TRITT FAMILY NEWSLETTER

Issue Number 10, September 1989

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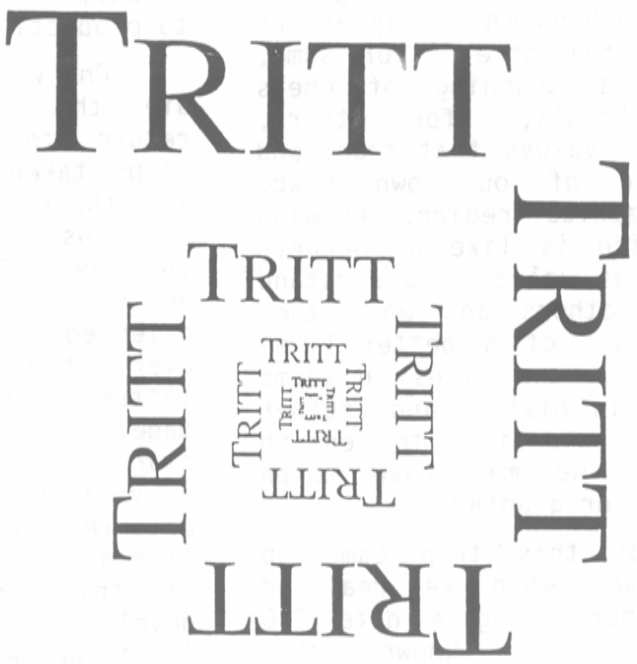
This edition of the Tritt Family Newsletter is devoted almost entirely to the 250th Anniversary Remigration Tour. What we did and felt in Europe was very unique and special. The warm feeling of closeness and family made the experience so wonderful. All of the articles in this edition were written by tour participants. As editor, I would sincerely like to thank all those who contributed such excellent articles. I hope that this newsletter will truly reflect for you the spirit of our remigration experience.

Richard L. Tritt, Editor
Boiling Springs, Pennsylvania



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design "tritt1"

This design has been created for the Tritt Family Research Foundation, for the occasion of a tour to visit the European locations of the genealogical origins of the Tritt line (which also includes Dritt, Tritten, and other forms of the name).

The outer text represents the world: over the last several hundred years, family members have spread over the whole globe, and now, descendants are returning to visit the towns of their ancestors. The text spirals inwards, representing the search for common roots and the decreasing size of the extended family as we go back in time.

The name Tritt, in its original language, means step or tread, and the repeating right angles represent the careful process of stepping down through dusty files, state and church records, from generation to generation, which are the methods of geneological research. The steps also reflect the many relocations and migrations made by Tritt families in the paths they have taken through the centuries.

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Graham Tritt, Wohlen by Bern, Switzerland, 14 March 1989

REMIGRATION TOUR - OVERVIEW AND REFLECTIONS

by Donald G. Tritt, President
Granville, Ohio

As President and planner/coordinator of our tour, I have been asked by our editor, Richard L. Tritt, to prepare an introductory article giving a general overview and some reflections about the tour. I have found this a surprisingly difficult assignment, precisely, so I expect, because it all was so deeply and personally meaningful -- at a level which is still largely beyond words. However, I will venture a partial account.

Perhaps the very reason for such a tour goes back to something primal in us all -- the need to touch base with something solid, something of long duration, something lasting and substantial, something which may enrich our own life a bit more. For some, this may mean a touching of one's own earliest "roots," for others, reaffirming human values that transcend the happenstance of our own place in time or geographical region. Knowing that our own life is like a journey, it may be felt of value to understand the odyssey of others and what they did in the pursuit of a better life. To see each of our own lives in terms of another time in history and another place has the potential to enrich and extend what we may have taken everyday so much for granted.

The idea of this trip came up several years ago when we realized we were soon approaching a date 250 years after the first known Tritt immigrants reached this side of the Atlantic, the brothers Hans Peter Tritt, Junior, and Christian Tritt, on September 3, 1739. But what about their earlier origins? Where had they come from and what was their route to the "new world"? Our research over the past years has revealed that the Tritt (Tritten, Dritt, Treat, Trait, Trate) family originated in the Obersimmental (St. Stephan and Lenk) in Switzerland. The earliest existing parish records of this region show our ancestors residing here in the mid-1500's. Prior to this trip, we thought the mid-1500's was as far back in history as we could possibly go in our research. However, some new research by Kurt Tritten (born and raised in Lenk, now residing in Vaud, Switzerland) has revealed a possible earlier account of a Tritten on the southern side of the Alps, just over the Rawyl pass from Lenk. We will work to confirm and document this interesting development. Our research has shown that our ancestors began to leave the Obersimmental toward the latter part of the 1600's. They left, it seems, primarily for economic reasons (not enough land to support a living) and went north where, after the devastation of the Thirty Years War (1618-1648) and plagues, farmers and workers were greatly needed to restore the land to production.

One way, we thought, to commemorate the 250th anniversary was to return to Europe and retrace the steps taken by our earliest ancestors and their children until the arrival of Hans Peter and Christian Tritt in 1739. To explore the many details necessary for such a possible family-oriented trip, serious planning began over three years ago. Countless letters, inquiries and contacts were made. By mid-1988, details were clarified enough to suggest such a venture could be conducted. A detailed two-week itinerary was published in the September 1988 issue of this newsletter. As planning developed, it became clear that our first weekend in Lenk would better be characterized as the first-ever worldwide reunion of Tritts-Trittens-Dritts-Traits. That is, as registrations started to come in, the enrollment from both sides of the Atlantic stood as follows: 32 from the United States, 2 from New Zealand, 10 from France, 4 from West Germany and 29 from around Switzerland, bringing the total to 77. I can report this weekend was a most magnificent and meaningful "gathering of the clan." Those of us arriving from the United States were met at the Zurich airport

by Jakob Tritten, owner of a fleet of travel coaches, and our driver and new-found cousin for our two weeks in Europe. Soon after our arrival in Lenk and just inside the main entrance to the Hotel Kreuz (operated by the Walter Tritten family), we set up our "Tritt Family" banner and a display table of Tritt genealogical materials. In addition, we set up a sign-in and registration table complete with individual name tags. During the registration, we took, thanks to David and Judy Tritt of Canton, Ohio, a Polaroid picture of each person present. These have been gathered together into a book and will be available for our viewing in subsequent meetings.

Prior to our departure from New York City, three important commitments were given by members of the group. First, Bill and Wilda Dritt of Oak Ridge, Tennessee, graciously offered to create a video record of our two weeks together. I can report that they were most diligent in recording event after event, sometimes at considerable muscular effort just to keep the equipment in position. In all, Bill and Wilda have created 12 hours of video. One complete copy will be placed in the Tritt Family Archives in Carlisle, Pennsylvania. The complete video or an edited four hour version will be available for purchase.

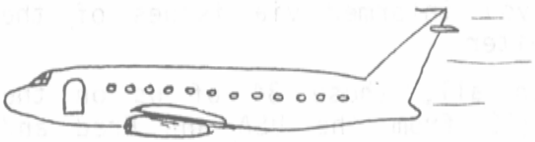
Another commitment was that members would keep their own personal notes and plan to write something for this issue of the newsletter or for subsequent issues. Still another commitment was that each person taking photographs would, after returning home, pick out their best twenty or more pictures and send them to one person. From there an order book would be created and circulated such that we each could build an excellent over-all photographic record. In future meetings our complete photograph collection will be on display for your viewing.

Our first weekend in Lenk -- the reunion weekend -- was made up of a variety of special events. There was a special welcoming banquet by members of the community with speeches by officials of the village, folklore music, a fine paper by Kurt Tritten giving a history of the people of Lenk with a genealogical account of some new information pertaining to Trittens, visits to Tritten homes, a visit to view the earliest documents in both St. Stephan and Lenk pertaining to our ancestors, lunch together at a mountain inn formerly owned by the Trittens, a tour of our ancestral church and participation in a specially designed church service "Brotherhood under the Cross," followed by a fellowship gathering at a nearby restaurant. As the weekend came to a close and before their return home, our cousins from France and those from nearby parts of Switzerland offered to host a similar reunion sometime within three to five years. How grand this might be! We will keep you informed via issues of the newsletter.

In all, those 34 of us on the tour (32 from the USA and Fred and Lorna Tritt from New Zealand) were in Lenk for six days. For the particulars of our remaining time in Lenk and our eight days following the migration route into France and Germany, I refer you to the various articles presented in this newsletter. Others have offered to write of experiences which totally overwhelmed us with gratitude as guests in Diedendorf, France, in Bronnhaupton, West Germany, and in Erzingen, West Germany. From time to time, Graham and Monika Tritt and their two sons, Nicky and Peter, would rejoin us as their schedule permitted. In addition, Friedrick Tritt, his wife, Christel, and their son, Andreas, from West Germany, rejoined us while we were in Germany. Following our two days in France and our two days in Germany, we returned to Switzerland where we enjoyed some classic Swiss scenery atop Mt. Pilatus, followed by a day of rest, shopping and packing before our early morning departure from Zurich.

We had excellent weather throughout our time in Europe. We had only one-half day of rain and then we were on our bus. I can genuinely

say that members of the group were a most congenial and compatible bunch of people. What was especially gratifying and to me as "leader," was the numerous occasions where persons would take initiatives to benefit us all, in spirit or in deed, by helping with baggage handling, giving a narrative account on some aspect of special knowledge, quips and expressions of humor and goodwill, organization of an extra free-day side trip, planning of a "last night" program, and many others. The tone, cooperation and interpersonal relationship experienced by us all was a real pleasure. All in all, I reflect on our time together as very enjoyable, spiritually uplifting, deeply meaningful and as a grand opportunity to have begun to know cousins from around the world.



FLIGHT IMPRESSIONS
by Ray and June Tritt
Montgomery, Illinois

On June 16, 1989, we got up at 4 a.m. to leave for our trip to Switzerland, and we got stopped on our way to O'Hare by the police for speeding. After seeing stark fear on our faces, he allowed us to proceed with only a warning. At O'Hare, our flight had been cancelled, but no problem, we were rebooked on another airline to La Guardia, but it was fogged in. Fortunately for us, the fog lifted before we got there. I (Ray) was getting this gut feeling that this day was not starting auspiciously. From La Guardia, we took a bus to JFK and to Swiss Air.

Soon we started noticing luggage here and there with "Tritt" tags. Maybe this thing would come together after all. We started to look closely at some of these people. Yes, we could notice a resemblance to my Uncle Glen or my Aunt Verna in some of these faces. We soon stopped this as one of these faces was just a ticket agent. Then the crew from Pennsylvania arrived and Don Tritt (tour director) passed out our tickets. Some first names didn't match, but what the heck, we had tickets with the Tritt name on it and it said the destination was Zurich.

After checking in, going through passport control and boarding our plane, we started to "settle in" for the seven hour flight. Well, it won't be long now until we take off. Everyone was seated; we could hardly wait to be airborne. We moved away from the gate, but we were not taking off. Here came that airline person again counting and checking her list. Now here came Don Tritt, asking us all sorts of queer questions like, "Are you Ray?" "Well, yes, I am, but my ticket says I'm Richard." My (Ray) gut was starting to talk to me. About an hour and a half later, it was discovered we had two Tritt ghosts aboard, and they had even brought their luggage with them. The more I (Ray) reflect on this, I'm sure this was definitely Hans Peter and Christian Tritt making their presence known. (Later, Don told us that it was a computer error.)

Meanwhile, the stewardesses were trying to keep all of us happy by giving us drinks, magazines and pillows. We all breathed a sigh of relief when we finally took off. We had a smooth flight (going and coming). We were fed well, and they were always giving us something -- earphones (to listen to music or watch the movie), slipper-socks, and more drinks. They had a movie screen in the front of the cabin and we could watch our progress. It told you how fast we were going, altitude, ground speed, etc. Before we disembarked, they brought us hot steaming towels to wash our faces and hands. We didn't have much opportunity to get acquainted during the flight over, because we were seated throughout the plane. However, the group coming home was seated in the same area and we could visit among ourselves.

It was a wonderful trip! We can't thank Don, and the others who planned it, enough for making it possible. We will mark it as one of the highlights of our lives. We think everyone felt like "family" when we came home, even our adopted "cousins."

WALTER TRITTEN

by Nancy Tritt
Boiling Springs, Pennsylvania

Walter Tritten, with his friendly wife, Hildy, and two daughters, Beatrice and Danielle, were the proprietors of the Hotel Kreuz in Lenk. This lovely hotel was our home for six days and six nights. Walter, a robust man who spoke good English, quickly became more than our host. He became Uncle Walter to many and Cousin Walter to the remainder of the group. His unique Swiss humor became a regular part of mealtime. Wherever we saw Walter, we saw his beautiful dogs - even when he guided a group of less-skilled hikers into the mountains near Lenk. The first time that we left the area of Lenk for a day trip, he presented each of us with a special white hat from the Hotel Kreuz. It was to keep us together so we would not get lost and also to advertise his hotel. Walter, his family, his dogs and his capable and friendly employees quickly became our friends.

CHURCH OF ST. STEPHAN

by Nancy Tritt
Boiling Springs, Pennsylvania

The first Sunday in Switzerland was very special. A particular event that will remain in our thoughts was a tour of the Church of St. Stephan and an historical overview of the church given by Pastor Erich Strahm and translated by his lovely sister. These two young people immediately occupied places in our hearts. Much preparation was evident in all the information that Pastor Strahm shared with the group. A very special treat was the invitation to go up the steep, narrow stairway to the church bell tower. There we could see the beautiful neat burying grounds of the church and also the huge and handsome church bells, some bearing the name Tritten.

Following this tour, a special service was held in the church for the congregation and the Tritt family members. It was very inspiring to hear familiar hymns sung in German, French and English. Music became the universal language during this service. Later in the evening, Pastor Strahm and his sister were our guests at the Hotel Kreuz.

IFFIGENFALLS

by Cindy Wagner
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

I think some of my favorite times were when we had the opportunity to explore the countryside. Our trip to Iffigenfalls near Lenk was one such occasion. Those of us who were going, piled into two vans, Walter Tritten's dogs included, and started off. Part of the trip was over a stretch of road that was reserved one-half hour for going up and one-half hour for going down. Does that give you any idea of how wide the road was? We had a very quick

but wonderful view of the falls before proceeding to our destination. We arrived at a little chalet restaurant and then started out on foot. My son, Jeremy, and the dogs enjoyed a short romp in the snow. The area in which we were hiking was a type of national reserve. Nothing is to be added or taken away. It was interesting to see the land the way it has been for hundreds of years. Everyone could walk as far as they wanted and just enjoy the peace of the valley. Jeremy and I sat by the small stream and talked about some of the things around us. Five brave ones went the farthest along the trail but they were still quite a distance from Iffignsee (a lake). Nancy Tritt tried to convince Jakob Tritten that they made it to the Iffigensee, but I think she blew it when she told him she had seen a seven meter fish. On our drive to meet the others at Simmenfalls, we had another wonderful glimpse of Iffigenfalls. The country was just so beautiful and got better with each turn in the road.

A VISIT TO THE UELI TRITTEN CHEESE FARM

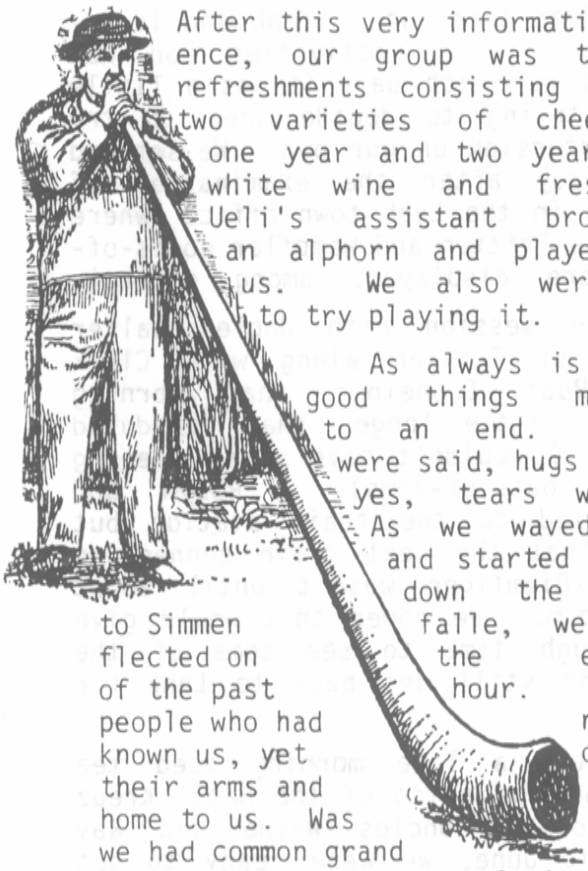
by W. Wayne Tritt
Carlisle, Pennsylvania

One of the many exciting experiences of the tour was a visit to the cheese farm of Ueli Tritten and his wife, Hedi. Since this trip required hours of difficult walking, only eleven people made this trek. To reach the farm, we left at about 9 a.m. and hiked up a trail starting at the Simmenfalle Restaurant. This restaurant is located at the farthest point up the Simmental Valley that is served by bus. All paved roads end here. The only access to the farms that dot the hillside above is a very narrow lane which winds up through the slopes via a very circuitous route and can be used only with four-wheel drive vehicles.

As we hiked we observed many beautiful flowers growing on the hillsides and contented cows grazing in the pastures. At several points we reached plateaus where we paused to observe the view of the majestic Alps towering high above us. At one plateau we viewed "Seven Springs" which is a panorama of seven waterfalls tumbling approximately 1,000 feet to form the headwaters of the Simme River, the major stream in the Simmental Valley.

About mid-morning we reached "Alp Chali," the summer home and farm of our cheese-making "cousin." He and his wife live here 150 days a year. They were a charming young couple with healthy complexions and rosy cheeks. Ueli is a ski instructor in the winter. They were expecting their first child and several days after our visit, Hedi gave birth to a son, Stefan Tritten. Their house is a typical Swiss chalet with three floors set into the side of a hill. The uppermost level is the living area and the first floor is the barn with the cheese-making area on the one end. The basement or ground floor is used for cheese storage. After a very warm reception by Ueli and his wife, we proceeded to observe the cheese-making operation. Milk from the 42 head of cattle was poured into a large copper steam-heated kettle. Rennin was added and the resulting "curds" were then removed with a cheese cloth and placed into a round wood mold which was lined with moist cheese cloth. This mold was then filled to overflowing and covered with cheese cloth. The mold was then placed under a press to remove surplus liquid. This operation was repeated until the desired

hardness was achieved. An average of six wheels of cheese is made each day. After soaking in brine for 24 hours, the cheese is placed in the storage area to age and eventually be sold to a cheese cooperative. We learned that the farm generates its own electricity to power milking machines. When the cows are moved to higher pastures, they are milked there and the milk is piped back down to the chalet. They also had built a small cable car to transport hay from the higher elevations.



After this very informative experience, our group was treated to refreshments consisting of bread, two varieties of cheese (aged one year and two years), milk, white wine and fresh cream. Ueli's assistant brought out an alphorn and played it for us. We also were allowed to try playing it.

As always is the case, good things must come to an end. Goodbyes were said, hugs exchanged; yes, tears were shed. As we waved farewell and started our return down the mountains to Simmen falle, we all reflected on the experiences of the past hour. Here were people who had never known us, yet opened their arms and their home to us. Was it because we had common grand parents "way back" making us family that led them to be so gracious to strangers; or are the Swiss people as a nation so very friendly and receptive? Perhaps it is both.

A SYMPHONY OF BELLS
by Mary Tritt Harper
Urbana, Illinois

Have you ever been awakened at 3, 4 or 5 o'clock in the morning by an unfamiliar sound? Most of us have heard this sound while staying in Lenk and I know the sound is heard over all of Switzerland.

With my first experience, I popped out of bed to see what was the matter. When what to my bleary eyes should appear -- were 30 fat cows with bells I could hear.

This symphony of bells came in gently and clear. The older cows with the extra large bells are the bass section. They're the leaders and know where they are going. It was this group that looked spectacular with their plumed hats which looked like Christmas trees trimmed with flower decorations. Next came average size cows with average size bells that made up the brass sounds. These were followed by younger cows with bells of various sizes which sounded like the wind instruments and violins.

To keep time, one could hear the clippity-clop of their hooves which beat in a very slow tempo. Then walking by the side of the herd were several conductors with their batons who occasionally had to keep everyone in line.

What a beautiful sound and sight to behold in the weaning hours of the night.

St. Stephan

THE LEITERLI
by Justin Wagner
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

My favorite part of the trip was going up the Leiterli (altitude 6600 feet). We started by walking to the cable car station. Then we got on the cable cars and went up the side of the mountain. The view looking out of the cars was great. We finally got to the top and walked around for hours. We had a great view of the Alps up there.

THE SPA

by Shirley Murray
Mary Russell
Mary Kelso
Carlisle, Pennsylvania

Our two trips to the spa at Lenk were fantastic. On our first trip, Mary Kelso waited at the spa while we took the cable car up to Leiterli. We played in the snow and Mary Russell made a snowball to bring along down for Mary Kelso and presented it to her as a gift from the mountaintop. Then on we went to the refreshing hot mineral springs pool. Mary Kelso felt so good after our first visit that we went back again. It made you feel like a "million dollars." Our wonderful leader, Donald Tritt, made arrangements for us the first visit and we went on our own the second time. We recommend it to everyone. There you are in the pool looking up at the snow covered mountaintops outside, a spectacular view.

The procedure at the spa is: (1) Pay at the desk and receive a token which you give to the attendant (Jose, a Spanish man); (2) put on bathing suit and shower cap; (3) take a shower; and (4) get in pool. Your time is limited (depending on the individual). Our first time we were in 30 minutes, and the second time, 45 minutes.

We three feel very lucky to have had the opportunity to use the facilities at the hot mineral springs spa in Lenk.

A TRIP TO THE DIEMTIGTAL

by David L. Wampler
Gardners, Pennsylvania

Imagine my surprise, six months before our planned departure to Switzerland with the Tritt Family Remigration Tour, to discover that my Wamp(f)ler ancestors came from a valley just a few miles downriver from Lenk/St. Stephan! This information came to me courtesy of a book, Wampfler (Wampler) Family History, The 1500's - 1700's, private publication, 1986, by Fred B. Wampler, Ph.D., which my wife, Robyn Tritt Wampler, gave me for Christmas 1988. I immediately began daydreaming about a day trip from Lenk to the Diemtigtal, a valley opening into the Simme Valley at Diemtigen, about 20 miles from Lenk. I was encouraged by maps sent from Donald Tritt showing railroad service from Lenk to Oey/Diemtigen and a Postautobus route from there up the narrow gorge into the Diemtigtal.

After arriving in Lenk and learning of all the activities Don had planned for each day, it was a little tough trying to decide when to try this excursion on our own. We settled on Monday after the examination of records in the Lenk town office (where both the Tritten and Wampfler coats-of-arms are displayed, among others).

The session with Uncles Walter and Ernst Tritten along with Clerk Hans Rudi Schneider that morning took a little longer than scheduled (though I wouldn't have missed seeing those coats-of-arms). Robyn and I hurried to the train station but found that the next train connecting to Oey/Diemtigen wasn't until about 12:30 p.m. We hoped that would give us enough time to see some of the area and still get back to Lenk for dinner!

After a late morning iced tea break on the patio of the Hotel Kreuz with Robyn's Uncles Wayne and Ray and Aunt June, we were ready to set out. Our packs contained apples and crackers purchased at Lenk's Co-op, along with our cameras, binoculars, jackets, etc. And we had our hiking shoes on!

The efficient Swiss rail service whisked us on the one meter gauge line from Lenk to Zweisimmen where we walked immediately to the standard gauge local waiting to head out. Right on schedule, we arrived at the Oey/Diemtigen station less than

an hour after departing Lenk. The next post bus wasn't for a bit more than an hour, so we set off on foot hoping to make it to the Village of Diemtigen and back before the bus left. We found ourselves walking and walking up a steep hill and were just about to give up when the church spire came into view. We had just enough time to look around inside the building, site of my ancestors' christenings and marriages, before heading back to Oey. There we caught the bus up through the gorge, past the rocky mountaintop outcroppings known as the Wampflen, and into a pasture-filled valley typical of alpine Switzerland.

We got off the bus at Zwishenfluh, a tiny post office surrounded by hilly pastureland, some of which was owned by my ancestors and is apparently still inhabited by Wampflers. We found some Wampfler gravesites in the cemetery behind the schoolhouse. We walked up a hill and beside a stream, but very soon had to be back at the post office to catch the bus to Oey.

As we made our bus and rail connections back to Lenk, we could only marvel at how the lives of our Tritten and Wampfler ancestors had apparently moved in parallel. There were at least two intermarriages between the two families prior to ours, but they apparently were not between any of our direct ancestors. Both families have relatives still in alpine Switzerland, and both have American branches whose ancestors left Switzerland for Alsace around 1700, some of whom migrated to America before 1750.

We did get back in time for dinner and thoroughly enjoyed that, as we did the rest of our adventures with the larger group. But our side trip to the Diemtigtal will remain a highlight of our trip.

TRITT-TRIPPING THROUGH THE FLORA AND FAUNA OF EUROPE

by Barbara Holloman
Silver Spring, Maryland
Barbara Powell
Adelphi, Maryland

Although we were originally going to entitle this article "Wildlife," we realized that a great part of our trip was spent marveling about the local and domestic animals and plants as well. We would like to incorporate everything that we saw and experienced into this article.

Much of the beauty in each town we saw derived from the flower boxes on almost every building -- from red geraniums to purple petunias, to white and gold and other colors of flowers. They and the gardens at almost every house gave a quaint and well-tended appearance to everything. With every bus trip we would pass through towns which showed off their lovely flowers, then travel up the hillsides which offered meadows full of wildflowers. All around were huge areas with a profusion of flowers -- mostly purple, yellow and white. Several reminded us of flowers back home -- Queen Anne's Lace, Dandelions and Buttercups. Closer to the towns, the people would harvest these fields of flowers and grass two to three times per year and store it as winter feed for the cows.

Some days we were lucky enough to be driven to the high alpine area near Lenk, Switzerland. The flowers at these higher altitudes had intense shades of color. There were dark turquoise flowers, also pinkish Alpine Roses (small clusters of flowers), and bluish-violet Gentian. The most famous flower of the alpine regions, the Edelweiss, is scarce, and under a protective status. Unfortunately, we did not see any in the wild, but their likeness is on many paintings and souvenirs.

We were pleased to see so many trees everywhere we looked. As we traveled up the hillsides on a ski

lift, we could see what seemed like miles of evergreen trees. Some of the most interesting were the Larch trees, which have been used for over three hundred years to help build homes, including many we visited in and around Lenk and St. Stephan. These "evergreen" trees are unique in that they change color in the autumn and drop their needles.

One attraction that everyone talked about a lot was the procession of cows that would walk through Lenk twice a day. Much of the talk centered around the early morning hours and how we would awaken to the sounds of cowbells at 5:30 or 6 a.m. It was a beautiful sound, but we found it hard to get back to sleep when awakened too early -- sometimes they came through town at 4:30 or 5 a.m. During the afternoon "cow parade," we saw the cows closely with their bells on -- noting how the calves wore very small bells, and how really LARGE the bells were on the older cows. It is no exaggeration to say that some cows wore bells almost as large as their own heads! This is the time of year the families take their cows to and from the nearby pastures. In mid-summer, they will go to the mountain pastures and keep the cows grazing on the lush meadows for several months. Although we saw cows throughout the trip, none were prettier than these tan and white Simmentals, even if they did wake us up at 3:30 or 4 a.m.!

One evening while walking along the streets of Lenk, a group of us happened upon a small furry creature. It had quill-like hair, a longish nose, a roly-poly body and seemed shy or frightened. The next day we finally identified the creature by looking at postcards of local animals -- we had found a hedgehog!

The hillsides of the Simmental Valley were dotted at times with goats and sheep as well as cows. A local joke was how unusual these animals were -- they had legs on one side of their bodies that were shorter than those on their other side, enabling them to graze on the steep slopes!

Lenk has a Nature Preserve just outside of town where we found a sizable pond with three kinds of ducks and a beautiful swan. The baby coots (like ducks) were comical while feeding and swimming owing to their very long legs and feet which were easily longer than their bodies. They were cute, but awkward. We encountered swans again in large numbers in Luzern. They made the lake there seem idyllic.

One day several of us hiked up Iffigenalp, outside Lenk, and discovered other wild animals. There was some movement across the snow patches on the alp and, with the aid of binoculars, we were able to see a few Chamois (a type of mountain goat). The most fascinating creatures to see, though, proved to be the marmots which we knew were there because Jakob Tritten could hear their "whistling." They were difficult to see, however, and we had to first find the opening to their burrows on the hillsides, then wait for them to come out or start moving. They were a delight to watch. They were very playful -- chasing each other around and even boxing with each other!

In Bern, we saw the largest wild animals, although they were kept in captivity. These were the bears from which the city received its name. There were a few cubs there which had white markings on their shoulders that seemed to disappear on the older bears.

The only other wild animals were a few deer and rabbits we saw as we were driving from place to place. On one trip, we stopped to see a local peddler who had a horse and carriage that were unusually decorated with flowers.

Not all animals are cute and we will admit to seeing a river rat on an interesting side trip in Strasbourg, France. Several of us were watching as people in costumes were

assembling on the river banks below the bridge on which we were standing. We think they may have been putting on a drama about the French Revolution.

For two weeks we heard the melodic songs of birds like the European Blackbird and the Black Redstart. Our spirits seemed to soar each time we saw an eagle, hawk or kite (a hawk-like bird). Of the 37 bird species we saw on the trip, two are most memorable. The swifts (like our chimney swifts) darted in and out of the streets and around buildings in both town and country like jet planes zooming quite near us at times. Even from a distance, we could hear their "chattering" while they flew around catching insects. The other birds of special interest were the Alpine Choughs (pronounced chuff). These were the large crow-like birds we all saw atop Mt. Pilatus outside of Luzern. These red-legged, yellow-billed birds liked to come near the tourists looking for handouts of food. They seemed almost tame.

We are thankful to report that there did not seem to be many insects on this trip -- mainly a few flies, bees and butterflies. To make us feel at home, however, a few ants attended a small picnic at lunchtime one day.

Almost every place we visited had cats, dogs and chickens, much like those at home. We were happy to see a St. Bernard dog -- so famous in the legends of the area. The most memorable dogs were the Bernese Sunnerhunds -- known as Bernese Mountain Dogs in the U.S. They are strikingly handsome with black, brown and white fur. The most notable features were the brown markings that looked like eyebrows. They were very friendly and we struck up a friendship with two that belonged to Walter Tritten, our relative and hotel owner in Lenk. Walter and the two dogs took us for a hike in the Alps one day. We enjoyed seeing the dogs play in the snow and drink the cold clear mountain water.

Part of the enjoyment of our two weeks in Europe was being able to see and learn about so many different and fascinating plants and animals. We are eager to return!

JAKOB TRITTEN AND LIFE IN THE BUS
by David Cramer
Shippensburg, Pennsylvania

"Jakob Tritten and life in the bus" -- a short title for two subjects which could easily be separate articles of their own! Oh, well, my instructions were to write an article, so here goes...

First, let's remember life in the bus. I suppose I hadn't thought about how we were going to get to all of the stops on our trip, because I did not realize how much time we would be spending in the bus. But, it didn't take long for the reality to hit -- on the bus, off the bus...on the bus, off the bus...on the bus, off the bus -- you remember, right? Thankfully, though, the bus was extremely new (one month old), nice and comfortable. With reclining seats, armrests by the aisle (so I couldn't fall out of the seat and into the aisle while resting my eyes!), music ranging from native Swiss to classical, climate-controlled air conditioning, an on-board beverage supply and even a restroom to take care of those sudden urges, who could mind the bus travel? Besides, some of the bus trips were exciting! Remember those "roads" that were about half as wide as the bus? That's right, the ones where one set of wheels was over the edge on every turn? And how about the intersections that were barely big enough to drive through, not to mention trying to turn a bus around!

Oh, now I'm not implying that everything was perfect or necessarily exciting. After all, there was an occasional problem of a bee buzzing around the front of the bus. Or someone in the back of the bus deciding to "talk" to someone else in the front of the bus, without moving closer. And who can forget the sometimes warm, sometimes cool temperature in the bus? (Some said it was because of the sun shining through the windows, but someone else -- was it Shirley or Doris? -- was brave enough to lay the blame with the "hot air" being circulated in the back of the bus.) As Jakob was heard to say, "some say it's too hot -- some say it's too cold -- what am I supposed to do?"

Which brings me to the second part of the article -- Jakob Tritten. Here is a man who takes his job seriously. When he said that he would meet us at a certain time, that was the time that he met us. If the bus was beginning to get dirty, he washed it. If someone let an empty can or bottle on the bus, it was gone the next time we got on. He knew where he was going and how long it would take to get there. If time permitted, the scenic route was the one he would take for our benefit. Points of interest and miscellaneous facts were often brought to our attention. If a personal item was accidently left behind, Jakob would go back to get it without complaining. He was proud of his company and rightly so. Jakob is a professional!

But, Jakob was also a relative and friend. He took us to his home for refreshments. (When was the last time another tour guide did that for you?) He went out of his way to show us old Tritten homes. When one-on-one, he would relate interesting stories or facts about his family. He had a sense of humor. (What was that about a seven meter fish?) Somehow I can't help but think that Jakob gave us a little extra special treatment while we were in his care. But, then, Jakob is a little extra special himself.

Speaking for myself -- and probably all of us -- I can say that one of the highlights of the trip was getting to meet and know Jakob Tritten. For all of this, I say, "Thanks, Jakob!"

WHY DID OUR PEOPLE EVER LEAVE THE OBERSIMMENTAL?

by Harold M. Hegyessy, Jr.
Pleasant Grove, Utah

That question was asked so many times by the Tritt descendants on the Tritt Remigration Tour of 1989 after falling in love with that idyllic Alpine valley. It would seem that no one would ever want to leave one of the most beautiful places on this earth. And, yet, once one knows the history of Switzerland in the late 1600's, one can understand why.

While we were enroute to Strasbourg from Bern, Don Tritt asked me to give those aboard Jakob Tritten's luxurious Mercedes bus a brief description of the reasons that caused the Friedrich Tritten family to leave St. Stephan and settle at Diedendorf in the Bas-Rhin District of Elsass (now in France), but at that time, under the hegemony of the Duke of Hessen-Nassau and Saarewerden.

The talk that I gave over the intercom was an "ad-lib" performance and it is difficult to reconstruct it verbatim except from the same basic knowledge derived from three years of intensive study of Swiss emigrations and immigrations circa the years 1400 to 1800 A.D. used as the basis of my Master's degree thesis of 1977.

In order to understand why our ancestors left Bern Canton in the late 1690's, one needs to know the history of Switzerland and, specifically, Bern Canton. I have visited some 55 nations in my lifetime, but

to me, the Obersimmental is the most beautiful place of all. -- Why Did They Leave?

Switzerland at that time period was not a happy place to be for the rural people. Our American schoolbook histories have depicted Switzerland as a bastion of freedom and that the people lived in a bucolic paradise! Not true! The freedom that existed was more of a communal freedom -- not an individual one. The three original cantons that won their freedom from the Austrian Habsburgs did throw off the yoke of oppression with the Covenant of Ruhtli Meadow in 1299 which we saw on the ancient parchment at the Swiss National Archives. The nation of Switzerland, as we know it today, evolved gradually as canton after canton joined the Alliance. Especially from 1525 onwards, it was torn internally by vicious in-fighting between the Protestants (Reformed Church) and Catholics, many times by force of arms, and the terrible persecution of the Anabaptists (the Wieder Taufers) from which many dissident groups grew after fleeing Switzerland.

However, specifically as to why our people left so long ago we must know the internal conditions, circa 1648 to 1720. In spite of the plagues starting in the 1300's and continuing sporadically until the 1600's, the population swelled to the point that food supplies were insufficient to support the common people. Only about one-third of Switzerland is suitable for agriculture, except for cattle grazing on the mountain slopes, and Ticino and Graubunden Cantons were the only ones to produce grain in significant quantities due to the Alpine climate. The Alps in Switzerland are significantly devoid of metal ores and those and huge quantities of grain from Italy and France were needed to promote commerce. This is but a thumbnail sketch of the natural problems causing people to migrate. The most critical reasons were by necessity and man himself.

There were many reasons for the migrations. However, scarcity of land, economic oppression, mercenary soldier demands and religious persecution were the primary factors. Most of the foreign texts have dwelled excessively on religious reasons which became intolerable at times, but other reasons were preeminent.

Because arable land was so scarce, the system of Primageniture evolved. The small tracts of land in private ownership could no longer be subdivided for all heirs and still provide a living for all. The oldest son got the land and the younger ones literally got the gate.

By the 1400's, the Craftsman Guilds in the cities became so powerful that country boys could not migrate to cities such as Bern, Spiesz, Thun and Interlaken and get employment. Outsiders were "frozen out." The tourist trade, as we know it today, did not exist until the latter part of the 1700's. Where else could a poor young man go?

The Anabaptists knew very well why they had to. They were horribly persecuted starting about 1532 and continuing sporadically into the 1700's. I have read several instances of where the Sheriff Posses captured Anabaptist ministers, tied them to carpenter's sawhorses and dragged them into the Aar River at Bern City to drown. It became so bad that it even revolted the Reformed Church members and when a Sheriff's posse was seen coming, they would blow the alarm on their "long horns" and the Anabaptists would take off for the high Alpine fastnesses. The Sheriffs complained to cantonal authorities that many citizens were of the Reformed faith by day and Wiedertaufers by night.

Swiss mercenary soldiers/pikemen were so fierce in battle that they were feared all over Europe. I have seen directives from various cantons that they were to take no prisoners.

Consequently, they were sought after by various warring factions outside Switzerland to form Swiss Guards and mercenary Swiss Regiments. Many young Swiss were glad of the foreign employment, but, sadly, from 1377 to 1859, a million and a half Swiss soldiers died in foreign service. In the latter part of the 1600's, Louis XIV of France built a 100,000 man standing army, including 75,000 Swiss soldiers -- he did not altogether trust his own people. Many Swiss officers, over the centuries, became French Field Marshalls and retired in Paris rather than go home.

The insatiable demand by foreigners for Swiss soldiery proved a lucrative source of income for cantonal authorities and is one of the roots of the present Swiss banking system. Much of the money never filtered down to the common soldier. A typical Louis XIV contract for a summer's campaign would be to cantonal officials who were bribed to the point of scandal. We will pay (equivalent) of $10.00 a day per soldier, but the poor soldier got $1.00 and he was expected to get additional pay from battlefield booty. The canton governments got the balance.

In many cases, the service was involuntary, even though many saw it as a viable alternative to poverty. Cantonal representatives, and I oversimplify, would say to a Burgermeister (mayor) of a village, we want ten soldiers from this village -- tomorrow, and they would have to be produced or impressed into service to possibly die for some foreign potentate. Burgermeisters had to report to cantonal authorities yearly as to the status or location of all able-bodied men in his jurisdiction.

Several tragedies occurred. Some 27,000 pikemen died at the Battle of Marignano in Italy in 1515 fighting the French and their newly acquired, accurate artillery. In the war between the French and the Dutch, two Swiss regiments squared off against one another and almost annihilated each other. Some families had no sons to send and they did not share in any mercenary windfall. Returning soldiers brought back foreign mistresses, fancy clothes and gold chains, and, regrettably, venereal diseases. Finally, Swiss officers got wise to the system and erected recruiting stations across the borders from Switzerland in France and Germany and permanent regiments were formed and the common soldiers got a greater share. In one research project in Swiss ancient records, I found almost 100 complaints from the cantons of the "infidelity" of Swiss soldiers to join these regiments outside of cantonal control. Many Swiss families determined to migrate.

However, serious as this reason was, the economic situation was even worse -- literal economic oppression of rural populations. The rich cities and cantons began to buy up rural property depriving many of the meager livelihoods they had. Jobs became so scarce that people began to "go over the hill at night" to foreign havens. Bern Canton levied migrants with a 10% Abzug (emmigration) Tax and another 10% of all property owned to buy freedom from feudal obligations. If someone migrated without permission, the taxes were levied against the closest relative remaining in the canton. I read one plaintive letter from a Burgermeister to the canton saying that: "So and so was last seen walking down the village street with his mattock over his shoulder. He was never seen again. It was thought that he may have gone to the New World." One more able-bodied soldier out of their grasp.

However, during the 30 Years War from 1618 to 1648, Switzerland was prosperous providing the competing armies with meat, butter, cheese, etc. But when the war was over, a deep depression settled in and did not abate for decades. People were desperate for employment.

At the same time, the farming lands of the Rhine Valley in the Palatinate, Baden, Wurttemburg, the

Rhineland Pfalz and Elsass were in many cases deserted, ravaged by the competing armies. Local noblemen and landowners in these areas invited the Swiss in by the thousands to get these lands back into production. Swiss dairymen were in great demand. Tailors, tanners, blacksmiths, etc., were greatly needed, and herein, I believe, lies the reason for Friedrich Tritten to migrate to the Diedendorf area and Anton and Christian Tritten to go to Bronnhaupten in Wurttemburg. I am convinced that economics played the major part in their migration except for one anomaly. Hans Peter Tritt, Sr. was baptized as an adult in the Diedendorf Reformed Church -- were they Wiedertaufers as were Veronica Kern and her parents from Schaffhausen Canton? Did they reconvert to the Reformed Church for encomic reasons? Although the old patriarchs of Lenk say that economics was the real reason, we do know that Christina, sister of Hans Peter Tritt, Sr., was baptized in the St. Stephan Church before they departed for Elsass.

What I have given you is a "bare-bones" sketch of possible reasons why our people migrated from the hauntingly beautiful Obersimmental Alpine Valley. If anyone desires a more detailed, documented knowledge of "why," a copy of my Thesis is on file in the Tritt collection at the Hamilton Historical Society Library in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, at Brigham Young University and the Library of Congress. Appendix #8 of that treatise gives the story of the search for the roots of our Tritt forebears.

OUR DAY IN DIEDENDORF
by Jeanette Hockensmith
Shippensburg, Pennsylvania

Who would think that in a mere 24 hours a little village in the Alsace region of France would help transform a group of virtual strangers into friends and bond us together in such a beautiful way! This is how I recall our special stay in the small town of Diedendorf, France.

Our Tritt Family Research group arrived in Diedendorf at approximately 10 a.m. that special day. The bus, driven by Jakob Tritten, slowly made its way up a hill towards the center of the town. Along the way, I noticed the villagers waving to us from windows and lining the street to get a better view of these cousins from America. But if we thought that these small gestures were nice, how could we have guessed what was to come! Halfway up the hill, our bus stopped, we disembarked and were introduced to Lilly Lichty, the town historian [pictured above]. From there, we continued walking the rest of the way to the square at the top of the hill.

By now what literally looked like the whole town, lined both sides of the street. The people waved, we waved! I felt like a hero, but I hadn't done anything! Up ahead the American and French flags hung majestically side by side above the street. To both our right and left hung additional flags on the buildings, including the Crest of Diedendorf, a black raven on a yellow background. Wherever we looked, the people of Diedendorf seemed eager to meet us and glad to have us there. By now, we had reached the square, an open area in the center of town.

The mayor was standing there prepared to give a speech and greetings. To the right of him, a group of young ladies dressed in blue skirts, white blouses with the Crest of Diedendorf on the left pocket, and picture hats stood holding signs which read "Welcome to Diedendorf." To our left, a whole row of volunteer firemen dressed in their best blue uniforms

stood at attention.

At this point, a loudspeaker played forth our Star Spangled Banner, followed by the French national anthem. Suffice it to say, all of us were greatly moved and I, for one, was moved to tears at the sheer intensity of it all! Never before had I experienced anything quite like this.

The mayor greeted us in French, but English translations were provided. Dick Tritt returned the greeting in French for our group. Harold Hegyessy presented Lilly and the town with a copy of his thesis on Swiss migrations, while our group was presented with a lovely framed picture of Diedendorf Castle. We were all given a picture of the Castle to frame as a gift from the town. Later, the young girls sang a few songs, among them, "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean" in English! In the background, I noticed tables set up and decorated with flowers prepared for us for lunch.

To our right, the townspeople were preparing a "little" reception for us. It turned out to be quite lovely. We were served champagne, cake and other types of finger foods, while giving us a chance to meet our host families.

Within the hour, we were escorted by Lilly Lichty to Diedendorf Castle to meet with the present owner, Jean Daniel Ludmann, his wife and family. They are in the process of properly restoring the castle. We were invited to take a tour. Our group was reminded that it was our ancestor, Hans Peter Tritt, Sr., who worked for the owner of the castle as a tailor. It was very exciting to tour the castle that we know our ancestor knew very well!

Back at the square, our group was served a delicious lunch and each of us had the opportunity to visit with our individual host families. Later in the afternoon, we met at the local school to look at genealogical displays created by both the people of Diedendorf and our Tritt Family Research.

Later in the afternoon, some of our group went on a walking tour of Diedendorf with Lilly Lichty. She pointed out interesting items such as the boundary between the Alsace and Lorraine regions, the house where Barbara Fritchie's father lived, and the local cemetery. I made a mental note while walking that the countryside here is very similar to Pennsylvania.

So much more happened that day, but for time's sake, I will just briefly mention that we were guests that evening in the square again for Tarte-Flambée (a local dish), along with people from other towns. It was all a part of a local festival. We enjoyed great polka music provided by a local band and some of our group even tried their expertise at dancing! The fireworks display seemed to top off the evening. Each of us will have their own unique perspective of this day because we each had different host homes in which to stay that evening.

Sunday, June 25, dawned bright and clear. We were a part of a very memorable service held in the very church where our ancestors worshipped over two and a half centuries ago! Both French and English were spoken.

At last the time had come to say good-bye. Just as when we had come, we shed some tears. In just one day, we had met some wonderful people and made new friends. The townspeople turned out again, this

time to wave good-bye. Just the night before, the English teacher had told me that our group was the largest group of Americans to come to the town since it was liberated by U.S. troops during the War. We all sensed the warm attitude of the people of Diedendorf towards us.

Our group left Diedendorf physically, but most of us took some of Diedendorf with us emotionally! After all we had travelled back to the place of our "roots." We saw the same countryside, walked some of the same roads, worshipped in the same church, walked through the same castle as Hans Peter and Christian had before they immigrated.

What a wonderful experience that will never be forgotten!

The following is a copy of the welcoming speech the mayor of Diedendorf, Jules Quirin, presented at the welcoming ceremony. Each tour member was given a copy to follow as the mayor made his presentation in French.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, Dear cousins of America,

In the name of all Diedendorf Town inhabitants, I wish to express our great delight to receive you in our village and I would like to welcome you by us.

As we were told that some of Hans Peter Tritt descendants would come for a pilgrimage in their ancestor place of birth, we all were very pleased with the idea of having you there, showing you our village and hosting you in our families.

Although this visit is too short in time to establish deep relationships, it will help to reinforce the bond of friendship which links our two nations for generations and generations together.

I also would like to express our admiration for having created a two thousand members society aiming the science of genealogy, Hans Peter Tritt being one of your ancestor born in Diedendorf the thirteenth of August seventeen hundred fifteen and baptised in this small church located just behind you.

In spite of the language and the problems resulting, which we will try to cover up with gestures and smiles, I wish you feel at ease with us, enjoy this hours together and go back on this other side of Atlantic with a pleasant recollection of your too short stay in Diedendorf."

During our visit in Diedendorf, we were presented a copy of a book entitled Alsace Bossue. This book tells the history of the places, men, art and architecture of the area of France where Diedendorf is located. A poem in the preface of the book entitled "Alsace Bossue" was translated by Richard Tritt and read to the group the final night of the tour in Luzern. It expresses well our impression of Diedendorf and its people.

L'ALSACE BOSSUE

a poem by an unknown author, date unknown

L'Alsace Bossue is a lost corner.
You would look for it in vain on a map.
It is not invaded by tourists
But they would come if they knew what a good life we have in our country
Which is as beautiful as it is little known.

Little villages hang on to hillsides.
Narrow roads are lined with trees.
Behind each hill a church tower is pointing
And a little stream flows peacefully in the vale.

Everywhere hearty hedges grow, sheltering beautiful birds.
Here all kinds of houses open their door to you,
And in each home a drink awaits you.

To the devil with modern decorations.
Our houses resist the assault of time.
Rather than making them up to date,
We put geraniums all around them.

I know a little village
Where you can find time to cut the grass.
And where the women show off their latest knitting
And where you still talk to your neighbor when he opens his shutters
And where you still sit and watch people passing by.

Where grandmother still sows all her own flowers.
Where grandfather still cuts a wagon full of hay by hand.
Where they still measure milk by the dipperful
and where they still eat homemade bread.

Where good customs are still maintained.
Where they still listen carefully for the noontime bells.
Where there are still values other than money.
In fact, there, they still live in another world.

We can't say how long all this is going to last.
But if it changes, we will be very sorry.
For we try to conserve all that is good
And keep hold of the new and the old.
Because we are deeply attached to our dear Alsace Bossue,
We love her and will remain devoted to her.

The following letter was written by our President, Donald Tritt, and sent to Diedendorf as a thank you gesture from our organization:

"We are all still overwhelmed by the warmth and fullness of our short visit to Diedendorf. You and the people of Diedendorf welcomed us and touched us in human ways beyond all expectation. We still remain without words as we struggle to tell others of your welcome to us on the town square on Saturday morning. Story after story about our home visits is of deep appreciation for your reaching out to us with smiles, words, questions, offers of food and drink -- all warm invitations to a human connection.

Your wonderful display of early pictures at the schoolhouse reminded us of our long attempt to collect and safeguard these precious memories of those of another era. With these pictures the presence of those who have gone before was felt. In the stories to us about their pictures the people of Diedendorf reached not only across an ocean but across time -- and brought us all closer to your rich history.

Our visit to the Diedendorfer Castle and the presentation by Jean-Daniel Ludmann helped us feel the aliveness of a place in which our ancestors and yours lived and worked. The festival on Saturday evening and the evening meal of foods particular to your area (scheduled in place of Bastil'e Day even during this 200th anniversary year of the Revolution) was a most enjoyable and pleasant way to meet other persons from the area. Our specially prepared church service on Sunday morning was deeply moving as we found ourselves in the very sanctuary where, over 250 years ago, our ancestors worshipped, were married, and had their children christened.

Language was not a problem -- as you and the people of Diedendorf spoke to us in a language beyond words, a language of deep feelings, a language of meanings -- meanings about closeness no matter what place of birth. Our time with the people of Diedendorf will live with us forever. Please convey our deep felt and forever lasting appreciation to Mayor Quirin Jules and his wife Helene, members of the village council, members of the honor guard, the beautiful costumed young ladies with their songs of welcome, the many workers of the festival, the gracious host family members, and the many other townspersons who made us feel so welcome. In addition, please convey our appreciation to Jean-Daniel Ludmann and his wife, and to Pastors Bauer and Rupp.

Now, in return, it would be to our lasting pleasure to contribute in some small way to a Diedendorf project chosen by you or members of the village council. Please find

one more way of honoring our visit to Diedendorf, a place on the sojourn of our ancestors, by accepting our donation for use as you see proper. This would please us greatly.

With deep and lasting appreciation on behalf of all those visiting Diedendorf this summer, I am

Sincerely yours,

Donald G. Tritt"

Lilly Lichty responded to our thank you letter with the following letter:

"Dear Don, and everyone of the group,

Your letter to the Diedendorfers reached me a few days ago, and I'm about to translate it into French and German, in order to get it publicated by the newspaper. It conveys such positive feelings, that I'm chanting Hallelujah!

First, to your donation. When I saw the cheque, I said aloud, although the chances you'd hear me weren't particularly evident: 'Hey, folks, didn't we agree to live a love-story without money interfering?'

But then you put it so nicely, trying to make us believe, that we do <u>you</u> a favour by accepting, that it's difficult to refuse. Besides I noticed, like it or not, that money is a reference, even for feelings: 'Whow!, said some friends, whom I told about your gift, so they really liked us that much?'

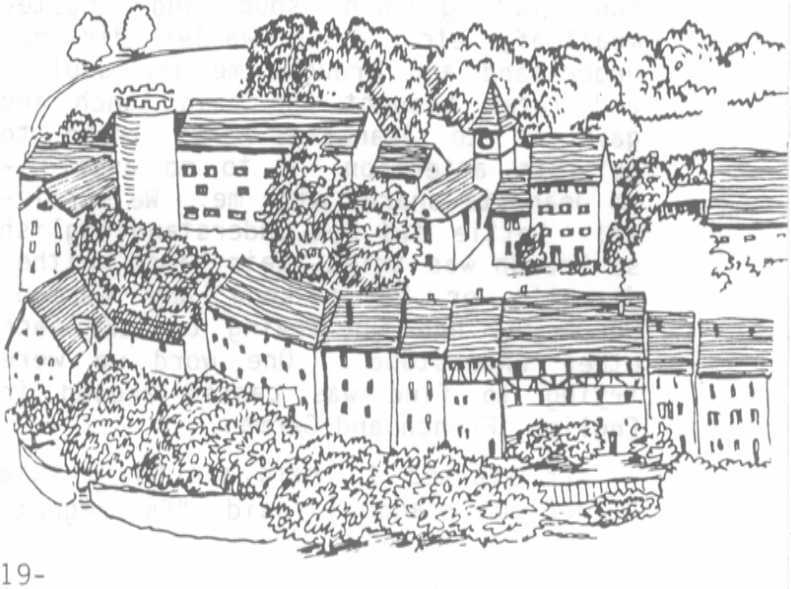
Therefore, thousand Thanks for your generosity. I'll let you know, to what purpose we'll use the money. We might buy a small electric organ to be used by the village associations, I don't know yet.

And now let me tell you, that, if Diedendorf was special to you, you were special to us, and, for sure, we couldn't have been as nice, as you say we were, if you hadn't been such nice, open-minded, indulgent people. When I stopped the bus and saw you all come out, smiling, with that obvious and warm readiness for friendship, I knew immediately, that everything would be fine. For it takes the good will of the two partners, to allow the take-and-give and let love blossom, and therefore, let's share equally, between you and us, as fairness demands, the merits of the success of our meeting. The people of Diedendorf are full of praise about you all; Isabelle and Ida tell, how they could manage to communicate, thanks to their guests' dictionary; Elfriede's got tears in her eyes, and stardust on her sleeve, talking of Richard's kind eyes, and of her frustration, not to be able to chat with Nancy, David and his wife, and so on, and so forth. To sum it up, the small village on the hill will keep in its collective memory the 'Tritt festival' as a time of glee and glory. And the whole, wonderful experience confirms, that we are all brethren, able to show each other love and concern, if only we try to.

Thanks again, dear Donald. We all hope, to keep (or stay?) in touch with you. Some place, some time, maybe, we'll meet again...

Love,

Lilly"



LANGUAGE

by Gladys V. Cramer
Shippensburg, Pennsylvania

I have been interested in learning the German language since our last trip to Germany in 1982. Since then, I have listened to German tapes, took a German Immersion Course at Wilson College and studied a Foreign Service Institute Basic Course, but it was at Bronnhaupten that I heard and understood my first complete sentence in German by Gunter Ernst!

At Diedendorf, my son, David, and I had a unique experience. Our hostess spoke French and our host spoke and understood German. So we each had a chance to practice another language. David and our hostess were sitting across the table from each other and our host and I were opposite. So here we are with French, German and English all mixed up in one sentence with a lot of hand motions involved. What David could not say in French, he would ask me if I remembered and if I could not recall French, I might know the German word, or perhaps only English! Wish I had a recording of our breakfast conversation!

At the castle Hohenzollern at lunchtime, we invited Lettie (Jakob's apprentice) to sit with us (my daughter, Jeanette, David and I), and on this occasion, laughter was another language. First of all, Jeanette and I each ordered the same lunch -- a cup of Hungarian goulash soup and roasted meatloaf, etc. The waiter did not understand and brought me the goulash and later brought the main lunch and gave it to Jeanette. We tried to get his attention -- to no avail -- so Jeanette shared with me. We survived! Lettie did not understand English so French was tried again since neither Jeanette or David know any German. We really had fun trying to make each other understood. One word we were trying to find was passed around in English, French and German.

It started to rain and David said "Il pleut" and I said "Es regnet" and somehow the word "umbrella" was mentioned and Lettie started giggling and asked what "umbrella" was. From then on the conversation went downhill with laughter. The next night at dinner, it was also raining and Lettie came from another table to tap David on the shoulder and say, "umbrella" in English.

We talked with Friedrich, Christel and Andreas Tritt at the Gasthof Buhlberg luncheon. Freidrich is taking English classes once a week and I am trying to learn German. He knows a little English and I know less German, but he kept saying "Gute, Sera Gute" as I tried to pronounce German words. And Christel laughed at both of us.

It is truly amazing how Kurt Tritten and Graham Tritt (and others) can switch from English to German to French with no effort whatsoever. I really admire their ability with the languages.

Even though we did not have command of the languages, we had fun learning from each other and the language of laughter is one we all understood.

ERZINGEN

by Nancy Tritt
Boiling Springs, Pennsylvania

On a sunny afternoon, the Tritt Remigration group enjoyed a tour and historical presentation of the church in Erzingen given by Pastor Seidel, his wife and Herr Geiser. As guests of the church, the Tritt group had a special treat of baked goods and juices, followed by a slide presentation of church records pertaining to Tritts/Trittens. At the end of the afternoon, a band from the area also presented a concert in our honor. The day was very special due to the efforts of these new friends from Erzingen, West Germany.

SHOPPING EXPERIENCES

by Shirley Murray
Mary Russell
Mary Kelso
Carlisle, Pennsylvania

One of our favorite hobbies is "shopping" even if we don't buy anything (but we usually buy!). We were interested in Nutcrackers, Cuckoo-clocks, dolls, to name a few. At Lenk, we bought many, many postcards and stamps. There were not too many souvenir shops. Marilyn told us that we would have a ball shopping at Luzern (and she was so right!). But before we arrived at Luzern, our last chance to spend all our money before leaving for the USA, we had already bought several cuckoo-clocks, nutcrackers, dolls and t-shirts. (A special thank you to Monika and Graham Tritt for their help at the Wolfach outlet and other shopping tips they gave us.) We really "hit" the souvenir shop on top of Mt. Pilatus. Because of the fog, when we first got to the mountaintop, we souvenir shopped for t-shirts, music boxes, cow horns, postcards, charm bracelets, sweatshirts, beer mugs, toothpick holders, etc. After Mt. Pilatus came our day in Luzern. Don set us free for the day. Look out souvenir shops, here we come! Marilyn was so right -- shops were everywhere! More cuckoo-clocks, Swiss dolls, Swiss survival knives, earrings and necklaces with Swiss flower on, stuffed animals, Swiss pens and on and on! At one of the gift stores, we were bogged down with so many packages and also carrying three empty boxes from the post office that one of the clerks asked us if we were taking all of Switzerland home with us. Our answer -- we're sure trying to!!

(After photo by Swiss National Tourist Office)
Lucerne - The Kapellbrücke

FOOTSTEPS OF THE PAST

by Mary Harper
Urbana, Illinois

Touring Switzerland is always a wonderful experience. The Alps, the flowers, the scenery, the cattle, the chalets, the people, the villages and the larger towns are all a part of this great country. What made our journey more memorable was our purpose in visiting certain areas, such as St. Stephan, Lenk, Diedendorf in France, Erzingen and Bronnhaupten in Germany where Tritts had lived and where some are still living.

We were tracing the footsteps of our early ancestors as we learned more about the genealogy of the Tritts, Trittens, Dritts and the Traits. We actually saw in St. Stephan, Lenk and Erzingen the early records bearing our name. We sat in the same pews in two different churches. We sang and prayed as they did many years ago.

As I sat at St. Stephan's church, I wondered how they felt on their last Sunday before leaving on their great adventure beyond Switzerland. I expect they were apprehensive, as I would be, but with courage and their need to improve their lot, they set forth.

Imagine their preparations for such a long journey. Phoning for an airline ticket seems pretty simple compared to their mode of transportation and their need to work as they traveled north. I hope the people were as kind and courteous to them as we found in Diedendorf, France. I was amazed when the Star Spangled Banner was played while the American and French flags were displayed and their firemen stood at attention. This brought tears to our eyes.

We visited the castle where Hans Peter Tritt, Sr. was a tailor in the early 1700's. We were extremely well fed and entertained with music and dancing, and even feted with fireworks. These people, who didn't know us, graciously opened their

homes and made us feel like we belonged. What a fitting end to this stay in Diedendorf as we worshipped together that Sunday, June 25, 1989.

As we followed the Tritt footsteps we stopped at Bronnhaupten, a farm in southern Germany, which served as a temporary residence for these early migrants.

Some day I would like to go to Rotterdam where our ancestors boarded the ship "Robert and Alice" and sailed to Philadelphia. They landed on September 3, 1739, just 250 years ago. It was appropriate to celebrate this event by going back to the beginning.

IMPRESSIONS FROM DOWN UNDER
by Fred Tritt
Taupo, New Zealand

When Lorna and I began to think seriously about traveling to Switzerland to visit Graham and his family, our concerns were centered on our own travel arrangements and whether Lorna would be able to cope with the long flights involved. A good medical report was encouraging, but it was not until early March that the idea of joining the Tritt Family Remigration Tour surfaced. Was it too late? Hasty phone calls to Don gave hope and soon we had word that he had managed to find room for us. We had some misgivings about joining an unknown group of Americans. What would we have in common but the name "Tritt"! But Don's letters were warm and welcoming putting to rest any doubts we had.

So after brief stopovers in Honolulu, Vancouver and a longer stay with Graham and his family in Berne, we duly arrived in Lenk a day ahead of the rest of you. Just as well, because after that, it was go go go!! We thought NZers kept themselves busy, but we soon found that Americans did even more, the younger women especially! It soon became very obvious that the close and caring relationships that exists at the core of the Tritt Family Research Group was to embrace the whole of the tour party including us two from distant parts. My namesake from Stuttgart and his wife, Christobel, experienced this, too. Credit for much of this is undoubtedly due in large measure to Don and the support and help he received from Marilyn. Never, despite the pressure he was under, did he lose his composure and we admired very much the way he handled the briefing sessions each evening.

What of the Green Banana and cultural differences? Lorna and I found that Americans share the same concerns as we do about many matters. Family ties and relationships, retirement -- its joys and its problems -- the younger generation, their aspirations and values, the aftermath of war and the issue of peace. This was also the case with those of other nationalities that we met -- in Lenk, in Diedendorf, in Balingen. We all have much more in common than the things which divide us.

Those who planned the tour struck exactly the right balance between the background and history of the Tritt forebears and the need for the members to be tourists and enjoy all that Switzerland has to offer. It was our third visit to Switzerland but we saw much more that was new to us than we ever expected. Much of this was due to Jakob's intimate knowledge of and pride in his country. We still marvel at his ability to negotiate the roads he took us on.

We still have much to do to assimilate all the material that the various speakers gave us. The talks given by Kurt Tritten and Harold Hegyessy gave many clues and insights into the reasons why our forebears left their own villages for places unknown, first elsewhere in Europe

and later for more distant parts.

So we have returned to New Zealand with greater understanding of others who live elsewhere and those who lived in former times. But we must say that, as all of the tour will be saying on their return to their homes, that we live in the best of all places and the best of all times. We have been enriched by the wonderful people we met and the many happy times we shared with our distant Swiss, American, French and German cousins. We hope too that at some time in the future, some of these may be able to meet more Tritts in a New Zealand setting. To all we met, our sincere and grateful thanks for a host of wonderful memories and we join with you all in thanking God for the privileges we have enjoyed and the safe return of each of us to our homes.

NEW DISCOVERIES
by Harold M. Hegyessy, Jr.
Pleasant Grove, Utah

For all of us, the Tritt Remigration Tour to the places of origin of the various branches of the Tritt/Dritt/Tritten families was an unforgetable, emotional experience none of us will ever forget. To be returning "home" after 250 years and more was exhilerating and nostalgic, not only to us, but to the wonderful people, relatives or not, who gave us a welcome that exceeded anything we had anticipated. Yet, there was another purpose for our visit -- to gain access to records not before seen, perhaps to extend our historical knowledge and pedigrees of the ancient Tritten family known variously in America and Europe as Tritt, Dritt, Trait, Tritenne, Trate, Treat and Triette.

Most of you will be familiar with the Tritt Family Newsletter, Issue Number 7, February 1987, in which I narrated the results of a long and exhaustive search in original, primary records, for the "roots" of the Tritt family and the ancestry of Hans Peter and Christian Tritt who came to Pennsylvania in 1739. This search stretched from York, Lancaster and Berks Counties, Pennsylvania, to various European archives in Germany and Switzerland, and eventually to the Village of Diedendorf in the Bas-Rhin District of Alsace-Lorraine. Clues were found in the records of Bronnhaupten and Erzingen and Onstmettingen Parishes and ultimately to St. Stephan in the Obersimmental Valley of Bern Canton, Switzerland. For that reason, I will not repeat the details of that long research adventure, but will write specifically on what "New Discoveries" were made during our tour of June 16-30, 1989.

Each of the tour participants received in their travel brochure a Pedigree Chart of the Hans Peter Tritt pedigree, shared also by Christian Tritt, his brother, stretching back through Hans Peter Tritt, Sr. and wife, Veronica Kern, of Diedendorf, and the grandparents, Friedrich Tritt and Christina Gruenenwald of St. Stephan, Bern Canton, Switzerland -- thence back to the earliest, identifiable ancestor, Jacob Tritten (abt 1562) and wife, Anna Trachsell (abt 1566) in the time period of the beginnings of the St. Stephan Parish Register.

Each of you met and will remember the kindly St. Stephan Town Clerk, Herr Fritz Kummer, whom we have learned to love for his kindness to me in 1973 and to the Tritt Advance Planning Party in 1985 and who hosted our 1989 party at the St. Stephan Town Hall in 1989.

In 1973, Herr Kummer was so gracious and helpful to allow me to copy Tritt/Tritten entries from the ancient parish register in his custody -- and again in 1985, permitted Donald Tritt, Marilyn Hegyessy Moffitt and me to copy in great detail the marriages and christenings of our family in that record. Having done

so previously, we did not on this recent trip examine the record closely.

However, in 1985, knowing that some other Tritt/Tritten families from Lenk, near St. Stephan, were recorded in the Diedendorf Parish Register, simultaneously with Friederich and Hans Peter, Sr., we wanted very much to copy the entries in the Lenk Parish Register. At that time, though, the ancient records were out for rebinding and photostatting. During this same visit, we first met the two elder Tritten patriarchs of Lenk, Walther Tritten, former Town Clerk, and his brother, Ernst, whom we quickly came to love and respect. From them we learned the legend that the Tritten family had migrated over the extremely dangerous Rawil Pass from Valais Canton in 1502(?) riding on mules and carrying all they possessed on their backs and who settled in St. Stephan and Lenk. It was so wonderful to see and be greeted by them again this year!

In 1985, our "Uncle" Walter Tritten, owner of the luxurious Kreuz Hotel in Lenk, and nephew of the patriarchs, had introduced us to the present Town Clerk of Lenk, Herr Hansruedi Schneider, that massive, jolly and so kind gentleman whom our party again met in 1989. He had showed us in 1985 the Coat of Arms plaques in his office of the ancient, original families of Lenk, including Tritten, Gruenenwald and Trachsells. We were again given access to these wonderful plaques. We were informed that the Coat of Arms of the Tritten family are officially recorded and protected by Swiss law.

During our stay this summer in Lenk, Herr Schneider again greeted us warmly and showed us the ancient Lenk Parish Registers and the new photostats. In private sessions of several hours each, he permitted Don Tritt and me to copy all the Tritten entries in the register which dates from 1552. What a kind and generous man he is! During these sessions, the one patriarch, Ernst Tritten, repeatedly visited Don and me in the Town Office treating us to mineral water and cookies! A copy of all of these entries will be entered in the Tritt collection at the Hamilton Historical Society Library in Carlisle, Pennsylvania. Interestingly, we noted at least one entry of "Dritt" with the first Tritten entry being dated from 1585. Undoubtedly, the family was there and in St. Stephan as early as 1485 and perhaps earlier.

Tour participants will recall that Kurt Tritten, another of the Tritten nephews, gave us a splendid narrative history of Lenk and the Simmental Valley one evening at the Hotel Kreuz. Kurt is an accomplished economist in Valais Canton with roots in Lenk and an avid genealogist and historian of the Tritten family. He told us in his lecture, and we have a copy of the text, that he had discovered in Valais Canton land records that "in the year 1485, on March 8, that a Petrus Tritten from the Simmenthal witnessed a Legal Act in Sion (county seat of Valais Canton), in the House of the Ruling Governor of Valais. This is, to my knowledge, the first ever mentioned document of our family name."

Perhaps the 1502 date is somewhat in error and the 1485 item may be more accurate since it is recorded in a primary record. What a valuable new friend and relative is Kurt Tritten! Don Tritt and I hope to see Kurt again and, with his help, extend our knowledge of the Tritten family to medieval times.

Not one of us who made the 1989 tour could ever forget our emotional experience of June 24-25 in Diedendorf, the birthplace of Hans Peter Tritt, Jr. and Christian, his brother, and to meet once again Lilly Lichty, Town Historian, and herself an Obersimmental Swiss descendant, retired school teacher and a member of the Diedendorf Town Council, plus Mayor Jules Quirin, Herr Pfarrers, Ministers Rupp and Bauer, and a number of kind, wonderful people, including Herr Ludmann, Curator of the Elsass Art

Museum in Strasbourg, and owner of the Diedendorf Castle -- where our direct ancestor, Hans Peter Tritt, Sr., worked as a tailor for the local Baron.

One of Lilly Lichty's favorite historical items is the story of Barbara Fritchie, the ancient resident of Frederick, Maryland, who, when the Confederate Army was marching toward Gettysburg in 1863, waved the American flag at the Rebel army and cried: "Shoot if you must this old gray head, but do not dishonor your country's flag." (Hope I quoted it correctly.) The grandfather of Barbara Fritchie was from Diedendorf and a migrant to Pennsylvania in early days. It is said by contemporary historians that General Robert E. Lee himself saluted her and the flag as he rode by into history.

Lilly Lichty has in her possession a copy, made in 1802, of the original Diedendorf Reformed Church Parish Register which is now in the Elsass archives in Strasbourg. It was on display among the pictures and pedigrees of all the Diedendorf families. Since we have the original parish register on microfilm in the LDS Family History Library in Salt Lake City, Utah, it was not necessary that we closely examine this ancient record.

Lilly Lichty stated that she had learned that Friedrich Tritt of St. Stephan, father of Hans Peter Tritt, Sr., had died shortly after 1716 in Zweibrucken on the Rhine River in the Rhineland-Pfalz adjacent to the Bas-Rhin District not far from Diedendorf. I will check that in the Zweibrucken microfilm here in Salt Lake previous to our visit. We were given a history of Diedendorf written by Lilly which will go into our archives in Carlisle.

Our final research experience was at the Bronnhaupten Farm, a refugee station for Swiss migrants circa 1690, where a Christian Tritt migrated. It is still a working farm today and some of the ancient buildings still exist. Herr Gunter Ernst, farm manager, related to us the history of Bronnhaupten with the assistance of a pretty, young German scholar from Erzingen as an interpreter. They were a joy to meet. The residents of Bronnhaupten were a part of the Erzingen Parish and their baptism and marriage and death records are in the Parish Register.

Later that day at the parish house of the Erzingen church, we were given a slide show by Herr Gaiser, Parish Archivist, of every Tritt entry in the register and, after the show, he gave the slides to the Tritt Family Organization. These, too, will become a part of the Tritt collection at Carlisle. Slides Numbers 1 through 5 contain the marriage of Christian Tritt to a local resident. Slides Numbers 2 and 3 contain the christenings of their two children, Susanna Sophia, October 30, 1693, and Christianus (Christian), October 17, 1696. Slide Number 4 records the death of the older Christian from St. Stephan, May 21, 1707. Slide Number 5 records the death of the younger Christian Tritt, soldier, December 3, 1720. The marriage entry of Christian Tritt to Barbara, daughter of Peter Andreason, owner of Bronnhaupten Farm, was dated February 27, 1693. The minister delicately commented that the first child was somewhat "premature." The remainder of the slides through Number 14, recorded Christian Tritt and wife, Barbara, as witnesses of baptisms of various infants of local couples -- not related. Christian was a widower and Barbara a widow when they married in 1693. Herr Gaiser is going to review the records of a nearby village to the Hohenzollern Castle, which we visited, for the records of an Anton Tritten believed, also, to be a brother of Friedrich. I had noted in 1973 in the Town Offices of Onstmettingen, a card index containing the names and birth dates of all the children of Anton Tritt, including those born at St. Stephan. We will continue contact with Herr

Gaiser, another valuable friend of the Tritt family.

This concludes the "New Discoveries" of the Tritt Remigration of June 1989. Donald Tritt and I will continue, with the help of Kurt Tritten, to further extend our knowledge of the Tritt/Dritt/Tritten families to include in the projected publication of a Tritt Family History -- preliminary work to begin next summer (1990).

The following poem was written by Nancy Tritt, Boiling Springs, Pennsylvania, during the Tritt Family Remigration Tour. It was read at our final dinner at Luzern on June 28, 1989. It summarizes quite well the spirit of our adventure.

WE

by Nancy Tritt

We Laughed:

- We laughed when there were two invisible Tritts on the plane
- We laughed when Walter Tritten ended each evening meal in Lenk with his unique Swiss humor
- We laughed when Donald and Richard lost their wives in Strasbourg -- to be rescued by Christian's son Traits
- We laughed when we all had problems with toilets and showers
- We laughed when we could not get Ernst's cookie recipe -- just more cookies
- We laughed when we found the 7 meter fish

We Lived:

- We lived in the wonderful Village of Lenk in Walter's beautiful hotel -- we felt like one of the family -- including the beautiful dogs, the cows and their wonderful bells
- We lived in the historic City of Strasbourg with its beautiful Cathedral and most unusual showers
- We lived in wonderful Diedendorf with our warm host families in every kind of home imaginable
- We lived in Luzern with so many things to do
- We lived in a beautiful big bus driven by our trusty cousin, Jakob

We Worshipped:

- We worshipped during a special service in the serene church at St. Stephan
- We worshipped during a most wonderful visit and service in Diedendorf
- We worshipped every time we entered the beautiful mountains of Switzerland

We Cried:

- We cried when we entered the wonderful Village of Diedendorf and proudly marched up the hill to be greeted by the population of the town -- all of us standing under the beautiful flags of France and the United States
- We cried when our president presented our gifts and our thanks to the people of Diedendorf
- We cried when these people asked us about our American fathers, uncles, husbands and friends who served "over there" in World War II
- We cried when they had us sing songs with them and they shared memories of the War
- We cried when just 24 hours later we gave our last good-byes to wonderful people who were total strangers just one day before

We Loved:

- We loved a culture so new but filled with all the qualities that make life more meaningful
- We loved a country, Switzerland, that gave us fond memories and wonderful friends
- We loved a group of people from Germany, France, Switzerland, New Zealand and the United States -- bonds were made among this group that will last forever -- the group of Dritts, Trittens, Traits and Tritts

It is so difficult to put into words what we feel at very emotional times like this. This group has laughed, it has lived, it has worshipped, it has cried and it will always love. There is a very special reason that all of these emotions exist among and between us. That reason is you, Donald Tritt. We give you, Don and Marilyn, our love and thanks and this gift as a reminder of the wonderful experience you gave to each of us.

(After photo by Sarto...

Gruyères

JOURNAL AND NEWSPAPER COVERAGE

by Donald G. Tritt
Granville, Ohio

Our planned Remigration Tour was a feature article in the February 1989 issue of the Swiss-American Historical Society Review. The editor, Prof. Leo Schelbert, himself an authority on Swiss immigration history, has invited us to write and publish an account of our tour experiences in upcoming issues of this journal. Members of the tour group have offered to contribute components of such an article.

Much to all our surprise, our "remigration story" was picked up by six different European newspapers -- even appearing on the front page of one of Bern's largest papers, DER BUND. During our first Sunday in Lenk, we had a reporter and his photographer with us all day long. In addition to DER BUND (June 20), an account appeared in the following papers: OBERSIMMENTALER (June 15), BERNER ZEINNG (about June 24-25), DIEDENDORFER (France) (about 1988), BALINGER ZEITUNG (West Germany) (June 24-25 and 27), ZOLLERN-ALB KURIER (West Germany) (June 27). Reporters were interested in, not only what we were doing and how we were going about it, but also in the significance and meaning such a trip had for us. Perhaps in future issues of the TFR Newsletter we can publish copies of these articles and pictures with translations. Unfortunately, some errors did find their way into the eventual write-ups, but that is par. In all, we were pleased to know that the story of a family group wanting to touch personally its historical roots had some potential meaning to a wider European audience.

(After photo by Swiss National Tourist Office

Berne - The Marktgasse and the Clock Tower

Until last summer, Tritt Family Research had not located any descendants of the 1739 immigrant, Christian Tritt. A chance encounter with Ernest Trait of Long Beach, California, last August resulted in the discovery that he is a direct descendant of Christian Tritt. In fact, the Trate/Trait/Treat family is quite numerous in the Reading-Philadelphia, Pennsylvania area. They have been holding an annual reunion for 38 years. Ernie, his wife, Doris, and daughter, Nancy Lira, represented the Christian Tritt line on our remigration tour. The following article was written by Ernie to inform us about his and our ancestor:

THE TRAIT LINE

by Ernest Trait
Long Beach, California

With the ancestors of brothers Hans Peter and Christian now known, Tritt Family Research has established a direct line to the earliest of records discovered by the diligent research of Harold Hegyessy and our TFR leader, Donald Tritt. These records were viewed by the TFR tour group on June 18, 1989, in the St. Stephan region of the Obersimmental Valley, Switzerland, and are an indication of their existence there in 1562.

At this time, these are the earliest records found to substantiate the existence of our ancestors, though further conjecture allows that their predecessors advanced over the mountains from the south and may have lived in the area beyond prior to the 1500's. This now becomes the next area of prime interest for further ancestral research.

This short article, however, will deal mainly with Christian, the immigrant to the colonies in September of 1739, describing roughly what is known of this branch and what is needed done in the near future.

Christian and brother Hans Peter arrived in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

on September 3, 1739, aboard the ship "Robert and Alice." Christian was 20 years of age at this time, while older brother, Hans Peter, probably had his 24th birthday aboard ship on this voyage.

Another name on the ship's list became of interest with the discovery that the parent of these brothers, Hans Peter, Sr., had died soon after Christian's birth and the mother, Veronica Kern, had remarried a David Buhler. This name is on the list and, though women and children under 16 were not listed, it is assumed mother and stepfather were also making this journey to the New World.

The first few years in the colonies are obscure, but recordings appear in the register of Muddy Creek Lutheran and Reformed Church located in East Cocalico Township of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, an area soon to have confused boundaries when Berks County is formed in 1752. Christian and wife, Catharine, register the christening of a daughter and a son, while Hans Peter and wife, Catharine, register a son and two daughters between early 1746 and the end of 1748. So at this point, the establishment of families has begun.

The acquiring of property is also shown as warrants for land are recorded for both brothers. Hans Peter is shown to have a land warrant for 50 acres in May 1748 and Christian for 30 acres in September 1749, both in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. But this is the last of Hans Peter in this area as he moves west to York County, Pennsylvania about 1751. March of 1752 brings the formation of Berks County from parts of Lancaster, Chester and Philadelphia Counties and subsequent tax rolls show Christian to be located in Robeson Township, Berks County, Pennsylvania.

Under various spellings of the name -- Tritt/Tread/Treat/Treet/Feit -- (and even Trick in 1763), Christian is listed each year from 1754 to 1768 when he appears to sell his farm of 100 acres and move to Chester County.

During this time period, Henry Tritt shows up in the household and tax lists. He is the son and last child of Christian, though the birth registration has yet to be found. The proof at this point is in the will of Christian. Henry drops from the rolls for three years and, in 1771, appears as joining his father in the Chester County household once again until about 1777. This could be the time of Henry's marriage since he appears in Berks County again as a married man. Christian has remained in Chester County and does so until his death in 1801.

Henry then becomes the main player in our chain of events. He seems very active in the community and is witness to several wills in the Robeson Township area. He has a known son, Christian, who has a third child named Christian, who has a first child named Philip, my great-grandfather.

From there, most is known. The area of needed research is Henry-Christian-Christian, Jr., most all of which is in the Berks County, Robeson Township section. There is much to be learned from resources available in the facilities there and all that is required is some diligent work on the part of interested parties. Go to it!

NEXT STEPS FOR TRITT FAMILY RESEARCH

by Donald G. Tritt, President
Granville, Ohio

Now that the Remigration Tour is behind us, clearly the next step in our all-volunteer effort is to begin the process of putting to paper what we know about Tritt family history. To do that, it seems appropriate at our traditional summer meeting to change its format to that of a yearly author's conference. Drafts of working papers will need to be

written. These can then be reviewed by us all and revised as needed. I am convinced such a shared working of the story can yield a document worthy of publication.

Over the next several months, I will be in touch with several of you who ought properly to be contributing authors or others who have shown an interest in being a contributing author. For those potential authors in parts of the world other than the USA, we will be in touch by letter and by telephone and, occasionally, by visits as the schedule permits. If you would like to attend an annual Tritt Family Research Authors Conference as a potential writer, please be in touch with me. At this time, you need not have a specific subtopic in mind. One of our early conference tasks will be to brainstorm various substories and components. Your participation in such initial brainstorming is encouraged. Out of that can come a focus for an aspect of your interest which you might author. Clearly, a well-documented and well-written family history is a massive undertaking. It requires the dedicated long-term effort of many persons to achieve a quality work. The years since our founding in 1977 has shown persistent dedication by a considerable number of persons, all contributing in various ways -- some by laborious reading of obscure records in dusty places, others by financial contributions, others by assisting in the yearly family meetings, others in the ever-demanding correspondence and communications (whether by letters or by Newsletter), and, still others in the on-going business matters of our task. As we now turn to the next phase of our work, we hope we can count on your continued support of Tritt Family Research.

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########################################
# COMING!  The Tritt Family recipe     #
# book.  Look for it in 1990.  More    #
# recipes?  Send to:  Connie J.        #
# Tritt, 7 Ironstone Drive, Carlisle,  #
# Pennsylvania 17013.                  #
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VIDEOTAPING THE JOURNEY

by Bill Dritt
Oak Ridge, Tennessee

June 16-30, 1989, 32 Americans (mostly Tritts) went to Europe searching for their history and, in so doing, created a little history themselves. We have captured a big chunk of that historic journey on videotape, starting with the initial get-together at JFK Airport in New York and ending with the last evening's festivities in our hotel in Lucerne. In between were 13 marvelous days of retracing the migration route, meeting people from different countries, learning about the history and customs of long ago, and having a wonderful time.

I will admit to being very reluctant to do the videotaping because my wife, Wilda, had just acquired the camcorder for her birthday in March, and we had very little experience with it. Besides, there is a great deal of difference between staging and filming a production and simply recording events as they happen without being able to plan camera angles or sequences, etc. But, I guess the wonders of modern technology makes semi-professionals of us all because, for the most part, the whole thing came out quite well. I can say that with some confidence because I brought the back-up copy to Carlisle, Pennsylvania in August and some of you had a chance to look at several hours of it and pronounced it "fair to middlin" (an old Indiana expression).

The complete video is 12 hours and 22 minutes long, taking up six complete tapes plus a little bit of the seventh. Donald Tritt is sending me the book of names/addresses and pictures of all the tour participants and the people we met on the trip, and I will add these on the seventh tape. The tapes are standard size VHS and are recorded on standard play (two hours per tape).

On our last night in Lucerne, the tour participants asked me to

edit the tapes to a four-hour version (two tapes) which I am in the process of doing. I made a back-up copy of the master tapes on my VCR at home and found that copying on ordinary home equipment (at least mine) results in some degradation of the picture fidelity, which is quite good on the original. So I am arranging to do the editing and copying on professional equipment. Don has informed me that the tour budget will pay for the editing costs, so the cost of the tapes to all who order will be just the cost of the tape and copying. Donald gave me the audiotape of Swiss folk songs that Micheline Furon-Tritten gave to us to use in dubbing the sound track. The original sound track on the videotapes is also quite good, however, and most people who have seen the tapes like it, so I will use the music sparingly. In the four-hour version, I will add some titles and dubbed-in audio explanations so that the viewer will know what is going on. The full version will be as-is (what I saw is what you get), so I will provide a program so years from now you won't wonder what you're looking at.

At this writing, people have expressed intentions of ordering seven full copies (seven tapes, includes one for the Archives) and nine of the four-hour version (two tapes). An order form for both versions is found on the last page of this Newsletter. Order deadline is November 1, 1989, and payment must be made with your order. A categorized description of the two versions is as follows:

TREASURER'S REPORT - July 1, 1988 - June 30, 1989

by W. Wayne Tritt, Treasurer
Carlisle, Pennsylvania

Balance July 1, 1988	$2,413.88
Income all Sources	3,297.47
Total before Expenses	$5,711.35
Total all Expenses	4,404.55
BALANCE June 30, 1989	$1,306.80

INCOME BREAKDOWN

Meals/Lodging - 1988 Meeting	$1,397.00
Donations	789.00
Sale items (trees, notepaper, diaries, caps, pencils, etc.)	607.45
Bus refund (1988 meeting)	275.00
Interest - bank account	79.02
Hegyessy Thesis	150.00
TOTAL INCOME	$3,297.47

EXPENSES BREAKDOWN

Dickinson College (1988 meeting)	$2,618.15
Historical Society of York County-tour	69.00
Group picture (1988 meeting)	107.55
Refunds and change (1988 meeting)	253.50
Pencils (1988 meeting)	138.00
Newsletter No. 9 printing and mailing	586.45
Miscellaneous postage and supplies	351.61
Printing (Hegyessy Thesis, St. Stephan booklet, trees)	280.29
TOTAL EXPENSES	$4,404.55

This year (July 1, 1988 through June 30, 1989), we received 29 donations totaling $789.00. Due to the length of this Newsletter, we do not have room to list all of this year's contributors individually. Our sincere thanks is extended to all of you for your continuing support through funding. A special thank you as well to those who spend so many hours using their talents in support of TFR.

	Full Version	4-hr. Version
Family Business (Kurt Tritten, Herr Kummer, Herr Schneider, Diedendorf Reception, Bronnhaupten, etc.)	6 hrs. 33 min.	1 hr. 55 min.
Eating and Music (Chemi Stube, Le Vieux Chalet, lots of accordians, yodeling club, etc.)	1 hr. 50 min.	20 min.
Touristy Things (Lenk welcome, spa, Betelberg, cheese making, Bern, Strasbourg, Mt. Pilatus, Rhinefalle, etc.)	2 hrs. 50 min.	1 hr. 25 min.
Travel (Plane trip over, bus going from one place to another)	56 min.	16 min.
Presentation of Plaques	13 min.	2 min.
TOTAL	12 hrs. 22 min.	4 hrs.

EDITOR'S NOTE --

This Newsletter has been a leap of faith. We wanted to print all the articles relating to the tour in one issue, regardless of the length and expense. This is our way of sharing a memorable trip with all family members. The completed newsletter is 32 pages long, the largest ever. Because of its size, our printing and mailing expenses will be in excess of $1,000.00. Countless hours of volunteer work have gone into the composing, editing, typing, collating and mailing of the final product. We have always existed on donations, but this project will almost delete our treasury. We will sincerely appreciate any donations to help defray our expenses. Donations may be mailed to:

W. Wayne Tritt
24 Old Stone House Road
Carlisle, Pennsylvania 17013

NEW SALE ITEM!!

"TRITT" Luggage Tags

Remigration Tour luggage tags measure 2 1/4" by 4 1/4". On a white background "TRITT" appears in 1 1/8" red block letters. A see-through pocket at the rear holds an identification card. Price $2.00. Send orders to:

Dr. Donald G. Tritt
4072 Goose Lane, S.W.
Granville, Ohio 43023

I would like to order _____ luggage tags at $2.00 per tag.

Total amount enclosed $_____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

_____

ORDER FORM - REMIGRATION TOUR VIDEOTAPE

Order Deadline - November 1, 1989

Please detach this form and remit payment in full to:

Mr. William Dritt
103 Euclid Place
Oak Ridge, Tennessee 37830

_____ 4-hour version @ $47.00

Prices at left include postage and handling.

_____ Complete version @ $148.00

Total amount enclosed $_____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

The following items are available for purchase from TFR. Please complete the following order form and mail to: Mr. Richard Tritt, 204 Forge Road, Boiling Springs, Pennsylvania 17007. Postage and handling will be paid by TFR.

Caps with TRITT across the front (nylon mesh with adjustable band)

_____ Green and White

_____ Blue and White $6.50 each -- _____ with gold trim on snout - $7.50 each

_____ Wooden lead pencils with TRITT FAMILY RESEARCH inscribed - lot of 25 -- $4.00

_____ Civil War Diary of William Tritt -- $5.00

_____ Annual Newsletters - Issues 1-10 (specify Issue Number(s) _____) -- $1.00 each

_____ Stationery with the Dritt House on the front -- $4.00

_____ Schematic Map of Tritt sites in Cumberland, York and Lancaster Counties, Pennsylvania -- $1.00

_____ 1906 Tritt Family Tree -- $10.00

_____ "The Church of St. Stephan" - an 18 page booklet with a translation from the original German text -- $2.50

TOTAL AMOUNT ENCLOSED $_____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

_____

CHANGE OF INFORMATION NOTICE

Please detach and mail to: Mrs. Connie J. Tritt, 7 Ironstone Drive, Carlisle, Pennsylvania 17013

YOUR FULL NAME _____

CURRENT ADDRESS _____

IF MOVING, ANTICIPATED NEW ADDRESS _____

_____

Do you know of a family member who does not receive the Newsletter, but would like to. If so, please send his/her

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

_____

OTHER CHANGES:

Births:

Marriages:

Deaths:

Other:

TRITT FAMILY RESEARCH
4072 GOOSE LANE, S.W.
GRANVILLE, OHIO 43023

U. S. POSTAGE
P A I D
Permit No. 8
Boiling Springs, PA

(ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED)