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KNOW YOUR ROOTS

A Family That Doesn't Know Its Past Doesn't Understand Itself

VOLUME V Issue 5

SCHUENEMAN/GREITENEVERT

NOVEMBER 2000

THE RESTING PLACE OF OUR FIRST SCHUENEMANS IN THE UNITED STATES

Note the missing cross on the headstone of Maria Katherine's (Catherine) tombstone in St John the Baptist Cemetery in Johnsburg, Illinois.



Below note that today the crosses are now complete.
The missing cross has been replaced.



John Edward Schueneman of Waukegan, IL who replaced the crosses and is the one to thank for his generosity.

ANNA ELISABETH DANKBAR ANOTHER ANCESTOR'S FAMILY

I hope by now all of you are familiar with the name Johann Schuenemann and Maria Catherine Greitenevert. However, I have written very little about Johann's mother Anna Elisabeth DANKBAR Schuenemann.

She came to the United States with her two sons, Johann and Bernhard leaving behind her life and her family in Ochtrup, Germany. Her father was Alexandar Joseph DANKBAR. I have found a great, great, great, great, grandson of Alexandar in Germany who is helping me establish the ancestry of Anna Elisabeth.

Before I confuse you with any more names, let me tell you what little I know about Anna Elizabeth. According to German records, her grandfather was born around 1719 but I do not have any data on him.

Her father, Alexander Josef DANKBAR was born around 1756 perhaps in Metelen, which is close to Ochtrup. Her mother was Anna Margarethe WIENEFOET who was born January 1756 in Ochtrup. The Wienefoets were an Ochtrup family.

Alexander Josef and Anna Margarethe were married 7 Jun 1778 in Ochtrup according to the church records.

Their children were:

1. Margarethe Elisabeth
2. Anna Maria Elisabeth
3. Johann Heinrich Josef
4. Bernhard Hermann
5. Maria Margarethe Elisabeth
6. Elisabeth
7. Maria

Anna Elisabeth was raised on the Dankbar farm, which exists today as the Leusder farm in the area of Ochtrup.

Anna Elisabeth was married to Bernhard Theodor Schuenemann April 21, 1819. Ulrich Holscher, my German researcher, has a record of four children: Johann Heinrich, Maria Catherine, Bernhard Hermann, and Johann Albert. The whereabouts of the two children Maria Catherine and Johann Albert are not clear at this time.

However, we do know that Anna Elisabeth came to the United States as a widow with her sons Johann Heinrich and Bernhard Hermann. The fact that she was widowed was documented in her immigration papers. I do not have the date of her husband's death

Eventually both Johann Heinrich and Bernhard bought land in McHenry County in the Johnsburg parish. This is well documented in the Schuenemann book. But Bernhard soon sold his land and moved back to Chicago. Anna Elisabeth stayed with Johann in McHenry County.

According to St. John the Baptist cemetery records she was buried 13 February 1866 at the age of 74.

Although the records of St. John the Baptist cemetery show her buried there, the plot of land does not reveal any stone. The tombstones of Johann, her son, and Marie are on the cover of this newsletter. Since the cemetery plot is a large one, we assume in the years since 1866 grass has undoubtedly covered what was her marker and it would take a probe to discover its exact location. Maybe some day this can be done.

NANA'S CHRISTMAS COOKIES

In Her Own Handwriting



Candy Cane Cookies

1 Cup butter
 1 " sifted confectionery sugar
 1 egg -
 1 tsp vanilla 2 1/2 cups sifted flour
 1 tsp salt
 Divide dough in 2 parts 1 part
 red coloring - 1 top red Cut
 into 1" strips white & red
 Then cut side by side & twist
 Bake 9 to 10 minutes 350-375
 minutes

Macaroon Cookies

4 eggs 1 lb sugar
 1/4 lb almonds 1/2 tsp cloves
 1/4 " citron 1/2 " cinnamon
 3 tsp B.P. 1 lb. flour
 Mix night before. Leave enough
 flour to roll out about 1 small cup
 Use small glass to cut. Roll
 about 1/2" thick.

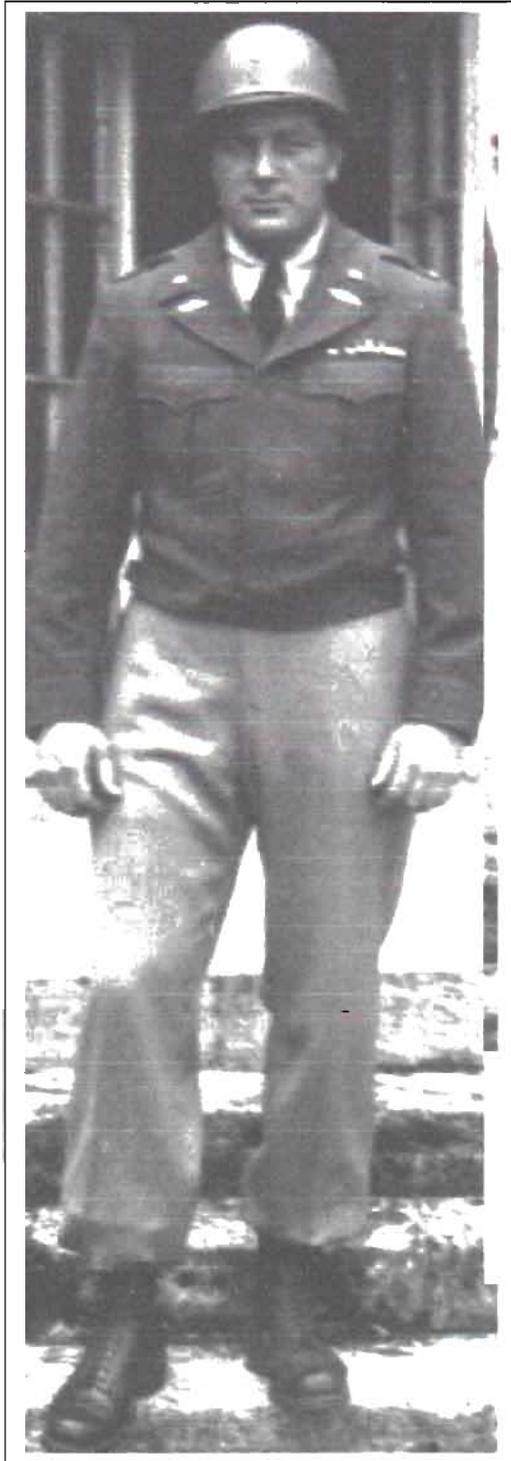
Below is the recipe of
 Grandma Minnie's butter
 cookies. Nana and Grandma
 Minnie would bake cookies
 together every Christmas and
 we had to help decorate. It
 was a family occasion.



Grandma's Butter Cookies

1 lb butter 3 cups sugar
 3 eggs - 1 " milk
 1/2 tsp salt
 3 " B.P. - flour to stiffen
 Chill & roll.

A WORLD WAR II HERO



This is a story of Henry J. Schueneman Jr., the son of Henry Schueneman who was the son of Lambert John Schueneman.

All who are old enough to remember WW II remember the Battle of the Bulge. It was a terrible time for many of our soldiers and this account is the story of one man in this battle. The Germans had surrounded one unit in the town of Bastogne in Belgium. They were known irreverently as “The Battling Bastards of Bastogne.”

Hank, as he was known, was drafted into the army for one year in January of 1941. Six and one half years later he was discharged with the rank of Captain along with a Bronze Star for his heroism at this battle known as The Battle of the Bulge. But I am getting ahead of my story.

As I said, Hank’s unit had been completely surrounded by the Germans, and the Germans sent word to the Americans to surrender. The American commander sent back a one-word reply to the German in command: “Nuts.”

After rejecting the surrender ultimatum, the surrounded American force, several thousand strong in the heart of this bulge, fought doggedly to hold the important Belgian road of Bastogne. It was always under incessant Nazi armor and infantry attack.

Hank Schueneman spent 10 days in Bastogne as liaison officer between this armored division and headquarters. This is his account as he told it to a Chicago Times reporter on December 29, 1944.

“I came into Bastogne December 18,” he said, “though it seems 10 years instead of 10 days. I’ve slept in basements and had a nice cellar at one time but it got a direct shell hit one day when I was out and two men got killed.”



“Then I moved my bed to a coal pile and slept about two or three hours nightly. For chow we’ve had K ration crackers and coffee, but we didn’t care how much food as long as we got ammunition.

On the afternoon of Dec. 21 it looked kind of bad. We had 25 rounds of ammo left per gun - enough for about five minutes’ concentrated fire. Our total reserve of gasoline was 350 gallons. Tanks were about a quarter full.

That was the day we saw a lovely sight when 400 C-47s dropped 2,500 bundles of food, ammo, gas and medical supplies. And from then on we never looked back.

The next two days we were resupplied again by air and then we knew we could hold; though we never had lost faith.

I had my share of narrow escapes, like when I was out on liaison and got cut off. I called for a tank to cover my jeep withdrawal and got back okay.”

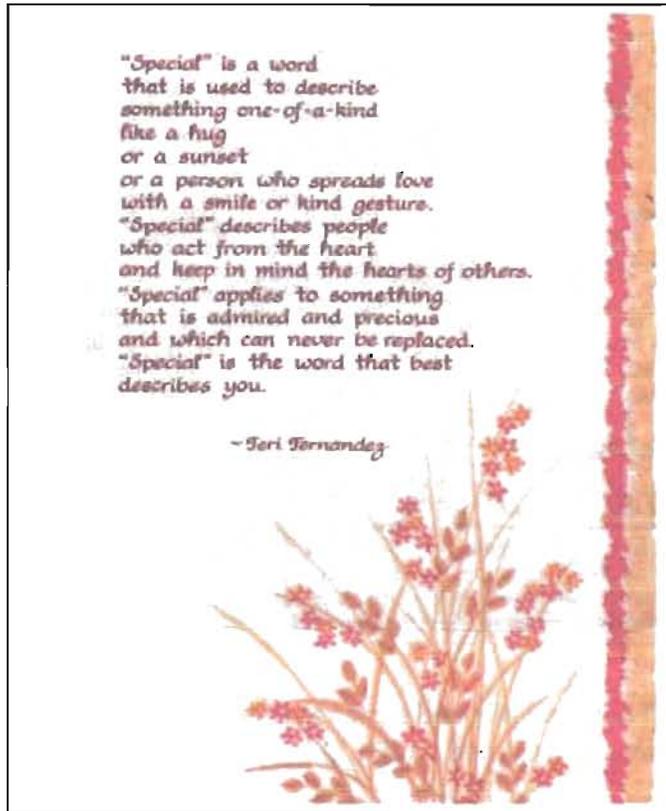
Schueneman described how he was at one advance command post when five German tanks overran it. “The boys came right back with bazookas, knocked out all five tanks, and went back to their original home,” he said.

There were many other heroes in that battle and in that war. This is just one account of a member of our family who had to endure many hardships for his country.

My thanks to Ted Schueneman, Hank’s brother who sent me the newspaper article which appeared in the Chicago Times Friday December 29, 1944. Hank died 24 November 1984.

A TRIBUTE FROM A GRANDDAUGHTER

(A letter written to Elvera Durland when she was ill. It was found in Elvera's effects after she died 11 April 1985. The granddaughter died 15 August 1992.)



March 24, 1985
Mexico City

Dear Nana,

Sometime ago I bought this card thinking that it reminded me of some one, but I didn't know who. This morning as I was looking for some other papers, I came across this card and you suddenly came into my thoughts as you so often do.

Only on Friday, I was telling one of the girls at the office how you came down to stay with me when Christopher was born. Yesterday, a neighbor was here and asked me who made the beautiful afghan I have on my bed. You of course. And so it goes. So many things that are part of my life. Do you remember a sweater you made, short-sleeve brown with cable stitch? I still use it and every time I wear it, some one

inevitably comments on how beautiful it is and asks who made it for me.

Memories of you fill me with love and gratitude. I remember the year I spent with you recuperating from hepatitis; I remember your Shaum Torts on birthdays and special occasions; Honey Bear Farm and how you used to introduce us to your friends; how you loved my babies; your trips to Mexico.

Further back, I remember you at the house on Riverside Drive and yes, I even have vague memories of you with Grandma. I remember you telling me how much you loved my father.

How fortunate I was to have been raised within such a loving and close extended family, to have a well-rooted sense of belonging and identity. No doubt, there were many problems and misunderstandings, but I was not unaware of them. But during my childhood and early adolescence, I knew that we had the support and love we needed surrounding us in moments of trouble. And believe me, all these memories have comforted me many times in my adult life.

I am thankful for the strengths of character that have been passed down through the generations, mother to daughter and I only hope I have been able and will continue to be able to pass this same strength on to my own children.

But I did have something that my children have not enjoyed: my relationship with a loving, supportive and accepting grandmother almost daily for many years. There are many positive points to being on one's own away from one's family, but the negative element, at least for my children has been that they have not benefited from being with their own grandmother on a regular basis. Mother has so much to give them and they have not been with her to receive all her warmth and caring love.

But on the other hand, even though not as much as I or they would like, they have been able to share happy times with their great-grandmother. It's hard to be so far away isn't it?

I will close now. Carrie and Christopher join me in sending all our love. We think of you often and miss you.

Betsy

MARY'S MESSAGES



To decide to include Betsy's letter to Nana was very painful for me and I wept copious tears the whole time I was typing it. I included it because of its sentimental value and to give Nana's descendants a little peek into what her first grandchild remembered about her. I hope all of you who read it do remember not only the writer but also the spirit of the letter itself. It is worthy of note because it reiterates the meaning of all these newsletters.

I heard that many liked the Kuhnert newsletter the best because they could relate to it. Because the other families are so far away, and so far removed, it is difficult to imagine they were family. But they were. And that is the purpose of these newsletters - to bring these families a little bit closer, and help us understand that they really influenced whatever we are today. This is the true spirit of all the newsletters.

This is my last newsletter for the year 2000. My goal is to make all of them enjoyable and informative. This one is shorter than some of the others, not because there isn't enough to say but because I want to send it before I leave on my trip.

I've made some progress with all of the families, which will be reported in the newsletters of 2001. This year I concentrated on the female lines, and next year I plan to write more about the land acquisitions. I sincerely hope that you can keep the families straight as I

only focus on the families that are specifically mentioned in each newsletter heading.

Genealogy takes up nearly all my time but I want our ancestors to be admired for the contributions they made not only to our lives but also to our country.

To all my loyal subscribers, I send Holiday Wishes. I thank all of you who have helped me gather information during the year.

For example in this issue the Dankbar information came from a descendant in Germany, who took me back to the year 1550. More about that family in the future.

The Brockhaus information in a former issue came through another contact, also in Germany.

Marcella Schueneman sent me information about the death of Olive Dowe October 1. She was the very last one left of that generation. We send our condolences to the entire Dowe family.

I don't know how many of you guessed the mystery picture in the last issue. Of the three people that took a guess, two were correct. Yes, it was Debbie Griffith.

This one should be easy. Sorry about the blocked out areas but for their sakes I thought it best. Besides, that would give away too much!

