

## Story: Legend About Pomane Well

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[Translation Begins]

### Legend about Pomane Well

by Ferdinand Wagner

Far out in the steppe [prairie], in a shallow hollow, is a solitary well. Its tall handle (*Schwengel*) is the only object enlivening the monotonous surrounding. The traveler can already see it from a distance through the glimmering heat of the summer on the horizon. For many who are thirsty, walking or riding along the dusty road, the well was a source of refreshment.

The people over there in the Kogelnik River valley know some old stories which they tell concerning that well. It was supposedly put up by some rich inhabitant of the area during the time of the Turks. It was his hope that it would please God and be considered as a memorial to him by the future generation. For that reason it had the name *Pomenbrunnen*, which means something like Memorial Well. Even today, this pious custom still lingers somewhat in the aired Budjak.

An old man in the village had this to say about the well: After the Turks had been forced out of the Budjak and back over the Danube River, there appeared one day a gentleman with his servant. With a plan that he brought with him, he took various measurements of the well until he came upon the place where he gave the command to dig. Soon a heavy stone appeared and beneath it there was an earthen pot full of gold and silver coins. The man took the treasure, which his ancestors had buried here in a time of war, back with him to his Turkish home. Some people maintain that in the vicinity of the well, during the night, they have seen what seems to be small flames, an unmistakable sign that there still must be some money buried there.

The farmers from the village like to drive out there in the evenings to fill up their water barrels at the *Pomanebrunnen*. The water from the well is supposed to be better than the water in all the wells of the surrounding area. Yes, it is actually supposed to have healing power. Some who are approaching death request a drink of this water in their final hour, water that refreshed them so often during their hard life of tough work on the steppe.

[End of Translation]