

Bernard Heinrich Klitz (1842–1917) Florentine Ernst (1830-????)

The firstborn child of Barney Klitz, Sr. and Theresia Uphues, Henry travelled with his father, step-mother, brother and two half-sisters in 1869 to the United States.

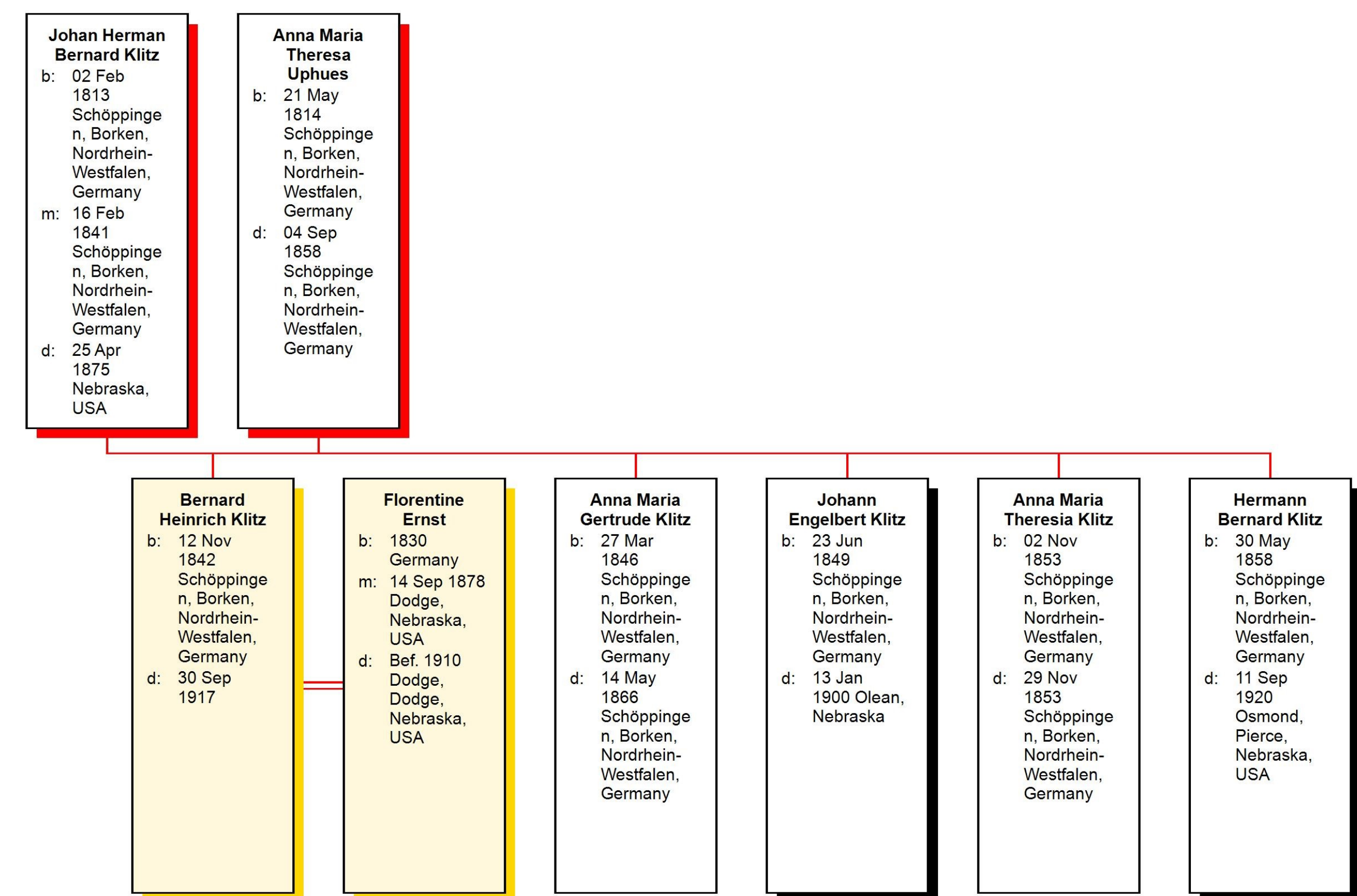
After a short stay on the Klitz Homestead, Henry homesteaded his own farm in Dodge County, Nebraska less than a mile from the Klitz Homestead. Amongst his neighbors were Joseph Sellhorst, Wilhelm Pieper and Bernard Pieper.

Henry married Florentine Ernst in 1878. Not much is known about Flo, though she was probably born around 1830 in Prussia. She immigrated to the United States in 1861.

Flo died before 1910, based on U.S. Census records, but more details have yet to be found.

It is likely that through Henry, Elisabeth Pieper Klitz met her second husband, Bernard Meickmann, whose farmstead was adjacent to Henry's to the north and east. Bernard's name appears in several homestead documents of the Klitz family as a witness.

Henry died in 1917 with he and Flo having no children. It's possible that their farmstead passed to Earnestia Krause and her son, Carl, who both lived on Henry and Flo's farmstead and worked for them.



Family Tree of Bernard Klitz and Florentine Ernst

"Presently we saw a curious thing: There were no clouds, the sun was going down in a limpid, gold-washed sky. Just as the lower edge of the red disc rested on the high fields against the horizon, a great black figure suddenly appeared on the face of the sun. We sprang to our feet, straining our eyes toward it. In a moment we realized what it was. On some upland farm, a plough had been left standing in the field. The sun was sinking just behind it. Magnified across the distance by the horizontal light, it stood out against the sun, was exactly contained within the circle of the disk; the handles, the tongue, the share—black against the molten red. There it was, heroic in size, a picture writing on the sun.

Even while we whispered about it, our vision disappeared; the ball dropped and dropped until the red tip went beneath the earth. The fields below us were dark, the sky was growing pale, and that forgotten plough had sunk back to its own littleness somewhere on the prairie."

-Willa Cather, My Antonia



Map of Central Europe, 1842