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LA GAZETTE DARDEL
(ENGLISH VERSION)

BULLETIN DE L'ASSOCIATION JEHAN DARDEL

THE DARDELS AND MIGRATION

A FEW ILLUSTRATIONS

This newsletter is brought to you by the AJD Archives and History Group. It is the first of what the group hopes will be a regular publication linking family memory and history. The principle is that anyone, whether a member of the association or not, can submit a short text (around one page) relating to the subject of the dossier. Of course, you don't have to be a historian to contribute. We have chosen "The Dardels and migration" as our first theme. We now need to choose another for the next publication. Please help us make our choice by sending us proposals as soon as possible. Once the subject is decided, we will let you know so that you can, if you wish, provide us with proposals for articles. The idea behind this publication is to consolidate the exchange of family memories.

The Archives and History group

CHARLES-FRÉDÉRIC DARDEL'S DEPARTURE TO ALGERIA IN 1922

by Renaud Dardel

One question has always puzzled me: why did my grandfather leave the village of Saint-Blaise in 1922, at the age of 26, where his paternal ancestors had last migrated in the early 16th century, when his ancestor Jehan came from the neighbouring Val de Ruz to take up the coveted concession of the Saint-Blaise mills? Why did Charles Frédéric, known as Charlot, make such a choice? Why did he leave for Algeria? He had not yet had the opportunity to go to Chile, as his sister Brigitte did not emigrate there until 10 years later, in 1932.



No one knows. We have no record of his writing, and no other testimony could shed any light on this point. And I never knew my grandfather, who died of malaria in Algeria in 1942. Reality is definitively faded, definitively inaccessible. Only the imagination can complete the fragmentary memory that has come down to us.

We can only imagine that his father Charles Gustave (born and died in Saint-Blaise - 1868-1944, a local councillor, member of parliament, owner-viticulturist and wine merchant), thought that Charlot would make the most of the embroidery engineering diploma he had acquired in Saint-Gall.

Or perhaps he hoped that his son would help the well-known Saint-Blaise wine merchant, Charles Dardel, to prosper by looking after the family vineyards stretching as far as the shores of Lake Neuchâtel?

Or perhaps he would make his career at the Martini car factory in Saint-Blaise, run by his brother-in-law Adolf de Martini? This vast factory, set up in Neuchâtel in 1901 to build chassis

(to complement the engine plant in Frauenfeld), had to undergo an industrial transformation if it was to survive. By 1922, the pioneering days of the car industry were over. A long time before, Friedrich von Martini, the prolific inventor and Charlot's maternal grandfather, played a key role. Friedrich had made a global name for himself by producing breech-loading rifles in 1869, which were purchased by the British army as the most promising customer. Then, among other inventions, including embroidery machines, he developed a new type of internal combustion engine (the stationary engine). This led to the launch in 1897 of the first successful prototype of Martini cars, a small car with a horizontal two-cylinder engine at the rear and steering with handlebars.

Did Charles-Gustave hope that his son Charlot would take up a political career, as he was to become a Member of Parliament a few years after his son's departure? I imagine not. I imagine that he had correctly assessed his son's character: strong, tempered and independent. I imagine that he had perceived his deep need for spirituality and his desire to break with the past.

One thing is for sure: in 1922 (or 1921?), my grandfather Charles Frédéric Dardel left for Clos Faïda, in the Soummam valley in Kabylia, to work on the Tavel family farm, a family acquaintance. A year later he married my grandmother Marguerite Alice Lichtenstein. An eventful life awaited them. Many years later, two of his sons went to live in Chile, where his aunt had settled.

THE EXILE TO BRAZIL AGAINST HER WILL OF MY PATERNAL GREAT-AUNT, YVONNE

by Isabelle Dardel

I'm going to tell you about the exile, against her will, of my paternal grandmother's eldest sister. This was in 1922. My great-grandparents, Paul Urban (1872-1921) and Marguerite Zunz (1880-1966), had 3 daughters: Yvonne, Andrée and Denyse, all 3 born in Brussels where they grew up. My great-grandmother had produced a small photo album on which she had inscribed 1920-1922, containing photos from this period, which was short in time but important in family life. These years saw the marriage of her eldest daughter in May 1920, the death of her husband in April 1921 and the exile of her eldest daughter to Brazil in June 1922. Yvonne, the eldest daughter, born on 15 May 1899, kept an intermittent diary from the end of 1914 to December 1922, which my father, Jean-Paul Dardel, found and transcribed. Here are a few extracts. At the age of 17, in 1916, after completing her studies and in order "not to be useless during the war", Yvonne went to Boitsfort 4 times a week to look after poor children suffering from pre-tuberculosis: «I bravely went carrying my suitcase with my sandwiches without butter and a cold omelette, my veil and my big white apron». On 11 May 1920, Yvonne, nicknamed "Mous", married Jean Lagasse in Brussels, born on 1 May 1899 in Ixelles; they then left on their honeymoon. On 12 November 1921, 8 months after the death of her father from tuberculosis, she spoke of her sadness and desire for a child. On 21 February 1922, she was both happy "I'm expecting a little baby" and anxious: "There's talk of our leaving for Brazil and, if Jean goes, he'll probably have to abandon me, as the sea is forbidden to a pregnant woman. I'm going to be alone to give birth, and without a home! I'll be like an unmarried mother going into hospital, and I may die without ever seeing Jean again."

On 1 September 1922, Yvonne resumed her diary from Brazil: "Time passes and brings many disenchantments. We bravely left my little homeland for Brazil. I can still see Mum and the two

little girls we so selfishly abandoned to live your life, sitting by the window". They left Brussels on 19 June by train Paris-Barcelona-Marseilles, and finally boarding the Mendoza. As the ship left the quay, I felt an inexpressible anguish and for a long time I watched Marseilles and the shores of France sink into the mist of the distant horizon. I was constantly ill on board and after 16 days we landed in Rio. We've been here a month and a half and when I think that we have to stay here for three years, it seems to me that I'll never be able to bear this long exile. Life really isn't worth living. What was mine like? A radiant childhood and then... A long series of sorrows and struggles with only one happiness, Jean. So it's only for his sake that I resist the ever-growing desire to take his revolver, which is there in the drawer of the bedside table. But I don't have the right to destroy myself for his sake. He loves me, he's good, but he has so little time to look after me! I'm alone, without a letter from Europe, alone with my worries and the bitter struggle to make ends meet.

Rio, November 1922. A new extract in which Yvonne thinks of her younger sister, Denyse (my grandmother), nicknamed "Pousse", and seems to have lost the child she was carrying: "If you only knew, darling, how much I think of you and how I wish I could love you, help you, hug you! Alas, we don't have enough to live on... Always pulling the devil by the tail, denying ourselves everything, toiling, suffering exile, all in vain! No nest! No children! What a miserable life. There are days when I feel desperate. Little Pousse, if only I had you in my lonely hours". December 1922: "My eyes leave the colourful, bustling crowd of bathers and follow for a long time, desperately, the slow ship that is leaving the bay, heading for Europe, for Belgium, and I feel so sad I could die. Just over two and a half years to go. It's with hateful joy that every evening I tear off the page of my calendar, one less dreadful day to live here. Oh, I hate this pointless sacrifice! I'm crying, I'm sick and my 23 years are wasting away within these four walls of my hotel room, missing my own and counting the pennies to make it to the end of the month! I'll never understand exile, even for money". She goes on saying that when they returned from their honeymoon, they had built their nest, "only to lose it 6 months later! I remember the day I found out it had to be sold!". It seems that financial losses led to this exile. "We can't fight bad luck!!" "And ever since then I've been carrying the pain of an abnormal life, because not having a nest, not having a child, is a missed life." "To forget Rio and isolation, I relive the past and build a dream of the future, which boils down to the two of us in a nest in Brussels with a little one."

After their exile in Brazil, Jean and Yvonne returned to live in Brussels, but they never had any children.



Yvonne and Denyse Urban



Yvonne and Jean, 11 May 1920



The 3 sisters Denyse, Yvonne & Andrée



The ship Mendoza at the quayside between views of the port of Marseilles, June 1922



Jean and Yvonne on the deck of the Mendoza, a 16-day voyage to Rio de Janeiro in Brazil

THE DARDEL MIGRATION TO CHILE

by Paulina Dardel

Santiago (Jacob Salomon, known as Sali) Gruebler Grob was born in Zurich in 1879. A qualified accountant in Switzerland, he was working in a shop in Paris when he met Madame Muzard. In 1906, Mrs Muzard took Santiago to the "Maison Muzard" in Valparaíso, Chile. As a Swiss citizen, Santiago took part in various Swiss community events in the Valparaíso region, and it was there that he met Flora Kuepfer Belser, a Santiago de Chile resident and native of Switzerland, whose family was well known for their work at the Fonderie de la Liberté. Flora and Santiago married in 1910. They had three children: Francisco Alberto Gruebler Kuepfer (known as «Tito»), Roberto Gruebler Kuepfer and Sylvia Gruebler Kuepfer. The first child of this marriage, Tito, an agronomist by profession, met Brigitte Sydney Dardel (daughter of Charles Gustave and Léonore (Lolo) von Martini), known as Bri, who was born in Saint-Blaise in 1906, where her mother had a boarding house and lodgings, when Bri and Tito met. They were married in Santiago de Chile in February 1932. Bri had arrived in Chile by boat from France that same year, accompanied by her dog Zita. Bri and Tito had an only son, Carlos (known as "Carlitos"). Bri and Tito welcomed Thierry Henry Pierre to their farm ("le Fundo") in 1946, and Jean-Jacques in 1948; Thierry and Jean-Jacques were Brigitte's nephews, the sons of her brother Charles Dardel (known as Charlot). At the time of their departure to Chile, Thierry and Jean-Jacques were living in Algeria, in the countryside, with a host family. Their mother, Marguerite Lichtenstein (known as Margot), had been forced to take this decision, suddenly finding herself without resources. Margot was widowed at the age of 41 after her husband Charlot died suddenly of malaria at the age of 48.

The Dardel family's immigration to Chile took place in several waves, not only from Switzerland, but also from Algeria and France. The Dardel family has always kept in touch with Switzerland, not only by retaining its nationality until the 4th generation, but also through various cultural events (gastronomy, travel, languages, recipes, etc.). It's also worth noting that Thierry married Hildi Pümpin Hofmann in 1955, the daughter of a Swiss mother and a Swiss father. Thierry joined his wife's family business, a nursery called "Jardin Suisse", founded in 1891 in Valparaíso, which Thierry Jr (Thierry Dardel Pümpin) still runs today, not in Valparaíso, but in the Casablanca valley. The descendants of the Dardel-Pümpin family are attached to the Swiss community in the region, so we all retain our nationality and even a cousin, Nathalie Testart-Dardel (daughter of Christine Dardel Haring, daughter of Jean-Jacques Dardel and Anna Haring) now lives in this country with her family and works as a doctor in Lausanne. So our families have excellent contact with Switzerland.

We are well aware of the importance of being the descendants of foreigners; we live this through the language (Thierry Henry and Hildi's 5 grandchildren and 2 great-granddaughters are studying at the Alliance Française), we have customs that are maintained (we are very punctual, which is not usual in Chile), we cook some typical Swiss meals, my parents have a 'cuckoo' clock at home as well as some family heirlooms. Thierry Ricardo's three daughters (born in Valparaíso in 1955), Valeria, Magdalena and Paulina, have chosen professions related to the liberal arts, and we remember very well the importance of coming from different countries (our mother, Regina 'Kina' Coronado, is Mexican). This foreign presence is very strong in Thierry and Hildi's first three granddaughters, as well as in our cousins Diego and Cristóbal.



Marriage of Brigitte Dardel and Alberto Gruebler-Küpfer. Santiago, 2 February 1933



Thierry in typical Chilean clothing. Fundo "San José", Ñipas, 1946

This article was written in French by Paulina Dardel, who lives in Chile and is the granddaughter of Thierry Dardel, who emigrated to Chile in 1946 to join his aunt Brigitte, who herself emigrated to Chile in 1932. Paulina wrote her article with information she gathered from her father Thierry Jr, who himself contacted the Gruebler family, living in Concepción in southern Chile (former owners of the "Fundo" in southern Chile); the Gruebler family became allies of the Dardel family when the Dardel family first migrated to Chile in 1932. Paulina and her family are sharing these stories of migration with us: many thanks!

REDISCOVERING HISTORY THROUGH THE LENS OF GENEALOGY...

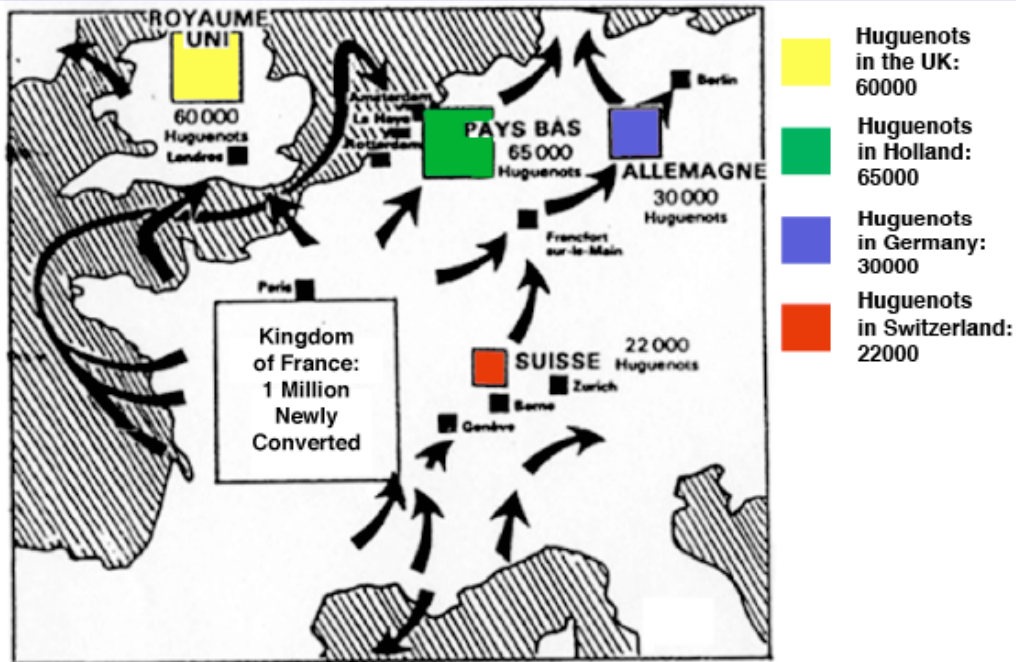
by Corinne Dardel

It was through my interest in the grandfather Alexandre Marc Louis* Dardel (1577, 714 H12), and his marriage in 1846 in Geneva to Victoire Rosine Broë, that I wanted to find out more about this Broë family.

I discovered that his father Antoine César François Pierre Charles Broë (you could have 5 first names in those days!) was a merchant in Geneva, as was his paternal grandfather Jean César Broë, who died in Geneva in 1809. But what caught my attention was that he was born in France around 1743 in La Garde near Macheville (now Lamastre) in the Ardèche. He then emigrated to Switzerland around 1779.

But what on earth was an Ardéchois doing in Geneva? He was not the only member of his family to have fled France. One uncle in particular, an apothecary in the Ardèche, had already emigrated to Geneva around 1747. It was then that I remembered the story of the Protestants of the Ardèche who had chosen to emigrate to Geneva in the face of persecution, particularly during the dragoon raids. It had become impossible for them to continue to worship. I discovered that a member of this family, Jacques François Broë, royal notary in Lamastre and lawyer at the Toulouse Parliament, had been implicated in the arrest of a clergyman and had remained in prison at the citadel in Montpellier for about a year until February 1740.

In 1685, Louis XIV revoked the Edict of Nantes. Despite the ban, 10% of the 40,000 Protestants in the Vivarais opted for exile and took the route of "Refuge". After 1789 and the recognition of freedom of religion and worship, there were still 35,000 Protestants in the Ardèche département, representing 12 to 13% of its population.



Shelters ("Refuges") close to Protestants after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

THE DARDEL WORLD

by Laurent Dardel

I discovered our land through maps and stamps, which my father loved. My childhood dreams were filled with travel. And when I accompanied him in his passion for genealogy, I realised just how widely the family had spread across our beautiful planet.

In my father's book, it all begins with our ancestor Jehan the miller coming down from the Val de Ruz to take over the mills along the rivulet at Saint-Blaise. Not really an exile, but already a first migration, the premise of more movements. Mainly within Switzerland for three centuries, then from the end of the 18th century, outside its borders. To Sweden for Georges Alexandre, where his military career took him; to France, in the Lyon and Mulhouse regions, for the family's producers of printed calicot ("indiennes"), who settled there after the ban on production in France was lifted in 1759; and to Australia for James Henri, who set off to make his vines bear fruit, while they were sick in Europe.

Is this desire to travel, to see the world, a voluntary exile driven by necessity or curiosity, or does it only become an exile when there is no return? My Protestant maternal family left the Italian Piedmont in the madness of the Wars of Religion, my paternal great-grandfather left Switzerland to settle in Paris to escape the bastard nickname that stuck to him (a fact long ignored in the family before my father's genealogical work could no longer keep it quiet) and we have many similar examples in our family history.

Jehan the miller's descendants gradually spread to a dozen or so countries in Europe and Australia up to the twelfth generation (the vast majority of whom lived in the 19th century) and then, with the progress of transport, today reach births in almost 60 countries, marriages in around thirty of them and deaths in 24 countries. When we look at the distribution of marriage locations (see table below), it is striking to note that the majority of marriages were concentrated in the canton of Neuchâtel in Switzerland for the first ten generations, before spreading to many countries and many cantons in Switzerland.

Breakdown of marriages					
Generation	Number	of which Switzerland		and Neuchâtel	
First 10	159	142	89 %	140	99 %
11th	58	38	66 %	34	89 %
12th	65	29	45 %	23	79 %
13th	74	43	58 %	30	70 %
14th	102	59	58 %	28	47 %
15th	105	42	40 %	12	29 %
16th	82	11	13 %	5	45 %

The fortunes of life are also a significant factor. My parents moved to the Basque country after my father came home and asked my mother if she would like to move to Hendaye... on the Côte d'Azur! He had simply confused two public hospitals... I could have grown up in Hyères in the Var! They lived there until their deaths and today part of our family lives on the Basque Coast, my three brothers and sister having chosen to live there. For my part, depending on where I lived and who I met, I could have settled in the Congo (a year in Pointe Noire in 1979), Asia (3 years in Singapore in the early 1980's) or anywhere else my curiosity and work took me. But I opted for France, in Toulouse (where the exile of the Spanish republicans is very present) thanks to the spatial activity, full time until retirement, in winter after meeting Dominique, a Norman woman who made me choose the beauty of the Manche département and the mildness of its summer period.

And now I have time to continue exploring our beautiful family, to meet all these cousins or at least to talk to as many of them as possible when the physical distances are too great to overcome.

So, my dear cousins... see you all soon!

Further contributions on the “Dardel family” website:

- [The Dardels in Australia](#) by Rita Dardel
- [Chronicle of Dr. Gustave Dardel in Montevideo \(Uruguay\)](#) in French