



# Beresan District Odessa Newsletter

A publication for those who have a genealogical interest in the  
Beresan District of Odessa, South Russia.

Volume 8 Issue 3

February 2004

## Beresan District Villages

(Those in bold are first villages.)

Alexanderfeld, Alexandrovka, Annenthal, Annovka,  
Antonowka, Bagdanovka, Bendeerhof, Biswanje, Christina,  
Christofovka, Domanevka, Dvorjanka, Eigengut, Felsenburg,  
Friedrichstal, Gaaregai, Gotta, Gradenfeld, Grise,  
**Guldendorf**, Halbstadt, Heck, Hoffnungstal, Hoffnung,  
Hoffnungsburg, **Johannestal**, Kantakusenka, Kapitanovka,  
Karlevka, **Karlsruhe**, Katharinental, Kavkas, Klein Karlsruhe,  
Klundovo, Kratovka, **Landau**, Lerisk, Lichtenfeld, Lubo-  
Alexandrovka, Manov, Marienfeld, Marlanavka,  
Michaelowka, **Munchen**, Navaselevka,  
Neu Karlsruhe, Neu Lustdorf, Neu Munchen, Neu Rohrbach,  
Neu Speyer, Neu Worms, Neusatz, Novo-Amerika,  
Novonikolajevka, Olgino, Otschakov, Petrowka, Pokrovskaja,  
**Rastadt**, **Rohrbach**, Rosenthal, Savidovka, Schlosser,  
Schmatz, Schonfeld, Sebastiansfeld, Selingera, Skarupka,  
Sjepucha, **Speir/Speyer**, Stadnaja-Bulka, Steinberg, Steingut,  
Stuttgart, **Sulz**, Swenigorodka, Vossessensk, **Waterloo**,  
Weidenberg, Wilhelmthal, Wolksov, **Worms**, Wowsche.

(This list is not all inclusive — if you have additions, please provide to the lead editor). Many of these identified chutors and villages need much research. If you have any background information on them, please share with us. Thanks.

## We are off to America



*New York Harbor, pre-Ellis Island,  
Postcard reproduction courtesy of Jackie Peterson but can be purchased from  
[www.kinships.com](http://www.kinships.com)*

If your ancestors arrived in America prior to the construction of the immigration facilities at Ellis Island, the harbor in New York may very well have looked like the illustration above as their steamer arrived.

Prior to the completion of the facilities at Ellis Island, originally dubbed Oyster Island by early Dutch settlers, and later Gibbet Island; a Samuel Ellis owned the island and was unable to sell it until after his death in 1807 when the city of New York purchased the property. Prior to that Castle Garden served as the immigration depot and is the place in lower Manhattan where today you purchase tickets to take the ferry to tour Ellis Island and the Statue of Liberty. Immigrants may have arrived at a pier or facility owned by the steam ship company they booked passage on (e.g., Mischel, Happag Lloyd, etc.) or at one of the disembarking locations on NY Island.

Following is an extract of a passenger manifest for *The Columbia* which arrived in NY harbor in March, 1890, carry-

*(Continued on page 2)*

### Inside This Issue

### Page

**We are off to America & passenger list**

**From *The Columbia*... ..2&10**

**Lost In Russia, the conclusion.....3-6**

**Fond 6, Inv. 1, File 20877.....7-8**

**A Journey to Ukraine. ....9-10**

### Newsletter Line-up

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 Assistant Editor Margaret Rehwalt / R130  
 Assistant Editor: Gayla Gray / G118  
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 Assistant Editor Roland Wagner / W011  
 Assistant Editor Dale Lee Wahl / W078  
 Online Support Sundae Orwick  
 Production Carol McCormack / M150  
 Subscriptions Arletta Baskins / B115

#### Archives:

Maps Jeff Hatzenbeller

#### Village Coordinators:

Felsenburg George Hoff / H072  
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 Sulz Albert Berger  
 Sulz Valerie Ingram / I009  
 Waterloo Betty Rennich / R103  
 Waterloo Lucy Simpson / S046  
 Worms Arletta Baskins / B115  
 Worms Nancy Schroeder  
 Worms Ed Schulz / S043  
 Worms Lucy Simpson / S046  
 Worms Dale Lee Wahl / W078

(The addresses for most of the Editors and most of the Village Coordinators can be found in the latest issue of the *GRHS Der Stammbaum*.)

### Mark Your Calendar

**34rd Annual GRHS Convention  
 July 22-24**

Bismarck, North Dakota

(Continued from page 1)

ing more than a few Germans from Russia among their passengers. *The Columbia* sailed roughly twice a month to and from it's home port of Southampton England to New York City.

With the assistance of cousin David Kilwien, we extracted as many German-Russians (Catholic or Lutheran) from this list as we could recognize either by their surnames or the colonies from which the manifest indicates they were emigrating. This is not a comprehensive list from the manifest. The manifest, in it's entirety, can be accessed via microfilm on file with the National Archives & Records Administration (NARA). NARA films can be viewed at the main office in Washington DC or at branch offices around the country. You can also request them through your local public library. This is film no. M237, roll 569. The manifest is 18 pages.

If you have oral or written family histories that indicate your relatives may have traveled with extended relatives, in-laws or neighbors, this may help you find out when they arrived.

## German-Russian passengers on

### *The Columbia*

*Departed Hamburg/Southampton, Arrived NY, June 6, 1891*

Passenger	Age	Sex	Occ.	Dest.	Origin
Schawab, Jacob	56	M	Farmer	Dakota	Russia
Schwab, Susanna	55	F	Wife	Dakota	Russia
Schwab, Elisabeth	16	F	Daughttr	Dakota	Russia
Scholl, Johann	23	M	Farmer	Dakota	Russia
Scholl, Frieda	29	F	Wife	Dakota	Russia
Scholl, David	17	M	Farmer	Dakota	Russia
Lochmaier, Anton	28	M	Farmer	Dakota	Russia
Lochmaier, Caroline	28	F	Wife	Dakota	Russia
Lochmaier, Christine	5	F	Child	Dakota	Russia
Lochmaier, Johannes	4	M	Child	Dakota	Russia
Lochmaier, Andre	4	M	Child	Dakota	Russia
Luchs, Christ	39	M	Farmer	Dakota	Russia
Luchs, Catherine	36	F	Wife	Dakota	Russia
Luchs, Susanna	17	F	Child	Dakota	Russia
Luchs, Frederick	15	M	Child	Dakota	Russia
Luchs, Andreas	9	M	Child	Dakota	Russia
Luchs, Christof	6	M	Child	Dakota	Russia
Schwab, Jacob	32	M	Farmer	Dakota	Russia
Schwab, Catherine	34	F	Wife	Dakota	Russia
Schwab, Susana	4	F	Child	Dakota	Russia
Schwab, Maria	2	F	Child	Dakota	Russia
Schwab, Jakob		M	Baby	Dakota	Russia
Bauer, Christ	25	M	Farmer	Nebraska	Wurtttemberg

(Continued on page 10)

## *Lost in Russia...conclusion*

*Editor's note: In September 2003, Val Ingram, her sister Angie Petticrew, and cousin David Kilwien toured the colonies and villages of their ancestors in Ukraine and, for Val and Angie, it was a chance to meet a half-brother and sister whom they'd only heard about. This is a continuation of their story.*

By Valerie Renner Ingram

Our journey began bright and early September 16<sup>th</sup> as my sister, Angie, and I headed for the Spokane airport at the crack of dawn. We would meet up with part of Robert Schneider's tour group in Denver, and the remaining few, which included our cousin, David Kilwien, in Washington, DC. It was a long journey from our side of the world and we would not get to Ukraine until almost noon on the following day.

As we arrived at the Odessa airport, it was totally obvious we were in a strange country before we even left the plane. Out of our windows, we could see old planes sitting in various areas along the runway, probably many that no longer worked judging from their appearance. As we taxied to a stop, the plane was met by armed guards that came aboard the plane and checked each of our passports, tickets and ID's before we were allowed to go through the doorway and down the stairs. At the bottom of the stairs was another armed guard who made sure we got onboard the small trolley-type bus that carried us no more than 30 yards to the terminal. As we were entering the terminal, David tried taking a picture, and was told "NO PHOTOS!" There were no smiles, no friendly greetings...and it was a little "spooky" to us as we were used to arriving places where people smiled and welcomed you to their city. We had been forewarned about the serious atmosphere we'd encounter at the airport, which helped calm our fears a bit, but the knowledge of how fearful our father had been of the Russian officials that had controlled this land where he was born and raised sure didn't help us feel very "at ease" either.

Inside the terminal, we had customs papers to fill out and baggage that had to be claimed and taken through their inspections. If the people there would've only SMILED, it wouldn't have been so scary. Once out the door though, it was like a breath of fresh air. The rest of our tour group was already outside waiting for us, and we were greeted by Inna Stryukova, whom David and I had met at the GRHS Convention in Rapid City just 2 weeks prior, and of course, Valentina Fromm (the wonderful lady who had found my brother and sister) was there to meet us as well, with a big hug, big smile and tears of joy in her eyes. Now THIS was a friendly WELCOME!!!

We spent the first week in Ukraine touring our ancestral villages of Franzfeld, Karlsruhe, Katharinental, Landau, Sulz (or what's LEFT of it!!) Speier, Muenchen, Rastadt, Christina and Felsenburg, (as well as the Renner Chutor) and it was very obvious that our father's spirit was traveling with us, as "doors were opened" for us and things we didn't know before were suddenly made clear.

In Franzfeld, (now called Nadlimanskoye) the ancestral village of my mother's KIEFEL family, the first German house that we stopped at didn't have a very friendly owner. As Inna was trying to get his permission for us to take some pictures of his house and yard, he SLAMMED the scissors that he was holding down on top of his rock wall fence and he spat out a

Russian phrase that Angie and I had only heard at home when Dad accidentally hit his thumb with a hammer. We KNEW without a doubt that he didn't want any Americans around. On our way to the second house, we picked up a villager who was alongside the road and who had told us he knew which were German houses, as well as the people that lived there. As we were leaving the next house, a car pulled up and a man came up and asked if we were interested in some German records that they'd found while remodeling a house. Inside one of the walls, was a glass jar with Russian documents that pertained to some German families. We told him, "Sure, we'd love to see them." and off he went to get them. Five minutes later, he returned, with the Mayor of Franzfeld, and showed us the documents over the hood of his car. They wanted to sell us the documents, but didn't like the price we were offering, so they decided they would sell us copies for \$10! David and I couldn't believe we were standing in the middle of the street in Franzfeld with ORIGINAL Russian documents in hand. Next stop was the old Franzfeld German cemetery...but it was so thickly overgrown with brambles and lilac bushes we couldn't even see past the bushes.

In the Karlsruhe (now Stepovoye) Museum, we discovered that David's RUFF family and my RENNER family were next door neighbors way back from the very onset of the village of Karlsruhe. The director of the Museum, Antonina Melnitskaya, took us through Karlsruhe and helped us find the original Ruff and Renner houses. It was an awesome experience to be standing in the yard of your ancestor's first home in a strange land, and to see parts of the original house, out-buildings and rock walls that were still standing.

What a surprise at the museum in Katharinental (now called Katerinovka), when we saw a headstone on display that belonged to one of my JOCHIM ancestors! The director of this museum, Nina Ovsyanizkaya, took us on a "guided tour" of the village and told us many facts that we'd not known before. The village was built in the shape of a cross, with two main streets intersecting each other. Here we found that David and my JOCHIM family lived right behind my BERNHARDT family. No wonder they married each other!

When we arrived in Speier, it was a feeling as if we were "coming home". My sister and I wanted to walk the main street of Speier as this was where our grandfather, Christian Renner, had finally been shot and put out of his misery after days of torture. We felt that this would be the closest we'd ever be to our grandfather whom we'd never met, but had heard so much about. As we were walking down the street, we both suddenly got the chills, (yet the air temperature was probably close to 90 degrees that day) and the hair on our arms and on the back of our necks rose up. We turned to each other and we knew *this* was the spot where our grandfather had died. Our eyes filled with tears and we huddled together to talk about what was happening.

Another tour member saw that something was happening and ran to get David who was walking ahead of us. He came running to see what had happened, and as soon as he saw us KNEW!! He told us that he knew "something" was going to happen here in this village. He just KNEW it! And, where was it that we had "felt" our grandfather? In the street in front of

*(Continued on page 4)*

*(Continued from page 3)*

a government building, of course.

The total devastation of the village of Sulz wrenched our hearts. In 1957 this most fertile area was totally wiped out and made into an international military maneuvers field. All we saw were heaps of rubble where houses once stood, and rows of stumps through the empty fields where the fruit orchards once produced the tastiest apricots, peaches and plums. All that remained was the bridge, and even parts of it's side rails were gone.

In Muenchen and Rastadt, the ruins of the cemeteries was so vast and so complete that it brought tears to my eyes and anger into thoughts! Why was this demolition necessary? Headstones were not only knocked over but completely defaced so that nothing could be read. Iron crosses were twisted and forcefully bent, with the name plates ripped off and destroyed. And for what purpose? Were the Russians trying to deny that the German people had lived there and thrived? It just made no sense.

Our last day in Nikolaev arrived and it was the day we were to visit Christina, Felsenburg and the Renner Chutor! In Christina, our resident guide, Koval Gennady, a teacher at the school, showed us where the old cemetery was. To our total surprise, the headstones were still in excellent condition, although they had all been toppled over "by natural causes" we were told. Judging by the size of these stones, that was very hard to believe. We uncovered as many of these stones as we could and made notes as to what they said. We hated to leave but the afternoon was slowly ending, and we still had two places to visit! We did a quick trip through Felsenburg and then headed to where we believed the Renner Chutor was. The excitement was building as our van got us closer and we found the village called "Rivne". Valya found an old lady who was able to tell her that the Renner Chutor was just up the road! We were there! The house was still standing and was in excellent condition! The lady and her mother that lived there welcomed us into their house and showed us around. They told of finding a silver inkpot and some Russian coins that were hidden inside a wall and found when they were doing some repairs. They told us of the generosity of the family of Renner brothers that had built the house and had lived there, and how when they were forced to leave, had given their hired help golden coins and feather blankets. They confirmed the story that our father had told us that night that he'd drawn all of his children together to tell us about his life. Yes, there had been a shop for a blacksmith on the chutor, and yes, there had been a mill. There were two wells...one for the Renner family, and another one on the other end so that the villagers from the area could also get fresh water.

The woman who lived there had a teenage daughter who was undergoing chemo treatments for a brain tumor. As my sister and I were going to the van to get a gift and some money to leave with this family, Inna (our translator) came and told us that the lady had just told of how they had sold everything of value that they owned to pay for the treatments for their daughter. There was no money left and the daughter was due for another treatment the following week. Inna told us if we had any extra money, that this family could use it. Angie, David and I pooled what we could and I took it to the lady. As I placed the money in

her hand, she grabbed my hand and kissed it, with tears streaming down her face! She cried that they had been praying all week that someone would help them raise the money they needed, and who should provide it in the dark of the night but the very descendants of the people that built their house. It was a very emotional scene, and all of us left with tears in our eyes.

As we arrived at our hotel in Nikolaev, there was a man waiting for our van to return. He had been waiting for hours, as he had heard that some Renner women from the USA were staying there, and he needed to talk to us. His name was Alexander Renner, from Nikolaev, and he wanted to know if we were related, as he was born in the village of Christina! It was late, and the hotel was holding dinner for us, so I couldn't talk with him very long (especially without Inna to translate) so he gave me his address, and a copy of his identification papers in case I discovered something and later that night I did. He was in my database, found in the same EWZ files as my father's papers.

By 5am the next morning we were waiting for our train to take us to Kramatorsk to finally meet our brother and sister for the first time. We had 6 days we could spend with them. Valya came along with us, as well as our interpreter, Marina Tinihina. These two were our constant companions during the whole trip to and from Kramatorsk, and we soon felt like a family. The train ride was our first, and was an "experience" to remember! We passed through many industrial cities on our journey to Kramatorsk, and we got the impression that this part of the country was very industrialized. We passed nuclear plants, tall stalk chimneys that spewed black smoke and others that gave out white steam. Every so often, we would pass through neighborhoods where we'd make out German houses and root cellars.

Finally, just before 11pm, we reached Donetsk and Valya told us it was time to get off the train. As we were getting our bags ready, we heard a commotion outside but thought nothing of it. I was just starting down the corridor towards the door with two of my bags when Valya rushed past me with a big smile on her face, and right behind her was my very petite sister, Emma! I was tackled in the corridor and we kissed and hugged, and the whole while she was talking in Russian. Then she saw Angie coming out of the compartment and she raced to Angie but before I could turn around, I was tackled once more, this time by my brother, Adie! And of course, he's also talking in Russian! After Adie, it was my niece, Natalya and then the conductor indicating we HAD to get off the train so it could leave. She looked very stern and pointed to her watch repeatedly. Once outside the train, there was a mad dash to get our suitcases accounted for. Every time we turned around someone else had our bags, and short little Emma was constantly going after the ones that were bigger than she was! Everyone was talking at the same time, and it was total chaos! Adie had brought champagne and wanted us to "toast our arrival" right there and then. Valya convinced him that we should wait until we got to his house, where the women had been cooking all day and we had a feast awaiting us! In the van, on the hour-long ride to Kramatorsk from the train station, Emma sat between Angie and I, holding our hands with a death grip and smiling ear to ear!! Adie sat sideways in the seat in front of us and talked to us the whole way

*(Continued on page 5)*

*(Continued from page 4)*

back, and Marina was sitting next to Adie and tried to translate all that was being said from all directions. As we arrived at Adie's house, more people came out the gate to greet us. Our niece, Sveta, was the first and she came bouncing out like a rabbit, jumping for joy. Next was our sister-in-law, Anna, and then Valera, our nephew. We were ushered into the house and a great feast was started, with toasts every few minutes. After dinner, we presented everyone with the gifts we had brought for them, not knowing that the Black Hills gold locket we gave to Emma which had a picture of our father and her mother in it, would cause such a stir the next day!

We stayed at my brother's house. My father had first built as their summer kitchen, and they had lived in it while he was building their big house. The big house was never finished by Dad though, as he had to leave before it was finished. This was the house that Lyuba, Adie and Emma's mother, had to sell so that she could redeem her children from the orphanage. Adie had expanded on Dad's little summer kitchen by adding more rooms and made it into a good-sized house. David slept in one of the original rooms, and the old stove still stood in the square hallway which used to be the kitchen. In his yard, Adie still had an apple tree that Dad had planted when Adie was young. There were green grapevines with different kinds of grapes, and a huge vegetable garden. Another summer kitchen had been built, and Adie, his wife Anna, and Natalya slept in there while we slept in the house. And of course, they had a guard dog named "Jeff".

We were told that we had to be at the Kramatorsk Historical Museum by 11:00 in the morning for a special program. We didn't know that "WE" were the special program. The city of Kramatorsk was honoring the Renner family during its 135<sup>th</sup> year celebration. There was the Assistant to the Mayor, a well-known poet, a veteran, and the museum director. All those folks gave a small talk to a room filled with reporters a television crew, and us. We were presented with flowers, souvenirs and booklets pertaining to Kramatorsk. Then director began by telling of Lyuba's life with our father, Michael Renner, and how they had fallen in love, started a family, and were building a big house. Michael had earned the respect of many people in the town of Kramatorsk and where he worked (the same factory where his son, Adie, works today!) Life was good for the Renner's...until the war broke out.

They had been hearing rumors of what was happening to other Germans, and for a short while, Michael still felt safe far away from the Beresan area where he grew up. But, soon, people began drawing away from him, because he was a German, and no one came to him for help anymore. Everyone was afraid and it was obvious he had to leave while he still could, but his wife refused to go with him. We assume it was because her mother had just been widowed, and she didn't want to leave her, and felt that she would be safe if she stayed behind, protected by the Ukrainian surname of her family. Finally, the day came and Michael boarded the train after saying "good-bye" to his wife and two small children. As the train started to pull away, Michael hung out of the doorway and shouted at his wife, that "if things got bad, sell the house!"

Life was hard for Lyuba Renner without her husband. She was scorned for having married a German, and not allowed

to work at any but the dirtiest jobs, and not paid more than just a small token of what she should've been paid. It was hard to raise two small children without any money, and it was forbidden for any Germans to sell any property they owned. She was caught one night trying to collect some wheat that was left in a farmer's field after it had been cut, and was beaten by the farmer. Another time she was caught trying to pick up some coal from around a train so that she could build a fire for the children to keep warm. She was arrested and held in jail overnight. When she returned home, Emma and Adie were huddled in a corner trying to keep each other warm. She got so frustrated that she broke apart some kitchen furniture and built a fire with the wood. Soon, she could no longer feed them, so she had to put them into a orphanage so they would not starve. For almost two years the children lived there. Finally, Lyuba was able to sell the big house and use the money to support her children.

When the director got to the point in time where Michael left Kramatorsk, they asked me to take over and explain what happened from then on in his life, and how we were able to find our siblings all the way from America. With the help of Marina, we told the story of his immigration into Germany, his marriage and start of a new family there, and his new journey to the USA and how he lived his life until he died in 1995. There were a few women sitting in the audience that had streams of tears running down their faces while the story unfolded. Every so often they would turn to where the family was sitting and nod and smile our direction.

Questions from the reporters were answered, and then the Assistant to the Mayor told us that "the number of citizens in Kramatorsk has just increased by 3, and the doors to their city would always be open to those with good hearts." A WWII veteran was sitting in the audience, and he waited until last, then stood and told us that he had only seen Americans twice in his 85 years of life. The first time was when the war ended, and his unit had freed some American soldiers that had been captured by the Germans. They hugged the American GI's and gave them tobacco and chocolate. And now, he had met us. He wanted us to bring back his message for all the Germans living in America that they were not fighting against the German people, but against Hitler's Fascist Germany.

The presentation ended with many pictures, and it seemed that every reporter wanted to see Emma's new locket. She was so happy, and Adie was just beaming! Their eyes sparkled, their heads were held high, and Adie's chest was puffed out with pride! The museum brought out champagne for toasts with chocolates and everyone had a good time. As we left the museum, Angie and I were arm-in-arm with our brother and sister and on the way home, the first of many heart-to-heart talks began.

The next day we all went to Svjatogorsk by van. There's a very beautiful old monastery built into the side of a mountain there, with high gold-skinned domes and gold crosses glittering in the sunshine and with many tunnels underneath. A huge monument of "Artem" (one of their local war heroes) sits high up on the top of the next hill, with steps going all the way up! All of us women had to wear scarves on their heads, and

*(Continued on page 6)*

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wrap our jackets around our waists to resemble skirts before we were allowed to enter the courtyard. I climbed through the passageways with my family (good thing I had a small flashlight in my bag) and it took us to the top of the monastery. The view was breathtaking as we looked across the river and all the way down the valley, as far as the eye could see. I was told that Artem's army even had a tunnel beneath the river that opened in the woods on the other side. Whenever the enemies came to look for Artem's men, they would use the tunnels to escape. It was a golden afternoon as we picnicked across the river and enjoyed each other's company.

We had brought along a copy of the video that we had made at our father's last birthday celebration, only a month before he died. Adie had a VCR, and we all sat together and watched as the whole family unfolded before Adie and Emma's eyes. Emma sat quietly with tears streaming down her cheeks as she finally saw her father as an actual living person, and heard his voice again. Adie was quiet as well, mesmerized by what he was seeing on the television screen. It surprised Angie and I that they already knew all of our names and identified everyone correctly. They had been studying the family picture that I had sent to them shortly after they were found. The second half of the video was of Dad's house, the last day we were in it. Mom had sold it, and we were doing the final walk-through. It was so full of life and laughter in the first half, and now all of a sudden the house was empty and cold. It was sad, and oddly enough, at the end of the recording, as my sister zoomed her camera into a close up of the front door from the street, Dad's faint image is seen standing in the doorway.

The following day we were visited by reporters from Donets'k. They had heard from other reporters in Kramatorsk about this wonderful and touching reunion that was taking place, and wanted to write a feature story. We sat with them under Adie's grape arbor as they asked us questions (in English) and we gave them answers. Emma had come without her locket, and they had asked to see it, so her grandson, Valera, was sent back to retrieve it. They took pictures of the locket together with the picture of my mother and father. It was then that Angie and I wondered if that locket was such a good idea. The last thing we wanted to do was put Emma into any sort of danger, and now all of Ukraine would know that she had it. We didn't realize it would draw this much attention.

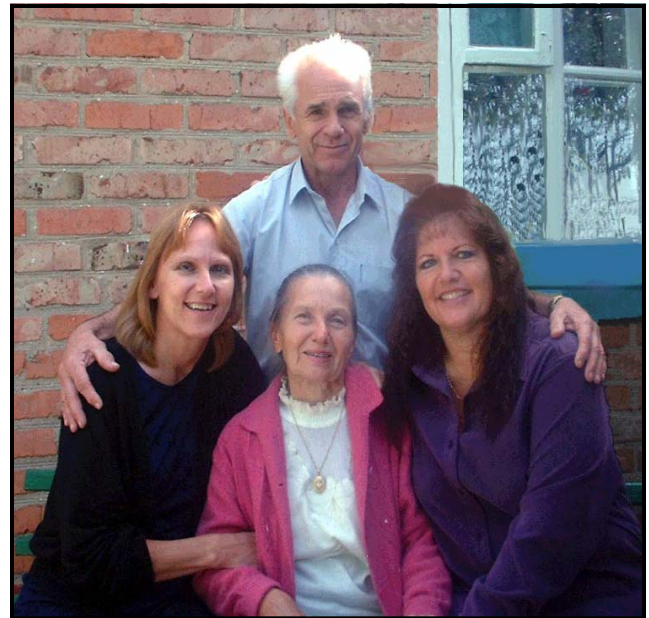
Another day, the museum provided us with tickets to a concert, and following the concert was a huge fireworks display in the parking lot. That night, Angie and I spent the night with Emma and her daughter, Sveta, and her two sons. We stayed up very late talking, and after Marina finally left for her hotel, they gave us gifts to take home to everyone... so MANY gifts that the first thing we had to do when we got back to Odessa was find another suitcase.

Always when we were together we talked. We asked questions, they asked questions. We tried to put together our lives, and we tried to learn as much as we could about the times our parents spent together, and what happened when they separated. All of our meals took place with all seven of them, with the 5 of us. I've never in my LIFE drank as much wine and vodka as we did there in Ukraine! And each meal always

included numerous toasts. It was a very happy time, full of love given and love received. We came as virtual strangers to our Ukrainian family, but left fully accepted and encased in each others hearts.

The last dinner we had together was very solemn. It was hard to be happy knowing we were leaving the next morning. Adie and Emma's eyes were now sad, and the smiles were hard to find. As we packed our bags that night, our hearts were heavy. We missed our families back home, but we just couldn't bear leaving our family in Ukraine. The next day, tears were everywhere, and the ride to the train station was very quiet. Saying good-bye to them was one of the hardest things we've ever done. They stood on the platform watching us in the window, and we stood inside the corridor watching out the window. Adie motioned for us to come back, and we motioned for him to come on board. He hesitated a minute and then picked up Emma around the waist and started forward. Emma hit him and struggled to be set down...and we all laughed. Then the train started to pull away and the family began walking with the train. We had all taken root in each other's hearts in only 6 days.

The hardest part of saying good-bye was not knowing if we'd ever see them again. Emma and Sveta with her sons would like to immigrate, but only if they can come together. Natalya (Adie's daughter) was supposed to have returned with us for a visit, but her application for a Visitor's Visa was denied on Sept. 17<sup>th</sup> by the US Embassy. They told her she was "young, pretty, and single...she only wants to come to get married and stay". It didn't matter to the Embassy that she had letters from all of us stating she was being invited to visit her uncles and cousins that she'd never met before in her life. Adie and his wife, Anna, would immigrate too, if their daughter Natalya came back from her visit from America telling them that she felt they would like living here. Will it ever happen?



*From L-R, Angela Renner Petticrew., Adolph Renner (back), Emma Renner Sokolova (in front) and Valerie Renner Ingram. Photo courtesy of Val Ingram, Kramatorsk Ukraine, September 27 2003. Photo taken in front of Adolph's house (originally built by their father, Michael Renner.)*

**Fond 6—Inventory 1—File 20877**

*Translated by Roland Wagner*

*(The following is a continuation of the information provided in Volume 7, Issue 2, October 2003 issue of the BDO Newsletter)*

Fond 6, Inventory 1, File 20877 is a collection of documents recording the elections in 1862 for the officials in the local mayor's offices ("Schulzenamt") for the following colonies: Waterloo, Karlsruhe, Helental, NeuFreudental, Johannestal, Sulz, Landau, Rohrbach, Rastadt, Muenchen and Katharimental. Following is a list of the voting results for Rastadt and Speier. The file does not contain a list of voters for all elections.

A detailed discussion of the legal terminology and the various political offices in the German colonies (Schulz, Burgermeister, Beisitzer, Wirt, Gemeinde, etc.) is available in an essay by Roland Wagner, posted on the pixel at: <http://pixel.cs.vt.edu/library/journal/essays.html>.

Copies of Fond 6, Inv. 1, File 20877 can be obtained for \$9.00 (including shipping) from: Alvina Ballinger, 1420 Ivy Road, Bremerton, WA 98310. Her e-mail address is: [aball@tscnet.com](mailto:aball@tscnet.com)

*This is a continuation of the election list from the previous issue of the BDO Newsletter, October, 2003.*

***Concerning the election of a new Burgermeister of the Rastadt Mayor's Office to replace the released Anton Haag which took place at a village assembly in the presence of the mayor's office on the 17th of November 1862.***

<i>No.</i>	<i>Name of Voter</i>
1.	Franz Hitscherich
2.	Franz Obrigewitsch
3.	Joseph Schmidt
4.	Michael Bentz
5.	Andreas Bentz
6.	Johann Gass
7.	Michael Gustin
8.	Math. Obrigewitsch
9.	Jakob Bellitzer
10.	Joseph Koch
11.	Jakob Götzfried
12.	Anton Herauf
13.	Estachius Götzfried
14.	Carl Rösch
15.	Pet. Asperger
16.	And. Seelinger
17.	Albin Hirsch
18.	Johann Heck, jung
19.	Wilh. Ferderer

20.	Adam Röthler
21.	Jakob Garecht
22.	Joseph Schmidt, alt
23.	Jakob Wöhlinger
24.	Franz Bermer
25.	Joseph Fritz
26.	Anton Haag
27.	Menrad Fröhlich
28.	Johann Fuchs
29.	Joseph Anton
30.	Paul Eberle
31.	Anton Wilhelm
32.	Conrad Bergert
33.	Anton Ferderer
34.	Ant. Götzfried
35.	Martin Weber
36.	Georg Ebinal
37.	Stephen Ebinal
38.	Joseph Hoffer
39.	Philipp Seelinger
40.	Anton Seelinger
41.	Jak. Fröhlich
42.	Werner Kochner
43.	Nico. Röthler
44.	Georg Daratha
45.	Sebastian Seelinger
46.	Martin Seelinger
47.	Franz Kistner
48.	Gottlieb Roth
49.	Georg Rapp
50.	Ziriak Rapp
51.	Michael Kessel
52.	Johann Heck, alt
53.	Johann Weinberger, alt
54.	Anton Seelinger, j.
55.	Conrad Rösch
56.	Joseph Moritz
57.	Wend. Gärtner
58.	Bernh. Riesenauer
59.	Ignatz Reisenauer
60.	Michael Wild
61.	Sebast. Pfoh
62.	Ignatz Heck
63.	Anton Deuble
64.	Chri. Reichard
65.	Ignatz Ell
66.	Carl Reichert, alt
67.	Carl Ferderer
68.	Mathias Sticka
69.	Jakob Wild
70.	Anton Keller

*(Continued on page 8)*

(Continued from page 7)

71.	Ant. Gelsing	123.	Christ. Dilschneider
72.	Anton Wandler	124.	Martin Kroll
73.	Joh. Ehrmentraut	125.	Thomas Metz
74.	Johann Martian	126.	Joh. Steinhard.
75.	Joh. Feininger	127.	Franz Gass
76.	Martin Fritz	128.	Johann Bentz
77.	Ignatz Eberle	129.	Geisel
78.	Heinrich Lantz	130.	Steif
79.	Joseph Lantz	131.	Johann Garecht
80.	Peter Gärtner	132.	Carl Obenloch
81.	Mich. Sticka	133.	Sebast. Fischer
82.	Anton Lantz	134.	Robert Koch
83.	Menrad Bermann	135.	Paul Koch
84.	Joseph Wandler	136.	Joseph Koch
85.	Johann Pfoh	137.	Leonard Rapp
86.	Bernhard Schall	138.	Peter Seelinger
87.	Michael Rösch	139.	Lorentz Geil
88.	Michael Wandler	140.	Michael Geil
89.	Carl Reiss	141.	Sebast. Gustin
90.	Martin Maier	142.	Bernh. Thaler
91.	Heinrich Heil	143.	Philipp Hörner
92.	Paul Leitner	144.	Bernh. Sticka
93.	Peter Eberts, jung	145.	Adam Sticka
94.	Conrad Rösch, jung	146.	Michael Eberle
95.	Johann Koffler	147.	Jakob Obrigewitsch
96.	Peter Koffler	148.	Johann Hirsch
97.	Peter Eberle	149.	Franz Thaler
98.	David Gärtner	150.	Joseph Fischer
99.	Ignatz Koffler	151.	Anton Schwindt
100.	And. Seelinger	152.	Mathies Gustin
101.	Anton Schmitt	153.	Franz Obenlock
102.	Ziriak Weinberger	154.	Martin Schwindt
103.	Georg Backenmeier	155.	Johann Wilhelm
104.	Johann Röhler	156.	Adam Reichart
105.	Joseph Beckenmeier		
106.	Conrad Ell		
107.	Johann Fischer		
108.	Jakob Müller		
109.	Bernhard Starck		
110.	Martin Lantz		
111.	Johann Eberts		
112.	Christ. Anton		
113.	Daniel Fischer		
114.	Johann Eistättner		
115.	Anton Eistättner		
116.	Nico. Hajeck		
117.	Joseph Lehnert, alt		
118.	Joseph Lehnert, jung		
119.	Joseph Eberts		
120.	Ignatz Wetzel		
121.	Martin Schmitt		
122.	Philipp Schmitt		

***Summary of the Election List Concerning the election of a Burgermeister of the Speier Mayor's Office. In the Colony Speier there are 219 voting members of the community. At an assembly of the community on the 26th of October 1862 there were 202 colonists present. There were 17 colonists absent.***

***These were elected***

***To the office of***

<b><i>Beisitzer</i></b>	<b><i>For</i></b>	<b><i>Against</i></b>
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Michael Geiss	164	38
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Martin Schaaf, alt	35	167
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Johannes Renner	3	199
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The colonist Michael Geiss as Beisitzer, with 164, the majority of the votes.

## A Journey to Ukraine

By David Kilwien

Last Fall (2003) I traveled with the Schneider LLC tour in the Ukraine. I was fascinated with this country. I had signed on for this trip to see the homeland of my ancestors and walk through the villages they created some 200 years ago. I left home intent upon gathering information for my family genealogy and I had no intention of learning about Ukrainians. On the surface Ukraine looks like a poor agricultural country, but as I toured the cities and villages I came to realize that there is something special about Ukraine.

Our tour was set up by the owner, Robert Schneider, from Spearfish, SD. Robert gathered a group of folks who all had interest in going to the Crimea and to the Beresan colonies. He made special arrangements to divide our group at certain times so that we could see all we wanted while we were there.

As we arrived in Odessa I was surprised at the size of the airport. Here we were at an international airport in a city of about 1-1/2 million people and there was only one gate, and a terminal about the size of a municipal airport in the states.

The security was intense. Young men, probably in their teens, were packing automatic rifles. These guys only pointed directions and never smiled. The customs people were very military like and it took a little time to get out of the terminal. Our entire group was ushered out of the terminal and together with our bags we were jammed into a 16 passenger van. Our driver fought his way through a maze of streets and the second time we passed our hotel we stopped. As I got out of the van I looked around and saw an old, dilapidated, 12 story structure with a dirt parking lot and weed filled courtyard. I was thinking old Mexico looked better than this.

We entered the lobby, checked in, and were given room keys. But that was about the worst of it. My room was brand new! My roommate and I had a large, newly remodeled suite, complete with a new bathroom, sitting area with new furnishings and a television with cable TV. Each morning while we were in Odessa and Mikolayiev, I would get up early and take a walk through the city with Robert. He explained to me Ukraine is like a new country.

In 1991 they were given their independence from the Soviet Union and the privatization of business has just started to blossom. The owner of our hotel makes renovations as he can afford to do so and Robert felt that a few more years and it would be completely refurbished. I saw many street vendors selling fruits, vegetables, breads, and clothing. The children in the city wear uniforms to school and seemed to be well groomed. The women in the Ukraine are striking, they dress well and are overly conscious of their appearance. Perhaps the most alarming thing I saw was young men in their 20's and 30's standing around the street corners and stores drinking beer and vodka. It seemed out of place to see so many of them drinking early in the morning. Also it seemed that nearly every male was a cigarette smoker.

The villages in the Ukraine have not changed much since our ancestors left. Many of the vineyards and orchards planted by the Germans are still bearing fruit today. The local people still live in the houses built by the Germans. There are a few paved streets, but I saw few vehicles. I did not enter any home in the villages

that had running water or indoor plumbing. Some people have natural gas for heating and cooking and electricity is available for those who have wiring. I saw no metering devices for these utilities. Most of the homes were very clean and the overall appearance was just as our ancestors had left them. The people in the villages are very friendly. As we entered each village the local residents would run into their homes, change into colorful dresses and sweaters and come into the streets to greet us. Commonly we would be directed to an elder in each town who would be able to tell us something about the Germans. Many of the villages had no markets or cafes, and I don't recall any places to purchase diesel fuel.

It seems everyone has a garden, some chickens and geese. A few have milk cows and we even seen saw pigs running around in someone's yard. These people still fend for themselves. Everyone still uses the cellars dug by our German ancestors to store all their produce and canned items. In most of the villages a good number of the German homes are still there and if you take along the plat maps from the heimut books you may well be able to take photos of your grandparents or great-grandparents home.

I was fortunate enough to spend one night in Johannestal, now called Ivanovka. I was a guest of a gracious Ukrainian couple who supplied me with a splendid comfortable bed and a good night's rest. The next morning I walked out into the yard and sat down for a few minutes to write in my journal. As I sat there I realized that I had not heard an airplane since I arrived in Ukraine. The air had a certain smell of freshness with the normal agricultural aroma we all grew up with. The sounds I heard were the cackling of geese, the clucking of chickens, the gobbling of turkeys, the "mooing" of dairy cattle, the barking of dogs and roosters crowing as it became more daylight. I kept thinking to myself this is what is sounded like to my great grandfather's and great grandmother's who were here.

As we entered each German village we found that the cemeteries had been defaced. I knew that there was going to be some evidence of this, but I was not prepared to see the totality of devastation that I encountered. Very few of the grave markers and iron crosses are legible. In Katherinental, now called Katerinovka and Karlsruhe, now called Stepovoje, there are museums dedicated to preserving the heritage of the villages. It made me feel good to know that the history of our ancestors and their contribution to the settlement of the Black Sea region is being preserved.

The government of the Ukraine has taken steps to prepare its people for the future. There is a ban on foreign investment in the country until the year 2005. This was done to give privatization of business a chance to take a foothold economically. At the winery in Radsad we drank award winning wine that surely will be embraced once international trade agreements are in place. The government is also allowing English to be taught in the schools so that Ukrainians will not be strangers to the language of international trade. Generally people are getting computers in their homes and you see cell phones being used in the cities. Industrially the country is still a little behind the world, but they are catching up quickly. The soil in the Black Sea region is very black and fertile. Once mechanized

*(Continued on page 10)*

(Continued from page 2)

Passenger	Age	Sex	Occup.	Dest.	Origin
Wolfe, Jake	28	M	Farmer	Montana	Sulz
Schmidt, Kasmir	36	M	Worker	Dakota	Saratov
Schmidt, Katharine	33	F	Wife	Dakota	Saratov
Schmidt, Amelia	8	F	Child	Dakota	Saratov
Braun, Carl	64	M	Farmer	Dakota	Halbstadt
Braun, Elisabeth	60	F	Wife	Dakota	Halbstadt
Braun, Barthel	13	M		Dakota	Halbstadt
Braun, Carolina	8	F	Daughter	Dakota	Halbstadt
Braun, Joseph	35	M	Farmer		
Braun, Catherine	33	F	Wife	Dakota	Halbstadt
Braun, Frederick	8	M		Dakota	Halbstadt
Braun, Jakob	7	M		Dakota	Halbstadt
Braun, Kasmir	2	M		Dakota	Halbstadt
Braun, Christina	2	F		Dakota	Halbstadt
Braun, Magdalena	0.9	F	Baby	Dakota	Halbstadt
Knoll, Anton	29	M	Farmer	Dakota	Steinberg
Knoll, Magdalena	27	F	Wife	Dakota	Steinberg
Knoll, Maria	4	F		Dakota	Steinberg
Knoll, Barbara	3	F		Dakota	Steinberg
Knoll, Jakob	0.11	M	Baby	Dakota	Steinberg
Braun, Thomas	27	M	Farmer	Dakota	Halbstadt
Braun, Elisabeth	27	F	Wife	Dakota	Halbstadt
Braun, Bertha	4	F	Child	Dakota	Halbstadt
Braun, Fred	3	M	Child	Dakota	Halbstadt
Braun, Martin	2	M	Child	Dakota	Halbstadt
Braun, Barbara	0.9	F	Child	Dakota	Halbstadt

Notes: The name listed as LUX on the manifest we've assumed is probably LUCHS. The name shown above as NEKEL is more likely MUECHEL. The writing for SCHWAB and SCOLL was hard to see. If you're researching those names take a look at the manifest personally and see if you can tell.

(Continued from page 9)

farming and modern irrigation techniques reach this region they may well be able to feed the world. There is little doubt that Ukraine will be a major trade partner with nations all over Europe.

Every day I was in Ukraine something wonderful happened. It seemed at every turn there was another memorable experience and new adventure. For the time we were on the tour the tour group became family and we still communicate with each other today. I met cousins I did not know existed, I made friendships that will last a lifetime and I left Ukraine a little wiser and a bit more humbled.

*David Kilwien is VC for Rastadt and can be reached at netman@techline.com for information about the trip or photos of the sights he saw.*

## Beresan District Odessa Newsletter

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This newsletter is being published for those who have an interest in the villages of the Beresan District Odessa South Russia. Many contribute to each issue but there is always room for more participation. If anyone wishes to get involved they are more than welcome and should contact Jackie Peterson at the return address below or japeters@olympia.gannett.com by e-mail.

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Ideas for articles and improvements to the newsletter are most welcome. Please address them to the Lead Editor.

*Jackie Peterson*

*801 Lilly Rd. NE #423*

*Olympia, WA 98506*

*japeters@olympia.gannett.com*