank Willman, of Loramie, (Berlin), I came into possession of many curiosities that the Indians used. Mr. Ferdinand Arkenberg, Henry Tecklenberg, and the sons of William Quinlin had the kindness to let their former pastor use these for his annals. Mr. Frank Willman brought these to Dayton where they were photographed. Two illustrations can be seen in this book.

SIXTH PART

The Finding of the Solid Silver Cross - 1872

A special blessing rests over the site where Loramie's store and station had been located for thirteen years, from 1769-1782.

It is the blessing of the Holy Cross. In the year 1872 a solid silver cross was found, nine inches long and six inches in width, made according to an artistic form. With the finding of the cross, proof was accepted that in Loramie's time christian life and works were there.

The circumstances of the finding of the cross are as follows: On the southwest side of the place where the Indian village and Loramie's store had been was a field path from Loramie (Berlin) to Minster. Along this path was the so-called Mill Creek which, during the rainy season, carried very much water. Along the edge of this path were some trees whose roots, on account of the water, were partially uprooted, causing them to lean very much and seem ready to fall over. The neighboring farmers, Mathias Utz, Herman Bramlage and H. Broering, saw the danger and decided, in order to avoid a possible accident, to cut down the trees. On an appointed day the three men came, each equipped with a sharp ax, and went to work. At that time they were young, strong men and, as was the custom of the pioneers, they chopped with ability and persistence, so that the chips flew in all directions. The tree began to fall, the men ran aside, and with a loud crash the giant tree fell to the ground. In falling a large root came up and with it some ground. In this ground Mathias Utz noticed an object resembling a cross, black from oxidation. He took his find home, cleaned it, and soon it was a beautiful silver cross. Joyfully he brought it to the then pastor of the parish, Rev. Anton Meyer, who put it away carefully and upon his leaving in 1874, gave it to his successor, Rev. William Bigot, as a remembrance.

Doesn't this incident seem remarkable? The cross which lay buried from 1782 until 1872, for ninety years, and this special tree cut down this way, brought to light this reverent object. Had something else been found at the same place, such as an artistic or valuable receptacle, it could then have been said that, at the departure of Loramie, English and French trading had been done here. Or in case a valuable gun had been found, this could easily have been blamed on the wars. But since earlier, in the same area, tomahawks had been found, also different stones or even the silver pieces of money found there during the time of King Karl IV; so, now, one has this unusual object, the Silver Cross, a sign

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of redemption, the three honest men had found.

A happy excitement took place for all who heard of the finding of the cross. They came from all directions to see it. This was taken as a sign that Loramie, as the first white man, was a messenger of the gospel; that with cross in hand he went amongst the Indians. Some said the cross was a knight's cross, such as the Spanish Catholics carried on their scabbard, and others said it was most like a mission cross, like the Jesuits carried at that time. If the latter is true, then it dare be said that it most likely belonged to Pierre Loramie. The cross has a scar on its left arm, as if it was torn loose with force, which could easily have happened, since, during the night Loramie's store and station were plundered and destroyed and, as Knapp reported, he barely escaped with his life, for he probably found himself in the midst of the melee. In the center is a monogram, the letters J.K., the meaning of which is a mystery. My opinion is that this venerable cross, which came to light in such an extraordinary manner, should be made into a large procession cross and be kept in St. Michael's Church.

A beautiful sentiment passes over this area where for 136 years Loramie, as the first white man and messenger, went among the Indians in the wilderness to spread Christianity and thus prepared this region for the present Archdiocese of Cincinnati.

Such historians as Howe and Sutton claim this first white man to be a tradesman, but we must forgive them, for they know no better. But Loramie was forced to trade, which is described more in detail by Prof. Wildermuth.

Taking into account the hatred of most of the English and Americans in those days, it is understandable that they disliked his personality, for he was a thorn in their eyes. Others go still farther and call him an antagonist. This sounds like where, in strange lands, the missionaries are called antagonists of the heathens. Loramie was no antagonist of the American, for at that time there were really no Americans, for the Indians were the rightful owners of the land. He struggled with all determination against the English especially the Puritans who, by every opportunity, brought to light everything Cahtolic with deadly hate. From this hate foreign settlers made use of the land from the Alleghenies to Vincennes, to Canada. Through the treaty of Paris in 1763 which was an unlucky war for France, the Braddock war, 1753-63, this region fell into their hands. In order not to give all the booty to the English and Puritans and to save the thriving Catholic Missions, the Archbishop of Quebec sent missionaries into this territory, among these was Pierre Loramie.

Another christian expedition is also noted in this area of Shelby, Mercer, Auglaize and Darke Counties; there are more than twenty parishes exclusively Catholic, which is not the case in any other part of the Archdiocese of Cincinnati. Can we not attribute this to the power of the cross and the blessing of Father Loramie? It is still a puzzle to me why Father Frank Salesius Brunner, who came to this area and established so many convents, passed by the place where Loramie worked. Perhaps the people of Shelby County were not as welcoming as the people elsewhere; perhaps the location of this territory was too remote, or perhaps at that time little was known about Loramie. From the time that Loramie's store and station were destroyed until later when Fort Loramie was built, the area was inhabited by English farmers. From the year 1812 when the fort was abandoned by the American troops, the memory of Loramie was lost some more but when the canal was built and more German farmers came to settle here, the village was named "Berlin", but still the Post Office remained "Loramie Post Office". The name of Loramie seemed very strange to the first Germans and of the origin of the name they knew very little. Letters out of Germany came very seldom to Loramie P. O. The idea of the meaning of Loramie was unknown to the people. When the talk was about Loramie, I myself did not know much about Loramie, but I heard a lot from the old people, English as well as Germans, and they never knew any different than Loramie had been a missionary. The finding of the cross strengthened their belief and they thanked the dear Lord that here, in the new world exactly at this place blessed by the cross, they had found a new home in such a nice German parish.

SEVENTH PART

Fort Loramie

As was mentioned in an earlier chapter, it was noted that Generals Anthony Wayne and Scott, in September 1794, visited the place where Loramie's store and station had been [22] Both were astounded at the enormous ruins of this establishment; so they decided to build a fort there in memory of the first white man, the French Father, who came to this area, and not only from the Indians, but all others, only good was said of him so General Wayne named it "Fort Loramie". His keen view and experiences, which had gathered on his many conquests, showed him immediately that this place was of great strategic importance, especially during times of war. Situated on the great trading way toward Piqua, Fort Loramie would be an advantageous place for providing for the troops. A fort like this could not compare with the great fortresses of Europe. The fort was built out of large tree logs, plastered together, 30x70 ft. and a two-story blockhouse. Fort Loramie probably had the same dimensions. Such a fort was strong enough to protect the soldiers from a sudden attack by the Indians and defend themselves with light artillery. Besides the fort there were other smaller buildings for the officers. It is not known whether Fort Loramie was ever used during warfare. With the suppression of the Indians in the area, the restless times were over. But this fort played an important role in the different agreements with the Indians, especially in 1794 concerning the Greenville Treaty. A reservation of six square miles was ceded to the rule of the Wyandotts, exactly on the site where the fort had been, so that the Indians were banished from this strategic point forever. [23] By the Treaty of Greenville, Ft. Loramie was declared an important point, in that from Ft. Loramie through upper Muskingum to Ft. Recovery a strategic line was drawn.

From the year 1795 the American army was busy elsewhere, and the ones in Fort Loramie had good times. The forest remained a military post until 1812, but was only used as a supply depot for the troops in Detroit. The only significance it had after 1795 was that it served as a Post Office between Cincinnati and Ft. Wayne. The troops and the many traders used it as a hostelry or tavern.

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With the disappearance of the Indians, the area gradually became safer; the English and also the Germans began to settle in the area; and soon the immigrants took a firm hold.

[24] The year in which the soldiers left I cannot say exactly, but it is true that the first English farmer, named James E. Furrow, took care of the Post Office until it was moved to the village later. But the hostelry remained to aid the many buyers, who came from Cincinnati by the way of Piqua and remained in Loramie for a rest, before going on to Ft. Wayne and Detroit.

Then, in 1820, this was abandoned and the six square miles laid out in farms. James Furrow, the English farmer, bought a large part and lived there till 1848. Many of the older people remember the mighty trees used for the fort thirty years earlier and to have seen the place, on the bend of Loramie Creek, where now is Arkenberg's farm. [25] Ignatius Schell, a former parish member and relative, of the still living people told that, as a young man, he had seen the fort and often times had gone there. This was possible, since Ignatius Schell died in 1867, gray from ninety- four years, since he was born in 1773 and came here in 1815, so had the opportunity to see the fort quite a few years. The last commander of the fort was Captain Butler, nephew of General Richard Butler, who fell in the battle on the Wabash.

The story is told that Butler and his family were well thought of. He was liked by the soldiers and all others who came in contact with him because of his kindness and benevolence. His eight year old son, a handsome and very wide-awake boy, a favorite of all, even the soldiers had great pleasure in him, was stricken with a malicious illness and in a few days was plucked away. The sorrow of the parents was indescribable and even the soldiers took part in their sorrow. The pain of the parents became greater when shortly after the Captain was ordered to the far west. The departure from the grave was heartrending. The soldiers took special care of the grave. They planted some shrubs and a honeysuckle, which was a beautiful sight to see in Spring when in bloom. The grave of the boy was marked with a fence around it which was destroyed during the war of 1812. The grave should have been on a small hill, across from the fort, where later a barn was built. [26] Perhaps it is the hill on which the now, so-called "Niederkorn's barn", is standing.

One word about the so-called Wayne Road. West of Loramie is a road still called Wayne Road, which General Wayne should have used when he took his troops from Ft. Wayne to Greenville. From Loramie northward is also a road called Wayne Road. One would think that now, with the coming of streetcars and other well-built pikes, Wayne Road would be forgotten. But all sorts of travellers have not forgotten it and still frequently use it, namely the "tramps". These use it in the spring to go from Dayton to Ft. Wayne and in the fall from Ft. Wayne to Dayton. Many times two or more of these beggars came through Loramie and asked for a travelling penny to Dayton or Ft. Wayne, either after the fall or spring season. When I would ask them, "Why, in heaven's name, do you come here, and how do you find your way to this out-of-the- way village where there is no railroad or streetcar?", this is the answer I received: "Yes, Reverend Pastor, you see we are coming from Fort Wayne and want to go to Dayton to look for work."

It had less to do with work than the mild climate of the south in winter. In the spring they went north, where it didn't get so hot. They used the Wayne Road to Ft. Wayne, to Delphos, Celina and other towns and villages to Dayton. On their way they knew every place where they more or less would be taken in. The different convents of the Sisters of the Precious Blood in Mercer County and St. Mary's Home in Indiana were the best stopping places. One sort of poetic tramp, when I asked him about his wanderings, gave this answer, "But Rev. Father, after such a severe winter you would not deny us the leaving in spring to see the trees in bloom."

EIGHTH PART

Loramie Creek and Reservoir

Loramie Creek (Pickavillany Stream) has its source two miles east of Freyburg, Auglaize Co. That is twenty-five miles north of Loramie (Berlin). At the beginning it is just a little stream, but it soon spreads out. At Loramie's time it was still a navigable stream (river) especially in the spring, when the snow had melted and the heavy rains came and water from many small tributaries flowed in. In its course from the northeast to southwest, it passes a little south of the negro village of Rumley, in one depth, which extends seven miles to Berlin or Loramie, where it makes a sharp bend, then directly south, partly southeast to Wynant (Newport), to Lockington, to the Great Miami. This natural depth from Rumley to Loramie, a stretch of 3,000 acres of land, and was at that time and years later more or less filled with water. Taken as a whole, it was a big swamp in the vicinity of which no one wanted to live on account of the malarial fumes that caused much sickness. When the canal was built dams were made to build a reservoir to supply the canal with water. About one-half mile north of the village this stream leaves the reservoir to flow south. At the bend of the stream Loramie built his station which later took on great importance. Loramie chose this place just as the monks in the old world did when they were chosen to locate a place to build a convent. That this place was near an Indian village made it a great stopping place for him. The bend in the stream was also chosen wisely, for here it was easier getting the canoes in and out. It hardly seems possible now that the Pickavillany in Loramie's time and many years later was a navigable stream for now, in the summer time, it is only barely flowing. But even now the stream can really overflow and cause much damage to the farmers.

The greater part of the reservoir is in Shelby Co., a small portion in Auglaize Co. On the southwestern end is the village of Berlin (Loramie). It is good for hunting and fishing. The seven mile long and 3,000 acre watershed is two miles wide at some places, at others one and a half miles; but this width changes with the height of the water. During the winter it is pretty well filled with water. In summer and fall it is often times very low; then many swampy places can be seen, the fumes of which cause malaria.

The natural drainage of the reservoir finds its way to Loramie Creek, to an aqueduct, one-half mile

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north of the village, which provides the canal with water during a dry year. The place of the aqueduct is the highest point between Lake Erie and the Ohio River, the watershed 340 feet above Lake Erie.

The natural situation of this watershed between Lake Erie and the Ohio River made this swampland an exceptionally good place for a canal and reservoir. Northwards the canal goes to St. Marys, Auglaize County, getting its water from St. Marys reservoir.

Now the canal isn't used very much any more for boats. Many places are just malaria breeding puddles, so that neither the canal nor the reservoir have much use, but can be looked upon as a nuisance. It is to be wished that the whole surface would dry up and be converted into productive farmland, even though the hunters and fishermen wouldn't like it.

Howe, in his Historical Collections, puts down the importance of the Loramie reservoir in the following manner. He says: "The topographic situation of this part of Ohio is especially interesting because it is the highest point between Lake Erie and the Ohio. Only a few miles apart, the Miami and the Maumee have their origin here, but one flows north and other south - Maumee north, Miami south. For hundreds of years these two streams were the mode of travel for the Indians, from Lake Erie to the Ohio, except for the few miles in between when they would put their light canoes on rollers, thus bringing them from one stream to another. The shortest distance from stream to stream was six miles. General Wayne made Upper Piqua three miles north of the mouth of Loramie Creek his place to stock his wares. Fort Piqua was abandoned in 1795. From there he could travel fourteen miles north on Loramie Creek to Loramie Reservoir, then twelve miles farther north to St. Marys, Auglaize Co. Loaded boats went from Fort Piqua to Loramie, then there was six miles to travel by wagon, then they were able to row on to Fort Wayne and Defiance, etc. The use of the waterways depended more or less on the height of the water. We must take into consideration that nearly all the rivers in this area can no longer be called rivers. At one time they were navigable namely, Loramie Creek, St. Marys River (Oklese), St. Joseph's River, Maumee, etc.

The availability of the waterways explains how, in Loramie's time, the missionaries and traders could easily bring their wares from Quebec, Canada to Vincennes, Indiana. The waterway went from Canada, down the St. Lawrence, then to Lake Erie, down the Maumee River to Loramie Creek, then Great Miami to St. Lawrenceburg, finally the Ohio into the Wabash to Vincennes, Indiana.

NINTH PART

Loramie Post Office and Loramie Village

Whoever would like to take the pains to look around the northern part of Shelby Co. would not only get the impression, but moreover also the conviction, that this area has furnished a great deal to the history of Ohio. To be sure, these times are past, in that the English at the source of Pickavillany, now Loramie Creek, built a stockade at the Great Miami, which aroused the envy of the French, which caused the longlasting Braddock war. The outcome of the war was the cessation of the whole northwest, till Canada, to the English. Also gone are the times when the store and station had the attention of so many. Also that Fort Loramie itself, which in war time (1794-1820) played such an important role, is no more. But the old, at that time navigable, Pickavillany stream, now Loramie Creek, still rushes down to the lowlands. Also the Indians gradually and completely disappeared and thus made room for the slow but constant coming of the immigrants. The large six square mile reservation, at the site of Loramie Store, after the evacuation of the fort was laid out in farms around 1812, which were taken over by the traders, hunters and some remaining soldiers.

In 1819, by a visit from Isaac Shelby, Shelby County was legally recognized, so now a lawful acquisition of land could be thought of. The greatest part of the land at that time was swamp and virgin forest; but by endless hard work the pioneers have built for themselves a livable home in the dense forest. Thus, near the isolated farms, arose a settlement near the place where Loramie's store and station had been, which became known as Loramie Post Office.

Among the first immigrants who busied himself as a farmer was James E. Furrow, who owned the land where Fort Loramie had been. There may have been other settlers scattered about living in the area; most of these had been traders, hunters or soldiers, so nothing is said about them.

About this time it is specifically said that James E. Furrow owned the place of Loramie's store, and some more that had always belonged to the fort, making use of the building for a trading post and Post Office and later building himself a home there.

Next, after James Furrow, James Christian and Nathaniel Mendenhall came to this area, after these William Prillman and his brother Christian. Some time later, in 1836, James Pilliod. He bought the first farm west of Loramie. Isaac Edwards, who had already come in 1833, was the first teacher for the whole territory, now McLean township. Earlier, quite a few immigrants had lived in this township. The first schoolhouse stood on the place where, in 1870, there still was a boat yard, somewhat north of Loramie by the canal. From a good source it is claimed the first owner of the land where the village of Loramie is located was William Prillman. The village was laid out on the west side of the canal on part of Prillman's farm. His brother, Christian Prillman, owned the farm on the east side of the canal. Both farms were north of the line drawn from east to west at the Greenville Treaty, a border line built for Loramie Reservation. The land south of the street by Tecklenburgs was at the time, government owned and was later sold. At the same time when the village was platted, the canal was also staked off, but no work was done at that time. For the time being the Post Office remained at the place where the fort had been. James Furrow operated a small store, while James Pilliod operated a larger store west of the village, where now Heinrich Borger is living.

How the transportation was at that time can't be imagined. The Indians knew no roads, but used well-known forest paths. During the bad time of the year they either remained home or made use of all navigable water and pushed their canoes from one water hole to another.

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Once the first settlers arrived the roads improved and the impassable places were filled with poles. So, with much aggravation, one could go from Piqua to Houston, Loramie, Minster, and Bremen to St. Marys, Auglaize County. All the settlements along this route had stores that had everything to sell, dresses, food, farm implements of all kinds. Horse drawn vehicles made regular trips between Dayton and Ft. Wayne. The owners of these vehicles helped each other through the swamps and other difficult places. Most hitched up five or six teams and when they happened to come to a difficult place, one lent another a team. That must have been a tedious and difficult progress. But at that time no one was used to the convenience of the railroad or street car. At night all vehicles stopped where they happened to be. Practically every large farm house along the road between Piqua and St. Marys, or between Dayton and Fort Wayne, was a tavern or restaurant. On their return to the south with the same vehicle they brought back all sorts of articles, such as hides, etc., which the Indians bought or they brought back products for the market, as corn, pork and hops, which were not easily available in the south.

Taxes at that time were as much as nothing, otherwise from the proceeds of their products nothing would have been left for the farmer.

At the beginning of the village of Loramie a few houses could be counted. Some English and some German farmers were settling in the neighborhood. The first German farmer's name was Weissbrodt (Whitebread). Usually he was call the "Dutchman". He lived on the south side of the reservoir, where now Adam Daniel has his farm.

As the village was platted out in building lots, they were sold by auction and most went for a good price. Mr. James Pilliod bought most of the building sites; at that time he was the largest landowner in the area. In Shelby and Darke counties he owned 3,000 acres. The home of William Prillman is also along the canal, where Stephen Kirner now lives and where earlier Bernard Meyer had a store. Joseph Mendenhall, the county commissioner lived where now is Geier's bakery, a log house which, for a long time, was known as "Moorman's Hotel". Mendenhall also operated a tavern at this place. Dr. Clark Ayers was the first doctor in this area; he built the first brick house in the village. Jonathan Counts was the first town surveyor. Bernard Meyer opened the first store in the village and carried, in the beginning, all his supplies on his back to his store. Shortly after that, Hermann Henry Dressman opened a store that contained everything needed for the household. At that time, in 1836, the village was named Berlin, as the name Loramie seemed strange to the Germans, especially because they did not know the meaning of Loramie, however, the naming of "Loramie Post Office" officially remained. [27] Also later, in 1889, when the village was incorporated, many wanted to have the name of Berlin validated, but from the Post Office department in Washington came notice that the historical name of Loramie be kept. The name Berlin was never officially recognized.

The ones who first attempted to change Loramie to Berlin were two pioneers, James Pilliod and Charles Schilz. They did this because in 1836 they came here from New Berlin in Stark County, where they had lived for a long time. So, for the love of their first home in America, they gave the village the name of Berlin. But perhaps there was also some business connected with this. Most of the immigrants who came to Loramie found work at the building of the canal. Thus being able to buy land were the north Germans, to whom the name of Berlin sounded better than the strange name of Loramie. This went unnoticed and Loramie is and will remain the official name.

Pilliod and Prillman

The two pioneers, James E. Pilliod, and Wm. Prillman belong to those who, at the establishment of the village, had the most spirit of enterprise. Therefore a short biography of the two seems in order.

James Pilliod was born in 1787 in a little spot, Bourogne, in the vicinity of the Fortress, Belfort at Oberelsass. As a young man he served in the army of Napoleon, partook in several battles, was wounded several times, the last time in the battle of Waterloo, in which Napoleon was defeated. In 1814, on account of the many wounds, he was discharged out of the French army as an invalid and lived with his mother and brothers for seven years. His one arm had been mangled very much; so the rest of his life he could do no hard work. Under King Ludwig Philip of France, these veterans were not very welcome, so James Pilliod made up his mind to go to America. In 1815 he had married Josephine Bong in the old fatherland and he left twelve years later in 1827, at the age of forty, with his family. He Left the old world to find the long hoped-for freedom in America. When they left, the family consisted of seven children, five sons and two daughters. The family landed in New York. In the new world two more sons were born, so now the number of children grew to nine, seven sons and two daughters. They went directly to Stark County, then to New Berlin near Massilon, Ohio. They remained there until 1836. He must have had very good fortune there with his seven sons, for it has been said that he came to Loramie a very rich man, for he was able to buy up much land and was later able to sell it for three times as much. Mostly James Pilliod felt himself drawn to Loramie through the fact that many French lived around here at Newport, Russia, Versailles and Frenchtown. Besides the farm west of Berlin that he owned, he also had a store from 1836-48 and he also purchased many building sites from William Prillman. He also owned hundreds of acres in Shelby and Darke Counties. Besides that Pilliod bought up all the land east of the canal and south to the Greenville Treaty Line. Then he also owned thirty acres where now the hotel and mill are located, as well as the whole southern part of the village. In the storehouse, west of the village of Loramie, was the place where Father Navarron celebrated Mass from 1838-1848.

James Pilliod lived in McLean Township from 1838-48, then moved with his family to Wynant, (Newport) in Cynthian Township. Some years later he moved to Toledo, accompanied by his sons Frank and James. He had good fortune in all his undertakings first in land transactions in Shelby, Mercer and Darke counties, then in lumber. Since the building of the canal much lumber was used in the district for houses and barns and this brought him much profit. After fifty-two years of marriage, James Pilliod had a family reunion in Toledo. Not less than four generations were present. Mr. Pilliod, here as well as in Toledo, lived a very simple life, regardless of his

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great riches. He attended Mass every day and prayed the rosary in the evening. One of his great nephews, James Pilliod III, is president of a brewery in Toledo. He was born in Loramie, son of James Pilliod II and wife Johanna nee Hummer.

***

William Prillman and his brother Christian Prillman came to this area in 1883. He was the original owner of the land on which the village of Loramie is located. To him we have to be thankful in that, in the now uncertain times, he had made a map of McLean Township which was officially recognized by the court. Later they sold their land to the east and west and left this part. [28] Where the brothers William and Christian have gone I have never been able to find out. It will be said of both they were men who were of great use to this region.

The Canal

When the work on the canal from Cincinnati to Toledo on Lake Erie began, many immigrants came around from all sides. Among these were H. H. Dressman, Bernard Pille, Ignatz Schell and many more. Most came from northern Germany, (Hanover, Oldenburg, Westphalia) and were mostly Catholics. During the day they worked on the canal for a dollar a day. Early in the morning and evenings they worked on their farms. Many told me that they had stood all day, wearing high rubber boots in deep water. Had the whiskey not been so cheap in those days, they could not have stood it.

H. H. Dressman died in January 1873, Ignatz Schell in 1867. Bernard Pille, Sr. reached the age of 93 years. The work on the canal lasted from 1838-1841. As soon as water was let into the canal most of the transporting by wagon ceased. The hostelries and taverns along the waterway from Cincinnati to Toledo did more business, since everybody made use of the waterway. The first canal boat that came to the village on a Sunday, a government boat which came from Cincinnati, got stuck in the mud. All the people ran out to amuse themselves at this strange sight. Next came the first cargo boat, named Belvedere, commanded by Captain Silver. This one was more fortunate; he was not held up on his trip, for in the meantime the water in the canal had been raised by means of the aqueduct from Loramie reservoir.

With the opening of the canal, all business took an upward trend. The merchants received their wares, dry goods, groceries, salt, iron, etc., by way of Lake Erie and the canal; then sent back grain, corn, whiskey, etc. to New York. Hoop poles and cord wood found a good market in the south. Nearly every state and village did some trading, and all did good business. In the passing of time, railroads were built, the importance of the canal dwindled and now it is very seldom used.

Cemetery

The first cemetery known as Soldiers Cemetery was near Fort Loramie. Where the Indians buried their dead in the time of Loramie, is not known, but most likely it was in the vicinity of Loramie's store or near an Indian village. [29] Also we have no exact knowledge where the first immigrants were buried. Probably they were laid to rest where the Furrow family are buried; this place is near where the soldiers are buried. James Furrow died March 11, 1842. It was during the Indian war that an American general was killed and buried where members of the Furrow family lie. Furrow pointed out the exact place of the general's burial site and requested in his last will to be buried beside the general. The request was fulfilled. The burial place of the Furrow family was surrounded by a wall and every grave marked. The grave of the fallen soldier is still not marked. [30] Since Furrow lived in the vicinity during Loramie's time and knew exactly where the general had been buried, we can do nothing but believe the tradition that the burial of the soldier is at that place. That the history of Ohio gives no mention of this point gives the appearance that the English historians, at that time, kept quiet about things if they did not contribute to praising the fame of the Americans. While digging in the sand, somewhat north of Loramie, many human bones were found which were thought to be of soldiers buried there earlier. But these could have been bones from Indians, too, which were buried there. Another burial place was laid out three-fourth mile northwest of the village where many of the early immigrants, both English and Catholics, are buried. Today we hardly know where the place is. In 1838, when the number of Catholics was increasing, several acres of land were bought on the north edge of the village where St. Michael's Church now stands. For the English a cemetery was laid somewhat north of the village at the cost of the township.

The Cholera

The many German immigrants in Shelby, Auglaize and Mercer counties had hardly recovered from the hard labor of settling when, in the year 1848, the black ghost of the cholera scared them out of their rest. This terrible scourge has in Loramie, as in many other places along the canal, offered many sacrifices. It is difficult to describe what misery this epidemic brought during the summer months in the year 1848; whoever came down with the sickness was not to get over it very quickly. In McLean Township alone, 55 people died; 27 were Catholics from St. Michael's. Since at the time, it was sparsely settled, this was a high percentage. Mary Furrow, the widow of James Furrow, and her son-in-law both were taken away by this dreadful illness. Arnold Dressman came into the village a healthy man to go into partnership with his brother. Suddenly he was seized by the cholera and died. As a whole, the village was spared fairly well, but three miles north at Minster, Auglaize County, there are 200 buried on St. Augustine's cemetery who died of the cholera. The reports are hair-raising. As an example: In the forest lived a family; father, mother and one child. A neighbor noticed that none of the family had been seen for several days. They investigated, went into the house, found father and mother dead in bed and the little girl crawling around on the dead bodies. In many homes father and mother died and left many orphans behind. In many cases the mother died and left behind the helpless father and children. Often times all in the house were so sick that neither one could give the other a drink of water. In some homes the living were lying among the dead in very filthy surroundings. One mile west of Loramie lived a family by name of Schober (they spell it Schaper now) consisting of nine members. Father, mother and three children died within three days of each other and were immediately buried on the farm; the other children were

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taken in by good-hearted people. It is incomprehensible that in these sad times, the simplest rules of health were not practiced. Most often the bodies, especially the English, were buried on their farms. In Loramie we were in the process of building our new church. There were no church services; therefore many brought their dead to Minster to be buried. In Minster in the first week the cholera dead were brought to the church which did not help one bit to control this contagious disease. The priests were in the saddle day and night to look after the dying. Most say that bad drinking water was the cause of the spread of the sickness. After the cholera scare was over the ones left behind seemed to get new life. The marriage register shows that in the following years there were three times more marriages than usual. This seems very natural. Many widows or widowers, left with children, or some young man or young girl, left with brothers and sisters to care for, were forced to establish a home as soon as possible.

The Mills

The first mill in Loramie was built in 1858. The owners were Bernhard Mayer and the Beddy Brothers, the last ones whose home was in Dayton. Soon the mill passed into the hands of Mayer and Kirner, and now belongs to the Loramie Milling Company. This first mill was known far and wide for its excellent performance. Everywhere Loramie Mill was spoken of. It was a blessing for the whole territory. Now the farmers need not go the long and tiresome way to Piqua or Sidney to have their grain ground into meal. The Loramie Mill was equipped with the newest machinery and for that reason deserved all the praise. Now the stores in Loramie all bettered themselves, put in more stock, so the people need not go elsewhere to buy the necessary household goods. As remarked, Bernhard Mayer and H. H. Dressman kept a good supply on hand. Anton Berting and William Schurman were partners in several other businesses.

The first saw mill was built in 1841 by Isaac Mann. It was one- fourth mile south of town along the canal. He also built the first warehouse at the north edge of the village, but this was soon taken over by Johann Heinrich Willman and Ferdinand Gast who did a good business during the whole year. One can imagine that, in those days, the sawmill as well as the warehouse did a thriving business because the forests furnished the best wood and the farmers brought in their good grain.

In 1850 McClure built a boatyard near the sawmill north of the village, which also had a good business for a long time. Since the canal isn't used anymore he quit his business. For many years Loramie also had a good cooper shop. In later years the sawmill was taken over by August Wise. In the 60's and 70's of the foregoing century the business life of the village took a very pleasant upswing.

Of the business people, Johann H. Willman deserves the first place. For fifty years he had this main store which is well spoken of in the entire area. Besides this, he took care of the warehouse and creamery; he was married twice. His first wife was Elizabeth Hilgefort. They had two children. His second marriage was to Elizabeth Hummer. There were seven children, all living but one daughter. At the age of 77 he retired and turned his business over to his sons, Frank and Joseph.

The hardware store and lumber yard was started by John D. Inderrieden 32 years ago and all this time has been doing very good business.

Henry Tecklenburg took over the Vondrelle house and ran it very aptly.

Barlage and Co. furnished the parish with meat.

Dr. Hummer, Dr. Costelo, Dr. Pepper and Dr. Walkup took care of the sick.

William Quinlin, as druggist, furnished the best medicine.

Vincenz Schmitz, Bernard Bussing, and Herman Behrns took care of men's clothing.

Wilhelm Ernstes and Valentine Gaier had a drygoods store.

Johann Romie was the saddler of the community.

Joseph Rieger, a pioneer of the parish, worked as shoemaker for 50 years and had a very good shoe store.

Miss Emma Willman was milliner and dressmaker.

Peter Stachler, H. Rottinghaus, Martin Lehman and Matt Brucken had good taverns.

Joseph Quatman and Peter Krampe shoed horses from four in the morning.

Joseph Quatman, Sr. was the verterinarian.

John Gaier furnished fresh bread daily.

Joseph Niederkorn drove the hack for fifty years and took care of the mails.

Mike Moorman was postmaster and broker for many years.

Jakob Uhlmann and F. Anthony were barbers.

Anton Brucken, August Weisse, Sr. and Jr. had the sawmill.

John Bramlage had the mill.

Mr. Wagler made the best bricks.

Bernard Gerling made tombstones.

Henry Lehmkuhl was the undertaker.

So the village from the beginning 1830-1903 slowly moved forward. Strangers liked to come and soon felt at home. Everything is found here that belongs to a well organized community.

In the last 27 years the strangers are especially interested in the new St. Michael's Church. The residents of the village are well satisfied with present conditions and the St. Michael's parish has also grown in the country.

The following are some of the rural pioneers.

Weisbrodt, as said earlier, was the first German immigrant of the parish; he came around 1830. From then on mostly Germans settled here; by and by all the English were bought out. A few Irish and French have also settled around.

The following can be counted among the first German farmers:

(1) Johann Bernhard Rattermann, long since dead. Of his five sons Ferdinand, Heinrich, Bernhard, Philipp and Joseph, only one is living, Joseph Rattermann ex-sheriff of Shelby Co., Sidney, Ohio.

(2) Bernhard Pille died at age 93. He left a son, Bernhard Pille, and a daughter, Bernhardine, who after a long marriage to Ferdinand Rattermann, died. He owned one of the largest farms in the parish and

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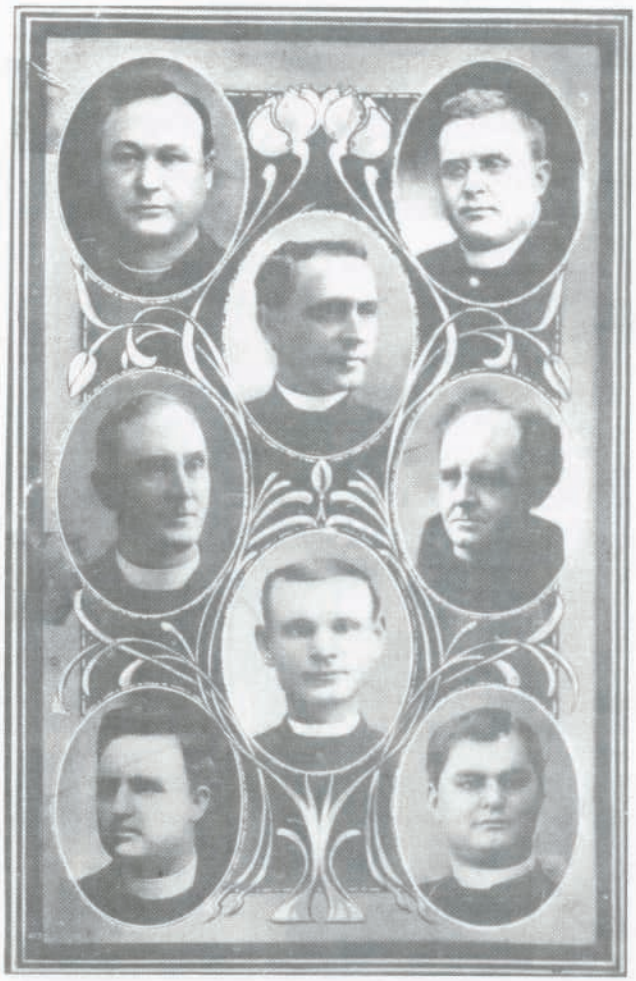
is one of the best supporters of the church.

(3) Philip Knuefner long since died. His sons, Herman and Ferdinand, have also passed away.

(4) Christopher Borger, deceased. He had three sons, Heinrich, Bernhard and Johann, and two daughters. These three belong to the best members of the parish. They remained true to the church and always supported it.

(5) Wilhelm Schurmann, Sr. came early with his four sons, Joseph, Heinrich, Johann and Wilhelm, from Eastbeyern in Westphalia in this neighborhood. They made their way through the forest three miles east of Loramie, and with patience, soon had outstanding farms. All four sons have long since passed away. They have many descendants in McLean and Loramie Townships. One of their nephews is editor of the Shelby County Anzeiger.

(6) Heinrich Schulz and Leander Notheis, teachers for many years in the parish, also knew the trials of pioneership.



Rev. Stanislaus Neuberg, Rev. Karl Notheis
Rev. Wilhelm Bigot, Rev. Chrysostomus Hummer
Rev. Hermenegild Eilerman, Rev. Heinrich Schulze
Rev. Philomen Notheis and Rev. Adolph Schott

(7) Peter Hummer and his two brothers, Dominicus and Joseph, came in the early years from Belgich-Luxemburg. Peter Hummer had three daughters. The first one, Maria, married Wilhelm Schurman, the second, Johanna, married James Pilliod, and the third, Magdalena, married Johann F. Willman. Dominicus Hummer died at an early age, but Joseph Hummer moved to Minnesota but returned later. He died in Maria Stein, Mercer County.

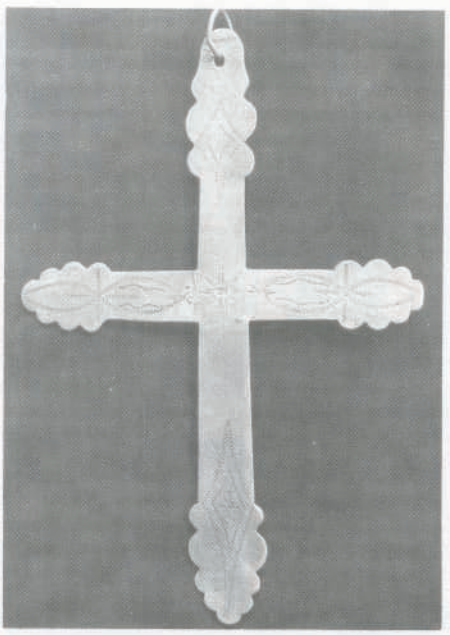
(8) The family of Terhalle-Rannebaum owned several farms and were very well-to-do. They came from Cincinnati and lived here many years, then moved back to Cincinnati. This family was very generous toward the church and poor people.

(9) The family of Anton Schuler lived a half century in our parish and were always very religious minded. They had eleven children who, all but two, Mary and Jacob, died at an early age.

To the pioneers further can be counted H. Henke, Clemens and Heinrich Hilgefort, Friedrich and Heinrich Schluter, Heinrich Barhorst, Friedrich Wachsmuth, George Eilerman, Joseph Holscher and many others who, as beginners, underwent all the difficulties, but also helped carry the burdens of the parish. The names of all other members are listed elsewhere.

If the members of the village and the farmers, as first residents 1830-1870, had hard times, one can say they all have done very well for themselves. The members of St. Michael's have shown this by their generous and rich contributions at the building of the church. The parish members especially liked the call to help with collections in any way possible and they also looked forward to a quiet, peaceful life.

In 1838 there were 52 families and in 1874, when I came, 175 families. In 1903, when I left, there were 228 families in the parish.



Cross of The Loramie's

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CHAPTER SIX

Pastors of the Parish--1838-1903

(1) Rev. Louis Navarron 1838-1848.
(2) Temporary Precious Blood Priests.
(3) Rev. August Berger 1851-1858.
(4) Rev. H. Muckerheide 1858-1864.
(5) Rev. Anton Meyer 1864-1874.
(6) Rev. Wilhelm Bigot 1874-1903.

In this country it is very difficult to know the exact date of the establishment of a church. Usually it is dated from the time they have their own church and pastor. What is now St. Michael's, 1838 is called the beginning. In the first parish book is recorded the following: "This parish, named St. Michael's, was established in the year 1838, July 4." On that same day 50 families were enrolled. Then followed the names of those families. At that time Father Navarron was here. He did not live within the parish, but was appointed by Bishop Purcell as the first pastor. Also in 1838 a parochial school was established and was upheld by voluntary contributions. The oldest records show exactly how many members contributed and also how much. The first teacher of the school was Heinrich Schulze. He remained in this service until the Catholics increased so much that it had to be divided into districts.

Concerning church services and distribution of Holy Communion, Father Navarron could only visit the parish in passing through. Then he would administer the Sacrament of Baptism, celebrate Mass, etc. But already before this, in the early thirties, priests passed by. During the period of 1833-35 a priest by the name of Rev. Dr. Horstman came monthly from Glandorf in Putnam Co. to Minster, to have services. Many Berlin people went there to take care of their duties. Others went to Frenchtown, where there were mostly French and Irish priests. From 1835-1845 the Revs. Brand, Junkers, Abels and Herzog were in Minster with the Rev. Navarron as the Bishop's delegate. In 1845 the Precious Blood Fathers took over Minster's St. Augustine's. Priests from Minster came to Berlin monthly to celebrate mass and administer the sacraments in a small log church, now Quinlin's Drug Store.

If, in 1838, fifty Catholic families were in the area to form a parish, there must have been some Catholics among the very first immigrants. It is also recorded in history that in Colonial days, when General Governor Graf of Fontenac (1680) sent an expedition from Quebec, Canada to Vincennes, there were Catholic families, missionaries and priests in the area. It is also true that in the early days of Loramie's Store and Loramie Post Office, until the founding of Loramie Village, Catholics had settled in the area. The earliest account of the history of the place comes from the older people and farmers in the area and also from the French colonists when they had control. The French Jesuit Father, Pierre Loramie, was a missionary among the Indians for 13 years. He must also be given credit for taking care of the early settlers.

The finding of the silver cross near Loramie and the golden one near Rhine is proof that Loramie's Store, as well as all other French stations in the area, were Missions as well as trading stations. When Loramie Store was no longer, there were the so-called Gospel preachers to hunt up the Catholics. In an earlier part of this book it was noted that when any of the colonists or traders or others dared not go into the forest, they would send a "black-frock", or missionary, on ahead. The Indians trusted these. From 1680 until 1790 the Catholics had only missionaries and there were no parishes as today.

This whole territory, which is now the United States, had no bishop. Priests and Catholics were under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Canada. In 1769 the Bishop of Canada, Oliver Brand of Quebec, sent Rev. Pierre Gibault to Vincennes and gave him the power of Vicar General. At that time Vincennes was a place of 700 widely scattered souls. In other places there were also missionaries among the Indians. The Jesuit Father Neurin in Kaskaskia on the Mississippi, Father Burke at Maumee, (Perrysburg near Toledo) and many more. Later, when the political situation of the United States improved, the Catholic church also became better organized. The days of the colonies were past, the English driven out of the country, the Republic of the United States formed, and George Washington elected as the first president. The country was divided into states. Now the United States got its first bishop. In 1794 the Rev. John Caroll of Baltimore was chosen. He set up his bishopric there. Once we had one bishop, others soon followed and more dioceses were formed. Also the number of parishes and priests increased. The Catholics spread over the whole country. Courageous priests and missionaries came over from different countries to look after the needs of the people.

Especially in Ohio did the religious life blossom. The first Bishop of Cincinnati was the Rev. Edward Fenwich, 1822-1832. His successor was the Rev. John Baptist Purcell, 1832-1883. Under Bishop Purcell the Rev. Louis Navarron came to America. He was appointed the bishop's delegate over the large territory from Greenville to Lima, Ohio. In 1838 the Archbishop made his first trip to Rome. There he visited the graves of the Apostles Peter and Paul. On his way through France he stopped for a visit with Bishop Ferrand of Clermont in Auvergne. He was a classmate of Bishop Purcell in the Seminary of St. Sulpice in Paris. Both were made bishops the same time, which made their friendship even stronger. Bishop Purcell especially made this visit to his friend to ask for priests. Bishop Ferrand called a meeting of his priests. By giving them a good talk and explanation, the bishop of Cincinnati hoped to win over some.

Five volunteered namely, Rev. John Lamy, Rev. J. B. Machboeuf, Rev. A. Gacon, The Rev. N. Cheymol and the Rev. L. Navarron. These were strong, well-built, priests and trustworthy missionaries.

Once back in America, Bishop Purcell did not delay to take care of his business. He divided his diocese into five districts with a bishop delegate for each district.

Nothing could ever be found out about Rev. A. Gacon; he either returned to Europe or soon died after his arrival.

Rev. John Lamy, as Bishop Purcell told me, was

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very slender of stature but a very devout priest. He had such fiery eagerness that he was compared to the Apostle Paul. He later went to Mexico, became Archbishop of Santa Fe, and spent the rest of his life there.

Rev. N. Cheymol was appointed delegate to the southern part of the state - Brown County. The central part of the Diocese of Cincinnati, naturally, the Bishop kept for himself.

Almost the entire territory which is now the Diocese of Columbus was taken over by the Dominican Fathers.

Rev. Machboeuf was made head of the district where now the city of Cleveland is located; at that time it was only a small village. It extended over to Sandusky, then south to Lima in Allen County. Later Father Machboeuf went to Santa Fe, where his good friend, Father Lamy, was located, later to Colorado, where he became Bishop of Denver and later on died there.

Rev. Louis Navarron had the fifth district from Lima to Greenville.

Father Louis Navarron (Navarre)

Many of the details of the work of the fearless and eager Father Navarron I heard from him, some from Archbishop Purcell, and others from the older people of Berlin, Newport, Russia, Versailles, etc.

For ten full years (1838-1848) he was the Bishop's delegate. If one could think back to those days when his territory consisted of what are now Darke, Mercer, Shelby, Auglaize and Allen County, one could hardly realize what difficulties and hardships the priests had to endure.

There were no roads or bridges, only footpaths, no churches, no priest house; only a log cabin here and there or perhaps a small village. The following is what Father Navarre told me himself: "The first thing I did was build a small church which I named St. Walberts. This stood on the edge of a forest between Russia and Versailles. It consisted of two rooms, one as a church, the other for living quarters. Then began the apostolic visits. I fastened the Holy Vessels and Vestments with a leather strap; tied them on my back, and went on farther, next to Jacksonville, which is now Versailles, then to Champaigne, now Frenchtown, next to Russia or St. Remy's, then on farther to Wynant, now Newport, then on to Berlin, Loramie, where I rested for a few days with farmer James Pilliod and celebrated Mass. From Berlin I went to Stallotown (now Minster) then to St. John (Maria Stein) then to Philothea and Celina in Mercer County, then to St. Marys, where most of the German and Irish workers on the canal received Holy Communion. From St. Marys I went to Lima where I remained several days and then, by the way of Loramie, returned to my dear "St. Walberts".

To this little chapel the Catholics came from far and near to attend services and have their children baptized, as long as he was around (1838-1848). This was the first Catholic Church in the area. It is difficult to say how long this church remained after Father Navarre left, but I think it was still there in 1850.

Father Navarre remained at the different places; at some for only a short period, others somewhat longer to fulfill his duties as the bishop's delegate. He usually sent a messenger ahead to tell of his coming and the day of his arrival at the settlement. Then the people came from all directions to have their children baptized or some to be married. Many of the older people talked about events that had happened and Father Navarre told it himself that, at the home of J. B. Raterman who had Indians as servants, he had baptized many children. Midwife Agatha Schäfer told how she, for more than 40 years, had been midwife and godmother for all these children, since there was no one else to be had. At all the other places he visited Father Navarre performed the same services.

He then entered the names of the children, parents and godparents in a book. These were later transferred into the records at Stallotown (Minster). One can imagine what a problem a French priest would have with some of the German names. Later I often had the opportunity to see these names when I had to get baptismal certificates. Oftentimes twenty or thirty names were entered, one more incorrect than the other, but, all in all, that's the way things went.

At this time, from 1832 on, St. Augustine's in Minster had several different pastors namely; the Rev. F. Brand, Rev. Junker, Rev. Abels and Rev. Herzog. They succeeded each other as pastors of the parish and surrounding territory. Father Navarron, as the bishop's delegate, had to give a yearly report to Archbishop Purcell of his territory, extending from Lima to Greenville. Thus Father Navarron worked untiringly in his territory. One can imagine what self-denial, hardships and sacrifices these trips made him endure.

"One time", Father Navarre told me this himself, "I was at the home of my friend, James Pilliod in Berlin, for several days of rest. All of a sudden I had this great longing for St. Walberts. Against the advice of Mr. Pilliod, I started on my way in late afternoon. He said I would be overtaken by darkness and could be met by something dreadful. But I was sure I knew the footpaths through the forest. I even refused a companion that Mr. Pilliod offered. I put my pack on my back and headed south. I had already gone several miles when it became darker and darker. I could no longer see the footpaths. All of a sudden I found myself in water. One step forward put me in deeper, the same when I stepped right or left. I felt around and found a thick branch near me. Some were criscrossed over each other. I studied my dangerous situation for a while, then decided to get the six-foot strap I had in my pack. I lay down lengthwise on the heavy branch, wrapped the strap around my body and tied it securely. I was so tired I soon fell asleep. When I awoke next morning, the sun was shining in my face. I was surrounded on all sides by the swolled Loramie creek. With a thank you to the dear Lord for my good night's sleep, I was soon on my way to St. Walberts, where I arrived in the afternoon."

Another time, on his way to Berlin, it was reported to him that a red-bearded dangerous American had abducted a German Catholic widow and her seven year old daughter and had taken them away into the forest. This was too much for Father Navarron. He said, "I must hunt him and relieve him of his booty." The people begged him not to go, for he had sworn he would kill anyone who followed him. "Nevertheless", said Father Navarron, "my gun is trustworthy".

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With that he went eight to nine miles into the forest to the home of this American. When this man saw the priest coming, he did not come out to shoot. He saw it was a well-built, humble missionary. He became meek as a lamb. By the convincing talk of the priest he gave up the widow and child. Through the efforts of the priest they were returned home safely.

Ten years had gone by in this strenuous life. The physical strength of this strong priest had not changed much, but the hardships he experienced, no home, no decent living quarters, no regular meals, the many nights spent under the sky or in log cabins, had been very hard on him. After all this he suffered a slight brain hemorrhage. In 1848 Bishop Purcell decided it was time to give him something less difficult. As a reminder of his home in Clermont, France, he was put in charge of Clermont County. Later Father Navarron built a modest church in Stone Lick, Clermont County and also a priest house. He worked there until 1880. Then in advanced years, he entered St. Mary's Hospital, Cincinnati, where his laborious life ended.

Fate or God's will would have it that I visited the hospital the same day he passed away. I had gone to Cincinnati to make some purchases, and I usually made St. Mary's Hospital my night quarters. The first whom I met in the corridor was Father Navarron who greeted me with such great joy and loud enthusiasm that all the nuns came running out to see what had happened. First thing he wanted to know was whether St. Walberts was still there and was it true that the Berliners had really built such a beautiful church. I had a picture of the church with me. When I showed it to him, he thought I was joking. But he believed my description of it and was very happy about it. In regarding St. Walberts, I told him the big wooden cross, where the church had stood was still there. Having chatted with him for quite some time, I went into town to do my shopping. I returned around six o'clock and was immediately told that, shortly after I had gone, Father Navarron had suffered a stroke and was found lying on the sofa. It was still time to administer the last rites of the church, and soon after he slumbered away into eternity.

Father Navarron could never forget St. Walberts. At the edge of the forest between Russia and Versailles he had built this tiny log church with a huge cross in the year 1838. This was the first Catholic church in the area. He blessed the church St. Walberts (St. Vaubert) because this Saint had been a messenger of faith and religion in France.

Although Father Navarron was not the permanent pastor of St. Michael's, he was looked upon as a respectful delegate of the bishop; so it seemed that by his regular visits he had instilled confidence and an independent feeling into the hearts of the people. So we find that the year 1838, when Father Navarron came into this area, was the beginning of St. Michael's. As I mentioned in the first part of this chapter, all this is recorded in a book at St. Michael's. In it is written: "St. Michael's, established July 4, 1838, with fifty families enrolled."

Fathers of the Precious Blood

In 1845 Franz Salesius Brunner, with a few more priests, came to America. Their first settlement was St. Alphonse, three miles north of Norwalk, Ohio. This place seemed too small; so he went to New Riegel in Seneca County, in the Diocese of Cleveland. There, with other missionaries, he took care of the surrounding missions. Later he came farther south to Glandorf, Putnam County, then to Minster, Auglaize County. Right after that he founded convents in Minster, Egypt, Maria Stein, Grunwald, and Himmelgarten, occupied by nuns of the Precious Blood. The priests in these convents took care of the spiritual needs of the many German Catholics living in Auglaize, Mercer, and Darke Counties.

During this time some Precious Blood Fathers also came to Berlin. They celebrated Holy Mass in a log house which stood where now is Quinlin's Drug Store. The Fathers Mathias, Kreusch, Mikolaus, Gales and others are still spoken of. The first church records of baptism, marriages and deaths were entered in his own handwriting in 1848. In this year the building of the first brick church was undertaken with a stone tablet put in the front with the inscription: "St. Michael's Church - 1848".

This was the time of the terrible cholera epidemic, which took the lives of many. On that account the building of the church was interrupted. It was completed in 1851. I could not find any details concerning the building of the church in any records. The people of the parish could tell very little. The church was 60 ft. long and 32 ft. wide, and two bells and a handsome tower. It was built without much ado, for the people still felt the after- effects of the cholera but they still tried to do their share.

When the cholera epidemic was over and the church finished, two parishioners went to see Archbishop Purcell to ask for a resident priest to live in their midst. Soon after the Rev. Augustin Berger arrived.

Rev. Augustin Berger

Father Berger was born in the Grand Duchy of Baden, Archdiocese of Baden in Freiburg in Breisgau. He was the first permanent pastor of St. Michael's. As was said by the older members, he was very eager, energetic person. They were fortunate to have such a priest for their spiritual needs. He soon decided to build a priest house. In an old book of the parish can be found the following: "Resolved: A new priest house will be built to cost no less than $1,300 nor more than $1,500."

Mr. Vandenbrook from Minster had the contract. For some unknown reason, the second story was left unfinished and was still so when I came in 1874. The two-story building, with seven rooms, was a very fine looking building for those times. The outside appearance was, or rather looked, better than it really was. Father Berger, to the satisfaction of all, took care of his duties until 1858. On Sunday before Lent, after reading the Lenten regulations and explaining the Lenten devotions to take place during the week, to the astonishment of all, without telling anyone, he suddenly left during the night. Since he was a peace-loving, decent person, he probably could not take the harassment, an attitude of some of the howling people. In this way he could rid himself of that burden. Some thought that he may have returned to the Cistercian Convent in Kentucky.

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Rev. Heinrich Muckerheide

Soon thereafter Father Heinrich Muckerheide came to St. Michael's. The entries in the parish record show that he was a European, born in the Grand Duchy of Oldenburg and attended a German University. He was a well-built, strong and very bright man. While at St. Michael's, Berlin, he also cared for St. Lawrence in Rhine. It certainly was no small task when one took into consideration the distance and bad roads. Father Muckerheide usually took advantage of the farmers to get a ride when they brought their grain to the Loramie Mill and returned the same way. After six years of service he went to Wisconsin to live with his brother on a farm, where he died at an old age.

Rev. Maria Anton Meyer

Father Meyer was the successor of Father Muckerheide in 1874. He was born in Aesch, Kanton Baselland, Switzerland. He was ordained at Innsbruck in Tyrol and came immediately to America. Before coming to St. Michael's Berlin, he was pastor of several different places. He was pastor of St. Michael's for 10 years, 6 months. He was very well liked. His humorous nature often served a good purpose, as many a time he got out of a difficult situation with a joke.

During his pastorate the brick church was lengthened 20 feet to the east. He also added a high altar which did much to beautify the church. The old school, also of brick, 70x30, is also his work. His idea was to have a parochial school. During the early seventies he began ailing and asked several times to be released of his duties. January 28, 1874, his wish was fulfilled. Also on this day I became his successor. Later he came back and visited often the parish and was a well-liked visitor. He died in an orphanage at Coldspring, in Kentucky, on April 12, 1893.

Rev. Wilhelm Bigot

Thirty years as priest of the parish-

1874 - 1903

Part I

I took over the parish, as said before, January 28, 1874, and remained 30 years less 4 months. The story of my life follows:

I was born December 4, 1838 at Roppensweiler by Altkirch, Oberelsasz. Of a family of eleven, I was the eighth. One of my brothers was also ordained a priest, and two of my sisters chose the Order of Divine Providence as teachers. At the age of 14 I was sent to the Gymnasium at Maria Stein in Switzerland. Four years later I went to the college of the Holy Ghost in western France. After 8 years of study in the above two places I went to Paris where, for five years, I studied Philosophy, Theology and Liturgy. On May 22, 1864, I was ordained by Bishop Renatus Maupoint of the island of Maurice. In the fall of the same year my superior, at the request of the Cardinal of Geisel in Koln, sent me to Kaiserwerth by Dusseldorf on the Rhine to the overseeing of the bishop's house. Kaiserwerth, already in the reign of Karl the Great, was a renowned place and later Kaiser Barbarosa made it one of the strongest fortifications on the Rhine. Of course, this has long since been discontinued. Now Kaiserwerth is more famous for its monastery and the grave of St. Suitbertus. The shrine in which the body of the saint rests is very valuable. The value of it, with the jewels given it by the different kaisers and kings, should at least be twice a hundred thousand Thalers.

I spent six happy years at Kaiserwerth until 1870, when war between Germany and France broke out. In a very short time the whole French army was captured and put into prison. Many priests, speaking both German and French, were needed to go among the captured ones. Bishop Hefele, of Rottenburg, asked for such priests. I volunteered. My lot was to care for 15,000 prisoners; of these 700-800 wounded or sick were in Ludwigsburg, Hohenasperg and Gemund.

After nine months of hard work among the soldiers I returned to St. Mary's Convent in Köln. There, at the proposal of the superior, I was put in charge of the convent as pastor and to care for the shrine. St. Marys is an old convent and the Shrine of the Sorrowful Mother was built in 1400. I remained here until the disbanding of the convent on June 24, 1873. I must say that, while in Kaiserwerth, as well as St. Mary's, I had to partially restore the places. This experience was very beneficial, as something similar awaited me in Berlin (Loramie). My father was an architect, therefore, in my younger days I learned many lessons from him which were very useful later.

KNIGHTS CROSS OF LEGION OF HONOR AND DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS

Part 2

Knights of the Legion of Honor and Recipient of the Cross for outstanding service during the war.

In the latter part of June, 1870, like lightning out of the sky, came news that France had declared war on Germany. In a few weeks the Germans, who were well prepared, hurried their troops to the northern border of France with unbelievable speed. The French, not as well prepared, were slow in gathering their troops. The first battles, as well as all others, were a defeat for France, so that after a few months, the greatest parts of the French army were prisoners of war. In Germany were plenty of jails. Cities and villages were overflowing with French captives.

Many German Bishops, especially Bishop Joseph Hefele, asked for priests who could speak both German and French to care for the sick and wounded. At that time I was at the convent of St. Mary's in the diocese of Köln. I discussed this request with my brother priests. I decided to offer my services and told the bishop of my decision.

On all Souls Day, November 2, 1870, I left St. Mary's and arrived at Frankfurt, by the way of Giesen, at four in the afternoon. Whoever does not live through something like what was going on, can never have the least idea of how it was. In Frankfurt the train was blocked and taken over by the military. I stood there like a lost soul. The cannons thundered, the bells rang, and, when any new report was brought in, there was much confusion, crying and hurrahing; it simply cannot be described.

An officer of higher rank noticed that I was standing helplessly among the crowd. He knew that,

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being a priest, I wanted to get among the prisoners. He was a very friendly person; after a short conversation, he took me to the depot for an evening meal and also a free ticket to Stuttgart. That was my first military experience, and I'm still thanking the Lord for the goodness and friendliness of that officer. It seems that in war time the soldiers and priests are always the best of friends.

The train went to Darmstadt and Heidelberg then to Bruchsaal. Here I stayed in a hotel overnight and slept on a bench. I went on to Stuttgart the next morning. Here I was announced to the head spiritual advisor of the military. I was told that I would live in Ludwigsburg, near Stuttgart and would have the spiritual care of more than 15,000 prisoners, among them 600 - 700 wounded or sick.

The Duchess from Urach, a sister of the ruler from Monaco, and the Baroness of Berlichingen took care of the financial needs. I received 200 guilder per month. From Genf. I received 5,000 francs every two months to care for the prisoners and sick. I resided in the hotel Ehrhart, in Ludwigsburg, where most of the prisoners were.

Mr. Oberst von Eichstrom, a commander at Ludwigsberg, a giant of a man, but very good-hearted, gave me full power and support and even protection from harassment that I, as a Catholic priest, may encounter from some of the Protestant soldiers.

From Echstein to Wurtemburg, I did everything possible to help during my eight months there.

The Protestant Prelate offered me the use of his cathedral to have services for the prisoners. With many thanks I accepted his offer and was grateful to Rev. Reiss, the garrison chaplain, for the use of his cathedral. I could have services for 3,000 prisoners twice a week, so that all were able to attend services at least once a month. They were escorted to the church by soldiers from Wurtemburg.

At the prison Hohenasperg where, for instance, Schiller sat as a prisoner, I had to sleep on a plank just like the captives. Here I had services once a week. There were only 1,500 quartered here. I also had to go to prison to visit the sick and wounded and bury the dead. I did not have to go to Gemund, as the pastor there wished to care for those in prison there. The main work was among the sick and wounded, 600 - 700.

Then the Lazareth-Typhus raged. This took down many, even the stronger ones; later the black and red pox came along and every imaginable sickness. What all happened is diffcult to describe.

One morning when I came to the barracks in the city where the ones with the pox had been taken, an aide, who was isolated with the rest and not allowed to associate with anyone, called to me from afar and said that one of the sick was asking for a priest. I immediately put on the rubber outfit and gloves, which were at my disposal, and went in. To hear their confessions, I had to bend over, for they were lying on mattresses on the floor. All of a sudden, a delirious, deathly sick one put his arms around me and pressed his face full of pox against mine. I became alarmed, felt warm and very uneasy and thought that I surely was lost. When I came outside again I met two young doctors. They wanted to know why I looked and seemed so disturbed. I told them what had happened. There was a lot of snow on the ground. They both went to work, covered my neck, face and hands with snow. They rubbed with such force that my skin became very red. The young doctors, happy rascals, laughed about it; so I went one farther and told them a funny joke. I was spared the dread disease. In this manner weeks and months went by, always the same work and the fear of catching it. Services for the captives were held daily. On Christmas Day we sang "Adeste Fidelis" so beautifully, even the officers present were stirred to tears. The sick and the dying asked for, and received, the sacraments, all but two who refused.

Every morning I took along six to eight consecrated hosts, so as to be prepared. Every afternoon, from the mortuary, there was a military funeral, preceded by the cross and bugler. Then came the priest, coffin and honor guard. "The French are all Catholics," said one officer, "so they must be buried as such." At times there were six, sometimes eight coffins carried out. Then, in the bitter cold, I had to give a short talk. The French Lieutenants usually wrote this, and you can imagine the graveside talk was no ill feeling against them.

Marshal Canoberd and his wife (nee McDonald) and two children took care of the prison at Stuttgart. I was obliged to visit this family every month and also the ruler of Monaco who, with his assistant, had fled to Stuttgart.

Gen. Besson, brother of the Bishop Grenoble, lived in Ludwigsburg with his prisoners. His main distraction was fishing in the river Nekar. These people and also the German military invited me to visit them, but I had to refuse. All my time was taken up with the sick, wounded and dying. After eight months of hard work I was finally able to leave Ludwigsburg on Holy Thursday 1871. I went directly to Frankfurt, where I remained with the Rev. E. Munzenberg over the Easter holidays. In a few days I started out for the convent of St. Mary's to take over my duties again. From April 1871, until June 24, 1873, I was busy at St. Mary's.

In June, 1872, I received a request from the German Government and French Government War Ministers to assemble the names of all the French soldiers who died in captivity. Without doubt there were thousands and thousands of them. Many families were totally unaware of the circumstances of the death and burial of their sons.

The French government, after the signing of the peace, sent many committees of French officers to get information and death certificates of the soldiers. But these soldiers spent most of their time in the German cities playing billiards and drinking wine; the dead they let rest in peace. They let themselves be entertained by the German military and returned to France with maybe a hundred names.

The French General Vinoy went to Paris and asked the superior of the Holy Ghost to have me do the work. I sent circulars to all the prisons asking for the following information:

1) How many French soldiers died there.
2) Name of soldiers and to what regiment they belonged.
3) Of what sickness they died.
4) When and where buried.

The Jailors were most cooperative and punctual. Even the people were willing to help. It would take a whole volume if I would tell all the funny

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REV. WM. BIGOT,
RECTOR OF ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH.
BERLIN, SHELBY CO. OHIO.

and serious things that happened. Every day large packages of mail came to St. Mary's. The postmaster became fearful that another war was brewing.

After four to five months, I was able to send 18,200 death certificates. Thus far this was the most complete report, and the officer decided we could quit, since no more were inquiring.

More than 18,000 French soldiers died in captivity and lie buried in German cemeteries, unless some may have been dug up and returned to France. In Magdeburg lie 1,600; in Mainz 1,400; in Konigsburg 600; in Koln 1,200; in Ulm 1,100; in Aachen 500, etc. But the war, with its sacrifice of German and French soldiers, is over; may they rest in peace.

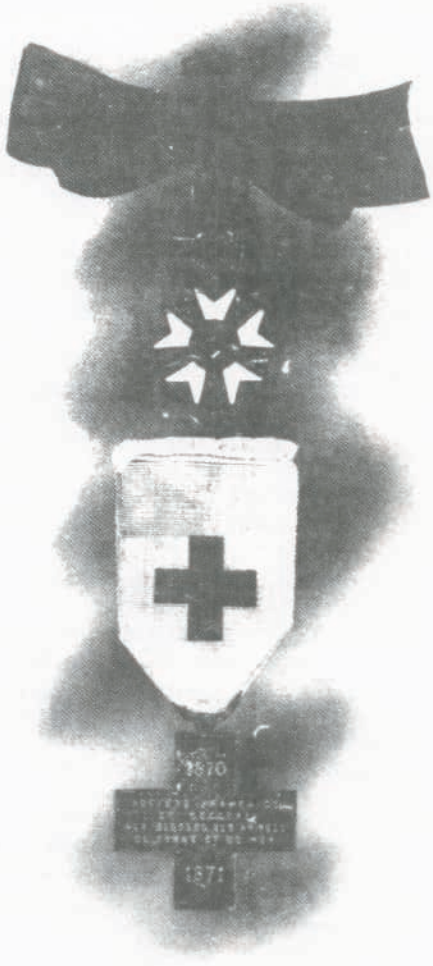
After this request of death certificates followed another one, that was to erect a memorial in each cemetery for the fallen French soldiers. The French government allowed 80,000 francs. A clause in the Frankfurt peace treaty from May, 1871, allowed the French to decorate the graves of their loved ones. Msgr. Mermillodd, from Genf. from whom I received the francs, specified that in all cemeteries a cross should be erected, large or small, according to the size of the cemetery. These to be made of stone or marble, all with the same inscription. "Aux soldots, francais, mortes in captivete 1870-71". In this manner all are alike, Protestants as well as Catholics. In some areas, before this, a cross had not been allowed. 160 crosses were erected. At the completion of this, several thousand francs were left. This was given to the different churches for Masses.

For all this work I did, besides my usual duties at St. Marys, I received from the government of Wurtenburg, through the Duchess of Urach, a vote of thanks.

On New Years Day, January 1, 1873, I received a New Year's gift from the French Government. The Knight's Cross of the Legion of Honor, with a diploma and a gift of 2,000 francs for a vacation. These francs I used for the beautification of the altar at St. Mary's.

The vacation came the following year when the Prussian Kultur Kampf took over and I had to leave the country.

The solemn investiture as a knight into the Legion of Honor took place in Paris, December, 1873. The first secretary of the ministry placed the cross on my breast, all the personnel of the ministry gave the Knight's salute and congratulations. Merci.



Father Bigot's French Distinguished Service Cross

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CHAPTER SEVEN

Priests, Teachers and Nuns of the Parish

In earlier times it was not thought that young people of this country would seek a higher education, especially talented young men, to have a calling to the priesthood. People were even reluctant to talk about it. With the quiet life of the country folks, the parents had no thought of inquiring about a higher education for their sons. Even the cost of a higher education most likely would scare some parents. No helping hand, no good advice was given, so many a vocation was lost. But to the people it seemed that native priests were not necessary since quite a few were always coming over from Europe. The people had the idea that so great a sacrifice was unnecessary because they were never without a pastor and, for a small fee, missionaries were easily come by. Until the year 1887, there had been no native priests from Lo:amie.

Then, all of a sudden, there were seven young men who felt strong enough to undertake the long and strenuous studies and have the good grace to serve their Lord and Master at the altar. Five of these, to the happiness of their pastor, parents and relatives, plus the whole parish celebrated their First Holy Mass at St. Michael's.

Heinrich Schulze

The first of these to take the steps to serve at the altar was Heinrich Schulze, son of Heinrich and Maria Angela Schulze, who were some of the oldest immigrants to this country. I, myself, taught him beginner's Latin. Thereafter he attended the college at St. Meinrad, Indiana. Later he went to Baltimore and attended the well-known Seminary of St. Sulplice for four years. There he studied philosophy and theology with much success. He was ordained by Bishop Ludwig Find, of Leavenworth, Kansas, August 8, 1887. August 15, on the Feast of the Assumption, he celebrated his first Holy Mass in the new St. Michael's Church, attended not only by his many relatives but by the whole parish and many others. I myself, as pastor, preached the sermon, and many neighboring priests assisted the newly ordained one at the altar. After this Father Schulze went to Kansas where, in the diocese of Leavenworth he had several parishes to care for. He began with such vigor and vim that he soon became ill. He was sickly quite a few years and soon his priestly life came to an end. He found his final resting place and was mourned by all.

Stanislaus Neuberg

The first to follow the good example of Rev. Schulze was Stanislaus Neuberg. He was born April 8, 1860. He studied with the Fathers of the Precious Blood at Carthagena. On March 17, 1889, he was ordained by Rev. Archbishop Elder at Carthagena. He celebrated his First Holy Mass at St. Michael's on March 19, the Feast of St. Joseph. The Rev. Casper Schedeler preached the sermon and, since it was a Holy Day, the whole parish participated in the celebration. Then Father Neuberg became pastor of Sacred Heart Church, Sedalia, Missouri.

Karl Notheis

Karl Notheis was the third to offer his services to the Lord. He was born July 20, 1866, son of Leander Notheis and wife nee Broering. His father was organist and teacher for 30 long years. He was ordained June 21, 1893. Karl Notheis attended the Precious Blood Seminary at Carthagena and celebrated his First Holy Mass at Millersville, July 2, 1893, where his father had been a teacher earlier.

Chrysostomus Hummer

Chrysostomus Hummer was next, the fourth. His father Joseph and mother nee Kunkler were some of the oldest members of the parish. They moved to Minnesota for a while but soon returned so their son received his First Holy Communion at St. Michael's. He was born March 9, 1866. He also attended the Precious Blood Seminary at Carthagena. He was ordained in the Seminary Chapel at Cincinnati on June 21, 1893. He celebrated his first Holy Mass at Maria Stein, Mercer Co., on the Feast of St. John the Baptist, June 24, 1893. He became pastor of the Precious Blood Parish at Ft. Wayne, Indiana.

Hermenegild Eilerman

The fifth to follow the call of the Lord was Hermenegild Eilerman. He was born March 1, 1863, son of George H. Eilerman and his wife Thekla. I also instructed him in his first Latin, etc. Later he studied at St. Meinrad in Indiana. Then he entered the convent of St. Francis at Oldenburg, Indiana, then later attended St. Bernhard's in Cincinnati. He was ordained July 15, 1894 by Bishop Chartard of Indianapolis. He celebrated his First Holy Mass at St. Michael's on the Feast of Mary Magdalene, July 22, 1894. The Rev. Joseph Klingelstein preached the sermon. He was a long-time Provincial of the Order. At the present time Father Eilerman is stationed in Ontario, Canada.

Philomen Notheis

Philomen Notheis, brother of the Rev. Karl Notheis, was the sixth of the parish to have the good fortune of dedicating his life to the saving of souls. Leander Notheis, the father, had the happiness of seeing his second son at the altar. His mother had passed away several years prior. Philomen was born November 15, 1867. He entered the Order of the Precious Blood, therefore studied at the Carthagena Seminary. He was ordained February 14, 1896 and celebrated his First Holy Mass at St. Michael's on the Feast Day of Our Lady of Lourdes, February 24. The Rev. Killian Schill preached the sermon. At present he is assistant at St. Elizabeth's Church, Norwood, Cincinnati.

Adolph Schott

As seventh priest, we will add the name of Rev. Adolph Schott. This young priest was not born in St. Michael's Parish, but since he had no home in America, he spent most of his time with relatives - the families of Zurcher, Siegel and Brucken. His wish, and those of his relatives, was granted in that he could say his first Holy Mass at St. Michael's. He was born in Germany in Shirrheim, Strassburg, on August 12, 1867. He was the son of Mathias Schott and wife nee Zurcher. He came to America in his early years. He joined the Society of the Precious Blood and studied at Carthagena. He was ordained June 21, 1898 by Archbishop Elder and read his First Holy Mass July 5, 1898, at St. Michael's. The Rev. Gottfried Schlacter C.P.P.S., a renowned missionary,

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preached the sermon.

By now the members of St. Michael's were getting used to having special celebrations every few years and hoped soon more young men would take it upon themselves to be "Workers in the Vineyards of the Lord."

Nurses and Teachers of the Parish

During my 30 years as pastor of St. Michael's, no less than 16 teachers and ten nuns were parishioners of St. Michael's. Three of these nuns were already in the convent when I came.

Everybody will agree that the role of a priest and that of a teacher is as important as it is difficult. There must be teachers to instruct the children. As long as the children are home crawling around on the floor, or big enough to get into all kinds of mischief, the parents would say, "If they were only old enough to attend school." Then when the long summer vacation was over, could be heard,"Thank the Lord, it's time for school again." Now, if the parents with 3 or 4 children have such problems with their children, how must it be for the teacher to knock around with 40, 50 sometimes 60 children, day after day and all ages. I agree, sometimes the teacher would get impatient with some especially when they did not attend regularly. But regardless, everything was blamed on the teacher. They would say, "He does not do his duty"; or if they thought some assignment was too much to be expected of their children, they would say, "My child need not do that. When we went to school we did so and so and we're getting through this world O.K." With this outlook the district schools made a very bad showing. For this tiresome job it took much patience and work; so the school board should be on the side of the teacher, for the teacher is taking the place of the parents to instruct their children.

I am herewith listing the names of the teachers, most of whom received their First Holy Communion at St. Michael's:

Bernard Sherman	William Boerger
John Barhorst	John Hoelscher
Bernard Borchers	Frank Niederkorn
Herman Kloeker	Bernard Pleiman
Heinrich Schurman	Bernard Raterman
Joseph Kloeker	Joseph Notheis
Adolph Raterman	Frank Notheis
August Gudenkauf	Henry Gudenkauf
Dora Gudenkauf	Bernadine Gudenkauf
William Niederkorn	Helen Walkup

These young teachers, both men and ladies, well versed in German and English, were hired to teach in our parish or in nearby ones. They all made a good name for themselves, for more than once, the school examiner praised the teachers and said that many smart people came from Loramie. A lot of praise belonged to the Gudenkauf sisters. They taught the girls of the village for many years and better order than they had could not be wished for.

Quite a few girls entered the convent, two of whom were nuns when I came to Loramie.

1. Sister Raphaele Klone of the Precious Blood - she was Superior in the convent at Egypt in Auglaize County for 20 years. She is now in Wapakoneta.
2. Sister Scholastica Hummer with the Benedictines in Minnesota.
3. Sister Agnes Hummer with the Precious Blood.
4. Sister Emma Nunlist, also with the Sisters of the Precious Blood. Superior for 7 years.
5. Sister N.N. Nunlist with the Sisters of the Precious Blood.
6. Sister Elizabeth Bussing with the Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis. She died a few years after entering the convent.
7. Sister Aloysia Schilz with the Sisters of St. Joseph, Tipton, Indiana
8. Sister Ida Quinlin with the Sisters of Charity, Cincinnati
9. Sister Juliana Notheis, Precious Blood.
10. Sister Sybilla Notheis also with the Precious Blood Sisters.

Besides the many priests, teachers, and nuns of St. Michael's there were also other talented young people. Many left the parish to find work in larger cities where, often times, they got the worst jobs. There was no railroad or industry in Loramie so they were obliged to go elsewhere for work.

CHAPTER EIGHT

THE NEW BELLS

High above the humble life on earth
may it, the neighbor of thunder,
hover in the blue tent of the sky
and border on the world of the stars;
who in their course praise their creator
and lead on the crowned year.
May its metallic mouth be dedicated
only to eternal and serious things,
and may it hourly with rapid movement
touch time as it flies by.
May it lend its tongue to fate,
itself heartless, without sympathy,
may it with its vibration accompany
the hazardous game of life.
And as the sound in the ear, echoing
its mighty tones, dies away,
so may it teach that nothing is lasting,
that everything earthly fades away.

(Taken from what seems to be a poem by Johann Christoph Friedrich von Schiller, 1759-1805, called "Glocke," or "The Bell.")

This is a literal translation by Father Dominic B. Gerlach, C.P.P.S.

THE NEW BELLS

(1) Deum implore--to God I raise my voice.
(2) Festa decora--I announce the feast with my ringing.
(3) Vivos vo--The living I call to service.
(4) Mortuos plango--The head I mourn.
(5) Fulgura Frango--The showers I destroy in the sky.

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Music is something beautiful. It is above all the human voice that gives joy to the heart and soul. The pleasing sound of many voices of instruments fascinates an audience; so the ringing of bells in harmony, sounding over the country-side, lifts up the soul and calls it to service. How uplifting is the harmonious bell-ringing that calls the farmer and the laborer to worship on Sundays or to lay to rest the departed ones. How pleasing it sounds to the wanderer who has been absent from home and is greeted from afar by the bells. How uplifting to the sick, who suffered through the night, to hear the morning bells and when the solemn death bell tolls over the coffin and newly-dug grave, does it not seem that they are bidding farewell to the departed one?

Kaiser Napoleon, the Great, always opened the windows of the palace when the bells of Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris were being rung. He remained standing rigidly at the window and listened attentively with tears streaming down his cheeks.

At the end of February, 1878, the sad news came from Rome that Pope Pius IX had passed away. The whole Christendom mourned the great and beloved head of the Catholic Church. Three times a day for nine days the bells were tolled. The mass servers were given this job, and they did it so well that towards the end the bell had two tones; it was cracked. The members of the church council soon came to the parsonage and said that the members of the parish no longer enjoyed the tone of the bell, and a new one was needed. They thought that, since there were a few thousand dollars in the bank, it would be easy to do. That would have been fine I thought, but that money is for the building of a new church; to have a new bell it would be necessary to have a special collection. I knew from earlier times that the people would gladly give toward bells and organ. This was also the case now. The collection brought in $800. That was more than enough to buy a 1500-1800 lb. bell. Then the St. Ann Sodality decided a second bell should be purchased. In the meantime a new Pope Leo XIII had been chosen. Then the school children insisted on buying a third bell. It was amusing to hear this proposition from the children. I told them they had no money. "Oh just allow us to go around and we will soon collect some." In a few days they had collected $200 for a small bell. The children are good beggars and do not leave a house until they receive a donation. Now we had enough money for the three bells. I went to Cincinnati and ordered them from the firm of Vanduzen and Tift. The largest to weigh 1800 lbs. to be blessed with the name of "St. Michael", the second weighing 1200 lbs. named "Maria", the third of 500 lbs., "John Leo". All three together cost $900 (3600 marks). In only four weeks a report came the bells were finished. The canal boat brought them to Berlin; then they were taken to the church. All were thrilled over the harmony.

On the Feast of the Apostles Peter and Paul after a Solemn High Mass, by order of the Bishop, the Pastor blessed the bells. All were pleased with them. The people noticed that the bells did not sound so loud from the tower as they had from the ground. The opinion of all was they did not rumble enough; so I went to Cincinnati. I decided they should have one that rumbled. Without telling anyone I ordered a larger one weighing 3600 Lbs. This one was going to be named "Wilhelm" since I had donated a year's salary.

Of the money gathered for the first three bells, which cost $900, there was still three hundred dollars. The big one cost $1,100 so this way it could be paid. This last bell had to weigh 3600 lbs. in order to harmonize with the others; the smallest one was upper C, the big one lower C. the two others were F and A.

The first part of November, 1878, I received notice that the bell was finished and would like for me to come to check it. The teacher Hellebush from Covington, Kentucky, Mr. Dittrich and a few other men from Benziger store accompanied me to the foundry of Vandusen and Tift. We were astonished at the loud tone of this fantastic bell. The bell was sent to Berlin by canal boat in charge of John Overman as had been agreed upon.

On a Sunday evening the boat arrived by way of Piqua and Newport. Miles from Loramie the ones on the boat got the idea to ring the bell which was mounted on some sort of a stand. This could be heard far and wide. Around midnight the boat arrived at Berlin (Loramie). Then the people of the village, big and small, went to work with all sorts of tools to unload the bell. Even some farmers came in to help. It was put on a sled pulled by four horses. This new arrival was brought to the church, set up and tried out immediately. It was noted that, as long as the bell was on flat ground it did not sound right. The beautiful tone heard in Cincinnati was lost. Only if it were put in a tower 90 ft. it would have the right tone.

The second Sunday in November, 1878, the bell was blessed by Rev. Bernhard Austermann of Maria Stein and named "Wilhelm".

Next we were somewhat puzzled; now we had a big bell that grumbled but no decent tower. Mr. Anton Goehr of Minster built a temporary tower 40 ft. high but that did not help. Now we had nice bells but no decent tower. We needed a high tower and, with the tower, a new church. The bells need a tower, the tower needs a church; it was very clear that we need a new church, and all were in favor of it.

CHAPTER NINE

Building of the Church

On my first visit to Rev. Archbishop Purcell in February, 1874, he said to me, "You must work toward the building of a new church."

The old church, with a foundation of 60 x 30 ft. did not have a bad appearance. It was built in the years 1848-1850. It was built of brick and had a fine looking tower, in which hung two bells. Later the church was lengthened 20 ft. to the east, provided with a roomy sacristy which was used during the winter for Catechism and also as a week-day chapel. With the increase of parishioners this was no longer large enough. On Sundays and Holy Days it was full to capacity, even the choir loft seats were occupied. Nevertheless the idea of building a new church did not want to take root. The farmers, especially, clung stubbornly to the old. They did think it nice when they could look over another's shoulder and read in their prayer book. Also there were many things to do. They wanted to save some money and wait for some good years. Now it was November, 1870, and trouble with the bells that needed a tower, and the thought

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of building a suitable church was finally thought necessary by most.

The farmers were practically all well off after a few prosperous years and also in the city where the laborers dwelt, there was the best of will. A suggestion, encouragement and explanation from the pastor did the rest and put the project in full swing. Go ahead!

The first question, "How shall we build?" Many thought a church resembling those in the old country, only large enough for the parish; they had in mind a style resembling a barn.

At that time in 1878 there were very few architects in the country from whom to get advice. I wrote to the Father Superior of the Franciscan Convent at Cleveland, since a short time earlier the St. Joseph's Church had been built, to find out the size of it. The Father Superior answered my letter, told me the dimension of the church, not to drop the idea, to build a three aisled church, and advised me to get in touch with the architects Cudell and Richardson of Cleveland, who had built St. Joseph's Church. Before three months had passed the architect was in our midst to look over the situation and draw a few sketches. The church should be 170 ft. in length, 64 ft. in width, three aisles, the ceiling in the center aisle to be 55 ft. in height, the side 32 ft., and the tower to be 200 ft. Brick was chosen for the building material adorned and strengthened with sandstone. Special attention to be given to the front to be constructed to have a stately appearance.

The pillars of the church, as well as the window sills and arches to be sandstone. The architect promised the whole building would be Gothic style. In the rough, without windows and decorating, should cost no more than $45,000, especially if the brick were made locally and the parishioners be willing to haul the sand and sandstone. Mr. Cudell returned to Cleveland and soon sent us a picture of the front appearance of the church. Then he worked farther on the plan and the cost.

All talk in the parish was about the building of the church. Every Sunday we had a meeting, but we did not want to do anything definite until after Easter, after First Communion of the children, when the pastor would have more time to look after matters.

After Easter the first house to house collection was to take place. My suggestion was to select a building committee of 12 parishioners; this was agreeable and the following were chosen:

1. William Sherman
2. John Willman
3. Joseph Sherman
4. Bernard Pille
5. Henry Borger
6. J. D. Inderrieden
7. Clem Hilgefort
8. Herman Terhalle
9. Henry Barhorst
10. Henry Schluter
11. Henry Henke
12. Joseph Vondrelle

William Sherman was chosen treasurer and John Inderrieden as bookkeeper. The members of this committee, besides asking for donations, were also required to ask the farmers for help and other owners of wagons to help haul sand and stones.

Monday after Whit-Sunday the first house collection began. In case 20 - 25 families could be visited daily this could be finished in twelve to fourteen days. This was indeed hard work, to climb fences, to quiet the dogs both large and small, until they finally arrived at the house. But it was a real joy. Not one family or single person of the parish refused to give - $500 - $300 - $200 - $150 - $50 and some $1 were given, each according to his own means. In fourteen days $16,000 had been pledged and this was paid during the summer. Besides this, all had promised to give half of what they had given after 2 years. At the second collection some gave more than promised, for they felt they had not given enough the first time. Besides we had a savings account of $5,000, this with pledges of $16,000 and after two years another $8,000, also $1,800 from bequests and pew rent made a sum of $32,000 (28,000 marks). With that we were able to begin.

The outcome of this collection and the favorable financial statement made the people very happy, and all around people were talking about it.

Then the sodalities, families and single persons volunteered to donate a window, made of burnt glass, with a life size figure. Every window cost $170 (680 marks). One family donated the Marian Altar. Other donations were also made. They are all recorded in the book containing the intake and outgoing. When Archbishop Purcell heard of this success, he said for joy, "I always said St. Michael's would do that sometime."

August, 1879, the building site was prepared. The groundwork for the foundation and basement demanded much work. The firm of Stadtler furnished the stone, the farmers willingly brought these from the canal to the building site. Southerland and Co., renowned bridge builders, had the contract for the foundation and basement. This firm did a nice solid job. The beginning of October it was far enough along so the cornerstone could be laid. Archbishop Purcell, although in financial difficulty at that time, nevertheless came to Loramie accompanied by the Rev. F. Callaghan to perform the ceremony. October 11, 1879, he came to Sidney, where Father Drees and myself were to meet him and accompany him to Loramie, led by a group of young men on horseback. It was truly a triumphant ride, and the Archbishop cried for joy over the warm reception. The following day, Sunday, October 12, 1879, a Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Callaghan assisted by Rev. Albert Boag C.P.P.S. as deacon and Rev. Ignatius Selb C.P.P.S. as sub-deacon, Rev. Drees was master of ceremonies. Rev. Kunkler and a number of other priests were present in the sanctuary. After High Mass the blessing took place. All gathered in the church yard where, according to the ritual of the Catholic Church, the cornerstone was laid. Rev. Callaghan gave an English sermon and Rev. Kunkler a German one. The usual documents and a few coins were put in the cornerstone. After the ceremony the Archbishop spoke a few words to the people. A few are: "When the people of this parish finish this according to plans and the rough work is paid for, after two years I will return and consecrate it to the honor of God and praise of the parish."

The beautiful 78 (0) weather brought out an unusual crowd of people, from all directions, from Sidney, Piqua, Versailles, St. Marys, at least 6,000. All in all it was a beautiful day.

The front of the cornerstone was inscribed with the following:

This cornerstone was laid by the
Rev. Archbishop of Cincinnati

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John Baptist Purcell
Sunday, October 12, 1879 A.D.
Feast of the Motherhood of the Blessed Virgin Mary,
to the greater honor and glory of God.

In the afternoon the Archbishop with an escort went to Minster for Confirmation. Later he returned sick to Cincinnati and never again came back to this territory.

After the cornerstone laying winter came along and building came to a standstill. The foundation was finished and our account was $6,000 lighter. Now it was time to consider the contracts to be taken care of within the following two years. The architect firm of Cudell and Richardson of Cleveland sent the plans and cost, and Anton Goehr of Minster was hired as supervisor of the workers for the entire period of church building. Mr. Southerland, a renowned stone and bridge builder laid the strong walls of the foundation. Mr. Heinrich Quatmann, a prominent Ft. Loramie citizen, promised to have 1,800,000 best brick ready. By recommendation of the architect a bricklayer was found nearby; so we need not go far for that.

Mr. Quatmann furnished the best brick which at that time could be bought for $4.50 per thousand. The stone and brick were hauled by the farmers for free thus saving more than $1,000.

Mr. John Deman of Defiance, Ohio, did the masonry for $3.50 per thousand. This firm did outstanding work. The Mr.'s Worthington, the owners of the Berea sandpits, furnished 8,000 cu. ft. of sandstone @ $0.16 per cu. ft. instead of the regular price of $0.22. The firm gave us this price reduction for they also had the contract to deliver the stone for the Shelby County Courthouse.

Mr. John Bayes & Co. worked up this 8,000 c.f. for the inside and outside of the church.

The firm Sanfleet of Toledo furnished the material and work for all the woodwork for the arches, rafters and tower. Mr. Hayes of Sidney took over the plastering. John Inderrieden had the contract for the metal and iron work.

Mr. Adam Schwartz put down the floor in the church and took over the work to change the old church into a sacristy and everyday chapel.

The well known firm of Booth and Riester, Buffalo, furnished the windows, 22 in all, most with life-size figures. Mr. Nefele took care of all fresco paintings in the entire church.

Mr. Schroeder contracted for the artistic high and side altars, the pulpit, communion rail and later for the Sacred Heart and Guardian Angel monuments.

All the statues, 18 in all, and the fourteen stations were purchased from the firm of Pustett in Munich and delivered through their branch in Cincinnati. The firm Schafer of Milwaukee contracted for the organ with 22 keys.

A firm from Delphos contracted the 800 pews.

The mortar came from Sidney and Piqua.

The best quality sand near Pickavillany River, now Loramie Creek.

It was a joy to see how all in the parish helped willingly. When sand or stone was needed all that was necessary was to say a word on Sunday, and regularly fifteen to twenty wagons were on hand the next morning. Just to think how much material is needed for so large a building one could see the worth of this donated time.

All the above work was done during the years 1879-1881 without the least incident. For this we were grateful to the different contractors, who not only did good work but also took the necessary safety measures. The beautiful front went up slowly. The entire masonry appeared to be strong and all took great pleasure in watching. Soon it was ready for the roof and the tower projected 260 ft. In the meantime the inner part was progressing nicely. Unfortunately Archbishop Purcell was ill in the Ursuline Convent, St. Martins in Brown Co., for the work was progressing nicely and soon consecration could be thought of. He gave the auxiliary bishop the instruction to take care of the consecration.

The difference between a consecrated church and one that is blessed is:

1. The house of God, inside and out must be of a solid nature and be built according to the wishes of the Church. A frame church can never be consecrated.

2. There must be a parish who are able to support the church and care for an appointed pastor.

3. The church must be debt free or at least in no way be in financial trouble.

4. The church is not allowed to be used for anything else but service to God, without the Bishop's permission.

5. The church must be put in the Bishop's trust.

All the above conditions were fulfilled and the Archbishop declared he was ready for consecration. The day of consecration was Sunday, October 2, the Feast of the Holy Rosary. The day before the consecration was a day of fast for the parish.

The Rev. Bishop Wm. H. Elder came to Sidney the evening before, accompanied by the Vicar General, Rev. Otto Jair, OFM, and the Chancellor of the diocese, Rev. Heinrich Moller. Rev. F. Drees and I had gone to Sidney to meet the Honorable Reverends. Already at the parsonage were Rev. Nikels of Dayton, the Rev. John Kayser from Norwood, Ohio, the Rev. John Bourrion from Bellefontaine, and many others, who were awaiting the Bishop and to assist the following day. About five miles east of the village seventy to eighty young men on horseback had gathered to escort the Bishop and his Aides. All members of the parish, also some strangers, were on hand at the entrance of the village to escort the Bishop. The procession with its beautiful banners and newly purchased canopy, bells ringing and cannon shooting, made its way toward the church. Under the canopy was carried a skillfully-made shrine containing holy relics which were to be locked in the High Altar the following day, the day of consecration. Quite a few people spent all night in the chapel to guard the holy relics. At eight in the evening the Bishop and Priests recited the Litany of All Saints. The relics of the saints in the High Altar are: 1) St. Laetus, 2) St. Prosperus, 3) St. Reparata.

The next morning on the feast day the bells rang at 5 o'clock. The Bishop and Priests were there punctually at six and the usually sublime service began. Bishop Elder performed the consecration in

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every detail, according to the prescribed rite. He said this was the first church he had ever consecrated; so therefore he took utmost care. The Rev. Kanzler and the Rev. H. Moller, our present bishop, were masters of ceremony for the entire celebration. The Rev. H. Bourrion and the Rev. Albert Boag took care of the singing litany, etc.

After the consecration which lasted from six in the morning until 10:30, Bishop Elder still wished to celebrate a Pontifical Mass, at which the Rev. Otto Jair, OFM, was assistant and the Rev. P. Kunkler and Rev. Drees were honorary deacons at the throne. The Rev. Vandenbrock of Egypt acted as deacon and the Rev. Francis Roth from Russia sub-deacon. After the Pontifical Mass the Rev. Nikols from Dayton gave a sermon. He spoke about the beauty and majesty of the House of God. This was followed by a closing talk by Bishop Elder. At Vespers the Rev. Otto preached. He congratulated the parish and advised them to remain zealous. The Rev. F. Steinlage from Piqua was there with his choir and orchestra, since the organ was not yet completely installed. The entire celebration lasted from six in the morning until 12:30 in the afternoon. The mass servers, in order not be late, remained in the church all night. They slept on the carpet in the sanctuary.

Unfortunately the weather was not as favorable as it had been by the laying of the cornerstone. After three months of dry weather, it began to rain the evening before the celebration and it rained all night. Regardless, at least six thousand were present for the celebration and ceremonies.

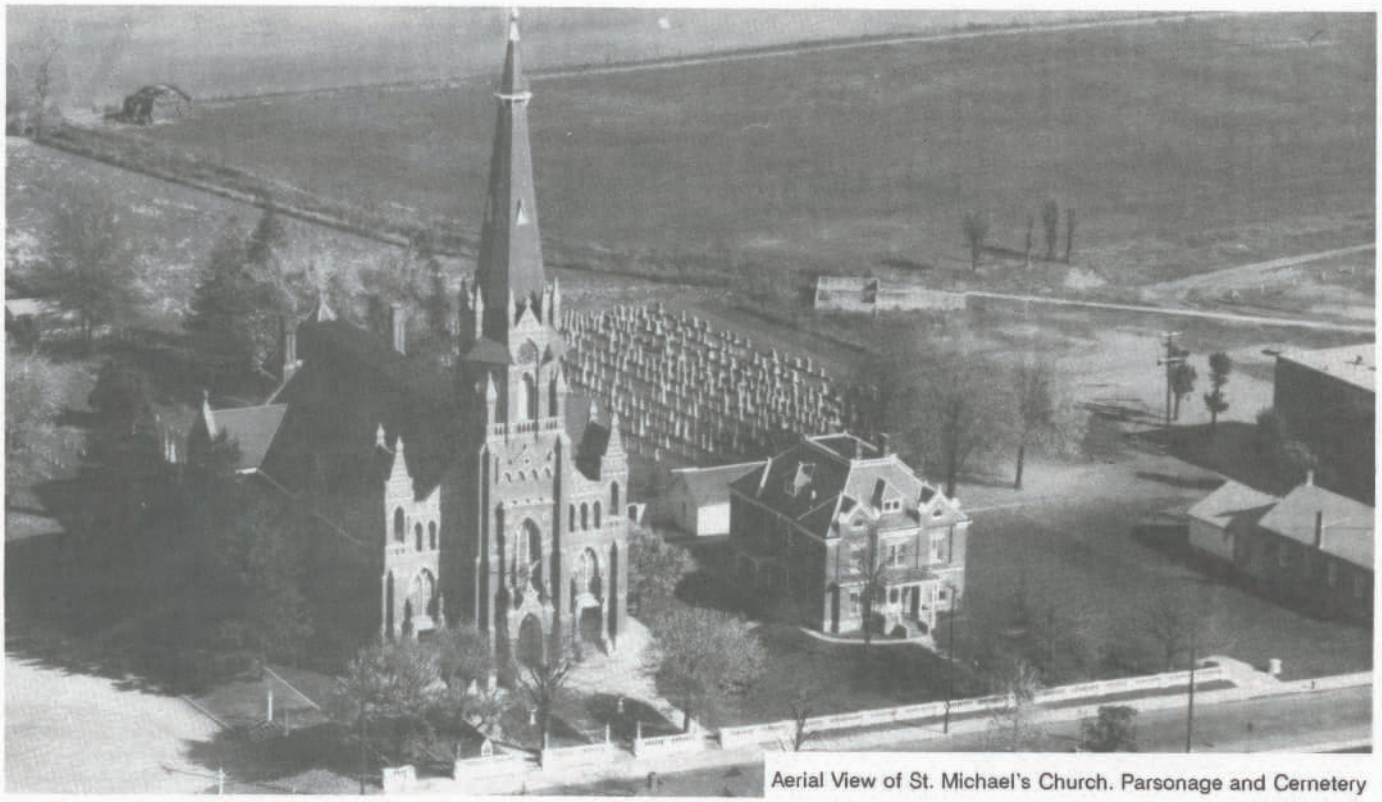
The following day the Bishop returned to Cincinnati, happy to have been a participant in so beautiful a ceremony and at having completed this exceptional task.

Besides Bishop Elder, who was the consecrator, the following priests were present:

1. The Very Rev. Otto Jair, General Vicar
2. Very Rev. H. Moller, Chancellor and Master of Ceremonies
3. Very Rev. Andrew Kunkler, Minster, Ohio
4. Very Rev. Henry Drees, Carthagena, Ohio
5. Rev. Father John Vandenbrook, Egypt, Ohio
6. Rev. John Bourrion, Bellefontaine, Ohio
7. Rev. Father Steinlage, Piqua, Ohio
8. Rev. Alcides Bourrion, Versailles, Ohio
9. Rev. Father Nikels, St. Marys Institute, Dayton, Ohio
10. Rev. J. B. Kayser, Norwood, Ohio
11. Rev. Dominic Schunk, McCartyville, Ohio
12. Rev. Albert Boag, Minster, Ohio
13. Rev. Francis Roth, Russia, Ohio
14. Rev. Julius Heffner, Minster, Ohio
15. Rev. William Bigot

The following is chiseled in the cornerstone:

In honor of St. Michael, the Archangel,
the Right Rev. Bishop Elder from Cincinnati
performed the solemn consecration
ceremonies
on October 2, 1881,
the Feast of the Holy Rosary
in the presence of a large crowd.



Aerial View of St. Michael's Church. Parsonage and Cemetery

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CHAPTER TEN

St. Michael's Parish from 1874 - 1903

Part I

Pastoral Duties to the Parish

In the fourth chapter of this book I told about my first work and experience in the parish, about the organization of sodalities, about the first impression of the country and people. I also told about taking the census, its completion by trusted ones, to find out the expansion, condition and morale of the people in the far territory, so the pastor could labor joyfully and cheerfully.

All considered to pay proper attention to the division of the church year in different liturgical divisions or classifications. The three great feast days, Christmas, Easter and Pentecost, give the Christian a full knowledge of his duty to God. To prepare the Christians for the great feast of Christmas, the Rorate Mass was celebrated every morning during Advent. The choir sang Rorate Coeli, with other German songs. With the arrival of Christmas the eagerness of the children to visit the church knew no bounds. The beautiful crib put up yearly and the many fir trees made the place seem like a forest. The many candles and colored lights called even the not so eager ones to church. The services were always well attended, even though the farmers had to come a distance of four to six miles. The 8:30 or Shepherd's Mass, was especially for the children. The later Mass was a Cacillian Mass. One of the outstanding parts of celebrating Christmas in our parish was the devotion to the Child Jesus. Evenings at 6:30 from Christmas until the Feast of Epiphany, the patron feast of The Child Jesus Society, we had a procession through the church with the statue of the Child Jesus. The last evening a solemn blessing was given the children.

Following Christmas-time was Lent in preparation for Easter. On Wednesday and Friday after Mass we had lenten devotions. For many years I had devotions for both sexes which were well attended. On Friday, after Mass, I had sermon and benediction, also the Way of the Cross. On Palm Sunday the procession, with the blessed palms and singing of the Passion, took place; this was always a big day for the parish.

The last three days of Holy Week, with their impressive ceremonies, the Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, and especially the glorious Resurrection Services on Saturday evening at eight o'clock, were well attended; for this St. Michael's became known in the whole territory. At this time the big church was filled with parishioners and many others of different faiths.

Regularly on Whit Sunday was First communion celebration. This was done yearly with an escort of young men.

The third part of the Church year began with Pentecost, which began with a silent prayer of veneration, worship and invocation to the Holy Ghost.

The Corpus Christi Feast inspired the hearts and souls of Christians with true happiness. We had solemn procession with the Blessed Sacrament around the village, the bells ringing, the choir singing and the participation of the people added to it a splendor which was not to be seen any better in large parishes in Germany. The people built four beautiful altars, which was no trifling sacrifice.

The remaining feasts of the year, Ascension, Assumption, All Saints and Immaculate Conception were celebrated with complete church services, just as in Germany. On All Saints and All Souls most of the people received Holy Communion.

The patron Feast of St. Michael's, September 29th, was celebrated and many neighboring priests came to help celebrate. The consecration of the church, October 2, was also celebrated yearly, that is within the octave of the feast, which is customary in the Catholic Church. Also some feasts that do not fall on Sunday, such as the Feast of the Three Kings, the Annunciation, the Second Christmas and Easter Monday were remembered. The people thought that on these days there should be a High Mass, sermon and benediction. Also in all German parishes Candlemas and St. Joseph's were observed.

It was a very good year regarding the attending of services, and the receiving of the Sacraments increased each year. The first communicants went every month, the second communicants retained this habit and also went every month. There were none in the parish that did not make their Easter Duty, and all went to the table of the Lord again at Forty Hours. During Forty Hours a good many priests came to Loramie to help.

The sodalities are always a good prop for the pastor, and even for the parish itself. Many things are necessary for the church, parsonage, church services and celebrations, when the pastor does not care to ask the parishioners. The sodalities always help if they know what is needed. This was very much the case at St. Michael's. Each sodality purchased an expensive banner from Lyons, France: St. Ann Ladies; Holy Mary Young Ladies; St. Lawrence Young Men and one for the Child Jesus Society. Each has its own beautiful banner to carry in processions. The different sodalities helped with buying of the new bells and also the expensive new windows. What would a country priest do if he had no sodalities? The different sodalities remained steadfastly with the practice of procession, High Mass, Sermon and Communion, also Benediction on their particular feast day.

The month of May, Rosary month of October, and November, All Souls month, were very much liked by the people and were well observed.

All these different devotions must be taken care of with a Mass, since the farmers attended services less in the evening and it was not safe for the young to go home at night. It was a joy to see that, in the month of May, when the bells rang, the people would come to church from far and near.

Once the new church was finished more Missions were held to uplift the religious spirit. The first Mission took place in the latter part of May, 1882. The Rev. Jesuit Fathers Karstatter, Haverstadt and Von Gudens had the mission. This was an event for the parish for never before had such a Mission taken place and all felt themselves to be fortunate to take part in this time of grace. Three times a day for eight days the church was filled. The sermons and instructions for the different groups were very distinguished. The second Mission took place in 1889 also

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in May. This time the Redemptionist Fathers P. Schwartz and P. Zinnen, who, with their instruction and advice, delighted the people. P. Zinnen, with his winning voice, lengthened his sermon at least twenty minutes every evening, because the acoustics of the church was so exceptional; he would have liked to have gone on for hours. At both Missions the whole parish went to the table of the Lord.

In the year 1876 something unusual happened namely, a robbery in the parsonage and the church. The day before Trinity Sunday a band of thieves wandered around by the lake and also in the village. These suspicious-looking men were seen, but nobody paid any attention to them until Monday morning when the deed came out in the open. Some thieves had broken into the parsonage and taken articles worth $80. During this time the rest of the gang began their work in the church. Three expensive chalices in a cupboard in the sacristy could easily have been taken. In the tabernacle was a new ciborium worth $110, a beautiful monstrance, brought here from Köln. The thieves were working on the tabernacle when they were surprised and chased by some young people, who were passing the church at one in the morning on their way home. They did not get anything in the church, but the monstrance, ciborium, chalice, etc. were strewn around on the floor. Only what they had taken in the parsonage was gone.

The leader of the gang was a sturdy Spaniard who was later caught in Greenville and jailed five years for various thefts.

SECOND PART

Religious Instruction

An important and, at the same time, difficult task of the pastor is the religious instruction of the children, especially in rural areas where there is not parochial school, and the children are in different district schools. This is the case of the large and widespread parish of Berlin (Loramie). In the entire parish are at least 325 school children in 226 families. This count of school children is divided into nine district schools; and these nine schools are not even in one township, not even in one county. As I said in a former chapter, because the parish extends out eleven miles, that the school district is in four different townships and two different counties. Nevertheless, the best classes are found in the five schools of McLean Township. In these schools were practically all Catholic children and Catholic teachers. But the rest of the children who not only lived far from church, but attended school with Protestants, were a little more of a worry for the pastor. He had the responsibility and care of these as well as of those who lived near the church and attended a parochial school, because all are his children. Nevertheless, on account of the importance of education and religious instruction, the church and schools should get together. The religious instruction should take place every day for the children. A school without religion is like food without salt and pepper. About this principle nothing more need be said for the results of the parochial schools are clear to all reasonable people. In these days the spirit of the age, the tendency is on the way for slackness in religion and free thinking so all states and parishes must help themselves. Some are satisfied with schools without religion, other with parochial schools where freedom of religion was allowed; others have their own remedies.

Concerning St. Michael's I found in the oldest parish record that a parochial school had been established in 1838 and upheld by the people. Later as the parish became larger and German Catholics settled far around, the parochial school was dropped. It was said that since all the residents are Catholic and besides all German, there was no need for a parochial school. Catholic teachers were hired in all schools, the pastor and the Church did the rest. This way one could get by and no need for tuition. This viewpoint was discussed on different occasions with the various schoolboards. If the schoolboard and teacher were in agreement with the pastor, a specified time was set aside for religion. In theory it was taken to be a good idea, but the practice of it was often quite different. The district board usually promised the best. Some on account of the relationship had difficulty with the teacher. Then came the mixed districts, in which most were Protestants; naturally the Catholic children had no religion instruction and yet these children should be prepared for Holy Communion.

Otherwise things went along quite well in the German Catholic school until a new schoolboard member is chosen or a new teacher is hired. Then this or that newly elected schoolboard member would come forth with the inevitable "law", or this or that teacher would be dissatisfied with the regulation, who then would get in contact with the county board. So it also happened that twice during my 30 years I was really told off, that I, as a Catholic Priest, should mix in school affairs. It is to be thought that at every misunderstanding in the school district the priest is drawn into it. Furthermore, such indecision could not attain results.

A proper parochial school could not very easily be built. The four classes in the village school were near church, but the other children who were three to four miles out could not have come to the parochial school daily. So from the beginning of my pastorate until the end, I took care of religious instruction myself. Besides regular Sunday instructions, I had the children every Tuesday and Thursday from nine to eleven, from All Saints until Easter. In earlier years we had religion in the afternoon also. I had religious instruction, cathechism and Bible History. The Communion class was usually composed of 40 - 80 boys and girls, enough to keep a priest occupied. The small children were taken care of in school.

Once the Holy Communion celebration was over with, the pastor had more time for the small children. During the nice part of the year, once the weather was milder and the roads better they would come once a week for religion in the church. They were happy to come - often 150.

I must praise the parents and the children for the religious instructions were always well attended. This was not only willingly but also regularly; which was often very tiresome, but no hour was ever lost. It was often very difficult, for there was the building of the church and parsonage to take care of. But when I saw the eagerness of the children and their sacrifice I did not feel like being pushed aside. Often when the weather and roads were bad I would think,

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if only the children wouldn't come, but all were there, and those that live the farthest with the worst roads usually were the first. When I remarked about this to the parents, that perhaps it would be better if they kept the children home in bad weather, I could hear the answer, "The children insist on coming!" The farmers took this opportunity to take care of their business in town so they brought the children along in their buggy or spring wagon.

The studying was good and an eagerness ruled which was a great honor for the children and a joy for the priest. During many of the years there were quite a few talented boys and girls who vied with each other to be the best. There were usually 30 - 40 aspirants and just as many older ones that came, so there would be a class of 70 - 80. The second Communicants understood much better. They were older and had received the same intruction the year before. They studied in both languages, English and German, equally well, so that when Archbishop Elder came for Confirmation he said, "I never saw so many intelligent children as here."

As I already remarked, the memorizing was good, which meant more effort, but this point I stressed. A good example, for instance, by explaining the ninth article of the creed. "I believe in one Holy Catholic Apostolic Church", and also by explaining; "You are Peter and upon this rock I will build my Church". Now the words 'church' and 'rock'. They knew the meaning of Church. The Church is the Communion of all righteous believers on earth, under the head of the Pope, united with the Bishops and Priests. Yet every year I receive the same answer, "The Church is the house of God. But a rock (mountain), I asked the children if they knew what a mountain was, but received no answer. St. Michael's is built on a plateau, so none had ever seen a mountain. Then one small boy held up his hand. For this boy, Henry, it was very difficult to memorize, therefore, all the children laughed when he held up his hand. I scolded them for their unbecoming behavior, cheered up the little boy and asked him again. He put his finger to his mouth and said, "A rock is something out of which water flows." The little one had seen a picture in his Bible History in which Moses struck the rock and water flowed out. "Bravo!", I said and rewarded him with a pretty picture. He had more understanding than memory. In this manner I had instruction for 30 years and to this day I do not regret it.

PART THREE

Visiting the Sick

The visiting of the sick in a widespread farm parish like St. Michael's, is a very difficult and strenous task for the pastor. One third of the parishioners - 80 farm families - live east and southeast of the church, five to six miles out. Another third -90 families - live in the village, and the other third live to the west, out six to seven miles. To the north are very few members, since St. Augustine, Minster, in Auglaize Co., is only three miles north of Berlin, St. Michael's. In the south St. Michael's borders the Moravian Brethren, which are located between Loramie and Wynant (Newport). The distance from east to west is eleven to twelve miles, which is unusually difficult when the priest is called out day or night and often in very bad weather.

Oftentimes in the early years I was called for and taken to Newport, sometimes to Russia and once to North Star on a very cold and stormy December 14.

The bad roads made this strenuous service more difficult; at this time there were no railroads or street cars. In 1874 when I came to Loramie there were only seven miles of pike in all of McLean township. Four miles near Sidney and three miles near Frenchtown. All other roads were so-called mud roads. On higher ground, where the base is sandy, these mud roads soon dry up but where the base ground is mostly dark, rich ground or blue clay, the mud roads are bottomless and therefore impassable with any kind of wagon. At that time the farmers had no vehicles as they have now. Mostly, they had a worn out buggy or an open spring wagon. So it went, by winter, by storm and rain, through snow and cold, half or the whole night to visit the sick. The unhealthy air in the entire region of Loramie Reservoir and the canal bred malaria and so-called gall fever which, especially during the fall, kept the pastor busy. In the first days I kept a record of the sick calls and notice that in the year of 1875-1876 from the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, December 8, until Candelmas, February 2, I had made 16 calls during the night, besides those during the day. So it was at all times. Telling and pleading with the people that one did not always like to go out at night did no good; then they would harass the priest by asking if he were too comfortable. In one case I asked a farmer who was getting me during the night whether he had not taken me to the same sick person a few nights earlier and if this wasn't risky for him. He gave me this drastic answer, "Yes, Father, during the day we need our horses." The horses are spared more than the priest.

Should someone die, then at noon after the Angelus, the death bell is tolled for five minutes. The big thirty-five hundred weight bell could be heard over the whole parish. I am also positive that this death bell made other sick people feel uneasy, then in the evening I would be called out twice. It seemed to be the opinion of the parish that no one could make the trip into eternity alone, and it often happened that three or four passed away right after each other. I had often made up my mind to quit ringing the bell, but that also had its problems; for all thought it a necessity to have the bell rung for their loved ones. Here are a few examples of how lightly the people thought about sick calls. It was a very stormy night toward the end of November. It was pouring rain without end, the mud roads were in very bad shape. Far to the east is the Irish settlement of St. Patrick. This small parish, half being Irish, did not belong to my district, but the people came to Berlin for it was nearer than Minster. On this stormy evening, around 10:00 a very loud knock on the door.

"Is somebody there?"

"Yes, I, Joseph Sh--------"

"What's wrong?"

"You should come to Mrs. F. at St. Patrick. She is asking for a priest."

I made myself ready and in a short time we were on our way. Soon we were nearing Sherman Road. In rainy weather the water in the reservoir rises very high. Now in places it was at least a foot over the road and our wagon had to go through water. Step

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by step the heavy footsteps of the horse splashed water over our heads. About midnight we came to the log house of Mrs. F. In a large well-warmed room there were only an old lady and a sixteen-year-old girl who immediately fled to the kitchen to keep the driver company. The old lady sat at the table with a thick pancake on her plate and next to it a cup of coffee. I was surprised and asked the lady whether there was anybody sick here, or whether I was at the wrong place. "Yes, Father", said the old lady, "Early in the evening I was very sick, sit down and have some pancakes with me; they would be good for you in this bad weather." I thanked her for her offer and also reminded her how unnecessary it was to get a priest out in such weather and such roads. The old lady had forgotten that it was after midnight and pancakes and coffee were not allowed. Around one I started for home and got there around 2:30, cold, wet, splashed over with mud. In the morning at ten I had a large funeral. By that time the pancakes and coffee lurked temptingly before my eyes.

Another time it was worse. I was called out three times in one night. This was on the third Sunday in Lent. The Lenten Sundays are difficult enough for the priest without these calls, and I was not feeling too well myself. Around eight o'clock I thought I'd go to bed earlier than usual and was about half undressed when the doorbell rang. It was a young farmer who wanted to get me for his eighty-nine year old father. "Your father was in for Lenten services, the Way of the Cross, this afternoon, is he then so sick?" "Yes, on the way home he had an attack of dizziness, so we had to take him home." The farm was only one mile east of the church. This could be taken care of within an hour. People at such an old age, with fainting spells are always in danger, therefore, I brought the sick the last Sacraments and returned home. I went to bed and tried to go to sleep when the bell rang again. Mr. H. was there to get me for the wife of John E. who lived four miles to the east. I was soon ready and away we went in a slow trot. In the meantime the moon was peeping through the broken clouds and soon we had a hail storm which did make the horse go forward a little more rapidly. Soon we arrived there. It was about 1:30. As soon as I entered the house I heard the voice of the well-known sick lady. I went directly to the sick room and saw the lady sitting up in bed with a cup of coffee. I said,"You surely aren't sick!" "Oh, Rev. Father, I was very sick but now I have a good appetite." "Then everything is all right", I said, and after a few cheering words I was on my way home. I went to bed for the second time. Just then the bell rang again. This time I should come to a sick boy who was very ill with diphtheria. He lived 1-1/2 miles to the west. He was a member of the class that was to receive Holy Communion. I saw immediately that there was no hope for him so he received Holy Communion, Articulo Mortes, and Extreme Unction. Two hours later he passed away. The school children carried him to his grave. I came home exactly in time to celebrate the eight o'clock Mass. Whenever the priest seemed tired and overworked, the people would say, "The priest can't take anything." Nobody had any idea of the kind of night I just had.

The third time was more amusing than earnest. It was in the fall. The foot paths are good. In the fall many young men, big and little, attend Vespers on Sunday afternoon, then go into the woods to hunt squirrels. At one such occasion so much powder was shot, that the forest got on fire. The whole atmosphere was full of smoke and smelled of fire. Moreover the weather was fine. I sat by the window until late at night and gazed into the smoky air when suddenly I heard the rattle of a wagon coming. Soon the well known "Whoa" could be heard. Two well-built young men left the two-seated spring wagon. One came forward, when he saw me sitting at the window upstairs and called, "Rev. Father, you should come along and bring three hosts, they are all dying." That seems like wholesale, I thought to myself, and was ready in a few minutes. I must say that, with such beautiful weather, an evening pleasure trip would be quite agreeable. We drove two miles to the west on a good road, then we had to turn and go right into the burning forest. At first I was somewhat scared, because I feared the horses wouldn't go ahead or get burned. They went very calmly through the burning trees that raged like burning pillars high up in the air. They went on without any trouble. It was around ten when we arrived at the farm where all lay dying. I went into the house and found the first large room filled with people. That is the habit in the country. Should anyone happen to be sick, all the neighboring families come, especially on Sunday afternoon. Everybody comes to see the sick and stares him in the face; this often excites him and makes him sicker than he really is. The consequence of this is "We must get the priest."

This was also the case now. I went into the next room. There lay the mother quietly in bed asleep. "What's wrong?". I asked. "Oh", answered the woman, "I have gall fever and felt ready to die. The doctor gave me some medicine and now I feel real well." "That is fine, from time to time take a sip of store tea and rest and soon you will be as good as ever." From another bed I heard a light snoring. "Who's there?" I asked. "That is son, Henry, he was just like his mother, deathly sick, and now he's sleeping." "Let him sleep, do not waken him, there is no danger." From another room I could hear groaning and complaining. That was the father. He had the same problem. The doctor had also given him some medicine and soon he too would be out of misery.

I remained with the people an hour; then returned home through the burning forest. There had been no need to administer the Sacraments to the three, for in a few days they were up and around again. So it was when the gall fever was at its worst. This usually happened in the fall of the year when the malarial fumes made almost all sick. Thus it was the first ten to twelve years of my time in the parish. Now it is much better. The farmers have spent much money to drain their land and thus are free of the poisonous swamps. Now the air is quite different; even though the canal and reservoir still cause some trouble, it is much more endurable than formerly.

Even the roads have improved. The mud roads have changed to pikes so that one can get around better; and it is more convenient to visit the sick.

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CHAPTER ELEVEN

Silver Jubilee of the Pastor - May 22, 1889
An excerpt from an article written in the paper

One could notice the fact that all was kept quiet concerning the jubilee. It was also known that in the last months many letters had come from Europe, some from his brother, whose parish was in the diocese of Strassburg in Elsasz and from his two sisters who were teachers in Strassburg. It seemed everything was in order to celebrate the jubilee in the old country, in the midst of his family, while on this side the Berliners were doing their utmost to keep him here.

The first suggestion about the feast was given at the priest conference in Urbana (now Sidney) of which father Bigot was a member and also secretary, besides there were other friends at the meeting. Without knowledge of the Jubilarian, the conference named a committee consisting of the Very Rev. Murray from Urbana, Rev. Father Quatman, Sidney and Rev. F. H. Bene, Troy. These asked the Rev. Chris Nigsh, Minster, Mr. J. Lutz, St. Marys and Mr. Thedick, Sidney as active members. The Jubilarian could not help but notice that something out of the ordinary was going on.

Among the members of the different sodalities, the teachers and school children, there was a certain secretive movement. Practically every week the fire bell was rung calling the people to new duties. What could it be?

The 22nd of May was nearing; this could no longer be a secret to the Jubilarian. The preparation in the church, parsonage and schools of the parish showed clearly that something was going on.

On Monday, May 20th, the Rev. J. B. Kayser of Norwood, a long time friend of the Jubilarian and also a classmate of his arrived. Tuesday the Rev. F. Quatman, Sidney; the Rev. Erhard Fritz, McCartyville, Rev. Nicholas Pairy, Newport arrived.

The eve of the celebration was at hand. Around four in the afternoon, the Rev. Quatman and Rev. Kayser and six members of the committee and the secretary went to the parsonage to invite the Jubilarian to the schoolhouse where they had something to tell him. The cannon was fired, all four bells rung and there was loud jubilation from the parishioners who were assembled and lined up from the church to the school, at least 700. Banners, garlands, flowers and emblems were all over the village. Arriving at the school, where it was crowded, the school children sang a beautiful song of welcome; then Father Quatman and Father Kayser came forth and presented the Jubilarian with a proclamation from Archbishop Elder. The contents of this gift, written personally by the Archbishop gave the Jubilarian such praise that he will always be held in the greatest esteem. Then the school children and mass servers presented him with some valuable gifts: silver mass cruets, bouquets, etc. Then John Willman, the senior of the church committee, came forth, and in the name of the men of the parish, presented the Jubilarian with a silver-studded and the latest and best arranged phaeton worth several hundred dollars. The young men presented him with a silver stand for his mass book worth just as much. The ladies presented him with a beautiful gold decorated mass vestment, imported by Benziger Bros., besides they also presented him a silver tea set. The young ladies brought a very beautiful stole embroidered by the Precious Blood Nuns. The Jubilarian was greatly moved and happy about everything and thanked all. What could hardly be accomplished in a large city parish, the small country parish of Berlin has done. The Jubilarian was obliged to try the phaeton so a horse was hitched to it, and accompanied by Father Quatman, they went for a pleasure ride to the great joy of the parish.

Back in the parsonage there was still no end to the celebration. The priests present in the parsonage presented him in the name of the members of the conference, a beautiful solid silver, gold embossed chalice, a bound breviary, and a beautiful example of a silver water holder. The family Terhalle-Ronnebaum from Cincinnati could not deny their attachment to St. Michael's. They came to the celebration with well-filled hands for the priest and for the house of God. They presented their old friend and pastor of Berlin with a beautiful lamp. Mr. I. H. Thedick presented him with a gold-knobbed walking stick; from Pipers in Sidney came a beautiful four-tiered cake. The honor students, choir boys and singers did not remain in the background. Matt Willman, Cincinnati, and John Willman from Omaha sent their contratulations. The Rev. Lutz, neighbor and long time friend, put up a very artistically designed gold framed plaque on which the insignia of the priesthood is engraved between garlands of flowers and symbols. In the evening dozens of dispatches arrived from Europe and America. Now this, thought the Jubilarian, was enough for the evening. How could he take any more since he was to celebrate the High Mass the next day. Then all of a sudden there was cannon shooting, and with new vigor, more ringing of the bells. The Loramie music corps appeared and had a serenade, and at the same time the front of the church was lit up with fireworks and noise which seemed to have no end. All this was interrupted with loud hurrahs to greet the Rev. Quatman who was to give a talk.

Toward midnight things quieted down and abstaining for the next day had to be put into effect.

During the night cool weather and rain came along which all his friends and the priests would like to have postponed. But, regardless, the whole parish, besides many friends were up and about early. At ten there was a beautiful procession of about 300 school children, 150 of these white-dressed girls, 30 mass servers, the band in the lead, at the end 20 priests. Amid cannon shooting and bell ringing the Jubilarian was escorted into the church. At the entrance of the church one of the girls handed him a pillow on which was a silver wreath made by the Precious Blood Nuns, at the same time she recited an appropriate poem.

Now they were in the House of God. What splendor, what glamour greeted them! Here everything had been done to make the Jubilarian happy for isn't his whole life and death planned for the welfare of the church! Everywhere were rich and significant banners, which the decorator Mr. Hefele, a friend of the Jubilarian, had made. He had decorated the altar wherever possible. Eighteen large cedars were in the choir loft and between the pillars in the church. On every tree were 25 red roses. After the hymn Veni Creator, the Solemn High Mass began, with Rev. Thomas Eisenring from St. John as

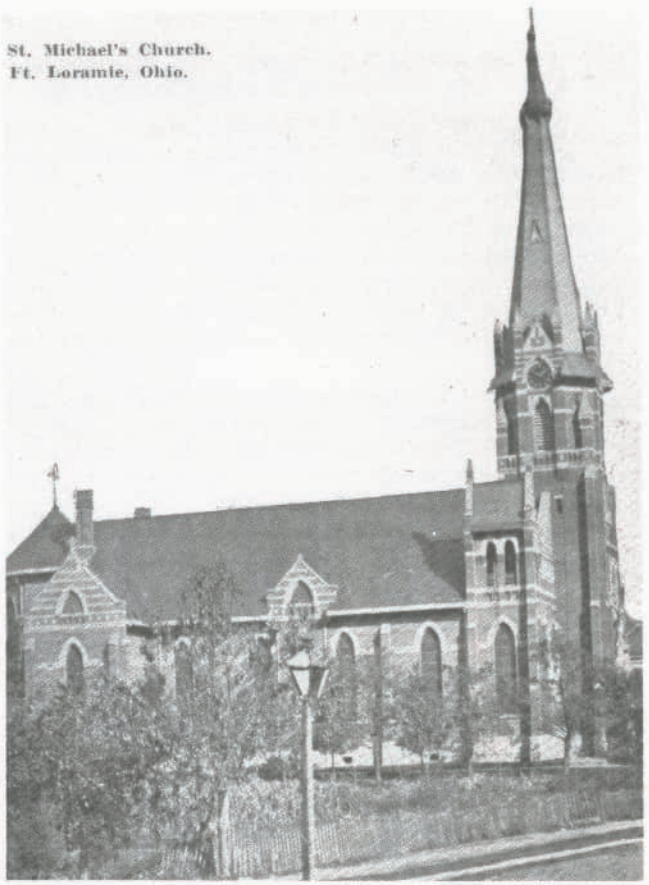
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deacon, Rev. J. Lutz sub- deacon, and with Rev. Franz Quatman and Rev. H. Vandenbrock from Egypt, Ohio as masters of ceremony. The Jubilarian celebrated the Solemn Mass. Many thought he was over 50, while he was barely 40. After the gospel the Rev. A. M. Quatman had an outstanding German sermon, after which the Rev. F. H. Bene, Troy, preached an English sermon. For the close the Jubilarian had a few words of thanks for the priests and people.

Holy God We Praise Thy Name ended the ceremonies. All the school children of the parish were rewarded with candy.

Besides the above-named priests the following priests were also present in the sanctuary: Rev. J. B. Kayser, Norwood; Rev. G. F. Steinlage, Piqua; Rev. Christian Nigsh, Minster; Rev. Aug. M. Quatman, Cincinnati; Rev. F. Schalk, Wapakoneta; Rev. N. Eilerman, Botkins; Rev. H. Daniel, Freyburg; Rev. F. Quatman, Sidney; Rev. F. H. Bene, Troy; Rev. Erhard Fritz, McCartyville; Rev. H. Nageleisen, Glenwood; Rev. M. Poiry, Newport; Rev. Schirck Minster.

After the services, guests 35 in all; assembled for a meal, and all remarked how the parishioners of Berlin know how to honor their pastor. So may the Shepherd and his flock work together for the honor and glory of God! The writer of this article is not a member of St. Michael's, but let it be said, "What many a city parish cannot do, Berlin will accomplish."





The New Priest House

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CHAPTER TWELVE

Trip to Europe

I had made up my mind that in the year 1890 I would take a trip to my home in Oberelsasz, Germany, and at the same time, if circumstances allowed, to make a pilgrimage to Rome and the Holy Land. After working 28 years I thought I was entitled to it. But first another house to house collection should be taken up in order to buy 14 stations and also to pay off some of the debt. This collection was taken up in September and October, 1889, and we made $6,000. The stations imported by the firm of Pustett, Cincinnati from Munchen in Baiern, costing $1,600. It was the best and most beautiful at that time. At the same time the statues of the four evangelists for the pulpit were purchased. The stations were blessed the first Sunday in Lent, 1890.

In May 1890, I left Loramie. The school children and many parishioners escorted me to the edge of the village. I was taking a trip to Rome. The church wardens and several teachers accompanied me to Sidney where, in the evening, I took the fast train to New York. On May 28, I went aboard the French ship "La Normandie" and, in a very short time of eight days I arrived in Havre and Paris, France, then on to my home, June 11.

I had not seen most of my brothers and sisters for 26 years so, naturally, there was much to talk about. June 24 was the Feast of St. John the Baptist, and patron of the parish. The pastor of the parish thought that since we were all together it would be nice if my brother, Father John Baptist, were to celebrate a Solemn High Mass. At that time he was pastor of a diocese in Posenan, Strassburg. He should also give the sermon. No less than twenty-four priests made themselves welcome, they were from far and near. This was a very nice reunion, and most likely wouldn't happen very soon again. Some days later they all returned to celebrate the homecoming of William to the old home town.

The New Priest House

I remained at home with my family for six weeks; then I went to Switzerland for six weeks to seek a little rest. My health became remarkably better in the fresh mountain air, so I could begin thinking earnestly about my trip to Rome.

September 27, I took the fast train to Basel, traveled through the Alps and the huge Gotthard Tunnel to Mailand in Italy where I spent two days, visiting the grave of Boromaus, the famed chathedral, praying at the grave of St. Ambrose, which was in the church. From Mailand, to Genoa, to Rome where I arrived on the eve of the Feast of the Holy Rosary; and I had my first opportunity to attend Vespers in the great cathedral. I remained in Rome two months. Everything I mentioned here is in the second part of this book, that is the "Pilgrimage to Rome." The trip to my home and the pilgrimage to Rome and Jerusalem took one year. I left May 27, 1890 and returned May 17, 1891.

The Last Twelve Years

The first that I did after my return was to bestow the papal blessing on the people. This power was given me by Pope Leo XIII. Then came the blessing of the statues of St. Michael's, St. Martin, and St. Maurice to be put in front of the building. I had seen these three statues in a magazine in Paris and could not resist the temptation to buy them for the parish. The cost and transportation was $1,500. I think it was no mistake. They decorate the front of the church and are admired by all.

In the fall of 1894, the parish celebrated the 125-year anniversary of the founding of Loramie Store and 100th anniversary of the founding of Ft. Loramie, 1794. In October, 1894, the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus was celebrated also. The entire parish took part in that. The teachers with the school children and the young men had a historic parade through town, which for its beauty and variety had nothing else to wish for, and could easily have competed against one from a larger city.

At this time, the beginning of the 90th year, the new confessionals with their monumental statues were purchased or rather donated. The family of Bernard and Charlotte Pille, who had already donated the Marian Altar, donated the confessional with the Statue of Jesus in the Garden of Olives for a cost of $378. The family of Henry and Elizabeth Schluter donated the other confessional with the Statue of the Sorrowful Mother, for $275. Earlier, in the year 1889, the widow Margarete Quartman donated the Sacred Heart Statue, $400, in memory of her dead husband, Heinrich Quartman. The Guardian Angel statue was donated the same year by Rev. Father Bigot, Pastor of the parish in memory of the celebration of his 25th jubilee as a priest, May 22, 1889, $400. The rosary group was donated by the family of John Henry and Magdalena Willman in remembrance of their silver wedding anniversary, $225.

So the last period passed by. Many beautiful feasts were celebrated, the whole parish lived together in harmony, enjoyed the beautiful church, something of which they could be proud, and every family, every parish member was willing to bring sacrifice for the honor of God.

At this time the church grounds were also taken care of. A large part of the cemetery, expecially toward the east, looked like a wilderness. This was made ready for future use. Again the people showed the best of interest in that the farmers offered to help haul the necessary ground. Those who had no wagons helped elsewhere. In this manner 1,600 loads of dirt were hauled in, filling up the low places and swamps. The shrubs and trees were cut down and drainage put in the eastern section. This was done under the guidance of the church wardens so that now it has a decent appearance.

Even the great and fortunate time of the knight came into the parish at this time. The Knights of America and the Knights of St. John were organized.

Religion and Speech

The two main factors - religion and speech have never been a cause for any disagreement or hardship in St. Michael's. At the time of the founding and even earlier around 1830 when the first German pioneers settled in this area and, even now when mostly German Catholics settle in this area, it was often thought about to buy out the English settlers and replace them with Germans. For that reason it happens that in McLean and Cynthian Townships, and part of Darke Co. mostly German Catholics reside. For this

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reason it happened that the parish school and church were as one. Problems worth mentioning never came up in the parish.

The New Parsonage

Toward the end of the 90th year (1897-1898) it was resolved to build a new parsonage. The old house, which looked better than it really was, was no longer satisfactory. The opinion was that, on account of all the work, an assistant was needed, thus a house with more rooms was necessary. The proposal was agreeable to all and the house was built in the years 1897-1898. Mr. E. Altenbach of Sidney drew the plans. Joseph Vanderhorst, Minster, laid the brick, Bernard Gerling the stone work and the carpenters Seger and Albers the wood work.

The new parsonage is a two-story, attractive, nicely arranged building and has the appearance of how a parsonage should look. The complete cost was about $10,000.

Once and Now

Anybody wishing to take a review of the happenings in the last seventy-five years, that is from 1820 when the first immigrants arrived, until 1903, will notice that great changes have taken place. The circumstances of the present parish, the way we found it in 1874, the year of the census taking, show us that in the time of 45 years, that is from 1828-74, much has happened. During this time the different settlings in the forest, the poor log houses with few outbuildings, a small garden filled with many tree stumps and small rail enclosed fields. Everywhere could be seen rotten trees and branches lying on the ground. Others, half- rotted, fallen helter-skelter over the others. Others were bending, ready to fall, with the least force ready to lay themselves to rest. Only the bigger ones and the underbrush stood straight and proud in all this chaos. What untiring patience the beginner needed to bring order to this mess. Step by step the rubble had to be taken care of and slowly some land was cleared and made tillable. The first settlers, the pioneers, did this.

Seventy-five years ago the first ones came, others followed, but all without any difference have gone through these hard times and now lie peacefully side by side in God's acre. To go places you either walk or go horseback and follow the trails in the forest.

Now, after 75 years, instead of a small settling in the forest, there are well laid out farms that border on one another. In place of log houses nice frame homes and some brick homes with huge barns and other nearby buildings. Instead of stump-filled small fields, there are now large fields of wheat, corn and oats. The bad roads are replaced by good ones. Besides many farmers spent thousands to have their land drained, thus draining off the poison swamp water, and the general health improved greatly.

Only one mistake is being made, that is year by year more and more of the forests are disappearing and are not being replaced. Even now there is a shortage of firewood, while 20 years ago there was more than enough. A person does not think that such a beautiful forest can be cut down and that it takes more than 50 years to grow back again. Now there are very few who go by saddle, much less walk where they wish to go. From saddle it went to spring-wagon, from spring-wagon to buggy, from buggy to surrey and finally some farmers came to church in an automobile. The balloon "Pommern" that sailed over Dayton and the Loramie territory was a little too high.

"Once and now" is also true of the writer of this article. When I came to the Parish I was 36 years of age. At that time I believed that growing old was a long time away. But the 30 years less four months I spent in Loramie have passed rapidly and today on All Souls Day, 1907, I think more and more of "once and now". We go to the cemetery and pray for the dead. We think of parents, ancestors and one also thinks of the pioneers who have gone to their rest. Also the many others, old and young who are laid to their rest. During the span of 30 years I have blessed and said prayers over more than 400 graves. For this loss I have baptized 1,600 children, married 220 couples and prepared 35 children a year for Holy Communion and distributed six to seven thousand Holy Communions per year.

Old age is slowly creeping on. Feebleness is increasing and does not want to leave the body as formerly. After much thought I finally made up my mind to send in my resignation to the Rev. Archbishop Elder, June 14, 1903. But the bishop returned the resignation to the church wardens.

My health was getting worse instead of better, so in August, 1903, I entered St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Dayton where I remained 2-1/2 years. In June, 1906, I went to a home on Valley Pike, R.F.D., Dayton, where I had the opportunity to write this record.

The letter answering Father Bigot's request,

Cincinnati, August 28, 1903

Rev. Wm. Bigot, St. Michael's Church
Loramie, Shelby Co., Ohio

Rev. Dear Father Bigot:

I thank you for the sentiments of your last letter. I beg pardon for what failure I made in answering your previous letters. My old age not only brings bad eyes but also a failing memory. My papers get out of order, and sometimes letters get entirely mislaid. I am sure your charity will forgive me. I would not intentionally be wanting in respect to any priest, and least of all to one who has merited so well of the diocese as you have done. You have labored here a great deal longer than I have. You have taken good care of souls, provided for a Catholic school, built your elegant church and priest house and paid for it. You have not only been a benefactor but one of the builders of the diocese of Cincinnati.

Now I believe, dear Father Bigot, you ought to take rest from your labors and enjoy a quiet repose, which you have so richly deserved. It will be best then that you resign your labors and retire to whatever place you think will be most conducive to your peace and happiness.

I give you my affectionate blessing.

William Henry Elder
Archbishop of Cincinnati

Later he wrote the following:

If you need help for your support from the In-

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firm Priest Fund, write to me to that effect and I will do all I can for you. Again, I thank you for your long and faithful service to religion and diocese. Pray for me,

Your servant in Christ
William H. Elder
Archbishop of Cincinnati

Expenses and Receipts of the building of
St. Michael's Church and Parsonage

Receipts

1. Cash on hand 1879	$ 4,800.00
2. First Collection May, 1879	16,000.00
3. Second Collection, 1881	8,200.00
4. Third Collection, 1889	6,300.00
5. Collection for furnace	1,050.00
6. Bequests and legac	700.00
7. Donations for windows from different sodalities and families	1,700.00
8. Donation from Bernard Pille for altar	900.00
9. Statue of Jesus in the Garden and confessional by above	450.00
10. Statue of Sorrowful Mother and confessional by Heinrich Schluter	350.00
11. Sacred Heart Statue by Margarete Quartman, widow	350.00
12. Guardian Angel Statue by pastor, Reverend Wilhelm Bigot	350.00
13. Rosary Statue, Johann Heinrich Willman family	205.00
14. Returns of different feasts, etc.	900.00
15. Collection for the parsonage	2,900.00
16. Balance pew rent - 1887-1902	1,600.00
17. Subscriptions during 1879-1903 for windows, etc.	5,300.00
Total receipts	$52,055.00

Expenses

1. Preparation of ground and foundation	$900.00
2. Foundation, stone, sand, mortar and contractor	4,800.00
3. 1,800,000 bricks @ 4.50 per thousand	4,600.00
4. Bricklaying and marking $3.50 per 1,000	3,800.00
5. 7,600 cu. ft. sandstone	3,750.00
6. Working and setting above	3,700.00
7. Woodwork for arches, floor, tower, etc.	4,600.00
8. Ironwork for tower, cross, etc.	725.00
9. Tin and sheet ironwork	1,100.00
10. Slate work for church and tower	2,350.00
11. Cleaning, entire	2,600.00
12. Floor and doors	1,000.00
13. Frescoing old and new church	2,315.00
14. 22 windows	3,900.00
15. Perves, large and small	1,810.00
16. High altar with statues	2,300.00
17. Mary & Joseph Altars with Rosary Statue	2,050.00
18. Sacred Heart and Guardian Angel Statues	775.00
19. Two confessionals with statues	850.00
20. Communion rail and pulpit with statues	1,200.00
21. Organ and choir loft	3,100.00
22. 14 Stations	1,725.00
23. Furnace	975.00
24. Sand, Mortar, Lime	1,050.00
25. Remodeling old church	1,200.00
26. 3 statues in front	1,500.00
27. Architects for plans, specifications, etc.	850.00
28. Anton Goehr, 2 yr. overseer	490.00
29. Parsonage, the building as a whole	8,000.00
30. Painting of same	575.00
31. Furniture, equipment heating	450.00
32. Work on church yard, cemetery, etc.	760.00
Total expenses	$69,800.00
Total receipts	$52,055.00
	$17,745.00
Later pew rent $1,400 and $800 from a social in the fall, 1903	$2,200.00
Leaving a debt of	$15,545.00
in Oct. 1903	

Rev. W. Bigot
Pastor

Names of families who, besides their donation, took care of the cost of some of the windows:

1. St. Michael's Window - Heinrich Schluter, Sr., and Heinrich Hoelscher
2. St. Boniface Window - Heinrich Barhorst and family
3. St. Augustine Window - Justus Wise, Sr.
4. The Baptism of Jesus - John H. Willman, Clemens Hilgefort and Herman Broering
5. Immaculate Conception - Young Ladies Sodality
6. St. Ann Window - St. Ann's Ladies Sodality
7. St. Elizabeth Window - Elizebeth Back, sister of the pastor
8. St. Catherine Window - Catherine Merz, born Hummer
9. Child Jesus - Child Jesus Sodality
10. St. Lawrence Window - Young Man's Sodality
11. St. Anthony Window - Francisca Ronnebaum
12. St. Henry Window - George Heinrich Eilerman and family.

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Parish Members

Anthony, Philipp
Anthony, Johann
Ahrns, Heinrich
Arling, Heinrich
Arkenberg, Ferdinand
Aslage, Bernhard
Barlage, Heinrich
Barlage, Joseph
Bergman, Bernhard
Bergman, Johann
Benanzer, Benedikt
Bender, Johann
Barhorst, Heinrich, Sr.
Barhost, Joseph
Barhorst, J. Heinrich
Barhorst J. Joseph
Borger, Gertrude-widow
Borger, Heinrich
Borger, Bernhard
Borger, Johann
Borchers, Bernhard
Borchers, Heinrich
Bollheimer, Andreas
Bollheimer, Joseph
Brormann, Franz, Sr.
Brormann, Franz, Jr.
Bramlage, Hermann
Bramlage, John
Brandewie, Anton
Bornhorst, Franz
Broring, Hermann
Brokamp, Wm.
Bruckem, Conrad
Brucken, Anton
Brucken, Peter
Brucken Matthias
Brucken, Johann
Brucken, August
Bruns, Friedrich
Buschmann, Herma
Buschmann, Heinrich
Cardot, James
Costollo, William
Costollo, Dr. John
Chessler, William
Daniel, Eva - Widow
Daniel, Adam
Daniel, Clemens
Danzig, Wilhelm, Sr.
Danzig, Heinrich
Danzig, Bernhard
Danzig, Franz
Dosak, Samuel
Dressmann, Maria C. widow
Dressmann, J. H. Heinrich
Dressmann, Heinrich
Dreses, Joseph
Eilermann, G. Heinrich
Eilermann, Joseph
Eilermann, Franz
Eilermann, August
Eilermann, J. Joseph
Eilermann, J. Heinrich
Eilermann, Johann
Eilermann, Hermann
Ernstes, Joseph
Ernstes, Johann
Ernstes, Wilhelm
Ernstes, Bernhard
Ernstes, Franz
Ernstes, Heinrich
Fleckenstein, Conrad, Sr.
Fleckenstein, George
Fleckenstein, Jacob
Gaier, Ferdinand, Sr.
Gaier, Ferdinand, Jr.
Gaier, Jacob
Gaier, Valentine
Garity, August
Gerling, Bernhard
Gerling, Bernhard II
Gerling, Bernhard III
Gudenkauf, widow
Gudenkauf, Dorothea
Gudenkauf, Bernhardina
Gudenkauf, (Kas.)
Greger, Wilhelm
Holtvogt, Heinrich
Holtvogt, Bernhard
Heilers, Clemens
Hölscher, Heinrich
Hölscher, J. Bernhard
Hölscher, J. Joseph
Holthaus, Bernhard, Sr.
Holthaus, Friederick
Holthaus, *John (single)
Hinders, Dietrich
Hoger, Gerhard
Hilgefort, Clemens
Hilgefort, Heinrich
Henke, Heinrich
Henke, Wilhelm
Henke, Johann
Hummer, Barbara widow
Hasebrook, Albert
Imholt, Anton
Inderrieden, Hermann
Inderriden, Johann
Inderrieden, Franz
Kessler, Wilhelm
Kessler, Franz
Knostman, Johann
Kirch, Christian
Kirsch, Johann, Sr.
Kirner, Stephan
Klene, Bernhardina-widow
Kleinhenz, Gerhard
Knüfner, Friedrich
Krampe, Bernhard
Krampe, Peter
Klöcker, Hermann
Klöcker, Ferdinand
Lammers, Bernhard
Lauterbur, Paul
Lehmkuhl, Heinrich, Sr.
Lehmkuhl, Heinrich, Jr.
Lehmkuhl, Elizabeth widow
Lehmann, Martin, Sr.
Lehmann, Martin, Jr.
Lengerich, Heinrich
Liening, Anton
Lenz, Joseph
Meyer, Wilhelm Joseph
Meyer, Heinrich
Meyer, Anton
Meyer, Franz X.
Menke, Heinrich, Sr.
Menke, Heinrich, Jr.
Moormann, Bernhard, Sr.
Moormann, Franz
Moormann, Michael
Müller, Margaret - widow
Müller, Philipp
Müller, Carl Joseph
Moller, Franz
Menten, Henry, Sr.
Menten, Henry, Jr.
Mouger, Eugene
Neuberg, Thomas
Niederkorn, Joseph
Notheis, Leander
Pelster, Joseph
Pille, Bernard, Sr.
Pille, Bernard, Jr.
Pfefferle, Joseph
Pfefferle, Johann
Pleimann, Heinrich
Pleimann, Theodore
Pleimann, Joseph (west)
Pöppelmann, Bernard
Pöppelmann, Heinrich
Puthoff, Bernard (east)
Puthoff, Johann (town)
Putthoff, J. B.
Quartmann, Heinrich, Sr.
Quartmann, Joseph, Sr.
Quartmann, Margaret widow
Quartmann, Johann, Jr.
Quartmann, Joseph, Jr.
Quartmann, Heinrich, Jr.
Quinlin, Wilhelm
Rattermann, Ferdinand
Rattermann, Heinrich
Rattermann, Philipp
Rattermann, Joseph
Rethmann, Anton
Rethmann, Cath.-widow
Reuss, Joseph
Reuss, Leonard
Reiber, Juliana widow
Rieger, Joseph
Rottinghaus, Bernhard J.
Schuler, Jacob
Schulze, Heinrich, Sr.
Schulze, Franz
Schulze, Catherine widow
Schürmann, Heinrich, Sr
Schürmann, Joseph
Schürmann, Wilhelm
Schürmann, Johann
Schürmann, John J.
Schürmann, H. (west)
Schürmann, Ludwig
Schürmann, Adolph
Schürmann, Wilhelm, Jr.
Schwarz, Adam
Schwarz, widow
Schmitz, Vincenz
Schmidt, Johann
Schmidt, Jacob
Siegel, Thomas
Siegel, Jacob
Siegel, Reinhard
Siegel, Emil
Siegel, Franz single
Sievering, Heinrich
Stachler, Peter
Stang, Catherine widow
Stang, Heinrich

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Rottinghaus, Heinrich
Rottinghaus, Wilhelm
Rohenkamp, Heinrich
Schäfer, Agatha-widow
Schäfer, Johann
Schuler, Margaretha widow
Schuler, Magdalena single
Schuler, Johann
Stang, Johann
Stephan, Johann
Stricker, Henry, Sr.
Stricker, Henry, Jr.
Stürwald, Henry
Schilz , Joseph
Spoltmann, Henry
Surmann, *
Schlüter, Heinrich, Sr.
Schlüter, Heinrich, Jr.
Schlüter, Friedrich
Schlüter, Bernhard
Tecklenburg, Heinrich
Terhalle, Ronnebaum
Tiges, Everard
Többe, Katherina - widow
Töller, Johann
Töller, Hermann
Tobe, Ferdinand
Utz, Matthias
Utz, Carl
Uhlmann, Jacob
Uhlmann, George
Vocke, Joseph
Vondrell, Joseph
Willman, Johann H.
Weisse, Justus, Sr.
Weisse, August, Jr.
Walkup Dr.
Wübker, Heinrich
Wendeln, Heinrich
Wilken, John
Wolken, Heinrich
Wolke, Clemens
Wolken, Clemens, Jr.
Wachsmuth, Henry
Wachsmuth, Friedrich
Weichert, *Elizabeth - widow
Wolf, Wilhelm
Wolf, Heinrich
Zurline, Marie widow
Zürcher, Johanna - widow
Zürcher, Ludwig
Zimmerman, Johann
Zimmerman, Burkhardt

Of these 246 families, including widows and single persons, since the beginning of the church building, many have died, some have moved away. But a great many new families, or some moving in have more than taken their place.

*First name not in original book.

FOOTNOTES

[1]This was the Franco-German War. Bismark, leader of Prussia, provoked France into declaring war on Prussia and the rest of the German states. As a result of this war, the German empire was formed; Alsace Lorraine was ceded to Germany by France, and the Third Republic was formed in France.

[2]This was the conflict between Bismark and the Roman Catholic Church during the years 1873 to 1887. Bismark saw political Catholicism, as represented by the Catholic Center party, a threat to the German State. His harsh measures merely strengthened the Catholic party, and in 1887, the measures were rescinded.

[3]This was the Neiderkorn horsedrawn hack, which operated daily from Ft. Loramie to Sidney, carrying the mail, freight and passengers from 1880 to 1904.

[4] Fr. Bigot distinguishes between the Puritans and other English settlers, although both groups were originally from England. The Puritans came to the West from New England and were excessively strict in matters of morals and practice of their beliefs. According to Fr. Bigot, Loramie, as a Jesuit Priest, had suffered from their persecution, and therefore the Indians hated them. Fr. Bigot portrays Loramie as never personally doing anything to incur the settlers' wrath. Research by the Auglaize County Historical Society, as published in the Ft. Loramie Sesquicentennial, indicates that Loramie frequently accompanied Indian war parties on their raids into Kentucky and southern Ohio. He is listed as being with the Shawnees, when they captured Daniel Boone, in 1788, and brought him to Ohio.

[5] In the "History of the Archdiocese of Cincinnati" published in 1921, the author, Fr. Lamott, states that there is not one convincing proof that Loramie was a priest, and that investigation could not find any such Jesuit listed in the New World.

[6] The Great Northwest consisted of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin and part of Minnesota.

[7] This spot had been used for years as a portage to the St. Marys River and thence to the Maumee and Lake Erie.

[8] Probably to the west of the store. Many Indian artifacts have been found in this area.

[9] This route had been used by the Indians to trade with merchants in Quebec. As mentioned in the St. Michael's Centennial in 1881, many other French expeditions used this route to explore the Ohio and Miami Valleys. The cross could have been placed there by some other priest. The Centennial mentions Fr. Donnecamps as being here in 1749, twenty years before Loramie founded the store.

[10] As mentioned earlier, a diligent search of records in Quebec and Vincennes, Indiana, by researchers fail to find these orders. Jesuits records were also researched and no Jesuit by the name of Loramie was found.

[11] Upper Piqua (according to John Johnston, the Indian Agent) was located near the Johnston farm near Piqua. Lower Piqua was located at the spot occupied at the present site of the city of Piqua. Piqua Town, according to the historian, Eckert, was located near Springfield, Ohio.

[12] Eckert states that the Indians were gathering at Wapakoneta for a future attack. The Loramie braves were probably there. Loramie fled there after the capture of the store.

[13] The first English settler in this area was James Flinn, who moved to old Ft. Loramie in 1813, from Upper Piqua. He lived in the old Ft. Loramie fort with his family, and farmed the surrounding land, although he did not have a deed for it until 1822. In that year he received a deed for two half quarters of land surrounding the fort. In 1819, James Furrow, who lived in nearby Auglaize County, purchased the old fort from the government, but did not own any land for farming purposes. Daniel Flinn, the son of James, sold the fort's surrounding land in 1833 to James Furrow, Jr.

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[14] Eckert and the Auglaize Historical Association both state that Loramie took the Indians to a reservation located near the present city of St. Marys, southeast of St. Louis, near Cape Girardeau, Missouri. After his store had been destroyed, Loramie settled in Vincennes, Indiana. Failing in his business there, he went to his Indian friends at St. Marys, Missouri, where he prospered.

[15] With 1,453 men Harmer left from Cincinnati to punish the Indians along the Maumee and Auglaize rivers in northwestern Ohio. He followed the Detroit Road and camped 8 miles south of the ruins of Loramie's store on October 15, 1890. He headed for Little Turtle's village near Ft. Wayne. An ambush killed twenty men, who were on a spying expedition. Upon being informed that Simon Girty was in the vicinity with his Indians, Harmer ordered a retreat. Colonel Hardin asked for 400 men to bury their dead and attack the Indians, if any were to be found. Hardin was attacked by a force of Indians twice his strength, and immediately sent a message to Harmer for help. This plea was ignored by Harmer, who began a retreat to Ft. Washington, in Cincinnati, having lost 129 men. Here he resigned his commission and returned to Pennsylvania, his home state.

[16] Peter Loramie, his first wife, and some of his eight children are buried in the family plot of Loramier Cemetery located at Cape Girardeau, Missouri, about 100 miles southwest of St. Louis.

[17] Although General Clark was in command of the expedition, Captain Logan, who was now a general, led 150 horsemen to burn the store, which had been supplying the arms to enable the Indians to organize raids into Kentucky and southern Ohio.

[18] Research indicates that seven cabins were associated with the fort.

[19] A German folk tale.

[20] This spot is where the Kansas and Missouri rivers meet.

[21] Most of the wall and the decorative fence are no longer there.

[22] The fort was built to protect the settlers and used as a supply depot for the army during the War of 1812.

[23] The old fort was never on the Greenville Treaty Line. The Treaty Line came from the east by way of the Swanders- Loramie Road, until Middle Street in front of the Elementary school. It ran between Elm and Park Streets until the Main and Park Street stoplight. It proceeded to where the Loramie and Mile Creeks meet. After this jog in the line, it went straight west past the Walkup School, and thence on a meandering course to Ft. Recovery.

[24] At the close of the War of 1812, the soldiers abandoned the fort.

[25] Ignatious Schell came to the Loramie area in 1815. On page 123 Fr. Bigot states that Ignatious came here when work started on the canal which would have been a much later date. The 1815 date is probably correct.

[26] This barn was later the Barhorst barn. It is the barn near the Pioneer Cemetery, north of Ft. Loramie.

[27] The village was incorporated under the name of Loramies in 1889.

[28] William Prillman sold his property and departed for parts unknown, leaving three of his lots to be sold for delinquent taxes. Christian Prillman is buried in the Pioneer Cemetery north of Ft. Loramie.

[29] Louis Hoying in his "Pilgrims All" states "A cemetery was located in Section 8, McLean Township. This cemetery contained about thirty graves." Oral history indicates that some of the graves were of area squatters. This may be the cemetery referred to by Fr. Bigot.

[30] There may have been other burials on the Furrow plot. The burial place of the little son of Captain Butler, the last commander of the old fort, has not been located. If James Furrow, the elder, wished to be buried by the side of the officer, who died in battle, then the officer may also be buried there, or both of them buried elsewhere.

From the Centennial of St. Michael's Church published in 1981.

According to the Rev. Raymond Kammerer, Pastor of the Church of Saint Teresa of the Infant Jesus, Covington, Ohio, St. Michael's was the scene of the first mass to be said in the Archdiocese of Cincinnati, making Ft. Loramie the cradle of our Catholic faith. Ancient journals of French military expeditions found in Quebec, indicate one of these explored the Ohio and Miami Valleys in 1749 and made camp on what is now the Ferd Fleckenstein farm. There between September 13, and 21, 1749, Fr. Joseph Peter Donnecamps offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass as part of his duties as Chaplain of the expedition.

From the National Catholic Register July 2, 1872

Washington D.C. - A message from Pope Paul was received by the Holy Ghost Fathers on the occasion of their 100th Anniversary service to the Church in the United States. Founded on the Feast of Pentecost, May 27, 1703, by Father Claude Francis Poullart des Places, the order merged with the Congregation of the Holy Heart of Mary, June 10, 1848 and flourished under the leadership of the Venerable Father Francis Liberman. They came to Covington, Kentucky in 1872, found no place for themselves and went to Piqua, Ohio, and from there to Russia and Berlin, Ohio.

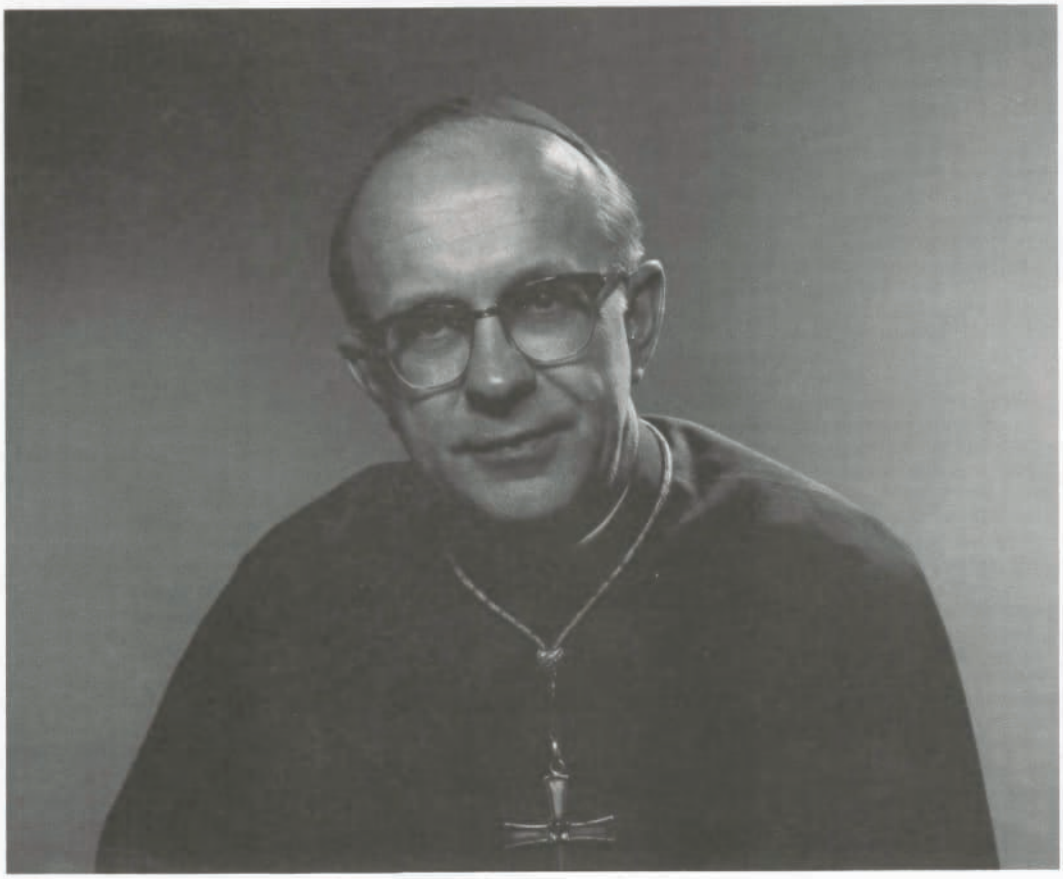
From the Ft. Loramie Sesquicentennial - 1988

The following was found in old records of St. Augustine Church, in Minster by Rita Hoying: In the year 1844, the 13th day of February, we Heinrich Herzog Pastor of St. Augustine in Minster, and Louis Navarron, Priest, blessed there, in the congregation of St. Michael's, in the City of Berlin, Shelby County, Ohio, a cross planted in the middle of the cemetery, of the very same congregation, hereafter its cemetery, according to the Rite of the Holy Roman Church.

Therefore attested Louis Navarron, Priest.

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Archbishop Daniel E. Pilarczyk

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Former Pastors: The Reverends Louis Navarron, F. Brand, C.P.P.S., B. Tunker, C.P.P.S., F. Abel, C.P.P.S., F. Herzog, C.P.P.S., 1838-1851; August Berger, 1851-57; Herman Muckerheide, 1858-64; Anton Meyer, 1864-74



Rev. William Bigot - 1874-1903



Rev. August Adelmann - 1903-1910



Rev. Anthony Moeller - 1910-1952



Rev. Paul Ratermann - 1952-1960



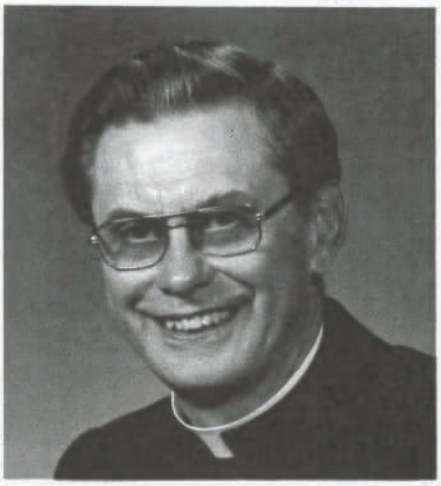
Rev. Clarence Leibold - 1960-1966



Rev. John C. Brucker - 1966-1971



Rev. Edwin Francis - 1971-1973



Rev. Joseph Bruening - 1973-1980



Rev. Gerald E. Bensman - 1980-Present

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PASTORS OF ST. MICHAEL'S

Reverend August Clemens Adelmann
1903 - 1910

Father Adelmann was born February 2, 1868, In Visbeck, Oldenburg, Germany.

He was ordained on June 21, 1893, by Archbishop William A. Elder at Mt. St. Mary's Seminary.

Father Adelmann served as Assistant Pastor at St. Paul's for one year and two months. He was Pastor at Eaton for one year. He was a Professor at St. Gregory Seminary, Cedar Point for one year. He also served as a Professor at Troy and Tippecanoe for one year.

He was charged with organizing a Congregation at Far View Heights. The project failed.

On March 1, 1898, he was appointed Pastor of St. John Parish, Harrison. June, 1899 he was appointed Pastor of St. Remy Parish, Russia. On July 7, 1903, he became Pastor of St. Michael's Parish, Berlin (Fort Loramie); October 11, 1910, he was appointed Pastor of St. Monica Parish, Cincinnati. Father Adelmann was appointed on June 30, 1912, Pastor of St. James Parish, White Oak. He became Pastor of St. Agnes Parish, Cincinnati on October 1, 1916. He was appointed Professor at Mt. St. Mary's Seminary in March 1920.

Father Adelmann retired from active ministry in 1934. He died on May 5, 1953. During his tenure at Ft. Loramie he carried on the work that Fr. Bigot had planned to do before his retirement.

Rev. Anthony Moeller
1910 - 1952

Fr. Moeller was born November 14, 1871, in Engelern, near Fuerstenau, West Germany. This city is approximately 35 miles northwest of the city of Ossnabrook in the province of Hanover. With the accession of Kaiser Wilhelm II to the throne in Germany, and the buildup of the armed forces, with a no exempt required military service facing him, Fr. Moeller came to the United States to escape this service and continue his priestly studies at Mt. St. Mary's Seminary in Cincinnati. Fr. Moeller was ordained on June 17, 1897 by Archbishop William Elder.

After his ordination, he served as Assistant Pastor at three Cincinnati parishes; St. Joseph, St. Boniface and Emmanuel. On August 23, 1904, he was appointed pastor of St. Remy's Parish, in Russia. He served there until he was appointed Pastor of St. Michael's on October 11, 1910. He was to become Ft. Loramie's longest serving pastor, for a period of 42 years, observing both his silver and golden jubilees in the parish. In January, 1949, he received the honor of being appointed Domestic Prelate and on March 27, 1949, became the Rt. Reverend Monsignor Anthony Moeller. In the late 1920's he went back to Germany to visit his relatives and in his absence the parish was cared for by Rev. Aloys Dircksen.

When Fr. Moeller arrived, all church activities such as sermons, confessions, church bulletins, reports and other church-run affairs were in the German language. World War 1 provided the impetus, and gradually by 1926 everything church-wise was in the English language. In 1921, the old pump organ was electrified. In 1922, the new St. Michael's cemetery was purchased. The old weed patch to the west of the church was turned into tennis courts, and St. Michael's parochial school became a movie house, basketball court and band room. The first renovation of the church also occurred in the 20's when the DeCurtains of Lima were hired to regild the cross and repaint the church. The original ceiling resembled the firmament. It was sky blue, with the stars and constellations overhead. The large balls, later removed from the columns, blended in with this sky resembling large earths.

Fr. Moeller died on June 20, 1952. He is buried in the new St. Michael's Cemetery which he had helped to form.

Rev. Paul Ratermann
1952 - 1960

Fr. Paul Ratermann was born in Cincinnati, in the parish of St. Williams on December 24, 1904, the son of Henry and Clara (Lanser) Ratermann. His elementary education was obtained from parish schools and his high schooling at St. Gregory. On May 30, 1931, he was ordained to the priesthood, after finishing his education at St. Marys' Seminary.

His first pastoral duties were at parishes in the "Bottoms" of Cincinnati, a name given to parishes along the river or canal. He also served as Assistant Pastor of Sacred Heart Church in Dayton.

He was appointed to teach at St. Gregory High School, and later as a professor at St. Marys Seminary. Along with these duties he taught summer school at F. & M. Summer School, where priests were taught the fundamentals of teaching.

After a long service at St. Mary's Seminary he was appointed administrator of St. Michael's to help the ailing Fr. Moeller. After Fr. Moeller's death, he became pastor. In 1960, he was appointed Pastor of St. Peters and Pauls in Newport. Upon leaving Newport he was given the ministry of St. Peter in Chains in Hamilton. He retired from the priesthood on August 26, 1980. For the next two years of his life he lived in the rectories of Holy Rosary and St. Anthonys in Dayton. He died on May 1, 1982, and is buried in Gate of Heaven Cemetery in Cincinnati.

At St. Michael's, after finishing the affairs of Fr. Moeller, he renovated the church and took down the large balls from the pillars.

After redecorating the church, he turned his attention to the basement, which was enlarged and iron posts and steel beams were installed to reinforce the sagging floor of the church. The chapel was sandblasted, repointed, and subjected to an application of silicone waterproofing. He also purchased for the parish the Edward Utz property adjoining the parking lot to the west.

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Rev. Clarence Leibold
1960 - 1966

Fr. Clarence Leibold was born September 25, 1910, in Dayton, Ohio, the son of Frank A. and Philomena (Kirchner) Leibold. He received his early education in parochial schools, and was ordained by Archbishop McNicholas at St. Peter in Chains Cathedral in Cincinnati, on May 22, 1937. His first mass was said on May 23, 1937, at Holy Trinity Church in Dayton as part of the observance of Trinity Sunday.

His first appointment was Assistant Pastor at St. Andrews parish in Cincinnati and later became Associate Pastor at St. Monica in Cincinnati and later at Sacred Heart in Dayton. At Sacred Heart he received the honor of being appointed a Monsignor. In 1952, he was appointed Assistant Chaplain of Good Samaritan Hospital in Cincinnati and in 1954, was named the hospital's Chaplain. On June 3, 1955, he was named Pastor of St. Patrick, Shelby Co., and also a teacher at Holy Angels High School in Sidney. On March 15, 1960, he was appointed Pastor of St. Michael's Parish. On March 1, 1966, he was given the pastorship of Holy Trinity in Coldwater where he died on June 11, 1976. He is buried in Calvary Cemetery in Dayton. At the time of his death he was Dean of the St. Mary's Deanery having been appointed to that honor on August 9, 1966.

During his tenure at St. Michael's, he purchased from the Ed Poeppelmans, a strip of land that provided access to Route 66, from the parking lot, thus easing traffic on Elm Street. During his administration the clocks and bells were electrified, the Latin Mass was replaced by the English, and a temporary altar was placed in the sanctuary so that the priest could say mass facing the people.

Rev. John C. Brucker
1966 - 1971

Fr. Brucker was born on December 14, 1912, in Springfield, Ohio. He was ordained on June 3, 1939, at St. Monica Cathedral by Archbishop John T. McNicholas. On June 22, 1939, he was appointed Assistant Pastor at Sacred Heart Parish, Cincinnati. On July 26, 1941, he was appointed Assistant Pastor of St. Peter in Chains, Hamilton. On April 5, 1943, he became an Army Chaplain and served in that capacity until he retired from the army as a colonel on March 1, 1966, when he accepted the assignment of being Pastor of St. Michael's.

At St. Michael's he continued the liturgical changes by introducing congregational singing of contemporary English songs, and forming the first parish council. In 1966, he purchased land from John Albers and company, upon which was built the new St. Michael's Hall, now a parish multi-purpose center.

On June 17, 1971, he retired to Lake Loramie and made himself available for temporary help to local congregations. Sometime later he accepted an assignment to a parish in Florida. After serving this parish, he applied for laicization, which was granted. He then married and at the time of publication lives in Florida.

Rev. Edwin Francis
1971 - 1973

Fr. Francis was born April 9, 1920, in Sidney, Ohio. Here he received his early education at Holy Angels, and after attending St. Marys Seminary in Cincinnati, was ordained on October 27, 1945, by Archbishop John T. McNicholas at St. Peter and Paul Church, Norwood, Ohio.

His first appointment was as Assistant Pastor at St. Cecilea on November 9, 1945. On September 16, 1946, he was appointed to the faculty at Purcell High School in Cincinnati. In September 1948, he was appointed Assistant Pastor of Assumption Parish in Walnut Hills, continuing on the faculty at Purcell. In August 1949 he was appointed Assistant Pastor of Annunciation Parish, and to the faculty of Sacred Heart Academy. In 1954, he was appointed Assistant Pastor of St. Veronica, in Hamilton, and teacher at Hamilton Catholic High School. In 1956, he became Assistant Pastor of St. Bernard in Springfield and Chaplain of the T. B. Hospital in Springfield. In 1957, he was appointed to St. Mary Parish in Hyde Park as Associate Pastor. In 1962, he became Associate Pastor of St. Teresa of Avila Parish, Price Hill. In 1963, while still in residence at St. Teresa, was appointed part- time teacher at Seton High School. In 1965, he was appointed Pastor of St. Benignus Parish, Greenfield, and Administrator of St. Michael Parish, New Vienna. In 1969, he became Pastor of Queen of Peace, in Millville. He became Pastor of St. Michael's in Ft. Loramie on June 17, 1971. On June 20, 1973, he was appointed Pastor of St. Peter and Paul in Newport. In November of 1986, he was appointed Pastor of Holy Family Parish in Frenchtown where he resides at the time of publication.

During his two years at Ft. Loramie, Fr. Francis opened the Chapel for weekday mass during the summer and initiated the Parish Hall Board to coordinate activities held in St. Michael's Hall.

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Rev. Joseph Bruening
1973-1980

Fr. Bruening was born on August 9, 1937, in Norwood, Ohio of German-born parents. After attending Purcell High School, he completed his priestly education at St. Gregory and St. Mary Seminaries. He was ordained by Archbishop Karl Alter, at St. Monica Cathedral in Cincinnati.

His first appointment was as Assistant Pastor on June 9, 1953, at St. Peters in Chains, Hamilton. In 1954, he was appointed teacher at Elder High School in Cincinnati. He served for 17 years in this High School, while also serving as Assistant Pastor of parishes on the western side of Cincinnati, namely: St. Dominic, St. Aloysius Gonzaga, St. Lawrence, St. Antoninus, St. Michael, Holy Ghost and St. Patricks, Fayetteville.

On November 30, 1972, he was appointed Administrator pro-tem at St. Patrick Parish, Shelby Co., and on June 20, 1973, he became the Pastor at Ft. Loramie. On August 26, 1980 he was appointed Pastor of St. Peter in Chains Parish in Hamilton where he resides at the time of publication. On November 15, 1985, he was appointed Consultor for the Archdiocese.

During his time at St. Michael's Fr. Bruening tried to carry out the spirit and reforms of Vatican Council II, with special emphasis on Scripture and changes in the liturgy. He formed the first Worship, Education and Finance Commissions, and hired the first Director of Education. He secured released time for Grades one through six. The Chapel was redecorated and refurnished. A separate heating system was installed so that it can be used in all seasons for worship services.

Rev. Gerald E. Bensman
1980 -

Fr. Bensman was born February 20, 1938 in Sacred Heart Parish, McCartyville, Ohio and received his elementary education at McCartyville School.

He entered St. Gregory Minor Seminary in September, 1952, where he attended four years of high school and two years of college. In 1958, after his second year of college, he was selected to finish his seminary studies at the Pontifical Urban University of the Propagation of the Faith in Rome.

During his seven years of study there, he obtained a licentiate degree in philosophy and licentiate degree in theology.

During his seminary years in Rome, he was appointed one of the 15 stenographers of the Second Vatican Council whose task was to keep the official transcript of all proceedings of the Council. He was ordained to the priesthood on December 19, 1964, and on the following day celebrated his first Mass in St. Peter's Basilica over the tomb of St. Peter.

Upon his return to the United States in 1965, his first assignment was as teacher at Elder High School and as Associate Pastor at St. Catharine Parish in Cincinnati. In 1968, continuing as Associate Pastor at St. Catharine's, he was assigned to the administrative offices of the Archdiocese of Cincinnati, first in the Marriage Tribunal and later in the Chancery Office, eventually serving as Vice-Chancellor of the Archdiocese. From 1975 to 1980, he was Administrative Assistant to Archbishop (now Cardinal) Bernardin. On December 17, 1980, he became Pastor of St. Michael's Parish, Fort Loramie, and on July 1, 1983, he was appointed Dean of the Sidney Deanery, a position he still holds.

During his tenure as Pastor of St. Michael's, modifications were made in the 8 Parish Commissions, which now have rotating membership. Also, extensive renovation work was completed in St. Michael's Church. The special mandate given to the planning committee was that the beauty of our historic church be maintained as far as possible, while at the same time making the necessary adaptations required by post-Vatican II liturgy. Most observers believe that a fine balance has been handsomely achieved. Some of the major aspects of the renovation were the total renovation of the organ, the construction of the new vestibule on the west side of church, installation of the high- intensity, energy-efficient lighting system, removal of the divider in the pews, and the construction of a new altar and pulpit to blend in with the furnishings already in the church. Also during his tenure, CCD religious instruction for grades 7 and 8 was moved from weekday evenings to released-time during the school day, and the high school religion program scheduled on Sunday mornings. To better accommodate the religion classes, Old St. Michael's Hall was renovated. The two-car garage at the north end of the building was converted into an office for the Directors of Religious Education and the larger hall was converted into five classrooms.

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Sister Mary Agnesine Benanzer
by Paul Benanzer

Margaret Benanzer, daughter of Joseph and Gertrude Behr Benanzer, was born November 10, 1914, on a farm east of Fort Loramie, Ohio.

She had four sisters: Mrs. Anthony (Elizabeth) Mertz, now deceased; Mrs. Milton (Frances) DeBrosse; Mrs. Lawrence (Helen) Glynn; Mrs. Sebastian (Martha) Kremen; and one brother, Paul Benanzer.

Margaret attended the Hope Well Special School, on Angel Street, (now Cecil Road) for eight years. She took her first year of high school at Minster Public School, and studied the next year at Fort Loramie Schools.

She entered the Sisters of Precious Blood order in 1938. As a nun she took the name of Sister Mary Agnesine (Benanzer).

Sister Mary Agnesine served at St. Louis Church in Cincinnati; the Bishop's House in Toledo; St. Mary's Novitiate in Burkettsville; Brunnerdale Seminary at Canton, Ohio. She also served in California and Indiana, and at the Central House in Dayton, beginning there in 1967, and retiring from there in 1974.

After a lengthy illness, Mary Agnesine died at Good Samaritan Hospital, Dayton, Ohio, on Wednesday, April 30, 1980. She was in her 66th year of life, and in the 42nd year of her religious life. She was buried in the Convent Cemetery, with services in the Salem Heights Chapel, Dayton, on May 5, 1980.

Sister Margaret Mary Borchers
by Eileen Borchers

Sister Margaret Mary (Ursula) was born June 20, 1908, of Henry and Frances (Hilgefort) Borchers. She had a twin sister (Loretta) and was from a family of eleven children. She lived near Ft. Loramie on her father's farm and belonged to St. Michael's Parish. Her mother died when she was 14 years old. She went to Walkup School, a one room school, with grades one through eight, two miles west of Ft. Loramie. In her youth, she helped with all the work of the busy farm, and later worked in the Post Office in Fort Loramie.

Sister Margaret Mary, from earliest childhood, was a prayerful person and had a tender devotion to the Heart of Jesus. At the age of twenty-five, she entered the Congregation of the Franciscan Sisters of the Poor at St. Clare's Convent, Hartwell, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Poor health, because of contracting tuberculosis in the convent, with shorter or longer periods in the infirmary shadowed her religious life. As a professed Sister, much of her life was spent at St. Francis Hospital, Cincinnati, where she served as needed. She would be doing valuable self-sacrificing services for others regardless of how she was called to serve and she always had a life-giving smile.

Shortly before her early death while 53 years of age, she had lung surgery and died of post operative hemmorrhage.

Sister Margaret Mary died August 25, 1961, at St. Francis Hospital, Cincinnati, Ohio, after receiving the Sacraments, fully aware of her dying, in the presence of Sisters of her Congregation. The day was vow day for the Congregation.

S ister Jane Frances Borchers
by Eileen Borchers

Sister Jane Frances (Frances) was born to Henry and Frances (Hilgefort) Borchers near Ft. Loramie on April 6, 1920. She was the youngest child in the family of eleven children. Her mother died with cancer when she was four years of age. She attended Walkup Elementary School, and belonged to St. Michael's Parish, and graduated from Ft. Loramie High school in 1938, living with her Dad and older siblings.

On August 15, 1940, she entered St. Clare's Convent at Hartwell, Cincinnati, Ohio, to become a Franciscan Sister of the Poor. She made her final vows on September 8, 1948. From the year 1944 to 1968, and from 1969 to 1972, she was engaaged in social work in many Social Centers, in hospitals, and extended care facilities. She also worked with the Home Missions in Mississippi.

In 1964, Sr. Jane Frances began a new ministry after receiving a Master's Degree from Catholic University in Washington, D.C. She was a Coordinator and Instructor of teachers and children in a C.C.D. program in several parishes in Ohio.

In 1967, Sister Jane Frances suffered from the serious illness of cancer. Illness did not interfere with her dedicated life, her prayer and works for God's People of the Poor, suffering and the missions of the Church. The last trip she made to St. Clare's Convent was on October 4, 1978, to be present for the missioning of two of their Sisters going to Africa. Her optimistic caring carried over to others despite the deep pain and disappointments from cancer and its ravages of her life that she suffered.

She prayed for a miracle through the Foundress, Mother Frances Schervier, whose cause was up for beatification and she longed to see her Foundress Cannonized.

Sister Jane Frances died a most beautiful death on October 31, 1978, dedicated to the rosary at the Vesper hour in preparation for the Feast of All Saints. Her funeral was at St. Clare's Convent in Cincinnati, on the first Friday of November, 1978.

Sister Jeanette Daniel, S.L.W.
by Mrs. Harold Daniel
1976 - 1988

Jeanette Daniel was born at Piqua Memorial Hospital, on October 31, 1944.

She is the daughter of Harold and Helen Recker Daniel. She had one sister, Roseann (Beyke), deceased and four brothers: Steven, Mark, Theodore and Edward Daniel.

Her first eight years of schooling were spent at Fort Loramie Elementary in that village.

She entered the religious life as a candidate in July, 1962. She attended Maria Immaculate High School in Wilmette, Illinois. She was accepted as a postulant in February, 1963, and began her novitiate August 21, 1963.

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Daughters of the Parish



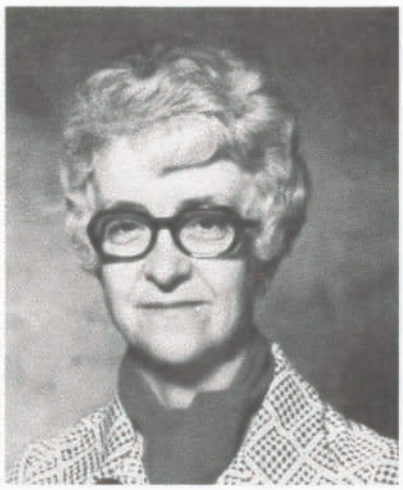
Sister Constance Zimmerman



Sister Margaret Mary Borchers



Sister Jane Frances Borchers



Sister Kathleen Stang, S.C.



Sister Mary Assunta Stang, S.C.



Sister Marie Eleanor Pleiman



Sister Walburga Kaiser



Sister Jeanette Daniel, S.L.W.



Sister Mary Agnesine Benanzer

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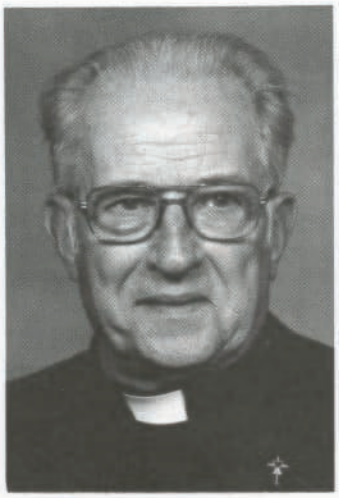
Sons of the Parish



Father Ignatius Behr



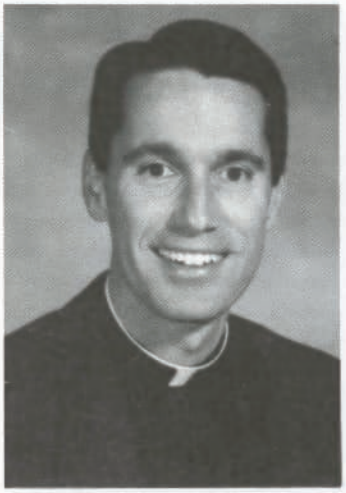
Father Clement Borchers



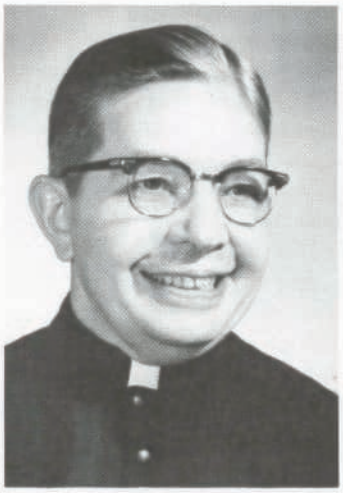
Rev. Herbert Joseph Eilerman, C.P.P.S.



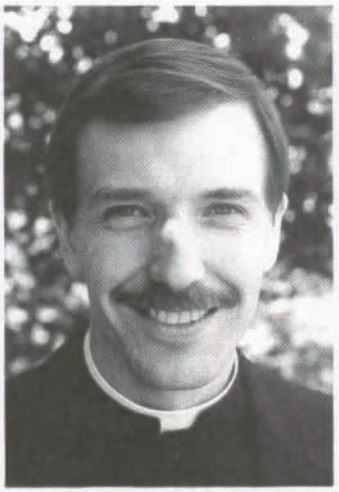
Brother Mark Gehret



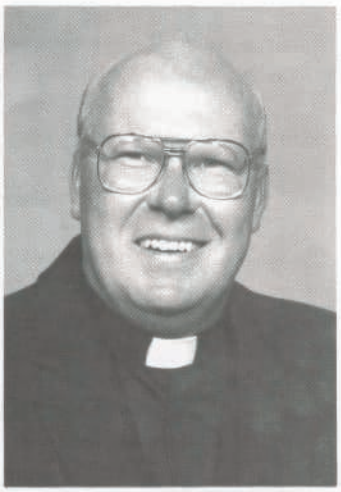
Rev. Raymond E. Larger



Rev. Albin Ratermann



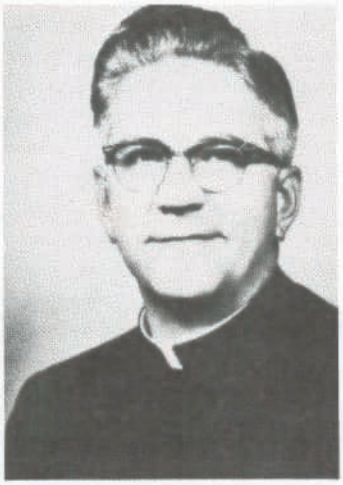
Rev. James M. Schmitmeyer



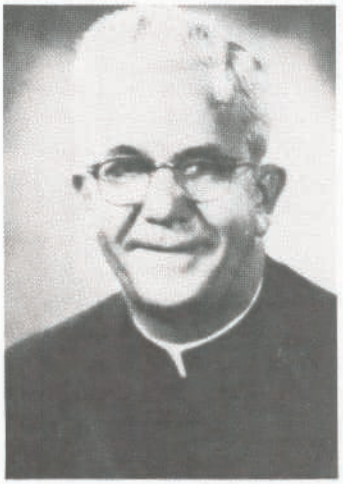
Rev. Oscar H. Seger



Rev. James Sherman



Father Cletus Stang



Father Urban Stang

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Jeanette pronounced her first vows on August 21, 1965.

She graduated from Marillac College, St. Joseph, Missouri, August 8, 1967, with a Bachelor of Arts Degree.

Sister Jeanette took her final vows on August 26, 1972.

June, 1975, she received her dipolma from the Association of Montessori Internationale at Midwest Montessori Institue. May, 1984, she graduated from University of New Orleans with a Masters Degree in Early Childhood Education.

Sister Jeanette taught first grade at St. Martha's, Morton Grove, Illinois from 1967 through 1973.

1973-1974 she taught fourth grade at St. Theresa's Chicago, Illinois.

1975-1976, she again taught first grade; this time at St. Edward's Metairie, La. She was at St. Edward's four years then at Montessori until, at present, she is located at St. Anthony's Gretna, La.

Sister Walburga Kaiser
by Mrs. Joe Eilerman

Sister Walburga (Cecelia) was the daughter of Joseph and Mary (Hausfield) Kaiser, who lived southeast of Ft. Loramie. She attended Basinburg school and was a parishioner of St. Michael's parish.

Upon leaving school she worked in Dayton, Ohio, until the age of 28. She then entered the convent at Hartwell, in Cincinnati, Ohio, to become a Franciscan Sister of the Poor.

She became a cook for the order and her first position was at a hospital in Quincy, Illinois. During her lifetime of well over 90 years, she served as cook at various places with most of her assignments in Hamilton and Cincinnati. Occasionally she would accompany her fellow sisters when they would visit this area to collect bags of grain and other articles to be used for the benefit of the poor. She died in 1980, and her funeral was at St. Clare's Convent in Cincinnati with burial in the order's cemetery there.

Sis ter Mary Assunta Stang, S.C.
by Mr. & Mrs. Joseph Stang

Florentine Stang was born at Fort Loramie, Ohio, on February 17, 1920. She is the daughter of Bernard and Catherine Hoying Stang. She had six brothers: Carl, Father Urban, Joseph, Alphonse, Bernard, and Father Cletus, as well as six sisters: Theresa, Hilda, Helen, Rosamond, Sister Kathleen and Mary Stang.

She was a student at Fort Loramie Schools and graduated from there in 1937. She attended Mount St. Joseph College, Cincinnati, and received her degree in 1941.

On September 8, 1941, she entered the Sisters of Charity, Cincinanti, Ohio. She took the name of Sister Mary Assunta.

During her religious life she ministered in secondary education in Ohio for nine years; in hospital administration in New Mexico and Colorado for fifteen years; in congregational administration at Mount St. Joseph, Ohio, eighteen years; two years in foreign missions in Brazil; three years in consulting work. At present she is ministry financial consultant for religious communities.

Sister Marie Eleanor Pleiman
by Patricia Pleiman

Sister Marie Pleiman (Mary Raphael Pleiman) is the daughter of the late Anton and Matilda (Sherman) Pleiman, and was born February 16, 1902, on a farm along Cardo Road, in Shelby County.

On the death of her mother, she moved with her family to Ordway, Colorado. Eleanor left Colorado to become a Precious Blood Nun in Maria Stein, Ohio, in 1919. She made her first vows in 1922, and was given the name Sister Mary Raphael, but is now known as Sister Marie Eleanor, her original baptismal name.

Her first teaching asignment was at St. Mary's School, Dayton, Ohio. After graduating from the University of Dayton, she was assigned to various teaching jobs at schools across the United States. She taught for fifty-two years.

At the present time Sister Marie is retired and residing at Salem Heights, Dayton, Ohio.

Sis ter Kathleen Stang, S.C.
by Mr. & Mrs. Joseph Stang

Born March 26, 1924, at Fort Loramie, Ohio, Sister Kathleen Stang is the daughter of Bernard and Catherine Hoying Stang.

She has six sisters: Theresa, Hilda, Helen, Rosamond, Sister Mary Assunta (Florentine) and Mary stang. Six brothers: Carl, Father Urban, Joseph, Alphonse, Bernard, and Father Cletus Stang.

Sister Kathleen attended Fort Loramie Schools graduating from there in 1942.

Kathleen entered the Sisters of Charity of Cincinnati, St. Joseph, Ohio, on September 8, 1942.

She ministered in education, elementary and secondary, in schools in Ohio, Michigan and Colorado.

Her present ministry is working in subsidized housing for the elderly in Denver, Colorado.

Sister Constance Zimmerman
by Mrs. Matt (Doris) Zimmerman

Sister Mary Martha (Constance) Zimmerman was born March 31, 1930, to Mathias and Sophia (Brandewie) Zimmerman, who lived east of Ft. Loramie. Matt and Sophia were the parents of ten children: Rita, Constance, Treva, Netty, Angela, Burk, Dick, Matt, John and Carl.

She graduated as valedictorian of her class at Ft. Loramie High school in 1948, and in the same year entered the convent of the Society of Medical Missions located in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Here she received her vows into the order and was sent to pre-med school at George Washington University in Washington, D.C. She then entered Georgetown University in Washington, D.C. and graduated from the University with a medical and surgical degree. She served 4 years as a medical interne at a hospital in St. Louis, Missouri.

Her first assignment after leaving St. Louis was as Chief Surgeon at Holy Family Hospital, in Patina, India. Here she contracted a rare form of polio and died on June 14, 1968. She is buried in India.

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NATIVE SONS OF THE PARISH

Father Ignatius Behr
by Christine Behr Hnatt

Father Ignatius Behr, S.D.S. was born Joseph Behr on September 24, 1906, at Newport, Ohio. He was the son of Albert and Christine (Carity) Behr.

He was one of nine children. His sisters and brothers include; William, Henry and Mathias Behr; Mrs. Joseph (Gertrude) Benanzer, Mrs. Carl (Emma) Yost, Mrs. John (Catherine) Mertz, Mrs. Herman (Sophia) Titus, and Mrs. Elmer (Rose) Gaier.

Joseph attended elementary school at St. Patrick's, Ohio, and then worked on his parent's farm near Fort Loramie, Ohio.

On September 12, 1938, he began his studies for the priesthood at Salvatorian Seminary, St. Nazianz, Wisconsin.

Immediately after completion of his academic course, June 28, 1944, he entered the novitiate of the Society of the Divine Saviour, and received his name in religion, Father Ignatius.

After a year of initiation into the religious life he was professed and went to Lanham, Maryland to begin his major seminary studies at the Divine Saviour Seminary and then transferred to the Catholic University at Washington, D.C.

He celebrated his first mass at St. Michael's Church, Ft. Loramie, Ohio, on June 10, 1951.

Following his ordination, Father Ignatius was assigned to Mother Martha Missions in Alabama. He also served at St. Benedict's Church, Columbus, Georgia and St. Michael's Church, Grand Rock Oregon. His last assignment was in Reno, Nevada, where he died on March 10, 1981. He is buried at St. Mazianz, Wisconsin, in the cemetery there.

Reverend Clement Borchers
by Eileen Borchers

Father Clement Borchers was born September 5, 1914, to Henry and Frances (Hilgefort) Borchers. He was the first son to live and the ninth of a family of eleven children. Clement grew up on his father's farm near Ft. Loramie, belonged to St. Michael's Parish, and was educated at Walkup school near his home. After attending one year in a Parochial High School in Botkins, Ohio, he entered St. Gregory's Seminary in Cincinnati. Later he studied at Mt. St. Mary's Seminary in Cincinnati in preparation for the Archdiocesan Priesthood.

In the fall of 1938, Father Borchers, in his second year of Theology, heard a challenging mission talk by Father Howard Bishop, who shared his dream of evangelizing in Home Missions. In the spring of 1939, Father Clement joined Father Bishop's band of Glenmary Missioners. On June 7, 1941, Father Borchers was ordained for the Home Missioners of American by Archbishop John T. McNicholas.

His first mission assignment was a Trailer Chapel Preacher with the Paulists in Hundred Oak, Tennessee. In 1942, he was assigned to Sunfish, Kentucky, and 1946, to West Portsmouth, Ohio. Here he learned to fly a plane in exchange for a course of instruction in the Faith! That gave him even broader access to share the Faith. Father Clement Borchers was elected to replace Fr. Howard Bishop at his death in 1953. He served as the Superior General for twelve years. In 1965, Father Clement eagerly returned from Administration to a Mission assignment,in Aberdeen, Mississippi. In 1971, he was sent to Vandalis, Georgia. There he began to build a new church to meet the growing needs of the people.

In 1979, as the two Glenmarians Brothers, Larry Joachim and Joe Steen were finishing the work of the new Rectory, and preparing for the dedication, Father prepared to celebrate his 65th birthday on September 5th. The Brothers were eager for Father to move into his new home on his birthday. The Glenmary Congress was held in Florida at Daytona Beach and the community planned a celebration for Father's 65th birthday, September 5, 1979.

While there, they saw evidence that hurricane David had hit the seashores a few days before. Brother Larry, in the ocean for a swim got caught in an offshore current and called for help. Father Borchers, a good swimmer, went to rescue him. He helped Brother Larry to shore, but in the presence of the Glenmarians collapsed and died after the rescue of Brother Larry. Mass of Christian Burial was held at St. Gabriel Church in Glendale at 11:00 A.M. Burial was in the Glenmary plot at Gate of Heaven Cemetery.

Reverend Herbert Joseph Eilerman, C.PP.S.

Herbert Joseph Eilerman was born at Ft. Loramie, Ohio, on January 28, 1913, the son of Bernard and Elizabeth Kaiser Eilerman. He had one sister; Eleanora (Liette) and four brothers: Joseph, Fr. William, C.PP.S., Bernard and Alfred Eilerman.

He attended school from 1919 until 1928 at North Star and St. John's High School, Maria Stein, O. In September of 1928, he entered St. Marys Seminary, Burkettsville, Ohio. From there he went to St. Joseph's College, Rensselaer, Indiana and St. Charles Seminary, Carthagena, Ohio.

On April 21, 1940, Father Herbert Eilerman was ordained at St. Charles' Seminary, Carthagena, Ohio.

During his religious life he has served at various parishes in various capacities: St. Boniface, Church, Williamsport, Pennsylvania, from June 1, 1940 until August 17, 1941; St. Gertrude's Church, Lebanaon, Pennsylvania, from September 2, 1941, until April 2, 1944. St. John Baptist, Crewe, Virginia from April 4, 1944, until January 18, 1948. He served at St. John the Baptist Church, Whiting, Indiana, from January 18, 1948 until May 2, 1950. He went to Assumption Church, Bellevue, from May 2, 1950, until July 12, 1950, when he returned to John the Baptist until August 4, 1950. Other parishes include: St. Joan of Arc, Elkhart, Kansas; St. Helen, Hugoton, Kansas, August 24, 1950 until July 30, 1953; St. Marys Novitiate, Burkettsville, Ohio, July 30, 1953, until March 16, 1959. He served ten years in St. Joseph's Church, Wapakoneta, Ohio, from 1959 until June 25, 1969; St. Michael's Kalida, Ohio; St. Isidore, Cuba, Ohio,. from June, 1969, until July 10, 1980. He came to the Blessed Virgin Mary Church, Cassella, on July 10, 1980, and remains there at the present time.

Brother Mark Gehret
by Mr. & Mrs. Lawrence Gehret

Mark Gehret was born October 14, 1955, to Lawrence and Frances Lange Gehret who resided on R.R. Houston, Ohio.

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He was one of a family of seven children which also includes: James, Kenneth, Douglas, Louis, Laura (Schulze) and Alice Gehret.

He attended school in Fort Loramie, Ohio, from 1962 until graduation in 1974. During 1974 and 1975, he attended Nashville Auto Diesel College.

In June, 1987, Brother Mark entered the Franciscan Order of Friars, Minor of St. John the Baptist Province in Cincinnati, Ohio, where he is presently located.

Reverend Raymond E. Larger

Raymond E. Larger, the son of Raymond and Virginia Baker Larger, was born on March 11, 1951, in Sidney, Ohio.

He grew up with his parents and three sisters: Rose Marie (Aselage), Teresa Ann (Borchers), and Mary Catherine (Prueter).

He spent his childhood and early adolescent years in Ft. Loramie, having graduated from Fort Loramie High school in 1969. He then entered St. Gregory College Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio, and was graduated in 1973 with a Bachelor of Arts Degree in Philosophy. Raymond then continued to pursue his goal of priestly ministry by entering Mt. St. Mary of West Theological Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio. He interned as a hospital chaplain at Good Samaritan Hospital before being ordained a deacon for service to the Church of the Archdiocese of Cincinnati. He served his diaconate internship at St. Agnes Church, Bond Hill, Cincinnati, and received a Master of Divinity Degree from Mt. St. Mary's.

On June 11, 1977, Father Larger was ordained to the priesthood by Archbishop Joseph L. Bernardin in St. Peter in Chains Cathedral. All of his priestly service has been in the Cincinnati area with his first assignment at St. Teresa of Avila Church in Price Hill. He was then transferred to St. Ann Church in Groesbeck from 1980 to 1985. Currently he is the Associate Pastor at Assumption Parish in Mt. Healthy, a small incorporated city in the northwestern part of the Cincinnati metropolitan area. Assumption is a vibrant parish with 1,550 families and a parish school of 500 children.

Father looks forward to the near future when he will serve as a pastor in one of the Archdiocesan parishes.

Reverend Albin Ratermann
by Urban Ratermann

Father Albin H. Ratermann was born in Fort Loramie on January 5, 1904, son of Adolph and Rose Ratermann. He attended grade school in Fort Loramie, then a six-year course at St. Joseph College, Rensselaer, Indiana. He took Philosphy at St. Gregory Seminary and Theology at Mount St. Marys Seminary. He was ordained on June 14, 1930 and read his first Mass at St. Michael's in Fort Loramie on June 15, 1930, being the first son of St. Michael's Parish to be ordained since 1896.

He served as Assistant Priest at Ft. Marys Church in Cincinnati, Good Samaritan Hospital in Cincinnati, St. Marys in Dayton, St. Marys Hyde Park in Cincinnati, and Holy Angels in Sidney.

He graduated from post-graduate studies in Journalism at the University of Denver, Denver, Colorado, and Catholic University, Washington, D.C.

He served as Secretary to Archbishop McNicholas in 1934, and Associate Editor of the Catholic Telegraph paper from 1937 through 1950.

On January 5, 1941, he was appointed Pastor of Holy Name Parish in Cincinnati. While at Holy Name, a new church was erected in 1950. He also served as Archdiocesan Director of Legion of Decency from 1937 through 1960, and Pro-Synodal Judge on the Archdiocesan Matrimonial Tribunal.

On July 7, 1960, he was appointed Pastor of St. Vivians Parish in Cincinnati. While at St. Vivians, a large addition to the school was completed and 2 years later a new convent was erected for 20 teaching sisters.

In 1966, he was appointed to the Archdiocesan School Board.

In 1974, a new Diocesan Law forced his retirement at the age of 70. He then moved to St. Lawrence Parish in Cincinnati as a retiree in residence. While at St. Lawrence, he celebrated his Golden Jubilee to the Priesthood on June 14, 1980.

In the spring of 1984, because of failing health, he moved to St. Margaret Hall on Madison Rd. in Cincinnati, where he is presently residing.

Reverend James M. Schmitmeyer

James Schmitmeyer was born in Coldwater, Ohio, the son of Albert and Clara (Henke) Schmitmeyer on February 10, 1953. He was a member of a family that also included John, Alberta, Marian, Theodore and Lester.

When the family moved near Ft. Loramie, he received his grade school education at Ft. Loramie. After leaving grade school he decided to join the Order of the Holy Cross for his High School education. These four years were spent at Wauasee Prep in Syracuse, Indiana. He then spent one year at St. Francis College in Ft. Wayne and several more years at Purdue University. He spent a monastic year at Hasings, Nebraska and decided to wait a year before proceeding with his education. At the end of the year, he decided to leave the Holy Cross Order and go to Mount St. Mary Seminary in Cincinnati, for the final four years. He was ordained on June 13, 1981, at St. Peter in Chains Cathedral in Cincinnati.

After ordination he was assigned to St. Raphael Parish in Springfield, for two years. In 1984 he was brought to Mt. St. Mary Seminary (Athenaeum of Ohio) to be a Director of Liturgy and Instructor of Homiletics (Preaching). This position takes him to many places to give seminars. This year, 1988, he will give a one week seminar on preaching in Alaska, and next year is booked to give a six weeks seminar in New Zealand.

Reverend Oscar H. Seger

Oscar H. Seger was born January 18, 1944, at the family home on Cisco Road, presently the Norbert Eilerman residence. His parents were Linus B. and Juanita Fullenkamp Seger. His five brothers include Donald, Roger, Ralph, Louis and Bruce. He has one sister, Madonna (Poeppelman).

He attended school in Ft. Loramie from 1950 until 1955.

Oscar entered the St. Gregory Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1958, and was ordained May 23, 1970 in St. Peter in Chains Cathedral, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Father Oscar served in various parishes which include: St. Thomas More, Withamsville, Ohio; Corpus Christi Church, Dayton, Ohio; Holy Trinity Church, Coldwater; St. Patricks Church, Glynwood, Ohio, and is presently located at St. Denis in Verailles, Ohio.

He served as Advocate and Judge on the Tribunal Marriage Court at Cincinanti, Ohio.

Reverend James Sherman

Father Sherman was born on September 1, 1906, in Ft. Loramie, Ohio, the son of William J. and Frances (Schmuecker) Sherman. James had two brothers William and Frank, as well as five sisters: Helen, Mary, Frances, Beatrice and Victoria. The latter three are now Sisters: Victoria (Sister M. Constance, MHSH); Beatrice (Sister M. Beata, MHSH); Frances (Sister M. Francisca, RSM).

Rev. Sherman received his elementary education in Ft. Loramie grade school and his high school studies at Holy Angels in Sidney, and at the University of Dayton. His seminary work was taken at the University of Dayton, Mt. St. Mary Seminary, Cincinnati, and post graduate work at Fribourg, Switzerland. He was ordained on July 5, 1931, at St. Mary's Parish Church, Dayton, Ohio. His first Mass was said on July 12, 1931, at St. Mary's Church in Dayton, Ohio. On July 19, 1931, he said a mass at St. Michael's Church in Ft. Loramie.

After ordination he was sent to Fribourg, Switzerland for further studies. In 1935, he became a Professor of Dogmatic Theology and Catechetics at Mt. St. Mary Seminary. In 1949, he was appointed Pastor at Old St. Mary's Church, in Cincinnati. In 1956, he became Pastor of Immaculate Conception Church in Dayton, where in 1966 he received the honor of receiving the title of Rev. Monsignor from Pope Paul VI. After twenty years of service to this parish, he retired to his present home at 3826 Ravenna Rd., Dayton, Ohio.

Father Cletus Stang
by Mr. & Mrs. Joseph Stang

Cletus Stang was born July 21, 1922, at Fort Loramie, Ohio, the son of Bernard and Catherine Hoying Stang.

He was one of a family of thirteen children, including Carl, Father Urban, Joseph, Alphonse, Bernard, Theresa, Hilda, Helen, Rosamond, Sister Mary Assunta (Florentine), Sister Kathleen and Mary.

He attended Fort Loramie grade school and attended high school at Mount St. Gregory Seminary and college at Mount St. Marys.

Father Cletus was ordained into priesthood on February 29, 1948.

March 16, 1948, he received his first assignment as Associate Pastor at St. Raphael's Church in Springfield, Ohio.

On February 11, 1952, he became Associate Pastor of St. Ann's Church, Hamilton, Ohio. He began his next Associate Pastorate on November 12, 1955, at St. Marys Church, Dayton, Ohio. He continued there until August 9, 1961, when he went as an associate to St. Veronica's Church, Hamilton. He was appointed to the faculty of Hamilton Catholic High School.

On June 17, 1964, he became Associate Pastor at St. Savior Rossmoyne. On June 19, 1969, he was appointed Pastor of Precious Blood Church, Chickasaaw, Ohio.

February 4, 1974, Father became Pastor of Holy Family Church, Frenchtown, Ohio.

September 17, 1974, he was appointed Assistant Pro-tem at St. Remy's Church, Russia, Ohio, while continuing as Pastor of Holy Family Church.

On October 17, 1977, he returned to Precious Blood Church, Chickasaw, this time as Pastor.

On July 15, 1979, Father Cletus resigned as Pastor of Precious Blood Church because of ill health. He remains in residence at St. Peter and Paul Church, Reading, Ohio.

Father Urban Stang
by Mr. & Mrs. Joseph Stang

Urban Stang was born at Fort Loramie, Ohio, on November 18, 1912, the son of Bernard and Catherine Hoying Stang.

He was from a family of thirteen children, which includes: Carl, Theresa, Hilda, Helen, Rosamond, Joseph, Alphonse, Bernard, Sister Mary Assunta (Florentine), Father Cletus, Sister Kathleen and Mary Stang

He attended grade school at Fort Loramie. He went to high school at Mount St. Gregory Seminary and collage at Mount St. Marys.

He was ordained to the priesthood on May 26, 1938, at St. Peter of Chains in Cincinnati. His first Mass was celebrated at St. Michael's Church in Ft. Loramie on May 29, 1938.

His first appointment on June 10, 1938, was as Associate Pastor of St. Louis Church, Cincinnati, Ohio.

On September 5, 1938, he was appointed to the faculty at Elder High School while continueing as Associate Pastor of St. Louis.

On September 9, 1939, he was appointed to the Catholic University of America in Washington, D.C., for studies. On July 12, 1940, he was appointed to the faculty at Elder High School with residence at St. Louis Church, Cincinnati, Ohio.

He became Associate Pastor at St. Aloysius Church, Delhi, Ohio, on July 4, 1942. In that same year, August 25, 1942, he was appointed Associate Pastor of St. Louis Church, Cincinnati. He became Associate Pastor of Our Lady of Victory Church, Delhi, Ohio, and continued on the faculty at Elder High School, September 25, 1942. On July 21, 1944, he was appointed Principal of Elder High School while continuing as associate Pastor of Our Lady of Victory at Delhi. He became Chaplain of Mt. St. Marys Training School and continued as Principal of Elder High School on August 29, 1949.

Father Urban was appointed Assistant Chaplain of Mount St. Joseph on December 30, 1952, while continuing as Principal of Elder High School

In March, 1961, he became Pastor of St. Agnes Church, Dayton, Ohio.

Father Urban died on December 1, 1964, and is interred in St. Michael's Cemetery, Fort Loramie, Ohio.

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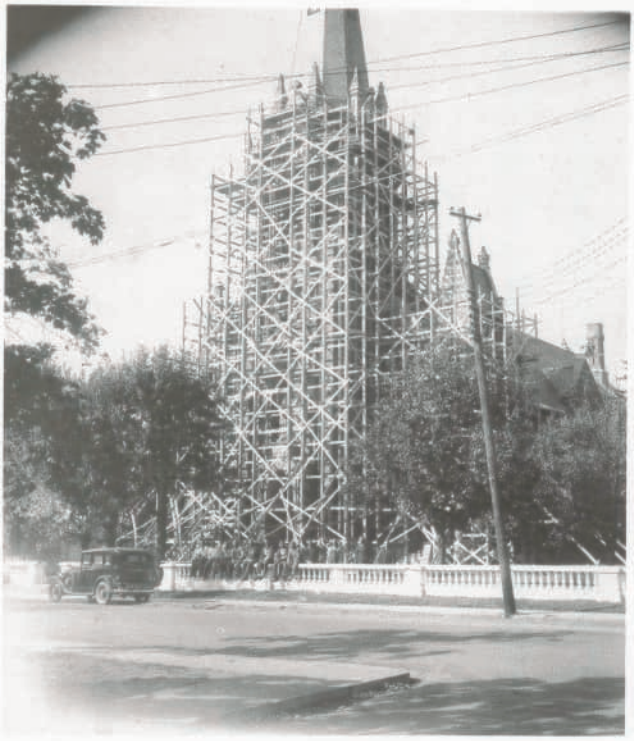


Photo of scaffolding while repairing Church-1940



St. Michael's Church before renovation of 1954.



Another view of St. Michael's Church before renovation of 1954.



Recent photo of St. Michael's Church - 1988

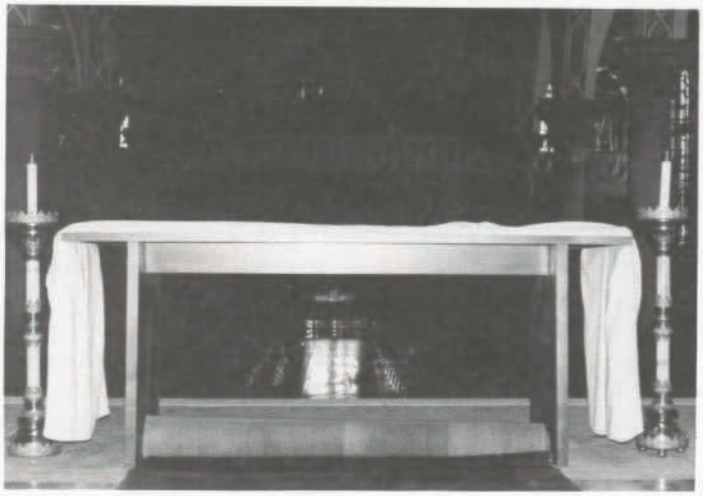


Old St. Michael's Cemetery and Cross



Father William Bigot's Grave

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Old Altar used up to 1988



Baptismal Font before remodelling and painting.



Church pews before the divider was removed.



Church prepared for carpet laying-1988



Church showing pre-1988 lighting.



St. Michael's Church taken in 1986 before renovation of 1988.



Communion rail and pews after the divider was removed-1988



View of renovated church taken from choir loft-1988



View of St. Joseph altar after renovation-1988.



Pews without the divider-1988

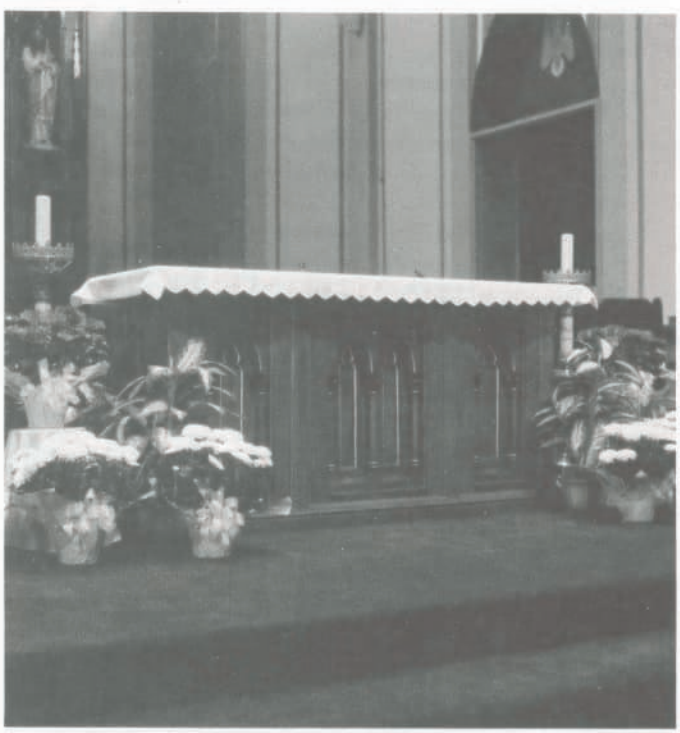
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Refinished baptismal font-1988



New pulpit-1988



New altar dedicated May 1, 1988

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1988 LIST OF ADULT MEMBERS OF ST. MICHAEL'S PARISH

as given to Ft. Loramie Historical Association by St. Michael's Church

Mr. & Mrs. Doug Ahlers
Mr. & Mrs. Paul Ahlers
Mr. & Mrs. Randy Ahlers
Mr. Edward Ahrens
Mr. & Mrs. Donald Ahrns
Dr. & Mrs. Jeffrey Ahrns
Mr. & Mrs. Karl Ahrns
Mr. & Mrs. Bernard Albers
Mrs. Gertrude Albers
Mr. & Mrs. Herman Albers
Mr. & Mrs. James Albers
Mr. & Mrs. John Albers
Mr. & Mrs. Larry Albers
Mr. & Mrs. Norman Albers
Mr. & Mrs. Robert Albers
Mr. & Mrs. Roger Albers
Mr. & Mrs. Ronald Albers
Mr. & Mrs. William H. Albers
Mr. & Mrs. William C. Albers
Mr. & Mrs. Paul Amann
Miss Ann Anthony
Miss Gina Anthony
Mr. & Mrs. James Anthony
Mr. & Mrs. Michael Anthony
Mr. & Mrs. Bernard Arkenberg
Mr. & Mrs. David Arkenberg
Mr. Ferd Arkenberg
Mr. & Mrs. Virgil Arkenberg
Mrs. Alvera Arling
Mr. & Mrs. Bernard Aselage
Mr. & Mrs. David Aselage
Mr. & Mrs. Henry Aselage
Mr. & Mrs. Louis Aselage
Mrs. Matilda Baker
Miss Edith M. Baltes
Mr. & Mrs. Scott Barga
Mr. & Mrs. Thomas Barga
Mr. & Mrs. Dale Barge
Miss Betty Barge
Miss Angie Barhorst
Mrs. Catherine I. Barhorst
Mr. & Mrs. Carl Barhorst
Miss Cynthia Barhorst
Mr. & Mrs. Delbert Barhost
Mr. & Mrs. Doug Barhorst
Mr. & Mrs. Edward Barhorst
Miss Elaine Barhorst
Mr. & Mrs. Ernest Barhorst
Mr. & Mrs. George Barhorst
Mr. & Mrs. Henry Barhorst
Mr. Jeff Barhorst
Mr. & Mrs. Jerome Barhorst
Mr. & Mrs. John Barhorst
Mr. & Mrs. Kenneth W. Barhorst
Mr. & Mrs. Kenneth J. Barhorst
Mr. & Mrs. Kevin Barhorst
Mr. Leonard Barhorst
Mrs. Mary C. Barhorst
Mr. & Mrs. Mark Barhorst
Mr. & Mrs. Nelson Barhorst
Mr. & Mrs. Nicholas Barhorst
Mr. & Mrs. Norman Barhorst
Mr. & Mrs. Raymond Barhorst
Mr. & Mrs. Robert Barhorst
Mr. & Mrs. Robert Barhorst, Jr.
Mr. & Mrs. Ronald Barhorst
Mr. Steven Barhorst
Mr. & Mrs. Theodore Barhorst
Mr. Tony Barhorst
Mr. & Mrs. Virgil B. Barhorst
Mr. & Mrs. Virgil E. Barhorst
Mr. & Mrs. William Barhorst
Miss Carol J. Barlage
Mr. & Mrs. Lester Barlage
Mrs. Mary Barlage
Mrs. Marie Barlage
Mrs. Mildred Barlage
Mr. & Mrs. Thomas Barlage
Mr. & Mrs. Cletus Behr
Mr. Donald Behr
Mr. Fred Behr
Mr. Jeff Behr
Mr. & Mrs. Larry Behr
Mr. Mark Behr
Mr. & Mrs. Norman Behr
Mr. & Mrs. Roger Behr
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Miss Janice Benanzer
Mr. & Mr. Joseph Benanzer
Miss Jane Benanzer
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Mr. William Benanzer
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Mrs. Emerita Boerger
Mr. Frank Boerger
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Mrs. Irene Boerger
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Mr. John Boerger
Mr. & Mrs. Kenneth Boerger
Mr. & Mrs. Leo Boerger
Mr. & Mrs. Robert Boerger
Mr. & Mrs. Thomas Boerger
Mr. & Mrs. Timothy Boerger
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Miss Mary Jane Bollheimer
Mr. Richard Bollheimer
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Mrs. Rita Bollheimer
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Mr. & Mrs. Anthony Borchers
Mr. & Mrs. Carl Borchers
Mrs. Eileen Borchers
Mrs. Esther Borchers
Mr. & Mrs. Joseph Borchers
Mr. John Borchers
Mr. & Mrs. Leo Borchers
Mr. & Mrs. Louis Borchers
Mr. Michael Borchers
Mr. & Mrs. Ted Borchers
Mr. & Mrs. Anthony Bornhorst
Mr. George Bornhorst
Mr. & Mrs. Homer Bornhorst
Mr. & Mrs. James Bornhorst
Mr. & Mrs. Ted Bornhorst
Mr. & Mrs. Anthony Brandewie
Mrs. Arlene Brandewie
Mr. & Mrs. Clarence Brandewie
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Mr. & Mrs. Anthony Broering
Mr. & Mrs. Herman Broering
Mr. & Mrs. Carl Broerman
Mr. Keith Broerman
Mr. Randy Broerman
Mrs. Yvonne Bruning
Mr. William Bruns
Mr. & Mrs. Albert Brunswick
Mr. & Mrs. James Brussel
Mr. & Mrs. Walter Bulcher
Mr. & Mrs. Norman Burkhardt
Miss Anne Busse
Mrs. Evelyn Busse
Mr. Paul Busse
Mrs. Teresa Busse
Mr. William Busse
Mr. Arthur Carey
Mrs. Lavern Carey
Mr. & Mrs. Donald Clune
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Mr. & Mrs. James Cordonnier
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Mrs. Bernadine Eilerman
Miss Bertha Eilermanm
Miss Clementine Eilerman
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Mrs. Nancy Ernst
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Mrs. Viola Ernst
Mr. & Mr. Wilfred Ernst
Mrs. & Mrs. Lawrence Esser
Mrs. Rose Farmer
Mr. & Mrs. Raymond Fiessinger
Mrs. John Filburn
Mr. & Mrs. Ferd Fleckenstein
Mr. & Mrs. Herbert Fleckenstein
Miss Patricia Fleckenstein
Mr. & Mrs. Ralph Fleckenstein
Mr. & Mrs. Theodore Fleckenstein
Mr. Greg Fleckenstein
Mr. & Mrs. Michael Francis
Mrs. Bernice Frey
Mr. & Mrs. Rex Frey
Mr. & Mrs. Ronald Frey
Mr. & Mrs. Vernon Frey
Mrs. Marilyn Freytag
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Mr. William Freytag
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To further the wishes of Reverend Father Bigot, whose desire was to preserve the church registers for posterity, we are including the 1988 list of adult members of St. Michael's Parish as given to Ft. Loramie Historical Association by St. Michael's Church.

Centennial Celebration of St. Michael's Church

November 8, 1981



Archbishop Joseph L. Bernardin, Archbishop of Cincinnati (who later became Cardinal-Archbishop of Chicago), Rev. Gerald E. Bensman and Urban Barhorst driver of the same horse- drawn carriage which was used by Archbishop John B. Purcell when he came to lay the cornerstone of the Church in 1879.

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