



Dillman *

Descendants and Ancestors

(*Including other known variations of Dillmann, Stillman, Tillmann, Dielman, Dhyllmann, Dihlmann, Dillaman, Tighlman, Dieleman, etc.)

The Official Publication of the Dillman Family Association – Published Quarterly



www.dillmanfamilyassociation.org

We are a member of the Guild of One-Name Studies.

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Volume 5, No. 2
Dec 2012

Phil Dillman – Editor
pd62pepsi@sbcglobal.net

Don Dillman – Co-Editor
Andrew Stillman – Co-Editor



Clem Leo Dillman, 90, Bloomington, formerly of Kankakee and Arcola, passed away at 11:50 a.m. Sunday (Oct. 7, 2012) at Heritage Health, Normal, IL. Burial will be at Evergreen Memorial Cemetery, Bloomington, IL. He was born Sept. 20, 1922, in Saline City, Ind., the son of Clifford K. and Bertha M. Eickelberger Dillman. He married Grace V. Rexroth on Oct. 26, 1957, in Kankakee. She survives.

Also surviving are two children, Brenda (Terry) Hester and Bruce (Nadene) Dillman, both of Bloomington; three grandchildren, Amy, Scott and Andrea Dillman; two brothers, Beryl (Grace) Dillman and Victor Dillman, both of Bloomington; one sister, Mary Gates, Noblesville, Ind.; sister-in-law, Imogene Dillman, Charleston; and many nieces and nephews. He was preceded in death by his parents; three brothers, Craig, Keith and Newell; and one infant sister, Ruth.

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1. “DILLMAN REUNIONS”

Several groups of Dillmans hold reunions in different locations each year. In this part of the newsletter, those reunions will be posted with times and locations updated as they become available to us. If you would like your Dillman reunion listed here, please send us the appropriate information. All dates, locations and times are subject to change.

2013 - Sunday, July 7 Bloomington, IN	<i>Hans Georg/Conrad Dillmann Group</i>
Saturday, July 13 Bloomington, IL	<i>Hans Georg/Conrad Dillmann Group</i>
Saturday, October 5 Tamms, IL	<i>Hans Georg/Conrad Dillmann Group</i>

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2. Dillman Family Association News Items

At the latest Dillman Mega-Reunion, now called the Dillman Genealogical Conference, there was discussion on where to hold the next conference in 2014. The general consensus was that it be held in the Midwest as that is the area where the largest number of Dillman researchers would attend. It is also easier for Phil to transport the entire DFA Library/Archive to the conference. The possible location was narrowed down to three choices: St. Louis, Missouri, Ft. Wayne, Indiana, or Indianapolis, Indiana. The largest concentration of Dillmans is in Indiana, especially around Indianapolis. Ft. Wayne has the extremely helpful Allen County Library Genealogy Center. St. Louis is one Midwestern location we haven't met in. **We want to know which one of these locations you would like us to meet in for the 2014 Dillman Genealogical Conference. Please let us know your choice as soon as you have read this newsletter and why you would prefer that one. We will print the results in the following issue.** Obviously, we can only choose one city based on the majority.

Rod Dillman and his wife, Carol, of the Virginia Dillman/Erich Dihlmann Group, had plans to visit Germany and France and had requested some copies of some of the items relating to that part of the group in Germany. Their plans included a visit to the locations where many members of the DFA stopped during their 2009 tour of Germany and France. They were also slated to visit with some of his distant cousins there whom the DFA members also had the pleasure of meeting. Phil photographed or scanned and e-mailed the images to Rod prior to his trip. This is just one way example of how the DFA is able to gather and share Dillman genealogical information with our fellow researchers. Pictured is the photo sent to Rod of his Dihlmann family crest. This was one of the items donated to the DFA by some of the members of the Dihlmann family for the DFA Library/Archives. Rod returned the favor to the DFA when he and Carol and his cousin, Isabell Dihlmann, were featured in an article in the 30 Nov 2012 Roanoke Times newspaper regarding their trip in which the Dillman Family Association was mentioned.

Now, you can read the article and see the photos from Rod's and Carol's trip starting on the next page!



3. A Family Connection/Reunion Adventure - by Rod Dillman

Through our family oral history, I have always known that the first of our Dillman line in America was from Germany and that his name was George (Georg). I have always been curious as to whether we had Dillman relatives still living in Germany and, if so, whether it would be possible to locate and meet them. Thanks to the research of others and numerous unrelated events which would align just right, I no longer have to wonder about those questions.

Even though I received information about them, I never attended the Dillman Family Association (DFA) Mega Reunions held before the Roanoke, Virginia event. When I learned that the 2010 Mega Reunion would be held twenty minutes from our home in Troutville, I viewed it as a sign that I should be there. During those sessions I learned of the Dillman DNA Study and of the Virginia Dillman haplogroup. More importantly, I learned that the Virginia Dillman Group had a genetic connection with the Dihlmann's of Wurmberg, Germany and with individuals still living in that area of Germany. Two years later at our Fort Wayne, IN, Mega Reunion, I learned of Julia and Isabell Dihlmann, my ninth cousins once removed, living in Germany. During the reunion, I friended Julia and Isabell on Facebook and received a reply from each. I was thrilled to have that email contact with newly discovered relatives.

My wife Carol's daughter, Megan, and her husband, John, moved to London in November of 2011. John had the option to work in London for two years and the couple was eager to take advantage of the relocation since it would afford them the opportunity to visit Western Europe. Carol, her mother, Margaret, and I planned a trip to London to see Megan and John in October 2012. Margaret wanted to also visit Paris during our travels and I wanted to visit Germany. Facebook allowed me to connect with Julia and her mother Elisabeth and they graciously offered to be our tour guides for our German leg of the trip.

Our flight to London departed from Charlotte, NC on October 17 and arrived at Gatwick Airport on October 18. We spent the next five days and evenings taking in and exploring all that we could in London. I have always heard that food in the UK and London is not overly impressive. I now know that to be false. We took the train to Paris and spent two days and evenings seeing all that we could during our brief visit to the city. I found Paris to be a beautiful city which actually reminded me of a giant museum. It seemed to me that every building in the city was a work of art. Paris was different from London and Germany in one way that made an impression on me. It was not unusual to see young, well-armed French army troops at tourist sights and at the train station. My impression of the locals there is that they speak no English unless you are a customer.

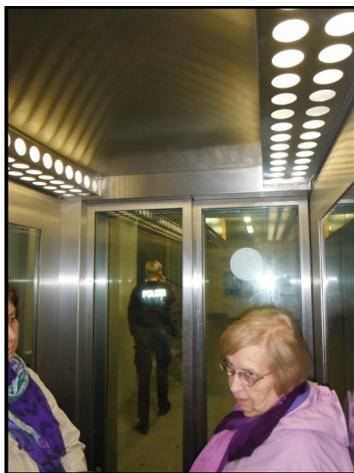
On Friday, we took Rail Europe to Pforzheim, Germany where we were met by Julia and Elisabeth as we got off the train. After the customary greetings, introductions and small talk, Julia and Elisabeth lead us to the newly installed, mostly glass elevator in the train station. Once we were all inside, I pushed a button to go up. When nothing happened, I nervously pushed a couple of other buttons on the panel. Nothing. Julia then tried her luck, still no movement. Julia then used the phone in the elevator to make our plight known to the person on the other end. Soon uniformed German police arrived and tried to force open the door. Nothing. They then made several calls and informed us that the technician was off duty and that we would have to wait for help to arrive. After 35 to 40 minutes the power was cut off to the elevator and the newly arrived technician forced the door open with a special tool. We stepped out into the curious crowd that had gathered to watch and took the steps to the upper level. It was an American elevator. We now know how animals in the zoo must feel.

Julia drove us to the Parkhotel in Pforzheim where she had suggested that we reserve lodging. The Parkhotel is a wonderful hotel and very reasonably priced. The five of us had dinner at a steak house within walking distance of the hotel. The dinner gave us a great opportunity to get acquainted and to share family history. I still marvel how easy it was for us to connect.

The next morning upon waking, I looked out the window of the Parkhotel. I was surprised that all the roofs in Germany were white. For a minute I wondered if the white roofs were a "green" initiative and then realized that it had snowed during the night. Margaret was not feeling well and did not join the four of us for breakfast at the hotel buffet. Following breakfast, the four of us traveled to Stuttgart and visited Dillmannstrasse as well as

Dillmann Gymnasium. Snow was still falling but it did not pose a travel problem for us. Following lunch we toured the older downtown section of Stuttgart and took lots of pictures. The snow prompted me to buy a toboggan hat and, since we were in the department store, a couple boxes of German chocolates.

Next, Julia drove us to Wurmberg, where there was probably five or six inches of snow on the ground. Elisabeth had arranged a Dillman-Dihlmann reunion at the home of Gerhard and Susanne Warch. We were greeted by a table full of wonderful desserts and



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other Dihlmann relatives. I immediately noticed a large hand drawn Dihlmann family tree pinned to the wall in the dining room and asked permission to photograph it. I had seen this same family tree in pictures of an earlier DFA trip to Germany. While I took several photos of it, I knew that my \$200 digital camera could not do it justice. I wondered to myself how a copy of something so large could ever be copied or reproduced. Knowing that to be unrealistic for me, I was just glad to be able to see it up close and personal. At least I had my photos which I could show to my children while I explained to them just how impressive the actual tree was to view.

Following coffee, way too many desserts for my waist line, conversation and song, Gerhard suggested that we go walking in Wurmberg. Truthfully, I was not too eager to get out in the snow-covered roads as dusk was falling. Nevertheless, we all took off and one of our first stops was a barn where apples were being pressed by locals to make cider. They were kind enough to offer us a drink of fresh juice which was delicious. We

visited a local church, where I was told many Dihlmanns rest in the cemetery, but the snow kept us from close inspection of the grave markers. We saw and photographed the Dihlmann bakery. The walk turned out to be a wonderful experience and provided us with great photos and memories. I confessed my initial reservations to Gerhard and let him know just how much we enjoyed the walk.

Upon returning to Gerhard and Susanne's home I received my greatest surprise of the entire trip. Marianne Fritz, the owner and designer of the family tree, was not able to attend our reunion. Unknown to me, she had called twice to make sure that her wishes regarding the family tree were carried out. As we started to leave, I was informed that it was her wish and desire that I be given the family tree to take back to America. Shock does not begin to describe my feeling. At first I declined because I assumed that it was the only copy and I felt that it should remain in Germany. The group assured me that it was not the only copy and then it was taken down from the wall, rolled up and presented to me. I am still in awe that someone that I still have not met was so generous with a prized family possession. I have already started the process to get it reproduced in a smaller version in order to be able to give copies to my children and other family members.

Our last day in Germany began with a fantastic Sunday Brunch at the Parkhotel. After we packed up and loaded the car, Julia drove us to Bad Wildbad, a small town in the Black Forest where Elisabeth goes to swim most Fridays. Bad Wildbad is nestled in a mountain valley and has train tracks running through the main road of the town. We parked the car in a public garage high above the town and walked down to a restaurant which Elisabeth wanted us to visit. Julia and I offered to walk back up to the garage, get the car, and pick up Elisabeth, Margaret and Carol at the service entrance to the restaurant. Once we got the car we began to drive down toward the lower part of town and, try as we may, we were unable to find the street leading to the restaurant. We drove past the small police station in town numerous times during our search. This led us to believe that we may be driving in circles and perhaps were lost in a town of a few hundred residents. Julia, always quick on her iPhone, tried the GPS feature but could get no service. Then we decided to call Elisabeth knowing that she could easily tell us how to find the restaurant. Elisabeth's phone rang in the back seat of the car. Earlier, I had suggested to Julia that we stop at the police station and ask directions. As our final circle around town approached the police station we pulled into the parking lot. This appeared to be a very small Mayberry-like station and the front door was locked. We pushed the doorbell and waited with great hope that the station was staffed on Sunday. Our wait was uncomfortably long but at last a tall uniformed German policeman admitted us. Julia explained our plight and the officer showed her where we were on a wall map and where we needed to be which was only about an inch apart on the map. Then he showed her how we had to drive to get there and he proceeded to take us 18 inches out of town on the map and the back into town for another 18 inches. All of this was due to a tunnel being closed which required that we drive



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out of town for about a mile and then loop back. During all this I just smiled, remained silent, and tried to act and look native in my Virginia Tech windbreaker. Forty to forty five minutes after we left the group for a five minute car trip we were back at the restaurant. I saw Carol standing outside the restaurant alone when we drove up. The look on her face defies description - something between joyous relief and where the hell have you been.

We all piled into the car and drove back to Elisabeth's favorite Black Forest cake restaurant. The dessert bar was a sight to behold and the choices seemed unlimited but three of the five of us chose the Black Forest cake. It was indeed impressive with at least 11 layers. As we drove out of the Black Forest we all agreed that the unseasonably early snow was a real blessing. The trees and the mountains were absolutely beautiful. As we got nearer to Pforzheim and then Stuttgart, there was much less snow on the landscape. We arrived at the Stuttgart Airport around 5 PM where we would catch a flight on

Germanwings back to Stansted Airport, London.

Writing this article brings back great memories of our trip to London, Paris and Pforzheim. So many unrelated events combined or fell into place at just the perfect time allowing it to happen. Somehow "Thank-You" doesn't seem adequate for all those who deserve my thanks - The Dillman Family Association; my cousins, Betsy Ross and Joe Dillman; the late Erich Dihlmann; Julia, Isabell and Elisabeth Dihlmann; Susanne and Gerhard Warch and their children Rebekka, Deborah, Johanna, Tobias and Luisa; Erika Benzinger; Margaret Anderson; Megan and John Merrill; and my wife Carol who planned a great trip. I also thank Marianne Fritz for her wonderful gift of the family tree and I give my promise that it will be cared for and shared with others.



If you thought that was the end to this family connection/reunion adventure, you would be mistaken. Carol and I were fortunate to have Isabell Dihlmann for a visit in November. Isabell is a student at Harcum College in Bryn Mawr, PA, first semester. She flew into Roanoke on Friday, November 16, and was with us until Sunday afternoon. While in the area, we took her to Mill Mountain and she was able to see the famous Mill Mountain Star up close. She also visited the City Market area and dined at the Texas Tavern, a popular local hot dog and chili diner. We visited the Virginia Tech University campus in Blacksburg and took many photos at each location. Our last stop was Mountain Lake in nearby Giles County where the 80's classic movie, Dirty Dancing, was filmed. No visitor ever leaves the Dillman's of Troutville without a ride in the DeLorean and she was no exception. Isabell attended church with us on Sunday and we introduced her to our congregation. She was even



able to brush up on her German by talking with one of our church members who is a native of Germany. We really enjoyed her visit with us and hope that there will be more Dillman/Dihlmann reunions in the future.

Merry Christmas to all!

4. Martin and Agatha Dillman family reunion 3rd to 5th August 2012 - by Chris Dillman



Martin & Agatha were born in Russia. Their ancestors migrated to Russia in the late 1700's early 1800's. Martin's oldest known ancestor was Peter. We are still searching that history to find out where they migrated from. Martin and Agatha came from Russia in 1908 and settled in the St Walberg area of Saskatchewan, in the late nineteen twenties they moved to the Okanagan valley of British Columbia. They raised a dozen children who spread out across the western provinces.

In 1980, our family started to have reunions every three years to get reacquainted with each other. At that time



most of our parents were living and now, in 2012, we have one aunt and one in-law left from the original family. For the most part, we live in the three western provinces of Canada; British Columbia, Alberta & Saskatchewan. This year we had our meeting place in the Drumheller badlands area, a few miles west of the town of Drumheller in Alberta.

It is a requirement in a family our size to get together periodically. We had 123 adults attend this year and numerous little ones, although, I'm not sure how many without doing a detailed count. We only counted the ones over the age of 12 but I would estimate there

were 20 young ones. We always honour the oldest and the youngest. Our oldest "fossil" was Aunty Kay Dillman. She is a beautiful 91 year old, and the youngest was Sawyer, her great-granddaughter of 3 months.

Our oldest cousin, Anne, who was born in a leap year, loves everyone and likes to show it with a big lipstick kiss. This is her trademark. Her age is a secret but she was born in 1928. We, the cousins, are the old generation with only Aunt Clementine and Aunt Kay of our parent's generation left living. To say the least, this get-together is very important to us.

We had a special guest this time around. My good pal Andrew Stillman made the trip West to spend time with us and explore the badlands. In all his travels I don't believe he had ever seen anything like it. We took an extra tour on that Monday to make sure he got to all the sites. Many of the pictures you see here and the ones in the last newsletter are courtesy of Andrew.

Our time together is always lots of fun. Besides the visiting and catching up, we have a mandatory cribbage & horseshoes tournament. The winner of these is compensated with a memento of some kind. This year it was something made from a badlands artifact. We also have a silent auction to make money for the next reunion (seed money). These auctions do very well and our out of pocket costs are negligible.





The days are packed with activities. For one thing, we eat three times a day. Breakfast was pancakes, sausages, fruit and sticky buns. Lunch was cold cuts, salads, fruit, and sweets. The evening meal was baked potatoes and potato salads, with steaks one evening, roast beef on another, and the last evening was cleaning up whatever food was left over. We did not go away hungry.

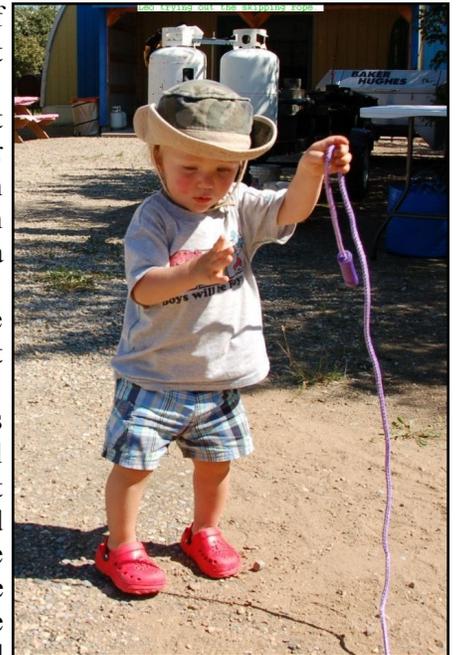
In addition to the eating and tournaments (it was about 100 degrees outside), one afternoon we had a visit to past reunion with old movies in the hall where we observed our past behavior such as a spaghetti eating contest and lots of games for everyone to participate in. Many of those games were to help people to mix. Hard to believe we were not all out going personalities! I remember it was a lot of fun at the

time and fun to watch it again about 30 years later. These old movies are always good reminders of who was there and who is missing at our current event. Of course, after the movies we had lots to talk about as we checked each other out now and how we looked way back then.

This is the time we bring our genealogy up to date, making sure we have not missed any new little ones or someone who may have passed on, married or divorced, and to get the dates and spellings correct. I also shared the information that I had to this time with each family. This includes the latest research I have on our family. Some were not aware of the past history so it was an eye-opener for a few. I love to surprise them with the latest!

Our family likes to tease each other, more like pick on each other, quite relentlessly but all in good spirit. We have some great memories of the tricks that have been played on many of the now-old men.

We had a campfire in the evening. This year we had a special fire in a log. This log was hollowed out in a special way so that you light the fire inside and it will burn for hours from the inside out, it kept us entertained for hours. We just gathered around the fire relaxed and visited some more. Of course some young and some old are tuckered out by this time. But, we played till dark which was around midnight.



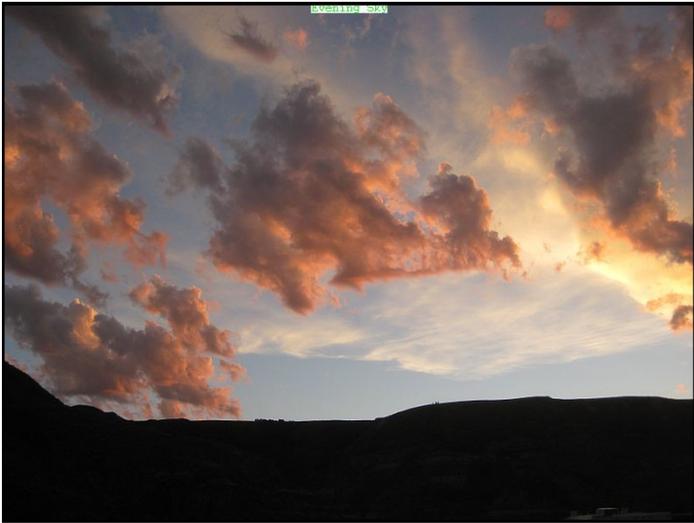
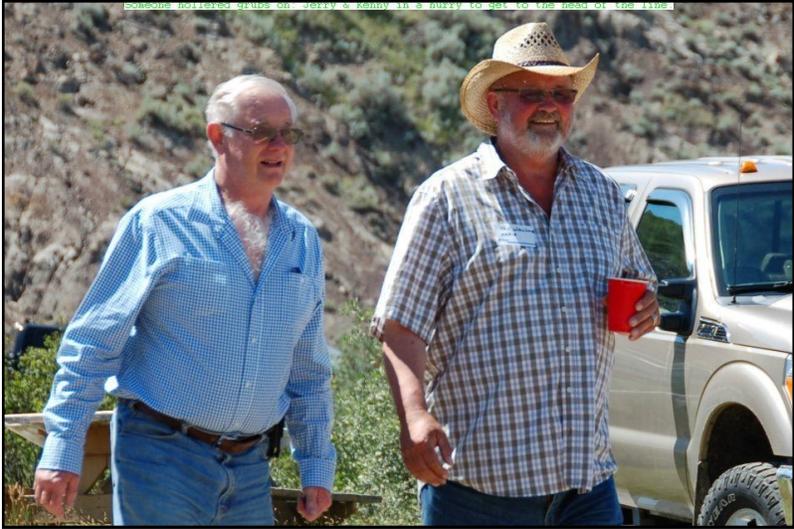
You know those ones who go to bed with the chickens also get up with the rooster, so our nights were short, but I didn't hear anyone complain because they did not get 8 hours of beauty sleep. I love the fact that we love each other and want to be in each other's company. Oh, by the way, most of us camped at the site, so, those who did not have camping accommodations went into town to a hotel for the night.

After three days together it's time to pack up and head out. But, before we can go, we have to tee up the next reunion three years from now. Our volunteer's host for the next reunion is my niece Janine. She is my oldest brother's (Lawrence) granddaughter. We are so delighted that the younger generation is getting involved to keep the fun going. It is time to put the old timers out to pasture!

That concludes my narrative except to say "a good time was had by all!"

More pictures on the next page

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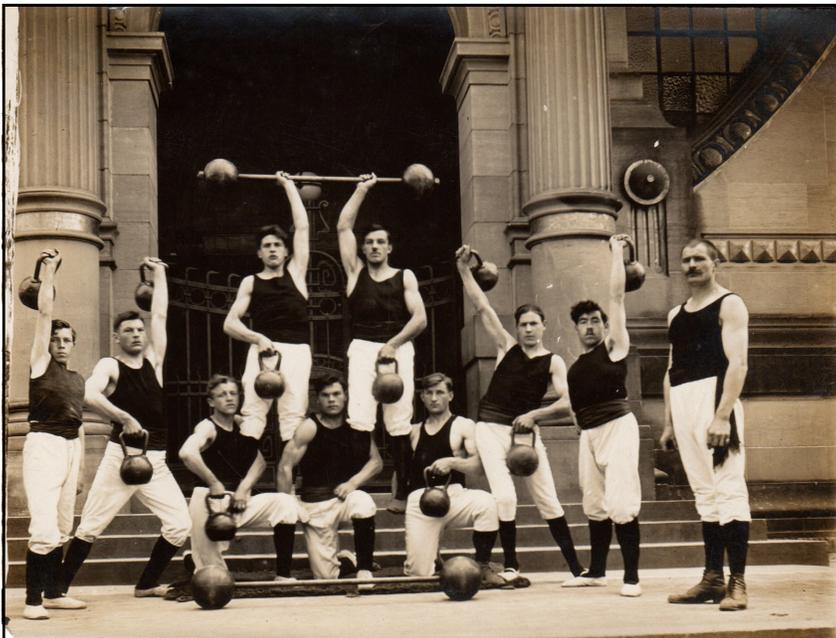


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- 11 Franziska Barth, b. 2 Jun 1798 in Ettlingen, d. 25 May 1873 in Ettlingen.
 12. Karl Anton Wursthorn, b. 11 Dec 1808 in Ettlingen, Occup: tailor, d. 13 Jun 1852 in Ettlingen, married 13 Nov 1834 Ettlingen
 13. Katherina Maria Barth, b. 7 Aug, 1809 in Ettlingen, d. 27 Sep, 1866 in Ettlingen
 14. Joseph Jakob Rohlich, b. 31 Dec. 1811 in Ettlingen, Occup: farmer, d. 12 Jun 1854 in Ettlingen, married 7 July 1842 in Ettlingen
 15. Maria Anna Bader, b. d.
- In the top row,
- 16: Anton Dillmann, born (he crossed out Ettlingen and put "from out of town"), occup: Master Butcher, died 7th Sept 1819 in Ettlingen. married 15 May 1786 in Ettlingen
 - 17: Maria Magdalena Bader, b. 6th Apr 1763 in Ettlingen, Occup: wife, died 21st Jan. 1838 in Ettlingen
 18. Jakob Witner Vogele (very local name), b. 27 March 1746 in Ettlingen, Occup: day labourer, died 16 Feb 1814 in Ettlingen married 31 Jul 1794 in Ettlingen
 19. Anna Maria Juliana Hofmann, b.17 Feb 1765 in Ettlingen, Occup: wife, died 8 Dec 1841 in Ettlingen
 20. Bernhard Engel, b. 22 Jul 1756 in Ettlingen, Occup: citizen, died 3 Jul 1810 in Ettlingen married 26 Nov 1781
 21. Katharina Bandel (another local name), b. 7 Aug 1762 in Ettlingen, Occup: wife, died 6 May 1796 in Ettlingen
 22. Franz Ignaz Witner Barth (another local name) b. 26th April 1760 in Ettlingen, Occup: citizen and linen weaver, died 1 May 1834 in Ettlingen, married 10 Feb 1794 in Ettlingen
 23. Franziska Katharina Dunkler (good local name) b. 22 Oct 1771 in Ettlingen, Occup: wife, died 11 May 1831 in Ettlingen
 24. Andreas Wursthorn b. from out of town, Occup: retired soldier d. from out of town married
 25. Katharine Margaretha Zehner, b. from out of town d. from out of town
 26. same as 22
 27. same as 23
 28. Joseph Hans L... (Jan Hybog? still checking this one) Rohlig, b. ca 1768 in Ettlingen (crossed out), Occup: citizen and carpenter, d. 30 Apr 1835 in Ettlingen, married 7 Jul 1807 in Ettlingen
 29. Maria Katharine Stahle, b. 15 Aug 1782 in Ettlingen, Occup: wife, died. 23 Apr 1817 in Ettlingen.
 30. Adonys Bader, born 15 Sep 1792 in Ettlingen, Occup: citizen and day labourer, died 6 Apr 1854 in Ettlingen married 8 May 1829 in Ettlingen
 - 31 Christina Dietrich, born c. 1790 in from out of town, Occup: wife, died 5 May 1861 in Ettlingen

Everyone's religion is listed as being k., which would be Catholic.

Wilhelm Dillmann, #1 on the chart and uncle of Bernhard, is second from the right in this picture.





Top Left: Wilhelm Dillmann on his wedding day.

Top Right: Karl Dillmann, brother of Wilhelm and father of Bernhard, facing camera.

Bottom: Karl Dillmann, second from left, celebrating with friends on their reaching the legal drinking age.



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“FUTURE ARTICLES”

We would like to include any Dillman-related stories and/or photos that you might wish to submit for upcoming newsletters. We will try to include your submitted stories/photos as quickly as possible.

Phil Dillman, 18351 Cowing Ct., Homewood, IL 60430, pd62pepsi@sbcglobal.net

The DFA newsletter, “Dillman Descendants and Ancestors,” is available by e-mail to all paid members of the Dillman Family Association. Membership is available to any individual with interest in the activities of the Dillman Family Association for \$25.00, which covers the two year period between mega-reunions (August 2010-August 2012). Membership in the DFA entitles individuals to receive an e-mail copy of each newsletter, and information on other DFA activities. Membership dues should be mailed to Louise McKinney, Treasurer, at 1510 W. Delmar, Godfrey, IL 62035 (merrielouise@yahoo.com).

You can now join the DFA ONLINE through Paypal! Log into Paypal at www.paypal.com, set up a personal account and use the Send Money feature to deposit your payment into the DFA account using this e-mail address: merrielouise@yahoo.com

Members may request receiving copies of the newsletter by postal mail instead of e-mail. Donations of \$3.00 per issue to cover the cost of printing and mailing such copies will be greatly appreciated.

Phil's Phamily Tree Phunnies

by Phil Dillman

