

SINCE 1916

HEYDINGER

# Newsletter

Vol. XCIX, No. 8

Coming soon:  
The BIG ONE  
The John Heydinger  
Family Reunion  
July 29-31, 2016

Only 209 days  
from  
January 1, 2016  
until the BIG ONE,  
125 days until the  
Alsace trip

## Holiday Musings and Winter Tasks

A year ago, we began planning for the John Heydinger Family Centennial Reunion. Many miles and meetings later, we feel we are over the hump, and the next few months will be the time when pieces begin to fall into place. Through this Newsletter, we have attempted to keep as many informed of the progress for whom we have good email contact information. Many of you have taken it upon yourselves to reproduce the Newsletters and circulate them to family members beyond the reach of the internet. We thank all who are making the effort to spread the word.

Looking ahead, when you read this we will be about four months away from the first part of the reunion - the trip back to the homeland. There we will celebrate a different type of reunion, one with our roots. And incidentally, there is still time to get in on this trip. The deadline is January 15, 2016, so contact us immediately if you are thinking of coming aboard.

As we look ahead to the winter months - if they ever arrive - family members need to be considering a few things to make this big reunion a smashing success. We have been proposing through this Newsletter all sorts of activities to make this next reunion the most memorable in any one's lifetime. So while winter weather holes you up, why not work on some of these things.

For example, we need folks to begin putting together a display of some sort that depicts their particular branch of the family. It doesn't matter how far back it goes, maybe a couple or three generations so that folks can see some images of what to many are just names in a genealogical listing. Help put some flesh and blood on these names, so we can get to know them better.

Also, the financial success of the reunion depends partly upon the family auction held on Sunday after dinner. So give careful thought to what you think would motivate folks to bid on as a take-home from this centennial reunion. Large or small it doesn't matter. Just make something from the heart to share, something ANY Heydinger would be proud to have.

So as we enjoy the holiday season now and celebrate families in our own ways, keep in mind

## Heydinger Family Memorial Tree

This past summer it was proposed that we plant a memorial tree to honor our ancestors where they are now, in the cemeteries in New Washington and North Auburn. A conversation was held with the pastor of those parishes, Fr. Eric Culler, who approved of the idea. However, St. Bernard's Cemetery in New Washington has been removing its trees for various reasons. North Auburn's Mother of Sorrows Cemetery, on the other hand, has some holes along one of its remaining tree lines. A spot was found along the western edge of that cemetery where there are no trees, no headstones with which tree roots might interfere, and facing exactly the right spot.

With Father's approval, this fall a sugar maple tree was planted and staked there and is being religiously watered. A dedication ceremony will be celebrated when we gather at North Auburn in July for a Saturday evening Mass at Mother of sorrows. Before we repair to the school hall after that Mass, we will detour first to the cemetery for a short ceremony.

Immediately west of the cemetery where the tree will be facing for decades to come was the place where John Adam Heydinger and his family made their first home in America. It also faces the farmland which the third son of John Heydinger, Frank, once owned and worked and where he died. Behind the tree, lying in the middle of the cemetery, are two of John Adam's own sons: Frank and August and their spouses, and dozens of his grandchildren and now great-grandchildren as well.

As Heydinger generations gather for reunions decades hence, this little Green Mountain sugar maple will be firmly standing there, growing as our family has grown - with roots planted deeply, its firm trunk spreading branches arching wide and beautifully, reminding us all of our strong past and hopeful future.



The little guy in the front, holding on to the stake, in about twenty years will stand like his big brother behind him. Trees and families grow and strengthen, have a sense of place, and beautify wherever they live.

# Catching Up on Reunion Planning

Several areas of planning for the upcoming reunion in 2016 are beginning to fall into place:

## Trip to the Homeland

On May 4 a group of hearty souls will depart from Cleveland airport or other points in the US to make their way to Paris Fr. Yes, THAT Paris of which you have been reading much in recent weeks. From Paris they will bullet train over to eastern France, to Strasbourg where they will headquarter for several days as they explore the area of eastern France, the so-called Alsace-Lorraine area from whence our ancestors came. They will explore the farmlands, the vineyards, the small towns that have remained unchanged for centuries, sample their foods and beverages, even enjoy waling the very streets where John Adam and family once trod. After several days in that area, they will commence to retrace the footsteps that the Heydingers took as they left France, except they will do so in rather reverse order. John Adam and family left Europe by traveling west to Paris and then downstream to Lehavre on the north coast. Unfortunately, there is no airport in that vicinity that we could use to return to the States, so we will commence the “retrace” by traveling from the Strasbourg area northwest toward Lehavre and then work our way back to Paris and from there back home.

Is anyone worried about the recent attacks that occurred in Paris? Only a fool would say no, but equally foolish it would be to allow our fears of something that may never occur again to prevent us from living our lives as WE determine, not as some fanatic would have us do. Thus, to date we have received no inquiries about possible interruptions to our plans, no cancellations, nothing but positive responses and questions about mundane details of the forthcoming trip.

Thus, the trip is still on, and if any are considering at the last minute to join us, please contact us immediately as the window for signing up occurs on January 15, 2016. After that date, the Passports travel people will begin making flight and hotel arrangements. Later reservations would be most difficult. If you are still teetering on the fence, revisit the Passports website to view the itinerary and images of what you would see. Cut and past this URL into your browser to go directly to the itinerary page : <http://secure.passports.com/Group/Organizer.cfm>. Who knows but what Santa or the Tooth Fairy might yet nudge more folks to hop aboard!

## Heydinger Family Cook Book

This project has been slow getting off the ground but lately has been gaining momentum. Probably because more folks have dug out the cookbooks to prepare for the holiday meals and goodies. Now would be a good time to review your favorites there and send them to us - the recipes, that is, but we would not turn down cookies.

Now when we talk of recipes, let's not limit ourselves. After all, those old enough to remember the popular TV show, *The Waltons*, would remember how the two Baldwin ladies always referred to “Papa's recipe.” Papa did not invent Coca Cola! He had recipes for every bloom and berry and fruit possible. If you have some of those “recipes,” and the instructions as to how to prepare them, DO copy them out and send them in. We could probably never duplicate exactly what Bert and Ott used to provide the locals. Probably never come close either to Gus's “corn cider,” as he called it. But it certainly would be fun in one's spare time to mess around with some of the recipes, and as long as they didn't blow up on the stove top or in the work shed, maybe even sample some of the stuff and share it around, as long as no one died!

Some other types of recipes other than food or drink, might include some of the old fashioned health or medications or first aid types of information passed down in the oral tradition within families. How does a body stop the itching contracted from accidentally rassling with a bunch of nettles out along a fence row? How can a deeply embedded, festering splinter be removed painlessly from a hand without a visit to, and hefty bill from, an emergency medical center? And is there any way short of Aleve of relieving the pain from arthritis in the hands? And other than just refraining from the pleasures of certain bad gustatory habits, how does one treat the gout?

Doctors used to deliver babies and stitch up gashes caused by wayward axes or fix bones broken by kicking cows or horses. The common, everyday ailments were “cured” or at least treated by the women of the house who earned their medical degrees from their mothers, who in turn were the beneficiaries of centuries of lore accumulated within a family. So for this section of the cookbook, it would be good to see some of these types of recipes included. And they don't have to be just from the Heydinger side of the family. Here is a good place to show off how the Heydinger family itself is a great melting pot, as in-laws brought to the marriages their own wealth of lore accumulated from whatever ethnic group their ancestors derived. And so it will always continue. Exogamy, or marrying outside one's own socio-ethnic background, has all sorts of benefits. Let's help pass them down in this recipe book. Send them to either [gshelleng@yahoo.com](mailto:gshelleng@yahoo.com) or [mheydinger@huronhs.com](mailto:mheydinger@huronhs.com).

Also, if you have worked on a cookbook project like this in the past, Gretchen would like to hear from you concerning recipes and the logistics of putting a booklet together. Email her at [gshelleng@yahoo.com](mailto:gshelleng@yahoo.com) or call at 419-447-3872 - SOON.

## Reunions Past

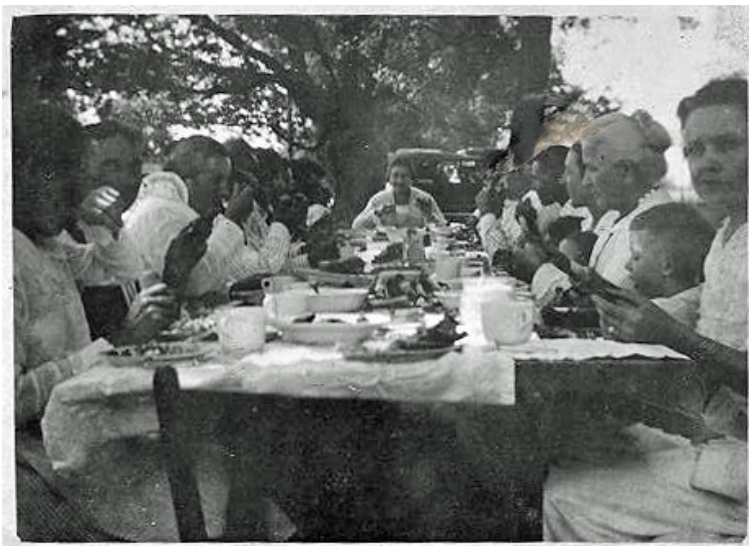
What were the Heydinger Reunions, the Big Ones, like WAY back in the day? All are now gone who ever attended the first one in 1916. The last would be Frank, Gus's middle son, who passed away in 2012. Only one picture has come down from that reunion, and a little lore, mostly from Peter Heydinger's branch. So now it is up to those born shortly thereafter, in the 1920's, to pass on their memories of those earliest reunions. Problem is, they too are now few and in their nineties, of course, where memories become sketchy. But reach out we must.

This month we pick the brain of Raymond Heydinger, Gus's youngest, AKA Bunk or Bunx, or however you want to spell it - even he can't say for sure which is "correct." Raymond is living these days in Mansfield at Elmcroft Assisted Living Center where he loves to hold court with any who stop by for a visit. It doesn't take much, though, to get him going about some of those older reunions. Bunk was born in January of 1923 and has recollections of some of the events back then. He recalls how his own first memories were of reunions held at the old Homestead place, in the woods back along a long lane, where there was a mixture of horses and automobiles present. No one skipped reunions, he says, because it was considered a festive affair like going to the old fashioned county fairs. Folks then went because there was a strong sense of family. After all, the first generation of immigrants and their spouses had passed away, the latest in 1920 being Mary Gullung Heydinger, John's wife, the mother of all those boys! It was she who persuaded the boys to organize a reunion because now the second generation of Heydingers was beginning to pass away, one being her own son, Frank Heydinger who had expired from heat stroke on his barn roof already in 1911.

Of course, holding a family gathering back then was simple. Set the date and spread the word. That last part was not difficult at all, since almost all the direct descendants even in the 1920's still lived within a few miles of where they had been born and reared. It is interesting to read descriptions in the New Washington Herald of funerals from back then. They always listed the numbers of those who attended a funeral, but when out of towners attended, it was considered a huge event. Only these persons were named and where they had traveled from - all the way from Tiffin or Norwalk or Mount Vernon Ohio! Never out of state. Never more than two counties away. Always within at most an hour's drive by today's standards, but back then it was if a dignitary from a foreign country had traveled in with retinue in tow, with spare horses and fodder around, with baggage carts, and extra wagon wheels thrown up on top.

So in they came on the appointed day, always the first Sunday in August or as near that as possible. Folks looked forward to the date all year, for days away were rare back then. The annual calendar was punctuated with few secular holidays and only two church days off work. And even then a whole day of was nigh impossible for most of the family. Who was going to milk the cows or slop the hogs or feed the chickens? Folks often left a reunion around four, sped home to do chores, and then returned for supper. (No one ate dinner back then. Only the well-off folk held dinners, but later in the evening and lasting for hours of courses. The Heydingers simply supped.) Once supper was over, people did not go home, says Bunx. They turned on lights or lit a fire, sat around and visited yet again while the kids played their games. One of the draws, of course, was that fine staple Heydinger tradition of setting up an outdoor bier garden. Dorothy Heydinger Ernst, Charlie Pop's oldest daughter, recounted in one of her recollections how the boys, Joe and Steve, used to build a fancy entranceway to the garden out of branches and then weave it full of wild flowers. Must have been quite a sight, but still can't quite picture those two bachelor boys with any aesthetic sensibilities.

A fine meal was spread out, all pot luck style as we would call it today. The staple was always chicken, sometimes with a ham sneaked in, as it made good sandwiches for supper. The women and children sipped on home made lemonade all day while the men were seen with their brown bottles and cider jugs - or worse! Beverages were always home made, not store bought. It is not recorded, though,



at which reunion a woman was first seen drinking any liquid from an amber bottle. Folks ate from long tables set up in the woods, and from the looks of them in the surviving pictures, they had showed up dressed in their Sunday-go-to-meeting' best. At the ladies' table, notice the fine ruffles, the jewelry in the form of necklaces and bracelets, the hair modestly done up. Notice also the chinaware cups, the china dishes, and real silverware. (Plastic was 20+ years off.) The table itself was constructed of planks set over common trestles or wooden horses, and the seats the same - thick planks set upon some sort of support structure. Nothing fancy here, just serviceable and easily set up and dismantled. According to Bunx, when everyone left later in the night, everything remained untouched until the next day when the two bachelor boys would saunter on back to clean up.





A second photo from the same reunion shows a mixed couples table which is a relief. The original family was all Catholic, not Amish, who segregated their tables by gender. These photos were all taken by a young Heydinger lass by the name of Geneva Amelia Heydinger, Gus's oldest child. Most of the other photos in her album, discovered after her passing, can be dated to between 1923 and about 1926. So these are some of the earliest photos of Heydinger reunions that we have, unless, of course, another branch of the family would have a few that they would be willing to share around in this space. Notice some of the farmstead buildings in the background.

Also, some of you may recognize individuals in the photos. If you do and can help us identify them, we would be happy to hear from you. If you are tech savvy, put a photo out of this PDF version and blow it up a bit or do your PhotoShop magic!

A mostly male table does feature a demure lass on the far left, identity unknown, and another lady third from the left. We are fairly certain that the stately looking gentleman at the far end of the table facing the camera directly is Uncle Ben Heydinger. Hopefully someone could corroborate that, and others perhaps put names to some of the other fairly visible faces. We are fairly certain that no baseball games took place in those days, not with all the ties and ruffled sleeve shirts that are visible here. Notice also the construction of the table top - just planks laid across horses and sometimes not all that evened up. But what did the boys know about proper table settings, literally.



What's a reunion without kids running around underfoot? Here is a photo of the kids' table, all dressed up and seated on their plank benches and chowing down. A lone adult, probably a teen, watches over them. Notice the little dude, second from the left, actually wearing a tie! And he was expected to participate in children's games like that? Again, if you recognize any of your parents or even grandparents from this photo, DO let us know.

On this photo we cannot be sure it was taken at a reunion, but it does show several of Gus's youngest children and some first cousins. Again, if you see yourself, you would be well into your nineties. Any of you others, if you see someone you can identify, let us know.



Through the property ran a small creek, mostly dry by August, but actually large enough to have a name, the Broken Knife. If recent rains had occurred, then the kids would congregate along its banks, happily doing what farm kids knew - boys hunting for critters, scaring the girls with their finds, and of course, someone falling in butt first. Bunx would barely remember this from these early reunions as he would have been an infant toddler at best during this time period. But as he grew, he would have been right down there with the rest of them.

Bunx says that the festivities continued then late into the night at which time parents sought out their curled up kids, threw them into the back of a wagon or rumble seat and departed. Every member of the family had seen every other living member, all were reassured of the health of the family, had inspected and held court over any prospective new in-laws introduced around, and had caught up on enough gossip and family affairs to last till the next year - or the next Sunday school picnic. But these were hard working farm folks for the most part, easy to please, happy to observe the growing size of their families as only farmers can who watch a crop come in all summer. All the living original brothers attended, those married beaming with pride at the number and size of their own offspring. Newcomers of both sexes gradually wormed their way slowly into the family traditions and mores. Men were left to argue politics. Women talked of lady things. Newly weds and new to this reunion thing, if wise, simply listened through their first reunions to get the lay of the land before opining on anything. Aunts were always quick to either cluck under their breath or say, "Good catch!" The men, however, were a tad more apt to judge the new husbands with a different yardstick. How well could he pitch horseshoes? Could he tell a good hunting story? How did his own crops do last year and what were the prospects for this year. Always there was the spirit of friendly competition, for these were folks who were not satisfied with the status quo. In those heady days of a still youthful America, better always meant more and bigger. A blue, not red, ribbon at the fair this year for the best brood mare. A barn filled first. Washing hung out the earliest. My God, can we really be certain that we had no Amish blood!

While we are back in the Roaring 20's era with these photos, anyone recognize a parent or grandparent or sibling in this photo of first cousins taken about 1925? Four of Gus's kids are in it for sure but the others are unknowns. Help if you can!



Same time period, same questions, and at least three of the cousins the same in these two photos. Let us know who you see.

Wondering whether the little dude front left turned out to be as sour later in life as he appears here?

Finally, we are convinced that this photo WAS taken at an early Heydinger reunion, probably in 1923/4. Many of you should be able to recognize a parent or cousin or grandparent in here, so let us know who these folks are. You know, when the present generation has all passed away, and when future generations look back even on this year's reunion pictures, indeed these folks pictured here will have been lost forever to history. Don't let that happen. They deserve better - and so will you someday!





Did any of those early reunions begin to experience a lapse in attendance? They most certainly did. Many alive today remember back in the 50's when the only topic brought up at the annual Heydinger family meetings was whether the big reunions should continue to take place - at that time out at Kibler's Grove. Such discussions began in the later 20's, according to Bunx, when a simple fact of American life began to affect attendance - the automobile. Prior to Mr. Ford's invention, about 95% of Americans married someone who had lived within five miles of where they themselves were reared. That custom began to break down after the price of autos came down, and about every family began pasturing its horses and switched to motorized horses. The lure of the auto and improved highways made it possible for folks to seek jobs away from the farms.

The bottom line is that distance started to matter, as families were separated by jobs and non-agrarian interests. As physical distance increased between family members, so, it seems, did the allegiance to the family. People settling further away, in towns like Shelby or Mansfield or Bucyrus, felt less of an economic and emotional dependence upon siblings with whom they had grown up, with neighbors, even with parents. There was no longer a team of family and friends helping one another at threshing time, no loaning of wagons and teams to gather up crops, no quilting or apple butter bees, no walking the bull down the road to pay a visit to a neighbor's cow. All of these social interactions were fast depleting, and thus shrank, individual family members' loyalty to family and neighbors alone. They had new neighbors far away, adopted families in more distant towns, more adult business partners and co-workers upon whom to rely. So, Bunx relates, the perennial question: is a reunion as large as this really necessary? But until the nineteen 60's the answer was always a resounding yes which grew to a gradual whimper until we are on this present five-year cycle.

What will YOUR answer be when this question arises again in July, 2016, at the business meeting, as surely it will? Is it time to simply break it off after a century's run and have each main branch go its separate way? Two excellent predictors of the answer to that question will be to observe folks at this reunion. Watch how they seat themselves at dinner time on the Sunday of reunion weekend. Will families eat with just their own branch or will they introduce themselves to cousins they don't know and sit down for a spell to get acquainted? Eating together is one of the ways societies have always cemented the bonds that hold society together, a sign of companionship, of friendliness toward neighbors, of a willingness to get to know someone and form some sort of bond, no matter how tenuous. In fact, that word 'companion,' literally means 'one who breaks bread with.' Are we still companions with one another on this life's journey?

A second predictor is to observe how fast folks eat, how soon they want to leave after lunch, how quickly they want to wrap up an auction, a family meeting, a family photo session. For the kids, look for how many pass the day glued to their electronic phones, pads, games, or tablets - and not the writing kind! They will obviously pass up chances to make some lasting memories, opting instead for an immediate gratification, and when the device breaks or wears out, where is family? Oh, maybe a few snapshots they took. Will we have become just like the two proverbial ships passing in the night one more time? One last time?





## Heydinger's Earliest Homesteads in America

In our last episode of the Heydinger saga, we left the reader back in 1851 inside a cabin in North Auburn, on Young Road, just down a ways west of Mother of Sorrows Church. The cabin, built two decades earlier under instructions from a crazed German poet, had stood there having been built from logs hewn from virgin forest. The land had been purchased as part of a get-rich-quick scheme by this German romantic, but after he had returned to his homeland, the land and cabin were taken over by squatters, had the title disputed because of failure to pay taxes, had been sold for said taxes, and finally fell into possession of those with clear title. Enter the Heydingers, John Adam and his little family consisting of his wife Catherine and five children, ranging in age from John at 23 years to the youngest, Mary, at 13 years young. They made their home in the cabin their first full winter in America. That the cabin lacked much to make it a home was made evident by the fact that one son, Joseph, survived only five months after that first winter. Only 21 years of age, his cause of death is unknown. It is conjectured that Joseph had contracted some sort of a disease on the crossing, an illness that he may have had when he was buried in St. Bernard's Cemetery in New Washington.

What Joseph's death meant was that when the following spring arrived, the family was short one male as it faced trying to make a new beginning in a new world. What that meant for John Heydinger, the eventual father of ten boys himself, was his own marriage had to be postponed until the family's fortunes were better established. John would not marry until shortly before his thirty second birthday, an age considered rather late for a first marriage by standards back then.

But consider the immense tasks lying before the family. A roof over their heads they had, but not much more. As one can see from the picture, the cabin provided little more than a roof and some protection from the wind. Consider that the walls were logs chinked with mortar and that the insulating value of wood is approximately a single R value per inch thickness of an oak log, the walls of the cabin would have had to be two feet in diameter to provide the same R-value as a modern home with fiber glass insulated walls. Granted, a roaring fireplace could throw much heat into such a small space as provided by the cabin, the fact remains that if ambient temperatures within the cabin in the dead of winter reached much above 50 to 55 degrees it would have been considered a heat wave. Perhaps this fact contributed to the death of young Joseph; but we'll never know for sure.

The cabin eventually came into possession of the Puchta family, the last Puchta there, Frank, having died in 1975. Frank was born in 1889 in that



These pictures provided courtesy of Joe Blum, head of the New Washington Historical Society. Both are of the same cabin, arbitrarily labeled by me as top,"back" and the bottom one - which we have published before - as the "front." When Joe came into possession of these pictures, he visited the house, currently owned by Mark Heydinger, to ascertain whether these pictures and Mark's home are indeed the same. He said he compared the photos and matched the logs in the pictures to the identical ones in the same spaces in the house. He is convinced that the pictures are of Mark's house, taken sometime in the 1890's. The people in the lower photo are probably not Heydingers but probably of the Puchtas. Today the front of the house that faces Young Road appears to be the lower picture, as the addition of the structure on the left in the photo seems to match the west side of Mark's home today. A stone porch was added to the house right behind where the lady in the photo stands.



very cabin, shortly after Charlie “Pops” Heydinger, the youngest of John’s nine boys, cut his last molars a few miles away by the crow. Frank didn’t much care for modernity and never had modern conveniences installed in the house until the second half of the twentieth century; for electricity that was 1971.

The house is very much a home now, with Mark’s signature decorations giving it a feel close to its roots but yet modern and comfy. Many objects or parts of objects found on the property line shelves on the log walls. Serviceable and modern it is. Stark and simple, oak designed furniture is both serviceable and beautiful. An Amish couple would feel right at home but probably revulsed by electric lights, indoor running water and flush toilets, and that moving picture box in the corner. But that’s their problem. Mark is pleased and so will be all future dwellers.



Mark’s home today, all modern looking from the outside with the addition on the left side and Frank Puchta’s porch addition on the right. The original logs are visible on the inside.



It helps to have a relative in the Amish oak business and thus be able to make acquaintances with Amish craftsmen. Much of the furniture was made to order to help retain the old look and yet hide certain modernities - such as an oaken cabinet to conceal modern electronic music equipment. Anyone who knows of an antique ice cream machine wherein to hide his TV screen, let Mark know.

Mark decorates with found objects and rustic materials as well as objects fondly handed down in his family - like a milking stool from his grandfather Ott, porcelain figurines from his grandmother Josephine, or a flop eared bunny in a pink dress - from his own youth!



Mark redid the living room slightly by running the stone up the back of his wood-burning stove that heats the entire home in the winter. A nice firewall, it was made from rocks that family members “donated” to him for the project and on his birthdays. He split and fitted them all himself. An accomplished musician, there is probably hidden in the pattern of notes of a movement from Mozart.



So where did John Adam and his family move to next? The Young Road property John Adam and Catherine had purchased in 1851, on October 3, from John Stock, along with 40 acres, for \$550.00. In 1859, their oldest son John was married to Mary Gullung (Gullung in many references), and the newly weds bought a fifty acre farm from John Bretz for the grand sum of \$420. Was young John a more astute bargainer than his dad? We don't know, for the senior John's land included a cabin, after all, and we don't know whether John the younger's land had a home already on it or not. What we do know is that young John later, in 1868, bought from John Snyder another 25 acres adjacent to his fifty acres for \$700. Shortly before young John bought this latest acreage, John Adam and Catherine had sold their 40 acre farm on Young Road to Joseph Wachter (Wechter) and moved in with their son. This new farm of a now combined 75 acres became what the family then fondly referred to as the Old Homestead. It was accessible off Marsh Road just beyond the intersection with Scott Road.

That the parents moved in with son John in about 1868 proved to be a good move. John Adam had been born in 1797, while George Washington was still living, Catherine in 1802, a year before Ohio became a state and Napoleon was invading some country or other in France. So after living a hard life in France, then undergoing a terrifying emigration and crossing, having to literally carve out a farm and existence from the Auburn Township forests and living in a log cabin, maybe the older couple was ready for a more comfortable retirement. John Adam would have been 71 years old and Catherine 66. Catherine would live only three more years before passing in 1871, after 45 years of marriage to John Adam; John Adam would live another seven as a widower, having passed in 1878.

However, we know that John Adam was not ready to retire, not this hearty pioneer! He was lonely, of course, without his Catherine, but by the time his wife had passed, John and Mary had already given them four grandchildren. Peter Heydinger had been born in 1860, followed by Steve in 1862, Frank in 1865, and John in April of 1867. So did grandmother Catherine figure that Mary needed help with that many younguns? Or did John and Mary believe that the parents needed closer supervision? Probably a little of both. As proud people, the family never really talked about such things. However, this was the age long before the modern phenomenon of assisted living arrangements and nursing homes. Children considered it their obligation then to care for ageing and infirm parents, and parents understood that eventually they would be dependent upon their children. Both sides suffered in silence until death did them part. (It is interesting to note that later on the pattern would repeat, as John III, the fourth son, would eventually marry a Lorraine Geiser and produce one son, Phillip. This younger family remained firmly ensconced in the Old Homestead with the parents. John II passed in 1894, and Mary would live until 1920! But wait, there's more! Not only were the two generations of John living at the homestead, but two other of the original nine boys, Joe and Steve, remained there until their deaths.)

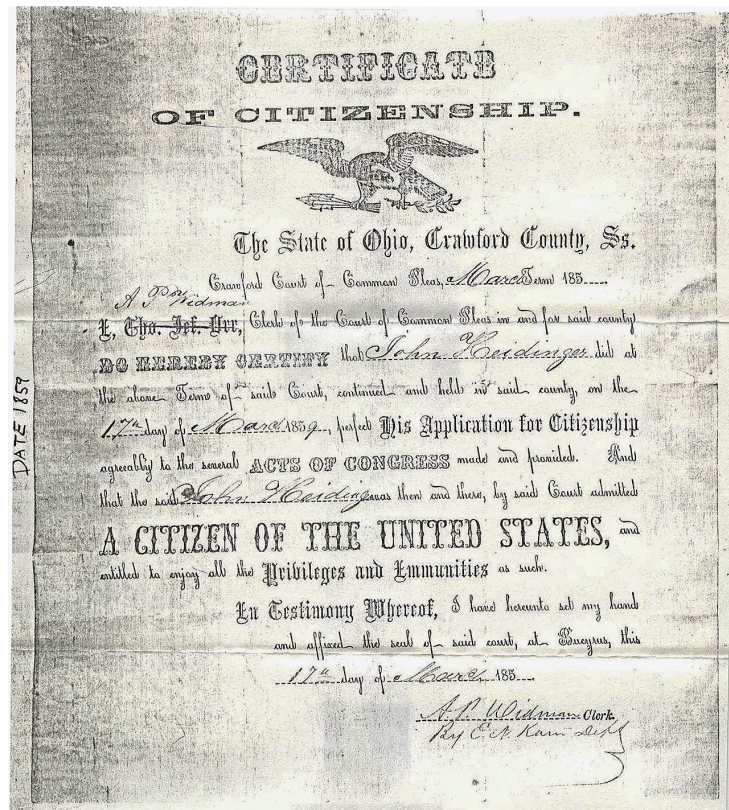
That John Adam remained active of mind and body until shortly before his death is evident from several sources. We know from records that he engaged in running a saloon in New Washington at Ulmer Corner. It was called the T.J. Martin Saloon, according to local historian Joe Blum, who was able to locate a picture of the building, shown here.

We don't know how many days a week John Adam worked at this establishment nor how he managed to get to work when he did. From the Old Homestead to the saloon would have been in excess of a good mile one way, a far piece for a man in his mid-70's to have walked at that time in good, much less poor, weather. One explanation is that he would not have had to walk that far as he spent much of his time living with one or the other of his two daughters, Mary Wechter and Margaret Miller, in his later years.



We don't know when the picture dates from. The women's fashions could provide clues if the photo's clarity were better. Even the street lamp on the left could help as well as the poles in front of and to the side of the building. One is tempted to say that it could date from John Adam's time. Judging from the fact that the women and children were all stationed in more or less a blocking position, and all the men were arrayed to the right in the shot and *outside*, instead of inside, the saloon suggests that this may have been a WCTU demonstration. When you are done laughing, consider that the WCTU began in Ohio. In 1873 and 74, in fact, women in every state joined together to protest against saloons and paraded and demonstrated outside them with their children, harassing customers and preventing them from entering. Germans and Irish were favorite targets. You be the judge.

A question always arises as to whether John Adam was a naturalized citizen of the United States. The answer is a definite yes. In the eighteenth century, there was established a waiting period of three years and a residency requirement of at least two years within the same home. Later that was increased to waiting for five years and residency for fourteen years. Happily that was repealed in 1802, and other requirements were added including a questioning process by officials to determine national origin, one's race, and requiring an oath of fidelity to the United States. Immigrants were then given at the docks a piece of paper attesting to the process and then after five years of residency could apply for citizenship. John Adam submitted his application in 1859, and on March 17th of that year was made a US citizen, "entitled to enjoy all the Privileges and Immunities as such." In witness whereof is the attached a photo copy of his certificate of approval.



Notice that in 1859, John Adam was still spelling his name as he did back in Europe, Heidinger. This document was equally important to Catherine as well. An Act of Congress passed in 1855 gave automatic citizenship to the wife of any alien naturalized citizen, without her having to go through the process. How big was the celebration that day!

We are looking for photos taken at the Old Homestead, photos of the house, inside or outside, and maybe even of outbuildings. If you have any that you could share with the rest of the family, please let us know.



There are a few surviving photos of the Heydinger family at the Old Homestead, courtesy of Norman Heydinger. Norman is the oldest currently living Heydinger male at the age of 94, with his birthday approaching on January 7. He and his wife Dorothy live in Toledo OH, with Norm having retired long ago from his tennis club. But until recently he played a few times a week until the "younger" fellas in their 80's got laid up. Norman's father was Ed Heydinger, also of Toledo, the first Heydinger to return to the old country in search of documents of our family. We have many of those in our possession. Ed was a meticulous recorder of things historical, including handwritten notes from his research, a volume of personal, reminiscing poetry, and then volumes of photo albums with images in black and white dating back to the late 19th century, many retaining their original clarity. These Norman happily shared with us so that we can pass them on to others in the family.



As Ed Heydinger's notation on this photo states, it was taken at the Old Homestead on the side lawn in 1911. This was a good 15 years after John Heydinger had died, and nine more before Mary Gullung Heydinger, John's wife, passed away in 1920. Mary is in this picture, standing, the third from the left. The custom was that on Sunday afternoons, Mary's children and any grandchildren around used to pay her a visit. This picture is obviously taken in high summer time of that year, just a couple months after the time when Mary had lost one of her sons, Frank, who had died of sunstroke while working on his barn roof on the 19th of May that year.

Other persons are identifiable in the picture, at least three more of her sons and a couple daughters-in-law. If you can identify any of these folks, let us know.





Another photo from Ed's book shows a family portrait shot of the three generations living at the Old Homestead. It looks to have been taken around 1909 or 1910. The young child was Phillip, "Philly," born in July of 1908. Mary Gullung Heydinger, the family matriarch, stands wrapped against the elements on the right, flanked by two of her bachelor boy sons, Joe and Steve. The couple to the left are her son John and daughter-in-law Lorraine, parents of Philly. The gentleman on the extreme right has to be known to someone out there - let us know!!! Might it be Fred?

The home is shown only slightly in the photo, a modest farm house that seems to have been kept in good repair by the boys. Family lore says they were good farmers, gardeners, and carpenters, as well as jacks of all trades. Had to be - it's called Survival Skills 101.



## Heydinger Reunion Survey 12/15

As a Reunion Consumer, your attitude toward past Heydinger Family Reunions, The Big Ones, is being sought. Please help us out as we continue the planning process to make this Centennial Reunion the greatest.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ (optional) Family Branch: (Circle one) Peter, Frank, John, Adam, Bernard, August, Charles

To the best of your knowledge, how many John Heydinger five-year reunions have you attended. \_\_\_\_\_

If you attended any in this 21<sup>st</sup> century, then you are familiar with the format used for the past three reunions:

**SATURDAY:** morning has golf and euchre tourney, scavenger hunt and geocaching contest, luncheon at Cranberry Hills Golf Course, Mass at Our Mother of Sorrows Church and dancing in the late afternoon and evening.

**SUNDAY:** registration, family picture followed by meal at noon, then a family meeting and the family auction, games for the kids, and various other contests throughout the day. Family history displays are show each day also.

Our intention is to include a third day, FRIDAY, as a FAMILY FUN DAY AT AUBURN LAKE PARK. Families can bring kids to swim, fish or ride paddle boats all afternoon, then enjoy a hog roast and square dance in the evening, followed by a fireworks display. Kids from 2 to 92 are welcome with something planned for all ages.

I am satisfied with the two-day format of the past. Yes \_\_\_\_\_ No \_\_\_\_\_

I could \_\_\_\_\_ or could not \_\_\_\_\_ participate in FRIDAY FAMILY FUN DAY, if it were offered.

I (and the family) would probably attend the following: (Indicate HOW MANY you think would participate in each.) Friday afternoon Family swimming, paddle boats, fishing \_\_\_\_\_ Euchre contest \_\_\_\_\_ Hog Roast \_\_\_\_\_ (how many for the supper) Dancing at pavilion \_\_\_\_\_

I would stay for some fireworks (probably after 9:30 PM weather permitting) Yes \_\_\_\_\_ No \_\_\_\_\_

I can bring a few fireworks to set off Yes \_\_\_\_\_ No \_\_\_\_\_

We could provide a responsible teen to help out part-time for life guarding service \_\_\_\_\_

Saturday: AM Golf Scramble \_\_\_\_\_ (How many \_\_\_\_\_) Euchre tournament \_\_\_\_\_ Scavenger Hunt \_\_\_\_\_

Geo-caching \_\_\_\_\_ Luncheon at CHGC \_\_\_\_\_ PM Mass at North Auburn \_\_\_\_\_ Dance at NA School \_\_\_\_\_

I/We will be entering into the talent show on Friday night. (Yes \_\_\_\_\_ No \_\_\_\_\_ (How many \_\_\_\_\_)

Describe briefly the talent and approximate time required to perform: