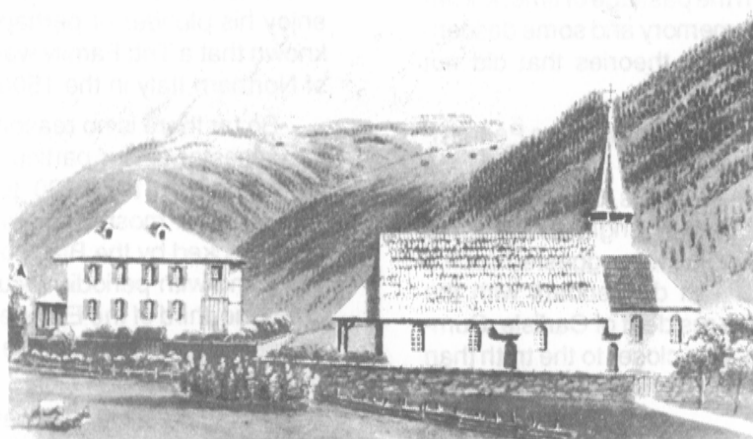


Tritt Family Newsletter

(With pertinence to the following known name variations – Tritten, Dritt, Trait, Trate)

Issue Number 12

January, 1992



Lenk, Switzerland, the old Church, burnt July 16, 1878

From The Editor

This has been another exciting and productive year for Tritt Family Research. Our writers' meeting in July moved us a step closer to the eventual publication of a Tritt Family History. Our research data is being checked, organized and soon computerized. The content of the book is coming into focus. Several articles in this issue describe that work.

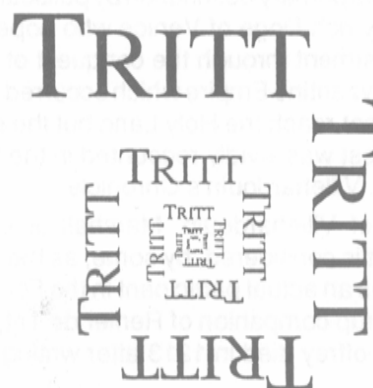
Our international contacts continue. Donald Tritt and his family visited Switzerland last June and renewed many of our contacts there. Jakob Tritten is planning to bring a group of Swiss people to America for a tour this summer. His son Toni will be in America to study this August through December and will stay with Donald and Marilyn Tritt in Ohio. Our German cousins, Friedrich, Christel and their son Andreas, will come to America in July of 1992 and travel from Ohio to California for two weeks with Donald and Marilyn Tritt. Our Swiss cousin Kurt Tritten and our French cousin Micheline Furon-Tritten are planning an international Tritt Reunion for June 1993 in France. Information about that reunion and a two week trip to Switzerland and France are included in this newsletter.

You will find a variety of articles in this issue. Harold Hegyessy, Jr. wrote an excellent article which will help to clarify some past confusion about our early origins. An early letter describing Civil War events in Pennsylvania came to us from California. A grandmother's account of her move west, originally written for her immediate family is of interest to us all. W. Wayne Tritt's article about his great grandfather's business is a good example of original local research. Virginia Tritt's account of her recent visit to "Tritt Country" in Pennsylvania contains great warmth and love.

We appreciate and solicit articles of this type for our future newsletters and eventual publication. These kinds of personal accounts will make history alive for us and for future generations. Please send any original biographies or histories that you or other family members have written to the editor. Old letters, newspaper articles, photographs and documents are also very much appreciated and will become part of our permanent collection at the Tritt Family Archives in Carlisle, PA. This organization exists for the family and we all appreciate and benefit from what family members contribute.

We wish you all a wonderful 1992 and hope that it will be another productive year for TFR. Our next newsletter should be issued in January of 1993 and will contain important information about our next trip to the homeland.

Richard L. Tritt, Editor



A Single Origin of Tritt Families?

Harold M. Hegyessy, Jr.

Past issues of the Tritt Family Newsletter have reported the successful modern-day search for the European origins of Hans Peter and Christian Tritt who arrived in Philadelphia, September 3, 1739, from Rotterdam via Deal, England. They subsequently settled for a number of years in East Cocalico Township, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. At a later date, Hans Peter moved to York County and Christian to Berks County. With the passage of time, knowledge of their origins faded from memory and some descendants opted for various, diverging theories that did not agree historically.

One theory was that of an English origin since Pennsylvania was an English Colony, not taking into account the history of many Lancaster County settlers. One well-meaning gentleman theorized a Spanish origin since some descendants had physical features that suggested such a nativity. One dear old lady, a Tritt descendant with the married name of Deardorf, and a resident of Carlisle, Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, was closer to the truth than most since she recalled from earlier times that they may have come from France.

In fact, in one of the Histories of York County, General Jacob Dritt (Tritt), the oldest son of Hans Peter Tritt, had reportedly indicated an origin of his father in Elsass (Alsace, now in France). This proved to be true for at least one generation since the father of Hans Peter and Christian, also named Hans Peter Tritt/Treit, and his father, Friedrich Tritt, did migrate to Diedendorf in the Bas Rhin District of Elsass from St. Stephan, Bern Canton, Switzerland, as recorded in the christening and marriage entries in the Diedendorf Evangelical Reformed Church Parish Register.

One must take into account that Tritt Family researchers of a century ago did not have access to sources now available. Straws were "clutched at" with honest but misguided zeal. One speculation was that the ancestral family of Hans Peter and Christian had descended from a Medieval nobleman, Renier de Trit, and his son, Reginald, from the Trit Estate in Hainaut, who "Took The Cross" near Bruges in Flanders circa February 23, 1200 A.D. for the Fourth Crusade intended to re-take the Holy Land from the Saracens.

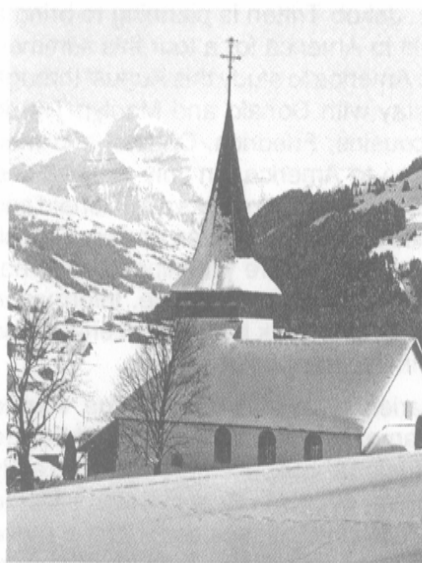
Unfortunately, this great crusade of believers was diverted from its primary destination by political leaders and the immensely rich Doge of Venice who hoped to recoup his huge investment through the conquest of Constantinople and the Byzantine Empire which occurred in 1204 A.D. This host did not reach the Holy Land but the story of their Greek Conquest was vividly recounted in the "Memoirs of the Crusades, Villehardouin's Chronicle".

Geoffrey of Villehardouin, Marshall of Champagne, authored what is considered, by some, as the first modern history. He was an actual participant in the Fourth Crusade and was a stirrup companion of Renier de Trit, soldier and nobleman. Geoffrey died in 1213 after writing his history.

Copies of this printed and re-printed history, in the French and English languages, are prized possessions of many major libraries in Europe and America. The rescue of Renier de Trit, who was in great peril, and the death of his son, Reginald, in that campaign, is a part of Geoffrey's famous narrative. Renier de Trit may have survived the Fourth Crusade but research, so far, does not record his return to Flanders, or whether he remained in Greece to enjoy his plunder or perhaps a retirement at Venice. It is known that a Tritt Family was living in the Lake Como area of Northern Italy in the 1500s.

So far there is no reason to accept Renier de Trit to be the ancestor of our particular Tritt Family from whom we descended. In the 1100 to 1200 A.D. time period, the population of most European countries expanded greatly until checked by the Black or Bubonic Plagues, starting in 1347 and with periodic recurrences into the early 1600s. Over one-third of the European population perished. Many families ceased to exist. We are the descendants of survivors.

During this late Medieval period, people generally assumed surnames, some voluntarily and others by governmental decree. Many of the divergent populations assumed the same surnames as others but had no relationship to each other whatsoever. For example, in the German language, the surname, Tritt, or Tritten, is the description of a "manner of walking, a step". Kurt Tritten suggests that the meaning of "Tritt" may come from the fact that the early people lived on the "tritt", a step-like flat place or little platform on the side of the mountain. Many people took occupational names, i.e.: Metzger (butcher), Schneider (tailor), Zimmerman (carpenter) and so on.



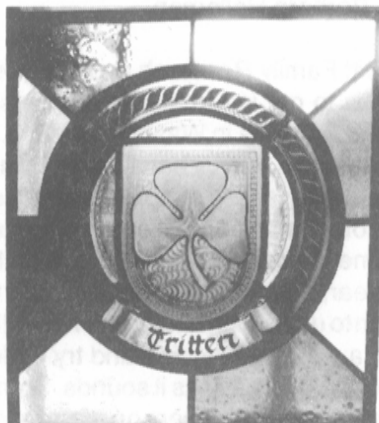
The Church of St. Stephan

We do know this. Our Tritt or Tritten ancestors lived in the Ober-simmental Valley of Bern Canton, Switzerland, back to remote times, probably prior to the beginning of the Parish Registers of St. Stephan and Lenk in the mid-1500s. Kurt Tritten, a native Swiss citizen, well known to Tritt Family Research, has found land records in a Central Archives at Sion, over the Rawil Pass at the head of the Simmental Valley, citing Tritt names as early as 1485.

One local Swiss theory is that the inhabitants of the Obersimmental may have descended from Roman legionnaires who did not return to Rome when over-run by the German tribes at the collapse of the Roman Empire in the 400s A.D.

Another local St. Stephan legend is that a small part of the existing parish church building, clearly visible, dates from 600 A.D. At least we are on solid ground as to our particular Tritt or Tritten ancestry in the Obersimmental.

The earliest Tritt or Tritten Coat of Arms of the Obersimmental is on display at the Offices of the Lenk Town Clerk and also in colored glass panes in windows of some of the



*Tritten Coat of Arms in a stained glass window -
Tritten home in Lenk*

Arms were awarded to or assumed by wealthy burgers as they grew in prestige. In some cases, Coats of Arms were bought or sold in the transfer of property. So much for single family origins!

One prominent Tritt Family, espoused at least by some of our Tritt progeny, were burgers or residents of the city of Constanze (Constance) in southern Germany on the northern shores of Lake Constance. Niklaus Tritt, a wealthy merchant, was Mayor of Constanze in 1604. This family assumed a Coat of Arms recorded in "Illustrations To The Armorial General", J.B. Riestap, Vol. 5. It is a rather simple or austere one whose central shield depicts what may be a battle axe but looks more like, to me, a meat cleaver. Over this is a small lion rampant. It came to be ascribed to the "Tritt Von Wildern".



*"Tritt Von Wildern"
Coat of Arms*

A castle just across Lake Constance from the city of Constanze in Thurgau Canton, Switzerland, was purchased by Niklaus Tritt and his cousin, Christoph Buffler of St. Gallen. I visited the site in 1973. The castle had long since been razed and a large boulder at the site, emblazoned with a sign, Schloss Von Wildern, marked the spot.

In May of 1973, I spent an afternoon with the Official Historian of the city of Constanze at the uniquely medieval town hall. He was well acquainted with the history of the Niklaus Tritt Family. He stated that it had completely died out and the family members are buried in an ancient cemetery on the outskirts of Constanze.

The comments by the Constanze City Historian are corroborated in the description of the Schloss Tritt Von Wildern (Wildenrain) in the "Historisch Biographisches Lexikon Der Schweiz". That entry, in the German language, as translated, stated that Niklaus Tritt and his cousin, Christoph Buffler, had purchased the castle from former owners and renamed it in honor of their family. In 1651 it was re-sold after the demise of the Tritt family. In the description, it was stated that Niklaus Tritt, and his ancestors, had formerly lived in the lake Como Region of Northern Italy. The latter is quite some distance removed from the Obersimmental Valley, home of our Tritt/Tritten ancestors who had been there long before Niklaus Tritt surfaced in Constanze. As can be surmised, unrelated families can have the same surname.

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*Officers Donald Tritt and Richard Tritt discussing articles
for the 1992 Tritt Family Newsletter*

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Minutes of Tritt Family Research

Meeting held on July 18-21, 1991

The annual meeting of Tritt Family Research was held on July 18 through 21, 1991, at the home of Donald and Marilyn Tritt in Granville, Ohio. There were thirteen in attendance from Pennsylvania, Maryland, Ohio, Utah and California.

The meeting took a different turn than we usually have in that it was more of a working session rather than a meeting where we spend the time talking about future plans. After we greeted each other on the first day, we all broke up into small groups doing our assigned task for the weekend. A lot was accomplished during this time, and we also had some pleasurable time. The one main accomplishment for last year was the publication of the cookbook which has been a success thus far.

All those in attendance at the meeting were very grateful to Don and Marilyn for their gracious hospitality and their planning the entire weekend.

The next meeting of TFR will be held again at the home of Don and Marilyn on July 9 through 12, 1992.

Connie J. Tritt
Secretary



Social Security Data Lists

Jeanette Cramer

At the Tritt Family Research meeting at Granville, Ohio, in July 1991, several work sessions were held. The one in which I, Harold Hegyessy, and my mother, Gladys Cramer were involved concerned Social Security death records from 1934 through 1989. Since these records were made public, Mr. Hegyessy was able to obtain computer print-outs of all the Social Security death records of the Dritts, Tritts, and Trates in the United States from the Mormon Library in Salt Lake City, Utah.

Using these records, we cross-referenced the names found with those that we, as a research group, had already obtained on family group sheets. When we came across a certain name, we checked the family group sheets to see if their name was already recorded. If not, we started a new group sheet and recorded their death date as well as their birth date and the county and state where they died. These records help us (1) located missing persons (2) see where the Dritts, Tritts and Traits have lived (3) obtain additional information on certain individuals.

At another work session, our same group worked on information about our early Dritt, Tritt ancestors from York County, PA. Several years ago, the York County Historical Society did a search of newspaper articles and deed searches pertaining to the Dritts and Tritts in Windsor Township, York County. Also, the Society produced a

listing of cemetery records of these same ancestors. With this information, we updated some of the family group sheets previously completed by TFR.

As a small group we enjoyed working together as a team. We felt we had contributed a small part to the larger project at hand, that of finding our Dritt, Tritt, and Trait relatives and ancestors.



Archives Research

Barbara Holloman

As part of the Tritt Family Research and book publication project, my job is to get information from census accounts at the National Archives in Washington, D.C. Every week or two during the past year, I have traveled there by car or subway. Harold Hegyessy supplied me with copies of the state indexes of names for each census year report. For each TRITT name in a particular state, I would look in a book under that year, state and county, in order to find which roll of microfilm to use. Upon finding the microfilm roll, I would review it on a viewing machine and try to find the page number, which is not as easy as it sounds. Some rolls have two or three sets of page numbers on them, and I had to look several places to find the correct name. Once the name was found, I would transfer the information to a family group sheet.

The first census was taken in 1790. In that year, there were only a few TRITTS, mostly in Pennsylvania and Maryland. In each 10 year census, there were more TRITTS! However, from 1790 to 1840 there was very little information gathered. The head of the household was named, but other family members were only listed as numbers of males and females in age categories. Occupations were listed, as were slaves. Most of the TRITTS were farmers, until about 1850 to 1860, when other occupations began appearing, such as doctors, merchants, lawyers, and even gold miners! By 1850, other family members' names and ages were listed, a boon to genealogists!

It didn't take long to do the first two or three censuses, since there were so few names, but work on the 1860 census has required many trips and I don't even have the sheets yet for 1870. I'm sure that they will take a long time to compile. Starting with the 1880 census, the files are in "Soundex", another ordering system in which similar sounding names are arranged together. This allows easier finding of misspelled or similarly spelled names. Other members of our family research group will work on those files.

Although this has at times been long, hard and tedious work, it has become more and more interesting. As more information and more states have been added to each succeeding census report, one can learn a lot about the forming of our country. It has been interesting, informative, and sometimes even amusing!

New Addresses

Connie Fisher

In July, Connie Tritt of Carlisle, PA led Connie Fisher of Glendora, CA through the intricacies of a Tritt Family Research Workshop with a gentle and friendly hand. For 3 great days of working side by side, the 2 "Connies" recorded current addresses of every Tritt family in the U.S. that we could locate through various government lists. If we have lost one or two, we apologize to them but I'm not surprised as there are Tritts everywhere. A fine friendship developed and both Connies will return in '92 to the warm and welcoming hospitality of Marilyn and Don Tritt with deep appreciation to them both for this year's well planned and executed workshop in Granville, Ohio.

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Walter Tritten

New Address For Walter & Hilde Tritten

Walter and Hilde Tritten are the previous owners of the Hotel Kreuz in Lenk and gracious hosts for decades to TRITTENS from around the world. Their new address is as follows:

W. & H. Tritten
Kronenplatz Hs. B.
CH-3775 Lenk/Bern
Switzerland
Telephone Number 030/3 36 48



The early Hotel Kreuz 1907-1949

Write the Story of an Ancestor

We envision the eventual publication of the Tritt Family History as containing a variety of historical and narrative sections presenting the TRITT/TRITTEN/DRITT/TRAIT/TRATE story.

One important section will be organized to present the story of specific persons and their descendants to the current day. This means YOU, who know these person-related stories best, can write and supply an account of a particular person and his/her descendants. Furthermore, should the needed Family Group Record sheets be present in our computer file (see related article in this Newsletter), we will work with you to embellish the account of your beginning person by displaying a backward ancestral chart from as early a date as possible. Send your accounts to Donald G. Tritt, President, Tritt Family Research, 4072 Goose Lane, S.W., Granville, Ohio 43023-9670.

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Family Group Record Sheets

If you want information regarding yourself and your family included in the eventual publication of Tritt Family History, we ask that you complete a series of Family Group Record Sheets. This sheet is the standard form for the initial recording of all genealogical information. For your use we have enclosed a copy of this form in this issue of the Newsletter. Since you will probably need several such sheets, you might copy the one included here. One sheet is to be completed for each family, i.e., each marriage unit. If there is a second marriage, then a second sheet is to be completed.

Ordinarily three completed Family Group Record Sheets, one each for A) you (and all your children), B) your parents (and all their children), and C) your Tritt grandparents (and all their children) in combination with our own considerable collection of pre-20th century sheets could result in the delineation of your own multi-generational pedigree chart, perhaps as far back as the 1500s. Should you be able to provide an additional sheet containing information about your Tritt great-grandparents (and all their children), the likelihood is increased of being able to provide you with such a lengthy pedigree chart. Without these sheets the linkages cannot be made and information is not readily available for future generations.

In listing all dates please be sure to use the convention of day / month (in words) / full year e.g., 18 July 1876. In addition, please be sure to give maiden names of all females. Both of these practices help to eliminate many errors. Send your completed Family Group Record Sheets to Donald G. Tritt, President, Tritt Family Research, 4072 Goose Lane, Granville, Ohio 43023-9670.

FAMILY GROUP RECORD

To indicate that a child is an ancestor of the family representative, place an "X" behind the number pertaining to that child.

HUSBAND

Born _____ Place _____
 Chr. _____ Place _____
 Marr. _____ Place _____
 Died _____ Place _____
 Bur. _____ Place _____
 HUSBAND'S FATHER _____
 HUSBAND'S MOTHER _____
 OTHER WIVES _____

WIFE

Born _____ Place _____
 Chr. _____ Place _____
 Died _____ Place _____
 Bur. _____ Place _____
 WIFE'S FATHER _____
 WIFE'S MOTHER _____
 OTHER HUSBANDS _____

SEX M F	CHILDREN List each child (whether living or dead) in order of birth Given Names Surname	WHEN BORN			WHERE BORN			DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE		WHEN DIED	
		DAY	MONTH	YEAR	TOWN	COUNTY	STATE OR COUNTRY	TO WHOM	DAY	MONTH	YEAR
1											
2											
3											
4											
5											
6											
7											
8											
9											
10											
11											

SOURCES OF INFORMATION

OTHER MARRIAGES

A Long Dream Comes True

by Virginia Tritt
Brownsville, Tennessee

What a joy, and with expectation as my son, Wayne and his wife Patsy, my daughter Diane and husband Billy, along with daughter Dare, and I, climbed into our van and headed to Pennsylvania. We started out on an early Friday morning... disappointed because my husband Joe had urgent business come up, and he couldn't go with us... but with a prayer in our hearts, thankful that all the children of my sweetheart of 45 years... (Maurice wanted to make the trip from the time we got our first letter from the Tritt Family Research, but due to his health, we did not get to go) were together to make the trip. Of course, we had to plan it before squirrel season, and harvesting, and time to turn the cotton gin on to operate.

As we were intending to be in Carlisle Sunday night, I decided the children would enjoy the drive in the mountains. We spent the night at Asheville, NC, then on into Jamestown, Yorktown, Williamsburg, and Washington, DC, arriving in Carlisle at 2:00 a.m. Monday morning.

Richard Tritt had called me before we left, giving me his office and home phone numbers to call him when we arrived. That call, as I told Richard, put the icing on the cake. I appreciated it very much. I called Richard Monday morning, and as he asked us to meet him at the library at 7:00 p.m., we started out to see what we could find. Driving down the highway, we were looking at mailboxes. Sure enough, there was one with "Tritt" on it.

We turned into the drive, and in talking to the lovely couple, and granddaughter, we found out they were Richard's parents. They were lovely people. They shared several hours with us. Later, we went to the library and met Richard. We enjoyed being with him. It was like meeting a long, lost friend. He showed us some films made at the Mansion, and the work he is doing with the family tree. As we were leaving, he asked us to come to his house the next night and look at tapes from the trip, which was very interesting. We appreciated the invitation, and the next day, we visited Big Spring Presbyterian Church Cemetery, and made pictures of the tombs of Peter and Elizabeth Tritt.

Then we started looking for the Tritt Mansion. We found it! It stood tall and erect with the two tall green pine trees caressing it as the breeze stirred. As I walked around the house, trying to imagine Hans Peter Tritt was walking with me... a man with a dream—a tall, strong man—strong in character—determined to succeed—honest, loving—loving his wife, his children, giving them security and peace, knowing he cared for their every need—being met by his wife when he comes in, bringing a gift to her and the family—one who loved the outdoors—loved nature... for walking with him I knew I had lived and loved, and had walked with a great man, 224 years later, who was ambitious, courageous, God-loving and God-fearing, and loved his family and his fellow man—Maurice Tritt. His footprints are embedded in my heart and in the hearts of his children and grandchildren, and all his friends.

Then at six o'clock, we arrived at Richard and Nancy Tritt's, a beautiful, two-story, old brick home, full of antiques—we all appreciate antiques, my furniture is English, in the 1800s—we met his lovely wife Nancy, and felt so very comfortable. We chatted, looked at pictures, and we shared some from home. We also carried a charcoal portrait of Grandfather William L. Tritt from Chatham County, North Carolina.

When we had to return to our hotel, we felt so very close to these lovely people, whose charm and hospitality endeared themselves to each of us.

Meeting you people and sharing some special moments with you and my children will always be a precious memory, as I continue through life. God willing, we hope to share more pleasant times together.



Toni Tritten Coming to the U.S.A.

HERR TONI TRITTEN, eldest son of JAKOB & LYDIA TRITTEN of Zweisimmen, Switzerland, will be coming to the U.S.A. for the period of mid-August through December, 1992. Cousin Jakob and Lydia Tritten own a travel agency and a fleet of touring buses and conduct an extensive schedule of trips throughout all of Europe. During our 1989 Remigration Tour Jakob served as our guide and our personal bus driver. Toni's visit to the U.S.A. is to fulfill three goals: to learn English, to have some part-time work experience in his specialty trade (diesel mechanics), and to see sections of the U.S.A. During the majority of his time he will be living with Don and Marilyn Tritt in Granville, Ohio and attending English classes. To host Toni for short visits or trips call Don and Marilyn at (614) 587-0213.



Tritt & Trait Annual Family Gatherings and Reunions

From correspondence received over the past few years we have learned that at various dates and places around the country Tritts and Traits gather periodically for local family reunions. Should you wish to notify others regarding the date and place of your family gathering, we would be most willing to list this information in future issues of the Tritt Family Newsletter. Send your information to Richard L. Tritt, Editor, 204 Forge Road, Boiling Springs, PA 17007.

THE TRITTS OF MILLTOWN, CUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA

W. Wayne Tritt

The first Tritt in Cumberland County, PA was Peter Tritt, son of the immigrant Hans Peter Tritt, of York County, PA. In 1782, along with his wife Elizabeth Lefevre Tritt, Peter purchased land about three miles south of Newville and commenced farming and wagon making. There were thirteen children born to this couple. One of the sons, Christian, married Lydia Stough, who died in 1849, and in 1853, he married Frances Charlotte McCullough. To his wives fourteen children were born, the eldest being Peter N. Tritt. Peter N. Tritt married Nancy Nickey on June 10, 1845, and for the next nine years farmed and reared a family.

In 1854, Peter N. Tritt bought a farm containing the site of the old Cumberland Furnace at Milltown. History records that in 1798, a blast furnace was erected by Michael Ege, the fourth in Cumberland County, and was known as the Cumberland Furnace. This furnace and property of nearly 2000 acres was operated by Ege until his death in 1815. He was perhaps the largest land owner and iron master in Pennsylvania. At his death the property descended to his daughter, Elizabeth Wilson, and her husband James, and later was owned and operated by General Thomas C. Miller, a veteran of the War of 1812. During his ownership the iron business was entirely abandoned and all the iron manufacture buildings were demolished. After his death, the property was divided into parcels and sold at public sale. The advertised description of the property lists a saw mill and the unimproved parts were said to be covered with "thriving Oak, Chestnut and Pine timber". The sale was conducted on October 31, 1854 and Peter bought a tract containing twenty-one acres that included that part of the land on which the furnace once stood.

When Peter N. Tritt bought the Cumberland Furnace site he was interested in the water rights which came with the property. It was his intention to go into the lumber business and he needed the waterpower to operate his machinery. The volume of water coming from the mountains south of the village and the nearby springs, combined with the Yellow Breeches Creek, made extensive milling possible.

In March of 1855, Peter N. Tritt started his sawmill operation on the Yellow Breeches Creek, below Milltown. As the sawmill business prospered, a shingle mill, planing mill, and a sash, door and blind factory were added. He expanded the business into the largest operation of its kind in the area. It is likely that a number of houses in Penn Township and throughout the county have doors and windows that were made at the Tritt Mills.

The economy of the area was tremendously enhanced in light of all the people who were needed to keep these facilities in operation. Men and equipment were needed to get the raw wood to the mills from nearby forests. Once at the mills, the wood was prepared and formed into the desired products. Many of the finished products needed to be transported to the construction sites. Peter prospered in



Peter N. Tritt House In Milltown

this business, which he continued successfully until his death.

Of the six children born to Peter N. Tritt and his wife Nancy, the two older ones were John A. Tritt and Samuel Jacob Tritt. Samuel took up work at the sawmill with his father in 1865 but in time became interested in surveying, which became his life's work. He was elected county surveyor in 1881 and in the spring of 1882 moved to a farm in Penn Township.

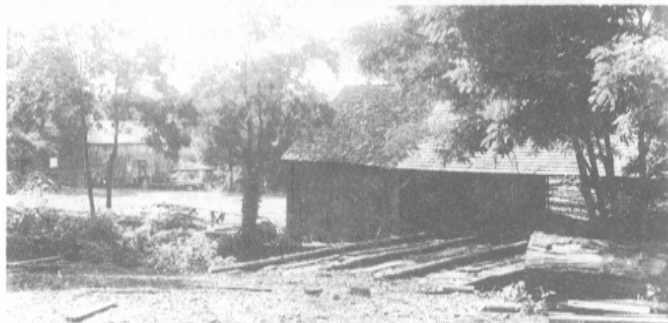
John A. Tritt was active in the operation of the Milltown enterprises for some time. Beers' History of Cumberland and Adams Counties, dated 1886, contains a biographical sketch of John A. Tritt in which his occupation is referred to as "Lumberman" and further states that he "owns a circular saw mill, connected with his father's general lumber manufacturing establishment at Huntsdale." In the early 1900s John A. Tritt was building lovely two and one-half story residences in Carlisle. Photos exist of several brick homes located on South West St. opposite the YMCA. These show John A. Tritt with homes in the background under construction.

In a historical sketch about the Walnut Bottom Church of Christ, written by John A. Smith, and appearing in The Valley Times Star, Newville, PA. on July 21, 1966, mention is made that Jacob Tritt was a loyal disciple (among others) and that he provided all the wood for the original construction of that church. Furthermore, the article states that Jacob was a master carpenter and a sawmill and planing mill operator at Huntsdale. This church is thought to have been erected in 1869-70 and is an indication that the Milltown business was still thriving at that time. Jacob was a first cousin of Peter N. Tritt and evidently was also involved in the mill business.

Peter N. Tritt died on March 11, 1887, intestate. His five children retained control of the Milltown property as tenants in common. Samuel and John later conveyed their interest to the other three. Apparently the business floundered because the property was seized by the County Sheriff and sold on May 17, 1895. It was purchased by Samuel J. Tritt and then sold only four days later to Lewis Hosfield.

Lewis Hosfield died in 1902 and his executors sold the property to Samuel Huston and William Peter Tritt. William Tritt was the oldest son of Samuel J. Tritt. He was a Penn Township assessor and county surveyor. By trade he was a carpenter and painter. He co-owned the Milltown sawmill with Huston until he sold his share to Huston in the 1910s.

Exactly how long the operations at Milltown continued is not known. Tritt ownership of the mills ceased in the early years of this century. When the business closed, the planing mill was converted into a cider press. Today Milltown is known as Huntsdale and the site of the Tritt Mills is now a part of a large fish hatchery complex. All traces of the Tritt sawmill era have disappeared.



One of the Tritt Mills in 1915

again to grandchildren away in the future. My! How long ahead that seems, doesn't it? But when one looks backward it is not long. Well, I will begin right here—

When I was a very little girl, in the early summer after I had been three in February, my father who had not been well for a year or more with chills and fever, or ague as they called it then, was told by his doctor the best thing he knew to tell him to do was to get out on a farm for the summer. My mother's father lived on a farm in the beautiful Cumberland Valley in Cumberland County near



Peter Tritt House 1939



CIVIL WAR DAYS

Martha B. Munn

Editor's Note:

The following letter was written in 1929 by Martha B. Munn, a granddaughter of Peter Tritt (son of the immigrant Hans Peter Tritt). It describes her life and episodes during the Civil War at the Tritt farm near Newville, PA.

The letter was written to her granddaughter Martha Jane (Breitenwischer) Harwood (b. 1915). It was sent to TFR by Mrs. Peter C. Morrison of California. Martha B. Munn was her great-grandmother.

In the account, Martha refers to:

Her father, James H. Heck (1833-1902)

Her mother, Mary Jane (Tritt) Heck (1840-1907)

Her grandfather, Major Samuel Tritt (1803-1873) He was born on the Tritt farm, inherited it, and lived there all his life.

Her grandmother, Julia Ann (Heagy) Tritt (1822-1875)

Her brother, James Oscar Heck (1861-1894)

Los Angeles, California,
March, 1929

To my dear Granddaughter Martha Jane: -

You have asked me to tell you some things I remember about the Civil War. I also would like you to know the story I have, as a sort of family history and because it may be you can tell it to children of your own and then

Newville, Pennsylvania. It was a happy thought of my mother to propose a visit back to her childhood home. She had not been there since she came away a bride more than four years before to South Bend, Indiana, where my father had a home ready for her and himself. My father could help on the farm when able, she said, and so it was arranged that way. We all should go, my father, mother, brother Oscar, and myself. I have heard my mother tell of seeing many, many wounded soldiers being brought home on the trains, lying on cots and otherwise.

Now it wasn't long after we arrived at Grandfather's home until the Army wagons were going through that part of the country gathering food for the Southern Army, particularly smoked meats, ham, etc. All the farmer folk in those days had smoke houses where they let their cured meats hang the year around after they had killed, prepared and smoked it. Also the Army needed blankets and took anything the soldiers could make use of, and always horses. I was too young to remember many of the incidences that occurred around this time, but I have heard about the happenings many times, and, with what was so impressed on my mind, it all seems vivid.

I remember we children, (for I had uncles and an aunt that were also only children), called the Army wagons Gypsy wagons, for they

were covered wagons much like the Gypsy wagons, and we were afraid of being stolen away when we would hear the wheels rumbling down over the hills. (No rubber tires then as now.) When some of the wagons stopped at my grandfathers house, my grandmother (step-grandmother) said, "Look around and take what you want," but before they came, some of the men of the farm had dug a large opening in the ground and put several wooded boxes down and the folks filled one with cured meats and the others with the best bed clothes and what they thought would be taken of the most valuable articles of clothing. The boxes were covered with earth now, making it look like a little garden patch, setting it out with young beet plants. The army men did not find the hidden boxes. An uncle, with my father, (who was much better by this time), had taken the horses, along with the neighbors' on the same errand to Harrisburg, the Capital of Pennsylvania, because that city was fortified by Union Soldiers. One horse the home men did not take with them to Harrisburg because it was too old to work, but the family all thought lots of it for what it had been and it was a delight to the children. This horse was so gentle they could climb on its back and take little rides, as many as could stick on. The folks at my grandfather's decided to take it to the cornfield and hide it where there was a hollow and stake it there. The men of the Army wagons found the horse and brought it to the farm. The children were all crying in fear of its being taken wanting so much to keep it for it was a family pet. Then Grandfather pleaded for the children telling the men it was not a horse for travel or hard work. My grandmother had dressed a wound on the leg or arm of one of the officers of the supply wagons and had been kind to them all, not opposing their spying around, so he said, "We'll not take the horse; we will leave it for the children." I remember riding on that horse with the other children feeling elated over such a wonderful experience.

It was known that the Southern Army was making for Harrisburg. The Battle of Gettysburg stopped them reaching there. Grandfather's home was twenty miles northeast of Gettysburg and about twenty miles southeast of Harrisburg. We could hear the cannons booming during that terrible time in the early days of July, 1863. We children were told often to listen to the noise of the cannons or the big guns, and as everyone was concerned and anxious, we little folks sensed something of alarm.

This is my story as I have kept it through the years. I remember President Lincoln's second Presidential Campaign through the many big parades and demonstrations throughout the fall of 1864. I do not recall one instance about President Johnson. I think this was because there was no election campaign for him as President. He as Vice President became President at the death of President Lincoln. Next came Grant and Colfax. All very vivid to me. Each Party had demonstrations given to display the feeling of their Party. Parades, speeches, pole-raising with streamers, and flag hoisted high. Each party tried to out do the other in raising the highest pole and displaying the finest floats. In my early days, election fall was always an exciting time with so many rallies through the fall until election was over. Yes, rallies are what these events were always called and they were quite wonderful too, in the way they were gotten up. Even young boys were drilled to represent some military affairs or maneuverings and sometimes the young ladies also.

Your grandmother, Mattie B. Munn

✻ ✻ ✻ ✻

MOVING WEST

Ruth Hemminger Hupp

Editor's Note:

The following article was written by Mrs. Russel (Ruth Hemminger) Hupp, born in 1898, of Webster City, Iowa. She wrote this account of her family's move from Pennsylvania to Iowa for her children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. Her family moved to Iowa in 1901. The people referred to in this article are:

Her father, James S. Hemminger (1869-1955)

Her mother, Emma Bertha (Myers) Hemminger (1875-1949)

Her brother, Herman B. Hemminger (1895-?)

Her uncle, Melvin Fishburn Myers (1885-1974) known as Uncle Dick

Her aunt, Martha Jane Tritt (1842-1921) actually her great-aunt

Her aunt, Tabitha (Tritt) McCullough (1839-?) actually her great-aunt

Her grandparents, George Abraham Myers (1843-1930) and Sarah Agnes (Tritt) Myers (1845-1923)

Sarah Agnes (Tritt) Myers was a granddaughter of Peter Tritt (son of the immigrant Hans Peter Tritt).

My first big experience was when my family, Father Jim, Jimmy to Mother, Mother, brother Herman and myself, moved west. Uncle Dick, who was 16, came along for adventure and was Mother's helper and baby tender.

At last the big day arrived. The household goods had been boxed and shipped off to Iowa by freight. After many tearful goodbyes we boarded the train, a beautiful car to us children, with red velvet chairs that could recline to make beds for sleepy little travelers who fell asleep early that first night after an exciting day of farewells and a big dinner at Aunt Jane Tritt and Aunt Tabitha's great big house in Newville, Pa.

I wonder will our new home in Iowa be big like theirs with a wide front porch for playing house and a huge entrance hall with its beautiful winding stairway with its walnut bannister which made a fast ride to the bottom of the stairway.



Ruth's grandparents, George Abraham Myers and Sarah Agnes (Tritt) Myers

Grandpa and Grandma Myers were there giving their baby, Uncle Dick, advice about how to meet the wild rough men in the wild wooly west. I heard Grandpa say "Keep some of your money inside your shirt, don't take any chances with those rough necks." Aunt Madge and Uncle Ollie Myers, and Aunt Hattie and Uncle Bert, these two couples had no children and had spoiled us children rotten and little Grandma Hemminger, a widow of 10 or more years who raised a family of 10 children after Grandpa died of cancer, and ruled them with a tight reign. This was her baby boy striking out like three of his older brothers to make his fortune in the wide open spaces. Her advise was "James, I pray God you will remain a Christian among all those rough people in Iowa. Don't forget your religious training."

At last we boarded the train and were settled. The train gave a jerk, the whistle blew and with a chug, chug which grew into a steady rythm we were on our way to Iowa.

All afternoon we climbed steadily upward through the beautiful Allegheny Mountains, with beautiful rocks, tall trees and mountain streams romping down their steep sides. By nightfall we were going down the other side, around sharp curves, where we could look out the window and see both the puffing engine in front belching blasts of black smoke and the back end of the train.

Finally the negro porter came through the car turning down the kerosene lamps. Then we went to the tiny toilet and got a last drink from the earthen water cooler and went back to our beds in the beautiful velvet chairs. We fell asleep with mixed dreams of aunts, uncles, big beautiful houses and our new home in the wild and wooly west.

We were awakened in the morning by the activities of Mother opening the telescopes, a blue canvas, leather bound, traveling case made in the style of a show box, only it was about 27" long, 18" wide and each section 12 and 15" deep, and could be made into a huge container to accomodate clothing, food, books or anything one wished to carry. This one was filled with huge, fragrant loaves of homemade bread, butter, jars of apple butter, applesauce, cottage cheese, hard boiled eggs, fried chicken, shoo fly pie, a sort of cake, and apples from Grandpa's orchard. It held enough food to last us through the trip. We could get coffee and milk at the stations where we stopped on the way.

Breakfast and our morning ablutions over, we settled down to counting houses, barns, horses, mules, much as children do now on long automobile trips. The land became flatter with towns and homesteads few and far between as we sped westward. By night the enchantment of the journey was wearing off. The beautiful velvet chairs were not so enticing to tired little bodies and food was no longer the tasty picnic of the earlier hours.

After another restless night the food with no refrigeration was not as palatable either for the next morning's breakfast, and by this time mother had two bilious, as they called it then, children on her hands. Papa and Dick did all they could to entertain us but our upset stomachs made us unappreciative of their efforts. Mid-afternoon saw the train huffing slower and slower and then the conductor came through the train calling Blairsburg, next stop. Soon with a jerk and a sign the train came to rest alongside an unpainted building of sorts with the words "Blairsburg Depot" in bold black letters painted across the front.

We gathered our luggage and clothing together and descended the steps of the train only to step in ankle deep mud. The look of consternation on my mother's face as she gazed at her lovely shiny kid shoes ankle deep in mud was long remembered.

Papa soon had things under control and took us to the hotel and made us as comfortable as possible in the cold parlor with strangers staring at us with some curiosity. He left to go to the livery stable where he rented a horse and rode out in the country about 4 1/2 miles to a friend's home, former Pennsylvania neighbors by the name of Baker, who were to take us in until our household things arrived.

After what seemed hours to my poor tired and homesick mother, Papa and Mr. Baker arrived in a lumber wagon drawn by a team of big farm horses. We were soon loaded into the wagon, stuffed half full of shiny yellow straw, making a soft bed where two sick and tired youngsters could at last stretch out and rest. We were soon fast asleep, missing the view of the little roadside lake curling around the curve as the mud road hugged the slight hill topped with

a house. Then we turned west and the road straightened out with marsh and slough here and there with traces of snow. After about 3 miles we turned into a farmyard. The barking of dogs announced our arrival and the house door opened and many people burst out welcoming the travelers into their midst.

Nelly Baker, a plump, rosy cheeked, young woman of 19, washed and cuddled us children and soon became our fairy godmother. After a generous supper, which we children were too sick to enjoy, we were hustled off to our bed, another pile of that lovely smelling straw piled in a corner of the Baker's summer kitchen, which, when covered with blankets, made a cozy bed for two tired children.

This kitchen was furnished with a big black range, which cooked our meals, as well as furnished heat for the room. We had a rough table for our meals and Papa and Mama had a bed in another corner of the room, with a cornhusk filled mattress loaned to us by the Bakers. Uncle Dick was allowed to share the room of their hired man. This proved disastrous as Uncle Dick in due time contracted a mild case of smallpox, a gift from the hired man. Naturally, we children contracted the disease from Uncle Dick. Papa had had it in childhood and Mama never did take childhood diseases.

At last, after about two weeks, our household goods arrived and we moved into our own house about 1 1/2 miles north and 1/2 mile west of the Bakers.

Mud almost hub deep on high wheeled wagons made moving our household belongings from the Blairsburg depot a monumental task. Some places around the lake seemed bottomless and the horses had to lunge as they lugged the heavy loads through the mire. This accomplished, the going was easier until about 10 rods from the house, where they encountered another boggy place which proved too much for one of the tugs which broke, delaying further travel until it was repaired with a chain and then at last they pulled into our yard.

As was usual in the country as that time, neighbors were on hand and made short work of unloading the wagons. New straw had been spread on the floors and soon Mama's gold and brown flower figured "ingrain" carpet was stretched tightly over this and tacked down in the parlor and front bedrooms.

The big black kitchen stove had been set up and Mama, Mrs. Baker, Nellie, and the next door neighbor lady, Mrs. Vesta Ferrell, were bustling around making dinner and lots of hot coffee and pie were served to the men on their arrival. Packing boxes and barrels made do as tables. The Ferrells had 3 children, Blanche, Herman's age, Earl, about my age, and Glen, a baby. As could be expected, we youngsters were more trouble than help. We got in everybody's way, but of course we had to explore every nook and corner. Nightfall found us settled in our new home at last. It was a far cry from Aunt Jane and Aunt Tabitha's huge house but it was ours and I had my rag doll with one crossed eye, but I loved her, and Herman had his William Tell bank with all the pennies shot by William Tell, who aimed his musket proudly through the apple on his son's head into the

castle behind him. Whatever became of that bank no one knows. What a treasure it would be now if some of his children had it, but it must have fallen by the wayside in our various moves in the new country.



*Herman Hemminger and Ruth Hemminger,
when children in Pennsylvania*

In due time, Papa bought two cows and some mama hogs, who soon had cute baby pigs. They were called Chester White and had snuffly turned up noses. We also had chickens, Plymouth Rocks, that were black and white and shared the barn with the other animals.

The weather was getting nice and warm and the mud dried up, except for the sloughs, which were many. One long one reached from just east of our house to the far east fence. This one never dried up and was overgrown with tall slough grass, cat tails, and bulrushes, making a refuge for field mice, muskrats, frogs, rabbits, and snakes of all kinds. Spotted adders, a long, slender, swift moving snake, a close relation of the fat, sluggish bullsnake, and the always present garter snakes, seemed to be everywhere. These snakes were all harmless, a real help for the farmer as they ate bugs, field mice, toads, grasshoppers and birds' eggs, their favorite delicacy.

Papa and Uncle Dick, with the willing help of the neighbors, operated some of the machinery such as the oats seeder, a contraption fastened on the back of a wagon. By turning a crank it broadcast the oats over the land. This required two men, Uncle Dick to drive the team and scoop the oats into the seeder and Papa to turn the crank constantly. The oats sown, it was time to get the ground ready and shell the seed corn in time to plant. Papa had a corn planter which planted two rows at a time, a far cry from the huge machines of today.

Mama kept busy washing and ironing; I should tell you later how this was done; baking bread and churning.

I must tell you what happened with the churning one time. Mama had put the sour cream in the huge barrel churn, a barrel with two sprockets extending from either side of the barrel, resting in a frame from which it hung. A crank or handle, was fastened to one of those sprockets to turn the churn, but first a lid was made fast on the top to keep the contents inside. Mama had put some cream in the churn and gone to get another crock of cream, but first placed the lid on, but not tightened. When she was gone, Uncle Dick, who was to turn the churn, came in, grabbed the crank just as Mama returned with the rest of the cream, and

gave one swift turn, and what a mess. The lid flew off and sour cream was spattered all over the ceiling, walls, and floor. Hours and gallons of hot water and bars of home-made soap were used to clean up the mess, and needless to say there was not much money for groceries that week. You see, the surplus butter and eggs were taken to the store and exchanged for supplies. By the way, the eggs were packed in a pail of oats to keep them from being broken as they were hauled over the rough bumpy roads in a lumber wagon, and the grocery boy had the job of digging them out of the oats. In the process sometimes he would accidentally poke his fingers through a thin shelled egg, making a gooey mess.



*Ruth's mother,
Emma Bertha
(Myers) Hemminger*

Mama was filled with consternation. That butter was to furnish the money to purchase some stamps so she could send a letter to the grandparents, who hadn't heard from us for many weeks. She knew they would be terribly worried, but where could they get two cents for the stamp for that letter? Papa said "Don't worry, honey, you write the letters, one to your folks, and one to my mother and I'll manage to get the

postage." Mama couldn't see how he could ever manage to get the necessary groceries and have enough left for stamps, but Papa assured her he would manage. He got the groceries then went to the post office with the letters. Reaching in his pocket, he pulled out his empty hand, pretending surprise, and said to the post mistress, "I must have left my pocket book at home and I promised Bertie I would mail these two letters to our folks in the east. They haven't heard from us for several weeks and I'm sure they are worried. Could you possibly loan me four cents until I come in next week?" She kindly gave him the stamps and the letters were off.

I was speaking about snakes. These provided some entertainment for Herman and me on a lazy summer afternoon as we played with our dog Shep on the front porch telling each other make believe stories and watching the tall prairie grass quiver and shake as the snakes slithered here and yon across the lawn on their travels, hunting for frogs, mice and such. Some ventured too close to the porch and Shep would spring into the grass and come up shaking a snake violently until it was dead, then he came back and sank down on the porch to finish his snooze and dream of more snakes to annihilate.

Another snake encounter took place one evening as Mama and I were gathering eggs. The hens didn't have a hen house with nests provided, so they hid their nests here and there about the buildings. When the hens became broody and wanted to set, Mama would take 12 to 15 fresh eggs and mark them with pencil marks, then place them

under the hens who would settle down to the business of hatching a family of baby chicks, or peeps, as Mama called them. After that Mama would have to check the nest every day, as other hens would lay fresh eggs in these nests. One evening as she raised the setting hen off the nest, she screamed and dropped the hen. Hiding under the hen was a big bull snake coiled up and unable to move as he had swallowed nearly all the eggs. Mama soon relieved the uncomfortable snake of his misery by decapitating him with her garden hoe.

In the fall when Papa was plowing the fields he would come in telling stories of the bull snakes and spotted adders slithering along in the furrows behind him, making short work of the uprooted field mice, ants, crickets, grasshoppers, and bugs.

The conversations of the men, when they met, were always about tiling the slough to make for more farm land; but that is another story. At last they began tiling and rough men did the digging of the trenches for the tile.

I remember two of the men, who were working on our place. They slept in the barn, but Mama fed them, and how they did eat. The noises were unforgettable, especially of the one named Dyson. He would "saucer" his coffee, then when cool enough, would gulp it with profound slurps and smacking of lips, then wipe his mouth with the back of his hand and of course his sleeve caught a lot of the dribbles. This made a deep impression on us children and when they were not present, if someone at the table made such a sound, one of us would pipe up with "Old Dyson." At least, it helped teach us some manners.

The next great event was the telephone. All we heard that summer of 1902 or 1903, when there was a gathering, was talk of the telephone. It was a little box hanging on the wall, with two bells on top that looked like huge eyes, with a long snout with a round hole on the end that you spoke into. This box also had a thing shaped like a long, slim cup hanging on one side and on the other was a handle or crank that you turned when you wanted to call someone. It seemed impossible. All summer long, gangs of men were setting tall poles and stringing wire. At last the mysterious telephone. All of us along the line had one and now came the proof. Papa turned the crank and the bells rang and he put the cup, called a receiver, to his ear and a person said hello. What a sensation. All the stories were true. That was the birth of the telephone in the Blairsburg area. What a change it made. That was progress. Every year has seen many changes.



The telegraph, flying machines, subs and space flights around the world and people landing on the moon. There is no end to progress. "God's in the heavens and all's right with the world."

Grandma Ruth

Ruth Hemminger Hupp

1993 REUNION TRIP TO SWITZERLAND AND FRANCE



Jakob Tritten and Micheline Furon-Tritten

Our Swiss cousins represented by KURT TRITTEN (Lenk) and our French cousins represented by MICHELINE FURON-TRITTEN (Chatillon sur Seine) have invited us to return to Europe in 1993 for a world wide family reunion. Inclusive dates are Thursday, June 17 through Thursday, July 1st. For those wanting to stay later we plan to offer an optional return date.



Kurt Tritten

PLAN. The plan is to meet in Lenk and tour the surrounding area of our earliest roots for 4-5 days. Following this we will be transported via deluxe motor coach on a circuit around Switzerland and France visiting some classic tourist spots and out-of-the-way places known to our cousins. In France we will meet with another large segment of the Tritten-Tritt family and tour the Burgundy wine area. Our guide and driver will be our cousin JAKOB TRITTEN of Zweisimmen, Switzerland, who hosted us so well during the 1989 Remigration Tour.

ESTIMATED COST. With the dollar fluctuating so much it is impossible to set a fixed fee at this time. However, an estimated amount is somewhere between \$2,200 and \$2,500 per person—including flight, ground transportation, hotel, two meals per day, and more.

SIZE OF GROUP. Due to the size of European motor coaches and the availability of accommodations at places we will visit, it will be necessary to limit the size of the group to 50 persons.

DEPOSIT AND PAYMENT SCHEDULE. We will take reservations on a policy of "first-come, first-served" basis i.e., early deposits will assure a spot, later deposits a place on the mailing list. To assure your reservation send a deposit in the amount of \$250 per person made out to:

"TRITT FAMILY TOUR ESCROW ACCOUNT"

and sent to:

Donald G. Tritt
4072 Goose Lane, S.W.
Granville, Ohio 43023-9670
Telephone: (614) 587-0213

NOTE: Full refund of your deposit will be possible up to 90 days before departure.

In the next issue of the Newsletter we will set up a payment schedule.



Translation of a
newspaper article

From the Oberlander Zeitung
about the 1989 Remigration Tour

Following the ancestors' tracks

A group of persons in America with the family name of "Tritt" have concerned themselves with genalogical research since 1977. They have great interest in the places whence they came and the migration processes which led them to America, and this has led to the foundation of the "Tritt Family Research" organization. Each year a national meeting is held in the USA, and a newsletter informs the more than 800 members of the latest investigation results.

At the beginning of the 18th century, families migrated from the Simmen valley, primarily for economic reasons. "Tritt Family Research" workers ascertained that Hans Peter and Christian Tritt traveled on the ship "Robert and Alice", which landed in Pennsylvania on the 3rd September 1739 - 250 years ago - and settled in Reamstown, Cocalico Township, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. The existence of these brothers was the starting point for the America's research. The first Tritten emigration led via the villages of Erzingen and Onstmettigen (near the Hohenzollern castle south of Stuttgart) and roots can also be found in the Alsatian town of Diedendorf.

In celebration of the 250th anniversary, a delegation of the "Tritt Family Research" foundation has been in Lenk and St. Stephan since 17 June 1989, to look at the land of their ancestors, and to make contacts with other Tritten families. Gathered in this first "Tritten Family Reunion" are relatives and families of the USA, France, Germany, Sweden, New Zealand and Switzerland. We want to tell our townspeople about it and we hope for a welcoming reception.

Hans Forrer, Lenk

TREASURER'S REPORT

Jan. 1, 1991 to Dec. 31, 1991

Balance Jan. 1, 1991 \$1688.50
Income \$2095.57
Total before expenses \$3784.07
Less expenses \$1994.81
Balance Dec. 31, 1991 \$1789.26

Thanks to many of you, 1991 has been another year of financial support for which we are most grateful. Income from donations totaled \$1047.50 while \$630.00 was realized from the sale of cookbooks. The remainder of income was derived from the sale of family trees, diaries, pencils, stationery, etc. This income again allows us to prepare and mail this annual newsletter to over 1200 people on our updated mailing list and still not have a budget in the red. Last year \$962.63 was expended on the newsletter, so that based on a mailing list of approximately 900 last year, the cost to produce last year's newsletter amounted to just over one dollar each. In addition, a one time cost of \$779.32 for cookbooks is included in the expense column for last year.

To those of you who receive this newsletter and have not made a monetary contribution, won't you consider making a donation? During the last year our mailing list has increased to nearly 1300 addresses, so 1400 copies of this newsletter were printed. It is a nice feeling to know that you have helped the cause while providing yourself a sense of belonging.

W. Wayne Tritt
Treasurer



William Tell Statue, Alt Dorf

TFR DONORS FOR 1991

Ron LaPoint, Oshkosh, WI
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Elaine Collins, Omro, WI
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Virginia (Tritt) Taylor, Brownsville, TN
Stanley & Mary (Tritt) Harper, Urbana, IL
Norda A. Roper, Delta, UT
Howard C. Tritt, Freeburg, IL
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TRITT FAMILY COOKBOOKS ARE STILL AVAILABLE

Sales of the cookbook have been good, but we still have one waiting for your order. We have had nice compliments on them and we know that you, too, will be well pleased. Why not take the time to fill out the order form at the end of this newsletter and order your copy today? And while you're at it, why not order one for a gift! You won't be disappointed. They sell for just \$7.50 per book which includes postage and handling. We await hearing from you.



The following items are available for purchase from TFR. Please complete the following order form and mail to:
Wm. Wayne Tritt, 24 Old Stone House Road, Carlisle, PA 17013. Postage and handling will be paid by TFR.

- _____ Tritt Family Cookbook - \$7.50
- _____ Wooden lead pencils with TRITT FAMILY RESEARCH inscribed - lot of 25 - \$4.00
- _____ Civil War Diary of William Tritt - \$5.00
- _____ Annual Newsletter - Issues 1-12 (Specify Issue Number(s) _____) - \$1.00 each
- _____ Stationery with the Tritt House on the front - \$4.00
- _____ Schematic Map of Tritt sites in Cumberland, York and Lancaster Counties, Penna. - \$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
- _____ "Tritt" Luggage Tag - a 2 1/2 x 4 1/4" tag with TRITT in 1 1/8" black letters on front and ID card on back. - \$2.00

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 Paid Permit No. 8 Boiling Springs, PA

Address Correction Requested