

**“Our People” is a family forum uniting all interested in Yagodnaya Polyana**

Jagoda Food Scrapbook: recipes, stories, pictures by Sandra Stelter—2018

Sandra recently published a book on the foods of our ancestors. It has some great recipes and lots of stories. Copies are still available for purchase: black and white are \$50.00 Canadian, color are \$100.00 Canadian. Postage adds \$20+ please email Sandra for an estimate. With our current postal disruption please contact Sandra for delivery options ( sandrastelter2004@yahoo.ca )

Following is part of the introduction to Sandra’s book:

My mother was very efficient in the kitchen and easily handled all food matters herself. But in the 1970’s, after I had children of my own, I gave more thought to our unique and special food and I peppered Mom with questions about how she did things. I asked my paternal grandparents, who lived into their nineties, about their food in Russia. Then I discovered recipes hand-written by aunts on the backs of envelopes, calendar pages, blank cheques, and napkins. I talked with my cousins about food they remembered and enjoyed. I collected *Jagoda* food stories, recipes, and pictures from newsletters, history books, cookbooks, and conferences (see sources p 247-256).

Now I have so many bits and pieces of information scattered in so many places, I can’t find what I need when I want it. So the time has come—everything is going in one place—this scrapbook.

When I noticed similarities between my recipes and those of my cousins, I thought it was because we shared grandmothers. When I

saw common details between my family recipes and those printed in Calgary Germans-from-Russia newsletters, I figured Bridgeland/Riverside cooks had collaborated. But when I noticed parallels between my recipes and those of *Jagoder* descendants all over the continent, I realized we were all cooking from the same *Jagoda* master cookbook which had accompanied our forebearers as they crossed the Atlantic.

Of course, no individual, no family, no colony owns these recipes. Hundreds of delightful family cookbooks, colony cookbooks, church cookbooks, community cookbooks, historical society cookbooks, and cookbooks of Germans moving from Russia back to Germany are filled with countless versions of Volga German food. But because my collection is focused on Jagodnaja Poljana, I am calling this offering a *Jagoda Food Scrapbook*.

### Usu Leut

Usu Leut is published a minimum of twice annually. Subscriptions and correspondence should be sent to Marlene Michel.

Subscriptions are free for electronic versions of "Usu Leut".

We solicit typed articles on any aspects of our peoples' history, or current events related to them.

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Our Golden Jubilee, 50th Convention  
AHSGR 2019  
July 22 to July 27, 2019  
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Lincoln, Nebraska

Plans are being made to celebrate the 50th anniversary for AHSGR in 2019.

Make plans to attend!

Check the website for Information as it becomes available.  
<http://www.ahsgr.org>

### New research book

"The Great-Grandparents of Yagodnaya Polyana, Russia: The Conrad Fuchs, John Ward Schmick and Related Family Histories" by Gary August Fuchs, published 2018

8 ½ x 11, soft cover, perfect bound, 270 pages.

Gary has put together a wonderful book about his family. He begins with a brief history of emigration from Germany to Russia and then discusses the families of YP and their daily life. The majority of the book discusses his family names of Fuchs, Nepert, Schmick, and Scheuermann.

If you are interested in purchasing a copy please email him: [gary.fuchs@hp.com](mailto:gary.fuchs@hp.com) . Copies are \$10.00 plus taxes and shipping. All proceeds will go to support AHSGR.



In days gone by, written recipes did not exist. Every woman mastered kitchen skills through day to day, week by week, and year after year experience. But today, without such experience, we need all the help we can get. I am so very grateful for all those who interpreted, recorded, and shared their mother's and grandmother's instructions. The wonderful collections of Lorraine (Fox) Reppon (Calgary AB), Anna (Beidel) Weitz (WA), Ruth (Dippel) DeLuca (WA), the ladies of St. Peter Lutheran Church (NY), Marlene Michel (Calgary AB), and numerous other individuals greatly enhance our understanding of our people's food.

*Jagoda* was a unique oral German dialect, not always understood by other Germans, and never written down. Those of us making notes on food recorded what we heard, so our spellings vary greatly. I keep spellings used by each source.

When possible, I include a German, Russian, or dialect word associated with each food and a possible English translation in square brackets [ ]. However, since I neither speak nor understand German and Russian, these attempts are obviously only humble guesses. The adults in my family regularly conversed in the *Jagoda* dialect, and we attended a church conducted in High German, but my parents refused to engage me in either the gently-rolling colony speech or the thickly-aspirated "real" German.

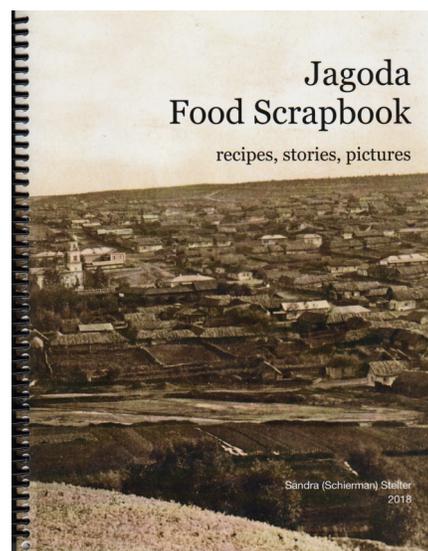
I start each section with comments I have collected about that food. Then I lay out the recipe I use. Following that, I present other *Jagoda* versions because each one helps me understand the "feel" about which our mothers and grandmothers were so emphatic. I try to identify the source of each comment and

recipe—usually someone with connections back to Jagodnaja Poljana. Maiden names/previous marriage names (when known) are included in round brackets ( ).

Quantities are not precise. Every cook knew that all eggs are not the same size, that conditions vary from day to day, and that altitude changes things. (I live at 3,442 feet/1,049 metres above sea level.)

Sometimes I prefer the old ways of preparing food. Such labor-intensive methods were ways our mothers and grandmothers poured meaning into the mundane and expressed love and appreciation for family and friends. However, I believe it is better to prepare ethnic food with today's equipment than to not prepare it at all, so I make use of any modern equipment available (blender, food processor, power mixer, flour mill, bread machine, microwave, convection oven, slow cooker).

Food is a tangible link to our past. Language, clothing, and transportation have changed so much from our grandparents' day. But food continues to connect us to our people years ago and miles away.



## KATTEY GERAY'S JOURNEY

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*This story is dedicated to the memory of Aleck Gebraelov who was martyred in war-torn Grozny, Russia by religious extremists in the summer of 2009 for his courageous affiliation with humanitarian efforts in the Caucasus.*

“Then a trip up Beshtau it shall be, for my princely son, Kattey Geray!” and with a broad sweep Sultan Geray Khan hoisted his young son upon his shoulders while continuing to sing about the mountains looming in the distance.

The five peaks of Mt. Beshtau formed a vast northern arc in the distance to shelter the Gerays’ ancient village of Karas. The Five Mountains seemed perpetually draped in snow as white as sugar and Kattey’s father had promised that for his son’s seventh birthday they would hike to the glacier that fed the glistening stream running through Karas. Some of Kattey’s older friends had already made the long trek with their fathers to the windswept edge of Beshtau’s snowy heights. They told of a marvelous world graced with exotic wildflowers and peculiar creatures like the mountain ibex with strange rib-bowed horns. Now perhaps Kattey himself would be able to experience such wonders.

Lately his father had hosted a newcomer for afternoon tea who described beautiful lands far beyond Karas. The British missionary had a strange sounding name—James Galloway. He told of traveling from his native Scotland to the Caucasus to learn the language of the Tatars so a book might be written that would tell about how peace among all people might come to pass. But Kattey knew from his father’s experiences that peace in their world had often been interrupted by foreign invaders. They had not come intending to make books but brought swords and calamity. Perhaps men like this one Sultan Geray Khan called “Father James” brought a message worth hearing.

The Geray name and home were among Karas’s most prominent. The family belonged to an extended clan that had ruled throughout the region since the days of the great Mongol conquest. Sultan Geray Khan’s ancestor was Hulegu Khan himself, grandson of fearsome Genghis Khan, whose title meant “King of the Universe.” Such stories set Kattey apart from many of his friends in the area. But like his father, Kattey was a generous and unassuming friend and the Gerays were treated with respectful deference by local commoners. Only recently had rivalries with the extended Geray clan brought heated arguments to Kattey’s household when some elders gathered to discuss family business.

Kattey’s mother, the Sultana Geray Khan, had died of the dreaded typhus when Kattey was just two years old. He and his father continued to live in the spacious two-story home of plastered white walls that enclosed a courtyard of flowering greenery that opened to the sky. Kattey loved to play among the small potted fig trees, blooming honeysuckles, and other flowering plants in the enclosure that was walled with exquisitely crafted blue and green tiles in arabesque design. A door on the left of the courtyard entry led to the kitchen and dining room while a door to the right entered the servants’ quarters.

Kathey's best friends were Sasha and Faina, the ten-year-old twin son and daughter of Sultan Geray Khan's estate overseer, Taras.

"Father says he will soon take me to the source of the Tschardym there in the high country," Kathey said while pointing to Beshtau's center peak.

"We went part way up there a year ago with our father and Uncle Amir," Faina replied.

"But we went in July before harvest," Sasha added, "and he said it is best to wait until September because even in late summer the snow can cover the trails."



Caucasus Tatar City Scene

The three children then ran off to begin preparing a list of needed supplies for Kathey's upcoming expedition. Most residents of Karas did not travel beyond the village in summer because so many workers were needed to bring in the annual harvest of rye, barley, and wheat. Women with tight headgear of colored cloths gathered at dawn in the substantial kitchen of the Geray house to prepare the first of four daily sumptuous meals for the army of harvesters.

When the morning dew dissipated, teams of sun-browned men armed with razor-sharp scythes began cutting in wide swaths to the rhythm of the old work songs. Women followed the reapers to bind the golden stalks into bundles that were then tossed into wagons. These were then taken to the circular harvest floor near the granary and piled behind a willow windbreak by the Geray home.



E. Buckman, "teams... began cutting in wide swaths"

Throughout the long, hot day, Taras supervised the operation where the bundles were brought to the hard threshing floor. He and the children watched as a team of horses plodded around a circle to "ride out" the ripe amber kernels with their heavy hooves. Two smiling peasants with wrinkled faces and no teeth carefully pulled out the mass of piled straw with three-pronged wooden forks fashioned from appropriately shaped tree branches. As the panting horses momentarily rested from their patient labor, the two old men with sun-leathered arms then took fine meshed rakes to pull the golden treasure to the outer edge. Another worker carefully shoveled the dusty grain into bushel baskets to a covered area adjacent to the granary for winnowing on the first windy day.

Kathey and Sasha brought a wooden bucket of water to the horses as they rested and then ran toward the grain field to watch the reapers. They stopped in a small orchard of apple and cherry trees to risk stealing a taste of honey from one of several plaited straw beehives. A troika of noisome magpies chattered a warning but the boys persisted in their raid until an emerging swarm of bees convinced them otherwise.

"It's easier to enjoy the honey Mama gathers for our breakfast millet cakes," Sasha said.

"Maybe easier," Kathey laughed mischievously, "but nothing tastes better than what we can get ourselves."

"Then let's see about some grapes!" Sasha shouted, and the boys raced off for the nearby vineyard.

That night Kathey Geray tossed and turned in expectation of climbing the dreamy heights of Beshtau. He closely followed his father who kept a brisk pace that Kathey could hardly manage. Both hikers used walking sticks to help maneuver the rocky trail and they soon emerged onto a broad meadow. The surrounding evergreens began waving in a gust of wind that seemed to come from nowhere. Kathey thought he glimpsed the fleeting image of a red-bearded Tatar wearing a black sheepskin hat as he darted into the trees ahead of their path. He also caught the glint of a silver dagger clutched by the stranger and he struggled to warn his father.

Somehow Kathey could not summon the strength to make any sound from the confines of the dream. He tried in vain to run and tug at this father's embroidered half-coat but Kathey's arms and legs felt as if they were buried in the pile of grain where he and Sasha sometimes played. Swelling catkins freely swirled around his head but Kathey seemed frozen on the mountainside. Disturbing sounds of peril arose that finally brought him to his senses.

"Kathey! Kathey!" Taras was shouting as he pulled the boy from his bed. Taras carried him to the bedroom's open back window and they both emerged onto a darkened ledge adjacent to the limb of a large linden tree. "Do not speak," Taras ordered in whispers, "and do exactly as I say. Climb down as you have here with Sasha and hide in the straw pile by the granary. I will soon come for you."

Kathey still struggled to comprehend but did not hesitate to descend the tree while hearing voices of alarm throughout the house. He ran in terror to the straw pile and buried himself under the itchy stalks. The boy remained hidden until the screams subsided and he heard Taras's reassuring voice.

"Kathey, come. We must leave at once," Taras said through streaming tears. "A terrible thing has happened to your honorable father and he cannot come with you. He was struck down this murderous night by someone who still might be lurking nearby. He would want you to stay in a safe place until the danger passes."

"But where can we go?" Kathey whimpered in shock as Taras led him through the field behind the house.

"You cannot stay with relatives for now," Taras hastily explained. "We can take you to the mission where the priests care for orphans."

Kathey's heart sunk at the sound of the word. Orphan. He had not dared to ask Taras more about what had happened to his father. In the realization of such loss he did not now have the strength to ask. But he knew that he would never again see his beloved father, Sultan Geray Khan.

When the forlorn pair arrived at the wooden gate to the Karas Mission later that night, Taras called out for help. Within a few minutes the middle-aged Scotsman, Father James, emerged from his home clad in his nightshirt and slippers. Kathey could see a small white-washed chapel gleaming in the moonlight as Father James struggled to open the gate.

The kindly foreigner had helped establish the mission some months earlier and had already developed a fair grasp of the local Tatar language. But he struggled to comprehend Taras's agitated words as he told about an intruder who had entered the Geray home that night and fatally attacked the boy's father. Father James looked down at Kathey and remembered the boy from his recent visits to the Geray residence.

"Can you offer sanctuary to the honorable sultan's son, Father?" asked Taras.

"Perhaps some kind of terrible struggle is happening within the clan," Taras continued, "and I fear that the boy might be at risk even if taken to a relative."

Father James's wife, Elizabeth Galloway, then emerged from their small home bearing a candle just as her husband waved the visitors inside. "No, I must return to the household," Taras explained, "and see to the safety of my own family. But please see to the care of young Kathey—he is a bright child who by such fate must now live without father or mother." Tears again streamed down Taras's face as Kathey clung to his waist.

Taras kneeled down to the boy and said, "You know the special regard your father held for Father James and others here. They are good people, Kathey, who practice the message of divine love, a message that will protect you within these walls. You must now stay here and I will visit you when it is safe for your sake to do so."

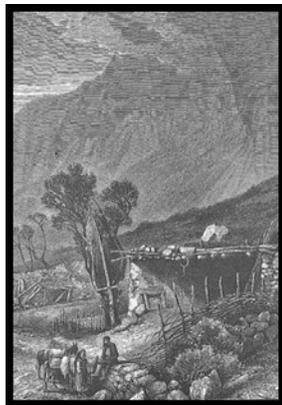
Kathey stood trembling and felt the hand of Father James touch his shoulder as Taras walked out the door and disappeared into the darkness. But Kathey felt no security in this strange place. He stepped away from the foreigners and into the corner of the room where a folded blanket lay next to a wooden chest. He laid his head on the blanket, turned himself toward the wall, and stared into the blackness until the weight of the night's tragic happenings gave way to a fretful sleep.



Kathey's first uncomfortable days at the Karas Mission introduced him to the routines followed by the Galloways and several co-workers. They rose early to tend a large garden of vegetables and melons outside the compound's low rock walls. An hour later they returned for a simple breakfast of barley gruel and milk from the mission's one cow. At every meal Father James would offer a prayer of thanksgiving in the strange sounds of his native language although Kathey would periodically recognize his own name.

After the meal Father James would then enter a small room adjacent to the stone chapel and devote most of the daylight hours to patiently writing the flowing Tatar script on sheets of paper that had already come to form a substantial book. Meanwhile Mrs. Galloway tended the needs of several other Tatar children younger than Kathey who also lived at the mission.

Kathey became Mrs. Galloway's helper at the small school she held for the children. He began understanding more and more English words by listening to the missionary couple and in his daily lessons. One day Mrs. Galloway suggested they make a game of learning during the day.



The Caucasus Mountains

"Until sunset, Mr. Galloway and I will only speak to you in Tatar, Kathey," she explained, "while you must talk with us only in English." Kathey liked the idea and while he struggled through the first few days of the new arrangement, he was soon able to tell them all about life in the village and his hope to someday travel beyond Mt. Beshtau.

The Galloways, Kathey, and the other children all followed their daily routines except for Sundays when Father James led a chapel service of hymns and prayer. Though Kathey still harbored anger over his circumstances, he appreciated the Galloways' kindly manner and came to understand that they had come to the Caucasus to tell others about their religious faith.

"My father followed the teachings of the Prophet," Kathey said one afternoon to Father James when the two worked together chopping firewood.

"I know your father was a righteous man, Kathey," Father Galloway answered; "always seeking a deeper understanding of life. We would speak of these matters when I visited your home." At the memory of his father Kathey's mood grew dark, and he asked what had long been going through his mind.

“But what good is righteous living when the wicked go unpunished?” Kattey said more than asked. Father James heard the pain and anger in the boy’s question.

“Kattey, Kattey,” he said as if wondering aloud himself and sat down on a wood block. “It’s a good question, and the sacred Scriptures studied by both the followers of the Prophet and my Lord Jesus tell us that the rain falls on the just and unjust alike. But in his own life, wise King Solomon came to know through cruel experience that a power greater than revenge exists in this life *to overcome evil*.”

Father James looked up into Kattey’s eyes with a smile and continued, “We sing and tell of this power in our worship and reading.”

“Is this the message you are writing in the language of my people?” Kattey asked?

“Yes,” Father James replied, “this is the power that changes the lives of evil doers, and brings life eternal.”

“Is this what my father sought to understand with you?” Kattey wondered.

“Indeed it is, and it is available for all to know—young and old, Tatar and Scot, boy and girl. For you see, Kattey, we speak of more than just an idea to understand. This power comes by faith, faith in the Savior, Christ Jesus, born of the Virgin Mary in Bethlehem and sacrificed for all our sins almost two thousand years ago.”

Then Father James spoke the words Kattey had heard recited in the chapel services: “For God so loved the world’—that’s you and me, Kattey, and your father and even our enemies—‘that whosoever believes on Him should not perish but have everlasting life.’”

Kattey marveled at the realization that the hatred he had long been harboring could be surrendered to the One who Himself had been killed for the wrongdoing of all mankind. Kattey had heard Father James tell about this in his evening stories to the children.

“There is a greater harvest, Kattey,” the missionary continued, “than you have seen in the fields of your family’s estate at summertime. It is the harvest of souls and the reason we have come to this place so far away from our own home to be with you and your people.” Father James paused and then said slowly, “Overcoming anger and jealousy is possible through this transforming faith, and here lies the awesome power of manly gentleness.”

Although Kattey could not fully comprehend words like “transforming faith” in Father James’s explanation, he understood the peculiar combination of “manly” with “gentleness.” Kattey considered the need to trade his anger for this overcoming faith. He thought of the Galloways and others like them who had left their homes to bring the message of hope to persons everywhere.

Yes, he would accept this special gift. Father James had read about Wise Men from the East who had come to worship Jesus when he was born. Kattey knew his ancestors had also come from the East. Kattey would follow the way of the Wise Men, and he smiled at the realization his anger had lifted. He could not wait to tell Taras and Sasha and Faina, and he would tell many others.

## AFTERWORD

*The Karas Mission was established in 1802 with permission from Tsar Alexander I of Russia to minister to the region's Nogay Tatars. Rev. James Galloway and a small group from the Edinburgh Mission Society traveled to Karas to begin the work that led to the translation of the New Testament into Turkish in 1813 followed by other languages of the region. Kattey Geray was raised by the missionaries following his father's murder and went on to study theology in Scotland under the tsar's patronage. He returned to conduct lifelong mission work among the peoples of the Caucasus and southern Russia.*

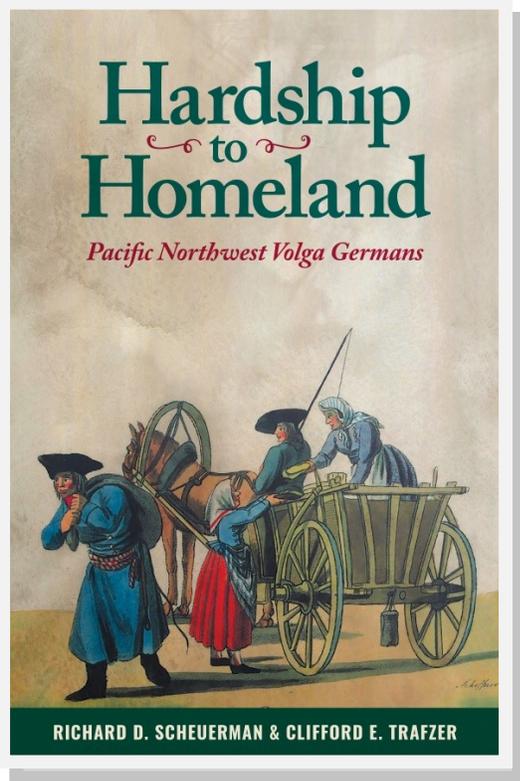


*The Black Sea and Caucasus Foothills*

*Kattey married Anne Neilson, the daughter of a Scottish missionary affiliated with Karas, and the couple had a large family. Tsar Alexander baptized their first child, Alexandrine, whose namesake was the Russian monarch. Although the couple raised their children as Christians, all bore Crimean Tatar middle names in tribute to their Islamic heritage. One of their sons, Nikolai Adil Sultan-Geray, had a distinguished career in the Russian army served in the Russian Senate.*

*The Karas Mission was reinforced by other foreign workers in the 1820s including Christian Hegele who later married the Galloways' daughter, Nancy. In the 1850s the Hegeles went on to serve the rural Volga German parish of Yagodnaya Polyana, and shared details of this story with its inhabitants. Among them were Henry and Anna Litzenberger, who immigrated to Portland, Oregon in 1881, and eventually to eastern Washington where they farmed near Endicott, Washington.*

*The couple's granddaughter, Eva Litzenberger Baldaree, cherished their stories of life among the Tatar peoples of Russia including Anna's tales of travel by camel on the steppes. For this reason, one of Eva's most cherished possessions was a beautiful ceramic camel figurine from Russia. In 1876 members of the Hegele-Galloway family immigrated to the United States and were also among the first to settle in the Pacific Northwest. They resided in the community of St. Helens, Oregon, and safeguarded the remarkable saga of Kattey Geray.*



## Hardship to Homeland The Pacific Northwest's Volga Germans

Richard D. Scheuerman and Clifford E. Trafzer

"Hardship to Homeland" recounts Volga Germans' unique story in a saga that stretches from Germany to Russia and across the Atlantic. In 1763, Russian empress Catherine II invited Europeans to immigrate. Colonists became Russian citizens, yet kept their language and culture, founding 104 Volga River communities. By 1871, facing poor economic conditions and an army draft, 100,000 Volga Germans poured into the New World, eventually spreading throughout the Pacific Northwest and influencing agriculture, religion, politics, and social development in their new homeland. First published as "The Volga Germans" in 1985, this revised and expanded edition offers a new introduction and collection of folk stories illustrated by Jim Gerlitz.

\* description taken directly from google books

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## Origins

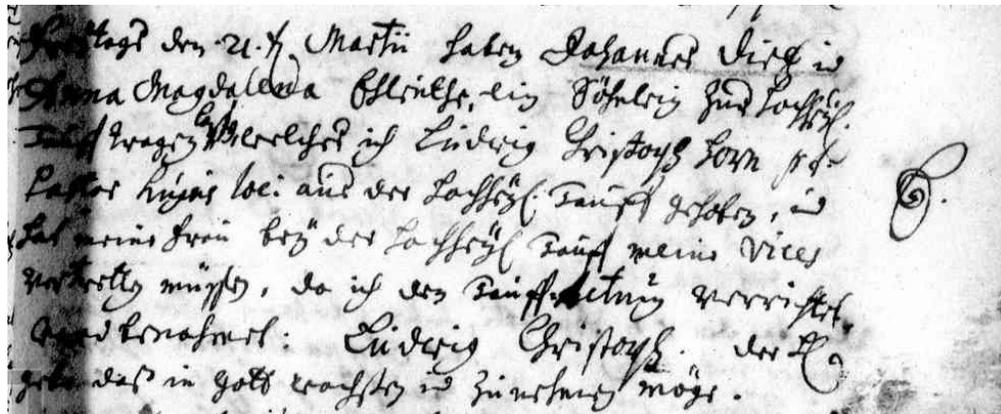
Our ancestors came from many different places (before Russia) and it seems we spend our lives trying to figure out where that might be. According to CVGS *“some of those who came to be known as the Volga Germans actually came from France, Sweden, Hungary, Poland, Switzerland, Austria, Italy, or England. Yet another group were actually ethnic Germans, but they had settled earlier in Denmark before immigrating to Russia.”* We are fortunate to have researchers like Maggie Hein and Brent Mai searching through the German church records to find out where in Germany our YP ancestors came from. For those of you not on facebook or who do not check out the website, following are some of the YP surnames and their source of origin.



**Befus settler in Yagodnaya Polyana, German Origin confirmed:**  
The Stumpp version of the Yagodnaya Polyana First Settlers List states that the Befus family came from Storndorf. According to the Storndorf parish records, Johann Peter Beefuß and Anna Elisabetha Kraft married on 25 Jan 1753. They had four children according to the Storndorf parish records: Anna Julianna, baptized 6 Dec 1753; Johann Adam, baptized 9 Jan 1757; Johann Andreas, baptized 24 May 1761 (died 15 Apr 1765); and Johann Heinrich, baptized 21 Aug 1763. The parents and three children arrived in Russia on 15 Sep 1766. Johann Peter died at some point during the trip to the villages, and Anna Elisabetha married Johann Conrad Ruhl. The family is reported on the Yagodnaya Polyana First Settlers List, Family numbers 52 and 52a. Researched by Maggie Hein. Photo of the church in Storndorf posted to Wikimedia Commons by user Reinhardhauke.

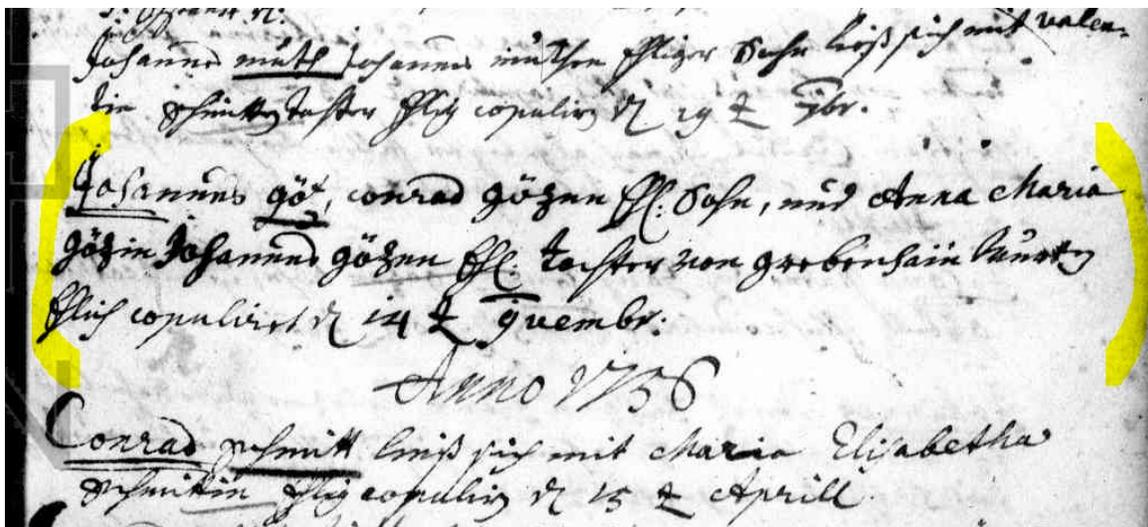
### **Dietz settler in Yagodnaya Polyana: German Origin Confirmed:**

Numerous settlers in Yagodnaya Polyana came from the town of Eichelsdorf, near Nidda, according to an article titled *“Eichelsdorfer Auswanderer an der Wolga”*. Among those was the Dietz family. Ludwig Christoph Dietz (son of Johannes and Anna Magdalena Dietz) was baptized on 21 Mar 1710 in Eichelsdorf. He married Anna Elisabeth Götz (daughter of Hans Heinrich Götz) on 9 Jun 1747. They arrived in Russia on 14 Sep 1766 with one child, Christian, who was baptized 2 May 1749 in Eichelsdorf. The family settled in Yagodnaya Polyana and is reported in Household #75 on the First Settler’s List. Researched by Maggie Hein and Brent Mai. Image is baptism record of Ludwig Christoph Dietz.



**Götz settlers in Yagodnaya Polyana – German Origins confirmed:**

Several Götz families from Eichelsdorf settled in Yagodnaya Polyana. For example, Johannes Götz (son of Conrad Götz) and Anna Maria Götz (daughter of Johannes Götz) married in Eichelsdorf on 4 Nov 1755. They arrived in Russia on 14 Sep 1766 with two children: Johann Peter, baptized 24 Jul 1759, and Anna Maria, baptized 28 Dec 1763, and Johannes' father Johann Conrad. The family is reported on the Yagodnaya Polyana First Settler's List as Family #69. Researched by Maggie Hein and Brent Mai. Image of marriage record from Eichelsdorf parish records.



**Konschuh settlers in Yagodnaya Polyana, German Origin Confirmed:**

Conrad Wilhelm Kontschuch (son of Augustini Kontschuch) was born in Ortenberg (near Büdingen) on 20 Feb 1707. He married Anna Elisabeth Wendel (daughter of Johann Conrad Wendel) on 30 Nov 1730. They had four children. Anna Elisabeth died on 7 Mar 1738. Conrad Wilhelm then married Anna Barbara Blum (daughter of Johannes Blum) on 4 Sep 1738. They had three children: Georg Christoph, born 6 Jan 1740, Johann Daniel, born 23 May 1742, and



Anna Margaretha, born 15 Jan 1745. Anna Barbara died on 22 Jul 1762. Georg Christoph married Maria Catharina Krahl on 1 Mar 1763. They had one child, Johann Daniel, born 13 Oct 1763. Conrad Wilhelm, Conrad Daniel, Georg Christoph and his wife and son all arrived in Russia on 13 Sep 1766. All settled in Yagodnaya Polyana – Georg Christoph and family in Household #2, and Johann Daniel with his wife and father in Household #4. Researched by Maggie Hein. 1646 image of Ortenberg from the Lagis Hesse web site.

## Würtz settler in Yagodnaya Polyana – German Origin Confirmed:

Johann Georg Würtz (son of the late Johannes Würtz) and Anna Maria (daughter of Johann Loß from Stornfels) married in Eichelsdorf on 29 Jul 1754. They arrived in Russia on 14 Sep 1766 with three children: Johannes, baptized 7 Nov 1755, Johann Peter (baptism not found), and Johann Georg, baptized 22 Jul 1762. Anna Maria arrives in Yagodnaya Polyana as a widow with her three children and is recorded there in Family #55 in the First Settler's List. Researched by Maggie Hein and Brent Mai. Map from the online Meyers Gazetteer.

### Eichelsdorf 2) OHessen

Eichelsdorf, Schotten, OHessen, Hessen

Entry Map Ecclesiastical Related E-mail Feedback



Johann Konrad Bär & his wife Anna Katharina Erck (settlers in Yagodnaya Polyana), and Johann Heinrich Frick & his wife Anna Margaretha Erck, Christoph Erck, and Johann Jacob Eckhardt (settlers in Frank), came from Nidda in Hesse. This is a historic drawing of Nidda from 1633. Image source: „Nidda von Südosten, 1633“, in: Historische Ortsansichten <<http://www.lagis-hessen.de/de/subjects/idrec/sn/oa/id/2857>>



**Götz settlers in Yagodnaya Polyana – German Origins confirmed (first settlers list, families #70 and 72):**

Several Götz families from Eichelsdorf settled in Yagodnaya Polyana. Among them were the widow and children of Johannes Götz. Johannes Götz (son of Hanß Heinrich Götz) and Anna Maria Dietz (daughter of Johannes Dietz) married in Eichelsdorf on 20 Oct 1737. They had six children according to the Eichelsdorf marriage records, born on the following dates: Johann Heinrich, 11 Dec 1738; Johann Nicolaus, 10 Aug 1741; Johann Adam, 18 Oct 1744; Anna Elisabetha, 29 Jan 1747; Johann Andreas, 9 Oct 1749; Anna Maria, 25 Dec 1752. They arrived in Russia on 14 Sep 1766. Anna Maria is reported on the Yagodnaya Polyana first settler's list in Family #71 along with her three youngest children. Johann Nicolaus married in Büdingen on 3 Jul 1766 to Anna Maria Koch from Fauerbach, and that couple is reported in Family #70. Johann Heinrich is reported in Family #72 with his wife Elisabeth. Researched by Maggie Hein and Brent Mai.

**Götz settlers in Yagodnaya Polyana – German Origins confirmed (first settlers list, family #73):**

Several Götz families from Eichelsdorf settled in Yagodnaya Polyana. Those included several men named Johannes Götz. Johannes Götz, son of Conrad and Anna Margaretha Götz, was baptized in Eichelsdorf on 8 Apr 1737. He married Anna Catharina Langlitz, the daughter of Christian Langlitz from Oberseemen, on 8 Dec 1761. They arrived in Russia on 14 Sep 1766 with one child: Anna Barbara, baptized 8 Dec 1761. The family is reported on the Yagodnaya Polyana First Settler's List as Family #73. Researched by Maggie Hein and Brent Mai.

**Leinweber settlers in Yagodnaya Polyana – German Origins confirmed:**

Johann Wilhelm Leinweber, son of Johann Simon Leinweber & Anna Catharina Weistgerber, was baptized 20 June 1725 in Sankt Julian, near Eisenbach. He married in Annweiler on 4 November 1749 to Anna Margaretha Zang, daughter of Johann Peter Zang. They arrived in the port of Oranienbaum, Russia, on 13 September 1766 along with 4 of their children, all of whom had been born in nearby Offenbach am Glan: Johann Ludwig (baptized 9 August 1750), Johann Wilhelm (baptized 6 January 1753), Johann Peter (baptized 13 January 1755), and Maria Elisabeth (baptized 29 June 1757). They arrived in [Yagodnaya Polyana](#) on 16 September 1767 and are recorded there on the 1767 Census in Household No. 27. Researched by Brent Mai

**Resources for German Origin Research**

For those of you who have not been fortunate enough to listen to one of Maggie Hein's presentations on researching German origins on the following two pages are a list of her recommended resources.

## Resources for German Origin Research

### Books to help you identify a possible origin location to research:

*Die Auswanderung von 1766/67 aus der Grafschaft Ysenburg-Büdingen nach Russland*, by Klaus-Peter Decker

*German Migration to the Russian Volga 1764-1767: Origins and Destinations*, by Brent Alan Mai and Dona Reeves-Marquardt

*Lists of Colonists to Russia in 1766: Reports by Ivan Kulberg*, by Igor Pleve

*Auswanderung deutscher Kolonisten nach Russland im Jahre 1766*, by Andreas Idt and Georg Rauschenbach

*Einwanderung in das Wolgagebiet, 1764-1767 (Immigration to the Volga Region, 1764-1767)*, Volumes 1 - 4, by Igor Pleve

*The Emigration from Germany to Russia in the Years 1763 to 1862*, by Karl Stumpp

*The Immigration of German Colonists to Denmark and their Subsequent Emigration to Russia in the Years 1759-1766*, by Alexander, Mary and Jacob Eichhorn

### Online Resources to help you identify a possible origin location to research:

CVGS German Origins Pages:

<http://cvgs.cu-portland.edu/origins.cfm>

AHSGR German Origins Pages:

<http://www.ahsgr.org/?page=GermanOrigins>

Volga German Institute:

<https://vgi.fairfield.edu/>

Black Sea German Research Community – Researching Germany before South Russia:

[http://www.blackseagr.org/learn\\_germany.html](http://www.blackseagr.org/learn_germany.html)

Facijs List extractions:

<http://forum.wolgadeutsche.net/viewtopic.php?f=15&t=2428&hilit=Facius>  
(posted on Alexander Spack's web site: <http://wolgadeutsche.net/>)

Online version of Meyers Orts- und Verkehrs-Lexicon des Deutschen Reichs:  
<http://www.meyersgaz.org/>

Online OFB pages:

<http://www.online-ofb.de/>  
(part of the Verein für Computergenealogie e.V. web site, <http://compngen.de>)

### **Sources for Church Records:**

Archion Church Records Portal:  
<https://www.archion.de/en/>

Family Search: <https://familysearch.org/>

Ancestry.com: <https://www.ancestry.com/>

Map of French Department Archives with links:  
<http://www.archives-departementales.com/>

Matricula:  
<http://data.matricula-online.eu/en/>

### **Books to help you learn how to read old church records:**

Bentz, Edna M. *If I Can You Can Decipher Germanic Records*

Minert, Roger P. *Deciphering Handwriting in German Document: Analyzing German, Latin, and French in Historical Manuscripts*

Shea, Jonathan D. & Hoffman, William F. *In Their Words: A Genealogist's Translation Guide to Polish, German, Latin, and Russian Documents*

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