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Cover picture

Friedrich August Crämer, done between 1830 and 1844 in Bavaria
(image courtesy of Frankenmuth Historical Assn.)

Johannes Strieter, Raconteur of Past Reminiscences
Part 2: The Landmark Year of 1850

by Nathaniel J. Biebert

In January 1850, Johannes Strieter bundled his belongings and left the family farm in the town of Freedom in Washtenaw County, Michigan, to pay an extended visit to his sister Dorothea and her husband, Missionary J. F. Auch, in Sebewaing in Huron County, Michigan. Strieter hiked to Ann Arbor, then to Saginaw, where Auch picked him up with his sled and drove him to Sebewaing. Both were happy to have Johannes' company, and he did his best to make himself useful. The mission to the Chippewas in Sebewaing had already passed from the first Michigan Synod into the hands of the Missouri Synod by then.[1]

Much of the history that follows comprises the core history of the Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod, and thus may at first appear to be out of place in an article focusing on the Wisconsin Synod. However, not only is this history instructive and fascinating, but it all plays a role in Strieter's formation and in his later ministry, which significantly influenced a number of Wisconsin Synod congregations. In following Strieter's life, we will eventually focus our attention on a number of congregations in Marquette County, Wisconsin, where a chapter of Wisconsin Synod history will be told in considerable depth.[2]

With the Chippewas

Johannes quickly became acquainted with the Chippewas and the mission work being carried out by his brother-in-law and J. F. Maier.[3] Maier mostly served the station in Shebahyonk several miles to the north, and Strieter often accompanied him there. Strieter "even taught a little school with the dear Indian children" in Sebewaing.[4]

More than once during his stay, Strieter came down with a fever called "dumb ague": "[I]t makes you shake a little and then you have to sleep and it gives you the most terrible thirst and frightening dreams and hallucinations." One time he contracted this fever on a trip to Shebahyonk, so a Chippewa squaw laid out a bulrush mat on the ground for him and tended to him in front of the fire. The terrible thirst set in and Strieter indicated he desperately wanted a drink. The squaw warned him by bending over and making a vomiting sound, but Strieter didn't care; he still wanted water. "She gave me some and right away her prophecy was fulfilled."

Strieter loved to accompany Maier and play pranks on him.

> He was no horseman. There I would ride next to him and would knock his stirrup off his foot. Then I would put my horse into a brisk trot and his horse would want to do the same, and he had to hang on tight to the mane. If we came to a wet spot, I would go right through with his horse behind me so

that the water would splatter all over him. Once in a while he would scold, but most of the time he laughed.

The Chippewa religion with which the missionaries had to contend was described to Strieter this way:

> They believe that there is a great good spirit, Gishaemanido, and an evil spirit, Machimanido.[5] Each one has many spirits in its service, which are in the animals and all around us. For example, a rattlesnake is an evil spirit. When it storms really badly, that is caused by the evil spirit, and you have to appease it with offerings. My brother-in-law once had an Indian with him in a ship when the waves were high; the Indian threw tobacco in the water. In the far west, they say, is a beautiful land with magnificent sugar maple forests and beautiful lakes and rivers. There is a lot of game and a lot of fish, but no pale-face [i.e. white person] comes there. That's where eternal peace is found. Along the border of that land runs a deep, narrow, dark stream, with a narrow footbridge going across. A bad Indian falls off and perishes in the stream, but a good Indian gets across.

The Chippewas liked Johannes and greeted him warmly whenever they saw him. He was even invited to witness one of their powwows:

> They had assembled near the creek[6] in an open area. With short, thin sticks, perhaps one and a half feet high, they had staked off a longish space. In the middle stood a man with the drum, which was a hollow log covered with deerhide on both ends. He had a mallet in his hand and now he began beating on the deerhide with gusto. Another man stood next to him with a gourd… When it is dry, it is very hard, and the seed rattles when you pound it against your hand. He now took his one hand with the thing and began pounding it forcefully against the other, so that it rattled. That was the music. When they had played for a while, a man and a woman stepped into the circle, their hands crossed against their chest and an animal pelt hanging over their arms with the scalp still on it, a weasel, a muskrat, a mink, etc. They skipped along one after the other. Pretty soon the man thrusts his pelt into a woman's face and shouts, "Hui!" and she then jumps in too. The woman does the same to a man, and pretty soon the space is filled. Those in the middle play the music and the others go skipping along to it one after the other. And then pretty soon two of them leave the ring and go over into the nearby thicket. The chief, Nage-Dschikamik, Great Chief,[7] lies on the ground nearby and has a large liquor jug in his arm. A Frenchman who knew the language was with me. The chief spoke with me through him. He told me, "We are celebrating a festival of thanks to the great spirit." I had the interpreter tell him that that was not how a person thanks the great spirit.

> He replied, "He is a very great spirit, not as particular as people are. It doesn't matter to him whether you people kneel down and pray, or whether we dance." The next morning I went back to the festival area. There lay the chief dead-drunk, with his squaw sitting next to him, watching over him.

That spring, it was decided to build a mission house in Shebahyonk, and Strieter and Missionary Auch took the mission boat out on Saginaw Bay to go and pick up some boards from Saginaw, which had three sawmills at the time—a roughly 60-mile round trip.[8] The boat was 20 feet long with one mast and a sail.[9] The first day they had no wind and had to pole the boat. That evening they turned into the mouth of an adjoining stream and spent the night on the banks of the stream. But that night "the wind came from the other side and drove the water from the little stream out into the bay, and our boat sat there on the sand." Auch and Strieter had to remove their boots and socks and use their poles as levers to pry the boat gradually back into the bay.

They had enough wind to continue, but its direction was such that they couldn't reach the lighthouse at the mouth of the Saginaw River. They navigated to the shore of the bay and stood for a while, but night was coming on, the wind wasn't changing, and Strieter was contracting dumb ague again. So they poled the boat to the river, then Auch went up on shore and pulled the boat along with a rope while Strieter was supposed to use his pole to keep the boat from hitting the shore. Now chilled and tired from the fever, Strieter was only half-conscious and was roused twice by the force of the boat bumping against the shore.

They eventually found lodging at the house of a French fisherman's hospitable wife. She "plundered" her own bed to make one for Strieter and Auch on the floor. Strieter "slept gloriously." In the morning the Frenchwoman made them a feast that hit the spot—baked buckwheat cakes and roasted salt pork and fish. The woman said they didn't owe her anything for the hospitality, but Strieter suggested that Auch give her a half-dollar anyway, and she was clearly pleased.

They finally made it to the sawmill in Lower Saginaw (Bay City) and Auch bought some wood there, but they had to continue further south to the mill in Upper Saginaw in order to get all the materials they needed. In Upper Saginaw Strieter contracted dumb ague again and Auch took him to the inn. "A fat woman brings me upstairs to a bed. Every moment she comes and wakes me up in English: 'You musn't sleep!'"

After making it back to Lower Saginaw and staying overnight with a Frenchman, they loaded the boat full of lumber, "so that it was only a hand-length above the water," and made their way toward the bay. When they got to the mouth of the river, the wind was against them, and they had to pole their way around the point. They tied on to a ship at anchor and surveyed the "very turbulent" bay. "The captain appeared on his ship and shouted to us that we should go back into the river. He said the water was much too high for our boat and he

could not hold us; his anchor had enough weight to hold already."

Auch turned to Strieter: "John, what should we do?"

"Not go back; we don't want to go through all that work again."

"If you're up for it," Auch said, "let's keep going."

Auch reefed the sail in, Strieter untied the rope, Auch hoisted the sail, and off they went, "out into the open, stormy bay."

> At first I definitely felt very strange. When the boat was at the top of a high wave, I would think, "Now it's going to rush down into the trough and right down to the ground." But look, just like that it was back at the top of another wave. My brother-in-law began to sing. Then I relaxed and thought, "If he is singing, there must not be anything to worry about." But the boat traveled so horribly that it tilted way to the front, as if it were going to stand up on its head, and the water was constantly washing in at the front, so that I had to bail water almost continuously. In two hours we were at the mouth of the Sebewaing River.

Upon their return, Strieter helped to build the mission house in Shebahyonk as much as he could. It was "a long log house, made of squared fir trunks." The building was "divided in the middle, one half the missionary's residence and the other the church and school."

His time with Missionaries Auch and Maier, his time with the Chippewas and experience with their empty religion, and his participation in the work got him to thinking.

> The idea now occurred to me of becoming a minister [*Diener*] of the Church myself, even if only as a teacher. I carried the idea around with me and couldn't get rid of it. So I sought refuge in prayer. Over at the edge of the woods stood a white ash, behind which I knelt down and prayed, but mostly that God would please remove the idea from my heart, because I was unfit. Daily, often several times, I went to find my prayer altar, but the idea only grew more and more intense.

He finally told his brother-in-law about his desire. Auch advised against it at first, because Johannes "was not especially gifted for becoming a missionary," "did not have the educational background for such studies," and "did not have the means"—all points with which Johannes completely agreed. Auch instead told him to stay with them. Auch would lend him a large sum of money with which he could invest in land. He said Johannes could also make money by purchasing a bag net and fishing for whitefish. As it turned out, from a financial point of view, Auch's suggestions were quite sound and Strieter would have become "a fairly rich man without a lot of work."

The offer appealed to Strieter, but he didn't immediately accept. He took

some time to think it over, and kept returning to his white ash in prayer. But "the more I prayed, mostly to be rid of the idea of studying, the more fervent the idea became."

When his brother-in-law asked him about it again, Johannes said he still wanted to study for the ministry. So Auch agreed to pass along Johannes' wishes to Friedrich August Crämer, the pastor of the relatively new colony of Frankenmuth, at the next conference.

The conference was held at the schoolroom in Sebewaing. Interestingly, there was a Church-and-State debate after the conference. Bergrat Koch, a well-to-do man who had recently brought his daughter from Germany to be the wife of Pastor Ferdinand Sievers of Frankenlust (now the southwest side of Bay City), "thought that the secular arm was needed for the spread of the Church, and we were lacking that here. Crämer and the others didn't want to have anything to do with any secular arm."

Crämer then took the 20-year-old Strieter aside and told him, "You, sir, are going with me to Frankenmuth, and I will see if you've got what it takes. If you are fit, then you will go to the seminary in Fort Wayne, and if not, you will go back to Sebewaing."

Strieter packed his belongings, said a tearful goodbye to his sister and friends,[10] and then rode with Auch and the other returning pastors to Saginaw by boat. From there he headed to Frankenmuth on foot.

August Crämer and the Founding of Frankenmuth

We simply cannot follow Strieter into the world of Pastor Crämer and Frankenmuth without taking a historical detour into the background of that world.

Friedrich August Crämer was born on May 28, 1812, in Kleinlangheim, a village in Lower Franconia, not far east of Würzburg.[11] His strict father, a merchant, does not appear to have been especially pious, but his mother taught him to pray, made sure he attended church, and taught him Luther's Small Catechism. Instructed in the basics of Latin by a neighboring pastor who was a friend of his father, he then enrolled and excelled at the prep school (*Gymnasium*) in Würzburg. In 1830 he enrolled in the University of Erlangen, where he studied theology and philology (the science of language) and also attended lectures on logic, physics, metaphysics, philosophy, history, and psychology.[12]

Crämer generally refrained from the drinking, brawling, and showing off in which many of his fellow students engaged, but he did become a passionate political activist. The Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation had been dissolved in 1806 as a result of the Napoleonic Wars, and the German Confederation, a loose association of German states, had taken its place in 1815. There was a spirit in the air desirous of unification, a new version of the old Holy Roman Empire. This desire was kindled especially in the hearts of many university students and gave birth to a number of student associations (*Burschenschaften*). One of these associations was the *Burschenschaft Germania*, which not only promoted its ide-

als verbally, but also through organized dueling, which was supposed to inculcate a character of boldness and bravery in its members. Crämer joined the Erlangen branch of the *Burschenschaft Germania*, eventually becoming its president.[13]

Resolutions passed by the German Confederation in July 1832 threatened the liberal ideas the association was promoting. Thus a number of *Burschenschaft* members planned an attack on two Frankfurt police offices on April 3, 1833 (the so-called *Frankfurter Attentat* or *Wachensturm*), to try and gain control over the treasury of the Confederation and to trigger a revolution in all the German states. Crämer also took part in this planned attack. However, the plot was leaked to the authorities beforehand, and they were able to subdue the revolutionaries with little difficulty. Crämer was arrested and imprisoned for three years until his case was heard. He then spent another three years in prison, and would perhaps have spent more if the influential Dr. F. W. Thiersch of the University of Munich had not intervened on his behalf. Crämer was released in June 1839, but continued to be under police surveillance for some time.[14]

In 1840 Crämer enrolled in Dr. Thiersch's philological department at the University of Munich. There he studied Ancient Greek, Modern Greek, Old German, Middle High German, French, and English. Shortly after beginning his studies, he became ill, and at the same time the Lord impressed upon his mind and heart the seriousness of his law and judgment and of Crämer's own sin. In Crämer's own words, "The lightning of Sinai struck me and made a deep impression in my soul. There stood my sins before me like mountains, and the torrents of God's wrath, the terrors of death and hell, so swiftly surrounded me."[15]

But at the same time the instruction he received from his mother also came back to him. He recalled Luther's explanation to the Second Article of the Apostles' Creed: "He has redeemed me, a lost and condemned creature, purchased and won me from all sins, from death, and from the power of the devil, not with gold or silver, but with his holy, precious blood…" Crämer reasoned thus:

> If Christ has redeemed lost and condemned sinners, then he has also redeemed me, for I am definitely such a person right now—all that I am and have is lost, and I am condemned deep in the depths of hell for my sins. But now there is also something else that is valid for me—Christ's blood, which he has shed for me, and his death, which he has suffered for me.[16]

Crämer took a serious interest in confessional Lutheranism from this point on, and was now a Lutheran by conviction, not just in name.

This restored faith in the Son of God also brought about a change in Crämer's character. His fellow students now noticed patience and gentleness in him. He completed his studies at the university in 1841[17] and beginning in July worked as a private tutor for the son of the Saxon Count Carl von Einsiedel. He enjoyed a good relationship with the count's family, often traveling with them to their properties in Bohemia, and even once to Italy. But he appears to have been restless and asked to be released in June 1843.[18]

Count Carl recommended him to Lord Lovelace in Devonshire, England, who was looking for a man with a German education to tutor his children. But the lord's wife, Lady Ada, a daughter of the famous poet Lord Byron, was a passionate Unitarian and had converted her husband to Unitarianism. When they pressured Crämer to adopt Unitarian principles, he left.[19]

With a letter of recommendation, he then looked up Sir Henry Drummond, a member of the House of Commons and a religious sectarian. Drummond advised him to teach as a private instructor of German and German literature at the University of Oxford; perhaps Crämer could eventually take over the professorship of Modern Literature. But the prevailing Oxford Movement troubled Crämer, with its desire to push the Church of England back toward Rome and its disdain for Lutheranism.[20]

While at Oxford a friend made him aware of Friedrich Wyneken's urgent appeals for help for the needy German Lutherans in North America. Through his brother he also learned of Pastor Wilhelm Löhe's efforts to answer Wyneken's plea from Neuendettelsau in Middle Franconia. Urged to offer Löhe his services, Crämer left Oxford and traveled to meet Löhe in the fall of 1844.[21]

Löhe was looking for a man to lead a group of emigrants to the United States to begin mission work among the Chippewas in Michigan. Pastor Friedrich Schmid, the president of the first Michigan Synod, had plans to send single missionaries to conduct mission work among the Chippewas, but Löhe thought it better to have an entire mission congregation as the base for such work. Crämer's education and background in leadership, languages, theology, and teaching, coupled with his zeal and confessional Lutheran convictions, made him a good fit, even if Löhe did privately express that "there [were] many talents which Crämer [did] not possess."[22] Crämer was paired up with a small group of "simple Christian country folks from Middle Franconia, partially from the region of Fürth and Nuremberg, partially from the Altmühlgrund, mostly spiritual children of Löhe." They consisted of a married couple with one little daughter, four betrothed couples, and two young, single men. "No earthly poverty prompted their decision to emigrate, for they were getting along sufficiently at home, in some cases plentifully, and just as little did the desire to increase their possessions compel them to forsake the homeland to which they were fondly attached. They simply wanted to serve the mission in self-denying love in the way Löhe had suggested."[23]

This new, small congregation issued the now 32-year-old Crämer a formal call to be their pastor on February 15, 1845. Crämer then traveled with pastoral candidate Friedrich Lochner to Mecklenburg to secure assistance for the venture, and to secure permission from Grand Duke Friedrich Franz II for Crämer's ordination, which was granted in person on April 3. The next day Crämer was ordained by Dr. Theodor Kliefoth at the Lutheran Cathedral of St. Mary and St. John in Schwerin in the presence of a sizeable assembly. After making a few more stops, Crämer and Lochner arrived in Bremen on April 9; the colonists and three other accompanying pastoral candidates arrived two days later. Crämer was officially

installed as the colonists' pastor by Pastor von Hanfstengel in his home on April 14.[24]

They set sail on the *Caroline* from Bremerhaven at noon on April 20. However, some shoddy river piloting left them stuck on a sandbank in the Weser River for a full day. But the weather was fair and sunny, so Crämer performed the marriages for the five betrothed couples (one of the candidates had gotten betrothed in Bremen) the following morning. During the trip, Crämer held Sunday services on the deck, if it wasn't too stormy, and the pastoral candidates led morning and evening devotions on the weekdays. Captain Volkmann, a Christian man, and his shipmates also attended the Sunday services.[25]

The difficult sea voyage lasted 50 days. Due to contrary winds they had to sail around Scotland, had to survive a couple severe storms, collided with English trawler one dark night (breaking the bowsprit of each and causing considerable damage), and had to dodge icebergs in dense fog for three days and nights. Smallpox also broke out on the second steerage level toward the end of the journey, claiming the life of the one child in the colony. Crämer himself also contracted a mild case.[26]

But Crämer also met his future wife on the journey, the 27-year-old Dorothea Benthien. Throughout the journey, she tended to passengers who were sick at the risk of her own good health. When Crämer saw her Christian love on display, and when a friend asked him if she might make a fitting wife, he decided to test her. She had originally been planning to go to Fort Wayne, so he asked her whether she was inclined to accept a position [*Dienst*] as "mission's maid" in the colony. After giving it some consideration, she accepted, at which point Crämer declared his desire that she be the missionary's wife, which she also accepted.[27]

At first Crämer had assumed that the 4-year-old boy who was accompanying Dorothea belonged to her brother and sister-in-law, who were traveling with her. But as their friendship blossomed, Dorothea told him of her past and that the boy, Heinrich, had been born to her out of wedlock. Crämer recognized her genuine repentance and was undeterred in his desire to marry her. When he shared his intention with the colonists, however, they were shocked that their pastor would entertain the thought of marrying "such a woman." In the end, the colonists agreed to give their pastor the benefit of the doubt. In time they would be won over by Dorothea's humility, elegance, diligence, contentment, and unselfishness. But at the time their confidence in their pastor was shaken and the seeds of friction were sown. The colonists disembarked on June 9, and Crämer and Benthien were wed the next day by Pastor Carl Fr. E. Stohlmann at St. Matthew Lutheran Church in New York City.[28]

On June 12 Crämer and the colonists then took a steamboat up the Hudson River to Albany. There they boarded a "somewhat ordinary emigrant car," one of several coaches attached to the rear of a freight train bound for Buffalo. The train departed on June 13 around 1 p.m. It had scarcely traveled a mile and the colonists had finished singing the first stanza of "Now Thank We All Our God" and had just begun the second when their train collided head-on with another coal train

on a bend around a hill. A number of freight cars were completely demolished and an unfamiliar man traveling in one of the other coaches died, but the colonists' car miraculously stayed completely intact and they suffered only bruises and minor cuts. Rather than prompting additional thanksgiving, however, the incident led to increased friction between pastor and parishioners. Crämer thought that they should take the crash as a sign and travel to Buffalo by canal boat, but most of the colonists wanted to save money and try the railroad again. Crämer lost his cool, and Candidate Lochner had to intervene as mediator. A vote was taken and the emigrants left Albany that evening by train.[29]

From Buffalo they traveled by steamboat to Monroe, Michigan. Crämer and two of the pastoral candidates met with Pastor Friedrich Schmid of the Michigan Synod in Ann Arbor to discuss the purchase and settling of a plot of land that had been selected by Missionary Auch, Strieter's brother-in-law, along the Cass River, and to discuss the operation of the mission. Crämer then returned to Monroe and set out with his congregation for Detroit, where Schmid and Auch helped them to purchase the field equipment, tools, and provisions they would need. On July 3 they boarded a small sailing vessel, the *Nelson Smith,* which was to take them around the thumb of Michigan to Saginaw. When the customary shooting and fireworks broke out on the Fourth of July, captain and crew couldn't stand it on board anymore and went onto a little island in the St. Clair River to celebrate, leaving the immigrants on the ship by themselves. The crew returned and continued sailing on July 5, and the boat finally reached Bay City around July 9. Instead of waiting for a steamboat to tow them, the colonists themselves grabbed the rope and pulled the ship to Saginaw, but were cheered up when Missionary Auch met them in a canoe on the way.[30]

Auch had rented a large house in Saginaw in which the colonists could lodge for the time being. In the meantime Crämer went with Auch, several of his men, and a surveyor into the wilderness to check out the proposed plot of land. They were very pleased with both the quality of the land and its central location. Saginaw, Flint, Tuscola, and, above all, a Chippewa village along the Cass River were all within striking distance, and the river itself was also a useful resource, including its potential for driving any mills that might be constructed. Plus, the land was available at the government price of $2.50 an acre. It was decided to purchase 680 acres at once, of which 70 acres in the center would be reserved just for mission purposes. The colonists had left a large stash of ready cash in the custody of a Michigan Synod pastor in Detroit. Auch now went to retrieve $1,700 in five-gulden pieces and brought it to the land office in Flint concealed beneath a false bottom in a wooden bucket. He then returned to the colonists with the land title.[31]

The ensuing weeks and months would be some of the most difficult in the colonists' lives. At first all the men went out from Saginaw every Monday with axe, spade, and saw to clear land at the site, beginning at what is today the St. Lorenz Cemetery on the south side of West Tuscola Street. They returned every Saturday to check on their wives and to worship and rest on Sunday. In the mean-

time, the women found income and work in the homes of English families. Crämer often went with the men to help with the clearing and building as best he could, to carry water to those who were thirsty, and to hold morning and evening services.[32]

It did not take long for this extremely difficult daily work, in an unfamiliar land, without any shelter at night except the trees (a rainstorm drenched the men on the night of August 12), to take its toll on temperament, and the lingering doubts and resentment over previous decisions did not help. At a village planning meeting on the evening of August 13, tensions reached a breaking point and strong words were exchanged. The following day Crämer contracted a fever so bad that two men had to lay him in a canoe, cover him with branches in the absence of a quilt, and carry him on their shoulders to the neighboring town of Bridgeport. Crämer's parting reminders to the other men came off as condescending. Repeated attacks of fever incapacitated Crämer, and the other men also contracted it in turns, which further strained the community mood.[33]

The completion of a 30'×30' slab hut, called the "company hut," on August 16 did not really do much to cheer their spirits either. On August 18, which can be called the founding day of Frankenmuth, all the colonists except Crämer and his family loaded up their household goods in a wagon hitched to a team of oxen and set out from Saginaw. When they had to turn off the road leading to Tuscola in order to get to the hut, it was often necessary to pause and wait while trees were felled and brush was hacked away so that the wagon could get through. When they arrived, the occupants actually preferred to spend the nights and cook outside. But when it rained for the first time after the move, they were forced to cram into the hut together. By then the roof slabs had become warped, so they needed to sleep beneath opened umbrellas.[34]

Crämer was becoming increasingly frustrated not just at his treatment from the colonists, but also at the doctrinal laxity he was discovering in the Michigan Synod (more on this later). When he was finally able to visit the colonists in Frankenmuth in September, he learned that his congregation was minded to dismiss him in favor of Missionary Auch, who had helped them clear land and possessed a broad skill set. Crämer returned to Saginaw, where he considered the matter and how to address it. On October 4 he returned to Frankenmuth and attempted to show the colonists in an orderly way where they were in error. It was on this tense scene that Pastor Adam Ernst arrived unexpectedly several days later. Löhe had sent Ernst over in 1842 and he was now serving a congregation near Columbus, Ohio. Löhe had learned of the grievances from the Frankenmuth colonists and had suggested to Ernst that he investigate them. "Like an angel of God," Ernst comforted and cheered both congregation and pastor and helped smooth out the differences between each.[35]

After Ernst left, the colonists began constructing a 1½-story, 30'×20' log house which was to serve as parsonage, mission house, and temporary church. The first service was held on Christmas Day 1845. Afterwards Crämer held services there on Sundays and festival days, and also daily matins and vespers devo-

Replica of the original log church on the southern edge of the old cemetery

tional services, which later turned into full-blown weekday services. The colonists had brought along two bells from Germany. They now hung one of them up in a framework and rang it for the first time on New Year's Eve while singing Nikolaus Decius' hymn, "All Glory Be to God on High." But it wasn't until around the beginning of February 1846 that Crämer could move out of the company hut into the log house.[36]

On May 27, 1846, the Wednesday before Pentecost, more Franconians arrived to join the colony—nine families, ten newly married couples, and a small number of bachelors. While their arrival brought joy to the colonists' hearts, it also brought increased strain to the lodging situation. By now a couple more small log huts had been erected, but even with these there were still 16 to 18 people without a roof over their heads. Crämer offered to take them in, but since he had also taken in an interpreter and 17 Chippewa children, one can imagine how close the quarters were for a while.[37]

Crämer had wasted no time with his mission work. Shortly after the colonists' arrival in Saginaw, he had begun to make contact with the Chippewas. In the spring of 1846 he went with his translator Tromblé to the Chippewa village 20 miles up the Cass River. He also visited five other Chippewa settlements. In time three main stations were established, which Crämer visited once a month. His mission trips sometimes took him 50-70 miles, and all of his trips were made on foot the first year. Tromblé soon proved to be incompetent, however, and Crämer was without a translator in the latter half of the year. Crämer eventually secured the much more competent services of James Gruet, a French-Indian "half breed."[38]

He not only had to contend with the Indian liquor traders, who viewed Christian missionaries as a threat to their trade, but also with Methodist missionaries. The Methodists would visit the same villages Crämer visited, attempting to convert the Chippewas through "unruly groaning, howling, and yelling" and "clapping with the hands and stomping with the feet." The baptisms that followed these demonstrations were performed "without any and all instruction in the Ten Commandments, Creed, and Lord's Prayer." At one of their so-called camp meetings, when their demonstrations had reached the desired fever pitch, the preacher said that whoever wanted to join the church should step to the right. When a number of Chippewas had done so, he grabbed a watering can and emptied it on the whole group for a baptism "in wholesale." They stooped to any means to bring about these conversions, telling the Chippewas that if they didn't join the church, the Englishmen would come and kill them with their sabers. They also denigrated the Lutheran mission in Frankenmuth and shamelessly told the Chippewas that all Indians who let themselves be baptized by the Lutherans would be sold into slavery in England. The church in Frankenmuth had a black iron crucifix on its makeshift altar, with a skull and a serpent at the foot of the cross to symbolize Jesus' defeat of death and the devil; the Methodists told the Chippewas that this crucifix showed that the Lutherans worshipped serpents and the devil.[39]

In spite of the mission's enemies, Crämer continued to bring the gospel to the Chippewas. One of the primary ways he did so was by enabling the Chippewas to send their children to the Frankenmuth school. Soon the school had 17 students, and eventually 30-32 students, and many of these students were housed and cared for in the parsonage. The children were not only taught God's word by attending church services and being taught to sing hymns and to say the Creed and the Lord's Prayer, but they were also cultured in other ways. As the wife of Lorenz Loesel, a Frankenmuth resident, wrote home to her mother in June 1849, "they are neat and cleanly dressed; their long black hair is always well groomed by boys and girls, and they are also learning [to do] that [themselves] …"[40] Due to the care they received from Mrs. Crämer, who washed and deloused them and taught them "some of the amenities of civilization," the Chippewa children soon referred to her as "Mother."[41]

As already hinted at, Crämer's opposition didn't only come from outsiders. Pastor Friedrich Schmid had assured Wilhelm Löhe that the Michigan Synod was loyal to the Lutheran Confessions. So Crämer and other Löhe men—Hattstädt, Lochner, and Trautmann—felt betrayed when they learned that one of Schmid's missionaries in Huron County, J. Simon Dumser, a graduate of the Basel Mission Institute, had been ordained in Germany without being pledged to the Lutheran Confessions. Dumser not only stated that an unqualified pledge would be a coercion of his conscience, but even tried to "wheedle [two of the original Frankenmuth colonists] away from their loyalty to the strict Lutheran Church."[42] These four concerned pastors also found out that mixed congregations, consisting of both Lutheran and Reformed members, had been publicly served *as*

such with Word and Sacrament by pastors in the Michigan Synod, without any attempt to make a confessional clarification or give confessional instruction.[43]

When these four pastors requested at a pastors' conference that Missionary Dumser be expelled from the synod and that the synod cease serving mixed congregations as such, they were referred to the synod convention beginning on June 24, 1846, in Ann Arbor. When they renewed their request at the convention, the synod's Missions Committee ignored their request and confirmed Dumser's position in the synod's ministerium and sent him off to his post. So on June 25, the anniversary of the presentation of the Augsburg Confession, the four pastors submitted a written declaration of withdrawal from the Michigan Synod.[44]

In the first half of July, a preliminary conference was held with C. F. W. Walther in Fort Wayne, Indiana, to discuss the constitution for a new synod. All four pastors were there.[45] When what is now known as the Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod was officially formed in late April 1847 in Chicago, Crämer was there as a voting member.[46] As mentioned in Part 1 in the previous issue of the *WHI Journal*, Crämer and the other Löhe men and their colonies who immigrated to the area continued to exert a strong influence on Missionaries Auch and Maier, in spite of the initial tension between Crämer and Auch in 1845. The missions that Auch and Maier served were transferred to the Missouri Synod on June 1, 1849, shortly before the synod's third convention. Auch and Maier themselves may have gone over to the Missouri Synod at the same time, though they did not attend the convention that year.[47]

The same summer that Crämer was rectifying his membership in the first Michigan Synod (1846), the residents of Frankenmuth decided to build a larger log church, 42'×26', to accommodate the larger community. On Second Christmas Day it was solemnly dedicated to the worship of the triune God as St. Lorenz Church. The following day a teenage Chippewa boy and his two younger sisters were baptized. They took Christian names when they were baptized—Abraham, Magdalena, and Anna, the "firstfruits of the Frankenmuth Mission School."[48]

On June 10, 1847, as Crämer's duties were increasing, Eduard Baierlein arrived to assist Crämer in his mission work to the Chippewas. The colonists had already constructed a proper mission house in which Baierlein could live with his wife and instruct the Chippewa children. Not long afterward, Bemassikeh, the chief of a village along the Pine River, near what is today St. Louis, Michigan, asked the Frankenmuth mission to build a schoolhouse in his village in order to instruct not just the children but also the adults. His request was fulfilled, and Missionary Baierlein moved from Frankenmuth to the new Bethany station in May 1848. After a while Bethany became the main station for mission work to the Chippewas, as the growing settlements and disappearing maple forests forced the Chippewas to move away from the Cass River and head further north.[49]

These developments and the growing Frankenmuth community increasingly limited Crämer's activity as a missionary. This allowed him to devote more time to his growing Frankenmuth flock, to study, and to instruction of budding theolo-

St. Lorenz Lutheran Church in Frankenmuth today, viewed from the old cemetery where land for the settlement was first cleared.

gians like Strieter, but he never completely gave up his mission work among the Chippewas until he left Frankenmuth. By the time Strieter arrived, the initial disagreements between Crämer and the colonists had disappeared and had been replaced with mutual love and respect. The colonists especially admired his "spirit-filled and powerful sermons."[50]

It was into the world of this now-38-year-old man, Friedrich August Crämer, and his 5-year-old Franconian community along the Cass River, that Johannes Strieter now entered to receive his pre-seminary training.

"It was so nice in Frankenmuth"

Strieter's description of his time in Frankenmuth in 1850 is both detailed and arresting. Because of this, and for the sake of any historically minded Frankenmuth residents (of which there are still plenty) who might read this article, I will let Strieter tell his own story of his time in Frankenmuth and his visits to the other Franconian colonies, with minimal interruption. From here on, I simply present Strieter's autobiography, except for comments in brackets [ ] and the final two sentences of the article.

There was a young man my age there, Kundinger, Crämer's sister's son, who was supposed to be trained yet and then become [Pastor Herman] Kühn's schoolmaster in Frankenhilf.[51] Old man Moll of Frankentrost said, "Help the Franconians [*Hilf den Franken*] is what we should call it."[52] Crämer gave the two of us daily instruction in the Augsburg Confession. Teacher Pinkepank lived with his wife, Moll's daughter, across the street on the north side—also a long log house that

was half residence and half schoolhouse [the mission house that had been built for Baierlein]. There he taught us in reading, writing, singing, etc. after he was done teaching school.

We also did some scraping on the violin. Kühn gave me a Book of Concord and a small little book called *Luther's Life* [*Luthers Leben*].[53]

Since I was not happy with how I was doing, I was expecting my dismissal from Crämer every day. But look at this! One morning after the class hour he clapped me on the shoulder: "Cheer up, my dear Strieter. You are doing quite well, sir. You are going to go to the seminary." Now I got excited.

Crämer's house stood on the south side of the path, north of the Cass River, and was a log house. A kitchen took up the entire space on the west side. The eastern side was divided—a small section towards the road was a combination bedroom and study. There he would sit, the diligent Crämer, at his small, simple desk in front of the window. The other section was a living room. There the stairs went up. The upstairs, under the roof, was also bisected. In the back room toward the west slept the maid and the children, and we slept in the front room—Kühn, Kundinger, and I. There were plenty of bedbugs.

Every day there was service in the morning and in the evening. There would be singing, then Crämer would mount the low, small pulpit and preach. Later on, we took turns singing; the men would sing one line and the women would sing the next. It was incredibly lovely. Every Friday there was private confession and every Sunday there was Lord's Supper. The log church stood somewhat uphill to the west of the parsonage. Next to the church was a framework in which two bells hung, one larger and one smaller, which the dear Franconians had brought

The two original Frankenmuth church bells in their present framework: Strieter frequently rang the larger one on the right.

along with them from Germany.[54] Every day the prayer bells were rung. Then everybody would stop what they were doing on the path, in the field, in the house, the men would remove their caps, hands were folded and they prayed, "Lord Jesus Christ, with us abide," and so on. It was just too lovely!

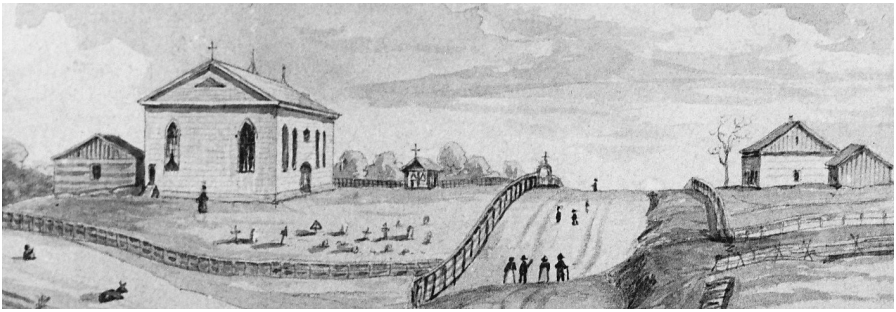
But the dear Franconians had their fun too. One time I was sitting by a dear man who was telling me how it was in Germany. He told me how the light afternoon meal [*Vesperbrot*] had been brought out to the field and there had been beer with it. When he came to the part about the beer, he paused, turned his face upward and called out, "Oh, a brewsky—I sure could go for one! [*O, a Bierla, wenn i hätt!*]"

There were two tall, handsome men there, the Hubinger brothers. The older one ran the farm, the younger one the mill that they had constructed on the Cass River. Everything was built very solid and sturdy. Because of that the water could do nothing but drive either the saw or the milling gear. A fine, strong dam was there, which had a swing-gate and an exit chute in the middle.[55] To the east of Frankenmuth lay Tuscola, several miles away. The people there sued the Hubingers because of their dam, for the Tuscolans were floating timber downstream. One day Crämer said to me, "You, sir, are going with the Hubingers to Tuscola today for their hearing. Take what is spoken in English and make it German." The two men and I went up there. We had to wait a long time, but finally headed out of the village to a schoolhouse. Hubingers had arranged for an attorney from Saginaw, who arrived on horseback. His pants were torn up at the bottom. Now the affair was underway. The attorney gave a lengthy speech and read from a book that he had brought along under his arm. The judge rendered his decision: "Not guilty." We went home in cheerful spirits, and the Tuscolans left the Hubingers in peace.

One time Crämer sent me to Frankentrost[56] to fetch Pastor [Johann Heinrich Philip] Gräbner. I don't remember what the deal was. It was Sunday afternoon. I walked through the beautiful woods. Come to an opening where a path stretches out and small log houses are standing on both sides. In the middle was a long log house, partitioned: The western half was pastor's residence and the eastern was church and school. I went inside. Pastor Gräbner was right in the middle of Catechism instruction. I whispered in his ear, but he calmly went on teaching until class was over. Then he went to the other side with me. It was one room. In the one corner stood an oven, in the other a bed with a curtain around it, and next to it a desk in front of the window. It was a living room, a bedroom, and a study. Gräbner put on his long boots, slipped into a coat, lit up a German pipe with a porcelain bowl, hung his tobacco pouch on his coat button, took his large walking -stick in hand, and now we headed to Frankenmuth.

Also in Frankenmuth both bells were rung every Friday at 3 o'clock, to signal the suffering of Christ. I frequently rang the large bell, even one time with Crämer.

It was time to start Frankenhilf. A carpenter was there from Huntington, Indiana, who was, I believe, acquainted with the Franconians. Out there in the virgin



Friedrich Lochner, The Church and the Parsonage in Frankenmuth, *sketch, c. 1859. The 1846 log church and 1852 frame church (not yet built when Strieter was there) are on the left (south) and the combination school-teacherage on the right (north) (image courtesy of Frankenmuth Historical Assn.; photographic copy courtesy of Concordia Historical Institute, St. Louis, MO). Note the frame-work with the bells on the north side of the church near the road.*

forest, seven miles or so northeast of Frankenmuth, tree trunks were felled and rolled on each other in square, about the height of a man, and now it was time for dedication. Kühn went out there and took me along to sing. They still did not have any Missouri hymnals there. They had brought along just a thin little book from Löhe, as big as a Fibel [a German primer], which had beautiful songs in it. I had to sing, "The Lord Hath Helped Me Hitherto."[57] Kühn delivered an address on those words [1 Samuel 7:12] to the carpenter, a handful of young fellows, and Father Ammann, the only head of household with a family. Kühn cried a lot as he gave it and I felt deeply sorry for him. His Frankenhilf must have weighed very heavily on his heart. Now we headed back home through the thick virgin forest on the Indian path.

It was time for the synod convention, I believe in St. Louis.[58] My sister in Sebewaing had a maid from Frankenmuth, a very well-behaved child. She had to go home to get married. My brother-in-law took his seat on one horse, the maid on the other, and they rode to Frankenmuth through the woods, 40 miles. I was supposed to go down with him to keep my sister company [in Sebewaing] until the pastors came back. We rode off to Frankentrost.[59] On the other side of Frankentrost we met up with an old path and continued on that. We came across a pole bridge that looked suspicious at the end. The wood was rotted, you could see some water there, and it looked very marshy. "We'll get stuck there," says my brother-in-law.

I had the young horse. "I'll get over," I said. I turned my horse around and got a running start— I was on the other side. Like a fox my horse easily cleared the spot, which was perhaps 3 paces wide. He does the exact same, but his horse didn't quite jump far enough and his back legs sank all the way down into the muck; but he got out right away. When we were close to the bay we came to a river, which was deep, not very wide. Fortunately a canoe was available in front of us.

We take the saddles off, each of us takes his horse to the side and off we go. The horses pulled that little boat across splendidly. On the other side saddles back on and we continue.

My brother-in-law now traveled to the convention. Back then you went up around the lake and then down on the Mississippi; it took a long time.

We had an Indian (that's what we called him; he was hard of hearing) who would go up to the prairie very early in the morning and shoot a young buck, and every time his daughter of 12 years would bring us a nice piece, a leg or a loin. We were not able to stow it. I tell my sister, "Just tell the child that she shouldn't bring us anymore."

"Yeah," she says, "I don't dare do that, otherwise the old woman will be insulted." We ate what we could; the rest we secretly gave to the pigs. …

One evening my sister looks out the window and cries, "Oh boy, here comes the crazy doctor." An old bachelor lived in Scio, a cultured and learned man, widely traveled. They said that he had gone out of his mind due to a failed love affair. When he was alone, he would chatter away to himself, otherwise you couldn't notice anything strange about him when he was with someone. He had already been there earlier and traded for rarities from the Indians and sent them to Germany. He came and brought a box with all kinds of small and sundry items for exchanging. He now took off every morning and returned in the evening. One time it was cold and wet, and my doctor comes home and has a wound on his hand; he said he had scraped himself. The hand was swelling up. My sister says, "Mr. Doctor, let me bandage your hand, sir."

He replies, "Oh no, Mrs. Missionary, it has to heal that way."

He comes home again; his hand is even more swollen and the wound looks bad. Then he takes a sharp knife and pricks around in the wound over and over. My sister says, "Mr. Doctor, you are really aggravating your hand. Please let me tie something on it."

He replies, "Oh no, Mrs. Missionary, there is already rotten flesh in it, and it has to be cut out," and he keeps working around on his hand with the knife. Then he takes off again and when he comes home he goes upstairs and doesn't eat any supper. In the morning he doesn't come down. I go up there and call him, but he doesn't want to come down. We eat and then my sister goes and brings him down and makes him a bed in an adjacent room, but by now she has to undo his coat and shirt with the knife, because his hand and arm were so swollen and were more black than white. "Mrs. Missionary," he cried out, "I have the black gangrene. The hand or the whole arm must come off. Please fetch a doctor."

I took my seat on the horse, took another one next to me, and went down to Shebeyang [Shebahyonk] to fetch Jacob Graverad [the translator]. When I arrived, a squaw told me that they were over yonder on the island. I jumped into a canoe and went over. There I found him. He went with me, borrowed Nage Dschickamik's[60] pony from him and rode to Frankenmuth to fetch Dr. Koch. Scarcely was our Jacob gone when my brother-in-law comes home and sniffs around in the air. "What smells in here so noticeably?"

My sister opens the door to the doctor's room and says, "See for yourself!" My brother-in-law, for being a missionary, was a decent doctor. He puts some olive oil in a receptacle, makes it hot, soaks a rag in it and covers the doctor's entire arm with it and stays up with him through the night. In the morning the arm is fine again, and nothing bad can be seen on the hand but the wound.

In the morning[61] my half-Indian [Jacob Graverad] comes on horseback, along with the doctor. When he came in, my doctor calls out from his bed, "Mr. Doctor, you come too late. You see, sir, I am an old, widely traveled physician. I have even doctored the wives of the sultan in Turkey, and I am unable to help myself. Mr. Missionary here knows more than I; he has cured my hand for me."

Koch ate, we foddered his horse, the doctor gave him 10 dollars, and he rode back home.

My brother-in-law transported me back with the boat. By Lower Saginaw we took a little jaunt out of our way. By an island in the river we turned right and went into a tributary [Dutch Creek] to go to Frankenlust.[62] The river was quite full of logs and one could scarcely get through; there were also a lot of reeds and grass in it. We came to a clearing. There in the distance stood a little log church and not far from that a frame house that was still not quite finished. That was the parsonage, and it actually belonged to the pastor. His wife got 13 thousand dollars, I believe, from her father to bring along, and dear [Pastor Georg Ernst Christian Ferdinand] Sievers used it to build himself a house back in the woods and to help many people out of poverty. When we entered the house, a handsome, very

Anonymous itinerant artist, Mill in Frankenmuth in 1865, *watercolor, 1865, commissioned by Mrs. Anna Hubinger, wife of Johann Matthias Hubinger (image courtesy of Frankenmuth Historical Assn.)*

friendly man stood before us, Pastor Sievers.[63] From the side door stepped in a beautiful young lady in the prime of her youth, a half-year older than I, and introduced herself to us as Mrs. Pastor Sievers.

From there we headed back to the Saginaw River and up to Upper Saginaw. There my brother-in-law bought me some black cloth for a suit. I marched to Frankenmuth feeling very happy about my fine, handsome cloth. In Frankenuth lived a Bernthal family on the lower street (two streets led to Saginaw, the upper and the lower)[64] next to the river, where the church was also located. The family lived west of the church. The old father was a wagonmaker and worked diligently in his workshop. He had several sons and, I think, a few daughters too. The second son, if I'm not mistaken, was a tailor, and he made me my suit, the handsomest one I had in my life, and also the best; I had it for a very long time. I worked off the tailor's fee with the cradle in the wheatfield.[65] Things were definitely still tight for the people. As soon as possible the wheat was threshed. The sound of it would carry up to us in bed very early in the morning: 1-2-3-4, 1-2-3-4.[66] It was a splendid thing to hear. Women came from Frankentrost, each one with a small sack of grain on her head, three or four in a row, to go to the mill and then back home. It was so nice in Frankenmuth and our dear God let me experience a tremendous number of blessings there. May he reward it all!

Crämer never stopped concerning himself with the Indians either. In an old shanty not far from the church lived an old chief [Oglajo] with his old wife, who was pushed to the side though, with a few of her youngest boys, and with his young wife and a few of her small children.[67] All of them would come to the parsonage after church on Sunday and Crämer would give them a speech. His [adopted] son Heinrich had to translate; they called him Wabshkentip, White Head, because he had very light-colored hair.[68] The old chief would justify himself though, wherever he could. After the service they would get a bowl full of corn soup with bacon, which they were mighty glad to eat.

Crämer told me he had a call to be a professor in Fort Wayne, and that I should now go home to [the town of] Freedom, bid my siblings farewell and adieu, and then meet up with him in Detroit for the continued journey to Fort Wayne.

Strieter's time in Frankenmuth was over. His time at the seminary in Fort Wayne was about to begin.

Endnotes

1. Herman F. Zehnder, *Teach My People the Truth: The Story of Frankenmuth, Michigan* (self-published, 1970), p. 79. I hereby express my gratitude to Dave Maves, a member of the St. Lorenz Heritage Committee in Frankenmuth, for recommending this informative book to me and also sharing with me Robert Neussner's paper, cited elsewhere in this article.
2. Not to mention that the Wisconsin Synod enjoyed close fellowship with the Missouri Synod for many years and, though not in fellowship today, has re-established regular, informal contacts with her. Thus, this Missouri Synod history is really a part of our Wisconsin Synod history, and not only that, but fa-

miliarity with it can only benefit our present-day inter-synodical conversations.

3. Maier and Auch were not only coworkers, but also relatives, since Maier had married Auch's sister Dorothea, who had been confirmed with Strieter.
4. Unless specially noted, all biographical information and quotations are taken from Strieter's autobiography, *Lebenslauf des Johannes Strieter, Pastor Emeritus, von ihm selbst erzählt und geschrieben* (Cleveland: OH: F. M. F. Leutner, 1905). The published autobiography was translated into English by his son Carl, and Carl's translation was reproduced through the efforts of two of Johannes Strieter's grandsons, but the translation is abridged and English was not Carl's first language. The Wisconsin chapters were separately translated by Orlan Warnke, but it too is abridged and inaccurate in places. At the time of writing, I am nearly finished with a retranslation of the autobiography on the basis of the published book and Strieter's original manuscript. (Visit redbrickparsonage.wordpress.com/tag/lebenslauf-des-johannes-strieter/ to learn more.) The Concordia Historical Institute graciously made a digital copy of the manuscript available to me at a greatly discounted price, for which I hereby express my deepest gratitude.
5. These names are variously spelled. According to "The Ojibwe People's Dictionary" online, *gichi-manidoo* means *great spirit* or *god* and *maji-manidoo* means *evil spirit* or *demon* (ojibwe.lib.umn.edu; accessed 28 September 2017).
6. Probably the Shebeon (Shebahyonk) Creek, since the chief mentioned at the end of Strieter's story is also mentioned and located by Crämer in Shebahyonk in a letter he began on July 25, 1845 (cited by Zehnder, *op. cit.*, p. 70). Cf. endnote 68.
7. The "Dsch" is probably Strieter's German way of representing a "j" or "ch" sound. Strieter spells this name two slightly different ways in his manuscript—Nage-Dschikamik and Nage Dschickamik. Crämer spells it Nocktschikome (rf. previous endnote). According to "The Ojibwe People's Dictionary" online (*op. cit.*), *great* is *gichi-* and *chief* is *ogimaa* or *ogimaakaan*.
8. Today that mission house is the Luckhard Museum in Sebewaing (590 E Bay St). However, the sign outside the museum says that Auch ferried the lumber for the Shebahyonk Mission House in the spring of 1849 and that it was dedicated on June 27 of that year. Strieter, who helped Auch ferry the lumber, clearly says that it happened in the spring of 1850, since he says he didn't go to visit his brother-in-law until after New Year of 1850. I am not sure what primary sources were consulted to produce the information on display at the Luckhard Museum, but Strieter's autobiography certainly qualifies as a primary source itself. It is possible that Strieter got the date wrong and that he went to stay with his brother-in-law after New Year of 1849. But the details he shares seem to accord with his staying with his brother-in-law and receiving his pre-seminary training in Frankenmuth all in one eventful year.

9. This may be the same as "the little sailing vessel, the *Huron*" used by Missionary Maier in 1850 and mentioned by Zehnder, *op. cit.*, p. 79.
10. Missionary Maier would actually die tragically later that year. Only 27 years old, he "perished in a storm on Saginaw Bay on November 15, 1850, after he had served for only 18 months. The mast on their little sailing vessel, the *Huron*, snapped, fell on him, and fractured his skull. His companion, John G. Haushahn, drowned. When the storm had subsided, the two bodies and the battered vessel were found by the Indians on the shore" (Zehnder, *op. cit.*, p. 79).
11. Lower Franconia is actually northwest of Middle Franconia. Kleinlangheim and Würzburg are northwest of Nuremberg.
12. Friedrich Lochner, "Ehrengedächtniß des seligen Herrn Friedrich August Crämer, Professors der Theologie und Directors des praktisch-theologischen Seminars zu Springfield, Ill." in *Der Lutheraner*, vol. 47, no. 19 (September 15, 1891), p. 147; hereafter cited as Lochner DL when necessary.
13. *Ibid.*, pp. 147-148; Lawrence R. Rast Jr., "Friedrich August Crämer: Faithful Servant in Christ's Church" in *Concordia Theological Quarterly*, vol. 64, no. 1 (January 2000), pp. 41-42.
14. Lochner DL, 47:148.
15. *Ibid.*, p. 149; Lochner says that Crämer related the quoted remarks to him on several occasions.
16. *Ibid.*
17. In one place, Lochner says December 1841, in another July, but Count von Einsiedel testified that Crämer worked for him from July 1, 1841, which seems to presume that Crämer left the university at least in June.
18. Lochner DL, vol. 47, no. 20 (September 29, 1891), p. 155.
19. *Ibid.*
20. *Ibid.*, pp. 155-156; Rast Jr., *op. cit.*, pp. 46-47.
21. Lochner DL, 47:156; Rast Jr., p. 48.
22. From a January 23, 1845, letter from Löhe to his friend Petri, cited in Zehnder, *op. cit.*, p. 20.
23. Lochner DL, 47:156. Zehnder names them (*op. cit.*, p. 20): Mr. and Mrs. Martin Haspel and their 2-year-old daughter, John K. Weber and his fiancée Kunigunda Bernthal, John List and his fiancée Maria Lotter, John Georg Pickelman and his fiancée Margaret Auer, John Bierlein, and John Leonard Bernthal. Of special note is Lorenz Loesel (who came with his fiancée Margaret Walther). Loesel had been baptized and confirmed but then had "spent quite a few years enjoying the life of this world" before returning to Christ's fold in the early 1840s. Loesel had volunteered to help gather this group of colonists after Löhe, his spiritual father, had shared his mission colony plan with him. The Frankenmuth church was eventually given the name St. Lorenz after a) St. Lawrence, a 3rd century Christian deacon in Rome who was martyred, b) "in memory of a dear St. Laurentius Church in the homeland," and c) "in memory of the first person who grasped the idea of a missionary colony and de-

cided to help carry it out, Lorenz Loesel" (Zehnder, pp. 19-20,22).

24. Lochner DL, 47:156-157; vol. 47, no. 21 (October 13, 1891), p. 165; Zehnder, *op. cit.*, pp. 21-22.
25. Lochner DL, 47:165; Zehnder, p. 23. Robert Neussner, in "Friedrich August Craemer: From Revolutionary to Missionary and Professor of Theology in the United States of America: A Faithful Servant of the Church" (2006), trans. Norman Krafft, says that "the drunken captain grounded the ship" (p. 11), but Lochner and Zehnder make it clear that the captain was a Christian man and the grounding was the doing of a half-drunk river pilot.
26. Lochner DL, *ibid.*; Zehnder, p. 24.
27. Lochner DL, 47:166.
28. *Ibid.*; Zehnder, *op. cit.*, pp. 25-26,28,57,73; Marvin A. Huggins, "August Friedrich Craemer and His Family," in *Historical Footnotes* (St. Louis: Concordia Historical Institute, Summer 2012), vol. 57, no. 2, pp. 4-5; Matthew P. Wyneken, "Wyneken Family Tree," at wynekens.de/WynekenDatabase/wc01/wc01_023.html (accessed 14 September 2017).
29. Lochner DL, *ibid.*; Zehnder, pp. 29-30.
30. Lochner DL, *ibid.*; Zehnder pp. 30-32.
31. Lochner DL, vol. 47, no. 22 (October 27, 1891), p. 173; Zehnder, pp. 31,49-50.
32. Lochner DL, *ibid.*; Zehnder, p. 214, no. 85.
33. Zehnder, pp. 50-53.
34. Lochner DL, 47:173-174; Zehnder, pp. 53-54.
35. Lochner DL, 47:174; Zehnder, pp. 54-56.
36. Lochner DL, *ibid.*; Zehnder, p. 56. Lochner says that the colonists brought along three bells with them from Germany. If this is true, perhaps one of them was damaged beyond repair in transit, since only two of them are ever spoken of as being installed and rung. Rast Jr., *op. cit.*, says that "as the congregation grew and the demands of the mission work pulled [Crämer] away for significant time, [the morning and evening devotional services were] changed to a single midweek service" (p. 51). But both Lochner and Strieter say the opposite, that as the colony grew, the simple matins and vespers services were changed to full-blown morning and evening services. Crämer must have had candidates or others fill in for him when he was gone (and undoubtedly some services were cancelled on occasion). In a letter written by Margaret Loesel to her mother in June 1849, she says that Pastor Crämer is at the synod convention in Ft. Wayne. She goes on to write, "Since we have no one in the home, my dear Lorenz watches the children while I attend church service in the morning. In the evening he attends church services. It is a great wealth to hear the Word of God daily" (quoted in Neussner, *op. cit.*, p. 14).
37. Lochner DL, *ibid.*; Zehnder, pp. 57,62-65. Lochner says that they arrived on the Friday before Pentecost. Rast Jr., *op. cit.*, says that the ten couples were from Bremen (p. 52), but Lochner says that everyone was from Bavaria; the ten couples had "just gotten married in Bremen," which is confirmed by Zehnder, p. 63.

38. Lochner DL, vol. 47, no. 23 (November 10, 1891), p. 181; Zehnder, pp. 71-72,74-75.
39. Lochner DL, 47:181-182; Zehnder, pp. 75,78.
40. Neusner, *op. cit.*, p. 14.
41. Lochner DL, 47:182; vol. 47, no. 25 (December 8, 1891), p. 198.
42. Zehnder, *op. cit.*, p. 54.
43. Lochner DL, vol. 47, no. 22 (October 27, 1891), p. 174; August Crämer, "Die Synode Michigan und ihre Heidenmission" in *Der Lutheraner*, vol. 2, no. 25 (August 8, 1846), pp. 98-100.
44. *Ibid.* (all of endnote 43).
45. C. F. W. Walther, "Synodalverfassung" in *Der Lutheraner*, vol. 3, no. 1 (September 5, 1846), p. 2. Note that this information corrects what I wrote in Part 1, *WHI Journal*, vol. 35, no. 1 (Spring 2017), p. 11, line 6 (it should say Fort Wayne there, not St. Louis).
46. *Der Lutheraner*, vol. 3, no. 24 (July 27, 1847), p. 133.
47. Zehnder, *op. cit.*, p. 79.
48. Lochner DL, vol. 47, no. 24 (November 24, 1891), p. 190; Zehnder, pp. 48,75-76.
49. Lochner DL, vol. 47, no. 25 (December 8, 1891), pp. 197-198; Zehnder, pp. 77-80.
50. Lochner DL, 47:198; Zehnder, pp. 73,82-83.
51. *Frankenhilf* means *the Helper of the Franconians*. Eventually this colony was founded in 1851. Today it is the village of Richville.
52. In other words, they had named the settlement Frankenhilf - *(God the) Helper of the Franconians* - but the way things were going, they thought a better name would be Hilf den Franken - *(God) Help the Franconians*.
53. This was possibly *Luthers Leben für christliche Leser insgemein* (Luther's Life for Christian Readers in General) by Moritz Meurer (Dresden: Justus Naumann, 1850). This was an abridgement of Meurer's more scholarly multi-volume work.
54. These two bells still hang in a framework, though not the original framework, across the street from St. Lorenz Church.
55. You can read about the current dam elimination project at www.frankenmuthcity.com/information/damproject.
56. Frankentrost means *the (Source of the) Franconians' comfort*. Today Frankentrost is a small unincorporated community about eight miles east of Saginaw, identified by Immanuel Evangelical Lutheran Church (LC-MS) on the southwest corner of MI-46 and Mueller Road.
57. This three-stanza hymn was penned by Ämilie Juliane (1637-1706), Countess of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt. It was sung to the tune, "All Glory Be to God on High." Juliane's hymn was translated into English by August Crull and is, for example, hymn 71 in the *Evangelical Lutheran Hymnary*.
58. This convention, which went from October 2-12, was the one at which Crämer was called to be a professor at the seminary in Fort Wayne.

59. The maid stayed in Frankenmuth to get married, and Strieter took her horse back to Sebewaing with his brother-in-law.
60. Rf. endnote 7 and Strieter's account of the powwow earlier in this article.
61. Strieter's repetition of "In the morning" might be a mistake, or he might be saying that Jacob Graverad and Dr. Koch didn't arrive until two mornings after Auch applied the hot press.
62. *Frankenlust* means *the (Source of the) Franconians' joy.* Today the location of the original colony is marked by St. Paul Lutheran Church on the southwest side of Bay City on the southern corner of Westside Saginaw Road (MI-84) and Ziegler Road.
63. Sievers (1816-1893) was sent to America by Löhe in 1847.
64. The upper street would be Genesee Street, which turns into Junction Road, and the lower street would be Tuscola Street, which turns into Tuscola Road, and eventually joins with Junction Road several miles west of town.
65. The cradle is also called the grain cradle or cradle scythe. It consists of an arrangement of fingers attached to the handle of a scythe, so that that the cut grain falls on the fingers and can be cleanly laid down in a swath for collection.
66. Representing either one person threshing in sets of four strokes with a flail, or four people threshing together, each taking a stroke in turn.
67. Lochner twice mentions this Chippewa, whom he calls Oldshim (more on his name later in the endnote). "[I]n Frankenmuth itself an Indian family lived on the mission land, whose head, an Indian witch doctor or medicine man, was called Oldshim. He himself did not become a Christian, since his witch doctor practices gave him great enjoyment and he didn't want to give them up. He also wanted to go where his fathers had gone before him after this life was over. Yet for all that, he formally gave his two children and his two little grandchildren over to the mission for rearing and eventual instruction. This ultimately led to these four children being promptly baptized, once Oldshim had given his permission" (Lochner DL, 47:182). Lochner later reports that in November 1848 Crämer officiated at the marriage of Pauline, Oldshim's daughter, to the Christian chief of Shebahyonk (Lochner DL, 47:198), though Zehnder correctly says that Oldshim's daughter married Sam, the Christian brother of the chief (*op. cit.*, p. 83). (We already heard from Strieter that the chief himself was not a Christian.) Regarding the name Oldshim, Zehnder reports: "[The medicine man's] name was Oglajo but…the Yankees in the area had nicknamed [him] 'Old Jim.' When the Germans pronounced this as 'Old Chim,' many people, including some unwary historians, assumed that the Indian's name was 'Oldshim'" (p. 82).
68. According to "The Ojibwe People's Dictionary" online (*op. cit.*), *waabishkindibe* means *he has white hair*. Heinrich was about 10 years old at this time.

What Kind of a Pastor Can You Get for $400?

by James Langebartels

Our synod's archives, which for many years have been housed at Wisconsin Lutheran Seminary, are in the process of being moved to a beautiful new facility prepared for them at the WELS Center for Mission and Ministry in Waukesha. Among the first items to be moved to the new archives under the direction of our synod archivist, Mrs. Susan Willems, were the many boxes of presidential letters. These also include letters sent to and from the earlier synod presidents.

The early letters during the first few decades of the synod's history are naturally handwritten for the most part, and also mostly written in the old German handwriting known as *Kurrent*. Doctor Arnold Lehmann [Doctor John Sullivan and Professor Erwin Schroeder were also involved in this work for a time] spent many years of his life transcribing and translating those letters up to the year 1867, in addition to the proceedings of the first twenty-five conventions of the synod, as published in past issues of the *WELS Historical Institute Journal* (HIJ).

Most of these letters are written to the synod president, rather than letters written from the synod president in response. Certainly, the synod president did respond, but all too often without retaining a copy for the files. With the help of Mr. Siegfried Goerke (secretary of St. Michaelis Lutheran Church in Milwaukee) I began transcribing and translating these letters from 1867, the year Doctor Lehmann left off at the transition between President William Streissguth and President Johannes Bading. Many of the letters were written to President Streissguth, but actually answered by President Bading. Only a few dozen letters into this, I found a letter President Johannes Bading wrote on July 12, 1867, for which he intentionally retained a copy. This article is meant to feature this letter.

President Johannes Bading became the second synod president in 1860, succeeding the founder of the Wisconsin Synod, President Johannes Muehlhaeuser. In 1863 Bading traveled to Germany to raise money for the seminary in Watertown; Vice-president Gottlieb Reim filled in as acting president, until elected as president in his own right in 1864. When Reim resigned the presidency in 1865 because of problems in his congregation in Helenville, Vice-president William Streissguth filled in as acting president, until elected as president in his own right in 1866. When Streissguth then resigned in 1867, Vice-president Johannes Bading filled in as acting president, until elected as president in his own right again in 1868, a position he retained until declining reelection in 1889. He continued to serve as pastor in some capacity at St. John, Eighth and Vliet, until his death in 1913.

One of the great practical difficulties facing our Synod has always been the shortage of called workers. This at times led to the loss of churches to other church bodies which had established worker training schools earlier than we had. This difficulty was also a problem in the Lutheran church in Platteville.

Peace Lutheran Church in Platteville was organized in 1855 and was served by Pastor Sigmund Fritschel of the Iowa Synod for a while. He was succeeded by Pastor Martinus Burk, also of the Iowa Synod. Then Peace was served by Wisconsin Synod pastors for the next sixteen years. Christian Starck became the pastor of Peace late in 1859. The Platteville church joined the Wisconsin Synod in 1860. In 1861 Starck got involved with congregational squabbles at St. Matthew, Galena, Illinois, probably at that time connected to the Iowa Synod, later American Lutheran Church, and currently LCMC (Koehler, *History of the Wisconsin Synod*, 83. Fredrich, *Wisconsin Synod Lutherans*, 45, 71). His ministry in Platteville ended in 1862.

Theodore Meumann (1828–1885) served Platteville 1862–1867. Koehler provides this biographical sketch:

> Meumann was the first arrival of the university theologians whose coming had been announced. He brought his wife and four children, the eldest six years of age, and took charge of Dammann's Town Addison field. The next year (May 1862), however, he had to move on to Platteville, because Starck's health forced his retirement there and the isolated field required immediate supply. Five years later Meumann was called to the college, now established at Watertown, then in 1872 he became pastor of the Fond du Lac congregation, and in 1876 returned to Germany and entered the service of the state church of Hannover. He was a well-educated man, talented as an orator, teacher, and organist. Thus he was the first of the university men to communicate something of his splendid mental gifts to his Wisconsin environment, assuring the college at Watertown, for instance, an outstanding place among similar institutions of the time. But Meumann lacked initiative, organizing and executive ability. So he was a failure in his pastorates here and couldn't have made things go at all without the help meet for him, his resourceful, happy, Christian wife" (Koehler, 78).

On March 17, 1867, Meumann wrote to the president of the Wisconsin Synod, William Streissguth (WELS Archives, Presidential Papers, Box 08, March 17, 1867):

> An elder of the congregation [in Platteville] told me today that simultaneously with this [letter] you will receive an inquiry from the church council about whether the congregation can get a pastor for $400. I would only ask if you would delay your answer until I have seen you, for it is my intention, if it is permitted, to leave here early on Wednesday and in the course of the week arrive with them, since in addition an oral conversation is to be preferred to a letter.
>
> Thus everything further by word of mouth. With fraternal greetings,
>
> Your humble brother in the ministry,
> Theodore Meumann

The letter from the congregation stated (WELS Archives, Presidential Papers, Box 08, March 17, 1867):

> Mr. W. Streissguth
> President of the Lutheran Synod of Wisconsin
> Mr. President
>
> In keeping with a congregational resolution, the Church Council is reporting to you that the congregation and the pastor have reached an agreement to ask you for another pastor and for another posting.
>
> Our regular salary is $400, with free lodging, and perhaps $75 to $80 in gratuities (often more).
>
> Therefore, we ask whether for this salary we can receive another good preacher who also, if possible, can play melodies.
>
> Also, can we have one as soon as possible, since we hear that Mr. Meumann will resign at Easter.
>
> The Church Council

Apparently, there was a reply sent by President Streissguth, but no record of that reply exists. From the congregation's reply to Streissguth's letter, it would seem that he told them to raise the salary. The congregation's second letter was dated June 16, 1867 (WELS Archives, Presidential Papers, Box 08, June 16, 1867).

> Mr. W. Streissguth
> President of the Lutheran Synod of Wisconsin
> Mr. President
>
> In a letter sent to you on March 18 we reported to you that the salary from our congregation for a preacher is $400, free lodging, and perhaps $75 to $80 in gratuities. In your answer you told us that it would be difficult to send a preacher for that salary. We have now done our best, but cannot get any more. We now ask you, if possible, to send us a good preacher, that is, for that salary. If not, then we will have to apply to a different synod.
>
> The Church Council asks for a quick answer.

The 1867 synod convention took place on June 20–27. At that convention, Streissguth stepped down from the presidency, and Vice-president Bading became the new acting synod president. The synod convention addressed the situation in Platteville:

> To the query of the congregation at Platteville, which soon will be vacant,

the synod declares that the amount of salary for their pastor was not a determining factor in his acceptance of a call, but that it must truly be expected of a Christian congregation that it would guarantee its pastor an existence free from concerns" (HIJ 20/1:10). In keeping with this, President Bading replied to the second Platteville letter on July 12, 1867, writing from Watertown (WELS Archives, Presidential Papers, Box 08, July 12, 1867):

The honorable church council of the Lutheran Congregation at Platteville and the congregation itself

Beloved in the Lord!

Your writing to the president of the synod with the request to send you a preacher, which arrived before the synodical convention, calls forth the explanation that the synod feels obligated to all the congregations joined to it to care for them and to work during the times they are vacant so that as soon as possible they are filled with a capable pastor. This is the intention the synod cherishes toward the congregation in Platteville. The synod takes from your letter that you have $400 for the support of a capable pastor, and you ask whether for this price such a one can be found. This inquiry and statement the synod regards as too little income. The congregation in Platteville, in case it embraces the writing of its Council, appears to believe that the Synod of Wisconsin should act toward it as if it were the owner of a factory which has good and bad things for sale; according to the Council instead of cheap things for a cheap price, it gives bad things for that price. That is not the case. The Synod of Wisconsin always strives to send its congregations capable, devout, believing preachers and pastors, and desires that the congregations would act in keeping with the Word of Christ that "those who proclaim the Word of God should get their living from the Word" [1 Co 9:14], and thus provide their preachers with all necessities. From the founding of our synod on, our preachers have given sufficient proof that they can be poor with absolutely poor congregations; but when a congregation which has been abundantly blessed by God with earthly goods bargains for a preacher for the sake of earthly things, and does not offer him enough so that he can live without worry, such a congregation does not deserve a preacher, and the synod will never degrade itself to begin bargaining with a bargaining congregation!

Now, as far as what your letter states about the circumstances of the pay, it is impossible in these difficult times to expect a preacher to come out and lead a life corresponding to his office. The synod cannot in that way send you a capable preacher; on the contrary, it must not only withhold a capable teacher until you have a hunger for God's Word and comply with Paul's words: "If we have sown spiritual seed among you, is it too much if we reap a material harvest from you?" [1 Co 9:11]; but it must also notify other synods you might appeal to that you are only coming to them because you think you can get a preacher from another synod more easily.

> Be afraid—and you should be afraid, dear friends—of such a way of acting! You should be thankful to God who has so abundantly blessed you with earthly things, and say: We will give enough to our preacher so that he can live as he should; we have received it from God for that purpose; for that in a city like Platteville perhaps $500 or $600 are necessary. When you have in mind to depart from the statement you made in your letter and to offer your preacher what is right, then let me know and I will do all in my power so that your congregation is provided with a capable preacher and pastor.
>
> May you be entrusted to God in every situation in the spirit of faith, love, and righteousness, and may peace reign in your midst. May the Lord guide everything for the best of the congregation.
>
> Friendly greetings to you,
> John Bading, President

The Church Council wrote back to Bading on October 27, 1867 that although it was difficult, they were willing to raise their salary (WELS Archives, Presidential Papers, Box 08, October 27, 1867). At the beginning of 1868 Pastor H. Bartelt began his service in Platteville. Koehler gives this biographical sketch of Pastor Bartelt:

> H. Bartelt's German antecedents are entirely obscure, unless it was he the Berlin agent Eichler in October 1862 referred to as an ailing candidate, twenty-eight years of age, who had creditably passed his examination for the ministry and ought to be assigned to a city congregation. Bartelt was sent to Two Rivers where Goldammer and Koehler had done pioneer work for years, and he soon added Mishicot and Two Creeks and another congregation about seven miles away (probably on the so-called Range Line). In 1866 he followed Zwolaneck at New Berlin, in 1867 went on to Waukesha but didn't accomplish anything there, very likely on account of his mental state, as his correspondence seems to betray. Successor of Meumann in Platteville early in 1868, he soon became mentally unbalanced and had to be committed to a state institution" (p. 88).

Apparently, he did not live long after this, and his widow received support from the synod for several years (e.g., HIJ 23/1:12).

At the 1869 convention President Bading reported: "Since the Lutheran congregation in Platteville became vacant because of the illness of its Pastor Barthelt, it received another preacher and minister in the person of Pastor G. Thiele. He was on my authority installed by Pastor Dammann on the 14th Sunday after Trinity" in 1868 (HIJ 22/1:12). However, Pastor G. Thiele's ministry in Platteville was not long either. He wrote to Bading on August 2, 1869 that he could not get by on the salary the congregation was paying (WELS Archives, Presidential Papers, Box 11, August 2, 1869). He followed a call to Zum Kripplein Christi in Town Hermann, where he was installed on the 22nd Sunday after Trinity of 1869.

The Platteville congregation was once again vacant; they wrote to Bading on September 30, 1869 that Thiele said that the $500 they were paying was too little; therefore, please send them another pastor (WELS Archives, Presidential Papers, Box 11, September 30, 1869). Two weeks later they again wrote on October 17, 1869 that they were still waiting for a reply (WELS Archives, Presidential Papers, Box 11, October 17, 1869)! This time they received Pastor Christian (or Charles) Reichenbecher, who had come to us from the New York Synod and was installed there on July 10, 1870.

Pastor Reichenbecher's service at Peace Lutheran Church in Platteville was not without excitement. Apparently, opposition to him within the congregation came to a head roughly five years after his installation there. On the evening of Saturday, July 17, 1875, around midnight, a half dozen people surrounded the parsonage Pastor Reichenbecher was living in, broke the windows, and five shots from a pistol were discharged into the parsonage. Fortunately, news of the plot against the pastor had spread, and some parishioners loyal to him had invited him over to dinner that evening, so no one was home to receive the bullets intended for the pastor.

This incident led directly to the founding of St. Paul's Lutheran Church of Platteville in 1875 by members who left Peace Lutheran Church. St. Paul's continues as a WELS church to this day. Peace Lutheran Church, which had been served by WELS pastors for sixteen years, eventually found its way into the ELCA. Pastor Reichenbecher served churches in Larsen and Milwaukee, Wisconsin, before being called to teach at Dr. Martin Luther College in New Ulm, Minnesota in 1887; his service there was cut short by an incapacitating stroke in 1893 (Morton Schroeder, *A Time to Remember*, pp. 30, 35).

Timeline

- 1855 Peace Lutheran Church, Platteville, organized
- 1855–1856 Sigmund Fritschel (Iowa Synod) pastor
- 1856–1859 Martinus Burk pastor
- 1859–1862 Christian Starck pastor
- 1860 Peace joined the Wisconsin Synod
- 1862–1867 Theodore Meumann pastor
- March, 1867 Meumann and congregational representatives wrote to Streissguth
  Streissguth replied
- 16 Jun 1867 Congregational representatives wrote again
- 12 Jul 1867 Bading replied to them

- 1 Jan 1868– H. Bartelt pastor, until committed to mental institution
- 29 Aug 1868–Oct 1869 Gottlieb Thiele pastor
- 1870–1876 Ch. Reichenbecher pastor of Peace
- 17 Jul 1875 assassination attempt
- 1875 St. Paul Lutheran Church, Platteville, organized, joined WELS
- 1875–1876 Vicar Eugene Notz serves St. Paul
- 1876–1879 W. C. Jaeger pastor of St. Paul until failing health forced his resignation
- 1879–1884 E. L. F. Hoyer pastor of St. Paul

James Langebartels served as a parish pastor in Michigan for many years; he currently serves St. John, Rib Lake and Zion, Ogema, Wisconsin, part-time, and volunteers at the archives. Thanks to Mr. Jim Wiese, unofficial historian of St. Paul's Lutheran Church, Platteville, for help with many of these details.

The WELS Historical Institute was given formal approval by the Wisconsin Evangelical Lutheran Synod (WELS) in convention in 1981 to organize for the purpose of collecting and preserving historical data and artifacts that are related to the various periods of Lutheranism in America, especially of the WELS. In recent years the synod took over the responsibility of maintaining the archives. The Institute maintains a museum and publishes a *JOURNAL* and *NEWSLETTER*. Membership is open. Fees are as follows, which include the subscription fees: Individual: $20.00; Husband/Wife: $25.00 (2 votes but only one publication issue); Congregation, School, Library, Corporation: $40.00; and Student: $15.00. Fees may be sent to the WELS Historical Institute, N15W23377 Stone Ridge Drive, Waukesha, Wisconsin 53188.

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