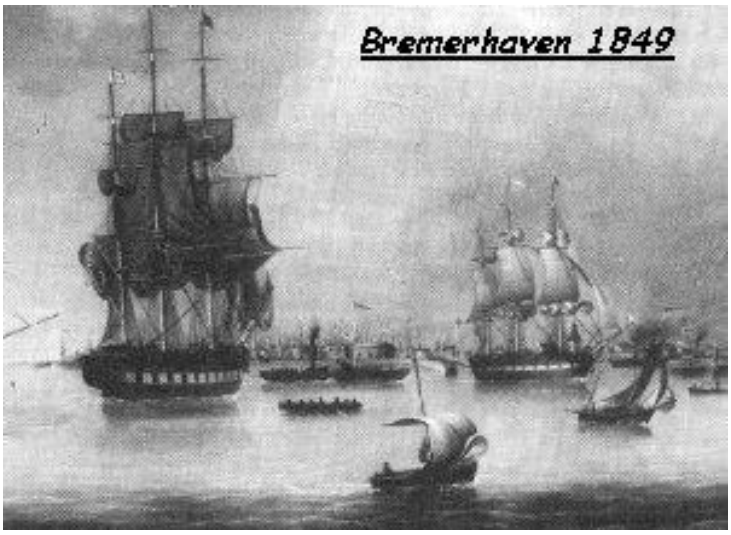
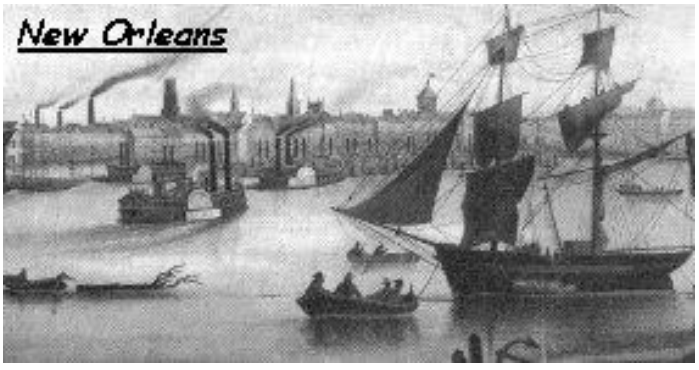
12. The Immigrants

And that, Little Dear One, may have been how it was for our ancestors making their decisions to emigrate. Now let's look at how things might have happened when our ancestors took their actual emigration trips. In 1846 the family of Hermann Heinrich Tegenkamp with his wife and four children emigrated. They came from the Bauernschaft Bahlen in the Kirchspiel Dinklage not too far from Damme. Anything that could not be carried along was sold to help with a fresh start in the US. Our ancestors Heinrich and Maria would have done the same thing. They made this trip one year earlier, in 1845, with Maria's siblings, and their first child Maria was born in Cincinnati on March 17, 1848.



The trip commenced over Vechta, through Wildeshausen and Delmenhorst to Bremen. They had arranged for passage through one of the many shipping agents that used to advertise the opportunities in America in local newspapers. A small riverboat, packed full of people, first had to take them to Bremerhaven where the larger trans-oceanic vessels lay docked. "The 128 passengers filled the little boat to the brim. Our possessions were stored in every little corner of available space and the river ride became a sign of the difficult voyage ahead. Yet, we were in high spirits because we were finally on our way to America."

During this year of 1846 231 ships left Bremerhaven, and these took 31,607 passengers to North America. Three other ships went to Australia and two to South America. The crossing took approximately 52 days. The unusual food, the strange way of cooking, terrible sanitation, pressing togetherness and lack of privacy, stormy weather and the ever-present seasickness made for a terrible adventure on the seas.



During this time one of the more favorite landing places in the US was New Orleans at the mouth of the Mississippi. From there steam-powered paddle wheelers could take passengers up to St. Louis and then up the Ohio to Cincinnati which was a common goal for many German immigrants. Until the completion of the railways in the 1850's this waterway was the favored travel route to the American Midwest. Later the immigrants landed in the eastern seaports and took the railroads from there to their destination.

But Cincinnati remained a favored first stop for many German immigrants, who might have just enough money to get this far. Some used Cincinnati as a stop-over to earn money to be able to continue to their actual goal. Another reason to stop in Cincinnati was to earn some American dollars to be able to purchase acreage further inland. A very important reason to stop in Cincinnati was that it was a mini-Germany in which they would be welcomed by and could be comfortable with their own kind while learning the English language and American customs. But not all the emigrants went to Cincinnati first. Let's look at a family that settled in New Vienna in 1845. They went first to St. Louis, then to Dubuque, and then finally on to New Vienna. They were Heuerleute, or tenant farmers, in Germany.

The Heuerleute Joan Henrich Honkomp and Maria Anna, nee Arens, emigrated from Holdorf-Handorf in 1844 with their 6 children, together with the Hellbusch family, and settled in Iowa. It must be assumed that the families had to travel to Bremen in a horse-drawn carriage. In Bremen "an der Schlachte" (the harbor), they would have boarded a small sailing vessel which would have taken them down river to Bremerhaven. This trip to the "Geeste" would have taken them about 2 days. Once there, they had to go to the "Alten Hafen" (old harbor) to board a much larger ocean crossing sailing ship to commence their trip to another continent. That trip would have taken somewhere between one and two months.

The two families arrived New Orleans at January 7, 1845, they immediately took a river steamer on the Mississippi first to St. Louis. The Hellbusch family stay westerly of St. Louis, the Honkomp family go then to Dubuque, Iowa and later to New Vienna. There was a settlement for a lot of Südoldenburger.

The 12-year-old nephew, Heinrich Arens to Handrup, who also settled in Dubuque County, must have accompanied them on this journey.

In 1849 Joan Henrich (Henry) Honkomp bought property from Gerhard Ovel for $100.00. It was situated in Bremen township, Delaware County, Iowa, in sections 12 und 13. It covered a 1/2 square mile and was bordered on a like-sized property, in New Vienna, Dubuque county, Iowa, which he had already in his possession. He now owned a farm composing one square mile. This was quite typical for new settlers in this area.

His nephew Heinrich Arens settled approximately 3 miles away in Dyersville County. Other Arens family members followed their relative in later years.

After the death of Joan Henrich Honkomp (+Jan. 22, 1878) his son, Franz-Henrich (Henry), born Dec. 17, 1839, in Handorf, inherited the farm. Franz-Henrich, married since Apr. 29, 1866, with Anna Kerkhof, died in 1909 at the age of 70 of a lung infection. The last two years before his death he had been totally blind. In an obituary published in the local press, the *Dyersville Commercial* on Dec. 23, 1909, he was described as one of the oldest and most respected settlers of New Vienna. The paper further reported that the Honkomp family was one of the pioneer settlers of New Vienna and that early life in the community was difficult and primitive and that Henry Honkomp was a respected, loyal neighbor who was ingrained with Christian principles his whole life. He left his wife, Anna, with five surviving children. Anton, his son, continued to farm the family farm. About 1913 he sold the farm and lives in Dyersville. The wonderful photo above shows the Honkomp family homestead in 1904.

Not all the German emigrants were farmers or of Heuerleute background, and we do not know for sure if our ancestors belonged to that group, but most of our ancestors chose to farm in America. I think the opportunity to have land was definitely a big reason for them to emigrate. Farmers need land to live successfully, and there was a lot of good land in America.

Let's look at the information available about Heinrich and Maria. We think they were married in Sustrum, Germany when they were in their twenties. Then they and three of Maria's siblings, Hermann, Johann and Helena Lammers, emigrated to America in 1845. Sylveria Sabers Ruden said, "Heinrich and Maria came to this country on a sailing ship, which took them three to five weeks, depending on the winds. They had to bring all their own food, and they ran out of water on their way over, so they drank rainwater that they collected in jugs, diluted with sea water. It was often salty." They probably sailed from Bremenhaven to New Orleans and then sailed up the Mississippi River, changing steamers at Cairo, Illinois, and then continuing on to Cincinnati, Ohio. Once there, they may have stayed with friends or relatives while buying land and building cabins for themselves, or they may have worked for another farmer for a while, or they may have bought an already working farm. There was a bad cholera outbreak in Cincinnati in 1849, with mass burials for those who had died, but Heinrich and the Lammers siblings fortunately avoided it. Heinrich and Maria had three

children in Cincinnati: Mary, (1848), Sophia (1850) and Henry, my father (1853). The Lammers may have gone to New Vienna, Iowa to avoid cholera.

Let's look at more of the family records:

Johnnie's grandfather, John Crubel, was born in Prussia in 1816 and immigrated to America in 1853, arriving at the port of New Orleans and then making his way up the Mississippi River to Burlington, Iowa, where he spent his first winter. In the spring of 1853 or 1854 he came to New Vienna, Iowa, then went for three years to Buchanan, Iowa, returning to New Vienna in 1857 where he married Catherine Lampe in St. Boniface Church, New Vienna. Their first child Catherine was born in 1859; their second child John (Johnnie's father) was born in 1864; and their third child Henry was born in 1867 and died with his mother, in childbirth. Johnnie's father was 3 years old. John had housekeepers after that but never remarried. In 1871 he bought a farm in Bear Grove near Petersburg.

John Bernard Roling, my mother's father, was born in Hanover on November 1, 1821. He immigrated to the U.S. in 1850 at age 29, sailing from Bremen and arriving in Baltimore. He slowly made his way west and arrived in New Vienna, Iowa. On January 29, 1856, at age 34 he married Elizabeth Schwabe in New Vienna, and had three children with her, two girls (my grandmother the older) and a boy who possibly died with his mother in childbirth on March 13, 1864. My grandmother was six years old and her younger sister was four. On July 19, 1864, John married Teresa Halbur in New Vienna, he was 42. They had another seven children. His oldest two daughters married into the Heinrich Sabers family: Mary Roling, my mother, married the oldest Segbers son Henry, my father; and Anna Roling married the youngest Segbers son William. John Roling died in New Vienna on February 12, 1901, at age 79.

The interconnections and intermarriages between the people in New Vienna are complex and would fill an entire book, Little Dear One! Those connections spilled over into Bloomington, Wisconsin, so that in the cemeteries of both villages are found many of the same names. Since we are related by marriages to perhaps half of the people in New Vienna, we will consider New Vienna people to be like our larger family and we will look now at information from a wonderful 366-page book called *Roots and Wings* published in 2008 by the New Vienna Historical Society, whose members had, over a period of four years, collected stories and memories from the relatives of the early New Vienna pioneers. These stories and memories will add small but rich pieces to the puzzle of what our pioneer ancestors' lives were like.

Carol Sudmeiers of New Vienna researched the history of her family and found the following information: “The December 14, 1845, passenger list for the ship Leontyne, captained by a William Triaans, with a destination of the Port of New Orleans, included seven Sudmeiers from Salzbergens, Hanover, bound for Cincinnati. They were John Bernhard (43), Anna A. (32), John Gerhard (3), John Gerhard (75), Anna M. (72), Bertold (53), and John Wenceslaus (33). Maria Elizabethe Sudmeier, the daughter of the elderly couple, married John Bernard Schulte in Germany. They were also on the ship. They are the ancestors of many people still residing in the New Vienna and eastern Iowa area, carrying the surnames of Schulte, Boge, Menke, Hermsen, Steffen, and Ronnebaum to name a few. Typically, the trip across the ocean in a bark, or three-masted sailing ship would be about 34 – 50 days. After disembarking from the ship, the family traveled up the Mississippi river to Cincinnati, Ohio. There is a letter in March 1847 to John Wenceslaus from his brother, John Bernard, who settled in the New Vienna, Iowa area in 1846. In the letter John Bernard discussed the purchase of land near New Vienna, breaking up the land together, and sharing wagons and ploughs. The Sudmeier family purchased farm and timber land in the Bear Grove area, between New Vienna and what later became Petersburg. While living in Cincinnati, John Wenceslaus married Anna Margaretha Poggeman. He worked as a carpenter to save money for a land purchase and applied for a land grant. The couple had a daughter, Mary Elizabeth. Anna Margaretha was expecting another child when her husband contracted the cholera. He died in Cincinnati and was buried in a mass grave with other cholera victims. The cholera struck with such speed and force that some men who helped dig graves in the morning might be dead in them that night. No doubt, there were immediate burials in an effort to prevent the spread of the disease.”

Our ancestors could have been on that same ship with the Sudmeiers, and it is certain that Heinrich and Maria would have known the Sudmeiers and Anna Margaretha Poggeman and her family in Cincinnati.

John Meis in the 1930s tells his family’s story: “The Meis forefathers lived in Sittinghausen, Westphalia, Germany. My great-grandfather was a doctor. He wrote a book on medicine, in longhand, which is one of our prized family possessions. Conrad Schulte, my uncle, had settled in New Vienna in 1845, and advised us that this would be a good place for my father’s people. My father, Franz Josef Meis. Father, with his parents, brothers, and sisters, emigrated in 1846 on a sailing vessel which they occupied for seven weeks on the ocean before landing in New Orleans. They took a steamboat to Dubuque, and on arriving there, my father and his brother, Bernard Meis, walked to New Vienna on foot, as the only other means of transportation was ox cart. They walked all day, and towards evening came to a settlement dotted with a few houses. Since Vienna, Austria, is a large and glamorous city, they expected to find New Vienna to be an eye-filling

metropolis, so they walked right through the grouping of small houses and other buildings, intent on finding this fine large new "Vienna." However, as they were leaving the small settlement, they asked a passerby for directions, and were exceeding let down at the information that they had just passed by it. But they, accompanied by my uncle, Conrad Schulte, returned to Dubuque and brought the rest of the family back with them by ox wagon to join their relatives, the Schultes, and the rest of the pioneers."

John Meis also tells the story of his other great- grandfather: "Grandfather immigrated to America in 1836 on a sailing vessel. Although Fulton had invented the steam engine, only sailing vessels crossed the ocean. After six weeks at sea, he landed in New York, and then went to Hamilton, Ohio, where his relatives lived after their emigration from Germany. There were no railroads, so he and a companion walked the distance. On the journey, both my grandfather and his companion were stricken with a serious illness of fever and ague (flu), which was very prevalent at the time. They were too sick to work, so they begged for food on the way. They were often turned down in their request because of the language difficulties. At one home, when they asked the lady for "bret", (a word they had learned recently), she brandished a club threateningly saying, 'You big men, I'll bret you.' So they did not linger there. At another farmhouse they saw filled crocks of milk in orderly rows. The hired girl, sympathetic with their plight, gave them permission to drink all the "glubber" they wanted. This glubber is milk that is allowed to sour and the cream skimmed off. The glubber put them back in shape to resume their journey with renewed vigor, vitality and hope."

It is possible that my grandfather John Roling had similar adventures as he traveled cross-country.

Now why did our ancestors choose New Vienna, Iowa? Althoff Family Historian and our distant cousin Jack Henkel recorded this history about the earliest settlers to New Vienna, Iowa:

The present state of Iowa was part of the Louisiana Purchase, a giant tract of land running from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Northwest. The U.S. Government had purchased the land from France in 1803. The eastern Iowa area (where our ancestors settled) included the present western Dubuque, Delaware and Clayton Counties. The U.S. Government had secured the area from the Indians as part of the Black Hawk Purchase of 1832. Surveying the land was begun in 1836 and a map of the public survey shows that Townships 89 in Ranges 3, 4, and 5 west of the 5th Prime Meridian (Delaware County) had already been surveyed by 1837. The surveying of the entire area was completed in 1838.
The first Iowa Territory Census in 1840 shows only 37 families scattered throughout Delaware County. However, in 1840, the U.S. Government built a fort at Ft. Atkinson in Winneshiek County on the Turkey River to protect one Indian tribe from another, and then built a military road from Centralia (west of Dubuque) to Ft. Atkinson, which is 100 miles northwest of Dubuque, Iowa. The road crossed Bear Creek at Bear Grove (just east of Petersburg) and ran through the future Althoff

farm and future site of Petersburg and then proceeded north and west to the fort. The road greatly improved transportation in the area for direction and for navigation across streams, around swamps, etc. and increased the development of Eastern Iowa. New Vienna was settled in 1843, and the first man who settled on the present site of Petersburg in Bremen Township of Delaware County was John Henkel in 1853.

This road also passed directly through my grandparents' farm north of New Vienna. The military road to the Fort would have been a great help to pioneer travelers exploring the area to determine where they should settle. The road may have been a part of the reason my grandfather bought his farm there.

Some of the first settlers in the area had purchased a section of land from the government in 1843 to begin the settlement of the town of New Vienna on the western edge of Dubuque County, Iowa. These settlers had arrived from Oldenburg, Hanover, and Westphalia, in Germany in 1833 and settled on small farms near Muenster, Ohio. They remained there for 10 years, building homes and getting established. Soon there was no more room for a larger settlement and no more government land in Ohio for themselves and their relatives and friends in Germany who wanted to join them in the "promised land" of America. The settlers then moved on to the territory of Iowa to take up government land on a location affording the opportunity for a large German Catholic settlement. Their new settlement at New Vienna and the surrounding area grew rapidly in population in the 1840s and 1850s as more friends and relatives such as the Bohnenkamps joined them in the new land. The rich farmland, rock and timber for building, easy access to water, and improved transportation all gave impetus to the march of pioneers westward even though Iowa had not yet been admitted as a state and there was no bridge across the Mississippi.

Cousin Fred Althoff, member of the New Vienna Area Historical Society, also wrote about the early history of New Vienna:

Five families came to the New Vienna area (then called Wilson's grove) in 1843 on the recommendation of Bishop Loras of Dubuque, who encouraged immigration in order to build up a strong and vibrant German Catholic Diocese in the Dubuque area. He told the early families that the area had 200 acres of timber and was at a place where a small creek joined a larger creek. The open land with some timber and a stream for water and for waterpower was seen as ideal for homesteading. Another gift was that there was a lot of limestone under the land, so the pioneers basically had what they needed to build a homestead with open land for farming and creek land for grazing. The lot where the Vorwald mill is was originally the Fangman lot, but there was a lot of buying and selling as more immigrants came to the area. By about 1850 the settlement was pushing further north, hence military grants were sold that eventually became Segbers/Sebers land.

Our German farmer ancestors wanted a safe place to settle, where there would be no more Indians to fight. The Black Hawk War of 1832 decisively ended the Indian wars in Iowa and opened it up for settlement. There were still Indians about, but in Iowa they were peaceful. In 1933, a few years before he died, Anthony Abeln wrote down a story about his early days in New Vienna and recorded this story about Indians, probably from the 1870s, recounted here by John Schwendinger: "Every fall a group of Sioux Indians would come down from the north and camp at the junction of the Maquoketa and Coffee Creek, near New Vienna. Schemmels would give them sugar, green coffee (no roasted coffee in those days), and also hay for their ponies. The Indians had bark dwellings, some very big that housed several families. These Indians were a good lot (however, Anthony's father was careful not to let his chickens roost in the trees.) In the spring the Indians would pack up and move north again." This annual migration of the Sioux Indians went directly past my grandparents' farm.

John Boeckenstedt, whose ancestors were among the first pioneer settlers in New Vienna in 1843, wrote in an article in *The Iowa Homestead* March 15, 1915: "My mother often told me many hundreds, even thousands, of Indians travelled that road (the Ft. Atkinson Military Road) in a body following its trail northwestward." This may have been on one of the return trips of the many marches the Indians took to Washington to try to get better land rights. Herman Abeln reported to Delores Neuhaus that the early Abelns remembered Indians coming to the back door begging for food and money. Anna Deppe Bruggeman reported, "Mother said in those early days often a tribe of Indians came through, as many as 200 at a time, quite a bunch, something for them to see." My grandparents lived on this road, and they would have had the opportunity to have many interactions with the Indians passing up and down the road, as well as pioneers passing up and down the road.

This Google Earth Map from 1994 shows the section of the road going directly past Heinrich's and Maria's farm, lower right, and shows how close the house is to the road. My grandfather died before I was born, but I remember sitting with the family on Sunday afternoons when we would go visiting my grandmother. She was living with my Uncle William and his family then, on Grandpa's farm, and sometimes she would tell us scary stories about the Indians, about how they scalped people and burned people alive. Sometimes even we children could tell she must be exaggerating. My father would say, "Ma, stop teasing them." Then she would laugh and laugh and offer us more cookies. My mother was a very quiet person and usually did not talk much, but if I later asked her about Grandma's stories, she told me that Grandma was making up the stories just to scare us, that none of the Indians behaved like that anymore, that that was all a long time ago and had nothing to do with us. Sometimes when my mother had a quilting bee, I heard the older women talking about how the Indian women seemed to know a lot about healing plants, and my great-aunt said that one of the Indian women gave her some plants that healed my uncle's gout and brought down my cousin's fever. Then the women would talk for a while about different ways the Indians treated illness and death and babies and child-rearing, and it was boring and I didn't listen much. But when my father and older brothers got to talking about stories they heard from the old-timers at the saloon I would hide behind the sofa and listen. Sometimes it would be about how the Indians could move through the forest so quietly they might as well be ghosts, or how they were such sure shots with their bows and arrows that it was uncanny, or how some of them really liked their liquor and got noisy and did crazy things like dancing just like they were devils on hot coals, or how they were so silent when they came into town that you didn't know they were there until you suddenly looked up to find them standing in front of you, absolutely quiet and not moving. I used to practice walking silently like that so I could

sneak up on people, but it never worked very well, even when I was barefooted. My father and older brothers and uncles would sit enjoying their beer from the brewery in town and laugh about stories about Fort Atkinson they heard from the old-timers. It seems some of the soldier dragoons who were quartered at Fort Atkinson during its short ten-year existence chose to stay around the New Vienna area when they were mustered out in 1849, and these dragoons liked nothing better than to regale the New Vienna old-time pioneers at the saloon in exchange for a stein of that good German beer. It seems the dragoons were often bored while they served at Ft. Atkinson. They expected that as soldiers they would be able to fight in battle, but they found that mostly their duties at the fort were to drill, erect buildings, go on patrol to corral Indians that tried to escape the reservation, evict renegade white settlers who tried to build farms on the Indian reservation, stop drunken fights, and pick up the occasional poor soul that got lost on the prairie and froze to death. Here are some stories about Fort Atkinson from *The Palimpsest* **of** November 1921, University of Chicago:

Patrol duty often took the mounted company on long tours. Twice during 1842 requisitions from Governor Chambers of Iowa Territory caused Captain Sumner and his dragoons to spend several weeks in the saddle driving out squatters and other intruders from the lands of the Sac and Fox to the south. Although heavy rains often pelted the marching column, streams had to be forded, and sodden blankets and equipment produced many a cheerless night, nevertheless the troopers welcomed the chance to get away from garrison life. The luckless adventurer, too, who had settled unlawfully upon the Indian domain could testify to the energy of the dragoons as he looked back upon his blazing cabin, his fences destroyed, and his crops trampled under hoof.

Although Captain Sumner with his dragoons prevented effectually the smuggling of liquor into the reservation, he was unable to stop the Indians from visiting the whiskey shops set up just outside the boundary. Two of these known as "Sodom" and "Gomorrah" did a thriving business. In spite of the fact that hundreds of Indians joined the sub-agent's temperance society, they soon forgot their pledge and were drinking as heavily as before. After the Indians received their annuities at the agency, drunken frolics which sometimes resulted in bloodshed and murders doubled the work of the soldiers until the period of dissipation ended. Officers, too, found it difficult after a pay day at the post to prevent the soldiers from yielding to the allurements of "Whiskey Grove," a popular resort a few miles away.

Indians were strange and amazing people, certainly. On that everyone agreed. My grandmother died when I was 8 years old, and my memories of those Sunday afternoon times with her are mostly about how much she liked to laugh and trick us and have fun. But also, I was left with a feeling that the Indians were somehow different from us, mysterious, maybe noble, like an exotic kind of animal, like the buffalo that used to roam around. There was never any talk of us living on land we should not be on, land the Indians used to live on. We knew that they had sometimes roamed through the lands where we now lived, but we were told that it was all originally government land, that the United States government had owned it and sold it to settlers. Saintly Bishop Loras himself encouraged German Catholic farmers to come to this area to establish a German Catholic community. By buying land and working hard to make it productive and be a credit to our church and our country we were helping further God's work as well as the work of the government of the country that had welcomed us. It wasn't until I was an adult that I started to learn the real story of how the Indians lost their lands and their culture.

Are you wondering about this famous Ft. Atkinson Military Road, Little Dear One? Here is information from the University of Iowa, *Fort Atkinson and the Winnebago Occupation of Iowa, 1840–1849:*

> After the War of 1812, the U.S. had established a string of Indian agencies and forts to preserve peace among the Indians. Fort Snelling, overlooking the Mississippi and Minnesota Rivers, was completed in 1825. After the passage of the Indian Removal Act in 1830, Fort Snelling became a hub of activity on the upper Mississippi and played an important role in easing tensions between the Ojibwas and white settlers. By the mid-1830s, it had become apparent that the frontier demanded mobile troops to separate the white settlements from the Indian tribes as well as to protect the tribes from each other. On July 2, 1836, President Andrew Jackson signed a bill providing for the defense of the Western frontier. By September, a proposal to build a 1,000-mile military road became law. The road ran along the frontier within the Indian nations, and the government established military posts from Fort Snelling in Minnesota to Fort Jesup in Louisiana.
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> In 1840, U.S. infantry and mounted dragoons escorted Winnebago Indian families from their homes in Wisconsin to new lands in the Iowa Territory. This scene, repeated throughout the eastern United States in the nineteenth century, was part of a policy designed to strip tribes of their lands and relocate them west of the Mississippi. By the 1820s, sixty percent of the U.S. Army was stationed

along this western frontier to ensure native cooperation for American settlement and enterprise. Beginning in 1832, the Winnebago (Hochungohrah), a Chiwere-Siouan-speaking tribe related to the Ioway and Otoe, were forced to relinquish their Wisconsin homeland through a series of cession treaties in exchange for territory in the Neutral Ground—a forty-mile-wide buffer zone in the northeast Iowa Territory. The U.S. Government assured the Winnebago protection from other tribes, illegal settlers, and opportunistic traders, with the understanding that they would be relocated to "better lands" when these became available. Promised annuities—goods, services, and cash—would be paid by an official subagent whose duties also included the education and "civilizing" of the Indians. Fort Atkinson became command-central for the Winnebago occupation of Iowa Territory over the next eight years. The name honored Brig. Gen. Henry Atkinson, commander at the 1832 Battle of Bad Axe, Wisconsin, the final Indian battle east of the Mississippi. The fort had three major goals: to monitor, protect, and maintain Winnebago bands within the Neutral Ground, to prevent pioneer settlement, and to reinforce the authority of the subagent.

Situated more than twenty miles west of the Mississippi River, construction began in the spring of 1840 at a site chosen by General Atkinson. Post surgeon William King's 1840 description hints at the setting's desirability. Fort Atkinson is situated 50 miles west of Fort Crawford [Wisconsin] on an elevated plot of ground between the Turkey River to the north and Spring Creek on the south and east. The country between the station and Turkey River is woodland. On the west, south, and east it is open prairie, affording a fine view of from 10–15 miles in extent.

Soldiers and hired teamsters hauled pine lumber, nails, and other building supplies from Fort Crawford along a military road. Stone masons quarried limestone blocks from bedrock next to the site. Soldiers cut local trees for structures, pickets, and fuel. As nearby timber diminished, soldiers traveled farther afield to cut wood, sometimes a welcome excursion from more routine chores. By 1842, 24 log and stone structures were completed at a cost of $90,000 including enlisted men's barracks, officers' quarters, blockhouses, hospital, powder magazine, commissary storehouse, and Sutler's store, all surrounded by a timber picket. After chipping through 70 feet of limestone, a well was abandoned in favor of a cistern to collect rainwater. Stables, icehouse, bake house,

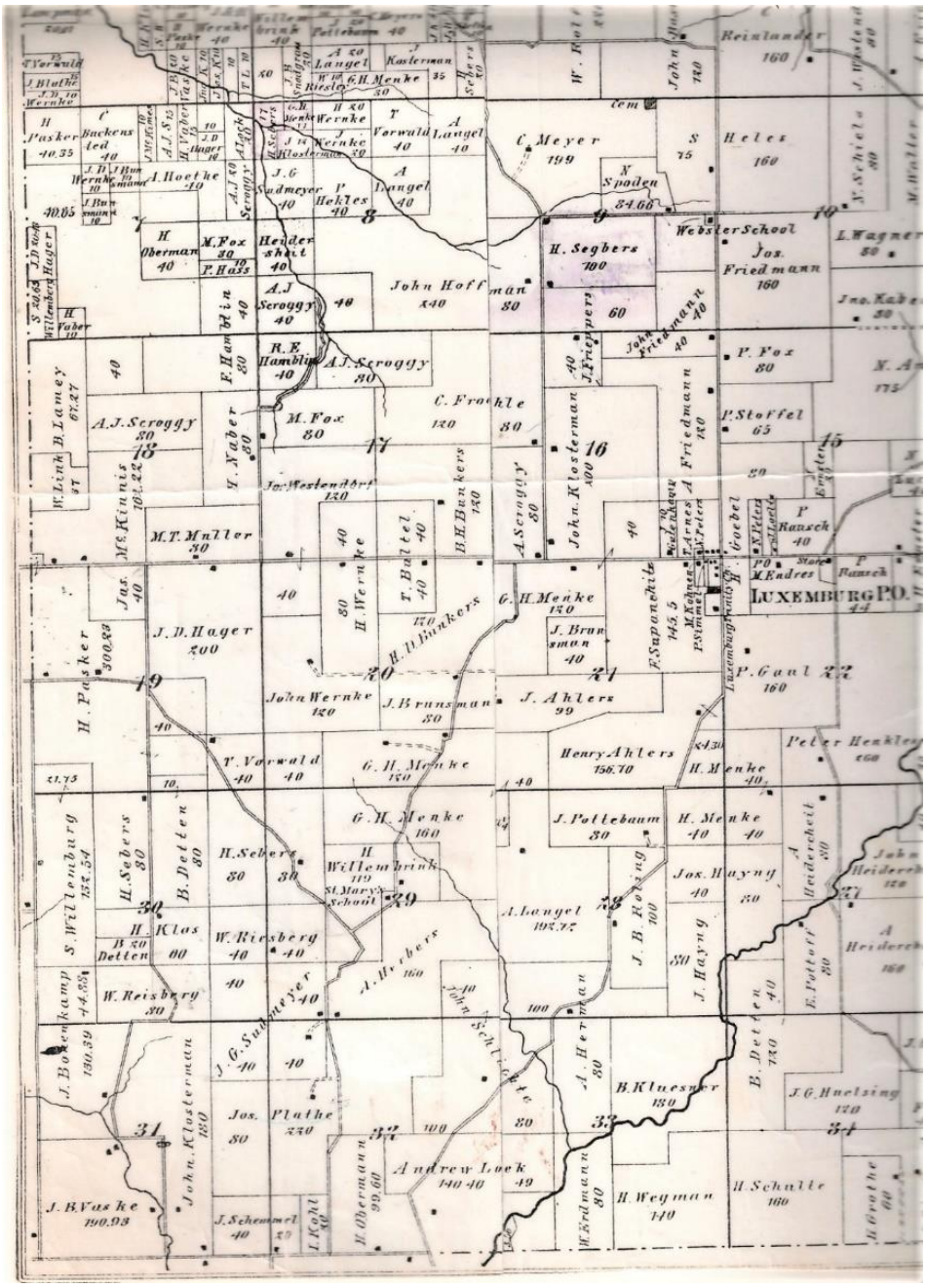
granary, blacksmith's, root house, carpenter's shop and laundress's shacks stood north of the stockade.

Throughout its brief existence, Fort Atkinson was home to as many as 196 men at any one time. Families accompanied commissioned and noncommissioned officers, often living in quarters supplied by the post. Never threatened by attack nor engaged in military battles, soldiers' lives centered around everyday tasks - patrols, drills, construction and repair of buildings and equipment, collection of ice and firewood, tending of gardens and livestock. Regulating and protecting the legal residents of the Neutral Ground—more than 2000 Winnebago—required patrols to locate the 13– 22 separate bands, round up individuals attempting to return to their Wisconsin homelands, remove illegal settlers and unscrupulous traders, thwart intertribal skirmishes, and monitor the Turkey River sub-agency area and life outside the fort, including occupation of camps and villages throughout the Neutral Ground. Winnebago bands congregated periodically near the Turkey River sub-agency, three miles south of the fort. Band members collected annuities and received medical care. Annuities included seed corn and oats, blankets, fabric, traps, guns, ammunition, pipes, tobacco, kettles, pots, and livestock hauled over a trail from Dubuque. Annual cash payments of $20,000 to the tribe bought items from licensed traders. In 1842, Whirling Thunder, one Winnebago band chief, ordered the following from the Dousman Trading Outfit: lead ($1), powder ($1), nine bags of corn ($18), silk handkerchief ($8), spurs ($1), and a northwest gun ($12). At the sub-agency school, Winnebago children and some adults were taught reading, writing, arithmetic, and English, as well as more domestic tasks such as spinning, weaving, sewing, and gardening. A model farm encouraged pioneer ways but was scorned by Winnebago men and boys who traditionally hunted and fished. Women were farmers in traditional Winnebago society.

Let's look at this information from *Dyersville, Its History and Its People* by Rev. Arthur A. Halbach (1939) about the part of the Military Road that ran through my grandpa's farm:

"Ft. Atkinson in Winneshieck County was originally called Camp Atkinson and was built to protect the Indians. The Dubuque-Ft. Atkinson Rd was first authorized in 1841, and the first attempt to survey the road ran from Dubuque to Farley and then north. This was abandoned, and erased from the records. "The official Fort Atkinson Rd (represented on old road maps as Fort Atkinson or Colony Rd) was authorized in 1845." When Iowa moved to name roads in the 1990's, the road running through the Heinrich Sabers farm was

changed from a number back to Colony Rd. The book says the road traversed "the southwest corner of Liberty (township), passing between New Vienna and Luxemburg and from section 19, Liberty Township, crossed into Delaware County."



The Old Military Post Road that stretches from Minnesota to Louisiana was the first north-south highway to be built by the United States in the West, and that was the road that cut right through my grandparents' farm. The road is diagonal, coming in exactly on the southeast corner of the farm and exiting on the northern border, about 20 acres length east of the northwest corner of the property. It follows a ridge, as most of the early roads did, to make them more passable in a snowy winter or a muddy spring.

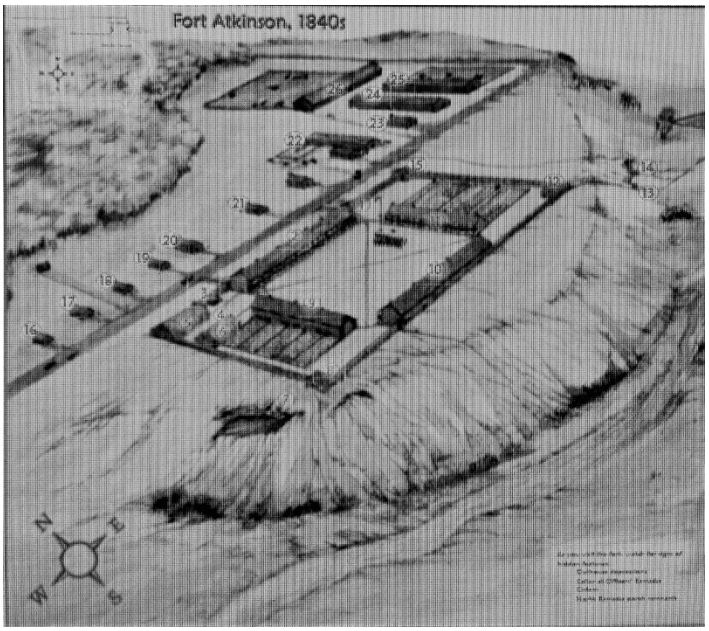
The road runs about 40 acres (.25 miles) west of St. Mary's School, as the school is located on a road that branches off Colony Rd. These roads still exist today. On this plat map we can see my grandparents' farm in the second row from the bottom, on the left side. The road is the dark line that branches in a "y" in Section 29, just before it veers to the left to my grandparents' farm.

Here is another Google earth shot of the Heinrich Segbers farm, this one taken in 2015, 21 years after the earlier one. We can see how the road is on a ridge, and how the draws show the effects of water conservation efforts in those years. Here is an interesting side note from Fred Althoff about how farmers worked the land in the draw.

A draw is a long low valley like a channel running through the land, sometimes called a "slough." It is farmed for cover crops, but also serves as a waterway in a spring thaw or heavy rain. When I worked on farms, farmers often baled the sloughs in the cornfields or even oats fields. I usually started out raking hay, which just meant making a furrow of hay running through the slough. Then I would drive on the baler. That was a nightmare trying to get a baler and wagon turned around in the sloughs. It meant backing a two wheeled implement, the baler, with a four wheeled wagon behind it. The new conservation method in the 2015 photo is the grass-ways running through the field. They show the natural drainage of the land. Farmers are paid not to plant in these areas--that's what makes the conservation plan work. The most modern conservation is using constructed earth terraces on steep hills. Some of the farms around the Segbers farm, including the Klas farm, now have terraces. These stay in place forever. They prevent erosion, and some serve as "catch basins" for excessive rains. If there was not a spring on a farm, the farms would have a well for water. A well and a windmill were usually the first investments in starting a farm without a spring. Heinrich's farm was on a hill, and I don't think there was a spring so I believe they had a well.

Here is also an interesting fact about how our ancestors felt about this road, from Rev. Halbach: "The German pioneers who settled along this road had a peculiar reverence for it, probably because it was there when they arrived, having therefore an unknown age; and because of its name Fort Atkinson, which gave a military touch to the road. Although the farmers regretted the inconvenience and injurious path this road followed through their lands, they did not dare to touch or change its location for years because they considered it a military road (an untrue premise), hence, "untouchable". In reality, the road was never used by the army for movement of troops or transportation of provisions, nor was it intended for that purpose. It was just another territorial road."

Here is a good overview of Ft. Atkinson itself from *Iowa Archaeology*:



Fort Atkinson was established in 1840 to monitor the Ho-Chunk (Winnebago) Nation who had been forced to move from their traditional homeland in Wisconsin to the Neutral Ground in northeastern Iowa. The fort's founder, Brigadier General Henry Atkinson, promised the Ho-Chunk that the fort would protect them from their traditional enemies who lived all around the Neutral Ground and also keep white settlers from moving into the territory. At the same time, the government expected the soldiers to prevent the Ho-Chunk from returning to their homeland. Horse-mounted dragoons were stationed at Fort Atkinson to patrol the Neutral Ground and keep the peace. Orders and supplies came to Fort Atkinson from the Second Fort Crawford in Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin. Soldiers frequently traveled between these forts along a road, known as the Military Road, which crossed the Mississippi River at Harpers Ferry. The Joel Post house was located about halfway along the 50-mile route and was often used as an overnight camp by the soldiers. Although no fighting ever took place at the fort, General Atkinson selected a site on a high bluff that provided a strong defensive position. The major buildings and stockade were built between 1842 and 1845. The fort was disbanded in 1849 when the Ho-Chunk were moved out of Iowa and the soldiers were sent to fight in the Mexican American War. In 1855 many of the buildings were torn down and the salvaged materials were used to build some of the buildings in the town of Fort Atkinson. In 1958 a portion of the North Barracks and the log stockade were reconstructed, and in 1968 the fort was dedicated as a State Preserve. The Fort Atkinson site has been the subject of numerous archaeological and

historical investigations beginning as early as 1939. This research has recovered numerous artifacts and building foundations which help to tell the story of life at the fort.

So we know that the early ancestors were looking for good land with a stream and timber in a safe environment where they could establish a strong and free Catholic community and raise their families with the values they cherished. New Vienna and Petersburg had all that plus rich black loam and some improved roads. Bear Grove is about two miles east of the Crubel farm at Petersburg on the road to Vienna. It is called Bear Grove because the Indians had killed a bear there in pioneer days and the area is still referred to as Bear Grove today because there is still a patch of timber there, with Bear Creek running through it. The Ft. Atkinson Military Road crossed the creek at Bear Grove.