

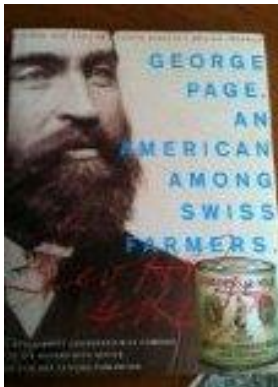
# Swissville and AngloSwiss Milk

It was the heady, late phase of the industrial revolution when George Page 1836-1899, left America in 1866 with his brother Charles after President Lincoln posted Charles as vice consul to Switzerland. It was an era of amazing machines as massive railroads criss-crossed Europe and America and luxurious steam ships brought passengers in comfort for the first time across the N. Atlantic in just 7 days. There was an abundance of capital, no shortage of entrepreneurs like Page, and fortunes to be made as factories sprouted, even in Dixon, Illinois, producing buttons, corsets, and condensed milk.



Page wasn't an inventor, he didn't discover how to preserve milk by condensing it, Borden did that in New York nine years before the Page brothers landed in Switzerland. Page quickly became aware of the high quality Alpine milk that was flooding Switzerland and going to waste with no means of refrigeration other than ice cut from winter lakes or icy mountain spring water.

He was aware that Borden made a fortune selling condensed milk to the US army during the Civil War, and seized the opportunity to exploit the available milk supply and convert it to condensed milk. He built his first plant, the AngloSwiss Condensed Milk company, in Cham, Zug, in central Switzerland where railroads crossed in every direction to transport his milk to the whole of Europe. Creative and skilled technicians were plentiful because Switzerland was a leader in industrial technology, ranging from heavy machinery to precision watches.



Capital was abundant and there was no shortage of ideas, nor a lack of willingness to take risk. Optimism abounded. Everything was possible.

Simultaneously, my great grandfather Gottfried Buergi, just across the small lake of Zug from Cham, was risking his family cattle raising fortune to build a cog railway from Arth/Goldau to take tourists up to the Rigi mountain top overlooking the two lakes of Lucerne and Zug.

Page's milk business was a huge success, first selling condensed milk to the US Army and Navy and then to milk hungry consumers in Europe. His profits were enormous and he quickly built eleven large milk condensing factories, including four in England, two in Switzerland, two in Norway, one in Germany.

In 1875 he took a Swiss bride, Adelheid Schwerzmann, and in 1888 returned to Dixon, Illinois to build at a cost of \$500,000, the largest factory of its kind in America on the north edge of town at the Illinois Central Railroad. He also moved the AngloSwiss headquarters from London to New York.

Page took with him a staff of trusted managers and technicians from Cham, who were quickly followed by a steady flow of Swiss immigrants seeking a new life. A mini boomtown sprouted around the factory, home to more than 50 Swiss families:  
**Swissville**



Page was socially progressive and he provided medical care, top wages and housing for more than 300 employees. The first workers were housed in a comfortable dormitory in the factory and they often danced there weekend nights to traditional Swiss accordion music.

Later, AngloSwiss built 12 houses near the tile factory for employees and as the business boomed, an entire village, known as Swissville, sprouted there on the edge of Dixon. Today two small streets, Anglo and Swiss intersect in that area near the IC RR.

Page not only brought Swiss managers with him, but also the valued Brown Swiss milk cows. They were the breeding stock for the dairy industry which grew explosively in the countryside outside of Dixon. Page possibly bought the cattle from my great grandfather Gottfried Buergi, who raised prize cows across the lake from Cham, in Arth. Buergi sold his cattle internationally to France, England, Brazil and Argentina.



Cham, in Arth. Buergi sold his cattle internationally to France, England, Brazil and Argentina.

Local farmers overnight found an unquenchable demand for their milk and it was easier for them to graze dairy cows on the raw prairie than to till the land and raise grain. In 1895 more than 5000 local cows provided milk to AngloSwiss, and by 1900, more than 10,000.

Young Swiss men were even brought over as 'indentured' milkers. They typically had to work several years without pay to pay off their travel costs, but were given meals and lodging, and generally treated well by their patrons.

I had met an elderly Swiss man who immigrated to dairy land near Fortuna in N. California in 1900 and he worked for 5 cents per hour, and got one Saturday afternoon per month off. He often went into Eureka to join other immigrants at a dance hall. He later returned to Switzerland, married a girl from Steinenberg SZ and returned to Fortuna.

AngloSwiss was not just the largest employer with more than 250 employees, but the demand for transporting milk from the farms spurred the rapid construction of graveled roads in rural Dixon leading to the plant.

Swissville reached its peak in the early 1900s, in the sense of having its own ethnic identity. After Borden bought out AngloSwiss's Dixon plant in 1902 and the town otherwise prospered and grew up around it, Swissville went through the typical second and third generation



assimilation. What began as a separate village outside the city of Dixon, was then later 'absorbed' in the 1950s and today only older residents recognize the name, Swissville. It's now the 'lost village'.



I remember one older fisherman, Merle Bodmer, who called himself “Swede”. I knew Bodmer is a Swiss name and asked Merle why he called himself “Swede”. He wasn’t sure why, but it became apparent as we spoke that he didn’t know the difference between Sweden and Switzerland.

The Swiss community extended beyond Dixon and included Swiss families on outlying farms, such as the Fasslers and Tortis, but the main focus of the community was Monroe, Wisconsin, just 2 hours north on highway IL 26. My Swiss born godfather, Franz Camenzind Sr. (Ibach, Schwyz) produced Emmentaler cheese at a rural factory at the WI/IL border. Monroe had a larger and more active Swiss community, and the Dixon immigrants often traveled to Monroe to visit friends and, of course, have a beer and cheese sandwich in Baumgartners café. (Baumgartners has been sold many times and the only thing Swiss about it now are the decorations.)



Another 20 miles up the highway is New Glarus, an iconic center for the Swiss, where we inevitably went to celebrate Swiss independence on August 1<sup>st</sup>, enacting Wilhelm Tell with his crossbow shooting Gessler, tyrannical reeve of the Hapsburgs positioned in Altdorf, Uri. Barrels of Huber beer, bratwurst and a whole day of dancing to accordion music, yodeling and steady chatter of Schweizer-Deutsche dialect.

Ten years after the Page brothers began producing condensed milk in Cham, young Henri Nestlé in Vevey apparently smelled profit and started producing condensed milk too, in addition to baby food and chocolate and the two companies became fierce competitors. Six years after George Page’s death the two merged in 1905 to form Nestlé AngloSwiss Condensed Milk Company. In 1977 they shortened their name to Nestlé, which today is the world’s largest food company which includes dozens of known American brands, such as Borden.



Page’s Dixon factory was sold shortly after his death to Borden in 1902 for \$2 million and the employees remained with Borden, which later was bought by the Swiss food giant Nestlé in 1998. So Page’s milk empire, which began as an American owned industry in Cham, ended up in Nestlé hands and his European factories became the cornerstone for the Nestlé empire. In 1934 Borden donated the great parcel of land surrounding the factory to the city of Dixon, now known as Page Park, in honor of George Page. Today Bay Valley Foods produces private label puddings and cheese sauces on the site in a new factory.



## Tale of Two Immigrants:

### 1. Rudolph Gasser, 1903–1957, Ibach Schwyz

Many immigrants find their chosen home too alien and long to return, but not Rudolph (Rudolf) Gasser. He loved America and Dixon, understandably, because he was so young and impressionable when he arrived. He spent his 18<sup>th</sup> birthday aboard the Majestic sailing from Cherbourg, France to New York in 1922. His favorite cousin Blasius (aka Josef) Gasser met him at the train depot in Dixon. But he had more than just a cousin to make him feel at home, several Swiss families from the burgeoning community of Swissville were at the station to welcome the new immigrant.

Why would this young man leave his home and family to risk a new life in America? Was it poverty which forced him to flee, or was it a sense of adventure which drew him? Poverty was certainly the dominant factor, but poverty is relative. There is grinding poverty of Asia and Latin America today where people have no roof and are hungry. But Rudolph came from an excellent family in Ibach. His father Josef was postmaster, albeit the wage was poverty level. Josef also sold shoes to bring in more cash.



Postcard the Majestic

His mother was Genovefa, 1872, born into privilege, the daughter of Gottfried Buergi, 1834-1912, Arth SZ, who thrived raising cattle for export to France and England, and then lost his fortune building the Arth Rigi railroad in 1873.

The relatively good family status did not protect them. It was 1922, the European economy in shambles but America was booming. Rudolph completed his apprenticeship at Elsener knife factory (Victorinox – Swiss Army) but the company was not hiring.

Many Swiss were talking about the condensed milk factory which boomed in Cham, started by Dixon Illinois man, George Page. In 1888, Page returned to Dixon and built a massive factory to produce condensed milk, the largest of its kind in America.



Page not only brought the equipment from Switzerland, but also a core of eighteen Swiss managers and technicians from Cham and the area, sailing in May 1889. A steady stream of Swiss continued to immigrate to Dixon over the years. Good wages, steady work.

Dixon must have seemed like a little boomtown. In contrast to Europe which was suffering economic collapse at the end of World War I, Dixon was flourishing, and not just the Swissville milk factory .

Reynolds Wire company quickly hired Rudolph for the skills he'd learned as an apprentice tool and die maker in the Elsener knife factory and he worked there for the next 25 years.

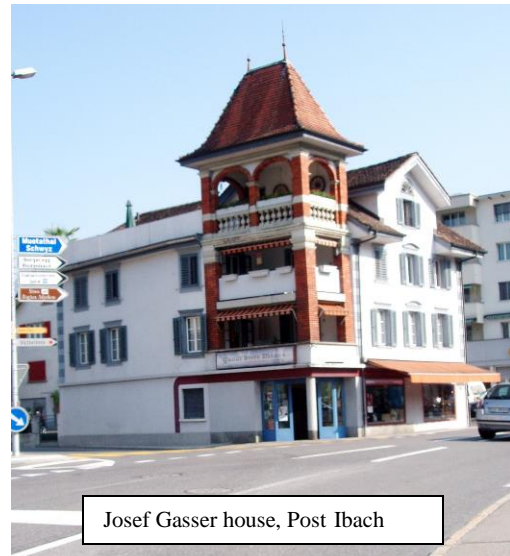
America must have seemed like paradise to struggling Europeans. Rudolph earned a good wage and was never laid off. He could buy a car, even take up golf. So nouveau riche.

In 1934 he returned home for his father's funeral, married the 'girl next door' and brought his bride Mathilde Gasser Marty, 1909, Ibach, to Dixon.

Even from Dixon, traveling to Europe wasn't that daunting in the 1930s. America's trains were as good or better than Europe's and passenger ships were crossing the Atlantic daily. It was one day by train to New York, six days on the Atlantic and a day and a half from Cherbourg, via Paris, to Switzerland.

But, yearning for the homeland quickly set up an enduring conflict for Rudolph and Mathilde. In spite of becoming a model middle class, blue collar family with house, car and three boys (Rudy Jr, 1937, Joe, 1939 and Edward, 1942), Mathilde sorely missed Switzerland, especially the mountains. Dixon was flat and boring for her. And she missed her aging father, Meinrad.

Rudolph loved America, perhaps because he was only 18 when he landed here, and for him Switzerland represented something bitter, the poverty which forced him and his two brothers to immigrate (brother Hans "John", 1901, to Elgin Watch Co, in Illinois, and later to Canton OH., John Gasser + Son Jewelers; and Josef "Sep", 1899, to Tours France). Rudolph had no desire to return for good to Switzerland.



Josef Gasser house, Post Ibach

But Mathilde persevered in the heated struggle and in 1946 the family sold everything in Dixon and moved back to their village, Ibach Schwyz

Bad timing! Though Switzerland itself was not physically damaged by World War Too, its economy was severely depressed because its trading partners in Europe lay in ruin, and therefore it was nearly impossible to import raw materials such as steel, or coal and food was still rationed. Rudolph immediately found work at the Swiss Army knife factory and this was a bitter irony for him because after completing his apprenticeship there in 1922, there was a lack of work at the factory and he was forced to leave, to follow his cousin Blasius to Dixon. Too, wages were lower than in Dixon. He couldn't afford a car, or buy a house. They were forced to rent a flat in his family house.

From very prosperous American factory worker to decidedly scrimping- along Swiss factory worker. It was a comedown.

Christmas that winter was disappointing for everyone. Instead of bright toys for the children or cosmetics or a new sofa which they might have given in Dixon, here they were told to pretend to be happy with the knitted wool socks from aunt Agnes or a single orange wrapped in pretty paper.

After 18 months, the Gassers 'threw in the towel' (Rudolph won out this time) and they returned to Dixon. When they arrived in 1948, they pretty much had to start over. Rudolph had lost his seniority at Reynolds Wire and took a new job as tool and die maker at Henry Pratt Company. It also meant buying a house again, new furniture and to his delight, a car again, a 1936 Oldsmobile.



Though the tug of war Switzerland/America strained the marriage, for the three boys crossing the Atlantic and plunging into a new culture and new language was a dream like adventure. Imagine being plunked down in third grade and being forced to read, write and speak German. That was the really hard part. But imagine too the thrill of crossing half America on the most modern trains, sailing from the booming New York harbor and spending 6 days on the vast ocean, finally to arrive in bombed out Le Havre or Cherbourg, and then traveling to Paris and finally Switzerland.

Rudolph obviously suffered under the spousal conflict, and within a few years of returning to Dixon, he suffered his first heart attack at a Swiss community picnic on the Metzlers farm, next to the Rainbow Inn. He died at age 54 after suffering 8 years of heart attacks.

Mathilde returned to Schwyz in 1969 and died there in 2002.

Rudolf Gasser, 1903-1957, Ibach Schwyz, born to Josef and Genovefa Gasser-Buergi. Died Dixon IL. USA

Mathilde Gasser, 1909-2002, Ibach Schwyz, born to Meinrad and Kathrina Gasser-Marty. Died Schwyz.

## **2. Joe Villiger, Sr., 1870-1952, Huenenberg, Zug**

Josef Villiger, Sr. left Switzerland for Dixon the same year George Page brought over his group of selected managers from Cham, but Joe isn't on the passenger list. Perhaps he came immediately afterwards. There certainly was a lot of chatter in the area about Page building a huge condensed milk factory in his hometown in America and that he was looking for skilled workers to immigrate.

Like most young Swiss who left Europe at that time, it wasn't just need (though times indeed were tough) but also the yearning for adventure and new perspectives which drew them to the steamships crossing the Atlantic.

His descendants, the sons and daughters of Joe Jr, the Dixon druggist, remember little of 'grandpa senior's Swiss family, but a distant cousin in Zug, Peter Villiger, researched and wrote a book on the family.

Joe Sr. immediately began working at AngloSwiss Dixon as a master mechanic, designing tools, and machine parts such as gears.

"He seemed to have an inventive mind and I recall seeing some patterns of inventions that he submitted to the U.S. Patent Office. Brother Tim remembers grandfather having an area with a drafting table located in the machine shop at Bordens," says Tom Villiger.



He lived directly in front of the milk factory on 4<sup>th</sup> Ave. with his wife Katherine (Truttman, 1867-1942 Kussnacht Schwyz) and he raised grapes in the back yard. Katherine arrived in Dixon the same year as Joe Sr. but we think they married here.

Son Frank joined his dad working in the machine shop. Frank Sr. operated two pleasure boats out of Lowell Park, the Miss Dixon, and Miss Illinois. It's rumored that his love for machines was so great that without pilot training he flew a plane from Sterling to Dixon, passing under one of the bridges of the Rock River. Frank and his wife, Margaret, had three children: Frank Jr, Judy and Mary.



Joe Jr. (1896-1968) operated Villiger Drugs on 115 1<sup>st</sup> St downtown and it was an early morning meeting place for local businessmen. Joe Eichler was one who would often stop in to chat. The drugstore began as the traditional shop of its day where you told Joe what was ailing you and he would sort through the thousands of jars and bottles of herbs and chemicals which lined the walls floor to ceiling, and then grind them up and blend them. Customers often referred to him as “Dr. Villiger” but he was not a medical doctor, nor was he a pharmacist by today’s standard.

“Why did our father, Joe Villiger Jr., become a druggist? I do not believe any of us have a clue. It is my recollection that he got a job at the Sullivan (Thomas Sullivan married Katherine’s sister, Mary) Drug Store in Dixon, and then later took it over. Our Dad did go to the Dixon Business School. However, I have not found any other documentation about his education after high school. I suspect he learned most of the drug/chemical process by working at the Sullivan Drug Store. Perhaps he was ‘grandfathered in’ to the State of Illinois Pharmacy licensing requirements. He really knew the drug business...early on he had to make many of the prescriptions, including the various liquid items and fill the capsules with the necessary powders,” says Tom.

In 1935 he married Clara Downs (1914-1971), Oglesby, IL. after courting her



while she worked at Ford Hopkins Drug Store which was just a few shops down the street from Villiger Drugs. She later became a LPN nurse and operated a nurse registry in Dixon. Children:

Tim 1936, Tom and Donna 1938, Rita Sue 1943.

Recollection on Joe Villiger Sr: grandson Tom Villiger, 1938, Seneca S.C.

We remember our Grandpa, Joe Villiger Sr., as someone who always dressed in a suit and tie, walked briskly, and was quite friendly.

He grew concord grapes and processed them in the basement of their home on 4th avenue, Swissville. When we spent the night at grandpa's, we were rewarded with a very small glass of his home made wine...which we really enjoyed.

Us kids ran a small Swiss neighborhood business out of his garage...using items from Villiger's Drug Store, downtown Dixon. We only did this for a short while until one of the neighbors called our parents to advise them of this illegal business.

Tim was the ring leader and he was the person who got the items from the Drug Store. Donna and I were assigned by Tim to assist with selling. I do not recall how long we ran the business...probably a few days...!

We sold cosmetic, candy bars, and other items that we thought would easily sell in the neighborhood. Grandpa had good size one stall- garage...we just opened the garage door and thus, we were open for business. Our parents were not pleased when they learned of our enterprise.



We really enjoyed going to Grandpa Villiger's house especially when the Gasser family lived there briefly when they returned from Switzerland in 1948.

Swissville was truly a neighborhood complete with a corner store at 4th Street and Palmyra Avenue. The store fulfilled many our needs...especially for candy and other treats.

The Swiss families were a joy, particularly those who made fresh cookies and invited us in for a taste. The Swiss gathered once a year in the summer for major party complete with live Swiss music, dancing, food and some libation. The Metzler family hosted the gatherings at their hillside home near Palmyra Avenue, across from the Rainbow Inn. The Swiss of Swissville seemed to be like one big family...friendly and helpful to each other.

## Recollections on Joseph Villiger Sr by his grandson:

Timothy (Tim) Villiger, 1936, Nashville, TN

Being the first male grandchild of Joe and Katherine (Truttman) Villiger, I suppose I got extra attention. I remember being pulled in a sled, but not an ordinary sled. This one had been handcrafted in the form of a stylish box on top of the sled. These rides were such fun and I remember the sled being very large, so I must have been only five years old. We always went from grand father's house down the street to the Borden Condensed Milk factory.

I often walked to Bordens machine shop on my own to visit grandpa Joe and then later to hang out with my uncle Frank Villiger. They worked together in the machine shop and it was a favorite spot in the summer for the Bordens employees, because there you could have cold drinking water from their artesian well and the machinists had built a drinking fountain at the wash sink.



In those days, being a machinist was more than standing over a milling machine or lathe shaping steel. Swiss schooling required the machinist to be able to design and create drawings of the part(s) to be made, and if castings were involved then a wooden form of the gear or wheel had to be developed. Moreover, the machinist might design and produce an entire machine or conveyer system. I recall the machine shop included a drafting table and cabinets for blueprints.



Back then, you had a job for life. Grandpa Joe never thought of leaving Bordens and he sure didn't want to retire. By the time he reached 70, the superintendent was hinting that he should consider retiring. We believe he hung up his overalls at about age 77.

It was clear to us that those years after leaving Bordens were difficult for him. He loved the routine of being in the machine shop. A couple years after retirement, though we saw his spark increase when he became involved with a lady friend from Alton, IL. Grandpa Joe once even took me to meet her and I'm sure my mother would have found this scandalous.

My uncle Frank worked side by side with his father, Joe, and continued to work there until the plant closed. People who knew them both said that Frank could make almost anything with little instruction and do it quickly, but grand pa insisted on perfection and sometimes took longer on his creations. (Jake (Ray?) Zuend, worked in the same shop as welder and was also a superb craftsman.)

I remember visiting Grandpa Joe a lot and following grandmother Katherine's death when I was six, I frequently spent Friday nights with grandpa. He'd cook dinner or we'd go out to eat at the popular Rainbow Inn four blocks down Palmyra. When we returned home, we'd sit at the oil-cloth covered kitchen table with the small brown radio, listening to Gabriel Heater talk about the war. The newscaster often began "there is good news at the front" or, "there is bad...." A treat for me was the home made red wine we drank while listening to the radio show... well, he added some 7 Up to my glass!

I miss him!

*(Joe lived at 425 4th Avenue, two blocks from the milk plant and it was sold around 1950.)*

### Recollection on Swissville and grandfather Joe Villiger Sr.:

Rita Sue Villiger, 1943, Seneca SC

We lived two houses from what was called, or at least we called it, the "milk factory". A railroad-switching track ran through our back yard to the factory. As a young girl I remember being so excited when the train made its daily trip through our back yard. I'd run out and wave heartily and the locomotive driver would wave back in such a friendly manner.



The Borden plant manager (Walter Mueller) lived in a big house right next to the factory. It seemed huge and had a yard that seemed large enough to be a public park. (The house is now headquarters of Dixon Park District.)

Often I would go to the factory, usually with my older brothers, to see our Uncle Frank in the machine shop. Everything seemed so dirty and full of oil and oil smell. The girly pin-up posters were embarrassing and I knew I was not supposed to look at them.

There was a small grocery store on the corner, diagonally across from the plant manager's house. Although it was one short block away, it seemed like such a long walk. Although small, it seemed to have everything we needed. By the time I was in high school, the grocery store had given way to a pizza place (which, by the way, made fabulous pizza).

Our grandfather had come over from Switzerland to work at the plant. I was too young to really know what he did. By the time I was aware of anything, I am sure he was retired. My recollection of him is that he was handsome, always well dressed in a suit with vest and a pocket watch on a chain. Always had a sparkle in his eyes. He died in 1952 (I think) when I was 10 and he was in his mid-80's. His wife died in 1942, a year before I was born. Based on pictures we had, she was as homely as he was handsome. Mathilde Gasser told us he was quite a lady's man and used to swat her fanny whenever she got close enough for him to do that. She was not a big fan of his.



His two-story house was one block from the plant. He had grape vines in the back yard and made his own wine. Sometimes he would give me a little glass with wine and water.

I knew we lived in a section of Dixon called Swissville and that there were a lot of Swiss people there and I knew who some of them were. However, we knew all the neighbors so I am unsure of who might have been Swiss versus who were just neighbors.

I have a vague recollection of the Swiss picnics. Don't know if these were annual affairs or more frequent.

My vague recollections would suggest that perhaps I did not strongly feel the Swiss identity. However, I definitely did. I remember that, from a very young age -- definitely before my grandfather died -- I knew (really knew) that I would travel to Switzerland as soon as I could, which I did when I was 20 years old.

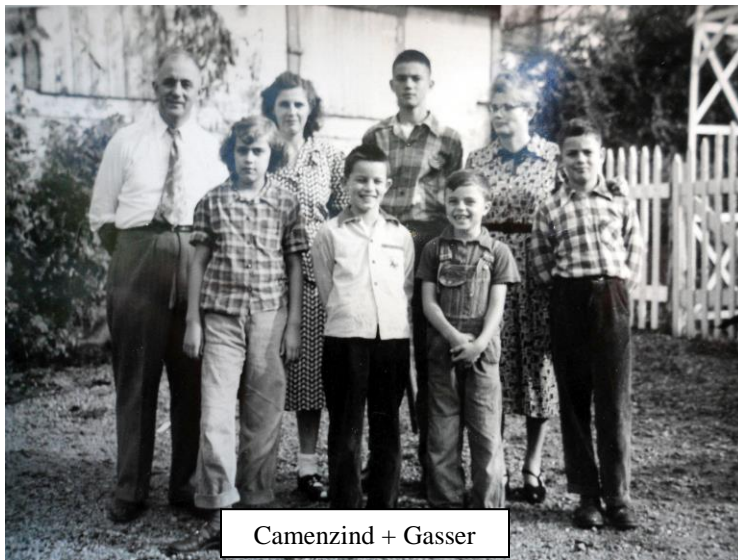
## Recollection on summers at the Camenzind Swiss cheese factory:

Edward Gasser, 1942, Dixon

They were my Huckleberry summers. Catching crayfish and turtles in the creek, climbing to the rafters in the hay barn to rob the pigeon nests of squabs, playing hide and seek in the 7 foot high corn, digging skunks out from under the one room school house up the gravel road.



When I was 10, 11 and 12 my parents dropped me off at my godfather's rural Swiss cheese factory near the Wisconsin border, and left me for weeks and weeks. What punishment! These were the best summers of my life. (Had I been bad? I don't recall. Was I being sent into exile? I remember being the best little boy in the world.)



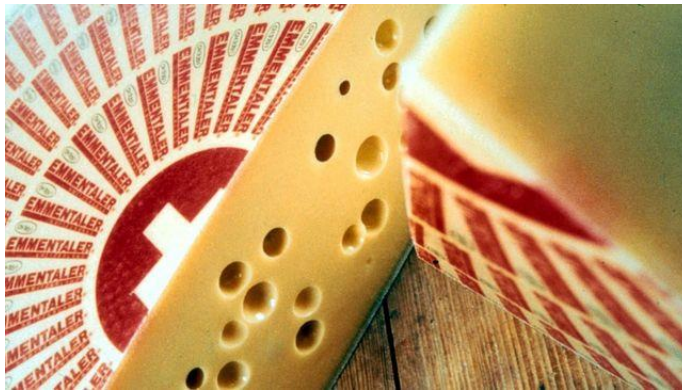
Franz was my best buddy, a year younger. His father, Franz Camenzind Sr., was born in my parents village, Ibach, Schwyz, and came to America to seek his fortune. Four huge copper kettles simmered the milk and the sweet curds were hauled out by Franz Sr. and Seppi, his young Swiss

'knecht', a man brought over on contract to work for several years. Seppi was about 22 years old, had bulging biceps which were needed to wrestle the 180 pound rounds of Emmentaler cheese. He could barely speak English, but that wasn't a handicap at the Chapel Hill factory. English and SchweizerDeutsche were mixed together like green beans and bacon.

Franz's wife, Alice was born in the USA, so at the dinner table requests were shouted in both languages. But I liked it there because we spoke more Swiss German than at my home, and of course, I loved living in the country.

We ate Swiss style, five times a day. Breakfast at 6.30, "Zneuni" at 9 (a 'pick-me-up'), a big lunch at noon, "Zvieri" at 4 p.m., (another 'pick-me-up') and dinner at 6.30 pm. Long, hard working days for the cheese workers.

Pitchers of raw, fresh milk, huge slabs of fresh butter and quart jars of solidified heavy cream. It was reach, grab and plead, "More potatoes!" We ate



"roesti", potatoes fried with onion and caraway, daily. Franz Sr., Alice, Seppi, young Alice, Franz Jr. and I. But not only. Often Edi Odermatt stopped in for dinner and inevitably would light up a cigar with his coffee. He was an older Swiss,

apparently without family.

I don't think we made cheese on Sundays. We drove early about 10 miles into Monroe WI. to Sunday mass, followed by the best part: we inevitably went to Baumgartners café across from the court house, the meeting place for Swiss farmers. Pure Swiss dialect here! Pitchers of beer and cheese sandwiches, or, more modestly, a "schwarzes", a black coffee with kirsch or kreuter schnapps. If we were lucky, we drove off to Swiss family living on a nearby farm for an afternoon of 'plaudern', gossiping and visiting, inevitably someone would play 'laendler' music on an accordion. After a few beers or 'schwarzes' there would be dancing until dark, and then the long drive down the gravel roads home, Franz Jr and I falling asleep in the back seat.



Several boys lived on nearby farms and when we were bored we'd ride our bikes up the gravel road to explore in their huge barns, climbing the hay bales which were staked to the roof beams. Collecting butterflies and mounting them was a passionate competition between us, and we'd chase barefoot through the pastures and even up the gravel roads in pursuit of the delicate lovelies.

Most of us spoke Swiss-German at home, and a few spoke it so exclusively that they had problems with English when they entered 1<sup>st</sup> grade. I remember when in 3<sup>rd</sup> grade I invited school friends home, and one said, "Gee, your dad talks funny". Meaning, he spoke with an accent. Or, if we were roughhousing, my mom might shout something in dialect to me, and my friends would sense we were in trouble. With World War Two, speaking Swiss-German went underground because most Dixonites didn't know the difference between Germany, the enemy, and neutral Switzerland.

### Recollection on Gassers Moving to Switzerland, 1946:

Rudy Gasser, 1937, Sun City AZ

During the summer of 1946, my family decided to move to Switzerland. I had just completed third grade at St. Mary's School. Dad had come to America in 1922, then gone back to Switzerland to marry mother in 1934.

Joe, Edward, and I had been born in Dixon, understood enough Swiss-German but couldn't speak it fluently, and we were excited, but somewhat apprehensive, naturally, about moving to a foreign country.

I remember we had an auction on the front lawn of the Hennepin Avenue house and packed our bags. Several Swiss friends - the Villigers, the Studachs, and also the Rosbrooks - came to the train depot to say good-bye. I remember my hat was blown off by a passing train and Mr. Rosbrook chased it down the track.

We stopped in Canton, Ohio to visit my dad's brother, John. That night uncle John's jewelry store was robbed. Dad and I jumped into the car and raced down to the store with my uncle John driving one-handed and waving a pistol with the other.



At the depot Dixon



Next stop - New York City. I remember standing on the platform on top of the Empire State Building and feeling the sway of the building in the wind which scared me to death.

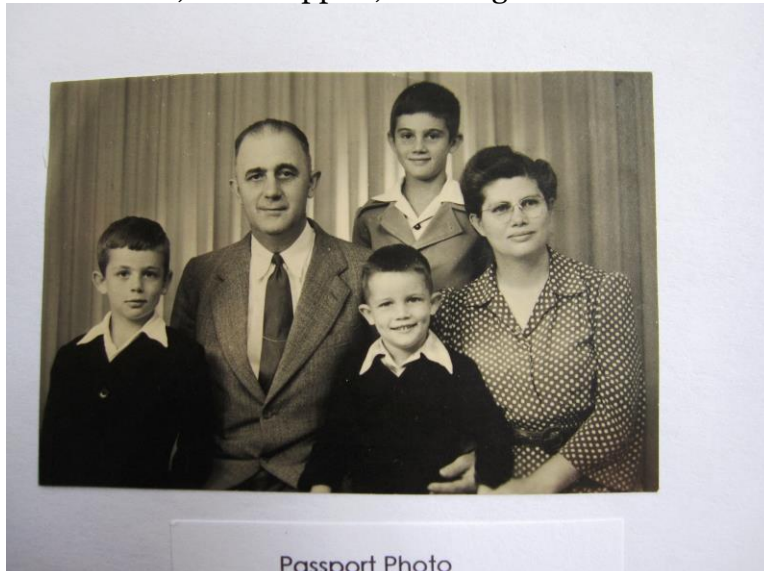
Our ship was a converted troop ship and pretty run down. The kids ran the decks playing in the empty gun turrets.

The men and boys slept separately down below deck in a huge forward compartment on bunk beds with handy garbage cans nearby for those who were seasick.

The women, girls, and very small children were in a large compartment in the center of the ship where the ride was more comfortable. I enjoyed every minute on that ship. Before I knew it we'd reached Europe, but it must have been 6 or 7 days.

We docked in LeHarve, France and rode a train to Paris in the dark, so I was unable to see any war damage. We stayed in Paris with dad's other brother, Uncle Josef, and his French wife Marcel. Mother was the "star of the show" that evening because as a gift, she gave them several cartons of American cigarettes which were worth a small fortune on the French black market.

Finally, we arrived at the train station in Schwyz where were greeted by my mom's sister, Marie Appert, standing there barefooted. She'd come direct



from raking hay at the family farm. We moved into dad's family home in Ibach where we lived on the 2nd and 3rd floors above the post office. From there my dad could walk to work at the Victorinox knife factory, where he'd learned his trade

25 years earlier.

School was very hard for me. I attended an all boys' school with 3rd and 4th graders combined in classroom. Discipline was very strict. Teutonic.

I had to spent hours in the evenings rewriting misspelled German words in my composition book. The only break I had each week was when a Catholic priest came to teach a catechism class and he allowed me to answer the questions in English.

Two fun experiences stand out in my mind from those difficult months:

1. The teachers and students took a day off from school, hiked to the base of the village mountain, the Mythen, and then skied back down to the valley.
2. On a religious holiday, we trekked over the mountain into the next valley on pilgrimage from Schwyz to the cathedral in Einsiedeln to honor the "Black Virgin" – a statue of the Blessed Virgin which had been blackened by hundred's of years of burning candles.

My only living grandparent was mom's father, Meinrad, and I felt I was a big disappointment to him because I failed to orderly stack his firewood in the basement according to his strict "Swiss standards".

I worked and played just up the road at the Appert's farm on Saturdays and school vacations. I had fun with my cousins hauling hay and barrels of apple cider with a horse-drawn wagon, pulled by this monster horse, Max. Saturday lunch was a special treat when they served Kaesekuchen and apple cider and the workers joined us all at the table.

During the Christmas holidays, St. Nicholas and his two helpers with big black bags would go house to house talking to the parents. The "bad children" would be taken away in the black bags - Hmmm, Merry Christmas! :)

The three Gasser boys and neighborhood kids would often play in grandfather's old sawmill. I remember how Joe fell and broke his arm scrambling up the stacks of logs just before we left Schwyz to come back to the US in 1948.

After eighteen months in Switzerland, four weeks of which was spent at a mountain hut in the Alps that my grandfather helped build, I did not want to return to the America.

I was afraid that I could no longer speak English.

Even though mom wanted to stay, dad just could not get used to walking or biking to work everyday - he missed having his own car. So, we returned to Dixon where I joined my original classmates in the fifth grade at St. Mary's School.

### Recollection on George Page's widow, Adelheid Page:

Fritz Kamer, 1937, Zug

I'm especially interested in this story because since my youth I keenly followed the Page-Nestlé story. My grandfather (mother's side), Fritz Imbach (to whom I owe my Christian name), was the physician to Page's widow, Adelheid (born Schwerzmann).

Affected deeply by Page's death caused by tuberculosis, Mrs Page paid for the founding of two sanatoriums for patients suffering from tuberculosis on Lake Aegeri, in the mountains just above Zug. Dr. Imbach advised her on this undertaking.

George Page in Cham did not have his own cows, instead he had contracts with local farmers who brought him their milk. I've seen photos of several horse-driven carriages loaded with milk-cans in the factory's courtyard. Of course it is possible that Page bought his cows for Dixon from Gottfried Bürgi. But it is more probable that he bought them from his milk suppliers.



The book listed in the References on Page and Nestlé was preceded by a "twin book" Adelheid, Frau ohne Grenzen by the same authors, NZZ Verlag, 2003, to which I contributed some photos. (see References).

## Recollection on her father, Ulrich Zuend:

Helen Rinehart, 1927, Dixon

Ulrich came to Dixon in 1920 because Borden advertized in Swiss newspapers. They wanted young Swiss men because they had the reputation of being disciplined workers. And that was true. He worked there about four years, and then he went to work at Reynolds Wire as 'wire drawer', and he worked there till it closed in 1962 .

Dad was a keen gardener and started a plant nursery on Lord's hill (Palmyra Rd), the old Sterling Rd. He later became partners with Lohse and it still is in business today, under the Lohse name. *(Walter Lohse says Ulrich Zuend and his father were partners on Forest Ave., but that on Lord's hill, Lohse was the only owner.)*

To provide plant stock, dad bought 5 acres of land on Forest Ave, (now Washington Ave.) There he raised evergreens, flowers and many kinds of trees. We also had an apple orchard, chickens, geese, goats and a couple steers.



We also had a large 'truck garden'. I remember helping dad pack tomatoes for sale, wrapping them individually, and loading lugs of them onto a Keeshen truck which took them to Chicago. We also raised peppers.

He had so much energy. He bought a pet shop on N. Galena and Boyd called, Bunnels Pets where he sold fish (Vic Eichler Jr. would come to buy them), chicks and also seeds and bedding plants.

He did all this while working full-time at Reynolds.

My brother Joe started a garden business on N. Galena near Gowers house when he got out of the service.



## Recollection on parents: Frank Fassler and Teresa (Kamer):

Walter Fassler, 1922, Dixon

We lived on a farm west of Dixon on Rt. 52, coming into Dixon for shopping, visiting or going to church. The Borden Milk factory stood out as a giant manufacturing factory. It was one of the major industries of Dixon. You knew you were close to the Borden factory before seeing it because there was a pleasant aroma of warm milk and caramels.

The milk from surrounding farms was brought to the plant in ten gallon cans. At first farmers brought the milk by horse drawn wagons and later small and large trucks. The parking lot was always crowded. Each morning the line extended from the plant well into the street for people waiting to deliver their milk.

The milk cans were unloaded on the ground level and was poured into large vats. The cans were steamed cleaned and placed on a conveyor belt which extended up to the second floor of the building. The conveyor belt was always full. Each farmer had his cans numbered for identification.

My father and mother both came from Switzerland. My dad in 1902 with his older brother, and my mom came by herself in 1905.

The question that is frequently asked was, "Why Dixon"? The Borden plant brought in many people from different parts of Switzerland. Through word of mouth and family connections other Swiss folk were encouraged to come and start a new life. Some people had sponsors who brought them to the US, others had relatives who were already established and acted as sponsors for friends and family. This was how my mother came to the US. She did not have any family here, she was sponsored by someone. My father knew he could get farm work easily. He and his brother hired themselves out as share-croppers, saving money to eventually purchase their own farmland.

The Swiss of Swissville were very social. I can remember coming into Swissville to visit the Tortis, Villigers, Zuends, and Muhlebachs. There was never a shortage of food, lots of laughter, and also singing and yodeling by Mrs. Zuend and Bertha Studach. We always drank wine at these gatherings because my father made his own, and that wasn't uncommon, many Swiss did.

## Recollection on Franz Muhlebach and her dad, Frank.:

Marie Foley (Muhlebach) 1932, Sterling

Franz Muhlebach, born in Malters, Switzerland, married Caroline Keiser of Zug, Switzerland in Dixon, Ill. in 1893. They lived in Swissville, on 1004 Long St. He worked at the "milk factory"--hauling milk from the farmers with his team of horses. They had 3 children--only one survived--my dad, Frank X. Muhlebach.

As I was looking over some old estate papers, I learned that my grandpa and grandma were not very happy with their fortunes in Dixon. They'd heard of another settlement in Hohenwald, Tennessee, which was more like their homeland and then I found in the court records that they had purchased property ---two 40 acre parcels from The Swiss Pioneer Union in 1899.

They didn't like it there and they sold the properties in 1907 and moved back to Swissville. Frank went to St. Mary's School and enjoyed his Swiss neighbors, and became friends for life with the Haueters, Keenans, Eicholtz, Haas, Studachs, Zuends and Tortis.

I remember dad saying that when he went to work at the Borden can production division that's where he met mom, Rachel Bush, who also worked there too and also in caramel production. He courted her in his Model "T" Ford---which was a very "hot" number---Dad was so proud of it. Mom and dad, according to the old photos, were a very handsome couple and married in 1923.

Dad went to work at Illinois Public Service Co, as garage foreman--to keep all the trucks and cars running for the company. He was a great mechanic.

It was at this time ---that the company made a spelling mistake on his payroll check--his name with a "k"--and he would have had trouble cashing the check---so he changed his name to Muhleback from Muhlebach.

I remember he once told me how when they bought their house it had only one light bulb--dangling from a cord in the kitchen. He rewired the house, put in 5 floors with narrow hardwood, added 1 1/2 baths, made all the kitchen cabinets, dug a basement--some times with a tablespoon--it was so cramped.



He loved hunting in the winter, and fishing--made a wood boat--that did not leak--16feet long and 38 inches wide--bragging "there isn't a nail in it. He used only brass screws. He also built a camping trailer and also 2 crossbows for brothers Frank and Charles. Later he built 2 gas engine motor bikes for them to take to Dixon High School.

My folks had 9 children, so mom was a very busy mother seeing to all of our needs, cooking, baking and canning. But we always took the time to vacation at a fishing lake in Wisconsin.

All my memories of our parents are happy ones. It's especially nice to recollect that dad made his wild grape wine every autumn after the first frost, and I remember how he would hold his glass up to the light and appreciate the fine clarity and the beautiful ruby color.

And with considerable pride my Dad provided his home made wine for my wedding reception in 1957.

### Recollection on working in the milk factory:

James Traynor, grandson of Gustav Mueller, Dixon

I worked most of the time in the maintenance dept and that included a lot of tasks such as repairing the boilers, some electrical work and installing new machines. Also I relieved workers on vacation in the boiler room and engine room.

Briefly I worked too in the machine shop under Joe Villiger Sr. and his son Frank. Joe worked there 54 years.

Jake (Ray?) Zuend worked with me on the maintenance crew, and he was also a blacksmith and welder.





accent for oil) in your burner?” “Johnnie, this is not Earl. It is \_\_\_\_\_”.  
Johnnie, in a louder voice: “You do not understand. Do you have any earl  
in your burner?!!” And so on until the issue would get resolved. This story  
was told to me by my Dad, who coincidentally also entered the heating  
(mostly coal) when he bought the D.B. Raymond Coal Co in 1946. (Later,  
Rosbrook Coal and Oil).

This story about John was published in the Dixon Evening Telegraph on  
July 1, 1961, Things Dixon Talked About 25 years ago (i.e. 1936).

*John Hofmann thrilled quite a crowd of spectators, Friday  
afternoon as he completed his task of re-covering the Galena  
Avenue arch with sheet metal. John proved his agility by working  
at the dizziest height, and a friend made a wager and dared him to  
stand on his head on the top of the arch when his work was  
completed. Several onlookers were watching the final work, and  
applauded when his task was done.*

*John mounted to the top of the arch and performed his stunt,  
thereby winning the wager.*

[This verifies a story I have carried in my head since I was a teenager but  
just now verified by the newspaper clipping cousin John Hofmann just sent  
me. Grandad Hofmann would have been approximately 58 years of age  
when he performed his stunt.]

## Swiss known to live in Dixon circa 1948:

1. Alois Dogwiler Jr. 1897-1986 born Dixon, IL., wife May Elizabeth 1897-1993; son Bob, lives in Dixon. (see Alois Dogwiler Sr., #5 below)
2. Fred L. Eicholtz, machine shop 603 2nd Ave, Swissville
3. Fred D. Enichen, lived across the street from Villigers. Married a daughter of Gustav Mueller. Son of Karl Enichen, AngloSwiss 1889, who came as a milker from Cham, oversaw milk production at Dixon farms.
4. Meinrad Fassler (1902) (farm on Rt 2), born Steinerberg, SZ.  
.....arrived in USA 1902, wife Barbara ..., farm Rt. 2 Grand Detour IL.  
son Joseph 1916-1982.  
  
+ brother (they initially farmed together, Rt.2, N. of Grand Detour,IL)
5. Frank Fassler 1878-1964, born in Steinerberg, Schwyz. arrived in USA 1902, wife Teresa (Kamer) 1886-1952 born Brunnen Schwyz, arrived in USA 1905; farm, Rt 52 toward Amboy. Children: Joe 1906-1983, Albert 1907-1988, Frank Jr 1908-1991, John 1910-1975, Walter 1922-, lives in Dixon.
6. John Hofmann, 1874 – 1949, born in Hetz, Switzerland, died Dixon; wife Maude (Filson), 1882-1972; 8 children: Anna Hofmann Struhs 1906-1991; J. Fred Hofmann, 1908-1970; Jane Elizabeth Hofmann Michel, 1910-1991; Helen Lucile Hofmann Gerlach, 1911-1967; Dorothy Hofmann Mitchell, 1914-2008; Stuart Hofmann, 1916-1928; Mary Louise Hofmann Marshall, 1917-2010; Robert Hofmann, 1921-1999.
7. Rudolph (Rudolf) Gasser Buergi, 1903-1957 born Ibach Schwyz, died Dixon IL. (tool and die maker, Reynolds and Pratt), and Mathilde Gasser Marty 1909-2002, born Ibach Schwyz, died Schwyz; Rudolph arrived in USA 1920, Mathilde 1935; Children: Rudy Jr. 1937, Joe 1939, Edward 1942, Dixon.
8. and cousin Blasius (aka Joseph) Gasser 1889-1922 born Ibach, died Dixon IL., wife Lena 1885-1949, died Dixon IL., son J.Walter;
9. Eddie Haas jr. 1887, born Kriens, LU. son of Edward H. Sr., came to Dixon age 2.
10. Fritz Haas; Ken Haas (son of Fritz?? ) went to Joe V. Jr funeral.
11. Teresa Haueter (widow, Albert) 901 Long Ave, Swissville

12. Albert Haueter, wife Nancy B. worked Freeman shoe, 901 Long Ave.
13. Howard Metzler 1893-1945, wife Elizabeth (Haas) 1893-1962, Bordens (he was German, wife Swiss.) Edie Metzler died Dixon 2013, wife Elizabeth??
14. Franz Muhlebach 1864-1942, born in Malters, Lucerne, wife Carolyn Keiser, 1857-1928 born in Zug; They married in Dixon 1893. Son Frank X. 1895-1963, garage foreman INU, wife Rachel (Bush) 1899-1972, = Children: Frank E. Jr 1924 - , Dixon (Borden and his own refrigeration business, phone co.), Charles 1926-1951, Lucille 1929-1975, Joe 1930- , Marie 1932- Foley, Sterling, Helen 1936 -, Carolyn 1945-1986.
15. Fritz Zbinden (he had a bicycle repair shop, die maker, Reynolds); born in ..... arrived in USA ..... wife Margaret, son Fred.
16. Albert Spinden, wife Eve, Reynolds ??
17. Julius Studach ,1893, Altstaetten, St Gallen, died Dixon 1968, and wife Bertha,1891, died in Switz. (he was a carpenter with Dixon State School and Lindquist Construction); arrived in USA 1919 with brothers Franz and Ferdinand (farmer).
18. John Torti 1890-1970, born Alpnach, Obwalden, worked at Bordens, returned to Switzerland to marry Emma, later was farmer Nachusa IL., wife Emma (Blattler) 1896-1948 born Alpnach. Children: Gertrude born in Switz. Died Dixon 1926, John Jr. 1922-1929, Elma 1921-1998, Elsie 1923-2001, Robert 1925-2000, Mary 1926- lives in Dixon, Ruth 1927-1991, George 1929-1998, Margaret 1931- ?, John Joseph 1937 - ?  
  
+ 2 brothers
19. Frank Torti, Alpnach
20. Louis Torti 1900-1971, Alpnach, wife Ann. Children: Barbara 1936-2007, Arthur 1931-2000.
21. Walter Trautman
22. Franz Truttman
23. Joe Villiger Sr., 1870-1942, Huenenberg, Zug. He was tool designer at AngloSwiss); , arrived in USA 1899 wife Katherine Truttman, 1867-1943, born Kussnacht Schwyz. Two sons: Joe Jr and Frank.

Katherine Truttman's sister Mary 1878-1955:

**Recollection by grandson:** Dr. Tim Sullivan Jr. Sterling IL

Mary was about 25 when she came to stay with her older sister Katherine in Swissville. I suppose that's when she got to know grand father Thomas Sullivan, 1871-1942. She later returned to Switzerland and began her service as a domestic with the queen of a Scandinavian country (probably Sweden). There she received a proposal from Thomas, who was a pharmacist, by mail. Legend has it that she asked the queen for guidance and was told to "go for it".

**Recollection by grandson:** David Murphy Jr. MD, 1936, LA, Ca.

I knew Mary well because I always liked visiting my grandparents. Mary was born in Kussnacht about 1878, and I think that after 6<sup>th</sup> grade she went to Paris to work as au pair with a wealthy American family. The Queen of Sweden often visited this family and took a fancy to Mary, and took her to her home in Capri Italy. It was rumored that the King was a bounder, and perhaps that's why the queen was living on the continent.

*Ed's note: Helen and Kathryn, daughters of Thomas Sullivan and Mary (Truttman) Sullivan, married the Murphy brothers, doctors David Sr. and Edward, Dixon.*

24. Joe Jr. 1896-1968 (Villiger Drug store), born in USA, wife Clara Downs, 1914-1971; children: Tim 1936, Tom, Donna 1938, Rita Sue 1943.

+ brother

25. Frank Villiger, born in USA, (machinist Borden) wife Margaret, had three children: Frank Jr, Judy and Mary.

26. Ulrich Zuend. 1895- 1980 born in Altstaetten, St. Gallen, arrived in USA 1920 , wife Carlolyn1901-1999 Altstaetten SG., sister to Julius Studach, arrived in Dixon 1921. Children: Joe 1922-2007; Helen 1927 (Rinehart) lives in Dixon. Ulrich had garden nursery on Lord's Hill, worked at Reynolds and Pratt as wire drawer.

27. Ray (Jake) Zuend , worked in Maintenance, AngloSwiss.

## Swiss managers who George Page brought to Dixon in 1889:

1. Bucker, J.,

*Clarence Elsener who lives in Swissville was held up last evening about 11.00 by two men just west of the Illinois Central viaduct while returning home. Mr. Elsener had been over town and just before he had reached the viaduct he noticed two men coming down the walk from toward the milk factory. One he described as being tall and burly looking man, while the other was a short man. They met on the west side of the viaduct. One of the men asked young Elsener how far it was to town. He replied that it was 1/2 mile. The men then said they had walked from Prairieville. Elsener started to walk on when one of them struck him with his fist over the left eye. He fell to the walk and they went through his pockets, taking his watch and .65 cents in change.*

*Dixon Evening Sun, Oct 21, 1897*

*Elsener arose as soon as possible and drew his revolver which he had in his pocket. The gun was not loaded and he threw it at them. The men then started to run and soon they disappeared.*

2. Dogwiler, Alois Sr, 1867-?; born in Switzerland...Died Dixon IL..... arrived in USA 1889, wife, Anna, 1868, Sempach, Luzern; Son Alois Jr 1897-1986, born and died Dixon.
3. Dorner, P.
4. Elsener, C.
5. Haas, Edward Sr. 1851-1948, born Kriens, Luzern. w. wife Barbara 1860-1935, child Eddie 1887: Blasius and Anna Haas (siblings). *See Telegraph, Oct 3, 1939 pg3. Interview Edward Haas.*
6. Haueter, Albert
7. Hausheer-Keiser, Bernard
8. Kuseple, H.
9. Kuseple, J
10. Mueller, Gustav Arnold, born 1867, Berne, died Dixon 1950, one of the first group brought over by Page, "milchhaendler", retired after 50 yrs at age 80; Children: Clara, Lilly, Sophie, Walter, Fredrick, Paul. Louise, Martha, Mae. Son, Walter Mueller became superintendent of the milk



processing division, worked 37 years there. James Traynor, grandson of Gustav Mueller, worked 16 yrs at Borden, lives in Dixon.

11. Sidler, Beat
12. Stocker, Josef and Albert
13. Truttman, Franz, (Francis Trutman, veterinarian Highland IL.?)
14. Villiger, Joe Sr., 1869-1953, born Huenenberg, Zug (he was tool designer at AngloSwiss); , arrived in USA 1889 wife Katherine Truttman born Kussnacht Schwyz, died 1943, Dixon Il.;
15. Wallschleger, J.

*Young Elsener is a man of 18 years and works at the AngloSwiss milk factory. Yesterday was payday and it is supposed that the men knew this and they expected to get money but he did not happen to have it on him. The place of the holdup is outside the city limits, but still the city officers are investigating the matter.*

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## References:

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- “Adelheid, Frau ohne Grenzen”, by Michael van Orsouw; Judith Stadlin; Monika Imboden Zurich : Neue Zurcher Zeitung, 2003
- George Page and AngloSwiss: <http://www.leecoilgen.org/?p=278>
- AngloSwiss Nestle: <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Nestl%C3%A9>
- Complex agreement between AngloSwiss, Nestle and Borden:  
<http://books.google.com/books?id=XNYsyj7W59MC&pg=PA59&lpg=PA59&dq=borden+buys+anglo+swiss&source=bl&ots=1lCWAcg40l&sig=szCooLWuWR5iHWoI36GZI7ZDvHk&hl=en&sa=X&ei=BJYiUr2zN8HJygGfoICoDA&ved=0CCwQ6AEwAA#v=onepage&q=borden%20buys%20anglo%20swiss&f=false>
- “They Came from Switzerland to live in Dixon”, Sauk Valley Media (Telegraph), July 1, 2001

### **Swiss named communities in the US:**

Swissville, Dixon, Illinois  
Little Switzerland, New Glarus, Wisconsin  
New Switzerland, Illinois

Little Switzerland, Madison, Wisconsin  
Little Switzerland, North Carolina  
Little Switzerland, Colorado  
New Switzerland, Georgia  
Switzerland of Alaska  
Switzerland of America  
Switzerland County, Indiana  
Switzerland County, Pennsylvania  
Switzerland of America, New Hampshire  
Switzerland of America, Jim Thorpe, Pennsylvania

### **This document can be found at:**

- Dixon IL. Library
- Staatsarchiv library, Canton Schwyz, Switzerland
- Lee County Genealogical Society, Dixon, IL.
- Lee County Historical Society, Dixon, IL.
- Sauk Valley Media, Dixon, IL.
- Swiss Center of N. America, New Glarus, WI.
- Swiss American Historical Society, Washington, DC

Edward Gasser, September 7, 2013

**ANGLO-SWISS CONDENSED MILK** "Prepared in Switzerland."  
"Prepared in England."  
"Prepared in America."

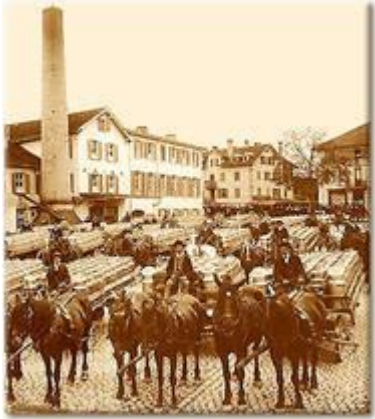
MILK AND SUGAR  
**ANGLO-SWISS MILK FOOD** FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.

**ANGLO-SWISS** { COCOA AND MILK.  
CHOCOLATE AND MILK.  
COFFEE AND MILK.

**30 MILLION TINS OF THESE GOODS SOLD IN 1882.**  
Anglo-Swiss Condensed Milk Co., Cham, Switzerland.  
NEW YORK OFFICE, 89 HUDSON STREET, P. O. BOX, 3773.



TRADE MARK



*Anlieferung der Milch in Cham in der  
Milchsüdi, wie die Anglo-Swiss  
im Volksmund genannt wurde.*



*Milchmädchen, das Markenzeichen  
der Anglo-Swiss Condensed Milk Company*

*Dixon, June 16, 2014*

*Conversation with Greg Landon*

- *The two Page brothers were probably nominated by Lincoln, but appointed by Johnson after Lincoln's assassination.*
- *One brother worked for Dept Army and the other for Treasury.*
- *Both were posted to Zurich.*
- *Two other Page brothers later also went to Zurich.*
- *George Page's first condensed milk factory in US was in NY, before Dixon, but he had an agreement with Borden, not to compete with him while he lived. Borden died before Page.*

"Milchsüdi"

Bürgler Josef

Salü Edward

vielen Dank für Deine umfangreichen Dokumentationen im Zusammenhang mit der "Milchsüdi" in Cham.

Ich kenne nur wenig von der Geschichte von George Page. Es gibt in Cham nur noch wenig von den Überresten aus jener Zeit.

"Milchsüdi", so heisst das Restaurant im alten Gemäuer, ich glaube dass in diesen Räumen vormals die Büchsenfabrik war.

In der Nähe ist auch die Adelheid Page Strasse

In Unterägeri gibt es die Klinik Adelheid, früher war dies ein Lungensanatorium (2 von meinen Geschwistern hatten Schatten auf der Lunge und mussten im Sanatorium Adelheid zur Kur).

Als ich in Cham in die Sekundarschule ging, waren noch einige der vormals gebrauchten Gebäude und Anlagen zu sehen. Das Hochkamin wurde zu jener Zeit gesprengt und abgebrochen.

Auch bestand noch ein zusätzliches Bahngleise von Steinhausen nach Cham für den Milchtransport, wurde längst wieder abgebaut.

Als die Milchanlieferungen nicht mehr möglich waren, hatten die Bauern in unserer Gegend ein gröberes Problem. In Kürze entstanden viele Käsegenossenschaften die den Bauern gehörten, der angestellte Käser hatte die Milch zu Emmentaler, etc., zu verarbeiten.

Heute sind nun wiederum ganz andere Verarbeitungsformen vorhanden, die Milch wird mit Tanklastwagen ab Bauernhof an die grossen Milchverarbeiter geliefert.



Es war sehr interessant zu vernehmen, wie viele Auslandschweizer mit ihren Familien aus der Zentralschweiz nach Amerika ausgewandert sind, etc.

Das war sicher auch nicht immer ein leichtes Leben.....

Edward sei gegrüsst aus Cham

Josef

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