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Swiss-American Historical Society

Newsletter

Volume XXIV, No. 3

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SWISS AMERICAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY NEWSLETTER

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Articles in this Newsletter are abstracted in
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Prefatory Note:

This newsletter contains a variety of contributions. It offers, first, the report of a Swiss immigrant from 1866 who had found employment in New York City. It includes, second, some humorous bi-lingual vignettes that were collected by Ruth Harbecke Jewett. The piece is an outgrowth of her study, The Swiss Connection. The Lives and Times of Frederick Joss and Emily Bigler Joss and Their Descendants (Chicago: Privately Printed, 1983), parts of which have appeared in the SAHS Newsletter XXI, No. 3 (November 1988):3 - 47.

Of special interest is also Richard J. Castor's report on the 1987 Gerster/Castor reunion in Basel, Switzerland. It was a follow-up of the marvelous 1986 three-day gathering at Valley Forge, Pennsylvania, he had helped organize that celebrated Hans Georg Gerster's and Eva Gysin's arrival in Pennsylvania two hundred and fifty years before. Those two immigrants were the progenitors of numerous Gerster/Castors who now live widely dispersed all over the United States.

The fourth and fifth pieces complement the June 1988 Newsletter which contained Walter Angst's captivating autobiographical sketch. His essay provides insight not only into the emergence of a heraldic creation, but also spells out the principles he followed in shaping a symbol that is at once thematically appropriate, esthetically appealing, and formally compatible with tradition. A list of his publications and samples of his ideas for American State flags conclude the issue.

To all a happy holiday season!

Leo Schelbert, editor

I.

A LETTER OF JOHANN GROB OF ST. IMIER

TO HIS PARENTS, WRITTEN IN

JERSEY CITY ON JUNE 10, 1866

Ms. Elisabeth Fowler of Oak Park, Illinois, found Johann Grob's letter among her family papers. "I have never heard how we got the copy over here," she wrote, "but we did have a cousin (in my father's generation or maybe a bit older) who used to go back and forth to Switzerland." Although it is not known who has translated the document nor where the original might be, the letter sounds authentic and reports valuable details about Grob's ocean crossing and his first weeks in the United States.

Dear Parents:

It is now nine weeks since I left St. Imier (Switzerland) and it is just three days that I have found work in New York with a book-binder, a Jew. Today I am at Abraham's and have a good chance to write. I will tell you a little in detail about our completed voyage, as you asked me to, and how I find it here.

Our trip until Le Havre (France) I have described to you from there. We had three days of rest until we went on board the two-masted ship from which I wrote you. Exactly forty days passed from the day on which we boarded the ship to the day of our landing in New York. Although it was rather long we can speak of a happily survived passage. We never had any storms and no contagious diseases on the ship, only a great deal of contrary winds, which caused the slow passage. During the first fourteen days there was a great deal of seasickness, mostly the females suffered. Very few escaped being seasick. There were families when all were lying sick and none could help the other, and some who could not stand the sea life, from the first until the last day on account of such weak constitutions. I

myself noticed only the least of any seasickness. I was always well, excepting that for a few days I had a swollen head on account of a toothache, which I had from the first day when I left St. Imier for Basel (Switzerland), because late at night I lost my way and slept in a wagon. Many ships have come in lately that came from North Germany by way of Liverpool, whose passengers got the cholera. Many died on the way and the sick ones now must stay outside the harbor until they are well again. On our sailing ship were 230 emigrants and many thousands more are also coming over. We were well cared for with food.

In Le Havre everyone supplied themselves with a ham, rice, flour, sugar, coffee, beans, salt, butter, poncho, and then our straw mattress, woolen blanket, a dish with fork and spoon, water can, bread pan and cooking pot. Whoever had no room for his provisions had to buy himself a chest in Le Havre for 6½ francs, but most of those broke during the trip. On the ship they issued every eight days potatoes and zweibach, the latter I liked real well instead of bread. It is unsalted in four cornered tablets four inches square and half inch thick and very hard. When they are soaked in salt water and then fried with pork it was real good. Our butter which we had secured was very bad. We were told it was horse fat. It was very strongly salted. The butter we have here is very strongly salted too, but it is better.

The cooking -- that was the greatest problem we had on the ship. The kitchen was so small. There were always quarrels and altercations. Everyone wanted to be first. The kitchen or the cooking hearth was an iron grate on which hard coals were poured and over this was an iron hook on which one hung the pots with an iron wire. Many had already in the first few days no more dishes to cook with. If there was not enough water in the pots then they would come apart, because right around the middle they were soldered, or if the wind was strong and the ship rolled, then the kettles swung against each other. It was the same way with the water cans. Very few lasted until the trip was over. In general the sea trip is an uncomfortable time,

particularly for men that have a family with them. The best thing to take along on the ocean is something to drink. In Havre I bought myself two bottles of rum. They went good. The first few days I did not eat much, but once in a while I would take a drink. That is the best remedy against seasickness. It would be best to lay in a supply of food and to leave room in your trunks for it. Then it would not be necessary to spend money for it in Havre, and you would have a good box with a good lock on it, because nothing is safe on the ship that is not locked up. On Saturday we arrived in the harbor of New York and stayed there until Monday evening. I gave my woolen blanket and straw sack to my bed fellow for which I took his remaining rice and coffee. There were about two pounds of each left. We had made coffee only about three times, for it was very seldom we had warm coffee on the ship, and our coffee cans were ruined the first day.

In New York all the emigrants were unloaded in Castle Garden, where they had free sleeping quarters if they wanted them, but no beds, only on benches or on the floor. On the next day I looked up Abraham. One rides for 5¢ across on the steamboat. Abraham could not meet me because I had not written him the name of the ship from Basel. Castle Garden is the round building in the foreground which you can see on the picture. Jersey City lies on the left side. I have worked the last three days in New York. Board and lodging is furnished by the boss with \$2.00 wages per week. Laundry is included. That is not very much for here but one must be satisfied with that at the beginning. The work here is done in a different manner from that at home and as soon as I have worked myself in a little I can ask for more; otherwise, I am satisfied. The hours are from 7:00 a.m. until 6:00 p.m. After 6:00 o'clock we go for a walk. I find the life more pleasant in New York than in Paris. In the mornings I have black coffee with boiled eggs, bread and butter; at noon, meat, salad, bread. In the evening, tea, eggs like in the morning, and at night beer, bread and cheese. Abraham is in good health. Dorothea and the boys too. They send you many greetings, also George and Joseph and the sisters. I will give you the address of Abraham so you can write to him.

II.

ZWISCHEN DEUTSCH UND ENGLISCH:

BILINGUAL PUNS

GRANDMOTHER'S PUNS

Grandmother Joss had a quiet sense of humor and was not above having a little fun with the language:

In Bensenville the church bell was rung at 5 p.m. every Saturday afternoon to remind us that the following day would be Sunday and our presence in church would be appreciated. Grandmother's usual comment was: "Ah, die Kirche bellt schon."

When it came time in the late afternoon to turn on the light, Grandmother would flick the light switch with a mischievous twinkle in her eye and say, "Let's have a little hell in here."

When my aunt and uncle would be leaving to visit mutual friends they would say something like, "We're leaving now to call on the Mumstermans," and Grandmother would reply, "Well, grease them for me."

Grandmother's world was completely English in her later years, but she always preferred the German language - for her private devotions and prayers. When we sang a hymn in church that she knew in German, if you listened closely you would hear her singing softly in German.

Grandmother used to call on Mrs. Grobe who lived just down the street. Upon her return, Grandmother would recap her conversation with Mrs. Grobe. The ladies evidently always began speaking English, but within a very few minutes they would lapse into their favorite High German. We always knew exactly when this transition would occur for Grandmother would say, "Und dann hat sie gesagt..." and we knew

the world got into a really serious conversation.

PUT THAT AWAY

Grandfather Joss was not above a bit of teasing. Once I inquired of Grandmother, "How do you say 'put that away' in German?"

Before she could reply, Grandfather said something like: "Nimm und durch den Tür schmeissen."

"Schmeissen?" I looked at him in utter bewilderment. What was I hearing?

Grandfather's face was impassive as always but his brown eyes behind his horn rimmed glasses twinkled with mirth.

HIER IST DEIN KÖRBCHEN!

Once when I was in my teens my grandparents and I were enjoying some fresh plums on my summer holiday with them.

The little plum pit reminded me of the dainty little carved peach basket worn by a high school classmate. I described the "darling little basket" at great length as only a teenager could do. Finally Grandfather abruptly got up and went downstairs.

I thought sadly, "Well, I guess there's a limit to the amount of girlish chatter a man can stand. But a few minutes later Grandfather came upstairs and tossed a small brown object in my direction, commenting, "Na! Hier ist dein Körbchen!"

He had carved a tiny basket out of the plum stone! Later, when we had our first peaches, he made me a peach basket also.

COUNTRY DANCE

This little episode happened in the early 1900's before Hedwig and Hulda, the two eldest Joss daughters, were married. They had attended a delightful local dance and had returned home quietly, a bit late, and were in their upstairs bedroom talking over the events of the evening.

Hedwig and Hulda had found much to please them -- the music, the flowers, and the gallant young men who whirled them around the dance floor --

"... and the style!" squealed fashion-conscious Hulda.

Suddenly there was an outraged bellow from the bedroom below:
"Ja, ja! Never mind the style! MACH DAS DU INS BETT GEHST!"
Frederick Joss had the last word.

MODERATION

Grandfather Joss was a believer in moderation at all times. According to an oft-told tale he had done a trifling favor for his nephew's wife, an exuberant young woman with an Italian Swiss background.

"Onkel, ich danke dir tausend mal!" Giulia exclaimed.

"Ja, ja. Halb so viel wird auch genug," replied Grandfather.

BILINGUAL PUN

As a little girl on my grandfather's farm in the 20's I remember Grandfather's friends greeting him with, "Wie gehts, Fritz."

"Oh, the gate's all right, but the fence is broken," Grandfather would reply.

In 1985 I asked a Bensenville friend whose parents had come from Germany in the very early 30's if she had ever heard this expression. Frieda laughed and said, "My father used it all the time. And we spoke only 'good' German in our house."

I am quite sure this expression was used by all the German farmers in rural Bensenville which is now part of O'Hare International Airport.

It would be interesting to know if this clever pun in German and English were used in other parts of the country.

CHRISTMAS GREETING

Grandfather Joss never wished anyone a Merry Christmas. Instead, he always said, "Merry Kriegsnichts." I was told this was a pun meaning "merry receive nothing."

BENSENVILLE ANGLO-DEUTSCH

The small town of Bensenville, Illinois, about 17 miles northwest of Chicago, was founded by a number of German families, and attracted retired German farmers from what is now the O'Hare Airport area, as well as natives of Germany who came - as Henry Jonas did, from Germany to become our baker, Laumann was the butcher and Schmidt came from Austria. The shoemaker spoke half English and half German when discussing shoe repair.

Sometimes the German had a little English gemixed with it and sometimes a German word was anglicized.

The following conversation was overheard in a Bensenville grocery store many years ago:

Customer: Where did you put the chocolate marshmallow cookies?

Clerk: In the bottom of the bag.

Customer: Ach, Dummkopf! Es wird alles gemasched sein.

My father talking about a farm deal he had to pass up: "Ich konnte es nicht schwingen."

The shoemaker called a lift a "blatt" and when I asked for metal tips on my shoes he referred to them as "hoofeisen."

A delightful elderly lady in Bensenville was Mrs. Martha Baumgartner whose German accent belied her lifetime in the United States. She said she always bawled out her daughters in Low German because she could talk faster in Plattdeutsch. It wasn't only what she said, but her accent and inflection made it even more hilarious.

Once when I admired Mrs. B's pretty set of breakfast dishes with its border of strawberries, she replied, "Ja, dey look all right, but

after you use dem for a while all die ears is off die cups."

When I visited her shortly after my move to Chicago and told Mrs. B. about my new apartment she said, "Ach, bei good people it always goes good yet, ain't it?"

Two words that were used in Bensenville were "verknausched" and "verknudelt."

Verknausched meant squashed: i.e., "I saw Herman's car after he ran into the tree. It was really verknausched."

Verknausched also meant intoxicated, i.e., "Ed really was verknausched when he went to the anniversary party."

"Verknudelt" meant confused: "I sat down to study my income tax and inside of ten minutes I was ganz verknudelt."

ES HAT GENUG GEREGNET

The five Joss children attended German confirmation school at St. John's Church in Addison, Illinois. Classes were conducted entirely in German. It was an excellent way for the children to learn High German as well as to fulfill the requirements for church membership.

One story handed down through the years in the Joss family concerned the youngest daughter Emily, who arrived late one morning, delayed by a heavy rainstorm. Emily found herself the last of seven pupils lined up in front of the pastor to offer an excuse for tardiness.

The first pupil began: "Es hat geregnet ... and my mother said to wait until the rain was over."

The next pupil began: "Es hat geregnet ... and my father said to wait and when it stopped he would hitch up and take me to school."

Finally it was little Emily's turn to explain. Timidly she began: "Es hat geregnet ..." but the pastor stopped her.

"Ja, ja," he said wearily, "es hat genug geregnet. Nimm dein Platz."

CABBAGE SOUP

Samuel Bigler's wife, Annie, believed that children should clean up their plates at every meal. Oscar and Florence Bigler learned this the hard way when they turned up their noses at the cabbage soup one evening.

The following day the cabbage soup was warmed up for lunch. When the soup went uneaten, it was heated up again and served to the children for their evening meal.

By this time, Oscar was quite hungry and managed to choke down most of the, by now very unappetizing, cabbage soup. His admiring sister Florence asked him in German how he managed to eat the soup. Oscar replied: "Ich gleich ess. Ich nicht lang schmeck."

IF YOU CAN'T DO ANY BETTER

Victor Kulp met his wife, Giulia Koelleker of Milan, while he was on a trip to Europe. According to the story, he was admiring the view from his hotel balcony when he became aware of a dark-haired young lady on a nearby balcony who was also enjoying the view.

Giulia was the daughter of a wealthy Italian Swiss businessman in Milan. She had studied English in London, French in Paris, and spoke German and Italian fluently. Her parents were accustomed to inviting opera singers to their villa to entertain their guests.

On one particular visit with Giulia's parents, Victor found himself speaking German with his very elegant mother-in-law. When Victor couldn't think of the word he wanted in German he said it in English and went on with his sentence. This did not go unnoticed, and the aristocratic dame said sharply, "You know that I prefer to hear German spoken, but if you can't do any better than that, please speak English!"

So Victor Kulp, Phi Beta Kappa, summa cum laude graduate of the University of Chicago, professor of law at the University of

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Oklahoma in Norman, was bawled out by his mother-in-law!

Victor took great delight in telling this story to his Aunt Emma when he returned to the States.

PAY FOR IT

Victor Kulp's reputation as an expert in oil and gas law was known to all lawyers in Oklahoma. It was not uncommon for a lawyer who was having a problem with a case to enlist the aid of one of Victor's students. Whenever a student questioned him closely and asked very specific questions, Victor knew that a lawyer on the outside was having a problem with a case. It was Victor's custom to ask the student to see him after class. He would hand him his business card to give to the lawyer who needed help. If a lawyer wanted Victor Kulp's advice, he could pay for it!

COMMENTARY ON SWISS WIVES

My two Swiss (American-born) aunts, Hulda and Emily, had black eyes and were both inclined to be rather sharp-tongued.

One winter evening their husbands, Halvdan Stabell and Ben Schmidt were delegated to go to the farm and pick up the mortgage payment from the Greek farmer, Chrisjohn, who had purchased the Joss farm.

When Chrisjohn met the two men at the door he said to his wife: "Wife, take their coats." Wife did as she was ordered.

Later, Chrisjohn felt something was needed to conclude the business of the evening. "Wife, get some wine," he ordered. Wife came with three glasses of wine.

When my uncles were ready to leave, Chrisjohn ordered, "Wife, get their coats." Wife brought the two overcoats.

Like all farmers of that day, Chrisjohn made his own wine. "Wife, go downstairs and bring up two bottles of wine." Wife came upstairs with two bottles of homemade wine, which were presented to my uncles.

Halvdan and Ben looked at each other with a knowing smile.

"It's certainly not like that at my house," said Halvdan Stabell.

"Mine either," agreed Ben Schmidt.

"Yessss. You Americans," replied Chrisjohn scornfully.

FROM PLATTDEUTSCH TO HOCH DEUTSCH

My father's favorite German story concerned his youngest brother William who went to Sunday School for the first time.

"Na, was hast du in der Sonntag Schule gelernt?" asked his father upon William's return.

"Wenn du keine Feybel hast, du kannst nicht in der Sonntag Schule gehen," replied little William.

It seems that Uncle Bill thought "Febel" must be Low German because they used that word at home, and in High German it should be pronounced "Feybel."

SCHWIZERDÜTSCH

Emilie used to wonder when she was quite small who these big black-bearded men were whom her mother greeted with such joy. Her older brothers were always good to her, bringing Emilie little gifts when they returned from a trip.

One brother always promised Emilie "Ein langes, langes warteli und ein goldenes nüteli." He faithfully brought her gifts, but never the "goldenes nüteli." When she was older she realized he had promised her a "long, long wait and a golden nothing."

Many years later when I would go downtown on Saturday, I would ask Grandmother if there was anything she needed. She would reply with a twinkle in her eyes that she wanted, "Ein langes, langes warteli und ein goldenes nüteli."

One summer when Emilie was just a little girl she watched her older brother Johann cut grass with a scythe. Operating a scythe takes skill and a good farmer can mow grass with a scythe as closely and evenly as he could with a machine. A whetstone, however, is needed to sharpen the blade. To avoid losing his whetstone, Johann placed it in a handy spot -- through the hole of a nearby hitching post.

Seeing the ends of the whetstone protrude from both sides of the post, Emilie thought it would be fun to hang on and dangle from the whetstone. She did, and to her surprise the whetstone broke in two. When her brother scolded her, she declared heatedly in her Swiss dialect: "Ich ha nie gwüsst, dass en isige stei verheit!" (I did not know that an iron stone would break.)

Great-grandmother Bigler believed in going to bed early and rising early. "Achte ins Bett machte," she would say when the clock struck eight, and shooed her flock off to bed.

Hoopskirts were in fashion when Emilie was young, but as a child she wore them mostly for "good." She remembered her mother calling her and saying, "Company is coming. Hurry and put on your hoops; you look so 'schwabbelig' (sloppy) with your skirts hanging straight down."

FINDING AN ENGLISH MEANING IN A GERMAN SENTENCE

I had told about the telephone call I'd received the evening before. A charming male voice had inquired caressingly, "Bist du da?" (How I wished that call had been for me!) Not wishing to embarrass the man with the nice voice, I replied simply, "I'm afraid you have the wrong number." He apologized in perfect English and hung up.

A quick-witted girl with a Swedish background said, "What you should have said was, "I'm sorry, Miss Doo-Dah isn't here."

"Bist du da?" sounded to her like "Miss Doo-Dah." Her clever reply would never have occurred to anyone who understood German.

ON PAYING THE FARE

One day many years ago, that seemed quite dull and endless, I begged for someone "to tell me something funny so I could laugh."

Betty Marx, who was "real German," said hesitantly, "I could tell you the story my mother told me the other evening when she came back from the Damenverein."

It seems that Betty's mother and her friend were speaking German when they boarded the streetcar, and the following conversation ensued:

Mrs. Marx: "Ich will die Fahrt bezahlen."

Friend: "Nein, nein, lass mich."

Mrs. Marx: "Nein, die Fahrt ist mein."

Conductor: "Ladies, I don't care whose fart it is,
just give me the fare."

Betty continued: "I really don't think Mother realized what was funny. She just thought it was something witty that the conductor said."

TRANSLATING FROM THE GERMAN INTO ENGLISH

At the Rogue Valley Manor I had the pleasure of meeting a delightful German lady who previewed my German anecdotes and contributed one of her own.

She lived at the time in an area of New York City where many people spoke German. Mrs. Beck had suffered a rather painful corn and went to the drugstore for a remedy.

"Can you give me something for a hen's eye?" she asked the clerk. "Oh, you have a corn," replied the Jewish pharmacist.

Elly Beck said she couldn't figure out just what a Hühnerauge had to do with a grain.

INTRODUCTION TO A CONCERT

On the Medford radio, a music critic was discussing a conductor who could speak several languages, but had trouble with German. He found it a very confusing language.

"Morgen in German has several meanings," the conductor claimed. "It means 'today,' 'tomorrow' and is also a greeting." Here goes the proof:

The musician went into an umbrella shop in Berlin and overheard a conversation that revolved around a repaired umbrella:

Shopkeeper: Morgen.
Man: Morgen.
Shopkeeper: Morgen.
Man: Ach, Morgen. (Realizing the umbrella
would be ready tomorrow.)
Shopkeeper: Morgen.
Man: Ja. Morgen.

III.

MEMOIR OF THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL GERSTER-CASTOR REUNION

BASEL, SWITZERLAND, 1987

Richard J. Castor

Two hundred and fifty years have elapsed since Hans Georg Gerster, a Swiss from the village of Gelterkinden in the Canton of Basel, emigrated to the New World. Pietist leanings and his quest for citizenship in this new land were strong inducements for him to embark on the Rhine from Basel in July, 1736. With him were his mother, Elsbeth Sparr of Herzogenbuchsee, and his three-months pregnant wife, Eva Gysin of Hölstein. Arriving in Rotterdam, they boarded the Princess Augusta, and set sail for the New World via Cowes, England arriving safely after being shipwrecked off shore, at Penn's Landing, Philadelphia, September 15, 1736.

The American Castors (anglicized version of Gerster) celebrated this event August 22-24, 1986, at the Hotel Hilton, Valley Forge, Pennsylvania.

At this reunion, the descendants of Hans Georg determined that a return to the Swiss homeland of Hans Georg Gerster would be both an educational and historically significant opportunity.

The Wastler Escorted Travel, Inc. of Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania, carefully planned every detail of a 17-day tour. Many tour members had corresponded with Gersters living in both Switzerland and Germany, to invite them to a banquet at the Hotel Basel International for the evening of August 29, 1987.

On August 19, twenty-eight American Castors, descendants of Hans Georg, and another ten non-related Castors from the Castor Association of America, traveled via Icelandair from the JFK

International Airport in New York City, arriving in Luxembourg at noon the following day.

The Swiss Homeland Tour focused on the history and culture of each area visited. After touring the multi-layered, walled city of Luxembourg, we visited Würzburg with its magnificently painted and sculptured Residenz Palace. A surprise organ concert in the Stiefthogg Cathedral by Dr. Linsenmeyer was breathtaking. He then graciously permitted organists present to play the old, historic instrument. Bach and "Amazing Grace" were heard that day. In the evening while we were waiting for the lights to illuminate the Marienburg Fortress across the Main River, we happily met Friedrich Prinz zu Schoenaich-Carolath (more fondly referred to as "Fritz"), who graciously spent his evening taking us to many unique places about his city and giving detailed histories which we thoroughly enjoyed.

At the Herrgottskirche in Creglingen the altar was incredibly hand-sculpted in wood by the world-famous Tilman Riemenschneider (1460-1531). The "Blood Altar" in St. Jacob's Church in Rothenburg was also his creation.

Rothenburg on the Tauber is a walled city containing quaint buildings and ancient artifacts extending back to the Roman period. There in an upper room we met a farmer and his daughter who re-enacted the legend of a farmer rescuing the town by drinking three liters of wine. They remembered to bring a handsome enameled glass beaker of delicious wine for all of us to taste... but only after the farmer recited in German poetry the town's history.

The curious 1000-year-old Dinkelsbühl was a fascinating town and we examined with interest its many architectural gems of antiquity. Crossing the Danube, we arrived in Augsburg, which we toured after a leisurely dinner.

Near Munich, the sprawling Nymphenburg Palace and Gardens were viewed with awe, and the famous Town Hall's Glockenspiel was seen in action downtown.

Salzburg, Austria, was our home for two days, from which we visited the "Sound of Music" Palace, the cathedral where Maria and Rudolph von Trapp were married, Mozart's home, Hitler's Eagle's Nest, Berchtesgaden, and the Königsee. In the evenings we enjoyed concerts in splendid palaces. We proceeded westward through Garmish-Partenkirchen and Oberammergau (we got a glimpse of the "Jesus" of the Passion Play) to the quiet village of Schwangau. There we inspected "Mad" King Ludwig's fairy-tale Neuschwanstein Castle, and the home of his youth, the Hohenschwangau Castle. After our dinner in the Ratskeller of the Gasthof, we relished "Stube Time" with the local Bavarian citizens in their native attire.

Traveling through more remote Alpine passes, we came upon the highly-embellished, majestic Wies Pilgrim Church of the Gegeisselten Heiland which was undergoing extensive restorations. We passed Innsbruck and then the towering Zugspitze at 9,721 feet. We enjoyed lunch at a sidewalk café in Vaduz, Liechtenstein, where we obtained several of its world-famous postage stamps. Arriving in Lucerne, some took pleasure in an evening's dinner cruise on Lake Lucerne, or the colorful Swiss music with Alpen Horn in the hotel restaurant. Shopping was always fun!

The next day brought us to the historical area of our roots, that of our immigrant ancestor, Hans Georg Gerster. We visited Charles Scholer's grandparents' village of Zunzgen and the nearby church in Zeglingen where they were married. We met a wedding party there by the name of Gysin who invited all of us to their ceremony. Small world!

As we arrived in Herzogenbuchsee, the hometown of Hans' mother, Elsbeth Sparr, we discovered a little festival in progress. In the band was a Walter Gysin, and the baker of the town was Alfred Sparr. Both had been to the United States once, and we promised to write after they listened with considerable interest to the story of our historic quest. We visited Hans' mother's church, Die Kirche der Bergpredigt, which was being prepared for a wedding later that day.

On to our Hotel International Basel where the First International Gerster-Castor Reunion Banquet was held that evening of August 29. The first Gerster greeted us at 3:30 P.M. for a 7:00 P.M. banquet. We were overwhelmed by the warm and enthusiastic welcome of 160 (189 total were present) Gersters from Switzerland, Germany, Liechtenstein, Austria and France. The Banquet Hall was decorated by four quotations from Hans Georg Gerster's letters, and the Gerster-Castor Coat of Arms Banner made by Connie Castor for the National Castor reunion of one year earlier hung proudly center stage. N. Stephen Castor's 30 foot genealogical chart spread across the back wall. This First International Reunion had the accompanying menu, program and history. Leo R. Wastler was Master of Ceremonies. "Marlitante" Trudi Gerster, a Swiss story-teller and politician of national renown, welcomed the American Castors. Richard J. Castor welcomed the Swiss Gersters. N. Stephen Castor discussed the history of the Castor genealogy in America. As interpreter, Dr. Kathi Studer-Stalder of Liestal captured the spirit and camaraderie of the occasion wearing her great-grandmother's Baselbieter Sunday Tracht (old national dress of that Canton's area). Unexpected pleasures awaited us with the playing of Alphorns, a Gerster jazz trio, a musical saw by Jack Henry, the singing with great pride of the Baselbieterlied by the Swiss with a fifth stanza composed by Kathi Studer just for this occasion and dedicated to us, and a precision Swiss fife and drum quartet in authentic Fastnacht costumes (all Gersters). Esther Gerster made candied favors for each American. The featured banquet speakers were Dr. Ernest Menolfi of the University of Basel and Dr. Mattias Manz, Archivist of Baselland in Liestal, who presented the results of their fascinating and successful research on Hans Georg Gerster. (We are deeply indebted to both of them for their tireless efforts and great time spent in our behalf by digging more deeply into our historical roots, and to the Swiss, Dr. Leo Schelbert of the University of Illinois at Chicago, for his many helpful suggestions and intercedings for us these past two years.) The banquet ended well after midnight with regrets that more time could not be spent visiting with our Swiss Gerster cousins

and new friends. Many of the Gersters present brought their genealogical records to find common links in our ancestries. The American Castors under Joyce Henry's leadership closed with singing, "God Be With You Till We Meet Again." For all of us present that night, in the words of Ernst Gerster of Tecknau, "This was a dream come true!"

Sunday morning, August 30, we visited the Evangelical Reformed Church of Gelterkinden where our ancestor and his mother attended church. There Mrs. Brigitte Heckendorn of Gelterkinden presented a thorough history of this beautiful edifice, that from its knoll overlooks the quaint town beneath it. The Gemeindepräsident, Urs Winistorfer, warmly welcomed us, presented the history of the area, and introduced the councilmen of Gelterkinden. Councilmen Konrad Handschin and Werner Thommen accepted for the town of Gelterkinden the following plaque presented to them by Richard J. Castor in loving memory of Hans Georg Gerster and his wife, Eva Gysin, with the following bi-lingual inscription:

In Loving Memory of our
Distinguished and courageous Swiss ancestor of Gelterkinden
HANS GEORG GERSTER
March 5, 1710 - December 24, 1797
And his wife, EVA GYSIN, of Hölstein

We American Castors
Dedicate this 250th Anniversary Commemorative Plaque
To our living Swiss relatives
August 30, 1987
Urs Winistorfer, Gemeindepräsident &
Hans Freivogel, Bürgermeister

Thelma Castor Campbell	William H. Castor, Jr.
Charles G. Castor	Shirley A. Jamison Delp
Harold Edward Castor	Patricia Castor Devine
Jonathan Wike Castor	John D. Henry III
N. Stephen Castor	Mary Castor Henry
Norman Robert Castor	Grace Elizabeth Castor Meissner

R. Jeffrey Castor

Emily Castor Winkler

Richard J. Castor

Evelyn Castor Winslow

Vernon G. Castor, Sr.

"One generation shall praise thy works to another." Ps. 145:4

Councilman Konrad Handschin searched diligently for the bell tower key, and upon finding it, opened its ancient door for Richard Castor to climb its circular steps, view the town from aloft and ring two of its mammoth bells. After visiting the cemetery, we drove to the nearby town of Tecknau where we joined an open air church service. The beautiful hymns were familiar to the American Castors, the scriptures were translated, and the sermon was delivered carefully in German.

As the Richard Castor family enjoyed a heart-warming visit with his Gerster correspondent, Ernst Gerster of Tecknau, his wife, Meta, and family, the tour bus proceeded to the Farnsburg Restaurant where the Gemeindepräsident welcomed the visiting Castor families with a "toast." There we all enjoyed a sumptuous luncheon together. Many then climbed the adjacent hill with Dr. Ernest Menolfi and Kathi Studer to view the remains of the Farnsburg Castle (A.D. 1319-1342) where Hans Georg and his mother must have traveled on many occasions in an effort to gain Hans' citizenship. The view of the countryside from those heights was captivating!

Upon returning to Gelterkinden, we visited the old Town Hall, there to witness the Gerster-Castor Plaque already hung prominently on the wall. Dr. Ernest and Mrs. Dunja Menolfi then led the tour through Hölstein, Niederdorf, and Oberdorf to Waldenburg. A walking tour demonstrated both the former church (St. Peter's) and residence (The Old House) of Hans' pastor and friend, Hieronymous d'Annoni, to whom his letters were addressed from the New World. We must credit him with the careful preservation of so many documents concerning the people of the village of his day, including Hans' letters. The old city gates and part of the city walls were still intact. High on

the eastern hill was the old Waldenburg Castle. The day ended with a visit to the town of MuttENZ, and the church where Pastor Annoni completed his popular and effective ministry of 24 years. Our family was invited by the Menolfi's to enjoy a fascinating walking tour of the early palatial homes of downtown Basel, and then to savor a delightful Swiss country meal, spiced by stimulating conversations and happy pleasantries.

Monday morning Dr. and Mrs. Menolfi both canceled classes to give us a guided tour through the City of Basel. The open air market in the middle of the city displayed many fresh fruits and vegetables. The old Town Hall, its original section dating to 1630, with gleaming golden cupola and colorfully patterned tile roof, was an architectural gem with an equally unique interior of frescoed walls. It was here that Dr. Menolfi introduced us to seven ancient documents from the Staatsarchiv's archival library, each record referring to Hans Georg Gerster, Eva Gysin, or Elsbeth Sparr. These ancient volumes displayed the baptismal record of Hans Georg Gerster, letters between the Cantons of Basel and Bern concerning the citizenship of Hans Georg Gerster, and the manumission papers of Eva Gysin, the latter being dated just two weeks before they began their long journey northward on the Rhine. Carefully we passed the old documents around the table, to be viewed, photographed and reverently handled by Hans' fortunate descendants. In our hands was the history of our origins.

From the Town Hall the group proceeded to the embarking area on the Rhine River where Hans as well as thousands of other Swiss and German emigrants over the centuries had begun their long, arduous and harrowing journey to the New World.

The University of Basel Library held the next unusual surprise for us: the main display cabinet revealed the two original letters that Hans Georg had written to his friends in Switzerland from Germantown in the New World via his Pastor d'Annoni in Waldenburg. The handsome, red volume, A Castor Family In America, compiled and written by Charles G. Castor for the 1986, 250th Anniversary Reunion,

was also proudly standing at attention. An advertisement entitled "Opportunities for Travelers," was shown from the local newspaper of April 3, 1736, announcing "the arrival on April 20 or 21 his covered boat and will accept travelling persons as well as merchandise and other goods or as far as wanted." This was undoubtedly the Rhine boat Hans embarked on. A journal dated 1805, showing emigrants saying their "good-byes" at the ship landing embarking area of Basel, was also displayed. It was a unique and thrilling experience to see these particular documents all on display together ...reflecting the origins of a true-to-life drama played out through the centuries to this very moment of time in each of our own lives.

A quick stop at the Archives of Baseland at Liestal found Dr. Mattias Manz displaying for us the actual birth record of Eva Gysin. He then came onto the bus, personally gave each member a copy of the document, and bid us farewell.

Crossing the Rhine we headed northward through the beautiful Schwarzwald (Black Forest) to Titisee-Neustadt where we spent our time and our money...a lot of shopping here. Vernon G. Castor, Sr., our hero, was frequently seen with nose in air, and the quip, "Just sniffing for the bäckerei!" That evening we savored a delicious fish dinner, delicately prepared and served. An invigorating jog or walk around the jewel-like lake was but 5 miles! Triberg, the world's capital for hand-carved wooden clocks and other sculptured works, was a most intriguing visit.

The next day found us in the age-old and romantic city of Heidelberg on the Neckar River with its Philosopher's Walk and magnificent Castle of the Palatinate Electors overlooking the city from the southeast.

An entire day was devoted to the historic city of Worms, where we enjoyed Pfarrer Alfred Hans Kuby as both our city guide and after-dinner historian-lecturer. He spoke eloquently and precisely of European history, the Reformation and the Renaissance, fielding our many questions with finesse. He was special! We saw where Martin

Luther took his stand before the Imperial Diet at Trinity Church, and uttered those famous words, "Here I stand. I cannot do otherwise. May God be my helper." That same day Worms held the largest of the Rhine River festivals, the "Fish Net Festival," which revealed both day and evening festivities typical of European celebrations. We were so glad to witness the dancing, singing, and band-playing...a carnival in native attire!

A luncheon on the Drosselgasse, one of the most desirable of all eating areas in Europe, revealed a cosmopolitan group of diners: they came from Italy, Russia and Norway that particular day. In the town of Rudesheim we admired the highly ornamented signs in gold and bright colors, truly handsome art forms.

An overnight stay in the city of Mainz, the capital of Rheinland Pfalz, was enjoyed in Guttenberg's hometown. The next morning we boarded the ship that would take us northward on the Rhine to Koblenz, passing many quaint towns and twenty-four magnificent castles that our ancestors viewed as they had journeyed to their new homeland in America two hundred and fifty years earlier. Debarking at Koblenz, we visited St. Kastor's DOM and then drove on to Köln (Cologne). Arriving only a few minutes before 5:00 P.M., and knowing that the tremendous, world-famous cathedral would be closing its doors in a few minutes, some daring Castors raced to its portals to climb the 524 circular stone steps into its towering steeples, where they could view more closely its magnificent architecture, and more distantly, the entire city far below with its surrounding peaceful terrain.

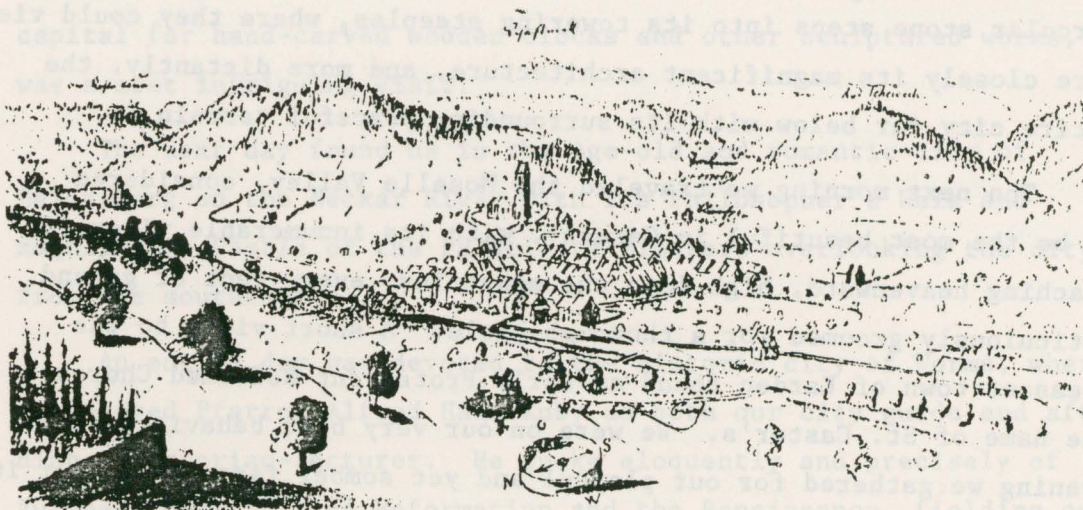
The next morning we traveled the Moselle Valley, considered to be the most beautiful in Germany, with its innumerable vineyards reaching heavenward, high into the mountains, every foot of ground meticulously groomed for a thorough yield. A short visit to the pleasant town of Karden found an early Protestant Reformed Church by the name of St. Castor's. We were on our very best behavior! That evening we gathered for our playful and yet somber farewell dinner in our Trier Hotel directly across the street from the Porta Nigra, a

Roman ruins dating to the 5th century.

Returning to Luxembourg, we visited both the American and the German Military Cemeteries. Few eyes were dry. General George Patton was also buried there with his men at his request.

The return flight found some of us spending any remaining moneys jingling in our pockets on the beautiful woolens in Reykjavik, Iceland. After our 8-hour flight, we "touched-down" in our homeland of the United States of America, and reflected on Hans' arrival after a courageous and perhaps desperate 12-week journey. He, his now six-months pregnant wife, Eve, and his aging mother, Elsbeth Sparr, were searching for political freedom, religious expression, and most importantly, the privilege of citizenship in a new country where all were to be considered equal. By comparison, these ideals make us ever mindful of our heritage, a land where opportunity and freedom are the birthright of every citizen and their heirs...and a renewed appreciation that we must jealously guard today if we are to preserve this rich heritage for our descendants of tomorrow.

Gelterkinder, 1754



IV.

NEW HERALDIC CREATIONS AND MY FOURTEEN-POINT

ETHICAL CODE

Walter Angst

Most of my contemporaries have many misconceptions about all things heraldic. Most people - if they even know what we are talking about - consider heraldic designs disdainfully as pretentious, superfluous, even silly, or at best arcane frills having to do with royalty. They are wrong. Armorial bearings are an expression of such things as sovereignty, of individuality, of beauty, of sagas, history, past glories and civic achievements. Just fancy our villages and resort places back-home: how poor would they be if they could not display their panoply of colorful community flags fluttering in the alpine breeze. Even here in the United States, we are surrounded by manifestations of heraldry: just look at the graphic arts used in advertising, or at illustrated instructions given to multilingual audiences. True, these designs are not centered in a shield and are not hereditary, as are coats-of-arms, but they nevertheless are heraldic in character. That they are not recognized as such by most of our contemporaries, is somewhat astonishing: just two, three generations ago, anyone with a college education was familiar with heraldry as part of his or her general knowledge.

Heraldry developed some 800 years ago at a time when people were illiterate. A warrior completely clad in armor was unrecognizable. Thus he painted an identifying symbol on his shield, his pennon, his saddle-cloth, and fastened an appropriate design on top of his helmet. The armorial shield is a kind of name plate for people who can't read. Today, as in times past, an individual's arms proclaim in blazing colors the identity of his or her family. In our world of cybernetics

and bureaucratic encroachments, this ought to be important for any self-respecting citizen.

In Switzerland, heraldry is venerated and used, frequently and freely, as almost nowhere else. Swiss heraldry is unique - unlike that of any other country - and it is, in my opinion, also very beautiful. Most shields of Swiss burghers and peasants have not been granted by any potentate, although some have been confirmed by crowned and tiaraed heads, mostly for military and diplomatic service. Usually, they are assumptions instead, or perhaps grants by guilds holding political power.

This has a simple reason. In the Swiss democracy, public functionaries are not appointed, but elected for specific terms. In other words, a magistrate needs the trust and consent of the electorate and thus, during the Middle Ages, a public office was considered to "annobli" the holder. A public functionary needed a seal to authenticate documents. The step from seal to coat-of-arms is small, and so, over the centuries, many descendants of former public officials came to use their family arms as a matter of course.

So-called Swiss "peasant" arms admittedly are not "noble" arms - yet they certainly are aren't non-noble either; they are not any less, but just as different from the noble arms of the true-blue blood. Most Swiss armorial bearings are founded on the ancient principle of original nobility: any free-born man owning land and being capable of providing military service to his sovereign was considered a member of the nobility and therefore "armigerous" (permitted to use coat armor). The Swiss Confederates were free, they owned land (either privately or communally), and they certainly were able to give military service to their sovereign communities. This has never been changed.

It would like to talk about some of the least understood aspects of the art, science and jurisprudence of heraldry, that of creating new arms. The creation of a new coat-of-arms has to do with sovereignty. In a monarchy, the king or queen as the sovereign is the

so-called "fountain of honor." The monarch bestows the high privilege of a grant of arms to a deserving subject. In a republic, however, each citizen is a part of the sovereign, because he helps to govern his country; therefore he has the self-evident right to assume arms. He or she is his or her own king or queen. In the Swiss republic, citizens are more directly involved in governing and thus shaping their destiny than are the citizens of any other land. It would be absurd to demand that a Swiss apply for a grant of arms from a foreign government. No Swiss in his or her right mind would even consider it. Just as one cannot be partially pregnant, one cannot be partially sovereign; either one is, or one is not. There are heraldists who seriously demand that Americans should apply to a foreign heraldic authority for their coats-of-arms. This is foolishness! As a citizen of an independent republic, one is - at least as far as heraldry is concerned - sovereign and thus may assume any armorial bearing to one's liking - provided one does not infringe on anyone else's rights.

Some twenty-five years ago, I formulated thirteen additional conditions to this, namely:

1. Any new creation of arms shall be heraldically correct, that is, shall conform to all major rules of good heraldry.
2. It shall not infringe on anyone else's arms.
3. It shall unmistakably identify the armiger.
4. It shall be unique.
5. It shall be heraldically stylized in its emblazonment or depiction in varying media.
6. It shall be as simple as possible.
7. It shall be recognizable at a glance at a reasonable distance.
8. It shall be symbolically meaningful.
9. It shall be artistically satisfying.
10. It shall present a unit in style and also reflect national origin.

11. It shall be adapted to the medium used to depict them.

12. It shall be described by a correct blazon, that is, by the universally recognized ancient technical idiom of heraldry - given in the appropriate language - which is as precise as a chemical formula and which has not essentially changed since the 16th century.

13. It shall be documented.

14. A heraldic artist who has invented a new position or attitude for an animal, or who has created a new kind of common charge, has the duty properly to name and define his creation. In this, he must follow the time-honored tradition and abide by the classic grammar of blazon, its syntax, morphology, semantics and etymology.

All this provides only a glimpse at heraldry; there is much more to it. In principle, a complete and proven genealogy is needed for a normal grant of arms. Many American families, however, cannot prove descent in the direct male line from an "armiger" (a person entitled to bear coat-armor). Any genealogical research project is time-consuming, costly, and does not guarantee to produce an appropriate blazon.

In such cases, in which genealogical research is not warranted, I usually recommend that either a new creation of arms be commissioned or that the most probable shield listed in published rolls be "differenced," i.e., adapted to uniquely fit the family in question. Differencing is a time-honored practice. If it is done correctly, with imagination, with unique "charges" (designs), and obeying all rules of good heraldry, it is no different from the work done by the ancient heralds. Thus, at a fraction of the costs needed for genealogical efforts, a family coat-of-arms can be created with which Americans can start a new tradition for their children and children's children. It should be self-evident, that a mail-order house, a "heraldic mill," cannot ever provide such a service.

Let me give an example of how a new creation of arms can be accomplished. It concerns the insignia for the USS Patterson, the

Destroyer Escort DE 1061, which was commissioned on March 14, 1970, at the Naval Base of Charleston, South Carolina. This vessel, which has a complement of 15 officers and 210 enlisted men, was a part of the Cruiser-Destroyer Force of the U.S. Atlantic Fleet, but by now has been decommissioned. It measures 438 feet in length, has a displacement of 4100 tons, and a speed in excess of 27 knots. Its main mission was the protection of a destroyer, to hunt hostile submarines, and to carry out rescue, patrol, evacuation, blockage, search and visit operations.

My commission by the Captain of the Patterson to create a ship's symbol had five categories of conditions: the new badge had to be nautical, dignified, heraldic, representing the fighting spirit of a Naval vessel, portraying the dual mission of the ship as a destroyer of submarines and an escort for other ships of the Fleet; it had to symbolize the famous deeds of the name-giving hero, Commodore Daniel Todd Patterson, the defender of New Orleans in the War of 1812; it had to incorporate the family arms of Patterson; it also had to preserve the lineage of the two previous ships called Patterson and to recall their feats of valor; and it finally had to signify the readiness of the Patterson and its crew for all eventualities, besides containing a motto, the ship's name and hull number.

I am for simplicity in heraldic design, and having to cram that much into a shield is a rather tough assignment. Here is how I tried to solve it in an attempt to keep the brass-hats happy and still make it as simple as possible.

The Patterson family arms are not very well suited to depict a fighting spirit, because they contain three pelicans "in their piety." This piscivorous water-bird is "vulning" (wounding) herself on her breast to feed her young ones with her own blood and thus is a symbol of mother-love, piety, self-sacrifice, and Christian virtue. I decided to create a new type of pelican, the PELINICUS.

The Pelinicus is a new heraldic sea-monster of the griffin family. Of course, I know that English griffins, as well as heraldic pelicans

COMMISSIONING

U.S.S. Patterson D.E.1061



Paratus sum - pax aut bellum

NAVAL BASE

CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA

14 MARCH 1970

are female beasts. The Pelinicus, however, is decidedly male. I ought to know, because I "bred" him in six evenings, fins and all, from a fighting male pelican and a female opinicus. The opinicus is an obscure heraldic monster, closely related to the griffin; half-lion, half-eagle, with the neck and beak of a swan.

The Pelinicus is composed of a fighting pelican's head and bagged beak, a swan's neck, an eagle's body, legs, talons, and wings, a lion's hindquarters with finned legs, webbed feet, and a tail ending in a fish's tail fin. I depicted him "levé-en-pied," i.e., with a wide stance, the feet at the same level, the legs in a striding position, signifying a beast's deliberate, searching pace when he is on the prowl. I also provided him with a trident and a shield. His name is a contraction of pelican and opinicus.

The Pelinicus represents all the virtues of the four heraldic animals he combines: the lion is the symbol of the deathless courage of the most valiant soldier who is a foe to fear; the eagle signifies a lofty spirit, justice, magnanimity, and speedy apprehension in the service of fortitude; the swan is the ensign of the lovers of poetry and harmony; the pelican denotes self-sacrificing protection and devoted charity. Thus this combination amply symbolizes the dual mission of the USS Patterson as a submarine-hunter and protector of other vessels.

The fins and the webbed feet mark the Pelinicus as a nautical creature, as does the trident, symbol of maritime dominion, poised to spear the enemy lurking beneath the sea. The shield carried by our new heraldic monster not only symbolizes the protective part of the ship's mission, but its field "guttée-de-sang" (strewn with drops of blood) is a reminder of her lineage: the blood that was spilled by all the brave men who gave their lives serving on the previous ships named Patterson. It is also a remembrance of the blood the pelicans of the Patterson family arms are drawing for their brood. The fleur-de-lis recalls the city of New Orleans (which bears three fleur-de-lis on her shield), where USS Patterson was built, as well as

the valiant exploits of Commodore Patterson in that city's defense. Finally, the chief charged with the mullets denotes the fact that the second USS Patterson earned 13 battle stars during the Second World War, besides recalling the starred chief of the Patterson family arms.

In classical heraldry, the color combination of the blue field (the sea) and the silver Pelinicus (the ship) symbolizes "vigilance in service," while silver and blue (the chief) stands for "courtesy and discretion." The colors of the shield silver and red mean "honest boldness," and the red of the fins on the blue field signify "aptitude to reprove villany."

The charges of the ship's arms are placed on a "targe," a type of shield which was used by the nobility for their tournaments only. Since the USS Patterson had a specialized mission, it was appropriate to place the Pelinicus on a special shield. The targe was invented in Italy during the 14th century and spread all over Europe. Its hook-like cut-out (the lance rest) was used by the knight to improve his aim by guiding the lance with it.

The Pelinicus is copyrighted. He was cast in bronze on a round plaque and affixed to the ship, the legend circling the shield. This plaque is now in the maritime museum at the National Historical Park of the Charlestown Navy Yard in Boston.

As motto of the USS Patterson serves: PARATUS SUM - PAX AUT BELLUM (I am prepared for peace and war). It was supplied by the ship's captain, Commander John Walden, who deserves high credit for his readiness to understand and tolerate things heraldic, as well as for his pioneer spirit in accepting an unconventional coat-of-arms for his destroyer escort.

The blazon for the arms of the USS Patterson is as follows:

"Azure, a Pelinicus levé-en-pied wings addorsed and inverted argent, armed langued finned and webbed gules, thrusting dexter a trident reversed Or, and carrying on his sinister member a shield of the second, gutté-de-sang, a fleur-de-lis gold, fimbriated sable; on a chief silver, thirteen mullets of five (3,4,6) of the field."

V.

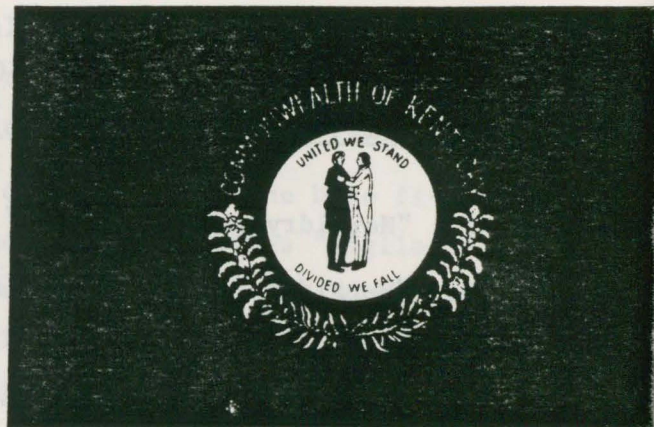
LIST OF PUBLICATIONS BY WALTER ANGST

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1. "Heraldry in a Republic," The Augustan, Book Two (1973): 183-184.
 2. "Heraldic Plan for Redesign of the State Flags," Smithsonian 4, No. 4 (1973): 18-25.
 3. "Sovereignty, Identity, Morality," The Augustan, Book Five (1974): 638-639.
 4. "A Heraldic Banner at Its Best," Maryland Magazine 7, No. 3 (1975): 19-21.
 5. "Collector Versus New Antiques," Curator 21 (1978): 265-282.
 6. "Ethics in Scientific Furniture Conservation," in: Proceedings of the Furniture and Wooden Objects Symposium, July 2-3, 1980 (The Canadian Conservation Institute, National Museums of Canada, 1980), pp. 123-135.
 7. The Smithsonian Mace and Its Symbolism. Washington City: Smithsonian Institution Press, 1984, 44 pp.
 8. In Preparation: A Band of Brothers True. The Heraldry of Switzerland, Embellished with History, Folklore and Tradition. With 500 Illustrations and 10 Text Drawings.
- NB: Walter Angst also published a series of articles that dealt with problems of survival after a nuclear attack before present-day war technology made survival hopes illusory.

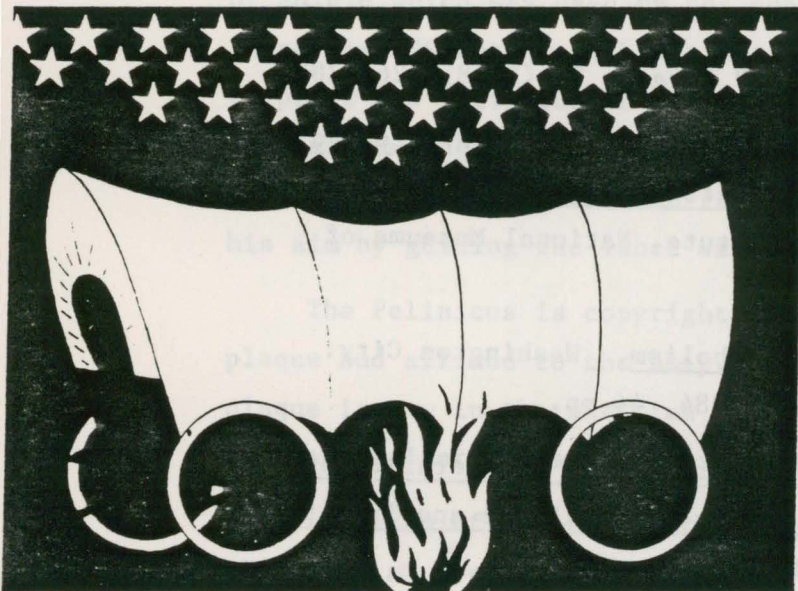
SAMPLES OF WALTER ANGST'S HERALDIC CREATIONS*



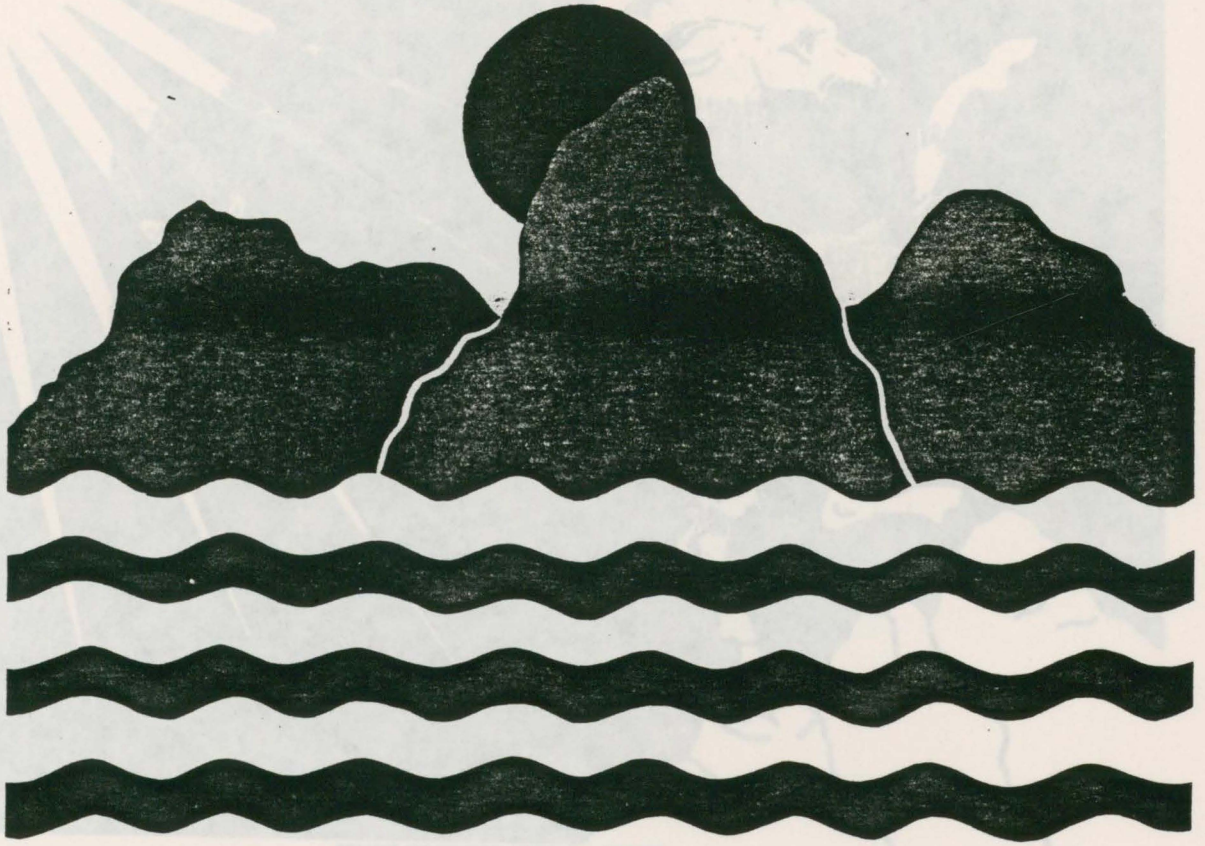
Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana and Maine flags are neighbors (alphabetically) and yet are easily confused. Kansas' seal (above) could make a true flag (below).



Kentucky's seal and motto, lost in its blue field, could be made distinctive by turning it into a heraldic symbol for unity. The letters should go.

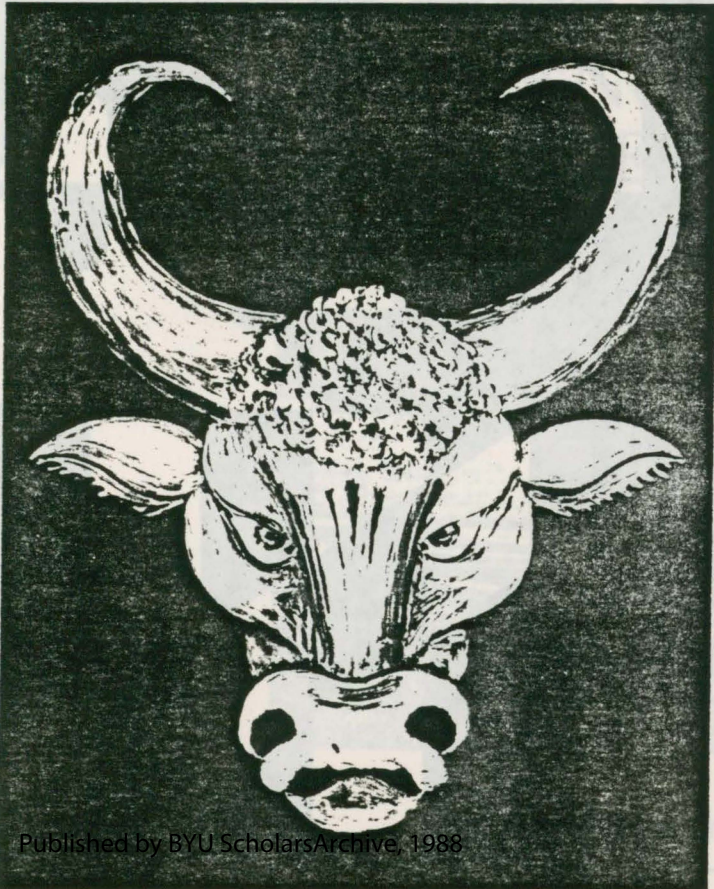


* These illustrations are inadequate black and white reproductions of some of the splendidly colored pictures that appeared in the Smithsonian 4 (July 1973): 22, 23, 24.



One idea for Vermont—to please those who insist on retaining the state seal’s cow—is to stylize it correctly as a bull’s head *caboshed* (without neck).

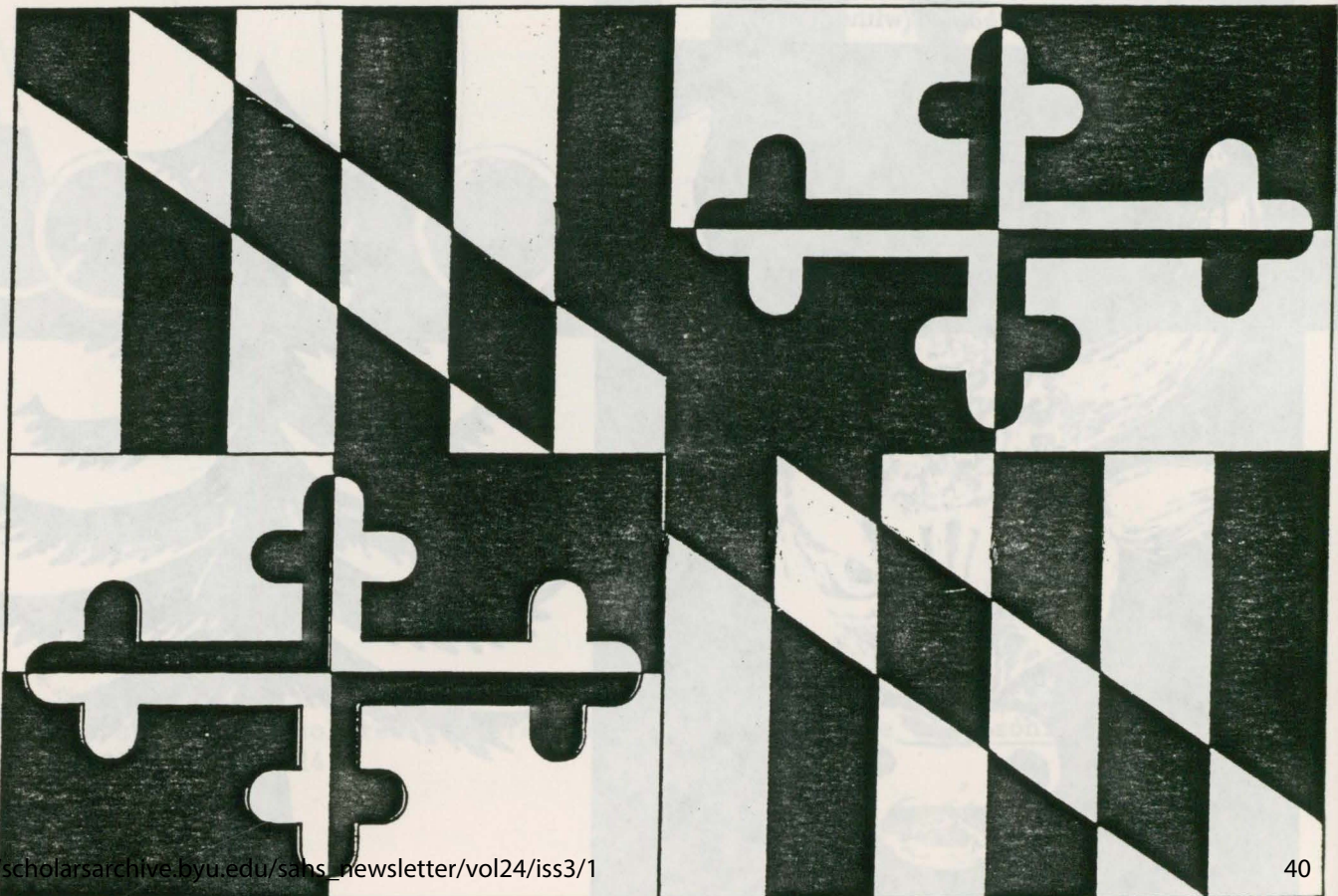
New York’s landscape, now crammed in a shield, should be expanded as above and stylized according to heraldry to shout for attention.

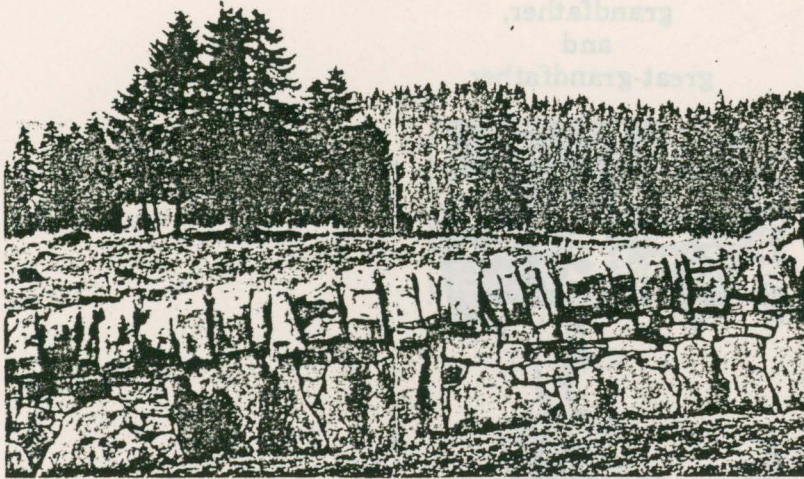




Montana's flag, with its cluttered seal, calls for a simpler and more spectacular treatment. Heraldry's animals are fierce, mountains jagged.

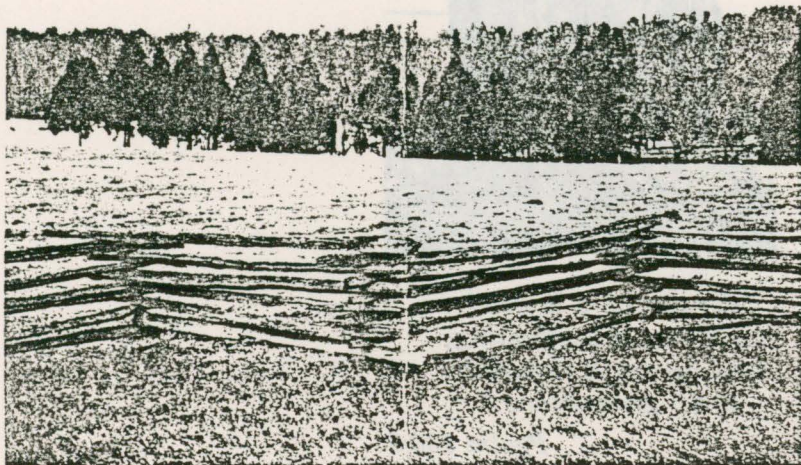
Maryland's state flag is perfect—correctly adapted from the shield of its colonial proprietors, proudly rendered in bold design and bright colors.

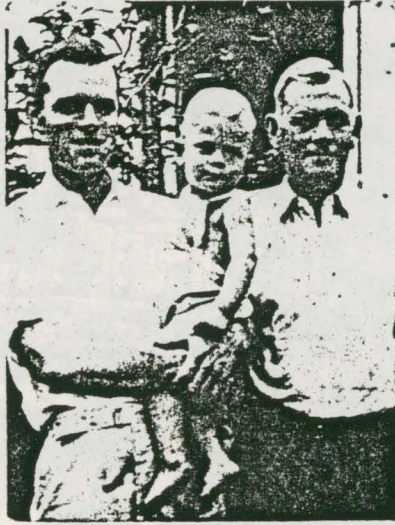




THEY TRUSTED AND WERE DELIVERED

THE FRENCH-SWISS OF KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE





*"For the Lord is good;
 his mercy is everlasting;
 and his truth endureth
 to all generations."*

Psalm 100:5

