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# Journal

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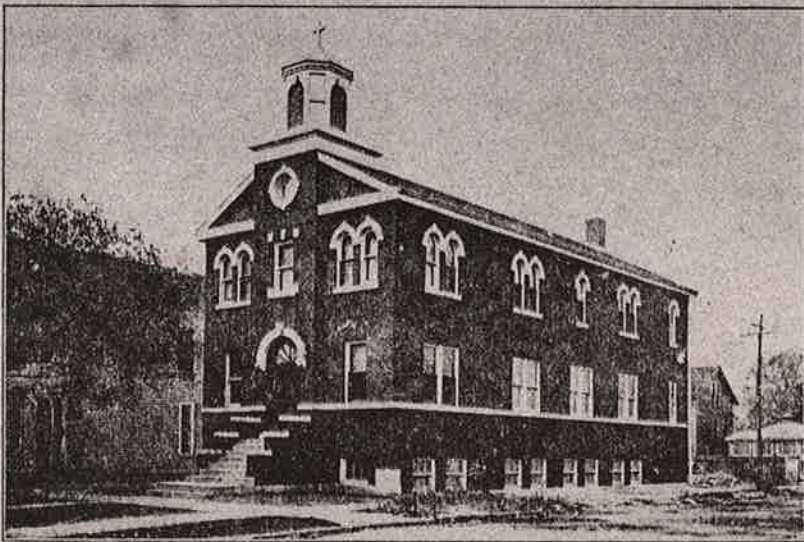
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Die neue Regierkirche in Chicago.  
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WELS Historical Institute  
**Journal**

Volume 10, Number 1  
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Editor Arnold O. Lehmann  
Editorial Staff Edward C. Fredrich  
Naomi Plocher  
Armin W. Schuetze

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The cover: A copy of the cover of the *MISSION—MESSENGER (DOVE)*, the periodical for missions of the Evangelical Lutheran Synodical Conference of North America. Vol. 48 December 1926 No. 12

The church is St. Philip's Church, the first Lutheran church for Blacks in Chicago, actually in the upper midwest. The top floor was the parsonage.



## Synodical Convention, During Trinity Week, 1852 A.D.

The Synodical Convention opened June 6, 1852 at the Ev. Lutheran Church in Racine. Pastor Muehlhaeuser conducted the morning service; the sermon text was Acts 20:28. In the afternoon Pastor Wrede preached on [line left blank].

The first session was opened on June 7, 10:00 a.m. by Pres. Muehlhaeuser with prayer. He then addressed the assembled synod, closing with his synodical report.

Present were Pastors:

Muehlhaeuser, president of the synod  
J. Weinmann, secretary  
W. Wrede, treasurer  
C.F. Goldammer  
J. Conrad

Candidates C. Koester, Sinker [Sinke], and W. Buehren were registered\* as advisory delegates by Pastor Weinmann. [\*the German verb is "installed"].

The convention then proceeded to the election of new officers. The following were elected for two year terms:

Pastor J. Muehlhaeuser, president  
Pastor C.F. Goldammer, secretary  
Pastor W. Wrede, treasurer

The following congregation delegates were present:

Mr. Friedr. Bergstroeter, Granville. Through said delegate the Granville congregation applied for membership in the synod, and was accepted.

Mr. Jakob Kowalti, Racine. Upon his application, the Racine congregation was likewise accepted into synod membership.

Pastor Muehlhaeuser offered an excuse for his church council in Milwaukee because no delegate appeared. The excuse was accepted.

Then the individual reports of the preachers were presented orally and in writing:

Pastor Muehlhaeuser:	Congregations	1	Baptized	45
	Confirmed	15	Communion guests	152
	Burials	3	Parochial schools	1
	Mission Offering	\$8	Synodical treasury	\$1.00

Pastor Weinmann:	Congregations	2	Baptized	2
	Confirmed	0	Communion guests	82
	Marriages	3	Funerals	1
	Synodical treasury	\$1	Missions	\$1.32

Pastor W. Wrede serves 3 congregations: Granville, Germantown, New Berlin

	Communion guests		Burials	
	Granville	90	Granville	11
	Germantown	105	Germantown	6
	New Berlin	60	New Berlin	2
	Total	255		

	Baptized		Confirmed	
	Granville	25	Granville	none
	Germantown	25	Germantown	10
	New Berlin	7	New Berlin	none
	Total	57		
	Marriages			
	Granville	8 couples	Missions	\$2.00
	Germantown	2 couples	New Berlin	1 couple
Pastor Goldammer:	Congregations	2	Preaching stations	2
	Baptized	22	Communion guests	160
	Confirmed	1	Burials	4
Pastor J. Conrad:	Congregations	4	Preaching stations	2
	Baptized	44	Confirmed	2
	Deaths	4	Heathen missions	\$1.00

The session was closed with a prayer by Pastor Wrede.

#### Afternoon Session

Prayer by Pastor Weinmann.

Brother Buehren was asked to give his reasons why he left the Methodist organization and why he desires to join our synod. Said brother told how he was compelled by the Methodists to preach before he understood Methodism. He let himself be forced into this against his will, but he worked exclusively not for the Methodists, but for the cause of the Lord, and in accordance with his own knowledge and conviction. On several occasions a preaching license was forced upon him, until he finally declared that he wouldn't accept another. Thereupon he told the people in Indiana that he didn't want to be a Methodist any longer. As a result of this declaration he was charged by the Methodists with five counts, in which his earlier activities were referred to as crimes. The synod was overwhelmingly convinced from Brother Buehren's presentation that he was blameless over against the Methodists, and that he was categorically as much against the Methodists as he was for them [namely, the synod], and that we could extend to him the hand of fellowship with joy.

After Brother Buehren asked if there were any questions, the following was asked: How should our congregations, using biblical as well as secular methods, arrive at a Christian life-style, since the Methodists have accused us of not seeking that. It was then pointed out that we consider repentance and conversion to be just as necessary as they do, but that we find the practice of the Methodists to be unacceptable and therefore must reject it.

In regard to doctrine it was stated that they do not accept the sacraments; that the doctrine of the Kingdom of God has been lost by them; that the use of prayer has been terribly corrupted, because they misuse prayer completely in that they attempt to accomplish in the heart with prayer what God has established to be accomplished through his word. It was especially noted by Brother Buehren that he was eyewitness to how unbiblical methods were used to make people into saints. How to react to the Methodists was left up to the pastoral judgment of each individual. In connection with

this several questions about the Old-Lutherans were raised, after which the session ended with prayer.

#### Pastoral Conference

It was resolved that Candidate Koester be given a colloquy; and that Candidate Buehren take an examination for a license.

#### Proceedings, June 9

Prayer by Pastor Goldammer.

It was moved and supported that the matter concerning Pastor Pluess be taken up. Pres. Muehlhaeuser explained how he came to our Synod. Especially odd was the fact that he arrived from Europe without all of his papers. Pastor Goldammer then explained why he himself went to Sheboygan, and that the various types of accusations by Pluess against him were totally drawn out of thin air. First, it is entirely false that Pastor Goldammer had solicited members from his congregation. Secondly, he could not have possibly done this because Pluess no longer had a congregation in Sheboygan. It was further stated that Pastor Pluess was urged to attend the synodical convention, but that he responded by saying he would not come, and that he had joined the Reformed Classis [synod] in New York this past autumn. It was then moved and supported that the name of Caspar Pluess be stricken from the synodical membership list because of his conduct unbecoming a Christian.

The secretary was then instructed to report to the chairman of the above mentioned Classis that we are astonished and distressed that the above named Pluess was received into their membership without an honorable release. At the same time he was to inquire why they handled this case as they did.

It was moved and supported that this evening the congregation in Racine be cordially thanked for the gracious and most courteous reception shown those in attendance. The session was closed with a prayer by Brother J. Koester [initial should be "C"].

#### Pastor Session

The committee reported on Candidate J. Koester [initial should be "C"], that he had passed his colloquy satisfactorily but it recommended to the pastoral assembly that Brother Koester be informed that he should still diligently continue his studies in the theological branches.

C.F. Goldammer Joh. Weinmann

The committee reported that Brother Buehren had passed his examinations satisfactorily and would be given his license under the condition that he diligently continue to study theological subjects.

W. Wrede J. Muehlhaeuser

In the evening at 7 o'clock Pastor Goldammer preached on [line left blank].

Candidate J. [C] Koester was ordained.

Candidate W. Buehren was given his license.

Racine, June 9, 1852

J. Muehlhaeuser, Pres.  
C.F. Goldammer, secretary

# Synodical Convention at Grace Congregation, Town Hermann, Dodge County, Wisconsin on May 22, 23, and 24, 1853

On the 22nd the morning service by Pastor Muehlhaeuser in Grace Church. The sermon on [line left blank].  
Afternoon service by Pastor Koester. The sermon on [line left blank].  
On the same Sunday Pastor Buehren preached at Schlesingerville.  
The service on the 23rd in the [blank space] congregation by Candidate Sinke and Pastor Goldammer.

Evening services in Grace Church by Pastor Buehren.

Synodical session on May 24 in Grace Church:

10:00 a.m. hymn and prayer by Pastor Goldammer.

The names of the synodical members were read.

Present were Pastors:

J. Muehlhaeuser, president of Synod

C.F. Goldammer, secretary

C. Koester

W. Wrede and J. Weinmann were absent and excused.

Also present were the two licensed preachers: Buehren and J. Conrad.

Candidate Sinke was registered\* as an advisory delegate by Pastor Koester.

[\*German verb is "installed"].

Delegates present were: A.W. Leister from the Granville congregation.

Georg M. Sackreiter through whom Grace congregation in Town Hermann, Dodge County was admitted to synod membership.

Pastor Koester was elected treasurer *pro tempore*.

At this time the president gave his report. He complained bitterly over the lack of preachers. In the past year all hopes of help from the east faded. He made special mention of 13 letters, the contents of which he shared with the synod. Most of these had been given the prospects of some kind of help, in view of the lack of preachers in our midst, but up till now none of the places received help.

After the report was completed, the Evangelical St. John congregation of Greenfield was proposed by Pastor C. Koester for membership in the synod and was accepted. This congregation accepts the Unaltered Augsburg Confession and Luther's Small Catechism.

The synod reports were handed in.

Closing prayer by Pastor C.F. Goldammer.

## Afternoon Session

Opened with hymn and prayer by Pastor C. Koester.

The individual preachers shared their experiences in the ministry which resulted in a variety of questions about congregations and pastoral obligations in general and in particular. The instruction of children was especially brought up for discussion.

Closed with prayer by Pastor J. Conrad

## Pastoral Session, May 24

Opened with a prayer by Pastor J. Muehlhaeuser.

The ordination of the two candidates Buehren and J. Conrad was ratified after the colloquy. The colloquy was conducted by Pastors Muehlhaeuser and Goldammer.

Closed with prayer by Pastor Koester.

## Evening Services, May 24

Sermon by Pastor W. Buehren; address by Pastor C.F. Goldammer.

Ordination of both candidates, W. Buehren and J. Conrad.

Lord's Supper.



# Black Mission Work Comes to the Upper Midwest

Marmaduke N. Carter

*Editor's Note: Many of our older WELS members may remember the Rev. Dr. Marmaduke N. Carter of Chicago. His oratorical skills are easily recalled for he kept the rapt attention of his hearers when he preached in Synodical Conference Lutheran churches, especially for mission festivals. He was equally at ease preaching German or English.*

*The following article was written by him in German and appeared in the December 1926 (Vol. 49, No. 12) issue of the Synodical Conference periodical Missions-Taube (Mission Dove or Messenger). In 1987-88 the translation appeared in serial format in issues of the Siloah Lutheran, copies of which were sent to the Journal's editor by the Rev. Rolfe E. Westendorf, pastor of Siloah Ev. Lutheran Church, Milwaukee, WI.*

*Dr. Carter lived from 1871 to 1961.*

## St. Philip's in Chicago The Beginnings

Chicago is certainly the greatest center of Lutheranism in the entire world. For many years it has also been the home of thousands of Blacks. For the last quarter of a century our Lutherans living there have concerned themselves with the question: Can't we do something for the Blacks? Indeed something must be done!

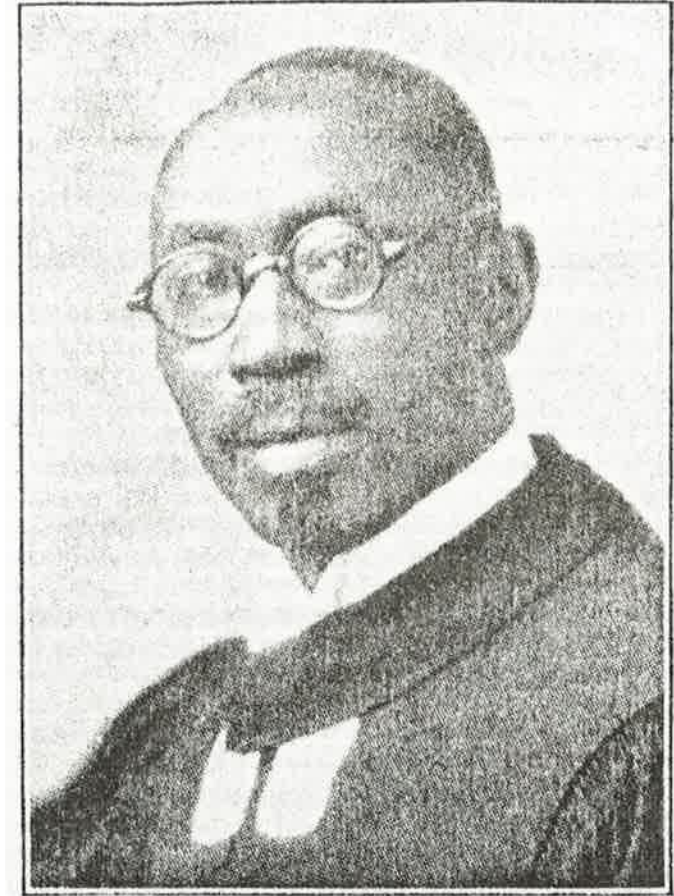
Can we keep the glorious light of the gospel only for ourselves? They could find only one answer.

From time to time and as opportunity presented itself several pastors served the black Lutherans who had come from the South. Pastor August Burgdorf of the local Bethany congregation served a Black mission in New Orleans quite a few years earlier. When he arrived in Chicago he found that several of his former members had also moved there. He did his best to look these up and serve them with the word and sacrament. Pastor G. Schuessler helped him as much as possible. No doubt others in the city did the same.

That however was not carrying out mission work systematically, and our fellow Christians were aware of that. "We must have a definite program. Real mission work has to be carried out among these people." After a few years a committee was selected by the Pastoral Conference. It was to assume the responsibility of black mission work in Chicago. To the best of our knowledge the committee consisted of Pastors Burgdorf, Schuessler, Merbitz and Miessler. They in turn approached the Commission for Black Missions in St. Louis and asked them to undertake mission work among the Blacks in Chicago.

But at that time work had just begun in the promising fields of Alabama. The Commission had to give the answer: "We have neither the men nor the means to carry out properly the mission opportunities in the South where the majority of Blacks live. Lower salaries are adequate there, and in the rural areas a chapel can easily be built with the small sum of \$1,000.00. By contrast in Chicago a chapel would cost \$20,000 to \$25,000. We would like to start missions not only in Chicago but in all the northern

cities of any size; but we must use the budgeted funds where they accomplish the most, and meanwhile wait and see how God leads and directs this matter in the North." Pastor Schuessler wanted to take steps to call a missionary, but nothing came of it. So they waited.



Dr. Marmaduke N. Carter

## A Missionary Moves to Chicago

In the spring of 1921 Pastor F.I. Seltz of St. Paul, Minn., asked the Commission for Black Missions to send a black missionary to Minnesota to speak in the interest of black mission work. The Commission sent this writer. His work appealed to Pastor Seltz and the other pastors to this extent that they advised the Mission Board to give him a permanent assignment. Thus in 1922 he was transferred from Alabama to Chicago, from where he was to go out on his mission visits. At the same time he was asked to look up Blacks living in Chicago and possibly establish a congregation there. In Chicago this writer naturally became acquainted with many pastors. These pastors renewed their request that a mission be started specifically for the Blacks. They said:

"Brother Carter, you have been on your lecture tours for three years now, and many Lutherans in the Midwest have been informed about black mission work. Why don't you let the Mission Board begin its mission work here?"

The missionary himself felt the necessity to establish a congregation for his own family. In August of 1923 his son was born and soon baptized. In which congregation? There was none here.

## The Beginnings

In February 1924 our mission director, Pastor C.F. Drewes of St. Louis, was asked to come to Chicago to discuss with the pastoral conference the matter of black mission work in Chicago. The mission spirit of our director could not refuse the pleas and arguments. He returned to St. Louis and recommended to the Commission that the work in Chicago should be undertaken. The Chicago pastors promised to support the undertaking in every way possible. That was in February.

Several days after his trip to Chicago the mission director wrote: "Brother Carter, go forth in God's name!"

Immediately a canvas was organized in order to assemble the black Lutherans living in the Chicago area. Nineteen Christians who had been confirmed and nine baptized souls were found, 28 in all. We closed a contract with the supervisors of the black YMCA which allowed us to use their auditorium for two hours every Sunday morning at a cost of \$4.50 per Sunday. We could not get the hall for any other time because many other groups had previously made reservations for the use of the facility. It was decided to hold the first service on March 2, 1924. About sixty white Lutherans were there along with more than forty Blacks. The sermon was based on the gospel for that Sunday, (*Quinquagesima*): Jesus heals the blind man. We hoped that through St. Philip's the Lord of the church would bring sight to the spiritually blind among Chicago's 200,000 Blacks.

## St. Philip's Makes Progress

Our meeting place was indeed physically clean but totally unsuited for worship services. During our worship services a quartet, a glee club or some other musical organization would hold rehearsals just across the hall from us. Just behind the platform in our room there was a closet. Here the Pullman Band stored its wind instruments, drums, etc. Again and again I had to interrupt the sermon while musicians noisily hauled out some sixty horns, drums and other instruments. This hall was also used for all kinds of other purposes: health, drama, art and the like. Posters hung on the wall for three weeks at a time. As I turned to the altar there was "Sunshine Sammy" in his best movie outfit pasted on the wall. The health advertisements showed emaciated babies "before" and plump babies "after", thin women "before" and heavy women "after". That disturbed our meditation. Yet the "Y" had a good reputation and we considered it the best place available for our purposes. However we naturally could not suppress the desire to have our own place of worship. Thus we instituted the so-called double-envelope system. That was in May, two months after the start of our mission. Also a confirmation class was organized as soon as possible. The first class was confirmed on July 13 of the same year. It consisted of five adults.

In the month of June the North-Illinois District of the Missouri Synod held its convention at the church of Pastor F.C. Streufert in Chicago. It was reported there that

since the last convention a mission among the Blacks had been begun within the district. The pastor of St. Philip's congregation was present and was asked to report on the work. Pastor Burgdorf, the current representative of black mission work in his district, spoke highly in favor of the young mission. He closed with the motion that the district commit itself to raise \$5,000.00 for a chapel for St. Philip's congregation. This was supported and enthusiastically adopted. Can you imagine the joy that was displayed when the missionary announced this to his small flock on the following Sunday? The missionary was asked to make presentations on behalf of the collection both within and outside the North-Illinois District.

## Sylvester Graves

May we relate an incident that occurred as the second confirmation class was being instructed?

Along with others we instructed the family of a certain Sylvester Graves. He was a mailman in Chicago. Our classes had to be held in private homes. Whenever I came to Mr. Graves' house, he was courteous and even listened as I instructed his wife and two sons. Later I heard that he had no use for black pastors. He considered them all to be a bunch of hypocrites and dishonest fellows whose only concern was to squeeze as much money as possible out of the people and to take advantage of them in other ways. The pastors whom he had observed were just such kind of fellows. He did not concern himself with religion, since the "religion" which he knew was being practiced by those other preachers.

In August Mr. Graves became seriously ill. The government sent him to the local Marine hospital. He faced a serious operation. Although he had not joined the confirmation class, I visited him nevertheless. It was lonely in that hospital, so I decided to visit him three times a week and to stay with him for an hour. That was good. I waited for and soon had the occasion to speak to him about the one thing needful. After a short time he was ready to receive the instructions which I had shared with his family. On November 30 he was baptized and confirmed. On that day eleven were baptized and six were confirmed. Of the latter also two were baptized—Mr. Graves and his wife.

## Our First Death

Up to the summer of 1925 our oldest member was Mrs. Lillie Griffin. She had been confirmed about 1895 in New Orleans by Pastor Burgdorf. She had already been living in Chicago for 22 years when our mission program was begun there. She had successfully resisted the constant urging of the sects to join their churches. Her answer was always: "I am a Lutheran."

The sectarian people told her: "But no black Lutheran congregation will ever be established here. So why don't you join with us? Everyone should belong to a church. You however don't belong to any."

"Let well enough alone! I will continue to pray to the Lord that my church will also come here." Thus she continued to pray for 22 long years.

In August of 1925 she was brought to the hospital with a serious illness and was operated on. During her illness she had only one wish: if it be the Lord's will, she would like to live long enough to see the new chapel. But God had decided otherwise. During her illness she was happy and in good spirits. Her faith and submission to God's will were most beautiful as she faced death.



## Construction Begins

After the North-Illinois District had promised to raise \$15,000 for a church, the question arose: Where should we build? In which part of the city should we settle down? It was finally decided that the Woodlawn District be the suitable place. Between Cottage Grove Ave., White City, 63rd Street and 69th Street about 2,000 black people live. Only one small church is located there. Many people own their own homes in that area. We voted unanimously that this be our location.

In April 1926 a building site on the corner of St. Lawrence Ave. and 64th Street was purchased, and by the end of May construction was begun. On June 6th the cornerstone was laid. From that day on the pastor and congregation members counted virtually each brick while construction was in progress. Finally on September 20th the pastor and his family were able to move into the parsonage on the second floor of the building.

## The Dedication

October 17th was the day of dedication. The weather was grand. The little chapel had seating for 150 people, but no less than 1,200 festival visitors appeared. Each member of the congregation wore a badge. After the customary unlocking of the entrance, the festive procession took place. Leading the procession were the local pastor and the festival preacher, followed by the officers of the congregation who carried the Holy Bible and the communion vessels. After them came the congregation members and guests. Two loudspeakers were set up for the hundreds who had to remain outside.

The highpoint of the celebration was the festival sermon delivered by Pastor Drewes of St. Louis, our mission director. He based his sermon on the divine promise: Wherever I cause my name to be honored, I will come to you and bless you. Exodus 20:24. From the remarks heard after the service it was apparent that the sermon was instructive and edifying. Mrs. H.F. Rohrman who is well-known in our circles beautified the service with two solos. The offering amounted to \$231.00.

The building is constructed of brick and measures 27 by 57 feet. It is located at the southwest corner of St. Lawrence Ave. and Sixty-fourth St. Sunday School, business meetings, and other gatherings are conducted in a large room in the raised basement. Behind this room is the heating unit and laundry. Above the basement is the nave of the church where there is seating for 150 persons. This area is very simple but pleasant. The second floor is the missionary's dwelling, with six rooms and a bedroom on the porch. A large attic finishes off the building.

On the Sunday after the dedication we had confirmation, baptism and the Lord's Supper. Five persons were confirmed, two were baptized and five baptized persons were accepted into membership. Two of the confirmed had already been baptized.

## Ministerial Acts

During the 32 months since the founding of our congregation the names of 83 souls have been entered onto our membership list. Twenty-three have been baptized and 20 confirmed. Twenty-nine communicants have come to us from other Lutheran congregations. There have been five weddings and four funerals. All together 51 communicants have been received into membership, but deaths, people moving away, etc. account for the difference.

## Prospects for Growth

In every respect Chicago offers our black people better opportunities than any other city in the country. It hardly needs to be said that in most cases they have made use of these opportunities. Two of the largest universities in the United States, many colleges, a great variety of technical and professional schools and about 30 public schools are open to Blacks here. As a result black citizens also experience a different lifestyle here. They demand a church atmosphere that shows evidence of intelligence. They are tired and ashamed of belonging to a church body which features noisy assemblies and is led by uneducated preachers. Indeed some who seek intelligence in churchly matters have gone too far. Christian Science has many adherents as does even Theosophy. For 32 months our Lutheran Church was not to be found on the list of churches that Black people recognize. Our church has intelligence and the Bible. Thus we are of the opinion that our church has a promising future. We take this opportunity to thank God that we exist as a Lutheran congregation and that we have his pure word and the unadulterated sacraments. We also want to express our sincere thanks to the North-Illinois District and to all others who have helped us to have our own House of God so soon.

Yet we strive to look beyond ourselves and the blessings we have received. We want our fellow Blacks in all of the great cities of the North to enjoy what the Lord has granted us. The chief reason for writing this article is to encourage Lutherans in other northern cities also to do what has been done for us. We pray that our dear church expand its work of salvation among my people. We are living in the last times. Yet only a small portion of the children of Ham know him who is the Way, the Truth and the Life. May God soon bring it about that all of the people of the Black community reach out their hands to him.



# The Four Seasons of Childhood

Ruth Schaller

Edited and annotated by Morton A. Schroeder

*Although Ruth Schaller originally recalled the past for nieces, nephews, and other younger relatives, she most graciously consented to make her private thoughts public and share her memories with a much wider audience. WELS Historical Institute Journal readers will find her account of life on the campus of Dr. Martin Luther College, New Ulm, Minnesota, some nine decades ago, romantic and nostalgic and fascinating. They will find in Miss Schaller's memoirs an innocence which we shall, in all likelihood, never again experience. They will also get interesting, surprising, and heart-warming insights into the personal and family life of one of the preeminent theologians of the Wisconsin Ev. Lutheran Synod.*

*I intruded as infrequently as possible, and then only to add bits of information which enrich Miss Schaller's heart-warming narrative or to correct some minor memory lapses. The intrusions are two-fold: Brackets [ ] within the body of the text add information which, I believe, the narrative can sustain without disturbing its simple, tranquil, and primitive but sophisticated beauty and its naive but compelling statement of fundamental truth. Endnotes provide additional information which, I trust, will amplify the narrative.*

*I made no changes simply for the sake of change. Other than several minor corrections in spelling and punctuation to bring the text into conformity with modern usage, the narrative is Miss Schaller's.*

*The narrative begins with a personal note in which Miss Schaller – "Aunt Ruth" – identifies her audience and states her purpose.*

The setting for *The Four Seasons of Childhood* is the beautiful country of the Minnesota and Cottonwood river valleys. Dr. Martin Luther College and its campus were the home of the Schaller family. The college and campus are located on one of the hills overlooking New Ulm.

The time of my growing up on the campus was at the turn of the century, from 1900 to 1908. Our home and Old Main Hall were the only buildings for most of this time.<sup>1</sup> What is now [circa 1965, about the time this memoir was written] a complex of buildings was a wooded campus of large linden, walnut, oak, and many other trees.

They were "the good old days"—at least for the younger generation—days which I have tried to recapture for the sake of the next generation and their children. They should know how their ancestors grew up, learned and played, and what their interests were.

I hope you will enjoy reading it. /Signed/ Aunt Ruth

There was once a popular song called *The Hills of Home*. Its exact wording escapes me, but it had a nostalgic tone which fits my mood when I think of my childhood in Minnesota. The beautiful campus on which it was begun was located on a high ridge overlooking the small town nestled in the valley of the Minnesota river. Those who lived in the town could only catch a glimpse of the steeple of Old Main, which towered above the trees of the campus.



Old Main



The President's Home

The college was small by modern standards, but our home was large and old. Perhaps it was even unlovely to anyone but the family that lived in it. Father [John Schaller, 1859-1920], whose duties as president and dean of the college required much of his time and energy, had none of the aloofness which characterizes so many scholarly men. He was devoted to his family and spent as much time as possible with his children. We loved and respected him, but we knew that he would brook no disobedience or insolence from his lively brood.

Mother's [Emma Sophia Mumm] steady, guiding hand kept her family of six well in hand, clothing, feeding, admonishing, and loving us.<sup>2</sup> Together with Father, she fostered Christianity in the home, which colored all our behavior and created a wholesome attitude in the family circle. Our quarrels, arguments, and frictions of all kinds were dealt with firmly and with understanding. We did not always appreciate the firmness and often doubted the understanding, but in retrospect we know that our lives were profoundly influenced by the training of those days.

I was the youngest of the six children,<sup>3</sup> and these reminiscences of the days of my youth were written in response to the questions of today's children about the "time when you were young."

Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter—each season in its own way contributed to the happy childhood which was mine among *The Hills of Home*.

## Spring

It was March, and the long Minnesota winter was almost over. The whole family looked forward to the time when the icy winds would stop blowing through the trees on the campus and stop whistling over the slough below the hill. Mother, whose childhood had been spent in Virginia, never did get used to the rigors of this northern climate. She often deplored the fact that while here spring seemed to drag her steps, in her hometown she came by leaps and bounds.<sup>4</sup> In no time at all, the dogwood would burst into bloom, and the peach trees would be covered with lacy pink blossoms. This world of melting snow and slush seemed a poor substitute for a southern spring.

Father was less vocal about his ideas on Minnesota's slow progress toward warmer weather. Probably he shared with us some of our youthful ability to dream of what would soon be coming. We dreamed of flowers and birds, of green trees and woodland trails. We tried to ignore the mud and water, the bare branches and frozen creeks. After all, there were some warm days when the sunshine seemed full of the promise of good things to come.

We knew, of course, that the fulfillment of this promise would be discouragingly slow in coming. There would be more snow, and the March winds would still have a tang of ice, straight from the north pole. But we were delighted with the warmth of a few days in March and decided to make good use of them. Off we would go on the first hike of the year. We were bound for Camel's Back with its exciting hills and valleys.<sup>5</sup> There, on the sunny slopes, in sheltered places, we would find the first sign of spring, the beautiful pasqueflower. The soft lavender blossoms pushed up through dead leaves and grasses, standing bravely on their fuzzy stems. We called them the Easter flowers, and we picked great handfuls to take home to Mother. Now we find their cousins, the crocuses, in our yard; but lovely as they are, they do not have the charm of the little pasqueflower on a spring day on the Camel's Back.

We knew that now it would be just a matter of weeks before the woods would be full of hepaticas, bloodroots, anemones, and Dutchman's-breeches. Dutchman's-

breeches, indeed! How could anyone call these lovely, delicate flowers by such a name? We called them "hearts," for they were similar in shape to the bleeding hearts in our garden. But they were pale and bloodless, as though they had been carefully shaded from the sun, as indeed they had been. They bloomed so early there was little warmth in the sunshine on the hillside.

Soon some of the birds came back from the South, and we greeted them as old friends. Down in the slough the redwings were calling as they swayed on their perches of reeds.<sup>6</sup> The meadowlarks soon joined them with their lilting melody, and the mourning doves sat on a wire, cooing their sad little tune. We were sure we knew why they sounded so sorrowful. According to folklore, it had something to do with the dove's inability to build a nest like other birds. It is told that in the beginning of things, when all the birds were taught to build nests, the dove did not listen to instructions; and now he must forever mourn at the poor pile of sticks on which he must raise his family.

But for a few birthdays during January and February, there had been a dearth of holidays since Christmas. Mother would have liked to make Washington's birthday an important occasion. In her home town this had been a big day. The town went all out to celebrate in remembrance of the days when Washington came down from Mt. Vernon to attend Christ Church on King Street and had often visited the town on other occasions. On his birthday, bunting and flats were draped from houses and stores, and the President of the United States rode through the streets in an open carriage. Mother liked to tell how she sat at the window with her parents and watched the parade and how one President had tipped his hat to her. But now she had to be content with putting up the large flag which she and Father had made during the long winter months. Many an evening had been spent cutting and sewing the thirteen stripes and forty-eight stars.<sup>7</sup> It waved proudly and was cherished in the family for many years.

To be sure, there was no school on that day, a fact which the young generation appreciated much; but for Mother it was just another workday without glamor.

Now Easter was coming, and we all looked forward to the usual excitement and mysterious goings-on which always preceded the day of an important holiday. Besides being a joyous religious holiday, Easter brought the Easter rabbit and eggs. It was easy for us little ones to believe that the rabbit was looking for a place to hide his eggs. Why wouldn't the gray cottontail we saw scooting through the bushes be one of his scouts, hurrying to tell the big boss that there was a new hole in a tree just high enough to reach but deep enough to hide the eggs from small people and that the crack in the sidewalk was just large enough for a nest? If he wasn't doing just that, there was no doubt we were finding places where we could look first thing on Easter morning.

We were sent to bed early on Easter eve, giving our parents time to color the eggs. Those who were old enough among the children helped, although somewhat reluctantly. There was something sad about having outgrown the ability to enjoy fully the pleasures of the wonderful world of make-believe.

Early Easter morning Father went outdoors to hide the eggs in places he had previously decided on. Did the sun always shine on Easter morn? Was it always warm and pleasant? Probably not. But such is the charm of childhood that I cannot remember the day otherwise.

The family awakened to Easter music. Father was at the piano playing his favorite hymns. We were reminded that the real meaning of Easter is *Christ the Lord is ris'n again*, and we hummed the tune as we hurried into our clothes, took our baskets, and ran outdoors to look for our nests. The rule was simple: Look for a nest of eggs plainly



marked with your name and ignore any others you may find. We soon discovered that the Easter rabbit was quite a clever fellow and had hidden the eggs well. Big brother, who had a tendency to walk with his head in the air, sometimes ran into trouble. There was a time when he didn't find his nest until after we had returned from church. Laughingly, we named him "Hans, the Skygazer," and it was a long time before he lived it down.

At the call for breakfast we all ran into the house. Easter breakfast was served on a beautifully set table, with a center piece of colored eggs and a nest of candy eggs at each place. While we were eating, someone saw our neighbor, the professor, darting among the trees, hiding an egg here and there.<sup>8</sup> Father's remark that another rabbit seemed to be very busy was quickly interpreted by the older children to mean that there would be more eggs for us to find after church services.

The whole family walked down the long hill to the beautiful church, whose steeple dominated the town and whose bells were now calling us to worship.<sup>9</sup> The pastor's message of the risen Savior, the large choir singing hallelujahs, and the voices of the congregation rejoicing in *I know that my Redeemer lives* filled us with the real joy of the day.<sup>10</sup>

Easter Monday was another day for celebration. It started with another service; and later, if the weather was pleasant, it was decided that we all go to the Camel's Back for the first picnic of the year. The early greens were showing on the trees and meadows, and there was a hint of pink blossoms among the leaves. We hurried to explore our old haunts of other years. The winter snow had damaged some of our favorite trees, and the Cottonwood river was high with water from melting snow. The old swimming hole still looked cold and uninviting to the boys. They looked at each other as each one remembered the near tragedy which had happened the summer before at this very place. They had gone swimming and bathing with their friend Edmund; and when one of the boys playfully threw his soap far out into the stream, he had swum after it. On the way back he became exhausted and called for help. There were anxious moments while someone swam to his rescue and, after a struggle, brought him to shore. It was many years later before our parents found out how close to drowning the boy had been.<sup>11</sup>

As we continued our walk on this early spring day, we listened for the singing or twittering of our favorite birds. Many had not returned from the South, and we knew that we would have to return later to check on the cliff swallows which nested along the [Cottonwood] river bank and to find the song sparrow's nest in the old thornapple tree. We talked about the beautiful spot in the valley which we had found the summer before, where we had discovered the Turk's head lilies and the ladies' slippers. We had called it Paradise and were eager to see it again. All in all, the day was a success. The ground was springy underfoot and smelled of damp leaves and growing things, and we walked home full of plans for future climbs up the Back of the Camel.

We did come back later in April and May to find trillium and violets in bloom. The river banks echoed with the shrill cry of cliff swallows, and the song sparrow sang his love song. Our own campus was full of the joys of spring. The squirrels were scampering up and down the trees, teaching young ones to climb; the wrens were building in the old birdhouse; and the tap, tap, tap of Red Head, the woodpecker, awakened us early in the morning. Beside the porch the ferns were unfurling their fronds, preparing to offer shade to the forget-me-nots which were showing their fire-green leaves.

It was kite-flying time, and we all ran out into the big field of the pasture. As the kites rose and dipped, the boys chanted, *Aasgeier, steigt und fallt* ("Vulture, rise and

fall"). Small pieces of paper with messages were attached to the string and sent up to the birds, clouds, or whatever imaginary beings occupied the vast blue sky. Anxiously we watched the tokens make their way up the string; and shouts arose when they successfully carried out their mission: they had reached the kite. For me the crowning joy occurred when brother Herbert put the string into my small hand and let me feel the strong pull of the wind trying to take the kite out of my hands and into the faraway blue.<sup>12</sup> Finally, it was good to lie in the warm grass and look up at the clouds forming patterns of birds, castles, and ships.

During these spring days something strange happened on our daily walk to and from school. Surely the way seemed much shorter than it had been when we had to trudge through ice and snow. Why, then, did it take so much longer now that spring was here?

To those who knew us, it wouldn't have taken the wisdom of Sherlock Holmes to solve the mystery of the Unpredictable Footprints. The steps did not follow the path as they should have, but they became more and more erratic. Here they left the path to turn into the slough full of cowslips; there they stopped near a tuft of grass where baby rabbits were just opening their eyes. Again, as the steps climbed the hill they turned off into the woods carpeted with spring beauties. Here the footsteps became completely unpredictable, but their purpose was easily solved. That bird we heard had to be identified; and if the steps went to and fro, it was because the bird seemed bent on evading our gaze by hiding in the leaves.

This habit of looking for birds, when carried into adult life and into city streets, can prove embarrassing.<sup>13</sup> How can you explain your behavior of standing in the street



Professor Schaller



and gazing into a tree, or of walking around and around a large elm, earnestly examining its branches, when everyone else is rushing about to get somewhere? Probably it is best not to try to explain, even at the expense of being considered a bit queer.

When we finally reached home, somewhat delayed by our digressions along the way, there was in all likelihood work for us to do. Cleaning our large yard was a man-sized job and all hands were called to duty. Old branches, brought down by winter storms, had to be carried away and burned. The lawn needed raking, and the garden was waiting for its annual spading. We were not too happy about these chores. We would think of better things to do with our time. But it was not wise to indicate this when Father was supervising. We were expected to do our work diligently, and I can recall at least one instance when some of us were muttering and grumbling about the work and, as a result, were sent into the house and to bed. So much for rebelling against the order of the day!

With the lengthening of the days and the end of school coming closer, it became clear that the pleasantest time of the year was rapidly approaching: summer. We were full of plans to do during this best of all seasons.

## Summer

All the family loved summer. To Mother it meant that at long last the cold Minnesota winter was over. To Father it meant a welcome respite from his duties at the college. But to us children, all six of us, it meant the glorious release from school and the promise of days full of pleasant things to do. After breakfast we scattered over the large campus or roamed in the woods and fields surrounding it.<sup>14</sup> The older children no doubt had chores to do; but for me, the youngest, the days were filled with excitement.

One of my earliest recollections centers around my friend Ernst Sperling.<sup>15</sup> There was much excitement on College Hill when the Sperlings moved on the campus.<sup>16</sup> Having neighbors was a new experience for us, and we wondered how they would affect our lives. Ernst was younger than I by a few years, but we soon became fast friends. The Sperling house was beyond the college buildings, and we had to walk through the wooded campus to reach it. This made visiting each other an adventure, and we made quite a thing of it. "I come to your house today, and you come to mine tomorrow," and never could the rule be broken. We brought our own lunch in neat little boxes; and when the time came to open them, we sat close together, each eager to see what the other had brought. Of course, Ernst's lunch always seemed better than mine, and I could hardly wait for him to open his pretty box with his dainty sandwiches and delicious cookies.

How did we spend our days? I can remember playing in our summer house, which became in turn a ship, sailing to far away places, or a train in which we were, not passengers, but conductor, engineer, brakeman, and what have you. Sometimes it was just a house which had to be "wired," and there was much pounding of nails and laying of wires along rafters and walls. Ernst was the Master Mind behind all this activity, while I was a mere apprentice. He already showed much of his mechanical aptitude which stood him in good stead in later life.

When we tired of all this activity, there was always the whole campus to roam in. We explored its secrets and enjoyed its beauties, laying the foundation for the love of nature which would be enriching all our future life.

Although Ernst may have been a good playmate, his two older sisters, Ida and Bertha, were far more interesting to me.<sup>17a</sup> In the first place, they belonged to the

wonderful world of grown-ups; and, also, their clothes were a never-ending source of delight to my small feminine heart.<sup>17b</sup>

Of an evening they would come over to play croquet with my older brothers and sister, while we little ones would watch from the sidelines. How gracefully they picked up their long skirts with one hand while they placed their small feet on the ball and hit it with the mallet. We were sure that our brothers could not help but fall in love with such beauty. But, as it happened, things turned out quite differently, as they have a way of doing; and I never did get to wear long dresses with ruffles and laces.

The trees of our campus were our delight in all seasons. There were linden, butternut, walnut, oak, maple, and many others. We climbed them, boys and girls alike. The higher they came, the better we liked them. One of them, a special favorite, was near the edge of the drop to the road [now Center Street], a steep precipice about thirty feet deep. From this tree we could look down over the town lying in the valley. We looked for the steeple of our church and the Indian monument commemorating the dead who fell in the Indian massacre.<sup>18</sup> We also tried to locate the homes of our friends.

As our eyes dropped to the ground under the tree, we were fascinated by what was happening there. In an old stump the grass snakes, which were plentiful all over the campus, had their nest. As we watched, the mother snake came out of her hole, followed by many tiny snakes. They wiggled and squirmed as they got into comfortable positions for sunning themselves. It never occurred to us to be afraid of them. We knew they were harmless, and we had been told by Father that it was useless and cruel to kill wild creatures unnecessarily. Sometimes we led some of them gently up and down the paths, pets from day to day. When the snakes came too near the house, we were permitted to drape them over a stick and let them down the deep drop, away from the house to the road below. Mother said she was sure they were all back on the hill by evening.

The branch of our linden tree held our rope swing. I shudder now to think of the daring feats we performed on that swing. I was the smallest and lightest, so my brothers pushed me higher and higher until I could almost touch the branch high above me. I squealed with delight, crying, "Higher." The older children stood up on the swing, pushing themselves as high as possible. We did all the things I cannot bear to see children do now, but I do not remember any broken bones as a result. No doubt we had angels doing double duty in guarding our family.

On the other side of the road, on another hill, lived our good friends the Kochs. Our mother sent us there for garden produce, which they had a-plenty: "Greetings from Mother, and could we have some rhubarb (corn, asparagus, currants, etc.)?" Going there was somewhat of an ordeal for, while we loved the ladies and greatly admired the men of the household, we were terribly afraid of the dogs. The men were great hunters, and there were always some of the great beasts about. They seemed huge to us, and we approached the house with fear and trembling. Excitedly we whispered to each other, "Suppose 'They' are loose?" "What if no one is outdoors to call them?" "If only Boots is tied up!" Then, what a relief! There was Miss Emma's apron in the asparagus bed. we were safe. Now let Boots or any of the other monsters come. We had suddenly become very brave. Miss Emma came to meet us, the dogs were under control, and with baskets full of produce and a cookie for each of us, we trudged happily home. In spite of all our fears, we never heard of anyone being bitten by a dog.

Every summer the Koch's nieces, Meta and Elsie, came to visit them. They were the same ages as my sisters ["sister"?] and I, and we eagerly awaited their coming. I believe four children can have twice as much fun as two children. We spent happy days in the Koch attic, playing with the beautiful dollhouse we found there. It was large and

well furnished, and lovely doll-people lived in it. The heat under the rafters must have been terrific, but we never noticed it. However, to this day the smell of dust and must of an old attic fills me with nostalgia. Together with our friends we also roamed the fields and woods. Through the garden and pastures we hiked to the Camel's Back, exploring, picking flowers, climbing trees, and listening to birds. And, like them, we were happy and carefree.

We were fiercely possessive of our campus and resented intruders. We were sure that none of them appreciated its beauty; and we feared that they might disturb our birds, break branches from our trees, or even kill the snakes. Every year our church members gathered on the campus for a picnic. It was not a happy day for us. Our privacy was invaded. We hated to see so many people milling about. What if they stepped on the wild strawberry plants we had found? Could someone by chance discover the mourning dove's nest and take the eggs? It was a worrisome time for us. However, for me there was one silver lining in the dark cloud of the picnic day. Some of us were permitted to take some of the babies for walks through the campus, along the paths. How splendid the little ones looked in their lovely carriages! Proudly we adjusted and readjusted the beautiful silk and lace parasols. Lovingly we fingered the lacy spreads with which the little ones were covered. Our worries were forgotten. We were proud and happy.

Then the day was over for another year. The benches were put away, and all was serene. If we were lucky, we got a chance to use some of the planks and saw horses for see-saws. One, two, and, sometimes, three horses made an exciting and precarious plaything.

Then came the Grand and Glorious Fourth of July. It was grand and glorious because Father made it so. He started the day by shooting a giant firecracker under our windows. We flew out of bed and down the stairs. The wonderful day had begun. After breakfast Father distributed the firecrackers. There were regular-sized ones for the big boys, medium-sized for the girls, and torpedoes for the little ones. The torpedoes were supposed to bang when thrown on the sidewalk, but I never managed to make much noise with them.

In this day of cars, motorcycles and lack of parental supervision the Fourth would be dangerous indeed. Under Father's careful supervision it was safe for us to have fun without fatal results. We were taught how to light firecrackers and where to do it. No monkey business! When we were told to stop, the remaining crackers were carefully guarded. They had to last all day, and those who used too many in the morning looked ruefully at their small pile. Of course, the hoarders in the family were careful to ration their store, gloating over them until the next *Hour of Shooting*.

There were other things to do on this great day. The flag had to be put up. The ice cream freezer needed someone to turn the crank, and the paper lanterns had to be strung among the trees for the evening celebration.

At the end of the day, with only a few firecrackers left, even the hoarders knew there was no point in saving them any longer, so the whole string was lit and went off with a delightful bang. I do not remember any burns bigger than those produced when an unwary hand came in contact with the punk.

The evening brought the biggest excitement. Father had bought fireworks, and I am sure he looked forward to setting them off with as much anticipation as we did. The lanterns were lit, and the family gathered on the screened porch waiting for darkness to set in. We were joined by the Sperlings, who had come bringing their share of the fireworks. Roman candles, skyrockets, red lights, and pinwheels brought ohs and ahs

from the spectators. It is true that the pinwheels more often than not failed to spin in spite of the combined efforts of Professor Sperling and Father. However, we all loved every minute of it, with the exception of Fido, the dog, who was still under the bed where he had spent the day, and Ernst, who hid his face and ears at the noise. After the ice cream had been served and our guests had gone, six tired but happy children were glad to go to bed.

Some of our most memorable summers were spent far from the cool hills of Minnesota. Mother's family lived in Rockville, Maryland; when Grandmother longed to see her daughter and family, she would send money for the trip. To us this was the most exciting thing that could happen.

The trip which made the biggest impression on me was the one we took when I was eight years old. Packing the trunks was Father's chore. It was obvious he was not very good at it. Impatiently he stuffed things into them, trying to find space for the innumerable necessities that had to be taken. It was a good time for children to be out of the way, so we sat on the porch discussing the wonders of what we were going to see. When at last the suitcases were packed and the trunks strapped, we were taken to the station with the college team.

Then came three days and nights on the B & O—no doubt a trial for our parents but a delight to us.<sup>19</sup> Thanks to Grandmother's generosity, we traveled by Pullman. From our windows we watched the ever-changing countryside go by; and at night, lying snug in our berths, we peeked out and were thrilled with the lights of Chicago and the open, flaming forges of Pittsburgh. Soon the moon rose over the Alleghenys, and before we knew it we saw the sun rise at Harpers Ferry [West Virginia]. This was indeed a far cry from the small town in Minnesota! Eating in the diner gave us a feeling which I can still recapture under the same circumstances. Here you are, eating a prosaic breakfast of oatmeal and coffee (which, of course, tastes quite different from that at home), while all the while you can see the world go by your windows. People walking, houses whizzing by, trees, cows, horses, all passing by as on a screen. *You aren't moving. They are.* Small wonder that we ate as in a trance, eating cereal with cream richer than any cow of ours would produce, and eating toast, dripping with butter which tasted quite different from the kind we got from the farmers in Minnesota.

Part of the day was spent with Father in the smoker. What a wonderful place, smelling of cigars and full of men talking only half-understood man-talk. A little girl had to be very quiet and make herself very small in an atmosphere like that.

At last we were there, and Grandmother welcomed us with open arms. She lived with Aunt Lizzie and her family. Uncle Henry<sup>20</sup> and the cousins were very kind, but the cat got my tongue when someone spoke to me in words that sounded very strange to my midwestern ears. However, this strangeness soon wore off when we were taken into Uncle Henry's ice cream parlor. We were allowed to sit on wrought iron chairs at beautiful tables and were waited on in great style by pleasant waitresses who were no doubt greatly amused by the chatter of these new visitors with the harsh midwestern accent. We ate ice cream, Uncle Henry's best, and different from the kind we were used to from the freezer in our back yard. At the time we did not realize it was frozen custard rather than ice cream. Another taste treat was lady fingers that melted in your mouth and were a perfect complement to the custard.

Happy memories stay with me of playing on the courthouse steps with my cousins and their pals, sitting outdoors in the evening watching fireflies or catching them in jars to take into our rooms for the night, and sometimes just walking around the old town.

One of these walks took us to the little house down the street where the Richards lived. Mr. Richard had been a seafaring man and could tell wonderful stories about far



away lands and ships that sailed the ocean blue. Of course, he also had a parrot who could talk things you would expect from one raised by a seafaring man. Mrs. Richard served cookies while we listened, entranced.

One day was reserved by our parents for a trip to Washington, D.C., to see the Capitol and other places of interest. We took the street car and spent the day sightseeing. I am afraid one small girl did not appreciate it all very much. Tired, thirsty, and hot, she was not much impressed with all the buildings, houses, and monuments which the adults found so interesting. It was not until my return to the nation's capital much later that I enjoyed and was interested in its historic significance.

Grandmother spoiled and petted us. To the grandchildren whom she saw daily we were held up as shining examples of well-behaved children. Could it have been because she saw us only once in three or four years, and then only for a few weeks? Some explanation needs to be made, for we were neither models of good behavior nor shining examples to others.

One of us usually got sick during these visits. The unaccustomed heat, the unusual food, and, according to Mother, the ice water we drank brought on "summer complaint." Mother began to wonder why she had left her cool home in Minnesota.

When the visit was over and all had been explored, visits had been made, and Grandmother had reassured herself that her daughter Emma and her family were well and happy, it was time to go back to our home in the hills. We were happy to get back and found much to do, reassuring ourselves that everything was as before and our favorite haunts were unspoiled. Soon there was new excitement!

"The Gypsies are coming!" When that cry went out, we all rushed to the edge of the hill to watch the strange procession come up the road: covered wagons, horses, dogs, and people with dark skin and colorful, dirty clothes. We watched spellbound but secretly afraid, for rumors of Gypsies stealing children were widespread. On they came until they reached the field behind the pasture. There they set up their tents, tethered the horses, and made themselves at home. Mother gave orders to stay away from the field; and as far as I know, we obeyed unhesitatingly. We did get to see them, however, for they came to the house that evening asking for water. Some of the black-eyed, black-haired youngsters came trailing along with their fathers. Since my parents never denied them the use of the water but otherwise left them strictly alone, we were never seriously inconvenienced by them. It is true that by a strange coincidence our cow gave less milk, and the garden stuff had a way of disappearing while the Gypsies were there. But they were not entirely unappreciative. One troupe showed this by giving us a beautiful St. Bernard puppy, and the Gypsy fortune teller offered to tell Mother's fortune without cost. She could not understand that Mother would have none of it, even when she assured her that she would tell only good things. They left quietly one night, and strangely the puppy was missing soon after.

Then there was the summer of Jack the Burro. One morning in spring we looked out of the window, and there he was. He was small and gray, and we fell in love with him at first sight. Since we had room in our barn, we saw no reason for letting him go. However, Father insisted on finding the owner and promptly returned him. But Mr. Manderfeld, from whom Jack had wandered, must have seen our disappointed faces and offered to let us keep him for the summer. What a summer that was! We rode him bare backed through the campus, taking turns. Sometimes we tried to ride tandem, but Jack resented the extra weight and would not move. He had other annoying habits, all springing from the idea that he really was not pleased to have us ride him at all. He soon was able to pick two trees on the campus close enough together for him to pass between, quickly trotted there, and gleefully passed between the trees, brushing his

rider to the ground. Neither did it do any good to try to avoid these hazards. Jack went where he had a mind to go, and no mere children could hold him. Because of his determination, we had to be very careful to close the barn door when we took him out. Jack could spy the door from a great distance; and when he did, there was no holding him. He bolted for that door while we held on for dear life, ducking our heads just in time to avoid being decapitated. He was smart, and all summer we pitted our wits against his. When fall came, Jack the burro went back home and we went back to school.

Across the road from our campus, on another hill, stood "Hermann," holding his sword aloft defiantly, as though challenging anyone who approached to a battle with swords. Hermann is a statue erected by the Brothers of Hermann, a group of freethinking Germans who had settled in our town many years ago.<sup>21</sup> It was, and still is, an imposing monument; and it vies for attention with the steeple of Old Main on our side of the road when the visitors approach the hill from town.<sup>22</sup>

We spent many hours in the park [*Denkmal*, "Monument" or "Memorial"] surrounding the monument, and we climbed the winding stair way to the top where at Hermann's feet we looked over the countryside. The view—over hill and valley, towns, and rivers—was breathtaking.<sup>23</sup> The cellar of the building was dark and dank, smelling musty and unpleasant. How well I remember the smell! It emanated from the stuffed animals which were lined along the walls. The yellow glass eyes of the owl glared at us balefully; foxes, wolves, skunks, and lynxes bared their teeth at us in the gloom. It was eerie and a little frightening, but we came back again and again whenever we could persuade the old caretaker to let us in.<sup>24</sup>

But on Monday mornings we did not waste our time in climbing or admiring taxidermy. Instead, we walked through the park with bent heads, covering the area, foot by foot. Every once in a while someone would shout. It was usually brother Herbert who had a nose for such things. What was it? Money! Pennies! Nickels! Dimes! We knew that on Sunday the Brothers of Hermann had picnics in the park; since these affairs were very, very wet and many a man staggered down the hill late at night, the chances were good that someone had lost some change in the course of the day. We made the most of it since it was the only time we were permitted to practice the rights of "finders, keepers."

So our summers passed. No two were alike, but all of them were exciting and entertaining, one way or the other. And when it was about time for us to wail, "What shall we do?" it was September; and fall would soon be here with new experiences for the family.

*To be continued.*

## ENDNOTES

1 Other than a large, wooden, shed-like building which was used for what is today called "physical education," these two structures were the only buildings on the campus during the time of this narrative. The next two buildings to be built, the Aula and the boys' dormitory (now, respectively, the Music Hall and Summit Hall), were dedicated on August 20, 1911.

2 Nine children were born to John and Emma Shaller; Elsa, who died before her first birthday; Adalbert, Herbert, Esther, Winfred, Selma, and Ruth, the six referred to in the text; and Egbert and Gilbert, who play no role in the memoirs.



3In an interview Ruth "... described herself as 'a little pitcher with big ears' during her father's tenure at Dr. Martin Luther College" (*Times to Remember, Tower Topics*, April 1988, 1). She repeats this description in this narrative.

4Emma Sophia Mumm was born September 25, 1864; she died August 16, 1949. Her home town was Alexandria, Virginia. It was in her stepfather's tobacco shop on the main street that she, then a 16-year-old lass, met the "... young Schaller, the habitual, consummate pipe smoker" (*Times to Remember*).

5The Camel's Back and the Dog's Back were two distinct series of hills, slopes, and valleys which lay southwest of New Ulm between the city limits and the valley of the Cottonwood. They were identifiable in the 1940s; by the 70s and the 80s they had given way to roads, houses, and other evidences of population growth. One vestige remains: a street in the area is named Camelsback Road.

6This oft-mentioned "slough" is also gone. A streamlet still meandered through it in the 40s and 50s, but road improvements, housing projects, and a sports complex and its parking lots have obliterated all traces of what was once a blustery ravine separating the college from the town. Gone also are the birds Miss Schaller mentions: redwing blackbirds, meadowlarks, mourning doves.

7If the narrative ends in 1908, as Miss Schaller herself says it does, the largest number of stars on the flag would have been 46. New Mexico, the forty-seventh state to be admitted to the Union, entered January 6, 1912.

8Using Miss Schaller's time frame and the less than foolproof process of elimination, we are able to conclude tentatively that "... our neighbor, the professor" was quite likely Adolph Ackermann, who would succeed Schaller as college director (president).

9Founded in 1865, St. Paul's Ev. Lutheran Church alone called the Dr. Martin Luther family to worship for 64 years. In 1948 St. John's Ev. Lutheran Church added its voice, but St. Paul's is the church with the steeple and the bells that impressed little Ruth Schaller.

10The Rev. C.J. Albrecht was the pastor of St. Paul's from 1882 until his death in 1924. Often called the "Father of Dr. Martin Luther College," he served the school as part-time instructor from 1884 to 1893.

11"... their friend Edmund" is Edmund C. Reim. Like his father, he entered the ministry. Like his father, he served the Wisconsin Ev. Lutheran Synod as pastor and professor.

12Herbert (b. May 15, 1889, d. May 24, 1967), the second of the Schaller children to reach adulthood, was the longtime pastor of St. Paul Ev. Lutheran Church, Tomah, Wisconsin. Remembered as a warm, kind-hearted man, he served four other parishes in Wisconsin, a dual parish in Renville and Flora Township, Minnesota, where he introduced the English language soon after World War I, and one in Iowa. He and his son, the Rev. Loren A. Schaller, were the only two clergy members of the Schaller-Reim axis who remained with the Wisconsin Synod during the trying times of the fractious 50s.

13Several of the Schaller children carried the family's love for bird watching into adulthood. At least one of them tried to instill his students with that same love. See *A Time to Remember*, 106, 117.

14The original campus consisted of four acres. By 1900 sixteen additional acres had been purchased by or given to the college. The present campus consists of approximately 50+ acres.

15Ernst Sperling (b. September 7, 1900, d. September 6, 1962) was, as Miss Schaller indicates, a child and later, man of many talents. A gifted musician, he taught at Dr. Martin Luther College before entering the watch repair business in 1943. He was

known to DMLC students who patronized Schleuder Jewelry Company from then until the business was sold in 1958. He was piano accompanist for, and sometime director of, the Male Choir of St. Paul's in New Ulm, and he also accompanied the New Ulm Concord Singers for many years. He was city treasurer in the 1930s and deputy treasurer of Brown County in the 40s.

16The Sperling family moved to New Ulm from Appleton, Wisconsin. There the father, John E. Sperling, had been teacher in St. Paul Lutheran School since 1895 (St. Paul Evangelical Lutheran Church *CENTENNIAL 1867-1967*). The anniversary book incorrectly names him "J.G. Sperling." Before that, Sperling had taught at St. Paul's Lutheran School and Michigan Lutheran Seminary, both in Saginaw, Michigan (*MICHIGAN MEMORIES*).

17aIda Sperling (b. August 4, 1881, d. December 17, 1974) is known by many WELS teachers. A woman small in stature but large in heart and devotion to her work, Miss Sperling, as she was known to young and old alike—including the men who were her principals—taught in St. Paul's Ev. Lutheran School, New Ulm, Minnesota from 1916 until her deserved retirement in 1953.

17bThe only illustration of a woman in a book devoted to men and their activities pictures Fr. Ida Sperling in "the ruffles and laces" little Ruth admired (*Geschichte der Minnesota-Synode*, 153).

18According to pictures on antique postal cards, the "Indian monument" originally stood in the middle of the intersection of Center and State streets. It was later moved to its present location: on the berm which divides the Center Street traffic lanes, about halfway between State and Washington streets.

19The Winona & St. Peter Railroad, which later became the Chicago & North Western Railway Co., provided rail service between New Ulm and Chicago from February 20, 1872 until October 25, 1960.

20Aunt Lizzie and Uncle Henry were "Mother's" sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Henry (Elizabeth Mumm) Reisinger.

21Additional information about Hermann Monument is given in *A Time to Remember*, 41, 52, 187.

22The steeple of Old Main still beckons travelers as they approach New Ulm on U.S. Highway 14, several miles from town.

23The uppermost viewing platform is approximately 150+ [ft.] above the highest point in New Ulm, and today's viewers, children and adults alike, are as impressed as the author was.

24The exhibits and the caretaker are long gone, and the base of the monument ("the basement") is no longer open to the public. The "winding stairway to the top" is open, for a nominal fee, during the summer months on Sundays and on festive occasions.

# Eduard Moldehnke's Second Reisebericht

Translated by Arnold O. Lehmann

Fort Atkinson, August 27, 1862

God's Grace first of all!  
In the Lord, dear Brothers:

At our last synodical convention I promised the delegates from Theresa and Lomira that I would come there and preach to them. June 23rd I went by train to Watertown and on the 24th I wanted to continue my trip but I missed the train and at 9:00 a.m. I started on foot in terribly hot weather, because I was to preach in Theresa on that day. I walked the 18 miles to Hustisford after which I was completely exhausted. Fortunately I met a man from Mayville who took me to Theresa for \$2.00. It would not have taken much more for me to have succumbed to sunstroke. The people were told to meet at 5:00 p.m. I arrived more than an hour late so most of them left. Hence I preached that evening at 8 o'clock to a large gathering. I was given a warm reception by Mr. Biedermann. On the following evening I preached in the log church which was completely filled.

On the 26th I went to Lomira where I baptized two children and preached in the evening. After that I went back to Theresa and rode on a wagon loaded with wheat to Horicon. I ran into a horrible bunch of German railroad workers at the hotel. The *Albrechtspeople* [German Methodists] are active in the area. A Missouri Synod preacher comes to Horicon. From Horicon I rode with the cars [?] to Waupun. I instructed the Sunday School pupils before the service and gave them tracts, as I do for the furtherance of Sunday Schools everywhere. Then I preached to a rather small crowd. A Catholic hotel host, from whom I drew out bits of information in discussing the formation of a congregation, honored me with his special enmity and at that time drew away from me many people. An elderly Lutheran did not want to come to church. He said: "What can such a young man teach us?"

From Waupun I went on foot to Fox Lake in terrible heat and took the train to Portage. Sunday, June 29th, I preached in Portage in the morning, and in the afternoon in Lewistown, where I also organized a Sunday School. In the evening the farmers gathered at the home of the man who took me in. The unity of these people made a good impression on me. We talked about religious and churchly matters, prayed and sang together. An elderly Bohemian told us in what stupidity he was brought up until in 1848 he read something about Hus and Luther. From this he arrived at the knowledge of truth and is now a Lutheran. On Monday I went back to Portage, instructed a female confirmand, then went with a young man to the Town of Caledonia, five miles away, where only five or six families met. I preached and baptized three children, of which two were Catholic. I organized a small congregation, where reading services and Sunday School were to begin on the following Sunday. The reader from Portage, Wagner, had come there twice to conduct services, but up till now the Caledonians have no qualified man to carry this out. That evening I returned to Portage and on the following day, July 1, back home by train.

A severe illness kept me in the Town of Oakland. Not until Monday, July 14, did I drive the 34 miles to Columbus even though still suffering from severe head pains. On the 15th I continued on to Portage where I preached that evening. Before the service I had to baptize a child. The wife said to her husband: "Go sit next to some woman, you love women so much." I was sorry that I had performed the baptism. In the future I will not baptize children of that type of people. None of them came to the service that evening. Attendance at the service was very good. I had eaten nothing since morning; in addition I was run down, had sore feet and a terrible headache. July 16th I headed northward on a sandy road toward Almond, and after about 21 miles arrived in Pacwaukee. Before one enters this village one has to cross a swamp on a half-mile long wobbly, miserable bridge on which two wagons cannot pass. Only one German lives in Pacwaukee. I then drove 18 miles to Dakota, the last few miles in darkness, causing me to barely find the little nest. Several German farmers live outside Dakota and I will preach to them when I get a chance. On the 17th I left Dakota (the place consists of about six houses) and drove the remaining 24 miles to Almond, the last few in rain. It rained very heavily the entire afternoon and all through the night. Because the farmers had not been told to meet in spite of my letter, and because they would not have come in such a heavy rain anyway, and in addition, I wasn't feeling well, I did not hold a service. The Missouri man, Hofmann, wants to bring the preacher from Woodland and Horicon there. Only six farmers are interested in the Missourian, and even those would prefer a preacher from our synod. Everything there is in a mess. The mentioned six have pledged \$80 and flour. Now those in Stevens Point, Amherst and Grand Rapids will have to indicate what they will give — too bad we have no preacher available for these stations now. Sunday School and reading services are definitely established there. I also left 25 tracts there.

On Friday the 18th I drove in the rain to Stevens Point, purposely not stopping on the way with four families, who in spite of my visit the last time, still receive the sacraments from the Methodists. I arrived in Stevens Point in the rain. Most of the men were not at home. Since they cannot support a family in Stevens Point, the men must earn their money as raftsmen [men who work on and with the floating of logs down the river] or as farm workers. Because it was raining so heavily I postponed the services until after my return from Wausau.

On Saturday I went to Wausau. Not feeling well I was completely exhausted from the long tiring trip and from the miserable weather. The cordial reception by the people of Wausau, especially the Paffs, refreshed me. On Sunday the 20th I preached in Wausau, baptized two children, preached again in the afternoon and distributed communion to 17 persons. In the evening I had a long conversation with the local Methodist preacher about a variety of things. To start off he told with endless verbosity the story of his life. Then we started on Sunday worship. He maintained that the Sabbath was now shifted to Sunday. I confronted him with the fact that the Methodists prided themselves in accepting only that which is clearly written in the Bible: where is this found in the Bible? I corrected him on this. Then we came to theater, etc., which was brought up by a congregation member. The Methodist spoke against theater saying that one does not go there with prayer, and one comes into contact with scoffers. He then said that he had once entered a Panorama in Milwaukee in order to see views from Palestine. I asked him directly if he went in with prayer, and if he didn't come into contact with scoffers. He gave as an excuse that it was for a good purpose because it was educational. I then brought up the Jesuit principle—the end justifies the means—and applied that to him. I also indicated the same in respect to the theater where good things are often



presented. I showed him his various inconsistencies but that didn't bother him. This type of person is a new edition of *Bahrtdt with the Brazen Face*. Finally we spoke of sanctification. He stated that we do not understand their doctrine. I told him to explain fully his position, at which time he spoke of sinless perfection, etc. At this point I asked him not to drive to death his references in Scripture, but to explain for example I John 1:8 and 15:18. To that he replied that man can be so occupied with his worldly business and his thoughts that he does not think of God, and that this was no sin. In front of the group of listeners whom the discussion had brought in from the street because the doors were open I thanked him for the information given me, because previous to this I had a higher opinion of Methodist sanctification. Now I see their superficiality in that they consider the greatest sin—namely to forget God—as not being sin at all. Enough! It was impossible to get anywhere with the endless talk of this man. I asked him if he considered himself to be without sin. He said no. I then told him that his endless chatter was a sin because he thereby did not think about God, and that he hindered others from expressing their opinions. While he did not want to acknowledge this, the others said the same thing. I was so riled up after the four-hour conversation that I could not go to sleep. In the morning a fire broke out in the neighboring house. Eight buildings burned down. Fortunately I brought my horse through the flames. That morning I went eight miles into the bush, unfortunately with that Methodist whose mouth could not stand still. Because the farmers were busy in the fields I returned to Wausau. For the same reason I did not visit other farmers elsewhere in the bush.

Tuesday, July 22, I drove to Stevens Point where I preached in the evening. On Wednesday I drove to New London but could travel only 43 miles because the road was quite sandy and full of stumps. On the way to New London there are many small places, but I noticed only one Catholic Church for the area. In the he virgin forest and on a narrow road I met a troop of Indians. My horse bolted and would not advance, so I had to dismount and lead it past them. The people did me no harm. I stayed overnight in Northport. The next morning I crossed the Wolf River on a terrible ferryboat and drove on a neckbreaking road to New London which is situated in the wild bush. The German farmers there are quite poor. I arranged a service for that evening, then drove many miles to invite the farmers to it. That evening I preached and examined the confirmands. I had to stay in a hotel because the wife of the councilman Schmidt said it was too much fuss for her to make up a bed in another room. I wanted to go south from New London to the Town of Caledonia and then also to a congregation member after having driven on a terrible road through the bush. But there I heard that Brother Wagner came there every three weeks. However I still wanted to look up several other farmers, but I was trapped in the bush and only after much difficulty did I come upon a possible road. I continued on through Hortonia, where many Catholic farmers live, and arrived in Appleton where I wanted to preach but heard that Brother Wald came there every three weeks. Since he had said nothing to me about Appleton, I decided it would be better for me not to preach there. I noted the charming position of this little town on the Fox River where I observed oddly dressed Indian women moving about, and where I visited a large shingle factory. Saturday, the 26th, I drove 30 miles to Green Bay. Before arriving in the city I met a Pommeranian farmer from Town of Morrison who lashed out against Goldammer because in a sermon he had called the outpouring of the Holy Spirit the greatest of all wonders. Then he spoke about the "bunch" that Gausewitz had just taken over. I admonished him and told him that he must first become an active Christian, after which his fleshly zeal would cease. In Green Bay there are two Catholic churches also a German church, a Moravian, of which Pastor Fett is the

leader. There are about 50 Lutheran families in Green Bay and Fort Howard, most of them from Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt. They would like to have their own pastor since in most cases they do not go to Fett. I arranged for a Sunday evening service because on Sunday morning I wanted to preach to the farmers who lived ten miles from there. Saturday evening I still drove ten miles into Town of Green Bay where many farmers live. Unfortunately they had already become Methodists. I found a wretched grocery store where I procured a room for the night, and on Sunday returned to Green Bay. I preached in the Court House. A man was to have picked up the key but he forgot, so the people had to wait about an hour. When someone confronted him about this, he said to me, "How can I remember all this preacher stuff?" I spoke to him about making such a statement. He then sought to make everything good by offering his services. He proved himself to be upright.

Several weeks earlier a "Professor" Heine had been there. Since he wanted to start a German school, he gave a lecture on education. In the first part he railed at the Yankees, in the second at the Germans, but he didn't have a third part. Later when someone mentioned something about a local woman who was a good teacher, he ranted wildly: "How can you speak such stupidity?" He began to talk about the scissor-sharpener union, about pothouse politicians, about runaway convicts from the penitentiary—people whom he would not consider worthy in Germany to polish his boots, etc. With difficulty he escaped a sound threshing. I still had a conference with our people who begged me to return soon, also one with two Moravians who were very friendly toward me.

Monday, July 28, I went to Manitowoc on a rather bad road, and also made a side trip to Mishicot and Saxonburg. The people were at haymaking and were quite discourteous to me. I couldn't preach there, but did say that I wanted to return after the harvest when they would have more time. I arrived late that evening at Brother Koehler's in Manitowoc. Tuesday I went via Two Rivers and Two Creeks to Sandy Bay where I arranged a service for Friday. I then went three miles farther, but the endless tree-limb bridges, the roots and stumps affected my horse and wagon in such a manner that I had to leave them behind in Forest Hill with a German hotel keeper. On the next day I continued my trip on foot. In the bush I met a kind man who wanted to arrange a service for Thursday at Horack's Mill in the schoolhouse near Mr. Peter's place. I then continued to Kewaunee, a small place on Lake Michigan. Ten Lutheran families and a Lutheran woman live there. I invited all of them, preached that evening, baptized a child and established a Lutheran congregation. Now the area Methodist preacher has no hold there anymore. About thirty Lutheran families should be living in the area. On Thursday I went to Peter's and preached there, baptized six children and established a congregation. All of the people long very much for their own preacher. In the bush there are about 25 Lutheran families, among them four Bohemians.

On Friday I went to Forest Hill to pick up my horse and wagon. The German hotel hostess asked me to instruct her children, which I did. She herself was present and wept over the lack of knowledge of her older children. Then I preached in her house. Another woman also came. She and the hostess rode along with me to Sandy Bay, wrecking my wagon. I again preached there. Only three families live there now and they want to go to Horack's Mill for services. Eight Lutheran families live in Two Creeks and about 20 others in the area. I promised to preach there the next time; likewise at Wolf River.

Saturday evening I arrived at Brother Koehler's and since he was ill I preached for him in Manitowoc and Newton. His removal of Nietmann from office is a burden laid upon him. Even the father of Sicker doesn't care very much for him. I tried to clear up



the matter to the people, but I learned that a neighboring pastor should never undertake a removal action. He [Koehler] is now so suspect as if he did this because of personal considerations. On Monday I drove via Chilton, where services are held regularly for five Lutheran families, to Calumet, but could not preach there because harvesting was very urgent. I continued in darkness, in all, 52 miles. On Tuesday I drove via Fond du Lac to Lomira where I arranged for a service for Wednesday because my letter did not get there. From there I drove to Theresa and made arrangements for a service and preached to the people that evening. The group that severed itself from the congregation and remained with Bading, who was suffering from headpains, wanted me to preach to them. I was happy that Biedermann gave them a negative answer. I preached in Lomira on Wednesday. There is also strife there and a preacher is urgently needed. Thursday I drove to Watertown and arrived home [Town Oakland] on Friday, August 8, at night and in a terrible storm. In all I had driven 638 miles.

I feel that pastors are urgently needed in Theresa including Lomira, in Portage with its three stations, in Wausau with its seven stations, in Green Bay and in Kewaunee with its four stations. This is especially so if my work is to be a big successful since I cannot possibly get to all of the stations often enough. In Green Bay, Wausau, Kewaunee, Portage and Stevens Point there is a local pastor for the Methodists and *Albrechtspeople* [German Methodists]. Here I still have work to do. It is better to educate more pastor candidates each year than to journey to the congregations in a sporadic manner. The people still go over to the Methodists on Sundays. May God send workers into the harvest.

In Christ your brother  
E. Moldehnke

## ITINERARY

June	23	left Ft. Atkinson (Town Oakland) Watertown
	24	Theresa
	25	Theresa
	26	Lomira
	27	Horicon, Waupun
(Sunday)	28	Waupun, Portage
	29	Portage
		Lewistown
	30	Town Caledonia
July	1	Town Oakland
	14	left Oakland for Columbus
	15	Portage
	16	Pacwaukee
		Dakota
	17	Almond
	18	Stevens Point
	19	Wausau
(Sunday)	20	Wausau
	21	Wausau (bush)
	22	Stevens Point
	23	Northport
	24	New London
	25	Appleton
(Sunday)	26	Green Bay and Town of Green Bay
	27	Green Bay
	28	Manitowoc (via Mishicot and Saxonburg)
	29	Sandy Creek and Forest Hill via Two Rivers and Two Creeks
	30	Kewaunee
	31	Horack's Mills (near Mr. Peter's)
August	1	Forest Hill and Sandy Bay
	2	Manitowoc
(Sunday)	3	Manitowoc and Newton
	4	Calumet
	5	Theresa
	6	Lomira
	7	Watertown
	8	Town Oakland

**Note:** A map of the area locating the places mentioned above may be found in the WELS Historical Institute *Journal* Spring 1988.

## A Mid-20th Century Dakota Parsonage

Grace Stiemke

*Editor's Note: Pastor Richard Stiemke, em., a native of Watertown, Wisconsin, is a graduate of Northwestern College, class of 1934, and of Wisconsin Lutheran Seminary, class of 1937. His wife, also a native of Watertown, is the writer of this article, which is a recall 50 years later of the first years of married life in a rural Midwestern parish. Many of the Seminary graduates of the first half of this century were assigned parishes in the Dakota, Nebraska, and Montana area, where the facilities were surprising, as this article indicates.*

*Richard Stiemke, like many of the Seminary graduates of the 1930's did not receive a call on assignment day. It was not until November of 1937 that the call to the Dakota dual-parish was sent to him. Marriage plans were quickly made and soon thereafter the young couple headed west, looking forward, as we all did and do, to a romantic beginning of life together. The facts of life are often otherwise. We thank the Rev. Lloyd Wenzel, em. for suggesting the article to the Journal editorial staff.*

Our carefree days really came to an end when we started out for South Dakota in December 1937, and began our life as a Lutheran pastor and his wife. We had borrowed some money from his parents to buy a somewhat more dependable car than the old Model A he had. We bought a used 1934 Ford sedan with a 1936 motor.

Since we had a rough description of the little house we would occupy, we decided to buy our basic furniture in Watertown, for we knew there were no furniture stores in Mission. I had managed to save \$750.00 out of my meager earnings, so we used that to buy a living room set, dining room set, bedroom furniture and mattress and two wool 9' by 12' rugs for the living room and dining room. After these purchases I still had \$200.00 in the bank, so that if in the future we ever had electricity, I could buy a washing machine and refrigerator. It is amazing today, to remember what \$500.00 bought at that time. All the furniture we bought was crated and sent to Mission by train free of charge by the furniture dealer. We are still using a few pieces of that furniture today in 1987.

It was very early in December when we started out for Mission, loaded down with personal possessions and books. The weather had turned very cold, and I remember how cold we were, even inside the cheap little hotel room we rented in the western part of Minnesota.

It was late afternoon of the next day that we arrived in Mission. It was 13 degrees below zero that day. We found the little church and parsonage, but no one was about, so we asked at a nearby filling station, whom we could see about getting into the house. The filling station owner, who was a member of our church, told us that there was no means of heat in the house, that we would have to buy a stove before we could live there, and that the nearest pastor, who lived and had a church out in the country on the way to Valentine, Nebraska, had said that we could come to their place, and stay with them until we could buy heating and cooking stoves and our furniture would get to Mission.

It surprised us that the congregation would not have provided a heating stove in the house, or that under these circumstances no member had asked us to stay with them.

We drove south about 15 miles toward Valentine, Nebraska and found the pastor's place. We were greeted warmly by the pastor and his wife, after which they showed us

the basement church near their house in which they held services. He said that they hoped some day to erect a church over this basement, but for the present these crude facilities would have to suffice. The house in which they lived was really tiny, a sort of living room-dining room combination, one bedroom and a fairly large kitchen. We shared a simple supper with them, and then they fixed a bed for us on an opened studio couch in the living room. They and their nine month old son shared the only bedroom. We also had our first experience of using outdoor toilet facilities there.

This couple, from the beginning, were good and helpful friends. They aided us in coping with our new furniture and primitive life, guided us in purchasing some very needed basic supplies such as our heating stove, cooking stove and oil lamps.

When our stoves and furniture came a few days later, we were finally able to move into our own little parsonage in Mission. Our spirits rose just a little when we were finally able to feel a bit warm, and could place our furniture and rugs in our rooms. We decided to use the larger of the two bedrooms as our bedroom, and the small bedroom as Rich's study. The oil burning heating stove we placed in the dining room, so at least that room was rather warm. Later we also bought a small wood burning stove for the kitchen. That little stove also gave a measure of warmth to the study, which was next to the kitchen. We also had a small kerosene stove for the bedroom. All these stoves were used in the most severe winter weather, for there was no insulation whatever and the floors were always cold. We blocked off the living room with blankets, and just used the dining room as a living-dining room. I had chilblains every winter I was in Mission.

The kitchen was just a bare shell, with no cupboards, no sink, and no counter top. There was, however, a small pantry room in which a previous pastor's wife had put in some crude cupboards. She had built them herself out of some old lumber and crating. I was most grateful to her for that addition to the little house.

It was fun to unpack my new set of dishes and glassware, wash them and put them on the shelves we had scrubbed and on which we had put shelf paper. The dishes had been a wedding gift from the girls who had worked with me at the Brandt Company in Watertown. I had known most of them the four years I had worked there. We worked late that evening getting the whole pantry settled with pots and pans, silverware, canned goods and other groceries. We had already placed our clothing and linens in the one rather large closet.

So we were very tired when we went to bed. Several hours later we awakened, choking and coughing from the soot and fumes coming from our space heater. Our lack of experience in handling a stove like that was responsible. The controls were not set properly, and the entire house, walls, ceilings, cupboard and closet, was covered with a layer of soot. It was so awful that I just sat and cried. We were, of course, thankful that we had awakened at all.

We had a massive clean-up job, made especially difficult for us because of having to pump water at the pump outside, carrying it in and heating it on our new kerosene range, and after scrubbing, to carry it all outside to discard. With no sink, we put our dishpans on a white metal table we had purchased. This table also served as a service table in food preparation, and at meal time as an eating table.

The walls and ceilings were really sooty also, so after we cleaned the pantry and dishes, we wiped down the walls and ceilings as best as we could. Both ceilings and walls were entirely wallpapered, so we promised ourselves that when springtime and summer came, we would learn how to wallpaper. I will tell you of all that period of frustration later.



As to cleaning the soot covered clothes, that too took some learning processes. The woolen things and anything else needing dry cleaning posed an especially difficult problem. There were no dry cleaning places, but after asking around town, we found one could purchase a dry cleaning fluid by the gallon. This we did, but of course one could only do this outside safely, and after soaking and wringing these garments by hand, they were hung on the outdoor clothes line to dry and air—all of this in midwinter.

We also learned how to do laundering under these adverse circumstances. We bought a large copper boiler, and in this we boiled all our white clothes (all cotton in those days) sheets, pillow cases, shirts, towels, underwear, etc. Then one would carefully twist these items on a laundry-stick and carry them, over a pail, to the little room off the back hall, a sort of summer kitchen, which became a sort of laundry room. There we placed our two galvanized wash tubs, one for washing and the other for rinsing, with a hand-operated wringer in between. Then on most days the clothes were carried out to our outdoor lines to dry. We later bought a small kerosene stove to heat this room when used, and in real severe wintry weather, with the snow too deep under the clothes lines, we strung lines in this little room as closely as possible, and hung the things inside to dry. I used a washboard and FelsNaptha soap for any persistent soil or stain. I still keep a bar of FelsNaptha handy in my laundry room today, 50 years later.

I wondered how one would go about ironing clothes. I had never used anything but an electric iron before. We found by looking through the Sears and Montgomery Ward catalogues that one could purchase gasoline or kerosene irons. We purchased a kerosene iron, and found it to be not too bad to use. As long as one filled it with kerosene and kept it lit, it did a fine job.

In the years we lived in Mission, I never did really get used to using the outdoor toilet facilities. After several years there, we were able to purchase a chemical toilet. This we placed in a curtained off corner of our combination summer kitchen—laundry room, and in severe winter weather often had the little kerosene stove lit, so one would have a degree of warmth in there.

By the time Rich and I were married, neither of us had traveled much outside of Wisconsin, with its beautiful rolling, green countryside and its many lovely lakes and forest areas. So it was rather a shock to us to view the area in which we found ourselves in South Dakota. It had been utterly devastated by the dust-bowl years of the early 30's. Miles and miles of barren farm land was all one could see—and dust, endless dust and endless wind were constant factors in our lives. Each morning I would wipe the thick dust off the window sills, especially in the summer time. It didn't take long for us to find, on visiting the members of our congregation, that poverty abounded everywhere, those who lived on the farms as well as those in the little town. All the houses were tiny and poorly constructed. Almost no home had more than two bedrooms, even though there were often five or more children. We also became aware, in time, of the many infants buried in the church cemetery.

Year after year, people tried raising crops of grain and gardens, but the harvest was always poor. A few ranchers had a small amount of success in raising cattle in areas in which grass grew, along some river borders. We learned a lot about these hardy people in our visits to their homes, and even though they had little, they often invited us for Sunday dinner or would bring some treat for us from the farm, such as a piece of meat when they butchered, or some eggs or butter.

Having no refrigeration did not pose too much of a problem in winter, for any meat given to us could be frozen outside. But when a thaw occurred, we had to do something

about our large supply of beef. What we did was to learn in a hurry how to go about canning meat. We learned how to do it with no pressure cooker and no electricity, by boiling it in the jars in our big copper boiler. Although we did everything exactly as the directions given us, we were skeptical of the results. To our surprise, the meat was wonderful. Never since that time have we had any canned meat of any kind that was quite as delicious. I'm sure no one anywhere still cans meat that way today.

Those very first days and weeks after Richard's ordination were filled with anxiety about many things. At the same time that we were struggling to cope with the day to day problems of living under all the adverse conditions, Richard was absorbed with the problems he faced daily in carrying out his work as a pastor in our Mission, White River and Oak Creek congregations. He was immediately thrown into the activities of our little Christian day school, which was preparing to present a program on Christmas Eve, about two weeks away. This school in our Mission congregation was a one room school, with eight grades. We were blessed with a fine succession of teachers at that school. We were sad to hear recently, that the school was closed in 1985. It seems that many young families with children left Mission for employment elsewhere, and it did not seem feasible to keep the school open any longer with the declining enrollment.

After working out Christmas program plans for that first year at the Mission school, Richard also prepared a Christmas service for the White River congregation and the Sunday school children there. Oak Creek was only a preaching station so no special Christmas service was planned there other than preaching the Christmas sermon.

That first Christmas in South Dakota stands out vividly in my mind for many reasons. The congregation had a large Christmas tree in the church, decorated with many ornaments and tinsel, but also with real candles which were snapped onto the branches of the tree with little holders. These were lit just before the children marched in for the Christmas Eve program. During the service, the elders of the church sat in a circle around the tree with candle snuffers. If any candle burned low or seemed about to get too close to a branch, it was snuffed out by one of the elders. We also had real candles on a little tree in our parsonage, which we lit after the church services, while we opened the gifts which had been sent to us by our parents from Wisconsin. It was that same year that we had found and purchased from the local hardware store, six pretty little houses and a church to form a winter setting under our tree. These were constructed to accommodate strings of electric lights to light them up from the inside. We had no lights in them that year or several years thereafter, but we have always used them at Christmas time, even up to 1986. Of course they now are used with electric lights, and have become a tradition in our home for 50 years. They cost 10 cents a piece in 1937.

I suppose we might have become homesick, for it was the first time either of us were away from our parental homes for any length of time. But our lives were so busy adjusting to the many new experiences and people with a different lifestyle, and we also kept up a flow of letters back home. Their letters also kept us in touch with our old friends. We had no phone in Mission, so calls home were impossible.

That first winter was extremely harsh, not only the cold, but the heavy snow made driving difficult. We had to shovel the long driveway from the street to the combination garage and barn, and also the path to the outside toilet. The roads were all poor, gravel or gumbo, so when the spring thaws came, the gumbo would accumulate on the wheels and tires and make driving almost impossible. So one had to clean it off as best one could and drive on.

We really missed a radio, but after a short while there, we noticed that some people did have radios, powered by batteries connected to a wind charger. This became a most



desired acquisition for us, and with much planning and severe budgeting, we finally saved the \$15.00 needed to buy the wind charger and little radio. With a monthly salary of \$69.00 any purchase other than food, oil, gas for the car and basic needs in the home, did take some planning. The radio did make us feel more in touch with the world beyond Mission. When people talk today about energy conservation by using the wind, they speak about it as something new. We used that 50 years ago.

The \$69.00 per month salary was the code for unmarried men in the mission field of our Synod at that time. Since Rich was unmarried when the call was sent to him, that is what he got. We found out over a year later, that because we married before coming to Mission, his salary should have been \$83.00. We wrote to the officials about it, and after that he got \$83.00, but there was never any retroactive pay forthcoming.

Early in the spring, three months after we arrived in Mission, our parents drove from Wisconsin to visit us. What a happy time that was for us.

The first thing our parents remarked about was our poor little kitchen. So our two fathers decided to use the nice strong wood that had crated our furniture, and to build with it a counter top with drawers underneath. In the center they installed a sink with a drain to a large pail underneath, which would catch the waste water to be carried out later. They then covered the counter top with a pretty red linoleum. What a joy to have a space like that to work on, and a sink, even though no running water.

Richard's father had always hoped that his son would go into the ministry, so he was really happy to hear Rich preach during this visit. It was the only visit his father made to Mission, for his health was not good at all. He did write many letters though during the remaining year and a half of his life.

When the fierce and biting wintry weather finally began to subside that first year our thoughts went toward making some of the improvements we had planned for our little house.

We decided to tackle some things first, especially the dirty wallpaper. Neither of us had ever done any papering before, but we felt if others could do it, why not we! It was the custom there to paper the ceilings as well as the walls. We were advised to leave the old paper on and just paper over everything. It is uncertain what would happen to the ceiling and walls if one tried to remove the old paper.

We started on one of the ceilings, and after putting on the paste, we stood on two chairs to put up the first piece. We just couldn't get it on straight, and after taking it up and down, and repeating several times, our fingers had gone through the paper. It just seemed hopeless, and I just sat and cried. Later we cut a new piece and tried again. It went on perfectly, and all the rest followed the same way. We had very little trouble with the walls, or with the ceilings or walls in the rest of the rooms. So we felt really pleased, tired and hungry when, after several days, the whole house was fresh and clean with new wallpaper.

Our next project that spring was to do something about the appearance of the outside of our house. Rich started by opening the two wooden lids that covered the wells of the cellar windows. The cellar was just a sizable hole dug out under the house, with dirt walls, ceiling and floor, and with a slanting cellar door and steps from the outside. When he opened the lids, he found a nest of snakes had spent the winter in the hay which had been put in there as insulation. He managed to kill them all. They were bull snakes, and I even held the largest one, after its demise, for a picture. It was almost as long as I am tall, about 5'4".

During the months following, we often found that snakes had penetrated the cellar area. We would hear them crawling on a ledge when we entered the basement, and

when I would go to the cellar to get potatoes or carrots we had stored there, I would always shine my flashlight into the bag before reaching inside. When I found a snake inside, I would call Rich to kill it. We had bull snakes and blue racers (neither one being poisonous) around our place, but never rattlers, although they were in certain rocky areas of South Dakota.

When we told our parishioners about finding the snakes, they would tell us to be pleased, because that meant that we would never be bothered with mice. We never did have mice, and the snakes never penetrated our living quarters.

Rich couldn't wait to begin doing something about the outside of the house. When we came, it was a weatherbeaten brown color, with very little paint remaining. He scraped and sanded the whole thing, and then started painting. The man who owned the hardware store and was a church member, provided the paint. Rich put on two coats of lovely cream color, and the result was marvelous! He then decided we should have a lawn, trees and shrubs, just like in Wisconsin. We bought some inexpensive shrubs, trees (15" ones) and lawn seed. The watering had to be done by filling a sprinkling can at the pump, but as time went by, it all grew. We even bought a lawn mower for \$5.00 and paid it off at \$1.00 per month. Many years later, on a return trip to Mission, we were pleased to see that the trees had become a little grove, and grass was growing everywhere. That country was really not meant for the usual farming, but with some regular rainfalls, it is a marvelous ranching state.

We also had a big fenced in garden, and with much work and tender care, we had wonderful fresh vegetables to eat, and I also learned to can them.

If we thought we had experienced about the worst in weather that first winter, it was difficult to decide which was more uncomfortable when we experienced that first Dakota summer. The heat seemed to last endlessly, there was almost no rain, and the wind and dust made life miserable. With no electricity one couldn't even have a fan—and no refrigeration. We then discovered that a man did make ice in the winter, and after we purchased a little second-hand ice box, we would go with our car to buy a piece of ice as needed. We were at least able to keep our milk, butter, eggs and meat somewhat cool.

The hot spells were relentless, and each morning one would have to sweep the dust and sand accumulation off the window sills. It never stopped blowing, and the tumble weeds kept piling up along the fence around our property. We were thankful, however, for one thing on those hot days. We had good tasting, cold water in our well, so even though we had to pump it to get it, it was most refreshing.

The pastoral work in Mission proved to be most interesting, though time consuming. Richard found he was expected to preach a German sermon as well as an English one each Sunday. Many of the members were of German Russian background, and they even spoke quite a bit of German in their homes. In some families they spoke almost no English, and although I had learned to read and write German as well as English when I attended grade school at St. Mark's Lutheran in Watertown, I had not conversed in German as I grew older. So it was always a bit uncomfortable for me when we visited these families. I so wanted to be friendly and respectful, but was afraid I might not be saying things exactly as I wanted them expressed. So I smiled a lot and agreed with every thing. Richard, of course took eight years of German at Northwestern College and Preparatory School, besides his grade school German, so he was much better prepared to cope with any language problems. I remember that he would usually write his sermons in German and would translate them into English, and I would type them for him as he would translate.



We also found in those early years that the custom in that church was for the men to sit on one side for the services, and the ladies and children on the other side. As time went by though, we encouraged the families to sit together in church and to commune together. By the time we left Mission eight years later, almost all the families sat together.

From the time that Richard and I were of high school age, we had always been interested in music. Both of us had sung in the musical organizations in our schools, and in the choir at our home church, St. Mark's in Watertown. So it was natural for us to want to start a choir in Mission. We were pleased to find that there were several young people who had fine voices. We were able to obtain some excess copies of music from the choir director at St. Mark's, and soon our little church choir was born. We managed to sing for all the major church festivals, and the whole congregation loved it.

Although most of our members were very poor, we had one couple who was quite well-to-do. He owned the large hardware store in town. They had their own electrical system in their home and store, so they had lights and refrigeration. Also they had a bathroom—the only one in town at that time. They also owned some cabins which they rented out by the night or week as a need occurred. It was the closest thing to a hotel or motel available. These people were also most friendly and hospitable to us. We greatly enjoyed our visits with them, especially since the husband was a self-educated geologist with the most fabulous collection of bones, petrified wood, arrowheads and other Indian relics. This gentleman's bone specimens included some from the large, extinct mastodons. He knew exactly where to dig for these specimens, just by studying the terrain. Because of the way these skeletons were lodged in the valleys (or draws as they called them in South Dakota) he theorized that these animals died at the time of the great flood, in the days of Noah. We were amazed at the size of many of these bones, and the size of his collection. He became well-known throughout South Dakota and later in other far off places. I recall a delegation coming out from a large museum in New York City. They wanted very much to purchase his collection, but he would not sell. He dearly loved everything he had. His stone collection was very extensive also, and he did some beautiful polishing and cutting.

His only son married a girl who showed a great interest in going on the digs, and she was instrumental in setting up the display of her father-in-law's marvelous collection for the viewing by tourists traveling through the area. Later, after the father died, she and her husband worked fulltime at the museum, and took courses, and went spelunking. The last we heard of them and the collection, was that they had moved to Florida and had moved the collection there and expanded it greatly.

The summer of 1938 brought us many other visitors from Wisconsin. One of these was Richard's sister, Gertrude. Gertrude was a fine registered nurse at University Hospitals in Madison. She was also an avid golfer. We had told her about the strange little courses in our area, with the sand greens. So she brought her clubs along to play with us on her visit. We had also told her we had little or no rain, and how hot and dry it was. So it was a great surprise to us as well as to her, that it rained during almost her whole visit. Trying between showers one day to play at the Rosebud course, our car got mired in mud, and it was lucky that one was able to get the car out of the mud and drive the eleven miles back to Mission.

Another visitor from Wisconsin that summer was a dear girlfriend of mine with whom I had worked at the Brandt Company in Watertown. It was she who had been promoted to my position as head of the invoicing department when I resigned to be

married. We had lovely weather while she was there, although quite hot some days. We had told her to bring her swimsuit along, for the town had a small artificial lake, with a fine sandy bottom. We did enjoy swimming there on those hot summer days, and she enjoyed it with us. She and I also played tennis on our local courts, just as Richard and I often did when time permitted in his busy schedule.

Later that summer we drove to Watertown to visit our families and friends there. On the return trip my sister and young brother, Vernon, accompanied us, so that they could spend a week with us in Mission. All I can remember of that visit was the constant heat. On the way to Mission we stayed overnight in Huron, South Dakota, and I remember looking at the motel thermometer. It read 115 degrees, and this was at eight o'clock in the evening, and there was no air conditioning. The excessive heat continued during their whole visit. We did make plans to drive to the beautiful Badlands and Black Hills with them one day. To save money on meals during the excursion, we purchased a large roast beef, had roast beef dinner the night before our trip, and then with the left over beef, we sliced it and made a pile of sandwiches to take along the next day. We added some fruit and bakery for a nice lunch, put it all in our ice box ready for the trip. On the morning we left, I put the lunch on the kitchen table, expecting Richard to put it in the car. He thought I had done so, but it wasn't until we had parked in a lovely roadside area of Dinosaur Park in the Black Hills prepared to eat our lunch, that we realized neither of us had put the lunch in the car. We did find a place to buy some hamburgers and then enjoyed the beauties of the Black Hills. By the time we returned to Mission late the next day, our whole packed lunch was, of course, spoiled.

Although we saw the beautiful Badlands and Black Hills with my brother and sister, the outstanding memory of their visit that summer of 1938, was the extreme heat. During most of the visit my brother lay on the living room floor. There was just no way to cool the house. We took them swimming in the little artificial lake which was refreshing, but as soon as one left the water it was hot.

For the farmers in the Dakotas in those years, however, it was not only the heat, and winds and drought, but even more devastating was the grasshopper and Mormon cricket scourge. When they reached a field, they destroyed everything that the heat, winds and drought left. They not only stripped the blades of corn, or grass or vegetables, but they would eat the stalks, and even burrow into the ground and nibble away the roots. If a motorist met a grasshopper horde, he would find his car engulfed in grasshoppers. Everyone had a grasshopper screen to cover the radiator. If one did not have one, the grasshoppers would stick in the radiator until no air could get through, and the engine would get hot. At times some of the grasshoppers even penetrated the insides of the houses, schools and stores.

Another devastating sight was the prairie fires. What fields the grasshoppers or crickets may have missed, were often destroyed by fires. It took a lot of know-how and strength for farmers and their friends and neighbors to fight these first. We realized more and more that these were truly hardy people, to live and work and struggle to go on in the Dakotas in the 30's.

One of the more pleasurable memories of those early years in South Dakota, was the get-to-gethers of our fellow pastors and their families. We needed the sociability and encouragement to cope with the problems and frustrations most of us faced in that depressed area. I don't think that in our worst slums today, the people have as bad living conditions as we had. At least most have running water and electricity today.

The custom in our get-to-gethers was that each couple would host the group in turn, providing the main course for our meal. The rest would provide the salads or fruit,

or potato salad or dessert. The pastors, most of whom were as young as we were, would spend the morning in theological papers and discussions. The wives and children would socialize until after the men finished their meeting. We would then join with them to eat, and spend the rest of the day socializing until it would be time to set out again for home. Some lived over 60 miles or more apart from some of the others. We loved having them at our home, especially since we had a hand turning ice cream freezer, and with the lovely eggs and cream some of our members gave us in lieu of salary, and ice from the local ice house, we made the most delicious ice cream one can imagine.

We did enjoy getting together, and sometimes rather amusing things happened. On one occasion we were invited to the home of one pastor, who was fortunate enough to have a chemical toilet in his home. These toilets had to be carried out and emptied manually. So shortly before we were scheduled to arrive, the wife reminded the husband that he had forgotten to empty it, so it would be all fresh for the guests to use. It was located in a small upstairs room. Unfortunately there was a small rug at the top of the stairs on which his foot slipped in his hurry, and down he went with the chemical spilling from the top of the stairs to the bottom, which ended in the end of the dining room. When we arrived about an hour later, they had just finished the final clean-up of the mess.

During our early years at Mission, I would usually accompany Rich to White River on Sunday afternoon for his services there. That way I really got to know the members of that congregation almost as well as those at Mission. We would often be invited by some members to their home after the services to join them for supper.

There was one couple who had us more often than any of the others. They had had a terrible time in Nebraska and then in Colorado. They had lost all they had because of endless crop failures. The land they were on along the White River had been offered by the government on a sort of squatters rights basis, to anyone willing to try to farm it. They had come to South Dakota with nothing, but they both worked very hard and were able to eke out an existence there even in those dust bowl years. Some years later they had accumulated enough cattle to sell out and buy a beautiful farm in Minnesota. But in 1938 they were really struggling in White River.

They had two children, a boy and a girl, the boy ready for eighth grade at that time and the girl sixth grade. They knew we had a fine Christian day school in Mission, but they lived about 40 miles from Mission. So they asked if we would be willing to take charge of the children during the week so that they could attend our school in Mission, and they would pick them up for the weekends. They knew we had no extra bedroom, so they planned to haul an old trailer house to Mission, place it on our church property and the children sleep in that. The church property included a pasture, so they said that they would bring a cow along and the children would milk the cow. The little house would have a stove in it so they could stay in it all winter. We would have them for meals, and the parents would bring eggs, canned meats, chickens, vegetables and often baked goods, besides the cow's milk for their keep.

We agreed to keep them that way, and we never had a problem with the children. They were polite and well-mannered, and seemed to enjoy all the meals. They were also good students and fit in nicely at school.

When it was first mentioned that they would be bringing a cow along and that the children would milk it, they asked Rich if he would be able to milk it on the weekends when the children would be home. He hated to tell them he had never milked a cow, so he said he would be happy to do it. They assured him the cow was very gentle, in fact her name was Gentle Bess.

The first weekend the children were gone home, Rich strode confidently to the pasture, with bucket and stool to milk the cow. He found her anything but gentle, kicking and shoving the whole time. He came into the house completely frustrated. He then went back to try again, and I even snuck a snapshot of him, kneeling on the ground trying to hold the cow still—no luck.

Finally he got on the other side of the cow and tried again. She was a perfect lamb, and he was able to milk her with no trouble. We had never known that a cow was always milked from the same side, and would tolerate nothing else.

*To be continued.*



## The President's Report

Does your congregation have an archivist/historian? Recently we received a request for a set of guidelines from a person who had just been chosen as his congregation's historian. He wasn't sure what to do next. Fortunately we do have guidelines. They were written several years ago by Mark C. Brunner, director of marketing at NPH. He offers ten succinct steps in building a church archives. They are clearly and sprightly written, a pleasure to read and easy to follow. If you are your church's archivist/historian, we have a copy for you. Drop a note to the undersigned at Wisconsin Lutheran College, 8800 W. Bluemound Road, Milwaukee, WI 53226.

Now, what if your congregation doesn't have one of these people? May we suggest that your church council appoint one? The person—man or woman—should probably have been a member for a number of years, to know the local history, and perhaps has already been saving anniversary bulletins, pictures of building projects, and the like. Above all, he/she needs an interest in how the Lord has been at work in your midst throughout the years. Armed with the above-mentioned pamphlet, let this person start gathering material. It will be a worthwhile piece of work.

This leads to larger thoughts. Once gathered, copies of material can systematically be funneled to our Synod's archivist/historian, Martin Westerhaus, at Wisconsin Lutheran Seminary. We as an institute can then carry out our assignment much better. Beyond that, wouldn't it be wonderful for all local archivists to get together periodically to discuss their work? This could be the beginning of local chapters or branches of our WELS Historical Institute.

Gathering the news of the past 142 years is a staggering thought. So much has already been lost. But so much can still be salvaged. And the job might begin with you.

*James G. Kiecker*

## ... from the editor

Several accounts written by WELS women about their experiences in the ministering of God's word have been given us. Ruth Schaller was a well-respected, longtime teacher in the Milwaukee Lutheran schools, retiring in 1960.

The recall experiences of Mrs. Grace Stiemke indicate to us the abilities of pastors' and teachers' wives of a half century and more ago to face and overcome extreme and often vast difficulties which I am sure most, if not all, young pastors' wives of today would deign to face. Both of these interesting accounts are of some length and are being recorded in the *Journal* in successive issues. We would appreciate comments about articles in serial format.

Let's remember that the *Journal* and to some extent the *NEWSLETTER* are vehicles in which important and interesting facts of WELS history are presented for our readers today and for research time in the future. We welcome such articles as well as well-written articles by persons who experienced a particular historical fact. Please send articles as well as other comments to the undersigned.

1992 is the centennial year of the founding of the *Allgemeine ev. luth. Synode von Wisconsin u. a. St.* - Joint Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Wisconsin and other States. Major events and developments resulted from this merger (Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan Synods). Items from this period that may be lurking in files and archives would be of great help in developing an article about the events and matters of 1892. If there are such, please send them to the editorial staff at the address given below.

In future issues of the *NEWSLETTER* we would like to recognize with brief articles those congregations, schools and societies that are celebrating anniversaries of 125 years or more. Please send such articles to the editor and any commemorative booklets to the archives.

Appreciation and thanks to Mrs. Bonnie Kuerth and Mr. James Wendt of Northwestern College for their help in the publishing of the *Journal*.

Dr. Arnold O. Lehmann  
N7353 County Road Y  
Watertown, WI 53094



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WELS Historical Institute  
2929 North Mayfair Road  
Milwaukee, WI 53222