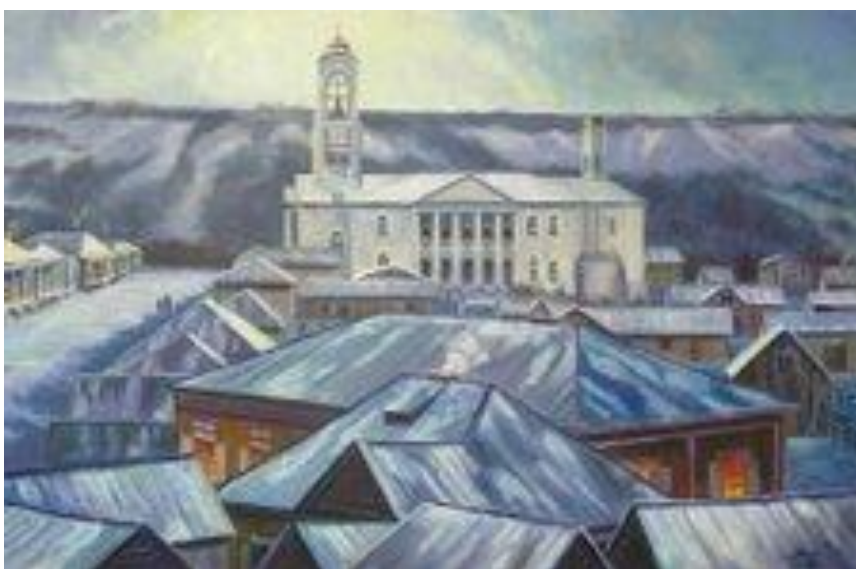


# **MARIENTAL CHASSELOIS LOUIS**

***DAYS OF YORE***

**DEC 2010**

**ISSUE TWENTY-NINE**



**Mariental, Russia by Michael Boss  
Oil on Linen – 20" x 30"  
From the Collection of Signature Associates**

## **Topic's:**

**Editor's Comments  
Catholic Priests stories  
Baptism Record Recording  
Articles about Louis, Russia  
A True Story  
Whisper**

## **GR-Volga Proverbs:**

**The lamp burns brightest when  
the wick and oil are clean**

## Editor's Comments:

**Merry Christmas to all and I hope that your New Year is safe and your health is good. I have to tell you something that I learned this past year. Do not hide your money in your Bible, as the thieves know about that and will look through your Bible. And don't hide your money in your recipe card file, as the thieves will look through it also!! Although I did not hide my money in those places, my bible and my recipe card file were both setting out where they never were before. *That is my tip for you all for the coming year.***

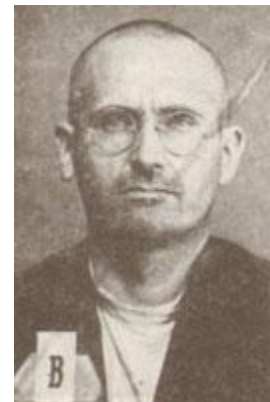
### A Catholic Priest from Mariental



Peter Weigel

Weigel, PI (Weigel, Peter) (1892, pp Wwort (Duke) Novouzensk, County Samara, 11/3/1937 in the track Sandandarmoh Medvizorsky District, Republic of Karelia) a Catholic priest, a connoisseur of Germans and foreign literature. Graduated from the Saratov Roman Catholic seminary. In 1916, he was elevated to the priesthood. He served with Wort (Duke) in the Volga region. From 1921 – Vicar in with Tonkourovka (Mariental), and later a priest and from 1928 was Kurate joining Mariental

He graduated from the Theological and Philological facilities of the University and the missionary department of the Gregotian University in Rome. Was a Missionary in Africa, Pasaraguay, Brazil, Peru. In the Vatican he was ordained a prelate. In 1930, on behalf of the congregation for Oriental churches was sent to the USSR. He served in the parish in Mariental with the Volga Germans.



In Feb. 2, 1930, he was arrested in Mariental on a cluster to the German Catholic clergy of the Volga Region. June 19<sup>th</sup> transferred for further investigation in Moscow and imprisoned in the Butyrskaya prison. April 20, 1931, he was convicted in Regulation OGPU under /Art. 58-2.4.6 and 10 of the criminal code of the PSFSR to capital Punishment: commuted to 10 years hard labor camp. Posted to Salovki prison camp where in 1937 he was arrested in the prison regime. On 10/9/1937 by order of the special NKVD of the Leningrad region was sentenced to capital punishment and on 11/3/1937 shot in the trct(?) under Sandasmoh Medvezhegorsky.

BERATTS, GOTLIEB ( in Wart (Duke) , Beratz Gottlieb) 1871 Ust-slut (Goebel) Kamiphishinsky, Saratov Province. 1921, Wort (Duke) Marksshtadtskago (Areas of the Volga German Catholic priests in the Volga Region). A historian, playwright (von Goebel). He studied at the seminary in Saratov. Was ordained in 1894 by Bishop A. Tserrom in Saratov. In 1894-1909, Father in Berzovka (Deller), isolated in 1894 from the parish as a separate Brabander (about 3,000 members). In 1901 kurata, in 1909-11, temporarily acted as a confessor In the Tiraspol Seminary, Saratov. Since 1911, a Catholic priest in Wort (Duke) Mariental skogo Dean. Author of "The German Colony on the Lower Volga in their establishment and initial development, the fundamental study on the 150 th Anniversary of the arrival of the colonists in the Volga Region. (The second edition of the book was done posthumously in 1923 in Berlin). In 1921, he was accused of involvement in the peasant uprising in the colonies in Marksshtadyskogo centered in Mariental. The Outreach session of the Revolutionary Tribunal handed down in the county 286 death sentences. They decided to shoot the priest as one of the leaders of the uprising. The Appeal Tribunal of the Central Executive Committee asked approval from BA for a pardon, but the local Revolutionary Tribunal carried out the sentence.

Submitted by Darrell Brungardt



II  
Formula scribendi baptizatos.

Anno 1733, die viii 30. mensis juli natus, et die 21. ejusdem mensis  
21. quidem mensis presentem per absentem patrem baptizatus fuit  
N. filius legitimus N. M. de N. N. conjugum ea obijebat, postquam  
fuit N. N. ea obijebat, matrisque fuit N. N. de N. N. qui

Si infans non sit ex legitimo matrimonio natus  
Anno 1733, die viii 30. mensis juli natus, et die 21. ejusdem mensis  
Baptizatus fuit N. filius N. M. de N. N. quem pater N. N. de N. N. ea  
N. N. affirmavit, et nobis à N. N. obstetrici in h. videretur, quod dicitur  
propter idem N. N. Cum, ut sine iuramento in partibus doloribus delirare  
et obstetricibus N. N. N. N. se à paterit. N. N. concepit. Si mulier  
non redierit, re quo sit gravida, sunt id jurisjurandi officium conuenit,  
de eadem notabile.

Si obijt pater, ignoretur, vide formula  
Si infans fuerit expositus, vide formula 173.  
Formula scribendi baptizatum domi in necessitate  
Anno 1733, die viii 30. mensis juli natus, et die 21. ejusdem mensis  
in loco necessitate impediendo mortuo a N. N. obstetrici, attestantibus  
N. N. et N. N. baptizatus fuit N. filius legitimus N. M. de N. N.  
Conjugum ea obijebat, et haec nobis attulit N. N.

Formula scribendi Comensias baptizati suppletos.  
Anno 1733, die viii 30. mensis juli suppleta suavitatis Comensias baptismi  
N. filius legitimus N. M. de N. N. conjugum ea obijebat, qui die 20. mensis  
juli anni 1733. natus, et die 21. quidem mensis in sua nece fuit domi  
baptizatus fuit, palamque N. N. ea obijebat, matrisque fuit N. N. de N. N.

Formula scribendi nomina sanctorum, vide 174.  
Formula scribendi sponsalia  
Anno 1733, die viii 30. mensis juli N. N. de N. N. filius legitimus  
N. N. de N. N. conjugum ea obijebat, et N. N. filia legitima N. N.  
et N. N. conjugum ea N. N. mutuo promissionem matrimonium quam  
Pro' mandatorum quorum sponsalia veniant in praesentia N. N. de  
obijebat et N. N. de N. N. N. N. de N. N. de N. N.

Darrell Brungardt

I am sorry to say that I cannot find my notes on who sent me these letters from Louis, Russia.  
 If it was you, please let me know so that I may give to you the proper acknowledgement in my next newsletter. -  
 Thelma

<p align="center"><b>THE NEED IN RUSSIA</b></p> <p align="center">Louis, Russia, March 20, 1922</p> <p align="center">Mr. John Quint, Hays, Kansas.</p> <p>Dear Brother:</p> <p>Best wishes from us all to you and your entire family and we hope that this letter will reach you in good health. We are all well.</p> <p>My dear brother this is the fourth letter I have written to you but still have received no reply. How are you getting along. All others seem to hear from their friends in America, only you seem to have forgotten us. I do not know what to do. I have tried everything possible to obtain relief, but all of no avail. I would, therefore, again ask that you help us, for we are all doomed to starvation. I can hardly sleep on account of worrying about what will follow.</p> <p>We have often wished if we could get only one full meal.</p> <p>In my previous letters I wrote you about what we eat. We have no bread, price being prohibitive, but are forced to eat the meat of dogs, cats, and horses, and we do not even get enough of that. Sickness cannot be prevented. Such is the famine here. Many people have died, we do even know the number.</p> <p>I again ask you to help us. Forty pounds of flour cost 4,000,000 rubles, which is more than our entire property is worth. All other people here who have friends in America or Germany seem to obtain relief. Go to our son-in-law, Clemens, and ask him to remember us in our old age that we may not starve.</p> <p>The children of our brother, Jacob, have gone to the cities. Regarding the weather wish to advise that we had no snow during this last winter, such as hardly ever before. You might wonder what we did with all our property. On Dec. 25, 1921, the Reds came and robbed us of practically everything. I was arrested and kept in prison for a month with the worst criminals. Michael also was arrested and kept in the same prison.</p>	<p>I could write you more about the revolution. Our poverty started then already and with no crop this year you can easily imagine how we are getting along. It is with reluctance that I write to you about this poverty.</p> <p>Before closing I would again beseech you not to forget us. Kindly help us in whatever way you can. With kindest regards we are your brother and sister-in-law.</p> <p>John Peter and Anna Maria Quint.</p> <p>Mr. John Quinte of this place by whom above letter was received states that at two different times, he sent money to his brother, and also several packages, but nothing has been received by his brother. All money was sent through the American Relief Society, but it seems that in spite of their efforts some things do not reach the destination for which they are intended.</p> <p>Many people on the verge of despair have taken Tanlac and recovered. —C. A. Harkness.</p> <p>When we opened our store in your city, we were a little afraid of its success, on account of this being a farming community, naturally farmers having only one crop to depend upon for money. We were afraid that a cash business would not appeal to them. But, we are happily surprised. Business is getting better every day, and our efforts are appreciated beyond our expectations. Goods are coming in now. Watch for our sale.</p> <p>—Wholesalers Cash Stores Co., We Sell for Less. 21-1t</p> <p>Next week the price list for the Rexall Sale will appear in this paper. Watch for it.</p> <p>Tarts, pies, coffee cake and good bread at the Bissing Bakery — 10-1f</p> <p>Save money by buying 2000 lb. ice block. Ask us about it.—Golden Belt Creamery &amp; Ice Co., phone 484</p>
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## CONDITIONS IN RUSSIA

Dec. 10, 1921.

Mr. John Quint, Hays, Kan.

Dear Brother:

Best wishes from your brother and sister-in-law, John Peter and Anna Maria Quint, to you, our brother and sister-in-law, John and Francis Quint. We are all still well and hope that this letter will reach you also in the best of health.

In the beginning of my letter I stated that we are all still well, but conditions in Russia, are very poor, especially here at Louis and the other colonies. Last year the government deprived us of nearly all provisions and live stock and this year our harvest was not sufficient to provide a living. I had 40 acres of wheat and 20 acres of corn, but the total yield was only about 15 bushels. We do not know any more how bread tastes, and we eat horseflesh if we can get it. It is impossible to get beef, mutton, or pork, or any kind of bread, since as stated before the government took all away from us.

Many people have died of hunger. Only about half of the people of Louis are left. Some families have died out altogether. Many have gone to other cities only to die of starvation there. Lue had a population of 7000, of whom about 3000 are left. The number of deaths is from ten to fifteen daily, and likewise the remaining live-stock dies. We had five horses last summer of which we still have one. The others we either sold or ate. We had three cows, now we have one left. Our other belongings we traded for food to the Russians of Saratov who had a good harvest, but even they have scarcely enough to live.

Dear brother, I cannot fully describe the conditions here. We hear that America wants to help us, but up to this time we have received nothing. If we do not get any outside help we are all doomed to perish with the famine. The revolutionists have taken everything. Our present government is hardly able to help. Now they have provided some food for the children, namely once daily. We hear that America intends to provide food for both old and young.

Let us know how you are getting along. Everything is very high here. Bread costs 9000 rubles a pound, corn 700,000 rubles a bushel, wheat is still higher, potatoes 2000 rubles a pound. Horses cost from 2,000,000 rubles upward.

Awaiting your prompt reply, I am,  
Your brother

John Peter Quint.



## **A TRUE STORY**

The brand new pastor and his wife, newly assigned to their first ministry, to reopen a church in suburban Brooklyn, arrived in early October excited about their opportunities. When they saw their church, it was very run down and needed much work. They set a goal to have everything done in time to have their first service on Christmas Eve.

They worked hard, repairing pews, plastering walls, painting, etc, and on December 18 were ahead of schedule and just about finished. On December 19 a terrible tempest - a driving rain storm hit the area and lasted for two days. On the 21st, the pastor went over to the church. His heart sank when he saw that the roof had leaked, causing a large area of plaster about 20 feet by 8 feet to fall off the front wall of the sanctuary just behind the pulpit, beginning about head high. The pastor cleaned up the mess on the floor, and not knowing what else to do but postpone the Christmas Eve service, headed home. On the way he noticed that a local business was having a flea market type sale for charity, so he stopped in. One of the items was a beautiful, handmade, ivory colored, crocheted tablecloth with exquisite work, fine colors and a Cross embroidered right in the center. It was just the right size to cover the hole in the front wall. He bought it and headed back to the church. By this time it had started to snow. An older woman running from the opposite direction was trying to catch the bus. She missed it. The pastor invited her to wait in the warm church for the next bus 45 minutes later. She sat in a pew and paid no attention to the pastor while he got a ladder, hangers, etc., to put up the tablecloth as a wall tapestry. The pastor could hardly believe how beautiful it looked and it covered up the entire problem area. Then he noticed the woman walking down the center aisle. Her face was like a sheet. "Pastor," she asked, "where did you get that tablecloth?"

The pastor explained. The woman asked him to check the lower right corner to see if the initials, EBG were crocheted into it there. They were. These were the initials of the woman, and she had made this tablecloth 35 years before, in Austria. The woman could hardly believe it as the pastor told how he had just gotten "The Tablecloth". The woman explained that before the war she and her husband were well-to-do people in Austria. When the Nazis came, she was forced to leave. Her husband was going to follow her the next week. He was captured, sent to prison and she never saw her husband or her home again. The pastor wanted to give her the tablecloth; but she made the pastor keep it for the church. The pastor insisted on driving her home. That was the least he could do. She lived on the other side of Staten Island and was only in Brooklyn for the day for a housecleaning job. What a wonderful service they had on Christmas Eve. The church was almost full. The music and the spirit were great. At the end of the service, the pastor and his wife greeted everyone at the door and many said that they would return. One older man, whom the pastor recognized from the neighborhood continued to sit in one of the pews and stare, and the pastor wondered why he wasn't leaving. The man asked him where he got the tablecloth on the front wall because it was identical to one that his wife had made years ago when they lived in Austria before the war and how could there be two tablecloths so much alike? He told the pastor how the Nazis came, how he forced his wife to flee for her safety and he was supposed to follow her, but he was arrested and put in a prison. He never saw his wife or his home again all the 35 years between.

The pastor asked him if he would allow him to take him for a little ride. They drove to Staten Island and to the same house where the pastor had taken the woman three days earlier. He helped the man climb the three flights of stairs to the woman's apartment, knocked on the door and he saw the greatest Christmas reunion he could ever imagine.

True Story - submitted by Pastor Rob Reid  
who says God does work in mysterious ways.

## **WHISPER:**

A mouse looked through the crack in the wall to see the farmer and his wife open a package. What food might this contain?' The mouse wondered – he was devastated to discover it was a mousetrap. Retreating to the farmyard, the mouse proclaimed the warning. “There is a mousetrap in the house! There is a mousetrap in the house!”

The chicken clucked and scratched, raised her head and said,” Mr. Mouse, I can tell that this is a grave concern    To you, but it is of no consequence to me. I cannot be bothered by it.”

The mouse turned to the pig and told him, “There is a mousetrap in the house! There is a mouse trap in the house!” The pig sympathized, but said, I am so very sorry, Mr. Mouse, but there is nothing I can do about it but pray. ”Be assured you are in my prayers.”

The mouse turned to the cow and said, “There’s a mousetrap in the house! There’s a mousetrap in the house! ”The cow said,”Wow. Mr. Mouse, I’m sorry for you, but it’s no skin off my nose.”

So the mouse returned to the house, head down and dejected to face the mousetrap alone.

That very night a sound was heard throughout the house -- like the sound of a mousetrap catching its prey. The farmer's wife rushed to see what was caught. In the darkness, she did not see it was a venomous snake whose tail the trap had caught. The snake bit the farmer's wife. The farmer rushed her to the hospital and she returned home with a fever. Everyone knows you treat a fever with fresh chicken soup, so the farmer took his hatchet to the farmyard for the soup's main ingredient. But his wife’s sickness continued so friends and neighbors came to sit with her around the clock. To feed them, the farmer butchered the pig. The farmer’s wife did not get well. Then she died. So many people came for her funeral; the farmer had the cow slaughtered to provide enough meat for all of them.

The mouse looked upon it all from his crack in the wall with great sadness. So, the next time you hear someone is facing a problem and think it doesn't concern you, remember --when one of us is threatened, we are all at risk. We are all involved in this journey called life. We must keep an eye out for one another and make an extra effort to encourage one another.



