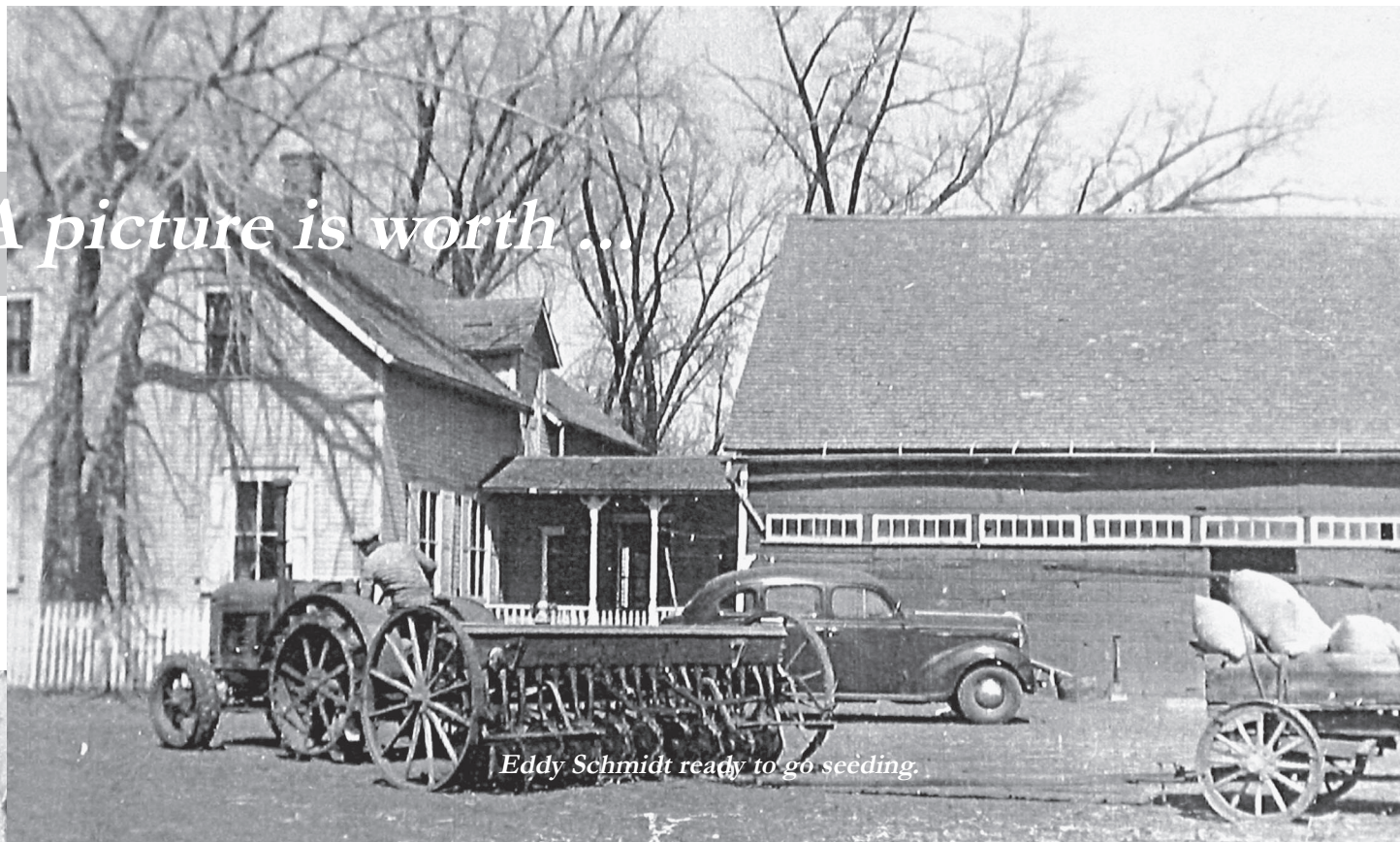


*A picture is worth ...*



*Eddy Schmidt ready to go seeding.*



*Fall 2006*

# Neuberghthal

# Notes



*The second Neuberghthal store, in 1997.*

Renew subscriptions online  
at  
[nhfi@mts.net](mailto:nhfi@mts.net)

## *Come & visit*

**Tours of Neuberghthal,**  
a Mennonite street village,  
are available upon request.

### **Call ahead to make arrangements**

We also take special requests for other types of tours and events. Please call or e-mail us for details on how we can accommodate your group.

**Ph. (204) 324 1567 or 324 1612**  
**email: [NHFI@mts.net](mailto:NHFI@mts.net)**

### **Neuberghthal Heritage Foundation**

*Norma Giesbrecht*  
*Ken Hamm*  
*Frieda Klippenstein*  
*Karen Martens*  
*Peter Klippenstein (treasurer)*  
*Jennifer Giesbrecht (secretary)*  
*Teresa Hamm (vice chair)*  
*Margruite Krahn (chair)*

## The second village store

*By John Klippenstein*

The first store in Neuberghthal was started by Peter F. Klippenstein at the turn of the century. He owned and operated the store till the 1920s at which time he and his family moved to Mexico. John A. Hamm bought the store and operated it until John W. Klippenstein bought it and moved it to the yard just south of the first store. He owned and operated the store from 1928 to 1973.

At the Homecoming celebration people were given the opportunity to jot down some memories that they had of the store.

Here are some of them:

Agatha Hamm writes: I remember the store when John W. Klippenstein owned it. It was across the street from my Grandpa and grandma Kehler's place, so when we went to visit them it was fun to go and buy an ice-cream cone for five cents.

Dan Kehler writes: I remember going to the store with my Grandpa and father. The "store uncle" would give the kids Pixie Stix and Mojoes for free. My grandpa always got an Orange Crush in a bottle.

Reine Schwartz writes: I remember going to the village store with my grandfather, Mr. Jacob W. Schwartz and having a Coke and a can of sardines.

Carey Kehler writes: The store was on the favorite "hang outs". Uncle John owned the store and closed it every Thursday afternoon to go to Winnipeg for supplies. I could hardly wait for him to return so that I could run across the

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*Edwin & cousin Willie Klippenstein making music.*



*Eddy Schmidt throwing sheaves to Bernhard Klippenstein to stack.*

*Continued from p.3*

of humour. On one occasion Dad and I were helping him combine and I noticed there were several pairs of work gloves lying around the yard. He came on the yard with a tractor and climbed out and threw his gloves down beside the tractor. He ran (Eddy often ran, especially during harvest season) over to the combine and picked up another pair and climbed into the cab and carried on. When I asked him about it he said at his age he was starting to lose things so this way he didn't have to worry about not finding gloves. During the time he had dairy cows there was always a need to haul alfalfa bales and many of Neuberghthal's young men spent at least some of their summer holidays working for Uncle Eddy. He was small of stature but he could out work most of them!

His interests included bowling, endlessly picking up stroock (branches) and cutting grass on his 2 yards. He also enjoyed reading letters he received from the Klippenstein kids.

We would like to thank Dick and Dorothy Hildebrand, Henry Kehler and Pete and Rose Hildebrand for all they've done for Uncle Eddy. Also, we like to thank the Blue Ridge staff at Eastview for their wonderful care these last 2 years.

Eddy will be missed by all who knew him.



Hello Neuberghthalers – past and present. I'm Edwin Klippenstein, residing in Neuberghthal from 1932 – 1961; presently residing in Steinbach with my wife, Mary. Come with me a bit, down Memory Lane.

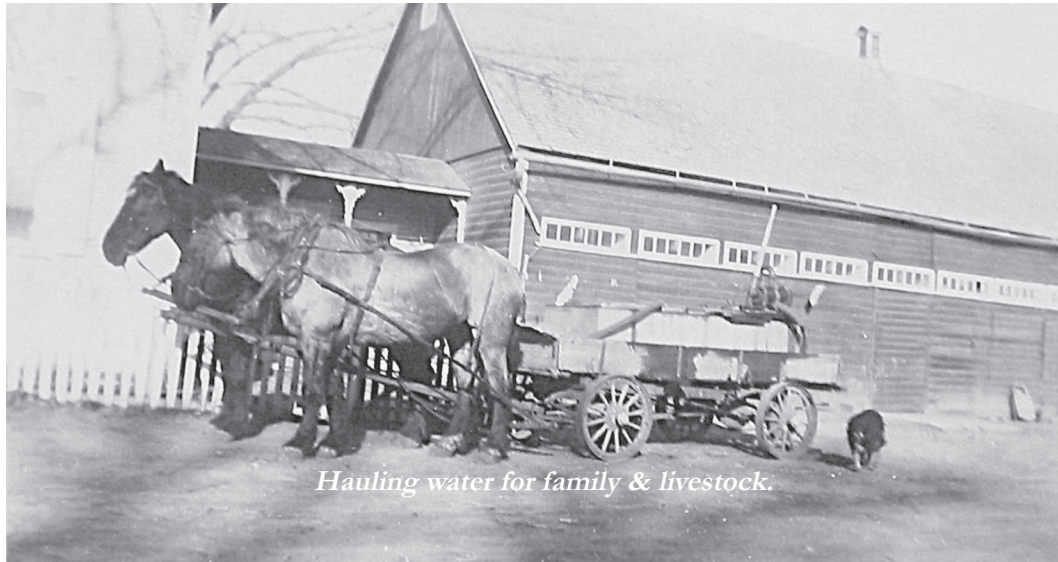
My father, John B. Klippenstein and mother, Elizabeth (nee Klassen) lived with my grandparents Bernhard P. & Helena (nee Hamm) Klippenstein. They lived on the yard next to the school yard. That's where I grew up. One jump over the fence and I was at school.

In January, 1936, my dad developed pneumonia. After awhile he recovered. He went out to do chores. He had a relapse, turning into double pneumonia from which he never recovered. He died on February 14, 1936. He was 27 years and a few months old. That left Grandfather, Mom and me on that yard.

We lived in a housebarn. With horses and cows in the barn, we needed a cistern for water to water these animals.

## Rescued

By Edwin & Mary Klippenstein



Hauling water for family & livestock.

On this particular day, our hired man hauled water from the pasture pond to the barn cistern with a team of horses and a 300 gallon tank.

On this particular day, grandpa was at the henhouse. I was outside wanting to go into the house via the barn. I was about three and a half years and too tiny to open the housebarn door. I ran to Grandpa, asked him to come and open the door for me and ran ahead into the barn. Grandpa followed me into the barn, but I was nowhere to be found. He rushed into the house and asked if I had entered the house. Mom said, "No." Only one thing could have happened. I had fallen into the cistern of cold water through the cistern lid.

Grandfather and Mother rushed to the barn cistern

and both dropped to their knees, bent over, and reached as low as they could into the icy water to reach and save me.

Miraculously, and by God's divine providence, they each got a hold of one of my legs and pulled me to safety from the

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street to help him unload the Ford station wagon. I always got a quarter or a Coke and a pack of firecrackers when the job was done.

Mary (Hamm) Braun writes: I remember living next to the store and we were the first to hear when the ice-cream arrived. There were no fridges in those days, so the ice-cream had to be sold the same day. Good for me and my sisters.

Vivan (Siemens) Friesen writes: Mr. J. Klippenstein ran the store with a Post Office in it. My Dad was the teacher in this village and I would go pick up the mail and sometimes had a nickel to buy a chocolate bar.

Lynn Hoepfner writes: As young boys we would wait for Mr. Klippenstein to come home from Winnipeg with supplies. He claimed he needed our help to unload, although, I really think he just enjoyed having us around. For our help we would each receive a drink or ice-cream.

Mike Kehler writes: I recall as a kid picking up packs of ten cent firecrackers and heading out with the boys (cousins) to have some fun. Of course, a fifteen cent pop always accompanied us.

Janice (Hamm) Nickel writes: My Dad always went to the store in the evenings. Men sat on those wooden drink cases and smoked and talked. Corn Flakes had dinosaurs in those days. The drink cooler had a rag tied to the side to wipe the wet bottles. The store keeper was also a "tracht moaka."

Karen (Hamm) Martens writes: As a young girl, 6 – 10 years old, I had to collect my nerve to walk into the store to get mail, especially at times; the men would all be sitting along the side and as I walked in, it would become quiet and I would become self-conscious and embarrassed. Later as I got older, the store became a hangout. It was fun watching the boys show off their motorcycles, etc.

The Friesen family, Tyron, Preston, Theresa and Sharmen used to collect all discount coupons and take them to the store and Mr. Klippenstein would let them buy for the amount on the coupons.

Warren Heinrichs writes: I remember as a little boy getting to go to the store from My Grandpa Hoepfner's place. Mom gave me a dime and I would buy a Coke and a bag of chips with that. I also remember sitting on the old, wooden drink cases, drinking and eating. What a great store!

Rose (Hamm) Hildebrand writes: I remember going to the store after school to pick up the mail and of course I needed a chocolate bar which I could get on my Dad's line of credit. My favourite was Jersey Milk. Now that old store is resting among the trees, memories and all. It is amazing how things have changed so much in a few decades.

### Continued from p.2

frosty, icy cistern waters. I was wet, soaked and drenched. They tipped me head down to have water drain from my stomach and lungs. Of course, I was hurried into the house, dried, redressed and covered with blankets to recover, dry up, warm up and go on with life. This happened in April, 1936, about two months after my Dad passed away.

And here I am, nearly seventy years later, enjoying life, my wife, our four children and in-laws; ten grandchildren and spouses of those married and five great-grandchildren.

We have been blessed with forty-seven years of ministry in preaching and other aspects of ministry. These ministries took place in Neuberghthal, Dominion City, Steinbach, Hague, Sask., Grunthal, Gospel Mennonite Church, Winnipeg, and Wynyard, Sask.



Edwin & his neighbour Otto Hamm, camping.

## Comings and goings

On November 18 **Kyle Friesen**, son of **Jerry & Wendy**, married **Melissa Penner**, daughter of **Melvin & Elaine**, in Altona Bergthaler Church.

On September 18 **Erdman (Eddy) Schmidt**, formerly of Neuberghthal, passed away in Altona. The funeral was September 22 in Altona EMM Church.

## NHF update

### Johann Klippenstein

Sommerfelder Minister

#### Village street signs

In order to enhance the walking tour already in place, this Fall the NHF installed yard signs recognizing the original founder of the yard and highlighting a fact of historical significance regarding the yard. The lower portion of the sign provides space for the present owners to attach their own names. This project was made possible with a grant from Manitoba Culture, Heritage & Tourism. The balance of the cost has been paid by the NHF. The NHF welcomes donations to help offset the costs.

#### Housebarn restoration

The former "Friesen" housebarn has been renamed The Bernhard Hamm Interpretive Centre (after the founder of the property). The NHF hopes to have the Interpretive Centre complete by the Fall of 2007. While the Committee is actively seeking grants, we welcome donations.

#### Restoration costs:

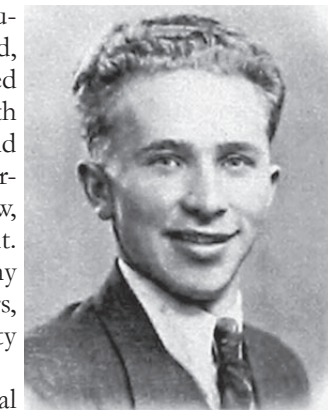
Expenses to date:	\$116,000
Completion costs:	\$38,000
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Total	\$154,000

## Remembering Eddy Schmidt

by Conroy Hamm

Eddy Schmidt was my uncle. He was born on August 6, 1917 to Jacob & Helena Schmidt in Hochstad, the oldest of 5 children, 4 boys and 1 girl. He passed away peacefully at the Altona Personal Care Home with Rose Hildebrand, Sheila Friesen, Lorraine Hamm, and Blue Ridge Nurse Erna Dyck by his side. He is survived by one sister Eva Hamm and 3 sisters-in-law, Helen Schmidt, Agatha Schmidt and Louise Schmidt. He also leaves to morn, nieces, nephews and many friends. He is predeceased by his parents, 3 brothers, Abe, Johnny, Jake and one brother-in-law Shorty Hamm.

He spent most of his adult life in Neuberghthal where he was know as Eddy, Ed, or Uncle Eddy. He lived at the village crossing and so was at the centre of the action and was known by all villagers. Uncle Eddy farmed all his life and he was passionate about it. In his youth he worked as a hired hand for Elizabeth Klippenstein on the dairy farm and took over the farm after the Klippensteins passed away. He also was a grain farmer and



accumulated quite a bit of equipment and implements, of which he was proud. He farmed for many years with Elvin Friesen, starting in 1956. They owned land and equipment together. Elvin was a good friend as well. As uncle Eddy's eye sight became so that he was unable to drive, Elvin would take him to town almost daily for the mail, coffee, or grocery shopping. He helped Uncle Eddy out when he had health issues and needed to get to the hospital. The friendship lasted for fifty years. Dick Hildebrand was also very involved with Eddy and his move to Altona Personal Care Home. Uncle Eddy was always a part of our Hamm family gatherings at Christmas and Easter. Mom always felt he needed to be fed, so while she was able she would make sure he had something to eat. His neighbours Karen Martens and Anne Friesen would also often bring him a plate of food. In fact most of the villagers looked out for him during his last years there, as his eyesight began to fail and he became disoriented.

Uncle Eddy was always easy to talk to and we enjoyed his sense

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