

A picture is worth ...



L to R
 JOHN HOEPPNER
 HENRY HAMM
 ED. HAMM
 JOHN B. KLIPPENSTEIN

JOHN KEHLER
 HENRY KRUEGER
 ANDREW SAWATZKY
 B.B. HAMM
 JAKE (SHORTY) HAMM

THE N.B. 'ACES' IN 1933 -
 IN FULL UNIFORM!



Martin & Anne Klippenstein's place



Winter 2004

Coming events

March 14, at 3:00 pm - NHF Annual General Meeting and elections. Please bring pickles, cheese, buns, or a dessert for fasha at 4:00 pm.



Neubergthal

Notes



Pete Friesen's (Halbstadt) team pulls a wagonload of people North through the village during "A Heritage Christmas in Neubergthal" (Dec 6, 2003).

Good & warm memories

Edna Krueger Dyck

I have only good and warm memories of Neubergthal. That's where my grandma lived. Several times a year, on major holidays like Christmas, Easter and Pentecost, the Kruegers gathered at Grandma's little house at the end of the village. Together in a very small house by today's standards, we were, by my estimation, about 16 adults and a dozen children. Curiously, I don't remember the house being crowded, nor being concerned that there were no toys to keep us busy. The aunts looked us children over and commented on how much we had grown - how fat or skinny or tall we had become. I also remember having a lot of fun playing with cousins and enjoying the delicious food prepared and brought in by the aunts. My cousin Albert always teased me unmercifully. I became furious, often to the point of violence. When I called him "Pruntzl" out of frustration, I was the one given that nickname, and I have carried it ever after.

Besides the gatherings on the holidays, we always got together on Grandma's birthday. This was on August 5, which was also my Uncle Henry's and my sister Linda's birthday. I always felt it was unfair that she should be honoured by a family get-together, and I didn't have the same kind of celebration. The family held this summer gathering mostly outdoors, and I'm sure the congestion in the house was considerably less. The adults usually posed for a picture at the birthday event. I have numerous photos of adults. The children were either camera shy (which I doubt) or running around and not available for the picture taking.

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December 6, 2003, "A Heritage Christmas in Neubergthal" (above) The newly painted and heated Friesen housebarn; (above right) Loading up for another ride; (right) Can a kijnipspraat competition get anymore intense?



Come & visit

Tours of *Neubergthal* - a Mennonite street village - are available upon request:

- * 1 to 10 people @ \$5 per person, includes coffee
- * 11-25 people @ \$4 per person, includes coffee.

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: krahnp@borderland.ca

Neubergthal Heritage Foundation

- John Giesbrecht*
- Rose Hildebrand*
- Frieda Klippenstein*
- Wendy Friesen (secretary)*
- Teresa Hamm (treasurer)*
- Karen Martens (vice chair)*
- Margruite Krahn (chair)*

The Krueger farm home, built in 1912, the year my parents were married, occupied the extreme northerly yard on the east side of the village street. Dad passed away in 1944 and Mother passed

are gone as well.

I remember many events that happened on our yard. For instance, in the spring of 1934 a foal was born and by fall I felt he was big enough to ride.

tations. When my brother Peter gorged himself with those tart choke-cherries, I let a small stone fly through the bushes, hitting him right on his forehead. Fortunately, with my head start,

Goldene Buch' and 'Die Hausfrau', but brother John had subscribed to the Winnipeg Pool Extension Library where any reading material was available and we read anything from western fiction,

children at the Ben G. Hamm's. In the process our free-roaming chickens were scared back to the yard, and many times after the dust and feathers settled, my mother would call us in to

Memories of the John Krueger farm

Son Jake

away in 1957. John, the oldest son, took over the farm and operated it till 1966. John's daughter, Joanne and her husband, Dennis Friesen, bought the place and lived there till October 1972, when a devastating fire burned down the whole place. Now all the outbuildings

As soon as I sat on his back he took off like lightning, galloping around the barn in a sloping curve, shedding his burden. His front hoof left a mark on my chin, which remains to this day.

In those days my newly minted sling-shot brought about several temp-

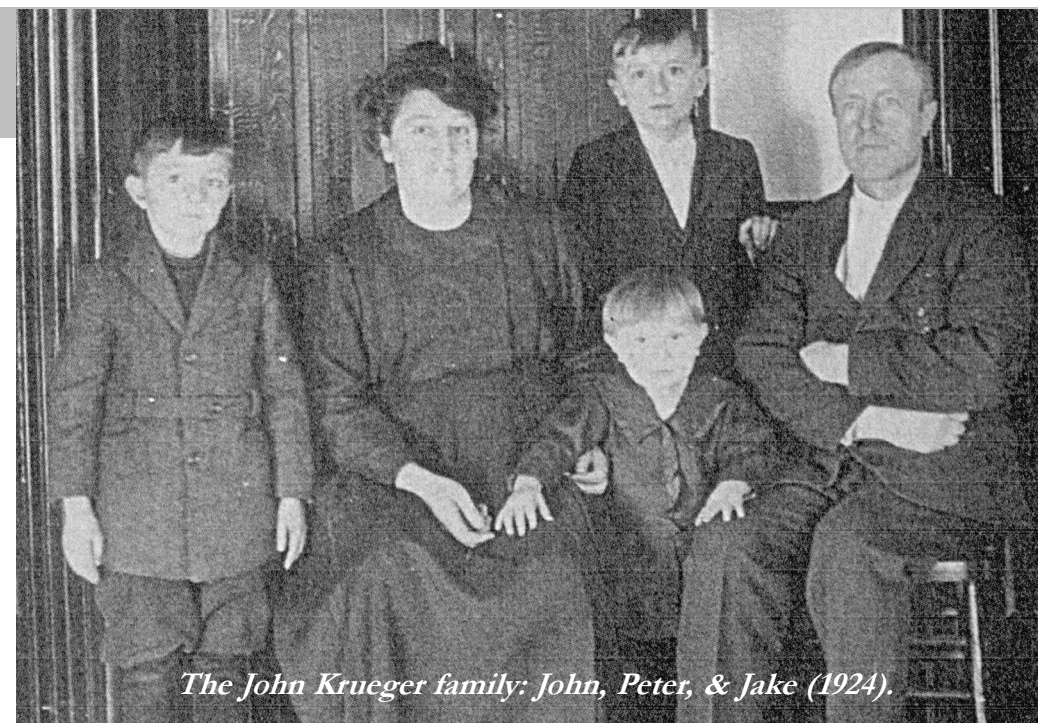
he couldn't catch me. Since my parents warned me never to shoot at glass or anything living, one afternoon when they were napping, I found a likely target when our rooster decided to attack me. I let him have it right on his red tassel and he dizzily walked back to his harem. After several of these episodes my weapon disappeared, and to my dismay I later discovered it cut up into one-inch pieces.

Normally the cows and one friendly bull grazed in our 20 acre pasture, but one Saturday morning our nine horses were also released into the pasture. Happy to be free, they rolled themselves in the grass and dirt. The friendly bull joined the fun, but got too close to roly-poly fat Topsy. His six-inch horn slit open her belly, creating a gash with guts spilling out. An unearthly scream followed. When Dad saw this, he promptly sent one of us to the neighbours for a rifle. We dug a large hole right there to bury her.

During the mid-30s when grasshoppers and crickets were a plague, crickets climbed up the side of the house to form a black blanket. We sprayed them with kerosene and later cleaned up the mess with shovels and buckets and buried them in the garden.

From 1918 to 1925, during the summer, Dad drove a Model T Ford with side curtains. Then he bought a glass-enclosed "Star" with a self-starter, which could be driven in winter. Starting in 1937, roads were sporadically cleared in winter, but most cars were parked inside for the winter.

During those harsh winters three-day snowstorms were common, and no one ventured out except to feed the hogs and chickens in their separate barns. The snow would pile up so high that driving off our yard was an adventure. One winter it drifted right up to our barn roof and we could slide down all the way to the road. Winter evenings were long, but with kerosene in our lamps and books to read we were alright. Mom and Dad stuck to 'Das



The John Krueger family: John, Peter, & Jake (1924).

to biographies to Jewish and Mennonite history.

With four boys and Dad around, Mom was vastly out numbered, at least until one day in 1926, when the screeching wheels of the C.P.R. train stopped in Altona. Two bewildered teenage girls stepped off, each carrying a battered fibre suitcase with all their worldly goods. The Klassen sisters, Susan and Elizabeth, came from the plains of the Ukraine. My parents welcomed Susan into our family, and Elizabeth was likewise welcomed into the Abram Friesen family. Can you imagine how our male-dominated world was thrown into turmoil? It never returned to its original state. We all fell in love with this charming young 16-year-old "Russlander." Before we realized what was happening a "Willys Knight" came cruising into our yard, with handsome Andrew Sawatzky at the wheel. We wondered what was happening, but our mother quickly set us at ease saying, "Daut voat zik aul aula shecki!" After four years we lost her.

With our yard on the north end of the village, it had a 1/2 mile country lane just north of it, going east. Mr George Hamm would come along with his newly purchased Model A and cruise along it at a dust-raising speed of 25 miles per hour when going to see his

gather up the dead fowl, and we had chicken noodle soup more often than most in the village.

In October 1972 when I watched the last wisps of smoke rise from the rubble of what was my childhood home, many memories flooded over me — the many magazines that had been left there; the barn full of hay right up to the rafters; the sheds connected to the barn bursting with a crop of wheat, oats and barley, the cellar shelves stocked with jams, cucumbers and canned sausage, the potato bins overflowing, barrels of apples, spy and russet, carrots and pickled watermelon — a veritable cornucopia!

The cellar reminded me of one day when my Mother went down for some supplies and as she was foraging in the unlit cellar she heard foot steps in the kitchen above. Thinking it was one of us boys she called up to say, "Rea mole de eatschok un." Imagine her chagrin when her eyes spied a pair of neatly pressed grey pants, a tall man standing by the stove stirring the potatoes. Mr. Dulmage, the Watkins dealer, had understood the command and was merely doing as he was told. I'm sure that, gentleman that he was, he did not let Mother be embarrassed for long. That was his way of inviting himself for supper — and it worked!

NHF update

Thank you for your generous financial support through subscriptions and donations. A specific project that NHF is working towards is the construction of an authentic Russian Heater in the Friesen Housebarn. The cost of building the heater may be as high as 15 000, although at this time there are no cost estimates.

For this summer the NHF hopes to construct a kiosk posting information about the village, as well as brochures for self-guided tours. This will help visitors to understand how the village lives, and serve to as a kind of automatic tour guide. The location of this kiosk has yet to be determined.

If you would like to help financially with these projects, or any other NHF endeavour, please use the insert in this issue of *Neubergthal Notes*.

Comings and goings

Our condolences to **Rick, Gord, & Steve Klippenstein** and their families on the passing of their sister **Louise (Klippenstein) Doerksen** on Jan. 14, 2004, at the age of 51.

Thank you to **Rick, Gord, & Steve Klippenstein** for donating their grandmother's (**Kay Klippenstein**) clothing. The NHF will investigate the cost of temperature controlled display cases.

On **February 8, 2004** CKY's Backroads of Manitoba featured Neubergthal in a program produced by Marcia Timms.

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One of my distinct memories is of the beehives that Uncle Andrew and Uncle Henry kept in the back of the house, far removed from the path of visitors. We children ran out to explore, daring the buzzing inhabitants of the hives to come and get us. And sometimes they did! However, the delicious honey we spread on our bread at Faspa, made up for any mishaps we might have had.

Another clear sight and sound that comes to mind is the "Krueger clock" hanging on the wall. The sounds of the tick-tock and the striking of the hour are in my head to this day. I didn't know till much later that it was Grandpa's (whom I never knew) family who were the famous clock makers in the Ukraine.

At Christmas time we children recited our "Wunsch" to Grandma and all the others gathered in the living room. By turn we stood next to her chair and try to remember the lines our mothers had taught us. I didn't mind this bit of drama,



Edna Krueger family: (back) Ann (Voth), Andrew, Abraham, (front) Helen (Toews), Grandma, Henry, Grandpa (Mr. & Mrs. Jacob Krueger)

but my sister absolutely hated it. She got quite nervous and bothered by the attention. For our efforts we each received a small brown paper bag of goodies — peanuts, candy, and a piece of fruit, I think. It was a much-coveted prize and saved and savoured for some time after the event.

Neubergthal holds other memories for me as well. Aunt Susan and Uncle Ben also lived there. Aunt Susan made the most delicious dinners and I will always remember the pancakes she made. Their large house and huge yard and garden were great fun to explore. Cousin Rose and I spent many hours together, playing in the garden and in the various buildings on the yard. The barn held the cows; I was somewhat afraid of them. It was fascinating for me, a "Gretna girl," to observe how they were milked and cared for — good childhood memories!