

WELS Historical Institute
Journal

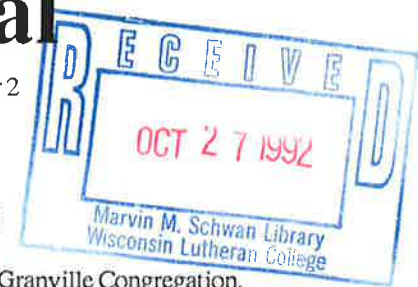
Volume 10, Number 2
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In This Issue

- 3 Synodical Convention, June 11th to 14th at the Granville Congregation,
Milwaukee Co. [1854]
Arnold O. Lehmann

- 6 Synodical Convention in the Evangelical Lutheran Grace Church in Milwaukee
in the Year of Our Lord 1855
Arnold O. Lehmann

- 9 The Four Seasons of Childhood (Part 2)
Ruth Schaller

- 20 A Mid-20th Century Dakota Parsonage (Part 2)
Grace Stiemke

- 39 Origin of the Wisconsin Synod's "Heathen—Mission" Program
Arnold O. Lehmann

- 44 The President's Report

- 45 . . . from the Editor

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**Synodical Convention, June 11th to 14th
at the Granville Congregation,
Milwaukee Co.
[1854]**

Sunday 11, in the morning service, the synodical sermon by the Hon. President
on: [space left blank]

In the afternoon service the sermon by the Hon. G. Weitbrecht. Text: Titus 2:11-14.
At 9:00am on the 12th the synodical session was opened in the Granville church with
a hymn and a prayer by the Hon. Pres. J. Muehlhaeuser.

Pastor Streissguth was inducted as an advisory member by Pastor W. Wrede. Pastor
Weitbrecht was also inducted as an advisory member. The Hon. W. Buehren proposed
that Pastor G. Weitbrecht share his past year's experiences with the assembly. Pastor
Weitbrecht gave a detailed account of his life. He began with his student days, indicating
how at that time he was already strongly drawn to the gospel; the same held true when
he took up the preaching ministry in Wuerttemberg. He always felt compelled to
proclaim the gospel to those who had little or no knowledge of it. This same compulsion
drove him to America. Here he joined the *Westliche Kirchenverein* [Western Church
Association]. His congregation turned out to be a rough outfit [*rohen Haufen*]. The few
believers died, and then he had nobody in the congregation who would carry the load
with him. Few attended the Lord's Supper. There was even cursing in a congregational
meeting, etc. Since the congregation had opposed the gospel for nearly 16 years, he
decided to leave. He reported this to the *Kirchenverein* and they accepted it. The
congregation wanted to burn his house down. There was an organized uproar, so he left
and came to Milwaukee.

Pastor Muehlhaeuser directed him to Sheboygan. The people there lacked spirit.
He then went into the wooded countryside where he made contact with the Home
Mission Society [sic]. However he could not accept their support because of the
conditions under which they operated. At the same time he became acquainted with the
Methodist Episcopalians. Earlier experiences gave him a favorable impression of the
Methodist Episcopal Church. The Sheboygan pastor likewise gave him the impression
of being a very pious individual. Their practice seemed to him to allow freedom as far
as doctrine was concerned. Even the reception of members seemed acceptable to him.
He therefore went to this particular congregation, and was asked to become their
preacher. He preached the gospel in the same manner as he had done earlier. The
Methodists told him that they believed that he was converted but that he could not pass
for a Methodist preacher. Instead they wanted to make him a teacher in a higher
educational institution. He went to Chicago, became a substitute, and preached for four
weeks. At this time W. Nast came to Chicago and had a consultation with Weitbrecht
which resulted in nothing. His stay in Chicago was miserable. He preached sermons
containing warning lessons but soon dared not preach anymore. For this reason he left
there to go home. In Milwaukee, just as in Chicago, he found few upright souls. He
also learned of things, and was astonished that such could take place in a Methodist
congregation. He saw clearly that the preaching ministry would be forcibly taken from

him. This was especially the reason why his conscience bothered him. He also noted how the hands of the preachers were so terribly tied in the Methodist Church.

He then turned to the *Kirchen-Verein des Westens* [Church Association of the West, an Evangelical synod] but was given a negative treatment which hurt him terribly. He was greatly impoverished, went to Milwaukee and asked Pastor Muehlhaeuser for forgiveness of all that he had done to him and his brotherly heart. (Tears). He asked him for any kind of employment; he would also teach school. Pastor Muehlhaeuser sent him to Port Washington where he preached twice. Even though a certain Reichmann sought to accuse him of being a fallen-away Methodist, he nevertheless was accepted.

In conclusion Pastor Weitbrecht requested that members of the synod accept him as one of their own in the synod, if at all possible. Pastor Weitbrecht wanted to say more, but his wounds were much too great. (Tears). Whatever he did, he merely had in mind to do whatever would aid his salvation. The Hon. Pres. Muehlhaeuser asked if any member of the synod had any comments to add. Goldammer sympathized with the Hon. Weitbrecht. — The Hon. Bading asked if a preacher could perform official acts in a Methodist Church. Postponed for later discussion.

The motion was passed to accept G. Weitbrecht into our synodical membership. Conclusion by Pastor [left blank].

Afternoon Session

Opened with prayer by Pastor Streissguth.

The reports of the synodical members were handed in.

The Evangelical Lutheran St. John Congregation of Newton, Manitowoc Co. was accepted as a member of the synod.

Also the Ev. Luth. Immanuel Congregation in Town Hermann was accepted as a member of our synod.

The Hon. J. Conrad informed the assembly that Pastor J.D. Huber intends to leave the Roman Catholic Church and is thinking of joining our synod.

Ministerial Session

Opened with prayer by Pastor J. Conrad

The matter concerning Candidate Sauer. A complaint from Schleisingerville was lodged against Sauer's handling of his ministerial office.

Candidate Sauer was given the floor. He stated that when he first arrived there he chanted the benediction. At the request of several congregation members he discontinued it. The Lutherans however wanted the chants. A congregational meeting was called. The Reformed members however prevented a vote. After receiving another request Sauer opened the service with the Old-Lutheran chants. Candidate Sauer declared that he would gladly accept the decision of the synod. Pastor J. Conrad, who was well acquainted with the situation, was asked to express his opinion of the matter. He especially referred to the fact that the congregation turned to our synod with the supposition that it send only such men who were recognized as being of the Evangelical persuasion, and referred to the error that Sauer accepted his pastoral office there in a manner in which he practiced just the opposite.

It was moved and supported that two delegates, namely the Hon. Bading and Conrad, be sent to the congregation and be authorized to propose to the congregation members that they accept the distribution of bread in the Lord's Supper, and that the Lutherans relinquish the use of the other liturgical practices. Secondly, to propose if it

were absolutely necessary to maintain peace, that both wafers and bread be used in the Lord's Supper.

Pastor Goldammer violently opposed this—he demonstrated how this double offering was contrary to the essence of the Lord's Supper, which should demonstrate the communion and oneness of the Lord's Supper guests. In addition he especially pointed out the result which such an introduction of wafers and bread would lead to, namely through the double offering [of the Body] the cause for a split would be given to the next generation—if the congregation would indeed have a future. However no further action was taken on the matter.

It was resolved that Candidate Sauer be licensed.

Closing prayer by G. Weitbrecht

June 14, 8:00 to 9:00 A.M. Ministerial Session

[Space was allowed for the minutes but none were entered.]

Synodical Session 9:00 to 11:00 A.M.

Prayer by C. Koester.

A brotherly letter from the Illinois Synod was read to the assembly by the president, followed by a discussion on answering the wish of that synod that we enter into a closer relationship with it. The Hon. President was authorized to do all he can to implement this wish in a manner that seemed most expedient to him.

Also a letter from the Hon. J. Weinmann was read, as a result of which many questions arose concerning our stand toward other Confessions.

Closing prayer by the Hon. J. Huber.

Synodical Convention in the Evangelical Lutheran Grace Church in Milwaukee in the Year of Our Lord 1855

The synod convention opened on June third with the morning and afternoon services. Pastor J. Conrad preached in the morning service; text Rev. 3:20. Holy communion was celebrated together with the congregation.

Pastor W. Streissguth preached in the afternoon on Luke 10:42.

The Hon. Pres. Pastor Muehlhaeuser opened the first session on June fourth with a hymn and prayer. I Corinthians 4 was read. This was followed by his synodical report. Reference was then made to the seriousness of the fact that another year has again rolled by towards eternity. A review of the past shows us God's grace, patience, and goodness.

There was plenty of suffering and want — death's angel surrounded us to the right and to the left. The sword of death struck friends, congregation members, and even members of our own families.

He, however, has not dealt with us in accordance with our sins, but for our salvation in accordance with his grace. We must therefore work so much more earnestly, determinedly, and conscientiously while it is still day. Most of the other synods have seen workers depart this life; we have been spared.

Brother Weitbrecht has moved to Michigan. In his place the Lord has given us a new worker, also a sign of his grace. Therefore we must be motivated with thanks and praise, no matter into which direction we look. We must definitely see to it that we are found true, and that we make every effort to gain souls for our Lord. It could well be that one or the other of us will possibly be the next to depart this life. If we then can say with Paul: "I have run the race," if we then are allowed to sing his praises in the church triumphant above, what indeed are we lacking? We haven't died. We indeed entrust ourselves to the mercy of our Lord and Savior and say: "Use us as an instrument of your office of grace." It won't be much longer before our race is ended, therefore, Brethren let us keep working and not become weary until the Lord has completed his work through us. May he bless our joint efforts. He readily recognizes groups no matter how small. We are a small group. Yet we must remain small within ourselves. May he increase the size of our small group as souls gather together with us.

After this the president reported on the correspondence he received during the past year. We refer here only to the excuse sent in by Brother Weitbrecht who excused himself for not being present at the convention because he has moved away.

On October 6 Brother Ph. Koehler arrived here, having been sent by the Society of Langenberg, Barmen, and Elberfeld. May the Lord grant that this convention be a blessed one, insofar that we increase his kingdom for our congregations as well as for the vacancies, and realize a Pentecost. To him be praise and adoration for all that he has done for us so far and will do in the future.

After this the synodical reports were handed in. In the past year the total number of newly baptized in our synod was 417; confirmed 121; communion guests 1513, weddings 44, — it may be noted that several weddings took place that were not church weddings and therefore are not included in the synodical report; funerals 167. The synod treasury received \$14.19. Mission offerings were \$64.82.

At this time the delegates were introduced: by Pastor Muehlhaeuser for Grace congregation in Milwaukee, Mr. Carl Siering; then Mr. Joh. Kerlern from St. John congregation in Greenfield; from Granville, Friedr. Bergstroeter; from New Berlin, Georg Sittel; from Kenosha, Mr. Fried. Fischer, who however was called home from the opening session of the convention because of urgent family matters. The delegate from St. John congregation in Newton, Manitowoc Co. did not appear because of illness.

Pastor Koester inducted Pastor Streissguth as an advisory member. Through Pastor Koester Candidate Koehler requested permission to be ordained. Candidate Sauer likewise sought his ordination through Pastor Conrad. Pastor Huber requested the synod to promote Max Westphal to the preaching ministry. This was referred to the ministerial session.

A letter from the Evangelical Protestant Church congregation in New Berlin was read, in which this congregation sought membership in our synod—it will be taken up later.

The synod was requested by Pastor Goldammer to accept into membership the Lutheran St. John [congregation] of Newton, Manitowoc Co. A long discussion took place in regard to this request.

Adjournment.

Prayer by Pastor Streissguth.

June 4. Afternoon Session

Prayer by Pastor Buehren.

The treasurer gave his report. On hand in the treasury, \$32.00. The treasurer was authorized to deposit this money in the bank.

In the afternoon at 3 o'clock Pastor W. Wrede and delegate Casper Reukoff from Racine arrived.

A discussion about a synodical widow's pension took place with no action taken. The discussion about the St. John congregation in Newton was again taken up. Pastor Streissguth will be recommend for the same.

Discussion about church polity. The discussion turned especially to baptism and it was pointed out that baptisms belong in the church. Pastor Muehlhaeuser furthermore added the thought that weddings and funerals also belong in the church. Pastor Muehlhaeuser pointed out that the selection of baptismal sponsors is especially important. Pastor Streissguth made us aware of the importance of baptism, that it is of equal importance with communion. Baptism is a means of reception into the visible church. If, however, the baptism is held privately, the church does not become aware of the reception of that member.

Pastor Wrede posed another question about those participants in the baptism rite who reject baptism.

Adjournment of the afternoon session.

Prayer by Pastor Koester.

5:00 p.m. Afternoon Ministerial Session

Prayer by Pastor J. Conrad.

It was recommended to M. Westphal and passed by resolution that he appear before Pastors Conrad, Sauer, Bading, and Koehler for the purpose of proving that he should be promoted to the office of the preaching ministry. It was resolved that Candidates Sauer and Koehler be ordained and that Pastors Wrede, Streissguth, and Goldammer conduct the colloquy.

Prayer by Pastor Wrede.

June 5

Hymn 217. Prayer by Pastor Goldammer.

Pastor Wrede asked about acceptance of members. He complained that he was not able to establish law and order in this matter in his congregation. It finally came to this that in general the matter should be handled as stipulated in the congregation's constitution.

The question of missions was placed on the floor and discussed, especially mission consciousness, which has been lost in our congregations, that it be reawakened.

Pastor J. Conrad requested information from the brethren concerning baptism.

A long discussion about the *AGENDA* [book of church orders], etc.

Prayer by Pastor Koester.

Afternoon Session

Prayer by Pastor Conrad.

Pastor Muehlhaeuser presented a resolution that there be a change in the practice of licensing. Pastor Goldammer made a motion that a license be given only for preaching. Pastor Wrede spoke against the motion. Pastor Conrad spoke in favor of it. Pastor Koehler moved that the practice of licensing be discontinued. Pastor Muehlhaeuser moved that ordinations take place at each synodical convention.

Pastor Goldammer moved that those who are licensed be placed under the supervision of their closest Brother. Both motions were adopted.

Pastor Conrad asked the question whether those young persons who come from the Methodist Church would still have to be confirmed. Pastor Goldammer answered that both circumstances and conditions have to be considered in each specific case. Pastor Muehlhaeuser agreed.

Closing prayer by Pastor Koehler.

5:00 p.m. Ministerial Session

Prayer by Pastor Muehlhaeuser.

The committee reported that both Brothers Phil. Koehler and J.J.E. Sauer have successfully passed their colloquies and are recommended for ordination.

After this a friendly critique took place on all the sermons preached at the conventions as well as on any public discussion or action. Comments were made under the following three categories:

1. in regard to the contents;
2. in regard to the forms;
3. in regard to the gestures.

Prayer by Pastor Sauer.

Evening Service

Pastor Wrede preached the ordination sermon.

J. Muehlhaeuser Pres.
C.F. Goldammer

The Four Seasons of Childhood

Ruth Schaller

Edited and annotated by Morton A. Schroeder

Part 2

Autumn

The autumn months were golden in more ways than one. There were the precious days and weeks of mild weather, to be treasured and hoarded against the cold which would soon freeze the marrow of our bones. Then there was the golden sunshine turning the yellow glory of the trees into still more gold.

I think that in this season the trees were most lovely and most loved by all the family. The blaze of color everywhere made our walks in the woods and along the hills of the Camel's Back a delight. We went nutting and berry picking. We did not have to go far to gather our harvest. The campus walnut and butternut trees yielded enough bounty to satisfy both the children and the squirrels. With loud chattering and scolding, the squirrels made it very clear to us that the trees were their domain and that we had better leave enough for them and their children. We respected their rights and made it an unwritten law that the squirrels' cache was never to be disturbed. Like the squirrels, we hoarded the precious fruit. Mother wanted a good harvest to be stored in the attic for Christmas baking, and we were more than willing to bring home large baskets filled to the brim, in anticipation of black walnut cookies and other delicacies baked for the holidays.

The older children went farther afield for grapes to fill Mother's jelly glasses. Brother Herbert, given to roaming the fields and woods alone during the summer, knew where all the best fruits and nuts were to be found. In the fall it was he who led us to his treasure stores. Chokeberries had already been picked, and we had eaten our share of the mouth-puckering berries. The rest were taken home and made into jelly. It was not the kind that stood up in Mother's cut glass dish for company supper, as grape jelly did, but it was syrupy and tart, delicious on pancakes or to be sopped up with homemade bread.

Picking the berries of the black haw brings memories of walking in the old ravine, where we gathered them and munched them as we walked along. They were not fit for jelly and jam and, according to Mother, they were not fit to be eaten, either. She did not appreciate our taste for the tart, wild fruits. She had been brought up on peaches, sweet and tree-ripened, sweet Malaga grapes, and cultivated plums.

Plums! Red and ripe, ready for the big kettle standing on the back of the large kitchen range. There they simmered for many hours, filling the house with their delicious aroma. If you have never tasted wild plum jam, you have missed a taste treat fit for a king. For those who preferred them, there were wild grape jam and jelly, enough to last the long winter through.

There were also places of special interest which were best visited in fall. One of these was the ravine where the black haws grew. In all seasons a gloomy place, it was eeriest in fall, when the tall trees shut out the waning sunlight, and the silence was broken only by the soft plop of leaves and the furtive scurrying of squirrels and other small animals as they went about their business of preparing for winter. Suddenly there was another sound. Flap, flap: the banging of a shutter in this lonely place added to our feeling of uneasiness. We knew where the sound came from, and soon we could see

what seemed to be the ruins of a fort.²⁵ Weatherbeaten and fallen into decay, the old building reminded us of the stories we had heard tell by the old timers in town: It was reputed to be the place where the Indians gathered during the massacre over a hundred years ago.²⁶ Those who were now old had heard from their fathers of the bloody uprising of the Indians. We shuddered now as we retold some of the things we had heard, of scalping, and murders, and of the bravery of the settlers, who had withstood attackers and had driven them from the region permanently.²⁷ It did not take much imagination to see again the painted faces at the windows of the ruin. We did not linger long.

Many other favorite places were revisited in fall. All of them—the river flowing sluggishly with leaves floating like little boats slowly twisting and turning as they sailed along, the Camel's Back now brilliant in scarlet and orange, and the pastures and thickets where leaves rustled as we walked along—were given one more loving visit before winter set in.

Fall also brought the joys of bonfires, the smell of burning leaves, and of potatoes roasting in the coals. To be sure, they were black with ashes when we raked them out, but the insides were whiter, fluffier, and more delicious than any cooked in the orthodox way. We ate them, huddled around the fire, for by this time the winds were blowing raw and cold.

The birds—wrens, robins, bluebirds, and thrushes—were disappearing. They knew enough to leave before the Minnesota winter set in with its fury of cold and snow. Now that they were gone, we missed them. All summer we had taken them for granted, for they were almost unconsciously a part of our lives. We knew them all by sight, and by their song. We knew where they built their nests, and we knew which ones ate worms and which lived on seeds. It was not until much later, when I had to live in the city, that I realized that along with the linden, oak, and maple, the absence of birds I had known made city life very drab indeed. And so in fall, we missed our songsters when they left for the warm South.

The monarch butterflies were leaving us, too. Once more before they migrated we saw great swarms of them. They settled on the branches of bare trees, looking like clusters of gold pieces, quivering in the sunlight. We looked our fill, for we knew that by morning they would be gone. How fragile they were to brave wind and weather to reach their winter home.

With the falling of the leaves, new games and activities were invented. Only in fall could we make houses of saw horses, covering them with leaves and playing house in rooms where sunlight sifted in through the gold of linden leaves. Only then could we rake leaves, jump into them, bury ourselves in them, toss them, and swish, swish, swish through them, kicking them high in the air.

There were also "Big" days in fall. The most important one was Mother's birthday, on September 25. Birthdays were always important in our family, but Mother's birthday was "The Day." We thought of the event for weeks and prepared for days. Gifts had to be bought or made, depending on the affluence or dexterity of the child. Father proved very helpful in either case. On the day before the big event, we went into woods and fields, picking goldenrod, brown-eyed Susans, and wild asters. With great care and much labor, we wove a wreath, which was to be presented the next day with great ceremony. The artistry of the finished product could be questioned, but never the sincerity of Mother's appreciation. She loved the wild flowers as we did, which was a good thing, for garden flowers were rare on the campus. The shade from the trees took care of that. Aside from a bed of ferns and forget-me-nots, I do not remember anything blooming in our yard.

When Mother came into the living room on the morning of the day, trailed by Father and her offspring, the living room table was handsomely arrayed. The wreath was presented and the gifts admired. There was something from each of us, and accompanying each gift was a verse composed by Father, suiting the gift and the giver. I would like to quote some of them, but they suffer in translation from the German in which they were written. Father's poem, accompanying his gift, was a beautiful tribute to Mother proving to us children year after year that he held her in great love and esteem.²⁸ The rest of the day was spent in a festive mood. Mother's birthday was indeed very "special."

The other big day, not so exciting and not so enjoyable, was the first day of the new school year. For me this did not happen until I was eight years old. [Teachers at St. Paul's Ev. Lutheran School during these years were F.W. Blauert, 1888-1936; William F. Muesing, 1889-1914; and Louis C. Sievert, 1902-1908.] Mother had been my teacher until then and had taught me very successfully to read and write. It was all very informal, and the fact that I learned anything at all spoke well for her ability as an instructor. While she sewed and mended, she managed to keep the attention of a squirming six-year-old long enough to instill some wisdom into her head. This informality probably accounts for the fact that I do not remember how I learned to read. As for my handwriting, it never amounted to much. I like to attribute it to the fact that, in spite of being lefthanded, they made me write with my right hand. While the results were not as dire as they are often predicted to be, the writing was not a thing of beauty. While there was no stammering, nail biting, or emotional upset, neither was there the beauty of a Palmer Method hand.

The reason for starting school at the age of eight was obvious. It meant a walk down the steep hill, across a slough, a distance of a mile or more. We came home at noon unless the weather was very bad. My sister Sally [Selma] had to take me under her wing. Sally was a worrier, and her little sister was happy-go-lucky and irresponsible. Sally's main concern was that I might become sick at school, or in church, or at some other inopportune time. This was not entirely without cause, for my stomach was unpredictable and often caused much trouble. However, Sally carried things just a little too far when, on a Sunday morning in church, she suddenly gave me a look, took me by the hand, and dragged me outside. Seeing my startled look she said, "You have to throw up, don't you?" I didn't!

Together with the other children who lived beyond us on the hill, we plodded to school and back again, up the long hill. The slow ones dragged their feet, the fast ones trotted, and some of us just meandered. The general effect was of a flock of geese straggling along to the pond. We often took a short cut, which was steeper than the road, but it got us home faster.

Coming home was always pleasant because Mother was there to greet us and welcome us with a ready ear for all the stories of our doings during the day. Mother's social life at this time was very limited. She attended an occasional meeting of the sewing club at church and a still more occasional game of Flinch with other faculty women and their husbands. She did not deplore this lack of social life. She recognized the importance of her work as wife and mother, and it brought her joy and contentment.

The fall opening of classes at the college brought back many old friends and new faces. Since the school had become co-educational [in 1896] and there were no dormitories for girls [until 1920], Mother offered to keep some of the girls in our home. The first one, who became a good friend of the family, was Marie Scheurer from Stillwater [Minnesota]. She was a quiet, unassuming girl, an only child, who must have

been quite overwhelmed by the noisy extroverts of the Schaller clan. On the other hand, she appreciated the warmth of a large family circle and soon became the bosom friend of my oldest sister. I always stood in awe of her because of her poise and her quiet manners. She was asked to give me piano lessons. I was much too flighty to settle down to serious practicing; but in spite of this she taught me the rudiments of playing, and I soon learned to pick out tunes. This was the end of my formal training in music.

Other girls soon came to board, and our house was full. A dozen or more people at the table was the rule rather than the exception. The boys brought their friends home. There was Otto, who took me on his knees and told stories, and little Manie, the freshman, who was homesick but tried to cover up by telling stories of his exploits in his home town.

When I was very small, Mother took in a young Negro girl. She had come from the deep South and wanted to become a teacher. They tell me that she was a great help about the house, devoting much time to the care of the little one-year-old. She did not finish her studies. Her background was such that she did not feel at ease among the northerners, and her lack of self-confidence made it impossible for her to become a classroom teacher. Today Zella would be in a better position to assert herself.

Fall was over, and winter began officially at our house on the tenth of November. This was the day storm windows were washed and put on. Since it was a holiday, the older children were home from college. It was Dr. Martin Luther's birthday, for whom the college was named. Everyone had to help with the big chore of hanging twenty-five or more large windows. Now we were ready for what was to come: snow, cold, ice, and storms.

Winter

Winter meant many things to our childhood. It meant long tramps in the snow, sledding, skating, with frozen or near-frozen noses and toes. It meant long evenings of study, games, music, and stories. It meant home life, and, above all, it meant Christmas.

There was no doubt about the coldness of a Minnesota winter, nor about the snow it brought with it, for that matter. The first snow was interesting, and beautiful. Out came the woolen stockings, the tights, and the overshoes. We ran out to catch the fluffy white stuff in our mittened hands and rediscovered the miracle of each perfect flake, comparing them and finding no two alike. As the snow grew deeper, we tramped up and down the paths, zig-zagging to make patterns in the smooth white carpet. Some of us made angels by lying on our backs and moving our arms to produce the effect of wings. Mother did not approve of this pastime. She remembered other winters when those of us who were susceptible to croup developed a bad case of it after this prolonged lying in the snow.

As the snow grew deeper, the trees and bushes became as beautiful as a fairyland. Every stump sported a rakish white cap. Every branch and bush was laden until it drooped under the load and, when the sun shone, sparkled as though a shower of diamonds had fallen on it.

Beautiful? Yes. But this beauty began to pall as the weeks and months passed. The snow had to be shoveled, over and over again, as new layers were added to the old. High drifts piled against the house and blocked the roads to town. There seemed to be no end to dark days and no end to the whiteness covering all familiar things. Following in the wake of every snowstorm came the bitter cold. As the temperatures fell and fell, the old house creaked in all its joints; and we were more and more reluctant to go out. Minnesota cold is dry, and it often took newcomers by surprise. Blithely saying, "It

doesn't seem cold," they would walk out without adequate protection, ending up with frozen ears and noses. One has to develop respect for that kind of weather.

It was not easy for Mother to send her little ones to school on days when the temperature fell to zero and the going was slow and tiring. There was many a day when the smallest ones stayed at home. Mother knew how cold the wind was blowing over the slough and how long a mile can be when every step of plodding along required stamina which the little girls did not have. But on warmer days we joined the boys. We slipped and slid as we ran helter skelter down the hill. This was fun!

But coming home was another matter. The hill looked very long as we approached it along Center Street. Hopefully, we looked back to see whether there was a chance of a ride. At last we saw what we were looking for. A farmer was coming back from town where he had bartered his produce for groceries. His sleigh was long and low; and as the horses slowed down to take the hill, we caught hold of the back part of the sleigh and pulled ourselves up on it. The more courageous ones stood on the runners, and away we went at the terrific speed of the slowly plodding horses. This way of coming home was considered dangerous and was not approved of by our parents, so they seldom heard of it.

Everyone loved to ice skate. The big boys went to the Cottonwood River or down to the slough below the hill. Naturally the sport was limited to times when there was little or no snow, since this was before park service, and no one bothered to keep the ice clear. Sometimes a small pond of ice gathered in the back yard, and the small fry could slide to their hearts' content. Falls were frequent but not usually serious enough to warrant more than a few tears.

The long hill, so pleasant to walk in spring and so cold and tiring when we came from school in winter, provided wonderful sledding. Worn down by the runners of many sleighs, it was slippery and smooth, just right for our bobsleds. There were two ways of getting down the hill. We could start at the top and coast the length of the hill at top speed. As the sled gathered momentum, everyone held on for dear life, screeching all the way. There was a chance of meeting a team of horses and a farmer's sleigh, and we posted sentries at the bottom of the hill to give the "all clear" signal. If the warning came in time, we could turn off, half-way down, where a narrow road met the long hill at right angles. It was a breathtaking turn, and it took a skillful hand at the steering rod to make it without a spill. When all was clear, the sled with its four or five passengers whizzed in safety to the bottom of the hill.

The more courageous, or should I say foolhardy, among the students chose to go sledding down the more dangerous slope of College Hill. This was the same road the other sled turned into to avoid a crash with the farmer's sleigh. It started at the top of the hill near Old Main and ran its winding way to meet the long hill. As the sled raced down its slope, the man "at the helm" had to be on the alert in order to make the sudden turn at the meeting of the roads. Even the slightest hesitation at the crucial moment could result in losing control of the sled and plunging into the underbrush of the ravine on the other side of the road. It did happen, however; and when it did, a sudden stop was put to this kind of dangerous fun.

The best part of winter was the long evenings at home. After supper Father took off an hour from his duties at the college. When I was very young I remember the children gathering around him while we lay down on the couch in the living room. The place of honor was reserved for the youngest, sitting on his stomach. Then he told stories. We were introduced to the children's classics, Grimm and Anderson fairy tales, where we sympathized with the poor little Match Girl, followed the adventures of

Thumbalina, and shivered with Gerda and Kay in the Ice Queen's palace. One of our favorite to-be-continued stories was Kipling's jungle tales [*The Jungle Book* and *The Second Jungle Book*]. We followed the life of Mowgli among his wolf family with breathless interest, discussing the details of each installment in great detail while we waited for the next evening's happenings.

Many an evening was devoted to singing and playing music. With Father at the piano, we sang all the old favorites; Grieg, Schumann, Schubert, Loewe. They were difficult, both to sing and to play; and I am sure the results of our efforts were far from professional. But this did not detract one whit from the pleasure we derived from them. However, everyone could sing folk songs; and many an hour was devoted to singing them, both German and English. My oldest brother, Adalbert, played the violin rather well for an amateur, and we learned to appreciate good music when he played to Father's accompaniment.²⁹

Then there were the ordinary evenings when the children did their homework and Father sat in his study, while Mother and the hired girls who helped her in the winter sewed, mended or even knit stockings with the knitting machine Mother had borrowed from a friend. It may all have been very ordinary; but a small girl, the proverbial little pitcher with big ears, could learn much during these evenings. While she quietly played with her dolls, she only naturally listened to what was going on. More than one piece of poetry, and many a Bible passage and hymn verse, were absorbed while the dolls were put to bed and the little pitcher's ears were wide open. It all came about because the older children were memorizing their homework and Mother was listening and helping until the recitations were perfect. Poe's *The Raven*, Gray's *Elegy*, and *The Skeleton in Armor* are some I remember best. Most of them were far beyond my understanding, but memorize them I did.

A familiar sight on long winter evenings was Father and his friend, Professor Reim, sitting at the table playing chess.³⁰ They played intently, silently, except for occasional grunts and groans as the game neared the climax. They were totally unaware of what was going on about them. The fate of the king and queen with their knights, bishops, and pawns was all-important at that moment. I do not know which of them won most often; but it really did not matter, since in the course of the many years that this went on, they must have come out even, for they were well-matched opponents.

When Professor Reim came to spend the evening, he brought his son Edmund with him.³¹ When the boy was a baby, his father carried him up the hill in his arms; and as he grew older, he trudged along beside his father. Mother took him under her wing, and soon Edmund, or Ebs as we called him, became one of us. When the boys were old enough to read, you could find Edmund sitting in one corner of the couch and brother Winfred in the other, both absorbed in the adventures of the Rover Boys.³² Edmund was there when my brothers went swimming in the summer. He played Indians with them, skated, and sledged with them. The same discipline my brothers were subject to was meted out to him. In this last instance, however, he had a distinct advantage over my brothers. When things became uncomfortable, Ebs could suddenly decide that he had urgent business at home and could hurry down the hill to avoid unpleasant consequences for what had been done. His mother had died when he was a baby, and Mother took it upon herself to bring him up. He stayed in the family, even when he grew up, for he married my sister [Selma].³³

Keeping our huge house warm in winter was a major problem. The bedrooms upstairs were bitter cold. To take off the chill, Mother lit the small kerosene stove and put it into our bedroom before bedtime. The boys' room had a drum which was supposed

to take the edge off the cold in their room. It was an extension of the heater in the living room and was not too effective. My sister and I undressed by the heater and scooted upstairs. We slept together and huddled close to each other for warmth. We giggled and whispered until we heard Father call to us from the study, whereupon we quieted down. But it was not until several warnings later, when we heard the squeak of his swivel chair, indicating that he was on his way to see to it that we went to sleep, that we turned over, pulled the covers up, and did.

Christmas was coming. Preparations for the feast started early in December. Mother set the dough for *Pfeffernuesse* and baked fruit cake right after Thanksgiving. With the smell of spices and nuts in the air, it did not take long for all of us to get into the spirit of the season.

Evenings were spent shelling the black walnuts, butternuts, and hazelnuts which had been picked in fall and stored in the attic. They could not be cracked with an ordinary nut cracker. Only a hammer could break their hard shells, and it was a painstaking chore to pick out the meats, bit by bit. Big families were essential for a job such as this. The modern family buys shelled nuts in the store. There just aren't enough children in the average family; nor is there enough time to sit down and shell black walnuts. What a pity!

Now we were waiting for the tenth of December. Most of the children we knew waited for the sixth, St. Nicolas Day, when they got stockings filled with nuts and candy. At our house the important day was Father's birthday.³⁴ It may not have been as important a day for him as Mother's was, but it had a special meaning for us. Our Christmas letters had been written and were put on the window sills on the eve of the tenth. They were gone the next morning, and candy and nuts were there instead. It was traditional that on that morning, and on occasional mornings after this date, *Christkind* would put something on the window sills for us to find in the morning. It was an indication that He was coming at Christmas time to bring us gifts at the celebration of His birth and that throughout the coming weeks He would be very, very close to us.

At school the children were practicing songs and recitations for the Christmas Eve services in the church. We rehearsed with them; but we knew that we would not be at the services, for we celebrated Christmas Eve in our family circle at home. Neither one of our parents had been brought up in the tradition of going to church on that evening. To them it was a time for family celebration and family service. Because of this, we not only memorized the songs and verses at school, but we also learned a program of songs and prayers to be given in front of our tree on Christmas Eve. From the smallest to the oldest, everyone had to learn something. How the house must have rung with the sound of voices from the throats of six children! It was a happy time, and anticipation ran higher and higher as the great night drew near.

One morning, a few days before the twenty-fourth, we found the great folding doors to the parlor closed. That could mean only one thing. The tree had been brought in and set up in its stand, and mysterious things were happening behind those closed doors. Mother and Father went in and out. We wanted very much to peep through the keyhole, but awe—and a little fear—kept us away. Sounds were coming from the room, and we tried to identify them. That little tinkling sound could have been a bell; that crash, accompanied by a little cry, told of a broken ornament. We pressed our noses to the crack to get the smell of pine and rosin. Less pleasant, but equally a part of the Christmas magic, was the smell of kerosene. The small stove had been lighted, for the parlor was bitter cold. It was heated only by the heater in the living room, and much of this reached the parlor with the door closed.

In the kitchen, baking was going on. The dough for the *Pfeffernuesse* was being transformed into cookies of all shapes and sizes. We helped cut them and sampled freely, pronouncing them good. But there were other cookies, more delicate and less abundant. These were carefully stored, away from small fingers, to be served to guests who would come during the holidays.

Now the time was really dragging! Every day seemed to have forty-eight hours. In fact, time was almost standing still. How Mother stood the strain of those days and how she survived the strain of the twenty-fourth, I will never know. But evening came at last. Snow began to fall, and the campus became a fairyland. Darkness came early, and soon the traditional supper of summer sausage and homemade bread was on the table. Appetites were not as sharp as usual. We were much too excited. Our parents seemed to understand this sudden lack of interest in food, for no one urged us to eat and no one thought we were coming down with something. After supper while the dishes were being washed and put away, Father went upstairs to his study. That this was a strange thing for him to do on this night of nights never entered our heads, which is proof enough that we were not responsible for straight thinking at this point. Now began the long wait for the signal to go into the parlor, the place of so much mystery. We strained our ears, afraid we might miss the call. The slightest noise was promptly hushed, and the minutes passed with maddening slowness. At last it came! The clear sound of a horn. The door opened and we trooped in, but not before someone screamed, "We have to call Father!" At our call, he came calmly down the stairs and joined the procession. There was the tree in all its splendor, perfect as always and, as we had hoped, "too thick to see through." It was a fir, as tall as the room and with branches so thick that the wall behind it was obscured. Glistening with ornaments and brilliant in the light of many candles, it fulfilled all our hopes; and a deep sigh of pure joy escaped our lips. But now our eyes were drawn to the floor under the tree and, as we had expected, that too was obscured. White sheets were spread all around the tree, covering humps, and bumps, and lumps of assorted sizes and shapes. We strained our eyes to see whether these shapes could possibly represent the doll buggy, or the doll house, or perhaps the sled we had asked for in our letters. But the time had not yet come to explore these secrets. Father sat down at the piano, and soon the room was filled with the sound of old and familiar Christmas carols. We told the message of the birth of the Christchild. The stable in Bethlehem, the angels on the fields of Judea, and the wise men from the East were remembered in our hearts and told about in our childish voices. This was the real meaning of Christmas, the real joy beyond all the glitter and tinsel.

But what about the humps and bumps and lumps? Some of us had surreptitiously stolen glances at them throughout the singing and reciting. Father smiled at our eagerness as he lifted one side of a sheet. Everyone knew that it would reveal first of all the gifts for the youngest one in the family and that in quick succession all of us, according to age, would receive our gifts. The gifts were modest and inexpensive. How could they have been otherwise on a professor's salary? But somehow we never felt we lacked anything. True, there were sometimes substitutions for the gifts we had wished for, but with loving care and thoughtfulness they had been chosen to cause as little disappointment as possible.

Later in the evening the big box from Grandmother and Aunt Lizzie was opened. It was a substantial, wooden box, which had arrived by express a few days before. We knew that Uncle Henry would send the usual pound cake and fruit cake from his bakery. Grandmother had filled every space around and between the cakes with clothes, games, and, best of all, books.

Happy and tired, we did not object to the call of bedtime. **After all, everything** would be there in the morning for us to examine and re-examine. **The toys** would be there to play with and the books to be finished—all but the poor horn, which had inadvertently been stepped on, and the fragile ornament which had been brushed off the tree. Mother said no horn ever survived the evening.

After the Christmas holidays, winter seemed to settle down in earnest. The days were short, the nights long. Nothing very exciting happened. It was a good time to settle down to studying but also a good time to continue our winter sports and to read over and over again the books we loved the best.³⁵ Soon we began to look hopefully ahead to the time when the trees would be green again and the birds would return to their old nesting places. Spring could not come too soon.



Ruth Schaller

ENDNOTES

25The author is evidently referring to the ruins of the Waraju Distillery. Only the chimney, pieces of the foundation, and bits of the walls remain, clinging firmly to the east flank of the hill between Center Street and Fifth North.

26The so-called "Sioux uprising," which the author is recalling, took place in 1862, about 45 years before the time of this narrative.

27We know from the history of the Hoyer family that Indians still visited the campus during the years directly preceding the arrival of the Schaller family. See *A Time to Remember*, 28.

28"Father" (John Schaller) came by this talent quite naturally. His father—the author's grandfather—Professor (Johann Michael) Gottlieb Schaller, Concordia Seminary, St. Louis, Missouri, was, according to Ludwig Ernest Fuerbringer, an accomplished poet. See *Persons and Events*, 158, 234.

29Adalbert Schaller (b. January 8, 1887, d. January 7, 1952) was installed in July, 1910 to serve Zion, Morton and St. John's, Redwood Falls, Minnesota. He served Zion until the prospering dual parish was dissolved by mutual agreement in 1916. He continued to serve St. John's until he, following his father's footsteps, accepted the call to Dr. Martin Luther College in 1920. Twenty years later he, again like his father, accepted the call to Wisconsin Lutheran Seminary, Thiensville, Wisconsin.

30Adolph F. Reim served Zion, Sanborn, Minnesota for two years. When Dr. Martin Luther College was begun in 1884, he offered his services to the school free of charge. Called to full, permanent status in 1885 as teacher of science and mathematics, he remained a valued member of the faculty until he resigned in June 1917.

31Edmund Carl Reim (b. February 12, 1892, d. August 22, 1969) was graduated from Wisconsin Lutheran Seminary in 1914; from then until 1940 he served, successively, St. Luke's, Kenosha; St. Paul's and St. John's, Calvary; and Trinity, Neenah, all in Wisconsin. In 1940 he was called to Wisconsin Lutheran Seminary, Thiensville, Wisconsin. There he served as professor and president until 1957. Following his withdrawal from the Wisconsin Synod because of his belief that the synod was temporizing, the Seminary Board of Control terminated his call. From 1959 until his death he was active in establishing and teaching in the seminary department of Immanuel Lutheran College, Eau Claire, Wisconsin.

32Winfred (b. October 10, 1922, d. May 25, 1959) became first resident pastor of St. John's Lutheran Church, Frontenac, Minnesota in 1914; music and history teacher at Michigan Lutheran Seminary, Saginaw, Michigan (1922-1945); pastor of Grace Lutheran Church, South St. Paul, Minnesota (1945-1949); and teacher in and director of Winnebago Lutheran Academy (1949-1957). History students at MLS remember his unique classroom seating arrangement: based entirely on the students' averages, it changed weekly. Choir members remember his delight in the purity of a boy soprano's voice.

33Esther (b. January 26, 1891, d. September 17, 1957) is not mentioned by name in the narrative, perhaps because she was 6 1/2 years older than the author and not considered "one of the little ones." She married Edwin H. Sauer and returned to her roots when he was called to Dr. Martin Luther College in 1928. During the almost twenty years he served on the faculty, their children grew up on a campus radically altered from the one described by their aunt.

34John (Johannes) Schaller was born December 10, 1859, in St. Louis Missouri. He died February 7, 1920. That part of his life which is pertinent to his daughter's narrative is told in great detail in *A Time to Remember*.

35Arrival of the *Youth's Companion* was an exciting time in the lives of these avid readers.

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A Mid-20th Century Dakota Parsonage

Grace Stiemke

Part 2

Although we never had much money to spend on anything but our necessities, we did occasionally enjoy some recreation that was very inexpensive. We had a few stores in Mission, but to do any special shopping, or to see a dentist, doctor or a movie, we had to drive to Valentine, Nebraska, about 25 miles south of Mission. It was on the way to Valentine that we would see buffalo herds on some protected reserves, and much other wild life was in abundance, especially jack rabbits and pheasants. Richard never hunted, but our members often did, and we were often the recipients of delicious pheasants.

The golf course near Valentine was typical of all the courses around there at that time. The greens were of sand, and a long piece of wood on the end of a long stick was provided to be used to smooth out a path from the point at which the ball landed on the green, to the cup. Then one would putt the ball over the smoothed sand. It only cost 25 cents to play.

One day while we were playing, I laid down my bag to take a shot toward the green. The fairways were sort of a glorified pasture, with many stony areas. After taking my shot, I heard a strange noise near my golf bag. Although I had never before that seen a rattle snake or heard one, I knew what it was at once. One could never miss that sound. When I saw it near my bag I was quite frightened. Rich managed to scare it away, and searched carefully to be sure no others were in the bag. After that we left the course that day, and when we played on other days after that, we were most careful to look around us as we walked or lay down our bags.

Eating out in a restaurant was really a rare event for us in South Dakota. But I do recall one memorable occasion when we drove to Valentine to see a dentist, and later had a restaurant meal because it was my birthday. The meal cost 75 cents and was comparable to a meal one might pay \$15.00 for today in a fine restaurant. After the dinner, we saw the movie *Gone with the Wind*. I had read the book so was most anxious to see it.

We did occasionally see a movie at the Government Indian Boarding School which was just east of Mission. It was free for Indians, but we had to pay just a small fee. This boarding high school was a beautiful school with fine teachers. But it amazed us the Indian children never seemed to use their education for gainful employment. And although the government built sturdy bungalows for the Indian families, they usually put the chickens or other animals in the houses and lived in their teepees. Most often we would find that after the Indians would receive their monthly government check, they would come into town and spend their money, often buying unneeded and useless items. Mission was on the Rosebud Indian Reservation, so no alcoholic beverages were sold, not even beer. If they bought drinks, it was through some law-breaking trucker or other individual.

There were three main churches in Mission, our Lutheran church, a Roman Catholic church, and an Episcopal church. Later a small Pentecostal group existed for a short time, after a revivalist had some tent services. We noticed that several Indians attended these services. There also were a few Indians who became nominal members in the three other churches. But generally it was very difficult to integrate them into the established congregations. The Episcopal priest often mentioned how the Indians

poured into their church when the gift boxes arrived from some of the wealthy congregations of Connecticut and other eastern states. All the items, mostly clothing and linens and blanket, were portioned out to the various Indian families. That was one day, and Christmas another, when they had some Indians in church.

The Catholic church and ours didn't fair too much better, although the Catholics had quite a few children in their private Indian boarding schools. The Catholic priest lived across the street from us, and Richard occasionally visited with him. On one occasion when we had invited him over around Christmas time, he told us how much he enjoyed seeing our Christmas tree. It seems that the Catholics at that time did not approve of Christmas trees or any decorations. They felt it was a Lutheran custom. But this priest had a Lutheran grandmother in Germany, and when he was a little boy there, he loved being at that grandmother's home at Christmas time. Seeing our tree reminded him of those happy childhood days. This priest also did some fine stone polishing as a hobby. On one occasion he gave Rich a pretty cut and polished stone which could be used on a tie clasp.



The Church in Mission — 1937

It was the end of the school year in 1939, and our parochial school teacher was going to her home in Blue Earth, Minnesota, to spend the summer with her parents. I mentioned how much I would like to spend some time with my parents in Watertown.

She said I would be welcome to ride as far as Blue Earth with her. I could then take the train from there to Watertown. I talked it over with Richard, and he said that I should go, that we could squeeze out the train fare. He would drive to Watertown about a month later, spend some time with both his and my parents, and we would then drive back to Mission together.

So in early June our teacher and I set off for Blue Earth. I spent the night at her parents' home, and late the next day took the train for Watertown. I slept only a little that night on the train, and very early the next morning arrived in Watertown. I had not told my parents of my coming, for I wanted to surprise them. I took a taxi to their home. My mom had just started getting dressed when she looked out of the window in their upstairs bedroom. She said to my dad that a taxi had stopped and a woman was getting out. Then she recognized me and flew down the stairs to greet me. What a happy time that was! My mom and I had always been close, had done so many things together. She had always shared my joy in books. When my sister and I were growing up, she and my mom and I shared the housework. But we always planned that two would do the work, and one would read aloud the current book we were reading. My mom had always sewn our clothes, so from the time I was very little, I had wanted to sew too. I started with making doll clothes, and by the time I was in high school I made most of my own clothes.

My month-long visit with my parents was so great, but I did start to miss Rich, and waited eagerly for his letters. It was our first separation since our marriage, and when he got to Watertown early in July, I realized how much I had missed him. I guess he missed me too, for he said that Mission just wasn't the same without me. It was like a second honeymoon when we got together again in Watertown. I moved with him to his parents' home for the rest of our vacation, so we had a chance to enjoy ourselves while his parents brought us up to date on their activities. Both of our mothers were excellent cooks, so we enjoyed that part of the visit too. We did manage to see many of our relatives and friends. Although we knew Rich's father was not well with bronchial asthma and a greatly enlarged heart, we did not suspect that this would be the last time we would see him alive.

Shortly after we returned to Mission, I realized that I was pregnant. We had always hoped to have children some day, so we were pleased and happy. My only negative thoughts were about the fact that we had no doctor or hospital or even a drug store in Mission. Also, I knew so little about pregnancy and childbirth. A doctor in Valentine, Nebraska was recommended to us, so that is where we went. He confirmed that I was indeed pregnant, and that the due date was April 10th.

Those early months of pregnancy were filled with plans for the new baby. Outside of some early morning sickness, I was really quite well. We ordered some things for the baby from the Montgomery Ward catalogue, layette items such as a bathinette-dressing table combination, and a bassinette with wheels. It could be folded up for transporting by hand or by car. I was also very busy sewing maternity clothes, a quilted liner for the bassinette and many flannel baby clothes. When we told our parents the happy news, Richard's father, who was quite an artist in French crayon, drew a design for a "bunny" baby quilt. Rich's mother, who did much handiwork of all kinds, carried out the design plans and made a most beautiful quilt for the baby. His parents also sent the crib that Rich and his sister had used as small children. My job then was to sand down the whole crib and give it two coats of white paint. There was no room for a nursery, for we had only one bedroom. The newly painted crib, however, made a pretty addition to our bedroom.

In the middle of October of that year of 1939, we had a visitor from our home town, a young man whom we had known well in the past. He had been in my high school class, and I had hiked and played tennis with him in those days, and both Rich and I had associated with him in church-related activities. Also our parents and his were close friends.

He had never seen the prairie states, and he was amazed at the barrenness of the countryside. We assured him that he would enjoy the western part of the state, the Badlands and the Black Hills. He was planning to go there after his visit with us.

He stayed several days with us, including a weekend, for he wanted to hear Rich preach. On the Saturday evening that he was there, I suggested that he and I might go roller skating at the town hall, for Rich still had work to do preparing for the services the next day. We had played tennis in the afternoon at the local tennis courts. Even though I was almost four months pregnant, I felt fine and enjoyed the exercise.

When we got to the town that evening, we picked out some skates to wear, and were soon joining the crowd around the rink. The rink was surrounded by a railing, and many people were leaning on the railing to watch the skaters. Suddenly one end of the railing loosened and swung out over the floor just as we were approaching the area. It happened so quickly that we couldn't avoid being catapulted over the railing, along with several other skaters. It was a frightening experience, for I couldn't help but think of the baby. We were quite bruised and scratched, but after a little rest, we walked the four or five blocks back home again. I hated to tell Rich what had happened, but we knew we had to, for many of our members had been present at the accident.

We were always pleased that this young man had taken the time on his trip west to visit us. Just a few years later, in the service of our country in World War II, he was killed by a sniper in Italy.

At this time, 1939, we still had no telephones in our homes in Mission. There was a telephone exchange in a small place on the main street. Anyone wishing to make a long distance call, had to go there to make the call, and anyone wishing to contact a person in Mission or thereabout, would call Mission and give the message. Then a runner would be sent to the person in the community who was called, and give the message to that person. Early in the morning, on the first Sunday in December, we were informed that a call had come from Watertown, Wisconsin to let us know that Rich's father had died. We knew his health was bad, but he was only 49, so it was a great shock to hear of his death.

Rich decided that he would conduct the services as usual that morning in Mission, and in the early afternoon in White River, and after that service, we would leave for Wisconsin. However, one couple in the congregation at White River persuaded us to stay for supper with them, and then to sleep there at their home, and to start early the next morning for Wisconsin. By 2:00am neither of us had been able to sleep, so we decided to get up and start on the trip to Wisconsin. The weather looked a bit threatening so that made us still more anxious to get started. That drive seemed endless, but finally, seventeen hours later we arrived in early evening in Watertown. We went to Rich's mother's home first, to let her know we had arrived, and to hear the details of his father's death, and the funeral arrangements.

Then we went to my parents' home, had some supper, and went to bed. I was in my fifth month of pregnancy then, and the trip and lack of sleep had been very tiring. I remember the wonderful kindnesses of all the friends and neighbors of Rich's mother during those days of mourning. One very dear lady cousin from Chicago offered to stay with her a month or so after the funeral so she wouldn't be alone. Rich's sister who was

a nurse in Madison was of course there, but she did have to get back to work shortly after the funeral. She tried to get to Watertown as often as possible after the funeral to help her mother, but having the mother's cousin there proved to be a fine arrangement.

We knew that we could not stay very long, for this was December, and the Advent and Christmas season was upon us. Richard was needed back in Mission. It just didn't seem possible that Rich's father would never see his first grandchild. He had so looked forward to it. We still have many of the letters he wrote to us at that time. He was a fine and gifted man. Besides his beautiful French crayon drawings, he was a sort of self-taught botanist, and had one of the most beautiful lawns and flower gardens in the city. He also laid out and planted much of the original nine holes at the Watertown Country Club, and served as greenskeeper there for many years, and regularly wrote articles on lawns and garden care for the local paper, the *Watertown Daily Times*. But he would be equally remembered for his church related activities. He was in the choir for years, on the church boards, and was always willing to help when called on in any capacity.

We had a fellow pastor friend who was a bachelor, and who served a congregation in Martin, S. Dak. about 65 miles west of us. He married many years later, but at that time he was often quite lonely and hungry for the fellowship of other Wisconsin Synod pastors. So it was not unusual at all for him to drive into our yard almost any day, and stay with us for a meal and a nice visit. On one of these visits, in January of 1940, he insisted that we should drive to Martin some nice day and visit him there and see what his place was like, and probably take in a movie or a basketball game at the town hall. He always liked sports, and so it didn't take much encouragement on the part of the local high school faculty, to have him help with the local athletic program in his spare time. He had often traveled to Lincoln, Nebraska for some special football or basketball games at Nebraska University.

Many times in South Dakota, we would have some lovely, sort of false spring days in late January or early February. So when one of these sunny, mild days appeared in early February, we decided we would drive to Martin to visit our friend there. As we neared Martin, the skies changed and became cloudy, and even a few snow flurries appeared. But we continued on anyway, and our friend was so happy to see us. He lived in two tiny rooms in the back part of the church he served. One room was a sort of living room-kitchen, and the other a small bedroom. He opened a couple cans of food, and went to the grocery for a little bakery, and soon we had a nice meal. It was beginning to grow colder and more threatening looking, and I suppose we should have turned around and started for home. But he wanted so much for us to attend a movie that was showing. One didn't have too many opportunities for a movie, so we decided we would stay for that and leave for home right after the picture.

Several hours later, when we left the town hall, we found it was snowing furiously, and we were advised it would be best to wait till morning to return to Mission. I was seven months pregnant then, and really wanted to get home, but we were finally persuaded to stay over. I had worn some little high heeled boots over my high heeled shoes, so going to the outside toilet before bed and during the night and in the morning was a major problem. The snow was so deep it was way over my boots. The fellows tried to shovel a path to the toilet, but it filled up as fast as they clear it.

Our friend gave us his little bed for the night, and he made a bed for himself and his cat on the floor in front of the stove in the kitchen-living room. During the night the temperature dropped drastically, and the bedroom became freezingly cold. Rich got up and went into the other room to see if he could do something about adding more wood

to the stove. He found the fire out and our friend still sleeping. So Rich managed to start the fire again, and kept it stoked the rest of the night. Fortunately there was an ample supply of wood.

In the morning my one hope was to start back for Mission and home as soon as possible. We found, however, that the road to Mission was completely snow bound. No plows had been through and since it was continuing to snow, they would make no attempt that day to go east to Mission. We did hear though that the road south to Crookston, Nebraska was open, and that we could most likely drive east from there on Highway 20 to Valentine, Nebraska and then north to Mission. So we started out and fortunately a snow plow had gone south on that road shortly before we left. Then at Crookston we were told it would be taking a chance, but we might get through to Valentine, since several trucks had already done so. It was slow going, but by late afternoon we had arrived in Valentine. When we filled up with gas at a filling station, it was beginning to snow harder than ever. The owner of the station told us it would be impossible to drive north to Mission that day. When he heard who we were, he said that he was a member of the little Wisconsin Synod Lutheran mission church in Valentine, and that we would be welcome to stay overnight with them. His wife was very friendly too, and invited us to join them for supper. All I could think of was wanting to get home, but I finally knew that was impossible that night. This was now a second night away from home, with no change of clothing and no bathing facilities, and only an outdoor toilet in a raging blizzard. The only bed these people could spare was in an unheated loft. They did give us several blankets to help us keep warm, but I was miserable.

We got up very early, still in the same clothes we had worn night and day, and this was the third day. They insisted we share a warm breakfast with them, and then we checked into the road conditions north to Mission. It was still snowing and blowing, but we were told that the Cherry County Nebraska snow plows were out, so the road to the South Dakota border should be passable. We were encouraged to stay another day though, for it was uncertain what the 20 mile stretch from the border to Mission in South Dakota would be like. By this time I wanted to get home so much that I insisted we start out. It was difficult to see, and our old car was not too reliable, but we finally got to the border. Looking north from there the road looked really forbidding. It was difficult to see more than a few yards ahead, or to know if one were still on the road.

Every once in a while Richard would have to get out and shovel through an especially deep drift. After about five miles of this painfully slow progress, the car started to steam. Richard believed it needed water, so when we were near one farm on which the house was somewhat near the road, Richard decided to trudge up their roadway to get some water. When he got to the farmhouse to ask for water, they were dumbfounded to see him at the door. They asked him, "Where did you come from?" When he told them he had come from Valentine and was on his way to Mission, they told him that if he got that far from Valentine he should turn around and go back immediately, for no plows or trucks or vehicles of any kind had been through from or to Mission for two days.

When he got back to the car with the water, he told me what they had said. I just cried and insisted we try to get to Mission. In retrospect I know that I was most unreasonable, for in my condition, and wearing nothing on my feet but high heels and low cut high heeled boots, I would have been in no condition to walk even a mile to some farm had our car stalled completely.

So on we traveled and hours passed, as Richard drove and shoveled and drove. The last several miles we seemed to be riding on a sort of snowy crust formed by the sleet and wind. The car, miraculously, did not break through and late in the afternoon we drove into Mission. The people after hearing our story, could hardly believe that we had come on that road that even the snow plows hadn't attempted.

We found our little house bitter cold, with the water frozen in the drinking water pail, and all my house plants frozen. The heating stove had, of course, run out of oil. Richard put oil in immediately and gradually the house warmed. We also heated water to bathe, and Richard went to the grocery store to get food to replace all that had frozen in our house. We then made a little supper and went to bed in complete exhaustion. Only God's loving care had made it possible for us to survive on that snowbound South Dakota road in February of 1940.



Parsonage — 1937

By the end of February the roads had all been cleared and we had even had an early thaw. So on February 29 (it was leap year that year) we again ventured a trip to Valentine, for I was due for a checkup with my doctor. I had been having low back pains that day, but the doctor said it was most likely false labor pains. The next day, Friday, I continued to have these periodic pains, but tried to ignore it. By Saturday the pains were closer and more persistent, but we felt it must be false as the doctor said, for our baby wasn't due till April 10th. All through that night I was miserable, and by 5:00 Sunday morning, I was sure the baby was coming, although Richard didn't think so. He felt that he should carry out the services as usual at Mission and at White River, but because I insisted, he asked a lady member of our congregation to drive me to Valentine again so that the doctor could check me for sure. When she realized how close my pains were, she took me directly to the hospital in Valentine. At 10:00 that morning, March 3, our son, Philip was born, about five weeks premature. He was a tiny baby, but healthy.

After Richard was through preaching at White River that afternoon, he drove directly to Valentine, arriving about 5:00pm. The nurses and I kiddingly told him that he was right, it was only a false alarm, and he could take me home. Finally we told him the truth, and he saw our son, who was then already seven hours old.

We found that a tiny baby such as Philip was needed lots of attention. He had to be fed about every two hours, day and night. And, of course, the extra laundry work meant lots more pumping and heating of water. In spite of the inconveniences, it was a joy to have our little boy and watch him grow. We always took him to church in his little basket, and he usually slept through the entire service.

When the warm weather came, we drove to Wisconsin to visit our parents and friends, and to show them our new baby. We did feel so sad that Rich's father didn't live to see his grandchild. It was a wonderful visit though, especially seeing my aging grandmother and other relatives, and enjoying some parties with my sister and her fiancé, Harold Neubauer, and Richard's sister, Gertrude. We had no inkling at that time, of what life had in store for Gertrude in the future. It seemed as though she would have a wonderful, fulfilling life as a nurse in Madison. Not too many years later, however, life would change drastically for her.

The next winter in Mission was an especially severe one weather-wise. It took some special new highway equipment to open the roads with the mountainous drifts. We had our share of colds and coughs, and Philip did catch the chicken pox, but otherwise we fared quite well. We became better and better acquainted with our members, and shared their joys and sorrows with them. That winter we lost so many members in death—especially many deaths of infants. Our church cemetery was filled with the graves of babies and young children. I wonder, if today, Mission might be blessed with a doctor, or if people from Mission still have to travel to Valentine, Nebraska or Winner, South Dakota for treatment.

When the snows finally ceased and springtime came, we joyfully looked forward to planting a garden. We also were able to purchase a little secondhand stroller for Philip, so I was able to take long walks with him in the sunshine. We also fenced in our front porch, to form an outdoor playpen for Philip.

At this time, the summer of 1941, we also had the happy news that my sister, Lucille, and Harold Neubauer, were planning their wedding for October 8th of that year. I so wanted her wedding to be special, that I offered to make her dream dresses for the bridal party, Lucille's, mine as matron of honor, and the dresses for the other two bridesmaids. The dresses were really pretty for a fall wedding. Lucille's was in white, with a velvet bodice and voluminous layers of white tulle. Ours were identical, except that the bodices of ours were in brown velvet, and our tulle skirts were of light yellow, dark yellow, and orange. I made the bodices of the dresses in South Dakota, and then when we drove to Watertown for the wedding, I finished the dresses after trying the tops on the girls. Fortunately they fit perfectly. It was then a matter of adding the tulle skirts, and sewing on the dozens of tiny covered velvet buttons. I recall the girls helping me sew on the buttons for it was a time consuming affair. The bronze and yellow mums we had for our bouquets made a very pretty wedding party addition. Richard officiated at the wedding in St. Mark's Church in Watertown, and my parents had a lovely reception in their home for all the friends and relatives who came.

It was just two months after Lucille's wedding, the first Sunday in December, that we were invited after the services in White River, to have dinner with a family who had a ranch some distance from the church. It was not unusual to be invited out by members of the White River congregation, but we had never been invited out to this particular place before. We needed some rather precise directions to get there, for there were no regular roads, just trails, so many miles in one direction or another, and it was even necessary to ford the White River in one rather shallow area through which a car could pass. We did manage to find the place, and were greeted profusely by all.

We were ushered into the living room where two elderly gentlemen were listening to a small radio. They said that there was some bombing of some ships, and about some pearls in a harbor, but they couldn't understand what it was all about. So we listened and were dumbfounded when we realized what had happened. Yes, it was December 7th, 1941, and the Japanese had just bombed Pearl Harbor in Hawaii.

The days that followed December 7th brought the news bit by bit of the utter devastation the bombings caused on our navy and air force. After we had declared war on Japan our whole nation was whipped into action with the building of ships and planes and conscription and training of men for armed services. Even in our remote community of Mission, South Dakota, the effects of the war were felt very soon. Many of the young men were called into service, others traveled to California and other industrialized areas to work in defense plants.

The movement of so many young men and women from our rural South Dakota area to the war plants or branches of the service caused a depletion in the area of teachers for the public schools, and the members of the various boards of the county and school system. They asked Richard if he would be willing to substitute teach temporarily until they could find permanent teachers for the various classes of the local high school. Reluctantly he agreed, and even wrote to Northwestern College for a transcript of his grades, especially in view of possibly teaching English or Latin. Fortunately, before he had all the necessary information from Northwestern, they were able to find several older, retired teachers who were willing to fill in, in the Todd County school system.

However, although they did manage to find some teachers, they were hard pressed to find someone to serve on the school board. They came to me and asked if I would consider the position of Clerk of the Board. This position entailed keeping records of the 50 some teachers in the county. I agreed to do so at a salary of \$28.00 per month. It was necessary to keep the records of each teacher's salary and social security tax, and inform the treasurer, who would make out the checks for the teachers. I sent them their checks and supplied my records to the government. Social Security was quite new at that time. I also attended each school board meeting and recorded the minutes. After the meetings I typed the minutes for publication in the local paper, the *Todd County Tribune*. I really enjoyed my little job, and the \$28.00 a month, at that time, allowed me to purchase extras for our little family.

Early in January of 1942, I found myself feeling rather ill, especially in the morning. I began to wonder—could I possibly be pregnant? The next time we drove to Valentine, in mid-January, I stopped to see our doctor. Fortunately he was able to see me, and yes, I was to have another baby, about September 10th.

The summer burst upon us very early that year. By March it was already very warm, but by May and June it was hot. I don't remember ever experiencing heat like that in any year before or since. We filled a little tub for Philip to play in most of the days. But nothing helped much. The breezes that did blow were always dusty.

Our one and only doctor in Valentine left at this time to serve in the war effort. An elderly doctor of 79 came out of retirement to serve the needs of the people. I liked him very much, but the day our daughter, Barbara, was born, on July 17th (two months prematurely) it was super hot. I was told later by the nurses that the thermometer on the street in Valentine reached 118 degrees. My poor doctor almost fainted several times during the delivery of my baby. The nurses kept putting cold compresses on his forehead and on mine. In spite of the fact that she was a tiny baby, the labor was very long. They had prepared a little makeshift incubator for they knew she was just a seven month baby. I was unprepared though to see how very tiny she really was. She had no finger

or toe nails, and seemed so weak. I'm sure in the modern hospitals today she would have received much specialized care and flourished. We, however, took her home after the usual stay of ten days in the hospital.

The weeks and months following Barbara's birth were a nightmare. She cried and coughed so much. We had to feed her every two hours day and night, for she was too weak to eat more than an ounce or two at a feeding, and she always seemed hungry. During this time we got a new, young doctor in Valentine, and we tried everything he suggested for Barbara. We asked what he thought about our taking her on a trip to Wisconsin, so that our parents and friends could see our new baby. He said he thought it would be all right to make the trip. In retrospect, however, we realize we should never have taken her on such a long trip. She was extremely ill the whole time. By the time we returned, we were really fearful for her life. She just didn't gain and looked worse each week.

During this time Philip had contracted measles and was also quite ill. It wasn't easy taking care of two sick children, especially handling all the additional laundry with our primitive living conditions. In early January our doctor told us that he could do no more for our baby. He was inclined to think she might be a hydrocephalic, since her head seemed to be a bit large for her tiny body. He recommended we see a fine pediatrician in Omaha, and so we made arrangements to take Barbara there. Philip seemed to be quite well recovered from the measles, so one of our member couples offered to take care of him while we would drive to Omaha with Barbara. The husband was a teacher in the Indian Government Boarding School. We were grateful to them for their offer.

The day we left for Omaha was a typical winter day, snowing, blowing and some sleet. Barbara coughed or cried during almost the entire 300 mile trip. We had been in touch with a pastor friend and his wife in Omaha, and they had been kind enough to invite us to stay with them while we were in Omaha. We had so little money, and there were no Ronald McDonald houses in those days, so we accepted their invitation gratefully. We arrived late in the day, and our appointment with the doctor was at 2:00pm the next day.

I'll never forget that night. I held my sick and coughing baby all night. My mind was in a turmoil. I didn't know just what to ask for in my prayers. I wanted her to be well and live, but if she were a hydrocephalic as our doctor had thought, I could hardly wish a life like that for her. By morning I resigned myself to leaving it all in God's hands.

After the doctor had examined her thoroughly the next day, he assured us she was definitely not a hydrocephalic. However, she was a very sick child. The diagnosis was congenital kidney infection, rickets, bronchial pneumonia and possibly leukemia. They put her in an oxygen tent immediately, and said she would have to have a blood transfusion as soon as possible. They checked Rich's blood and it was compatible for a transfusion. I remember that they could find no vein large enough in her body, but transfused into a vein in her head. The doctor said that if the red corpuscles did not break down again, she probably did not have leukemia but rather acute anemia. It was uncertain how long treatment would take to help all her problems, but he was sure it would take several months.

The second evening we were in Omaha, we got a phone call from the couple who had been taking care of Philip back in Mission. They informed us that he had been violently ill in the night, and they had taken him to the Government Indian Hospital in Rosebud about 11 miles from Mission. This hospital was provided by the government

for Indians only, but since the man who brought Philip to the hospital was a government teacher for the Indians, they accepted Philip, even though he was white. The immediate diagnosis was that he was suffering from either the after effects of the measles, or had scarlet fever. In either case they felt the condition was so serious that he might die. They felt we should be told how bad it was. So with one child close to death in Omaha, we were told the other might be dying in Rosebud.

We discussed the situation with each other and with the pastor and his wife with whom we were staying. We knew that Barbara was getting the best care she humanly could, but that Philip must be missing us terribly in his discomfort. So we made the decision to try to get a little rest and then start out for Mission in the early morning. The weather had worsened, and we really couldn't be sure we could get through all the way. But we had to try. Neither of us had been able to sleep, so we started out very early. The roads were terrible. In some areas we just crept along in the deep snow. It was difficult to see the road with the heavy snowfall. Several times we had to wait to go on till some snow plow would get through ahead of us. Also we were advised not to go all the way to Mission for those roads were even worse. But we plugged along and finally about 9:00 at night we reached Mission.

We drove directly to the hospital at Rosebud, but they told us Philip had finally fallen asleep and it would be best to get him in the morning. So we drove back to Mission, managed to get a few hours of sleep, and then with extra blankets in the car, drove back to Rosebud in the morning to pick up Philip. I wanted to get him out of the hospital as soon as possible, for I didn't like the conditions I noticed. He was in a crowded room with many Indian men patients. Many looked unkempt.

I found out in a few days that my fears were well-founded. Besides being so very ill with the scarlet fever, he had contracted trench mouth in the hospital. Apparently an Indian who had trench mouth had drunk water from his glass. Trench mouth was a common scourge among the Indians. What a horrible condition we faced each day. I never knew what trench mouth was like. Many ulcers formed on the tonsils, pharynx and tongue, and all the way to the genitals a black, slimy mucous covered all. I had a prescribed solution I used to bath his mouth and bottom. But the high fevers were hard to check. He became weaker and weaker, could keep almost no food or even liquid down. We began to fear for his life, for there was no improvement.

During the days and weeks that followed, the pastor in Omaha kept in touch with us by card about Barbara's condition. About twice a month the doctor himself wrote to tell of her progress. The first reports were not good at all, but gradually there were slight improvements—a little weight gain, the lungs and kidneys showed improvement, and the corpuscles did not break down, so we knew Barbara did not have leukemia.

After about three weeks Philip's condition also gradually improved. He was able to keep down a little food and the ulcerated areas were beginning to heal. We had brought him home from the hospital in Rosebud in the middle of January, but by the time of his third birthday, he practically had to learn to walk all over again. But day by day he grew stronger, and was soon even able to ride his little tricycle again. His third birthday was March 3.

In retrospect, I believe that the constant nursing care I had to give Philip during those weeks and months really helped me. I was too busy to sit and cry and worry about Barbara. I knew I couldn't get to Omaha to see her. But those cards and notes from our pastor-friend were my life line to her. The day finally came when one of the notes indicated that Barbara was so improved that we might soon be able to come and get her

and continue her care at home. It was the end of May, a little more than four months since we had seen our baby girl.

We hardly knew what to expect when we arrived at the hospital after another 300 mile trip one way to Omaha. What a joy it was for us to see a plump, bright-eyed little baby! She was still very small and weak, more like a month old than a ten month old, but we could see the great improvement. We had brought some pretty clothes to put on her for the trip back home. I recall several of the young nurses expressing a desire to dress her for the last time in the hospital. They had grown to love her so much, for they had had the day to day care of her, and had enjoyed all the little gradual improvements. She in turn had grown to respond to them too. I rather envied them the many months of her life that I was denied her care because of circumstances.

Philip was so pleased to have his little sister back home again. He was constantly trying to entertain her. Although she was very weak physically, she was very bright mentally. She talked and was potty trained before she could walk. She was almost a year and eight months old before she could walk alone. By that time I was pregnant with our third child.

One of the more pleasant memories of the summer of 1943 was the coming of electric power to Mission and to our home. It was such a joy to be able to buy an electric washer and refrigerator, as well as several other electrical items.

Our happiness was tempered, however, by the fact that during these days and months, our country was becoming more and more deeply involved in World War II. We were now at war with Germany as well as Japan, and we had so much sad news as to the imprisonment, wounding, and death of many of our friends from Wisconsin and of our South Dakota congregation members.

Richard did not have to serve in the armed forces because of his position as a minister. However, he was asked to serve on the rationing board. Richard really did not care to serve on this board for the members of the board had to determine who should get the scarce items available, such as tires for farm trucks and tractors, extra gas and oil and sugar.

Everyone in the country was issued a ration book for items that were in short supply, such as coffee, sugar, etc. But the decisions the rationing board had to make covered items over and above the rationing books. He feared being accused of favoritism or prejudice when making decisions. We had heard rumors that our congregation members were considered pro-Germany because the largest percentage of our people were of German origin. So Richard, after much pressure by members of the County Board, agreed to serve on the rationing board for fear that he might be considered unpatriotic if he did not.

One evening a short time later, a prominent man in the community who owned the Chevrolet garage, came to our door and asked to talk to Richard. Richard asked him inside but he refused, and standing on the doorstep he angrily demanded that Richard get off the rationing board. Rich asked him why he should do so, but he refused to give a reason, just told him that if he knew what was good for him he would resign immediately.

This was a rather disturbing incident for we wondered how many others in the community felt the same way this man did. Rich finally decided that no matter what happened, he would now stay on the rationing board.

Some months later the statewide American Legion convention was held in Pierre, South Dakota. One of our members, the gentleman who taught in the Indian Boarding School and whose wife and he cared for Philip when we had to take Barbara to Omaha,

was a delegate to this state convention. He later told us that at that convention, the Chevrolet garage owner, who had come to our door asking Rich to get off the rationing board, asked for the floor at the convention. He angrily denounced the decision to ask Richard to serve on the rationing board in Mission. He said that Richard was of German descent, and surely was pro-German, and should not be allowed to serve on any board. He demanded that the Legion take action and use their influence to force him to resign.

The attorney general of the state of South Dakota, who was also attending this convention, got up and severely reprimanded him for making unfounded accusations, and reminded him that many, many loyal Americans of German descent were fighting and dying for their country, and many others were serving on the home front on many capacities.

After this convention, whenever the garage owner would see Richard on the street in Mission, he would turn away or cross the street to avoid him.

The summer of 1944 was another hot summer, and again my new baby was expected to be born in late July, exactly two years after the birth of Barbara. Because both Philip and Barbara had been born prematurely, my new young doctor prescribed a new drug that was to prevent miscarriage or premature birth. Many years later this drug proved to wreak havoc on the daughters whose mothers took the drug. The daughters, when full grown, were prone to cervical cancer, and many even filed and won lawsuits.

Early in June we were so happy to receive a letter saying that my mother and father were coming out to Mission for a visit. I knew that my mother was not well, her angina seemed to be getting worse. But I happily looked forward to their visit. I guess I felt my mom and I could commiserate with each other, for I had much discomfort with this third pregnancy. I was happy, however, to look forward to showing her how well Philip and Barbara were doing after their terrible illnesses.

Richard and I thoroughly cleaned our house to make everything tip-top for their visit. He also did much work on the lawn, garden, and flower beds to make everything as pretty as possible. They were to arrive on July 4th and planned to spend a week with us.

Several days before their arrival, I noticed that Rich did not look well. Each day it seemed worse, and finally he admitted that he felt really terrible. Each day his temperature went way up, but we always thought it would soon get better. When the day arrived for my parents to come, he was too ill to drive to Murdo to pick them up from the train. A lady in our church drove up for them. All that day and the next, after my parents arrived, Rich's condition became worse. His temperature went over 104 degrees. The next day it went to 105 degrees. I went downtown to the only phone and called the doctor in Valentine. He said that all that evening and night we should keep sponging him off with cool water and in the morning try to bring him in to the hospital.

I shall never forget that night with my poor mother helping me to keep cold compresses on Richard to keep the fever down. The couch on which he lay was low, so leaning over to do this was not easy for my mother with her heart condition, or for me, who was nine months pregnant.

Early the next morning the son of the hardware dealer came to take Richard to the hospital in Valentine. He told my mother and me to try to get some rest after our night's ordeal and that he would let us know what the doctor's diagnosis was. It took several days and many tests later to find out the actual diagnosis. It was typhoid! Everyone, including the doctor, was shocked to hear this. The big question was, "Where did he get it?"

The first and most obvious place to check was our well. We were told to use no water from it till it could be tested. Several days later the health department from Pierre came to check the well and found it to have some contamination. So it was sealed, not to be used till a new, deeper well could be drilled and tested.

If housekeeping was difficult before, it was much worse then. Water had to be hauled to us in large milk cans for all drinking, cooking, laundering, and bathing. My mother's health was deteriorating each day. The pains of her angina were coming closer and more severe. As much as I loved having her with me, I felt, and my father also, that it would be best for her to get back home to Watertown.

My condition was getting worse too. The constant discomfort and intermittent pains kept me from getting any proper rest. When Rich's mother heard of the situation, she decided to come at once and stay with us as long as needed. My parents did go back home then, and after that I was alone for just a few days with the children before Rich's mother came. I was so happy to see her, because by the time she came, both Barbara and Philip were also sick. We were sure they too had typhoid so we took them to the hospital at Valentine. I saw my doctor and he said I should stay in the hospital also, and he would bring on the birth of my baby, because she was now full term, and he didn't like the position the baby had taken and felt it was probably best for me and the baby to have the birth take place as soon as possible.

So all of us were in the hospital at one time. They took all the tests on the children and found they did not have typhoid. The fevers were caused by a "flu" strain, and several days later they were able to go back to Mission with their grandmother.

Muriel Jean was born on July 25th, and at seven pounds was our largest and only full term baby. I was so pleased that she was so large and apparently healthy and that I would not have the problems of caring for another "premie."

I was in the hospital for ten days, which was a common practice at that time. It did give me the chance to feel real well and strong by the time I was ready to go home with my baby.

During the time I was in the hospital, Richard and I were able to send notes back and forth to each other, carried by the nurses. He was in isolation so we could not see each other and he could not see the baby. I still have those notes today.

I was not quite aware of how really ill he was, or how at one point the doctor feared for his life. It was shortly before this that the sulfa drugs were discovered and were used widely in the treatment of the sailors and soldiers in World War II. We were told later, that in typhoid the usual cause of death is the fact that the intestines perforate. So the doctor used the drug, sulphadiazine, to treat Rich. Rich had to swallow many of these large sulpha pills at a time and they were to coat the lining of the intestines and keep them from perforating. The doctor later credited the sulpha drugs with saving his life.

But it was many weeks before the daily high temperatures started to abate. He had no appetite during this time and his body had become thinner and weaker. From his usual weight of about 175 pounds he had gone down to 130 pounds by the time he was permitted to come home. He looked as though he had spent several months in a concentration camp. He had been in the hospital a little over six weeks and the cost was \$6.00 per day in a private isolation room. In comparison to today's hospital rates it seems trivial, but for us, who had no insurance, it was quite an item. One of Richard's aunts, who had a fine position with A.T.&T. sent us \$50.00 as a gift toward the bill. The rest we borrowed and paid off gradually.

We also learned from the doctor, that he hoped from the beginning when Rich got typhoid, that I would not contract the disease for almost all who get typhoid while pregnant will die.

Meanwhile back at the parsonage in Mission, Rich's mother was a godsend to us. All the while I was in the hospital she took care of the children, while having the adverse conditions of having no well and having to use hauled in water for everything. Besides this, she tended the garden Rich had started and even canned beans and tomatoes. Also at this time they started to drill a new well for us. We were happy to see them working so we would soon be able to have a water supply. They also dug to put in a septic tank for us so we no longer would have to carry the waste water out, but could just pour it down the drain. All of this took a long time though and we were not able to use it till all the testing was done.

It wasn't long after I was home with Muriel that I began to suspect that she wasn't as strong and well as we thought. She had great difficulty in swallowing and keeping down her milk. The doctor suggested different formulas, but nothing worked. She seemed to be getting weaker instead of gaining weight and getting stronger. We still hoped there would be a turning point and we would see improvement.

After Richard came home he too was somewhat concerned about Muriel's progress. At the same time his appetite was improving and he was gradually putting on weight. Some of the members started bringing cream and eggs and sometimes some special baked goods. The only scale in town was in the feed store, and it was a sort of community joke that, each Saturday, Rich would stroll down in the evening to weigh himself and there would always be a five pound increase in weight. This occurred every week until he had regained his normal weight of 175 pounds.

During the weeks that Richard was ill and recuperating from typhoid, our pastor friend 14 miles south of us had helped out at our Mission and White River churches by holding services Sunday afternoons and evenings. But by the second week after Richard was home from the hospital he started conducting the regular services himself.

Shortly after Richard's illness had been diagnosed as typhoid, and while he was still in the hospital, we heard that several other people in the community had contracted typhoid. None of these people had ever drunk from our well so the health authorities began looking for a common denominator, some mutual contact that all these people had had. After six persons had it, it was finally noted that all six had taken milk from the same lady who had a cow and sold her milk directly to her customers. She was a poor widow so we too had bought our milk from her. None of this milk was either pasteurized or homogenized.

It was discovered during the investigation that some years earlier this lady had lost a son with typhoid fever. So she was checked by the health authorities and although she herself had never had typhoid she was definitely a carrier. This meant that any slight carelessness on her part as to cleanliness of her hands could easily contaminate the milk. So even though our old well had slightly polluted water, the typhoid came from our milk supply. During the investigation the authorities demanded that every man, woman, and child in and around the area be given typhoid shots. So we joined with all the rest and had our shots.

One unusual incident occurred at this time in connection with the typhoid episode. It so happened that one of the sick persons who got typhoid was the wife of the man who owned the Chevrolet garage, and who had demanded at the state Legion convention that Rich be thrown off the Rationing Board. When he didn't get his way he had shown publicly in every way possible his dislike of Rich. When his wife who was six months pregnant got typhoid, the doctor told him that it was unlikely that his wife would survive. The only hope for her was a blood transfusion by someone who had just recently

recovered from typhoid. The doctor also told him that the only person who would fill the bill was Pastor Stiemke of Mission.

So that evening we were quite surprised to find this man at our door. Rich asked him in and then he explained the reason for his call. He said that he would understand if Rich would refuse to give his wife blood, for he had been so hateful to Rich for a long time. But he said he wanted to apologize for all he did and pleaded for his forgiveness. Rich told him at once that he would give her blood and that he would go early the next morning to the Valentine hospital. As soon as they found that Rich's blood was compatible the next morning, they took the blood to give to her. We were happy to learn that she started to improve at once and later gave birth to a healthy child.

After Rich gave the blood and refused to take any money for it, this man insisted on taking him out for a steak dinner. Also, after this, whenever he met Rich in town, instead of avoiding him as he used to he would invite him to have a malt or sundae. He knew that at this time Rich was still trying to regain his lost weight and needed these rich foods.



Downtown Mission — 1937

News of the war on both fronts continued to be depressing in this year of 1944. We heard of the death or wounding of many of our friends from Wisconsin. One friend died in the Bataan Death March. Even among the men of our little congregation we had casualties. Richard communicated with our servicemen regularly and we in turn received letters from some of them. It brought the war home to us even in our isolated area.

The health of our baby, Muriel, continued to decline. We were so worried, but our doctor in Valentine, continued to feel it was just a feeding problem. I felt though that it was much more serious than that and that we ought to take her to the same fine pediatrician in Omaha who had treated Barbara with such excellent results. Richard agreed with me, and since his health and strength had improved greatly, we felt that the sooner we could take her there the better. We wrote for an appointment and when that was set up we started making arrangements for someone in Mission to care for Philip and Barbara while we took Muriel to Omaha. The family that offered to take them was the farm family with five adult brothers and one sister. We learned later how very dear they were to the children and how the brothers showed little Philip all over the farm, explaining everything about the crops and animals. These five men were all bachelors but later the youngest had to go to the war and after his return he did find a girl, married, and raised a family.

The only sister, however, fell in love with little Barbara. She knew the children missed us, but she cuddled and hugged them and tried to make them happy. She told us later that she almost hated to have us come back for them, especially Barbara, whom she dearly loved. In the years after we left Mission she always had a picture of Barbara on her dresser, even a picture of Barbara in her bridal dress that had appeared in the *Minneapolis Tribune* many years later. She, herself, never married but each year at Christmas we heard from her, till the Christmas of 1985 when her younger brother wrote that she had died several months earlier of a heart attack.

After we had arranged for the children to stay with this family, we again got in touch with our pastor friend in Omaha and told them we were bringing our newest baby to see the pediatrician. They again invited us to stay at their home. This was the middle of November, 1944, and Muriel was almost four months old. Fortunately the weather was fairly good, but Muriel seemed very ill. We got there by late afternoon and after a restless, worrisome night, took her to the doctor the next afternoon. He said that she was ill, weak and listless, and recommended that she be hospitalized at once. He was sure it would take several weeks at least to find out her problems and then treat her properly till she could come home. We stayed several days and I recall Richard doing some canvassing for our pastor friend and his church in Omaha during those days.

We hated to leave but we knew we would have to get back to Mission because of Rich's work and the other children. The last day we saw her she was in an oxygen tent and was being fed by a tube through her nose. She had no strength to suck a bottle. I felt terrible about leaving her there and going back home without her, but I had great confidence that this fine doctor could help her.

After returning to Mission and picking up the children from the farm, our days were filled with anxiety, wondering how Muriel was faring. The little news we had from our friends in Omaha did not sound encouraging. We prayed we would soon hear of improvements, but on December 8th, we were called to the phone downtown and it was our friend in Omaha, telling us that Muriel had just died. The doctor wanted permission to perform a post mortem examination for they really didn't know why she died. Although we were devastated by the news we gave permission, for we, too, wanted to know why she died.

In our grief and sorrow we hardly knew where to turn to make any arrangements. I walked to the telephone office downtown and called my parents in Watertown to tell them of Muriel's death. My mom informed me that they had just purchased an eight-grave cemetery lot at the Lutheran Cemetery there and that Muriel could be buried there. Some years later, first my mother in 1948 and my father in 1956, died and were buried there. We, too, will be buried there at our death, next to baby Muriel.

But in Mission on December 8th, 1944, the weather was becoming very bad. We felt we just couldn't take a chance of driving to Omaha for fear of being snowbound on the way, and also we had to get there soon. So we finally decided to try to get there by train, out of Valentine. We knew the train would leave that night and arrive in Omaha the next morning.

I hurriedly packed a few things for us and the children, for we wanted them to see their sister one last time too. Also I gathered together the prettiest little white dress and booties and a little white sweater with pink rosebuds to put on baby Muriel. Our friends in Omaha had made funeral arrangements for us, and also planned to meet our train and take us to the funeral home and to their home. That train ride will always live in my memory. We were all so sad and tired, but could get almost no sleep sitting in very uncomfortable wooden seats. Besides stopping at every little town on the way, the train

had trouble with the snow and wind. Several hours late in the morning, we finally arrived in Omaha.

Our friends met us and took us to the funeral home immediately, so we could pick out the casket and take the clothes for the baby. It was a lovely funeral home and a most kind and considerate funeral director. For \$50.00 we chose a beautiful little white casket, lined in white silk. He also made all the arrangements for shipping her body to Watertown, Wisconsin. We could not go along, for we had exhausted any source of funds we might have, to pay for the hospital, doctor, funeral and train ride to and from Omaha. We felt we just couldn't borrow any more.

We later had an appointment to see the doctor, who told us they found in the autopsy, that she had a malformed heart with an opening in it, and that it was surprising she had lived as long as she did.

Now, many years later, we know that a condition like this would have been diagnosed much earlier, and surgery could possibly have helped.

Those days in December of 1944 were some of the saddest in our lives. When we got back to Mission I called my mom again. She told me how my father and brother accompanied the Watertown funeral director to meet the train to pick up Muriel's casket. She was taken to the funeral home there and when they opened the casket they found the body to be in perfect condition. The Omaha funeral director had packed her in soft cotton and tissue. The Watertown funeral director was the father of one of my girlhood friends. She took pictures of Muriel in her casket and sent them to us. They are the only pictures we have of her, for she was always so ill, and in those days we could only take pictures outdoors. We had no flash attachments.

The weather in Watertown, they told us, was as bad as in Mission and Omaha. Our parents had a funeral service for Muriel there, and in spite of the weather, they told us that the funeral home was full of friends. Even a dear aunt of mine from Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin, braved the weather and took a bus to Watertown for the funeral. And we were 650 miles away and had no money to come. They said that by the time they went to the cemetery a blizzard was raging. The pastor who had confirmed me in 1929 had the funeral and the committal at the cemetery.

All through the Christmas season and into January the weather was horrible. Never had we seen such enormous piles of snow. Our family stayed quite well all that winter, but many of our parishioners were ill and we also had a greater than usual number of funerals, including several babies. It took a tremendous amount of effort to open graves and get people buried. Some people living on outlying ranches were isolated for months.

By mid-February we had our first thaw, and it seemed to brighten our spirits a bit. Then one day, Rich picked up our mail at the post office as usual, and found included a divine call to a mission in La Crosse, Wisconsin. Included with the call was the usual letter from the chairman of the Mission Board of that area, describing the place, what salary was offered, and what kind of living accommodations were provided.

After experiencing all the hardships, illnesses, and sadness at Mission, we were inclined to make a change. The information given in the letter sounded very nice, and even though we had really grown to love the people in South Dakota, we felt that a new mission field, in a growing section of a large city, would be ideal for a young man anxious to do more evangelism work.

So Richard met with the Mission congregation and told them he planned to accept the call to La Crosse. They were very understanding, knowing the trials and sadness we had experienced in Mission. Rich also met with the congregations at White River

and Wood. The little congregation at Wood, South Dakota had been added to Richard's field of service several years earlier, making it a tri-parish field.

In making our plans to move to La Crosse, we had many things to consider. We knew that we wouldn't need some of our possessions in La Crosse, such as our kerosene cooking range, our space heater, and our chemical toilet. We were surprised to find out that all these items and many smaller things such as kerosene lamps, a kerosene iron, and drinking pail and dipper were greatly desired by many who knew we were moving into a modern home in La Crosse. It finally came to "first come, first served," and we sold everything very reasonably to the ones we felt needed them the most.

When the day finally came to leave, we had very mixed emotions. We were looking ahead with anticipation to a new field, and yet sad to leave the fine people in Mission. We had shared many sadnesses and losses with them, and also some pleasant and happy times. Almost eight years had passed since the cold December day in 1937 that we arrived first in Mission. We have heard from some of these people during the years following our leaving, some even are in touch now, 50 years later.

Origin of the Wisconsin Synod's "Heathen-Mission" Program

Translated by Arnold O. Lehmann

Several articles on the Wisconsin Evangelical Lutheran Synod's work among the Apache Indians in Arizona have been printed in the Historical Institute's JOURNAL in the past. Unfortunately in the case of several articles the writers were not aware of the material contained in this translated article. The German manuscript, handwritten by Pastor G. Ph. Brenner was found by the translator among the many manuscripts collected by Prof. John Ph. Koehler at the end of the last century in preparation for his history of the Wisconsin Synod's first 50 years of existence. For whom this report was written is indicated nowhere. In 1919 a 60 page booklet in German entitled Anniversary Booklet for the 25th Anniversary of the Evangelical Lutheran Indian Mission of the Joint Synod of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michigan and other States was compiled by Pastor O.H. Koch for the Commission for Indian-Missions and published by the Northwestern Publishing House. This booklet contains some of the material found in the Brenner report. The three accompanying photos are taken from the booklet. The report has no title page.

The Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Wisconsin and other States was concerned about heathen mission work from its earliest years. In the synod's *Book of Proceedings of 1861*, page 30, it reads: "Another delegate expressed the wish that two evening mission services with emphasis on local as well as heathen mission work be held at synod conventions; that the synod act favorably on this resolution and as a result thereof proceed to do it; that from hereon not only mission sermons be preached at the conventions but also offerings for the same be gathered." The *1865 Book of Proceedings*, the first one which records parochial reports, indicates that offerings for heathen missions amounted to more than \$600. That was no small accomplishment considering the conditions at that time. Those collected funds were sent to the Mission Societies at Hermannsburg and Leipzig. Even at that their interest in mission work did not find satisfaction. It was felt that the synod should do more and if at all possible to send out missionaries itself to establish its own mission field.

The *1883 Book of Proceedings*, page 54, records the following resolution: "In order to maintain an interest in this important Kingdom work (heathen missions) it was resolved that the president appoint a standing committee of five pastors to look for an orthodox and successfully working mission society from among those existing at present and pledge our support to this group through this committee. The president appointed Pastors Brenner, Brockmann, Koehler, Dowdat and Dammann to this committee." This committee on the basis of the resolution took a serious look at the existing mission societies in order to find one to which our mission offerings could be satisfactorily entrusted. One of these with which there was great hope of joint mission operation did not even consider it worth the trouble to answer the letter specifically directed to it. With none of the others was it possible to join forces because of their false doctrinal practices. The committee then offered the following resolution to the synod: "A search should be made for young men, who are truly Godfearing, who are willing and able to approach people and who are capable of devoting themselves to mission work among the heathen. These are to be trained for mission work at our educa-

tional institutions, and our designated mission funds are to be used for this purpose." This proposal by the committee was accepted by the synod and the committee was instructed to implement the resolution.

In 1885 it was reported that a young man, Johannes Plocher, was found, who, after being examined, showed himself qualified to enter our institution in Watertown as a student for mission work.

Pastor Honie, a Norwegian, who started an Indian mission here in our state, asked us if we wouldn't want to work together with him in this venture. However, since he had joined the group that opposed us in the controversy of the doctrine of election [*Gnadenwahllehrestreit*], such a joint effort was not possible.

One of our synod's pastors alerted us to a second young man by the name of Georg Adascheck as being a qualified candidate for mission work study. The committee contacted him in order to learn more about him and to determine whether he were a qualified candidate. Since the committee members could not reach an agreement whether to sponsor him or not, they turned to the Watertown faculty for information about his abilities and character. Because the professors gave a favorable report, the committee resolved to sponsor him also.

In September of 1893 student Paul S. Mayerhoff, who was studying at the Seminary in Milwaukee, volunteered for mission work. He also had the consent of his father, Pastor Mayerhoff, and was thus accepted. As a result we had three young men who were willing, and as far as we could see, qualified to go ahead with their study for mission work among the heathen.

As the time crept closer and closer when these young men would complete their studies the question arose how and where our heathen mission work should take place. Negro mission work was suggested but was not thought of as being work among heathen and for that reason the sending of our brothers to them should not be considered. Attention was then directed to California in order to institute mission work among the Chinese but that also came to naught.

Then finally our eyes were turned to the Indians of our land. Information was sought about conditions in Alaska. Serious consideration was also given to Japan as a suitable and promising mission field, even Korea was mentioned. The resolution to begin in Japan was placed before the Synod in convention. The synod however showed no desire for this. Instead it was resolved to turn to the Synodical Conference for an opinion. Also the opinions of several of the outstanding mission people in Germany and in this country were sought, among them Dr. Warneck in Halle. But also these plans came to naught. Finally the committee turned its attention to the poor Indians of our own land. They began to look around our own state, but could find no place since most Reservations had already been taken over by other denominations. Finally someone expressed the thought of contacting Indian agents who were stationed by the United States in Indian territories. With this action our wonderful God led us to the Apaches in Arizona. The committee decided to send two of its members, namely Brothers O. Koch and Theodor Hartwig to the territory of Arizona to determine if the opportunity existed for sending missionaries there to bring the gospel to the poor Indians. That took place in 1892.

Because the report of the two scouts was most favorable, necessary preparations were begun to establish a mission station in Arizona. Contacts were made with Washington for getting the proper permission, and the transfer of some land for the establishment of a mission station. When the committee presented its plan to the convention in 1893 in Milwaukee, it was deemed necessary to present the matter to the

Joint Synod, since a closer relationship of the synods of Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan had just been established. That took place in June of 1893. In the *Book of Proceedings* of that convention we read the following on page 127: "The Joint Synod seriously considered this opportunity and resolved to undertake the proposed mission work among the above-named Indians in Arizona, and to establish immediately a commission for heathen missions. Members of the commission are: Pastor C. Dowidat and Pastor O. Koch for two years; Pastor Ph. Brenner and Mr. O. Griebing for four years; Pastor Th. Hartwig, Pastor A. Moussa and Teacher Amling for six years.

The synod gave this commission the authority to implement the resolutions for the establishment of heathen mission work to the best of their knowledge and ability. Pastor C. Dowidat was elected treasurer of heathen missions.



Pastors Johannes Plocher and Paul Mayerhoff

On October 4, 1893 the festive commissioning of both Brothers Johannes Plocher and Georg Adascheck took place in St. Mark Church, Watertown. Brother Mayerhoff had entered parish work previously. Prof. Ernst, president of the Joint Synod, preached at this festival service and Prof. Hoenecke gave a spirited and inspiring address whereupon the commissioning and the ordination of the missionaries took place. The next day our Brothers left for their assignments and arrived safe and sound in San Carlos, Arizona. After much searching and deliberation they found a place nine miles from San Carlos which they considered as being the most suitable for the establishment of a station. [We know the place today as Peridot]. Here they settled, pitched their tents which they had brought along, and lived throughout the winter. As soon as it was expedient Brother Plocher began to teach the Word of God to the Indian children who were in the San Carlos school. Every Sunday he went there and conducted Sunday School. He looked up the Indians who at first were suspicious but soon became more trusting. Plocher worked hard to learn the Apache language. Adascheck found it too difficult to learn the language, just as he also had difficulty conversing in English. For that reason he became discouraged and returned home, after which he was released from his mission work obligation. Brother Mayerhoff was then called and he accepted the call with joy.

On the place selected for the settlement which was granted us by the approval of the proper authorities of the administration of the United States, a house was built and nearby a small school building. Not without difficulty was a number of children assembled and thus the start of the school took place.

After Brother Mayerhoff arrived in Arizona he founded a second station at Fort Apache. With his own hands he built himself a wooden shanty in order to have a place to live. This little hut had to serve as a livable dwelling for Mayerhoff, a single man. He is determined to master the Apache language. It appears that the Indians place great trust in him and there is great hope that our faithful God will bless his work and diligence in such a way that He will open the ears and hearts of many Indians.

In San Carlos four girls presented themselves for baptism, and after receiving Christian instruction were baptized by Brother Plocher. Since then one has died, one has returned to her previous ways, a third has moved away and the fourth is taking confirmation instruction.



The First Mission School at Peridot

After Brother Plocher had served there for six years both his and his wife's health deteriorated to such a degree that the physician told them that they would have to leave Arizona because it was impossible for them to regain their health there. Thus Missionary Plocher had to request his release, which was granted to him because of these prevailing circumstances. He then accepted a call into the parish ministry in the Minnesota Synod.

After much searching and many calls the faithful Lord of the Church granted us new strength for the San Carlos mission in the person of Brother Karl Guenther, son our Brother Guenther in Oconomowoc. He was ordained on January 31 of this year in his father's church and subsequently arrived safely in San Carlos with the help and protection of our gracious God. Brother Mayerhoff, who took care of the place during the vacancy, welcomed him at his arrival, installed him, informed him of the conditions, and introduced him to the Indians. In spite of his youth Brother Guenther is carrying on his work in a very skillful manner with great love and devotion, especially since this

is not an easy call. He has also in this short time captured the trust of both Indians and Whites.

In his first report Brother Guenther asks us if we would not like to establish a third station soon. May our faithful God give us the strength and means to fulfill his wish.

At present this committee consists of the following members:

Pastor G. Ph. Brenner, chairman

W.A. Amling, secretary

Pastor Ch. Dowidat, treasurer

Pastor H. Brockmann

Pastor O. Koch

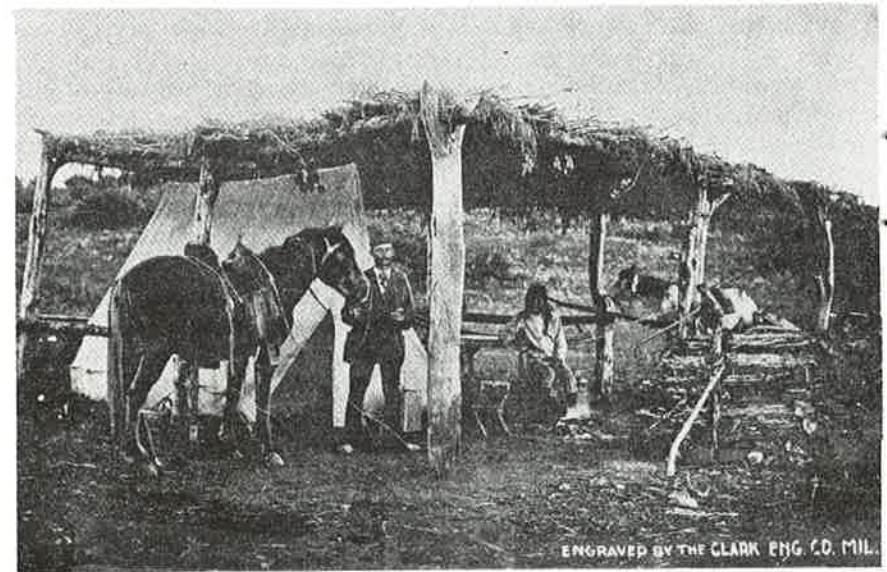
Pastor Ch. Bender

Pastor P. Kionka

Mr. W. Croll

Reedmill, April 17, 1900

G. Ph. Brenner



The First Mission Station Near Ft. Apache
Missionary P. Mayerhoff

The President's Report

In the Spring 1992 *Journal* I encouraged the selection of an archivist/historian in each congregation of our Synod. I invited requests for a brochure which we have available, free. Several of you took me up on this. But there are undoubtedly many congregations that don't have an archivist and could use this brochure to get started. So drop me a note at Wisconsin Lutheran College, 8800 West Bluemound Road, Milwaukee, WI 53226. I'll be happy to send a copy.

We hope you're enjoying the articles in the *Journal*. Do you, too, have an article to contribute? It need not be long, and it can take several different forms. It might be a personal reminiscence of how things used to be in a congregation, say, when German services were held regularly. Or maybe a profile of a well-liked pastor. Or how the congregation fared during a national event like the depression or the war years (pick any war). How about an interesting incident, perhaps the circumstances under which a particular church was founded or a mission field entered. You get the idea. We can't guarantee, of course, that your article will be published. But submit it anyway, to our editor.

A good deal of time at our board meetings and museum committee meetings has been spent on how we want the interior of the Salem Landmark Church to look. This has turned out to be a difficult decision. The main problem is that the original interior reflected a Reformed heritage (no altar, a communion table, a speaker's stand behind the table) which endured until about 1920. Then the interior was Lutherized. Should or shouldn't we return to the original interior? There are good arguments on both sides. If any of you have opinions, please send them to the undersigned.

Finally, to become concerned about history (whether of the Synod, or your local congregation or whatever) is to become aware of changes. All the more reason, then, to fix our thoughts on that which doesn't change, on the one who is the same yesterday, today, and forever.

James G. Kiecker

... from the editor

With this issue we conclude two accounts of life in a Lutheran parsonage in the first half of the 20th century. Many favorable comments have been received and we thank the two authors for their contributions. As a matter of information, Pastor and Mrs. Stiemke are living in retirement in Milwaukee and Ruth Schaller, at age 95, is living in Mankato, MN. In correspondence with me she has indicated that she would enjoy hearing from former acquaintances and students. Her address is Apt. 403, 105 E. Walnut Street, Mankato, MN 56001.

Alert readers will note that in both Synod *Proceedings*, 1854 and 1855, St. John Congregation of Newton, Manitowoc, Co. was received into synod membership in each respective year. This is not a translation or printing error. No explanation for the second application is given in the *Proceedings*.

As has been noted in previous publications, memberships in the WELS Historical Institute extends from January 1 to December 31. The Board of Directors would like to inform members again that if 1993 membership dues have not been sent in by January 1, 1993, the January *NEWSLETTER* will not be received. To save the Institute extra mailing costs, a card and envelope for 1993 membership have been included with the mailing of this issue of the *Journal*. Your membership dues as well as gifts help the Institute in its gathering of historical facts, accounts, records, anniversary booklets, etc. for the archives and with the acquisition and display of objects of historical interest for the museum.

The editorial staff has received several accounts of historical interest which are of some length and we thank the contributors. Shorter articles of past experiences, personalities, church functions, early customs and practices and general vignettes are especially desired. Sometimes someone may know of an article written by someone else that ought to be shared. With proper permission such could be sent to the editor. The two parsonage articles concluded in this issue were sent in by friends of the authors. Even if all articles cannot be printed in the *Journal*, they will be placed on file in the Institute's archives for possible future research.

A PLEA—as of now, membership in the WELS Historical Institute numbers upwards of 650 members, a rather small number when we consider the WELS membership to be well above 400,000. The plea—ask friends, relatives, and acquaintances in our synod to become members in order to help us develop a good museum and excellent archives, so that future WELS members can research their heritage, should they so desire. Our archivist receives frequent requests for dates, photos, biographies, early historical accounts, etc. from persons compiling historical booklets for their churches or families. Acquiring and preserving anything of WELS historical interest is the Institute's chief purpose. So please—help.

Special thanks to Mrs. Bonnie Kuerth, Mrs. Laura Kiecker, and Mr. James Wendt of Northwestern College for their help in the production of this issue.

Arnold O. Lehmann



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