

Hers had been a busy, generous, thoughtful, wise, and inspiring life lived in faith, and she left a legacy for those who were to follow.

Wilhelmina and Louis did not have any wedding pictures taken to our knowledge (at least none have ever been found) so the picture at the beginning of that section of the book was taken approximately ten years after the wedding. According to information we have gathered they are wearing their wedding clothes in this picture. Also in the picture are two of their children. At the time the picture was taken they had six children.

The following was written by my mom in May of 1982.

Well! I am supposed to say something about the Eckhardt part of this book (or history). I vaguely remember the death of my Dad, not yet four years old. We never had many luxuries. They tell me Dad was planning on building an addition onto the house before he died and that never materilized, As we moved his brothers house up to the corner within the next couple years.

Ma seen that every one of us kids went to church school and was confirmed at St. John's Lutheran Church. We all carried our lunch and walked the mile and three quarters. Some times in the winter months it was awful cold, and we froze our fingers. We always had hand knit mittens and wore husking mittens over the top. As we all grew older and corn picking time came, we kids went along with one of the older girls and hand picked with wagon and horses, a kind of slow job with each wagon getting two loads a day.

We always had a large garden and plenty of fruits, canning lots and in the winter time Ma would order large twenty pound wood boxes of prunes and dried peaches and seedless raisins for a variety.

I remember the first horseless carriage coming past, looked like a buggy 'high wheels' and propelled by a gas engine. And a local doctor was driving it.

Our house on the corner was heated in winter with coal and wood burning heater, and an old black home comfort range in kitchen; we did have a bath tub and faucets in upstairs bed room and kitchen sink, the furnace was installed in 1913 and the bath-room was added on after Ma was sick in 1929 and that was the first time they had a toilet in the house.

I think we all had an experience of "farm work" and "Gardening" and "canning" and "cleaning" like few get today.

Bill did buy a "Bull" three wheels tractor and ran into buildings and fences, before he gave up trying to operate it. The mechanical corn pickers came few and far between.

Alva's first mechanical picker was bought about 1928 it was a one row, pulled by an International tractor and the husked ears were elevated into a wagon pulled by horses, beside the tractor and picker, a far cry from present day equipment.

All the disc's at that time were about eight feet wide and pulled by horses, likewise two row corn planters. Getting crops planted was a big job, and most every farm had horses, cattle, hogs, and chickens; chores twice a day.

And that takes us up to today with tractors costing \$100,000. and running around the clock in busy times.

1966 OUR TRIP TO EUROPE

Bernhard Krueger was the fourth child of Louisa Fricke
and Henry Krueger

Bernhard (Bernie) and Viola Krueger were fortunate enough to travel to Europe in 1963 and again in 1966. The following pages are from their scrap book which Viola loaned to us so all of us get to share in the memory of their trips.

Bernie passed away in 1970 so we only have the diary to share, part of the information has been misplaced and at the moment cannot be found.

In 1966 when they travelled to Europe they crossed the Atlantic via Holland American Ships "Rotterdam" to go over and the "Statendam" on their return trip.

In 1966 on their return to the United States via ship they encountered a Hurricane.

The following was written by Dean Krueger about the 1966 trip.

The summer of 1966 Bernhard Krueger took his two oldest grand-daughters, Vicki Miller and Debbie Krueger to Europe visiting friends and relatives. They were to be joined later by Viola.

They stayed for about a month with Albert Fricke's in Vorwohle which is east of the Weser River. It was a quaint little village set at the foot of some hills. From a distance you could see the red tile roofs shaded by trees here and there. Fricke's lived across from the church and you could see the church steeple rise above all. In the morning as you walked down the rough cobblestone streets you could see feather beds airing in open lace curtained windows.

Fricke's are distant relatives, nine generations removed. Albert Fricke was a butcher and ran the butcher shop out of his home, as did many shop-keepers in small villages. He and his wife Oma had three children, Helga, Albert, and Gesila, who was the youngest and same age as Vicki and Debbie.

Fricke's also had some ground for farming in the country. It was common for the farmers to live in the village and drive machinery to the country for work in the fields. Many barns were attached to the homes, usually forming a U-shape with the barn on one side of the U with a bricked in courtyard in the middle. At Fricke's part of the other side of the U was a smoke house and butcher shop. The entire family, with the exception of young Albert, took turns working in the butcher shop. Young Albert worked in a near by city.

Vicki and Debbie went to school with Gesila in a neighboring town for several weeks, riding there each day by bus. They participated in the "English" classes and answered questions about everything. They were especially curious about baseball.

After further touring in Europe and before returning home, Bernhard, Vicki and Debbie returned to Vorwohle to say good-bye to the Frickes. In their absence, Albert had died suddenly with heart complications.

Debbie and Gesila still correspond trying to keep in touch with each others families.

Bernie and Viola were at the shop and home of the Frickes from which the Frickes left to come to the United States in the 1800's.

OUR TRIP TO EUROPE

by Bernie Krueger

It was a cloudy and stormy day, June 5th, when we went to Des Moines Municipal Airport to embark on our trip to Europe. Our plans were to fly via French-built Caravell jet, but due to mechanical difficulties, took a DC7 instead.

The first leg of our journey was uneventful. We landed at O'Hare Field, Chicago, with good visibility. There we were told that our flight would continue to Newark, N.J., by DC7. We flew across the southern tip of Lake Michigan under bright sunshine and broken clouds. The waters of Lake Michigan were a beautiful blue.

Farther on the cloud layer became solid and we lost all sight of the ground. We were unable to top the thunderheads at 17,000 feet MSL.

Alternating between clouds and sunshine, there was some turbulence, but nothing severe.

At Pittsburgh, we landed with almost minimum conditions - a ceiling of about 500 feet with visibility about one mile. While there I had the good fortune to talk with the co-pilot and learned that he was from Grinnell, Iowa.

On leaving Pittsburgh, the weather gradually improved and about half way across Pennsylvania, we were able to top the clouds. We landed at Newark to good weather and good visibility.

SAIL TO EUROPE

After a good night's rest, we went to Pier 40 to see the flagship of the Holland-American Line - the Rotterdam - on which we were to sail to Europe.

We made arrangements by telephone to meet Howard Tagliabue at the Chase Manhattan Bank. He had been a room-mate of our son Dean at Central College in Pella, Iowa:

Mr. Tagliabue is in charge of the Corporate Trust department with his own office on the 22nd floor. We met him at the east entrance of the bank at one o'clock and after visiting with him, he took us to his office where he telephoned for a guide.

The guide was a young lady from Switzerland who had only been in the USA about a year and a half.

FROM VAULT BELOW STREET-LEVEL TO 60th FLOOR VIEW

Together with a couple from California, we were taken through all the various departments of the bank, which is the largest individual bank in the USA.

We started at street-level and went up three different departments and on up to the 60th floor where there is a fine restaurant and a view of the city; but unfortunately a rain shower defected our view.

ROCKEFELLER'S OFFICE

We visited the private offices of President Rockefeller and of the vice president with all their beautiful and personal furnishings. We were even permitted to sit in some of the chairs in the Board of Directors room. The chairs circled a huge oval table - one for each member of the board.

Descending five floor levels below the street, we entered the vaults, and saw a clock powered by atomic energy. Buried in the concrete floor, the clock is expected to run uninterrupted for about two hundred years.

We saw many art treasures in the various meeting rooms and in private offices.

Leaving the bank, we taxied to Battery Park, and looking across New York Harbor, saw the (Grand Old Lady) the Statue of Liberty.

After strolling around the park, we took the subway train back to our hotel at 42nd Street near Times Square.

TAGGING OUR BAGGAGE

In the evening we went to one of the famous restaurants in mid-town New York where the excellent dining included a very respectable floor show.

Next morning we were busy tagging our baggage and preparing for our voyage.

We met Miss Vera Martin, a registered nurse from Pennsylvania and asked her to share our taxi, as she was also sailing on the Rotterdam.

She was very interesting to talk with because she came from a farm in Lancaster county - which is, of course, "Pennsylvania Dutch" territory.

PIER 40

Pier 40 is new, modern and fire-proof with air-conditioned waiting rooms.

It belongs to the Holland-American Line.

We checked our baggage and had our contracts and passports checked. Then we boarded ship and went immediately to our stateroom.

In our stateroom we found mail from our travel agent, a telegram from a good friend, Rev. John Mohr, and a basket of flowers from the children.

BON VOYAGE

And so off to Europe and the experiences of a life time.

ON THE SS ROTTERDAM TO EUROPE

Our ship sailed about noon on June 7.

There is a lot of gaiety about the departure of an ocean liner-with passengers on deck waving farewell to people on the dock.

But for the ship's crew, it is back to work - making 800 tourist class and about 300 first class passengers happy and comfortable.

THE LANGUAGE BARRIER

Before we left New York, everyone seemed to speak English, but after we were out a day we found a great many were speaking other languages.

Mr. Dilger, who sat at our table, was returning to Germany after visiting a son in New Jersey. His home was on the Swiss border and he had worked many years for the Roche Chemical Co. of Basel, Switzerland. He spoke only German and I think my hardest task was trying to be interpreter for him and a Dr. Kaufman of Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

We sailed directly eastward toward Portugal and did not change course until we reached the Gulf Stream. Then we took a north-easterly course toward England.

The ship was controlled by an auto-pilot with directional gyros. The only time it was steered manually was on entering or leaving port. The bridge was always open to visitors on clear days and daylight hours. I liked to go up early in the mornings to check our compass course.

From the glass-enclosed bridge, there was a wonderful view across the bow of the ship looking forward.

We traveled at a speed of about 20 knots (or approximately 28 miles) an hour.

On Sunday we attended Evangelical church services. The hymn books were written in both English and Dutch and one could sing in either language (if one could, that is).

In the afternoon, we enjoyed a concert by the ship's orchestra.

TOO OLD OR TOO YOUNG

We played shuffle board, bingo, and other games. There was dancing every night with prizes for the lucky couples.

One night prizes were given for the oldest couples, 70 down to 65 years. We were not quite old enough to qualify.

We telephoned home one evening from mid-ocean - that was a real thrill. Every hour on the hour the ship's radio would contact New York to receive or transmit telephone connections.

LAND HO!

The biggest thrill was when we sighted the Scilly Islands, southwest of Land's End, England. It was a beautiful afternoon with clear blue skies. Our ship slowed down and ran up the flags. Boat loads of vacationers from the Islands circled our ship; and an odd looking twin-motored bi-plane.

JUNE 14, SOUTH HAMPTON

At about eight o'clock, on June 14th, we docked at South Hampton and received our first mail. In the afternoon we stopped at Le Havre, France.

We lost friends at both ports. Many who were traveling on conducted tours and others who were going to different parts of Europe.

When we awoke on the morning of June 15th, we were going up the Maas river to Rotterdam, Holland.

Dutch custom officials had boarded our ship at South Hampton, and checked our passports on the way to Rotterdam.

After getting off the ship we took a taxi to our hotel, and inquired for a dentist. Viola left a tooth there which had been aching for several days. This kept us in Rotterdam until Tuesday June 18th.

STRANGE MIXTURE OF OLD AND NEW

On Sunday, we took a bus tour of Rotterdam. There one sees a strange mixture of old and modern buildings. We saw lots of pretty flowers everywhere. It was interesting to see Holstein cows, hogs and black and white sheep on the small farms near the city.

We saw many sailboats on lakes, lots of boats and barges on canals, and nearly every church has a rooster weathervane atop the steeple.

On Monday I visited the office of the U.S. Feed Grain Council in Rotterdam. Fred Boon (whom I had met at Ames in the fall of 1962 when he was touring the USA with several European millers) was in Belgium at the time. So I made arrangements to meet him on our return in July. It was a pleasure to meet people who represent the American farmer and who endeavor to help sell our products abroad.

ON TO GERMANY

On Tuesday, June 18, we boarded the Lorelei Express for Cologne (Koln) Germany.

The railway station in Rotterdam is very modern, and the trains are all electrically operated. But somewhere between Rotterdam and Cologne, we changed to a steam locomotive without noticing it.

Our hotel was directly across from the Central Station and unless you happened to be watching, one did not notice the many trains coming or going. Passenger coaches are divided into compartments seating six people each. We had seats reserved next to the windows, and traveled second class.

On Sunday morning I had gone to the station to see two couples off for different parts of Germany. One couple went first class and the other went second class - and yet their compartments were next to each other, in the same car.

When you board a train, you leave your baggage on the platform and either a porter or a friend will pass it to you through the window of your compartment.

Two young men shared our compartment. One was a student from St. Louis, Missouri, who had worked his way over on an oil tanker and was going to meet a friend in Frankfurt, Germany. The other was a young Dutch boy who was going to join the crew of an oil tanker on the Rhine river.

The trip from Rotterdam to Cologne takes a little more than four hours. Near the German border the custom officials come aboard and check your passports. They asked several questions but did not ask to check our bags. On the train you do not even notice when you cross the border from one country to another.

WORLD-FAMOUS "DORN"

As you near Cologne, you notice many high-voltage electric lines criss-crossing the country side in every direction.

We stayed at the Europa Hotel in Cologne which is on the opposite side of the Cathedral from the railway station and the porter who helped with our baggage simply took a cart and walked with us to the hotel.

There are many tourists in Cologne, most of whom come to see the world famous "Dorn" as the Cathedral is called in German.

After registering at our hotel, we had lunch and then did a little window shopping before going to visit the Cathedral. I also purchased a modern German-English dictionary which was a great help to me many times in speaking with our German friends.

SCARED BUT BEAUTIFUL

I could not possibly do justice in trying to describe the Cathedral, so will simply say it is very beautiful. It is constantly being repaired and there was scaffolding all the way to the top of the spires.

It shows many scars of World War II but we understand that the beautiful stained glass windows were removed by the monks during the war and kept in a safe place.

I would like to mention that we could not help but feel a spirit of religious tolerance in Germany. It seemed to us at least that Catholics and Protestants are cooperating to put together a common front against the influence of Communism.

One of the great church hymns of Germany sung by Catholic and Protestant alike is :

"Grosser Gott wer loben dich"

"Great God we praise thee, Lord, we praise thy strength."

Our evening in Cologne was spent in the "Treppchen Keller", a cafe in the basement of our hotel. The boys in the orchestra remembered our Iowa Travel agent, Mr. Werner Schaffer of Bettendorf, as did a tour conductor from Holland. We enjoyed a good meal with music and German folk songs.

"LORELEI," LARGEST RHINE STEAMER

The next morning we arose early to take the Rhine steamer "Lorelei" to Rudesheim. The Lorelei is new this year and the largest of the Rhine steamers. It is a side-wheeler with two decks above and a cabin deck below. As our trip was to take "all day" we rented a cabin. We left Cologne at 6:30 in the morning and arrived at Rudesheim at six o'clock in the evening.

We had not gone very far when we discovered that the Rhine is indeed a very busy river with many passenger boats and freighters and barges of all kinds. Lots of Esso and Shell tankers, also many coal barges and others which carried freight of all kinds.

At first the valley was very wide, with large manufacturing plants on either side. There are many places along the Rhine for campers to set up their tents.

RUGGED COUNTRYSIDE

You pass many old churches and castles. The countryside gets increasingly more rugged as you go upstream and you cannot help but notice that the boats and barges coming downstream are traveling much faster than you are.

There were quite a few Puerto Ricans on our boat. They also boarded at Cologne and were going to Mainz. Some of them spoke only Spanish and so I had a chance to practice speaking with them in Spanish.

A couple of Italian ladies from Chicago who were going to visit relatives in Italy shared our table for lunch.

We made several stops along the way, particularly at Bonn, the capital of West Germany, and in the afternoon at Coblenz, where an especially large group of people got on for the rest of the journey.

From Coblenz on, was the most picturesque part of the trip with vineyards on either side which just seemed to hang on the hillsides.

We passed the legendary "Lorelei Roch" and wanted to sing along with the old song "Ich weis nicht was soll es bedeuten" but there were so many tourists on our boat the song was only played softly over the public address system instead of being sung lustily by everyone.

Our last stop before reaching Rudesheim was at Bingen on the west bank where the Nahe river flows in. From there it was just a short distance across to Rudesheim and the end of this eventful part of our trip.

By this time we were really tired and very glad to get a nice room on the top floor with a balcony and a magnificent view of the river.

We spent the next three days in Rudesheim and Wiesbaden, where we visited with Major and Mrs. William Armstrong and also with Tom McKenzie.

(blank are words missing on my copy)

Coming back to the chair lift for our return, we met three small boys who asked us where the Memorial was. They will never know that an American told them which path to take. It was an exciting ride because we rode over vineyards all the way up the cliff.

82-H-30

from Amsterdam, Holland and also others from Denmark and Schleswig, Germany.

HUSBAND MANAGES KITCHEN

We spent one evening with the Armstrongs and Tom McKenzie, dining in Sonnenberg Castle on a hill overlooking Wiesbaden. A young German couple operate the restaurant, she is a very charming hostess while he manages the kitchen.

ON Sunday morning, June 23, we took an express train to Stuttgart, passing through Wiesbaden, Mannheim and Heidelberg on the way.

We stopped at the Brenner Hotel where we found more mail waiting for us.

We hired a taxi to take us to Doffingen and stopped at the television tower on the way back where we took the elevator to the top to have a view of Stuttgart and the surrounding area.

It is near the Black Forest and the sky was a little too hazy to see far.

That evening we saw our own President Kennedy on German TV and we feel sure that he could not have expected the whole-hearted reception that he received from the German people.

We had seen the many flagstaffs in Cologne and Bonn along the route of his tour by car. Major Armstrong had also shown us where he stayed at Lindsay Air Force Base in Wiesbaden.

On June 24, Paul Kienle came to meet us at our hotel in Stuttgart. We went with him to his home in Doffingen (a village of about 2700 people).

PURCHASE MERCEDES

In the afternoon, we went to the Daimler-Benz factory in Sindelfinder to accept delivery of our Mercedes which was ready and waiting for us. We also went on a guided tour of the factory which is all new and modern in every respect.

Mr. Kienle was having his vacation and accompanied us. His position in the factory is above a foreman and he has about 200 men working under his direction.

It was at this point in our travels that we left the tourist path and spent almost four weeks living among the German people, visiting in their homes with relatives and friends.

I walked to the top of the hill above the village early in the morning when most of the villagers were still asleep. The air was cool and crisp and one could see two or three other villages in the valley below and hear church bells calling in the distance.

A BARN IN THE BASEMENT

The fields were small but very well cared for, with crops of wheat, barley and rye, also potatoes and clover and alfalfa hay for the cows which in this section of Germany were kept in the barns all of the time. Green feed would be cut every day and brought in to the barns, which often were directly under the house.

You must remember, when thinking of farming in Germany that here are fields which have been cultivated for something like one or two thousand years compared to one hundred years or less at home, and I am sure that without rotation of crops plus the manure from the stables and complete fertilizing, these hilly fields would not produce very much. Every available space was cultivated with scarcely a weed of any kind to be seen.

A potatoe field in bloom without a weed in it, I can assure you, looks almost like a flower garden.

We took several trips to neighboring towns and one day an all day round-trip thru the Black Forest, which is very hilly and picturesque with dense stands of pine trees, also quite dark, hence the name "Black Forest"

On Friday, June 28th, we went to visit Viola's uncle, Karl's sister (at Stuttgart) and learned that her cousin, Miss Huenemann, was going to be married in Mannheim the following Sunday. So on Saturday morning we took the Auto-Bahn to Mannheim. On the way we passed Pforstheim, Karlsruhe and historic Heidelberg.

ATTEND GERMAN CHURCH SERVICE

On Sunday morning, June 20th, we attended our first church service in Germany. The church was just across the street from our hotel. It was all new and modern with stained glass set in concrete blocks which pictured Bible scenes and symbols.

Trinitatis Kirche was built on the site of an older church which burned during the war. The tower with several bells in it was built entirely separate from the church as was also the church school.

After the service, with a sermon based on the Biblical account of the Prodigal Son, we met Bernhard Ziegler, one of the men who had helped in the designing and building of the church. We were also introduced to the pastor and some of the church school teachers.

MET CARL BOND

In the afternoon, we drove to Taylor Barracks to attend the wedding which was held in the Chapel. We happened to be the only civilians from America in attendance. Most of those attending were members of a musical service group, including Carl Bond, a grandson of the late Fred Price of Baxter. In the evening we were entertained by friends of the Ernst family.

The next two days were spent sightseeing in Mannheim and nearby Heidelberg. Leaving Mannheim, we went to Bad Homburg near Frankfurt and spent several days in the Hardtwald Hotel.

It was a small hotel with an out door cafe which was rather busy in the afternoons and evening, however it was very quiet in the mornings with a beechwood forest surrounding.

On Saturday, we took a German couple along and drove to Saalburg. Here we visited a Roman Fortress with its walled courtyard. It has been restored as nearly as possible to its original state.

There one could see the old Roman baths and also a small museum with old Roman coins, some of them dating back to the second century before the birth of Christ. There were beautiful vases of that era, also cross bows, catapults and other weapons used by the Romans.

Leaving Saalburg, we drove over the Taunus Mountains to Braunfels. On arriving there, we contacted the Burgomeister (or mayor). He met us at the city hall and enjoyed quite a visit because we could tell him that we were personally acquainted with the mayor of New Braunfels, Texas, which was founded in 1844 by Prince Solms of Braunsfels, Germany.

A CASTLE ON A HILL

We visited the castle on a hill in the middle of the town. Viola also visited the castle church where a wedding was in progress.

The mayor himself escorted us thru town and took us on a drive around the town. He told us that we were the first American visitors this year. It was very interesting to us because we saw brochures in the mayor's office of New Braunfels, Texas, including the names of several people with whom we are well acquainted.

It was a beautiful day in Bad Homburg on Sunday, July 7. Our day was spent in attending church services in the morning. Later we entertained Major and Mrs. Armstrong for dinner and lunch.

We visited the church and castle which was the summer home of the Kaiser years ago. The most interesting sight was a cedar of Lebanon which stands in front of the castle. In the afternoon we went for a walk in the forest and visited a cemetery which was very interesting.

On Monday, we visited a rather large farm on the other side of town, where we saw excellent crops of wheat, potatoes and rape all grown and cared for by modern machinery. It was owned and operated by Mr. and Mrs. Wagner.

LIONS CLUB MEMBER

Mr. Wagner is a member of the local Lions Club and it was thru contact with the Lions Club that we made our acquaintance. We enjoyed visiting in their home and having dinner with them and a Mr. and Mrs. Schmidt who owned and operated a nice drug store.

EVER ONWARD

On Wednesday noon, we bade farewell to our friends, and drove to the village of Ober Seemen for an enjoyable evening with Karl and Hedwig Junger.

The next morning we continued our journey going thru Lauterbach on our way to Ersrode.

Our road led thru rather hilly countryside, some of which was almost mountains.

After having dinner at Lauterbach, we took the auto-bahn and arrived in Ersrode towards evening.

This is a very scenic village and also happens to be the birthplace of Rev. John Mohr. We spent several days here in the home of Hans and Lydia Ross.

On the following Sunday we attended church with our hosts and in the afternoon visited the town of Schlitz where there was a local festival and parade.

We were in a long line of cars going to the festival and many people parked their cars way out of town and walked in, but we were quite lucky in driving on. We arrived at a street intersection where we could view the entire parade - which was most unusual.

SLIPPERED-WALK THRU CASTLE

After the parade, we drove to Fulda where we visited another old castle at Adolph's Eck. WE had to pay admission and put on felt slippers to go thru it and see the beautiful old furniture including canopied beds, cut glass chandeliers and other luxuries at least 200 years old.

I could not help being reminded that the princes who lived here sold their soldiers to England at the time of the American Revolution so that they themselves could live in luxury.

And if you will study the history of Pennsylvania, you will find that thousands of these soldiers deserted and settled there upon learning that they could have free land on which to settle and build their homes.

From here we went on to Philipstahl where we could look across the Werra river into the east zone which is under Communist control. The village we saw on the other side looked very drab compared to what we saw in the west zone.

EAST BARBED FROM WEST

We learned that east and west Germany are separated by about 860 miles of barbed wire fence with two fences about eight or ten feet apart built permanently with concrete posts and made impossible to crawl thru.

We also saw several patrols of three soliders together on the other side of the fence. Their duty is to watch so that no one escapes from the east to the west.

There were no guards on our side of the fence.

It was late in the evening when we returned home with our friends after a most eventful day.

Monday, July 15, our hosts packed a picnic lunch and drove us to Kassel, a city of some 200,000 inhabitants, in their 1500 VW station wagon.

The city has been almost entirely rebuilt so it has very modern buildings. We spent the morning sightseeing. One place of interest was the castle of Wilhelmshohe, on a hill overlooking Kassel from the west and on above that a statue of Hercules with a fountain sending a large stream of water cascading down toward the castle.

We enjoyed our picnic in a park and then spent most of the afternoon window shopping while our friends returned home.

SPEAK TO THE LIONS CLUB

In the evening, I attended a meeting of the Kassel Lions Club in the Reiss Hotel. After they finished discussing some of their problems, I was invited to speak (in German of course). They were very interested in mid-western farming, and possibly surprised to learn that we had no colored labor on our farms.

They asked questions about the negro problem in America but agreed that all the world hears about our problems but little is known about what is going on behind the Iron Curtain.

One of their members, Eno Russell, had traveled extensively in the U.S.A.

LARGE FARM OPERATOR

He was a large farm operator about 25 kilometers west of there and invited Viola and myself to visit his rather large farm.

The evening was most enjoyable and at a late hour we returned to our friends by train.

The next day we drove to neighboring villages for sightseeing and visiting.

On the following morning, we reluctantly said good-bye (Aufs Wiedersehen) and drove north on the Auto-bahn to Kassel and then in a westerly direction over a road which we were told was first built by Napoleon more than 150 years ago.

NO WILD HOGS

We had a very interesting stop at Hohen-Born, a large estate of some 800 acres of cropland and meadow with considerable forest land in addition. The owner took us around the fields in his old German jeep and even tried to find some wild hogs in the forest.

We saw several deer but no wild hogs. He raised considerable grain for seed and had a large herd of Holstein cows, also a large flock of hens which would compare favorably with those in America.

Towards evening we drove on to Helmighausen where we stayed several days.

On Friday and Saturday, we made a circle tour including Paderborn, Detmold, Hohenhausen, Hameln and other cities.

PIED PIPER LOCALE

The countryside here was rolling but not as hilly as where we had been. We crossed the Weser river several times and went through Hameln (or Hamlin with its legend of the Pied Piper.)

The Weser is not especially large but still carried quite a bit of river traffic including both barges and river steamers.

We were nearing the end of our planned tour and wished we had allowed ourselves more time.

We did stay overnight at Hohenhausen which is the birthplace of many of the early settlers of the Baxter community. We also found relatives in the village of Vorwohle which is east of the Weser river.

We were thrilled on Sunday July 21, to hear a church service from Washington Cathedral, Washington, D.C. Also an organ concert from Salt Lake City.

These programs were heard over Armed Forces Radio and Television Service (AFRTS) by way of Frankfurt, Germany.

Owing to the fact that the insurance on our car was to expire before our sailing date, we decided to deliver our car to the Holland American Line in Rotterdam and finish our trip by rail.

It was quite a relief to get the car delivered to the ship line without a scratch on it considering some of the driving conditions.

Returning to Helmighausen by train we spent a few more days visiting. We were much surprised to have the village band serenade us with sacred music on the morning of our departure.

We arrived in Rotterdam on Saturday evening July 27 and as our ship did not sail until Tuesday, we had two more days to spend in Holland.

On Sunday morning, I inquired about church services and was directed to the St. Laurens church in downtown Rotterdam. I walked to the church which was still being repaired due to severe damage during the war.

MEET INDONESIANS

Arriving early, I chanced to meet a pastor from Indonesia. He represented the protestant church of Indonesia with a membership of about 900,000 and was on his way to attend the World Council of Churches in Helsinki, Finland. I attended the church services with the pastor and an Indonesian business man and although the service was conducted in the Dutch language, I understood most of it.

In the afternoon, we took a circle tour of Amsterdam, The Hague and Delft, with Fred Boon whom I had met when he was on tour in the USA with a group of European grain millers.

He is employed by the U.S. Feed Grain Council with offices in Rotterdam. We first visited his home which is on one of the branches of the Rhine river - then to Amsterdam with its many canals and bridges.

Many people here live in house boats along the canals which in a way resemble our trailer houses.

In The Hague, we saw the International Peace Palace and also the Ropal Palace. On our return we passed through Delft which is famous for its heavy blue and white porcelain ware.

FLOATING GRAIN ELEVATOR

Back in Rotterdam, we visited the Euro Mast tower, which is about 300 ft. high and affords an excellent view of the city. Here we again chanced to meet our Indonesian friends. Mr. Boon pointed out a floating grain elevator in the harbor.

Our last night in Rotterdam, we went to a cafe in the new part of town. The orchestra was playing rather ordinary jazz and I simply picked up a card on our table and wrote "Please play a Strauss Waltz for an American couple" and gave it to our waitress.

They played 'The Tales of the Vienna Woods' for us and also the 'Blue Danube.' It was a thrilling climax for our last night in Europe and we could not but notice that other folks enjoyed the music also.

The next day we boarded the "Statendam" for our return home. We sailed about noon on a beautiful clear day, overnight to Le Havre and then on to South Hampton the next day. After loading at South Hampton and having had some unexplained delay we sailed for New York just at sun down, but before we were out of the harbor channel the moon was shining across the sea.

The weather the next several days was foggy with only one morning when we could see the vapor trails of the jet airliners overhead making the same trip in hours which we made in days.

Only one day of heavy swells, (when some folks were sea sick), but otherwise smooth sailing. It was very foggy as we neared New Foundland but on our last day at sea it was nice and clear.

Coast Guard planes circled low overhead and everyone was busy packing and anticipating their arrival in New York.

We docked at about 8 o'clock on August 7 - tired but happy.

I would like to close with the credo inscribed on a bronze tablet in Rockefeller Plaza and which is credited to John D. Rockefeller Jr.

* * * *

I BELIEVE

I believe in the supreme worth of the individual and in his right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

I believe that every right implies a responsibility; every opportunity, an obligation; every possession, a duty.

I believe that the law was made for man and not man for the law; that government is the servant of the people and not their master.

I believe in the dignity of labor, whether with head or hand; that the world owes no man a living but that it owes every man an opportunity to make a living.

I believe that thrift is essential to well ordered living and that economy is a prime requisite of a sound financial structure, whether in government, business or personal affairs.

I believe that truth and justice are fundamental to an enduring social order.

I believe in the sacredness of a promise, that a man's word should be as good as his bond; that character - not wealth or power or position - is of supreme worth.

I believe that the rendering of useful service is the common duty of mankind and that only in the purifying fire of sacrifice is the cross of selfishness consumed and the greatness of the human soul set free.

I believe in an all-wise and all-loving God, named by whatever name, and that the individual's highest fulfillment, greatest happiness, and widest usefulness are to be found in living in harmony with His will.

I believe that love is the greatest thing in the world; that it alone can overcome hate; that right can and will triumph over might.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

This ends the story as it was written for the Baxter New Era paper, an account of the trip in 1966 to Europe.

The following was printed in the Baxter New Era paper on Wed.
July 20, 1966

Helmighausen, Germany
July 11, 1966

Dear Friends of Baxter and Vicinity,

I will try to write a few highlights of my trip for your enjoyment. We traveled by way of the great circle route to Europe, on the H.M.S. Hanseatic which I thought was owned by a German ship line but which I now understand is owned by the rich Greek Ship Owner.

It was almost too cold to sit in the deck chairs on the promenade deck, and when we arrived in Cuxhaven, Germany and took the boat train to Hamburg (The Old Hanseatic City) it was very hot. Since then we have traveled quite a bit and visited with very distant relatives.

We spent two days in the Harz Mountains where the scenery is beyond description. We stayed for two nights in Claustal-Zellerfeld in the middle of the Harz. The girls in a native rooming house and I in an adjoining house with a German family.

The man was very well educated especially in the local iron mine industry where he was a mine inspector for that area.

His father was a professional musician of the old school, and he himself was very interested in music of the old masters of which he had many LP records of Mozart and Beethoven and other famous composers. Their home however was very modest but scrupulously clean and on a two level street with one side higher than the other due to the steep hillside on which it was located.

Because he was on vacation he consented one day to be our guide over the mountains and through beautiful valleys. We visited the barbed wire fence which separates Germany into East and West Zones but saw no East German Guards because it was very cold and rainy and our guide warned us not to stray across the demarcation line because he said the guards were watching us all the time from enclosed towers.

We also went on a guided tour thru the ruins of a very old Monastery where at one time, at least 300 Monks had made their home with only one room in which conversation was permitted otherwise strict silence was observed by all. It dated back to about the 11th or 12th Century.

Today we are visiting a Schutzen Festival with all the old traditions, including the crowning of a new king who will reign over the club for the next two years.

Next Sunday we will attend a Song Festival in the old province of Brunswick where the fable of the Pied Piper originated.

Also visited Munich and in a small village I had the honor of visiting Father Schwarz a young Priest who has relatives in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. His church although small was very quaint of the Baroque Style.

His religious beliefs were also very tolerant of the Protestant or Evangelical Confession.

I shall never forget his kind reception nor his kindly mother with whom I could converse fluently in German. For after all, today we are living in an entirely different age than the Protestant revolt of more than 400 years ago and I personally feel the need for this new unity within the world-wide communion of Christian Churches.

I have already made plane reservations for a short-trip to Edinburg Scotland and vicinity to visit friends and relatives of John (Scotty) McWilliams of Melbourne Iowa.

We shall then return in time to meet (Oma) Grandmother Viola in Frankfurt August 2nd and visit our own friends there (who are serving in the Armed Forces.)

We are having a most enjoyable time even though the weather is often very bad.

Greeting to All,

B.F (Bernie) Krueger.

Note added to this from Viola

After I arrived in Germany and joined Bernie, Debbie and Vickie we all went to Switzerland had a wonderful time visiting John Jacob sister and husband. The scenery in Switzerland is beautiful. Then we went back to Germany to visit friends and relatives. Germany is beautiful with hills and forests. Lots of pretty flowers in Germany and Switzerland.

Viola Krueger

A copy of a newspaper with Bernies scrap book informs us of the following.

"September 8, 1966. Feeding on leaking diesel fuel, a five-alarm fire raged unchecked for six and one half hours yesterday through the engine room and five upper decks of the German liner Hanseatic at its Hudson River pier, injuring seven firemen and changing travel plans for 400 passengers.

The ship was 666 foot and weighed 30,000 ton. The fire was brought under control, seven were injured fighting the fire but there were no passengers aboard at the time. The ship was built in Glasgow in 1930 for the Canadian Pacific Railway."