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THE MEMORIES OF MELCHIOR SCHAUER

1845 - 1908

from the collection of the Neville Public Museum

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Editor's comment:

We have chosen to reproduce this literal translation in its original style and full length because we are convinced that a non-original rendering would diminish the authenticity and special appeal of this documentation.

New Franken, October 5, 1908

I would like to write down with this transcript our emigration from Europe and the new beginning in this place and the first settlement with all efforts and difficulties.

On May 8, 1845, my father, mother, brother and I, together with Valentin Lang, Michael Lang, teacher Burkard, Wendelin Sohler and Andreas Schott emigrated from Germany to America. We traveled by horse-drawn wagon as far as Wertheim. Here we boarded a ship on the Main River and, with stops in Frankfurt, Mainz, Cologne and Düsseldorf, arrived in Rotterdam in Holland. In Rotterdam we spent the night after traveling 3 days on the Main and Rhine rivers. From Rotterdam we traveled on to Le Havre in France. Here we had to board an overseas ship, but had to wait three days before it set sail. Our ship was a good three-master, only in service for 2 years.

We had a fairly smooth crossing no heavy storms. Thirty-eight days we were at sea until we arrived in New York. In New York we celebrated a double wedding There were two couples from our area who had been on the ship with us and were now getting married. We therefore celebrated a big wedding barely after arriving in the country. We also had three musicians among us: teacher Burkard, Valentin Lang and Gabriel Sohler. They started the music right after the wedding ceremony (of the couples). Everybody joined the dance, even the hotel owner and his wife. We also had enough wine, the weddingers. and their brides were very generous and the hotel owner also gave his best. The celebration was on my father's name day and we celebrated until midnight. However, there were still eight bottles of wine left after the wedding.

The next day we set out for Buffalo, cruising one day on the Hudson River and then entering the canal, where our small boats were pulled by two horses to Buffalo, which we reached on July 4^o. Six days we spent on the canal. From Buffalo a steamer carried us across Lake Erie and Lake Huron to Mackenaw and as far as Green Bay. Our whole trip from Germany to here took 2 months and 12 days.

At the time we arrived in Green Bay, there were more Indians living in the area than whites. My father and brother, along with Lang, Sohler and Schmitt, rented a house and we all moved in. Together they set out every day in all directions to look for land to settle. I myself was not with them, because I was only 17 and my brother 13 years old. Then an American came to our house and asked if we wanted to make hay for him. He promised us 6 shillings a day and free food. However, he then paid us the wages in goods. His field was across the river. So the next day I went across, together with M. Land and G. Sohler. A man put us across the river in a boat in the morning and brought us back in the evening. However, my two colleagues had already had enough on the first day and no longer joined me. So the next day I went alone. So I worked 27 days, making hay every day, which two Americans piled on wooden trestles. Sometimes I was alone at work all day and not a white man in sight. No one but the wild Indians were around, most of them half naked. There were about 100 Indian cabins nearby. When I worked there on the 27th day, I was alone again. The Indians were celebrating. A strong horse belonging to an advocate named Barth had come in. The Indians secretly brought it to the side, skinned it and sold it for 2 dollars 75 cents. For the money they got whiskey -a gallon was only 2 shillings then, so they got about 11 gallons for the skin. They cut the horse meat into small pieces. For cooking they had a big iron kettle. In it they boiled all the meat until it was black. Then they took tin cans put a piece of meat in it, sprinkled it with pepper and poured whiskey over it. They ate the meat with their fingers and drank the peppered whiskey with it. They got so drunk that they lay around like animals, very close to me. Unfortunately, the man who was to take me back across the river had forgotten me. I was alone among these drunken wild Indians. If I got too close to them, they grabbed their shotguns and threatened to shoot me. I ran away, it was about 10 o'clock at night. At the river I found an old canoe, 12 feet long, about 20 inches wide. It had been carved out of a log and was lying on hand. I put it in the water and intended to cross the river in it, for I feared the Indians would kill me during the night. I looked out for a board to use as a paddle and found one. However, I had not checked the canoe and when I found myself on the river, it half filled with water, it had a crack. By now I had crossed about a third of the river and thought, this is going to be my grave. I could not swim. I sank with the canoe and couldn't feel any bottom. Finally I came back up, making a little progress, when I felt ground under me and was able to get out of the water. I thanked God. That was my first own crossing of the river and I will remember it all my life.

We had been living in Green Bay for more than a month now. My father, Burkart, Sohler and Lan, were still looking for land, but had not bought any yet. They were looking for a tract of maple and birch forest because they said it would not be good ground otherwise. By chance they became acquainted with a Frenchman who owned an inn. His name was Lent Pier. He asked them, "Haven't you found land you like yet? I can show you land that bears beautiful mixed forest. I can come with you tomorrow."

We took a translator with us who spoke English and German. He said, "*There is a French settlement eight miles from the Bay and I also have a sawmill there. There's a creek running through the site, and I want to build a sawmill there. Five miles from me is a sugar maple grove. The land bears a stand of large trees and has good soil. You can get your boards cut in halves at my place when my sawmill is ready.*" They were very pleased with this, and so were the others.

The next day they went out with Lent Pier to the settlement on the Bay. where the French colony was located and stayed there overnight at Lent Pier's farm. The settlement was right on the water on the bay. It contained about 60 families, all French, who had come here from Canada. Most of them had Indian wives and knew a little English. The majority were good Catholics and had in mind to build a church. Mostly they owned small farms, cows, a team of oxen and a horse, and a two-wheeled cart, but without iron tires. They planted as much fruit as they needed, and in the spring they went into the woods with the whole family and gathered maple sugar. In the winter they often held a dance in their log house, and it didn't cost them a penny. They also all went logging. Every morning about ten young men went into the woods and cut fathoms, and the others hauled the wood over the ice to Green Bay with their horses and sleds and sold it there in trade, the fathom for 10 shillings. For the money they bought whiskey, pork and tea. Among them was a fiddler who got a dollar a night for playing. For one day's work they received an evening meal and whiskey as payment, but no cash. They were satisfied with that, however. We came back to buy land. Lant Pier went with my father and the other people of the settlement 5 miles further into the woods where we now live. They liked the land, and my father bought 84 acres, the Lang brothers 83, Burkart 80 acres, also Sohler, Schott and Schurger 80 acres each. Now my father wanted to build a log house, Burkart also had the intention and Schurger. They agreed that they should be ready by winter.

Near where we intended to build was a sugar shack run by a Frenchman. It was 16 feet long and wide and covered with bark. My father moved in here with the family straight from Green Bay, as did the three bachelors: two of the Langs. along with Sohler. Burkart also came, but without family. The road to the place was only 4 miles, but it was an Indian trail. Everyone started immediately to build houses. We lived pretty crowded together, and whomever it rained got our beds wet. My mother had to bake outside the house. She baked the bread over a coal fire in a covered kettle. Then my father became ill. He had hit his knee with an axe - only a quarter of an inch deep . But it was cold and the foot turned black. We set out for a doctor and a doctor, both lived 12 miles away from us. After four weeks, my father was well again. But Michael Lang and Gabriel Sohler came down with typhoid fever, were sick for weeks, and also needed a doctor and priest. The others remained healthy and continued to work to have the houses ready by winter. When everyone was well again, we erected the 3 log houses . For each house we needed 2000 feet of boards for roof and floor. A mile east of Green Bay there was a small sawmill in operation that used water power. There the men went and bought 6000 feet of boards. But there was no one to bring the lumber in. There was no wagon in the whole town (Green Bay?), only a few two-wheeled carts pulled by oxen.

But in Green Bay there lived a man named Arent, a German from Pennsylvania. He owned a couple of small boats. He said he would provide us with a barge on which we could load 2000

feet of planks. With a small sail, two barges should be able to sail down the bay, so we could load all the lumber. We would then only have to travel 4 miles on land and could use ox teams to haul the boards in place. A barge should cost us 10 shillings rent a day. They agreed. The next day my father, Burkart, Sohler and Schurger walked to Green Bay, took over the barges and brought them to the sawmill. That was three miles of walking. They loaded 3000 feet of planks and sailed back to Green Bay. It was 4 o'clock in the afternoon and Arent said, *"Don't go back out on the bay, even if it is only 9 miles way. We are getting strong winds tonight, better wait for the next morning."* But Schurger replied, "I've already sailed on the Main (home). I'll take the risk". But the Main was a river, not a large lake. They sailed off, and as long as they floated on the river, everything went well. But as they entered the lake, night fell and it became very dark. The wind chased them around and drove them straight to land. There they had to stay through the night, totally soaked and with nothing to eat.

In the morning they had to unload the boards to get the barge back in the water, then put the wood back on the barge. They then sailed 5 miles to the launch, unloaded, walked 5 miles home, ate, resupplied, walked 5 miles back to the barge, and sailed back to Green Bay that evening. The next day they returned with the rest of the boards. The second time everything went smoothly, they had a good wind and were able to use the sails. Now the boards were ashore, but 5 miles away from the site. They could not find anyone to carry the lumber there for them. The road was very bad. Not far from where the lumber was stored lived a loner, a Swiss. He had spent 20 years as a soldier in America and spoke German, French and English. He said he had been a soldier in Chicago. His settlement consisted of a fort and three log cabins. He had 20 acres of land and went fishing. He also owned a horse. He went with my father to a Frenchman and was willing to haul the boards to our site. He had two yoke of oxen and a wagon. The wheels of which were cut from a thick oak log. He first loaded 500 feet of boards and drove 2 miles, then the wagon broke down and the boards lay on the ground. My father went back to the former soldier, and he took him to a Scot named Marshal. This man owned two heavy carts. He harnessed two oxen to it and loaded 600 feet of boards. He got 1 1/2 miles, then the wheel broke. Now my father had to go back to the soldier again. He now took my father to an American who wrote himself Gambl. He finally brought us four loads of boards with his wagon and four oxen. But about half of the wood still had to be brought in. So my father bought a pair of good oxen from this Gambl, plus a new wagon, and I myself brought the rest of the wood to us with it. So we finished the houses and moved in when the first snow fell.

Now we had a home. We also built a log barn, and my father bought a team of horses, two Indian ponies, each for \$35. This was not a happy move. We had to buy feed, and couldn't use the horses for field work because it was winter. We rode them only a few times to church, which was 12 miles away. Often we walked to church, usually on Sunday. There and back that was 26 miles, half the way through dirt, the other half through sand, 10 inches deep. I walked this way three times, on an empty stomach, I confess. The first winter we had cleared 7 1/2 acres of forest. In the evening we made shingles by 10 o'clock. In the spring we made maple sugar. From 7 1/2 acres we harvested 175 bushels of corn (corn), from 2 acres 64 bushels of spring wheat. Two bushels of seed brought us 94 bushels of oats, from 2 1/2 bushels of laying potatoes we harvested 550 bushels. We also brought in 38 bushels of buckwheat, a lot of cabbage and

other vegetables. We were happy despite the hard work and although (before) food was often scarce.

We let the cows run free, and sometimes they had wandered off as far as 2 ½ miles away. It was not easy to track down the cattle after a hard day's work. Sometimes we couldn't find the animals at all during the night and had to go looking again the next morning. In the spring the animals moved to the wet lowlands, that's where the first grass was. Often they got stuck up to their bellies in water and mud, ours as well as the neighbors'. But we helped each other. Sometimes we had to put our whole bodies into the cold water to pull out a piece of cattle, once alive, another time dead. These are all memories of real conditions. We lived 15 miles away from (the nearest) grain mill. Once in winter the dam broke and the mill could not continue grinding. and no one could buy flour. There was just nothing there. There was also no possibility of any other supply, because the bay was frozen over. So for three months my brother and I turned the grains through the coffee mill and my mother baked bread from them. All we heard was that times were bad.

I will leave this subject and make an approximate comparison between wages and prices since 1845. When we came into the country in 1845, 1 barrel of flour cost from \$5 to \$5.50, wheat from \$1 to \$1.50 per bushel, oats from 35 to 45 cents the same amount, barley 55 cents. Potatoes were 25 cents a bushel in the summer, up to 59 cents in the fall and spring. A barrel of pork was worth \$10, 1 pound of beef could be had for 5 cents, 1 pound of coffee cost a shilling. White sugar was bought for 10 cents a pound, brown for 8 cents. Shoes and boots cost between 5 -6 dollars, a pair of women's shoes 3 dollars. Now let's look at wages during this time! A young sturdy man today works for 10 dollars a month, daily earnings are 4-5 shillings. If they extract maple sugar, they earn 12-14 dollars a month. From about 1848 to 1850 these wages hardly changed. Goods also held about the same price. From 1850 to 1856, farm products reached their highest prices: Flour cost \$7 a barrel. Prices held at this highest level. I was purchasing hay for a lumber company in Kewaunee at this time. In purchasing, a ton (or 'drawbar' = a measure: 5.029 m) cost and I was paid \$10 to deliver the load. A 'ton' of hay thus came to 20 - 30 dollars. But the wages in the sugar forests did not increase any more. In the month there were 16 - 24 dollars to earn, while other workers brought 30 - 40 dollars in the same time.

Now let's talk about the years 1857-1860, when the value of money was going crazy because it was heading for war. That was the worst time. I had flour milled in De Pere from good wheat, 6 bushels made 1 barrel of flour. I paid 40 cents for a bushel and sold the barrel for \$3, so had only 10 cents on the bushel. I sold my oats for 15 cents a bushel and had to trade goods at the store for them. Slaughtered hogs I sold by the pound for 3 cents.

This went on until the war started in 1860. They said the president was to blame for that. I can't say if that's true. War time started and there was plenty of money there. Abraham Lincoln became president. He was a good man. He wasn't keen on the war that was fought to free the Negro slaves. I have also dealt with this history, but I look at it in a more differentiated way than others. After all, slavery has been around since Columbus discovered America, and the first Spaniards treated the Indians like animals in every way. A Spanish priest therefore wrote to the King of Spain that his people were treating the Indians extremely badly. He should put an

end to it. The king called his ministers for consultation and said, "*We want to go to Africa and get Negroes there; they may tolerate the work in America better than the Indians.*"

That is what they decided to do. Two Spanish warships sailed to Africa, captured Negroes and loaded them onto the warships. But the Negroes drilled holes in the bottom of one of the ships and it sank with all the Spaniards and Negroes. The other ship came over with 80 Negroes. Many had died during the crossing. That was the beginning of slavery. Then others started trading Negroes on a large scale until there was a great mass of them here in America. The southern states used them for labor in the sugar cane and cotton fields. Some slaves were treated well and some badly. Then the Negroes were told they should be free. The Southerners then started a revolution in Charlestown /South Carolina. President Lincoln did not want the war, he just wanted the slave owners to get back the money they had paid to buy their slaves. But he was overruled: "*We will force them to release the slaves by force*". So the war started and lasted from 1860 -1864. Many did not become good officers and it hit many people hard. They had borrowed money and paid for one man (= soldier) 600 -700 dollars. It got to the point where the northern states had 1200 men and 4000 million in debt. They also paid 30 m 40 million dollars for pensions. These are the fruits of the war and they ruined the South. Slavery was not legal, but the Southern people had paid \$800 - \$1200 for each slave. Imagine if our parents had settled in the southern states and bought slaves and paid for them with our money and treated them well too -wouldn't we also say we want our money back and we are for freeing the slaves without shedding so much blood and. getting into debt.

Currently, America is a good country when it is governed properly. However, nowadays they spend a lot of money on warships and public buildings, on higher pensions and more wages for soldiers. Civil servants are also getting more money, and as a result, the government's income is getting less and less. The "abstinence" movement is becoming more and more influential. They are trying to limit the millions in revenue from the sale of beer and whiskey, saying America has enough money. But the time will come when there won't be enough. I don't want to wish that, but it may come to pass. We pay a lot more taxes on our property now than we did in Germany with all its military. They say America is a free country. Yes it is free to take out more million dollar loans. They make laws so quite a few lawyers make money on them. They make the laws so complicated that no normal person can understand them, only the lawyers. When we left for America they said we were going to a free country. We gave our vote to the president, yes we campaigned for him, but what is the result? We have Republicans and Democrats. When a Democrat is in power, he drops the Republicans. Is this a free country with free government? It's all a matter of party affiliation. Even the worst man is fit for government service if he belongs to the right party! This is free America today!

Now I want to talk about the development in the country again. America has been rich up to its neck, but it will no longer go on like this and we will be poor up to our necks. What is the reason? When the sawmills prospered 50 years ago, their owners went about buying first 80 miles of land on the river and later another 80 acres two miles away. The land in between belonged to the state, but they cut the forest there, too. In this way, the sawmill owners appropriated most of the land on the river. Today they are millionaires and are elected to the Senate to pass laws for the rich. Before 1854, a law was passed that anyone could buy 160 acres

of land, the acre for 50 cents. And what did these crooks do? They took 1000 -2000 acres, also each for 50 cents, and the land was gone. For this reason, many new settlers could not acquire even a small homestead. In a short time all the land was bought up and the big heads had it in their hands. What used to be the law is now handled quite differently. If someone cannot pay his tax, the state evicts him from his property. By its own new decrees, the state has now made it possible for someone to acquire (in such a way) vacant land, and pays only 75 cents for every dollar worth. In the judicial liquidation of such property, the assessors of the court are paid by the state. Even such officials bought promissory notes and earned 25 cents on each dollar. From this profit, they then bought tax bonds from the state and put another 25 cents into their own pockets. In this way, they earned a combined 50%. The poor people who could not pay their taxes lost their property, and these scoundrels grabbed everything. Couldn't the state prevent this and pay a little attention to these abuses? How many millions of acres of land did the United States lose in the West through false 'entitlements and bribery! Some had appropriated thousands of acres of land in such a way. Even the highest officials were involved. For this, some should be locked up in jail for a year, where they pocketed 1/2 million dollars. Why didn't the government take the land back from these people who stole it from the first owners. Who cares - the main thing is that they were rich.

For over 10 -12 years, settlers thus lost their land in various areas: near Wausau, in Rhinelander, and Ashland. Many people had come there and acquired land. When their property was vacated, the lumber barons recruited people to occupy the land during the night so that they could make the first claim to it, and the others who wanted to acquire the land with legal permission got nothing. Many started a lawsuit and lost it, while the rich won. So for such practices we elected the people who make our laws. And then they say America is a free country!

I would have a lot more to say about this, but I want to leave this topic. I am not concerned with officials and parties; I am concerned with honorable people and good laws. If there is an honest man in your office, keep him without regard to which party he belongs to. Hire men of honest character, elect them from the working class and not from among millionaires and lawyers who tend to make laws confused, elect someone whom everyone can understand. Now I want to go back to the old times. I have previously described the prices and incomes until 1860. There it could be seen that prices were higher than incomes. Now the incomes are higher than the prices for the goods. Therefore, as a farmer, one has a longer and harder working day. One also could not afford agricultural machinery and use it even if the field was littered with tree stumps. In winter you needed the axe, and in summer the hoe, scythe and rake. Young people today cannot imagine the hard and exhausting work that the first settlers had to do.

Every winter we cut down big trees, sawed them and piled the branches in heaps. In the spring we had to sow between roots and stalks with a hoe and plow with oxen. In the process, the roots hit your leg. When the fields were tilled, the branches that had been piled up in the winter had to be burned. Then we harnessed the oxen and rolled the heavy trunks on top of each other with some people, until it became blue in the eyes with the heat. We didn't take any helpers, even if the daily wage would have been only 4-5 shillings. One helped the other, no one had any money left. Then we had to bring the potatoes and the corn with a heavy hoe into the earth. Every blow hit roots. The hay also had to be made by hand, most of it in the swamp. Two poles

were carried together and placed on a tripod. When it rained while making hay and during harvest time, we took up hammers and hatchets and split timbers for a fence and made peace on a new piece of cleared land. All this was to be done in this period. In September we sowed wheat and had to work the field with the harrow. A lot of wheat did not come up. During the first years we cut the grain with a sickle and threshed with flails. A few years later we threshed with a log, which was moved between long and short poles. We had been here more than 10 years when the first threshing machines appeared. Every tenth bushel had to be paid as threshing fee. The first machines didn't have a straw collector either, and we had to get the straw aside with a fork. We also did not take workers for threshing. One neighbor helped the other until they were all done. In those days everything was transported by oxen. Whoever owned a team of oxen and a wagon had it easy, but others were not so well off. They put a man to work for an ox and so paid the owners because they had no money. Many people also made shingles on the side. My brother and I hauled a lot of shingles for other people who didn't own a wagon. As wages to Green Bay, we received 12 shillings for a cartload. Half of the road was boggy road, the other half sandy road. One could not load more than 5000 -6000 shingles with 2 oxen. In the summer, when it was warm, we set out in the evening at 7 o'clock and drove all night, for it was cooler at night. It took us 8 hours to cover the 10 miles to Green Bay. The price for the beautiful handmade shingles was 12 shillings for the thousand. I remember one year when you could only get 5-6 shillings for the thousand. In the 50's during the winter many farmers came to Green Bay with sleds from Fond du Lac, Waupun and even Madison to bring corn, oats and slaughtered hogs to market. They also bought shingles to make some money on the return trip.

One day I went to Green Bay again for someone, loaded my sled with shingles. I had a pair of small horses at the time, but they were good on the train. When I got to Green Bay, a man had stopped me on the road with a load of slaughtered hogs weighing 2200 pounds. This was in 1857, pork costing only 3 -3 ½ cents a pound in those days, so business was not going well. It was very cold, 28° below zero. In some places the snow was 18 inches high. The man asked me if I didn't want to buy the pork halves from him - he would sell them to me for 3 ½ cents a pound and take my shingles in payment. I told him that was not possible because I did not own the shingles. That was 10 o'clock in the morning. He still said to me that he had been standing in the street for 2 hours now and that he was very cold. The man was an American between 55 and 60 years old. He was wearing a pair of boots but was not dressed warm enough. When I unloaded my shingles, I had to drive another 5 miles to De Pere.

A week ago I had taken wheat to the mill and was going to take the flour that day. When I arrived, the wheat had not yet been milled, but the miller said he would do it right away if I could wait. But that took until 10 o'clock at night. I had taken some cold food with me, but could not enjoy any of it, for it was frozen and hard as stone.

I was on my way home. There a snowstorm surprised me. I couldn't sit on the sled or I would have frozen to death. So I walked beside the sled. When I had covered 3 miles, I encountered high snowdrifts, and my horses suddenly stopped. I went forward and there I found the same man who had tried to sell me the pigs in the morning. He was stuck and couldn't get any further, had 8000 shingles on his sled and his horses didn't pull a stroke. He called me - it was about 11

o'clock at night - and asked me to help him, otherwise he would have to freeze to death that night. Two cars had come by earlier. He had called them, but they did not help him. I harnessed my horses to his, but I couldn't pull him out of the snowdrift; his horses wouldn't pull. The sled was stuck in a 5 foot deep drift. Fortunately I had a shovel with me, shoveled it free, pulled it out with my horses and on a little ways until the road was passable. I also told him a place where he could spend the night. The man was overjoyed. He said that if I hadn't helped him, he would have died in that place. He had driven 96 miles to Green Bay and 96 miles would be back, making a total of 192 miles. He had only been able to sell his hogs for 3 cents a pound. That's the way times were in those early days.

When we were already settled for 4 years, more and more settlers came to this area. A large number of log houses and barns were built, and everyone helped each other. This day one came and asked, "*Can you help me build a house?*" and the next week another. This went on for years - always without payment. One family helped another. Of course, there was always enough whiskey. At that time a gallon cost only 2 shillings to 30 cents. People lived simply, but they were satisfied if they stayed healthy.

At the beginning of my report I wrote that my father had bought 2 ponies when we came here in the fall. They were of little use in the first years. We could not harness them for work. only in winter in front of the sledges. But we bred foals from them. In the summer we let them run free, sometimes running as far as 10 miles away, and more often they would not return home until December or January. It was still a wild breed. But with a better stallion, we bred 1100 to 1200 offspring from them. They were tough, persistent and fast. We had two-year-old foals that didn't come into the barn all winter. One 5-year-old horse stayed in the woods all winter until March 27 and was still in good shape. All this time we had been on the lookout for him. One day a half-breed Indian came to our farm. My father promised him \$10 if he could find the horse. He found it 10 miles away in the maple woods and brought it back. Once I looked for a 4-year-old horse 12 miles away. It was January 27 and a very cold day with 27° cold. It had been seen on the East River 12 miles from Green Bay at a sawmill. The owner of the sawmill was named Elles. He said, "*The horse is here. Yes, it was there -an hour ago and with two other horses. They were running upstream.*"

It was about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. For a while I searched in the forest, then I turned to the frozen river. I was wearing boots and had tucked my pants in. After 20 meters I broke into the ice with my right foot up to my body. I also broke into the water a little with my left foot, but it didn't run into my boot. Fortunately I had a stick with me, I put it on the ice and got out that way. I preferred to go on land again. The snow was very deep . The right foot was frozen into the boot and I could not take it off. When evening came, I turned homeward. I did not want to stop at any other house. My foot was still frozen and I could no longer feel any sensation in it. I walked another 6 miles and came to a place where a relative. of my wife's named Maus lived. I had to cut open my boot to get the foot out and put it in the snow for 2 hours. Overnight I stayed there. A neighbor who was not very rich gave me a large moccasin made of deerskin. The next morning I walked home. It was only 5 more miles, but it took me 4 hours. A friend in the neighborhood was a carpenter. He came over and brought his glue bucket. He asked, "*Do you have a piece of thin buckskin?*". We had one. So he put his glue on the stove top and

heated it up. Then he smeared it on the deerskin and wrapped that around my foot and leg. After that I had no more pain. I kept the bandage on for seven weeks before I took it off. All five toenails and the skin stuck to the leather and a new one had already formed. That was my adventure in horse catching.

Another story: My father died in 1852. At that time we were all still living together in the family: Father, mother, my brother, me and my wife. When my father died, I had two children. My brother and I had cut wood to build a house for me and my family on my land. The timber was 24 feet long and 20 inches thick. We had cut it in the spring. Toward the fall, my brother and I erected the house ourselves. We put the roof on and had also made our own shingles. We had cut the boards in halves 5 miles from here and it didn't cost us any money. The whole house came to \$25 in expenses. I wanted to move in, but I didn't have a stove. I therefore said to my brother, "You go plow and I will make shingles, sell them and buy a stove from the proceeds." It was towards the end of October. I got my tools, went to the forest and cut two pine trees. I sawed the wood into pieces and made 14000 shingles in 2 weeks. Then I took them to Green Bay and sold the thousand for 12 shillings. I had made 21 dollars, bought my stove and brought it home. Now I could move in with my wife and two children I had the house well pointed and whitewashed. It was warm in the winter and we were happy.

I always worked with my brother and we tilled the fields together. We had about 60 acres at that time. As I have written before, 1853 and 1855 were good years for farmers. Everything brought good money. Anno 1854 we had harvested 800 sacks of potatoes, one part brought \$1 a sack, the other 90 cents. We had sold oats for \$280 and cattle for \$335, plus a 3-year-old colt for \$150. In total we had taken in 1500 dollars.

Then one of our two neighbors suggested that we should build a sawmill together and form a company. We did that. It was to be a sawmill with only one gate. Together we owned about 800 acres of land with a nice stand of pine, oak and linden trees. At that time there was only one small foundry in Green Bay, and it could not make its own machinery. We therefore went to Fond du Lac and ordered a powered saw for \$1800. A man was to deliver it by sled. We got the sledge made in Green Bay for \$500. Each member of our Company had hired some men to haul the logs from our woods to the mill. We began building the sawmill in 1856, and on July 26 we started the sawmill. We could saw 1000 feet in an hour, had a wonderful timber and sold 1000 pieces of boards for \$8. Off the saw we sold boards for \$1500. As it got toward winter, people got hit with this crazy demonetization. Every day some banks were closing. No one could tell if the dollar they had that evening would still be worth the same the next morning. There was no trust anymore. Those who had money did not lend it. We had sawed all our logs but could not sell a foot of them. We could barely raise the money to pay our workers. The boards were all piled up, but no money was coming in. The sawmill had cost \$4500 to build, and a lot of the work we did ourselves. We consulted and came to the conclusion to keep working. Maybe business would get better again.

The next summer it was even worse. We had our logs sawed, the boards were there, and we owed \$1200. Me and my brother had worked the day on the farm and 6 hours at night in the sawmill. Then the pump at the mill broke. I took it to Green Bay to the foundry to have it fixed. It was the same shop we had work done at before for \$500. At that time we paid \$200 down and

settled the rest when we picked up the work piece. He said the pump would be ready the next day. After 2 days, I went to pick it up, but we had no money. I asked, "*Is the pump ready?*" and he said, "*There it is!*". I asked him the cost and he asked for \$22. I opened up to him that I had no money, but promised to pay in 2 weeks. He said that if we couldn't pay, he wouldn't give the pump either. "*How so,*" I asked, "*do we owe you?*" He replied in the negative, but that was the order from his boss. "*Go to Mr. Dank and talk to him, I am sorry*". I went to Mr. Dank and asked him why he didn't give out the pump, I would surely pay him within 2 weeks. He said, "*I know you are an honest man and have always paid for everything, but I have decided not to give any piece out of the shop that is not paid for immediately. I don't care if it was my brother. Last week I sent a man to North to collect bills for \$300. He couldn't get as much as it cost to make the trip.*" Everyone can imagine how I felt. I went to a man with whom I had done business for many years and asked him for \$22. He still would not give it to me. So I went to another, a poor fellow. He asked me how business was, and I said, "*Not very well, I really need \$22.*" He said, "*Come home with me, I have so much and you can get it.*" I was very happy, now I could take my pump with me.

A month later, the man from Fond du Lac came, who had supplied us with the machines for the sawmill and had deferred \$500 on a bill of exchange. The draft was due, and he wanted his money. Now we had to get the \$500. My partner wanted to give his farm of 82 acres as collateral and said I should try to get the money. My wife knew a friend in Green Bay who had \$3,000 at home. He said to me, "*I don't lend money in these times*". But he promised to try to raise money for us. A few days later he wrote a letter telling me that I could get \$500 from a man in Big Suamico at 25% interest with good security. The man's name was Knuth and he was from California. We got together and decided that the man from Fond du Lac should get his money and we would borrow the \$500. My partner had put up the surety bond, and I was designated to go and pick up the money from Mr. Knuth. He lived 22 miles from here. I went first to Green Bay to the man who was going to arrange the loan for us, and he said, "Mr. Knuth is willing to give you the money, but he has a son-in-law in Duck Creek. You'll have to take him or you won't get the money, the man is very suspicious." I had \$5 with me for trail food. So I went 8 miles to this son-in-law first. I arrived at his house at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. I asked the man, "*Are you the son-in-law of Mr. Knuth in Suamico?*" When he answered in the affirmative, I asked him to come with me to his father-in-law's house because I wanted to borrow money from him. He said he already knew. But today it was already too late, we could go tomorrow. The man was also not blessed with goods, he had 40 acres of land, but only 5 acres were cleared, and only a small house. I stayed the night with him and the next morning we left. I gave him \$3 to come along and his wife 12 shillings to stay the night. He said if he didn't speak for me, I wouldn't get the money.

When we arrived at his father-in-law's house, he asked his son-in-law if the guarantee was valid. He replied: "*You can put a thousand dollars on it*". Mr. Knuth left, came back with the money in gold pieces and put it on the table. However, it was only \$435.

I said, "*You have made a mistake. Mr. Knuth!*" But he denied it and told me I could only get \$435, that he had to keep back 13%. I then said that I had issued him a guarantee for \$500, so I would have to receive that amount as well. To that he just said, "*If you don't want the money,*

you can leave it". I took it, but that was tough. I set out the next morning at 10 o'clock on my way home from Suamico. I only had 50 cents left in my pocket for my lunch money. So I walked 12 miles to Green Bay. There I bought crackers and 1 glass of beer for 5 cents to fortify myself and then continued on my way home; 26 miles on dirt and sandy roads. With difficulty we were able to raise the remaining \$65 and pay the creditor his \$500.

I had considered selling the sawmill no matter what I would get for it. My wife cried and said, *"If we don't sell the sawmill, we will surely lose our land as well".* I only replied that it was the last resort. It is hard to have slaved so hard and to learn that everything is only going downhill.

Then we were joined by a man named F. Daul. He was a farmer and lived 5 miles from here. Previously, he had lived in Washington State and sold all his property there for \$7000. He came here and bought 320 acres of woods in Kewaunee county which is also called Luxembourg. He offered to buy the sawmill from me if he could get it cheap. I said that was the case. *"You have 1/3 share?"* he asked, and I answered in the affirmative, but added, *"How are we going to account for the logs and lumber?"* He said, *"I'll offer \$2 for the thousand once I buy the sawmill. For the 5 acres of ground and the establishment of the mill, I will pay each of the partners \$700, making a total of \$2100, which I will pay with bill of sale within 3 years."*

I then consulted my partners and we sold to him. Only the guarantee of 500 dollars that we had given to Knuth in Suamico was to be paid within a month so that my partner's property would be debt free again. It had cost us \$4500 to build the sawmill and now he could buy the whole plant for \$2100. He got the 300,000 feet of lumber and 200,000 feet of logs to go with it for a fraction of the value. On top of that we had put 2 years of work into the sawmill and everything we had earned on the farm. I myself now owed \$800 and had eight small children. My wife cried all the time. Mr. Daul had received \$1600 from Washington County, but he did not pay our \$500 surety bond, but kept the money back as security for his right to buy. I had only 1 pair of oxen left at that time and had sold some horses to pay off debts.

Then one ox began to go lame and I could not harness him. I went to Daul and asked him for \$30 against a promissory bill, but he replied that he had 3 years to pay according to the contract. However, he would sell me a pair of bulls that were offered to him by someone else. He brought them to me, they were four year olds, and I had to pay 1/4 of the price more that he had spent on them himself. It had been 6 months and he still had not paid the \$500 for the guarantee to Mr. Knuth. Therefore, I went to him and asked whether he was willing to pay off the surety or not. I would like my partner's property to be debt free again. He said yes, he wanted to pay the man off now. So he went to see Mr. Knuth and told him that he had bought the sawmill and wanted to pay the bond, and that he wanted to give him one himself in return. But Knuth said, *"I don't need any other surety, the one I have is enough".* But Daul replied: *"If you do not accept my offer of 10%, I will give you nothing at all. I will show you that I can also ask for 25%."* With it he chased Knuth so into the 'Bockshorn' (terrified him) that he accepted the bond, of Daul to 10%. In the end, however, my partner's property was debt-free for me.

For the 700 dollars I now had to get from Knuth via Mr. Daul's trade, he paid 200 dollars in cash and 500 dollars in goods. After 3 years Daul sold the sawmill to Anton Klaus for 4000 dollars and went back to Luxembourg to his farm. He started various trading businesses, he was

conveniently located. After a few years, however, he sold everything there too and moved to Nebraska. There he once owned 1600 acres of prairie land. From here he took 4000 dollars to Nebraska, but died in poverty at last. God grant him eternal rest!

Anton Klaus eventually sold the sawmill to John Lithem, who gained a partner named Thomas Schmitt. They also had difficulties in the first year. First they bought a machine to make shingles, then the steam boiler broke and they had to have it repaired. Then they had to have a well drilled, which cost them \$400. The steam boiler had to be repaired for the second time shortly thereafter and finally had to be replaced with a new one. My brother and I had a contract with them at that time to bring in enough logs to keep the saw working 12 hours a day. They were making 80-90,000 shingles a day. We hauled the logs in with carts and had 2 teams of horses and a team of oxen for that purpose. According to our agreement, we had worked for \$500 but had not received any money yet. That was when they put in the two boilers. When they started them up, one of the tubes exploded. There was a loud bang, and everyone ran out of the hall. Then the plant was at a standstill again. I was just on my way to the sawmill to get some money for my workers. After all, they had been slaving away for 6 weeks without seeing a dime. When I arrived, both owners were there. They said to me, *"Schauer, we're quitting. You can buy the mill for the same price you sold it to Daul. We'll go away and leave all the equipment behind. For two months we had no output of goods and had hired 20 men. We dug a well once repaired the steam boiler, bought a new one and installed it, and still the mill does not run. There is nothing but misfortune with this sawmill."* Lithem said, *"I haven't spared a cent"* and Schmitt said, *"I have put all my money into the mill and I don't want to invest another red cent"*. Lithem asked, *"I suppose you want money"*. I said, *"Yes, if I could only have ten dollars for my workers"*. Schmitt gave me nothing, but Lithem said, *"Come with me!"* We went to a man who ran a store. Lithem asked him, *"Do you have \$10 in the house?"* and when he answered in the affirmative, *"Give it to Schauer."*

Lithem already had \$500 to take in and hadn't seen a dime either. He gave me the money and I paid my workers. They repaired in the sawmill again what had broken, then the mill worked perfectly. They made 90000 shingles a day and sold the thousand for 2 ½ dollars.

Then there was a very wet autumn. Every day it rained and the wheels of the carts sank in the mud up to the axle. One worker wanted to stop driving. *"For God's sake don't,"* Lithem said, *"if you stop, we'll go bankrupt."* Shingles were just \$3.50 a thousand. So we kept hauling wood until the snow came, then we took the sleds until March 27. We had made \$1540, of which \$1200 belonged to me and my brother. The rest was expenses.

Then the war time began and all prices went up. Shingles now cost \$5 a thousand. By the following fall, Schmitt and Lithem had \$10,000 in the bank and all debts paid. So times were changing. They still equipped the mill with a circular saw and sawed lumber and timbers at night and made shingles during the day. They ran the business for 5 years until the forest was cut down.

We had hauled lumber for them every winter and for 3 more years for another sawmill. So for 8 years we worked as log haulers in the winter and on the farm in the summer. With this hard work we paid off our debts. In the winter we got up every day between 3 and 4 o'clock, and it

didn't matter how cold it was or how stormy. We went into the logging and never missed a day. We paid our debts and got ahead a little. There was no beer like today, sometimes not a glass in 2 months.

We had had the same opportunities as they (Schmitt and Lithem) to make a lot of money with the mill if times had been better for us, but we were not destined to. And if times had not been better for Schmitt and Lithem, they too would have gone bankrupt. Sometimes the young Americans say that the old people were stupid, didn't know how to work with the money, otherwise they would have been better off. We speculated with the money and paid 25% interest, and later paid off the debt with hard work. That's what young people today should try to do. If someone speculates and makes debts, but does not give the debtor the possibility to pay them back, then it is easy to speculate. I want to leave this unpleasant chapter now, may the next generation read it and judge for themselves.

I will proceed to make a comparison between Europe and America. Of course, many things have changed since we left Europe, like land prices have changed in our country. Good land, like we have, costs about 100 dollars an acre in Germany. The taxes on the land are sometimes as high here as in Germany. But besides that, we have to build our churches here ourselves and pay the priests. We have to build and maintain parsonages and schools. What a difference there is between here and Europe. Let's look at the incomes in comparison! The wage for a good agricultural worker now in Germany is \$100 a year. The same man here demands \$300 a year and the wage is to be paid continuously. At the same time, the prices of agricultural products in Germany are about 25% higher than here. How is that possible? And what is the comparison with timber? It costs here twice as much, as in Germany. Even firewood is more expensive here. We need agricultural machinery, carts, harnesses - what difference is there between Germany and America. Let's add up the prices of land, wages, goods, and all the needs. What is the difference between Germany and here at home? Germany still has 25% forest, while America has only 10%. It is not my intention to make America look bad, it is a good country if care is taken. Many people have found a home here, which they could not do in Germany, or they did not have the opportunity to do it there.

Let us now look into the future! Well, as I said before, today an acre of land here costs 100 dollars. We still have a lot of land for settlers. But first, large areas of land are being held back by the government for forestry and timber needs. Second, our millionaires own most of it. What good is that? Also, much of our land is mountains, swamps and rocky deserts. So where is the land that America has left for its settlers?

Now the land here costs just as much as in Germany. It is estimated that America has a population of 85 million and more settlers are arriving every year. Year still more settlers come in addition. I fear that in 15 years America will have no more land to sell, except high in the north where farming is impossible. The population continues to grow every year, and the land will have to be divided into smaller and smaller pieces than in Germany. I want to make another comparison: about the climate here and in Germany. The soil is good here, but we don't have spring. We sow here at the end of April to May. Everything grows fast and most of the time the grains ripen too quickly due to drought and heat and become light and small. Autumn comes too early. In Germany, field work starts in March, and the fruit ripens later than here.

Thus, the grains have more time to ripen and turn out better. In Germany, you also have more time to do your field work well because the summer is longer.

Now I also want to report about the time from 1860 until today regarding the living conditions. At the time I came to this country, there were already farms here that employed a laborer all year round for 8 dollars, or paid him a daily wage of 4 shillings with free board. Corn and potatoes were planted with a hoe. The farmer and his assistant worked together. They made the hay, right it together and brought it in -all by hand. When they tied the grain into sheaves, the women and girls also worked. A girl working in town at that time earned \$1 a week and had to work hard for it. The women and girls also milked the cows. Those who owned a heavy wagon in those days were well off and even drove it to church. They threshed by hand and the work day was long compared to today. Even the food was not so elaborate. Clothes were simple and made of sturdy coarse fabric. Heavy boots were also worn. People drank very little beer and whiskey. Today an agricultural worker earns between 25 and 30 dollars a month or his 8-10 shillings a day, instead of 4 in the past, and has a shorter working day. A girl today brings home 4-5 dollars a week, whereas in earlier years she earned only one. Agricultural machinery is now taken for granted by everyone and they do all the work. The work day is shorter, and beer is also available at all times. Instead of just a heavy wagon, every farmer today has a one-horse team, and the threshing machine replaces the flail. You also see far fewer women milking today than in the past. Light shoes are worn and instead of one pair as in the past, everyone needs 4 pairs. All together, the young Americans have it much easier today than the old immigrants. But the old people who had only a simple meal had more stamina than the young people today, especially the young women.

I still have to tell this story: One day I met a new settler, he was cutting trees. I asked, "*Well, how are you*". "*Bad*", he answered, "*I had a farm in Germany and traded a little in horses. I had a nice life and was so crazy to go to America. I thought I could find a cheap place with a house that someone had just left, and I would just need to move in. But alas, that was not so. Now in my old days I am allowed to toil in the woods and have no strength left because there is only the lousy coffee to drink. In Germany I already ate potato soup in the morning. There I was strong and I didn't even know how strong I was. That was only because of the good potato soup*".

Another story from our third year here - it was 1848. We had built a log barn on the hill where the house now stands. We still lived in the back corner on our land, so the barn was about 60 rods (=330 yards) from the house. We burned wood not far from our house. The wind was blowing to the east, where the barn was. Suddenly we saw fire, right by the barn. We ran there with a bucket of water and at the same time our neighbor came and said he would help us put out the fire. But the wind carried sparks onto the straw that was piled all around the barn, and in 10 minutes the whole building was on fire. It burned to the ground. That year we had 15 acres of winter wheat and no barn. Our father had bought 40 acres of land two miles from here. There was some splendid grass there to give us hay. On the 4th of July, I my brother, my father and Gabriel Sohler went and cut hay for 5 days. It was excruciatingly hot and there were many flies and mosquitoes. Our faces were so swollen from their bites that we could hardly look out of our eyes. The hay was wonderfully green and we had calculated everything in piles { .on the

ground), about 15 -20 tons of hay were to be put on trestles afterwards. Then the wheat also became ripe, and our father said: "*We want to cut the wheat first, the hay can also dry in the heat on piles*". We left the hay and first sifted wheat for about 5 days. But then a thunderstorm came and it rained for two days without stopping, so badly that the water ran from the hayfield onto the pastures. All the hay was spoiled. And it continued to rain, almost every day. We had tied the wheat in sheaves, opened them again so that the stalks would dry. When we thought they might be dry, it started raining again, and we had to take it wet to the barn. Then in the winter we threshed it outside, but we couldn't get a handful of grains together to grind flour from. We had to buy flour. The wheat from 15 acres was spoiled, and the straw was also no longer usable as cattle feed. Yet we had 24 head of cattle. In September we went to another meadow two miles away to make hay again. There the water was still 10 inches high. We made 8 -10 haystacks, about 25 tons. We got it away and when it was dry we loaded it with forks on 2 poles, each 12 feet long, and carried it on trestles. One had to stand on the tripod and the others handed him the hay. On October 8 we made the last stack and it started snowing a little that day. For four weeks we had already stood in this cold water while making hay, often up to our knees, and in addition we were sweating all over our bodies. That was healthy. And that's how we made hay for the first 5 years.

Now winter came and we wanted to bring the hay home. The snow was deep, but the pastures were not yet frozen. So we set off with two sledges to bring in the hay. The oxen sank in up to their bellies and we had to turn back without having achieved anything. A few days later we tried it with a team of small horses. But they too sank in, and we had trouble pulling them out. Finally, we trudged a path with our feet through the snow and water to the haystacks, making ourselves long hay sleds. Every morning we pulled two sleds out into the meadows. Then with hand sleds we walked 2 ½ miles, loaded hay and loaded it on the two big sleds. At night we came home without a lunch. That's what the first settlers did when they made hay.

It was in 1856 when we were hauling logs for the sawmill. It was March and we had to look elsewhere for feed because we were out of straw and hay, just some oats. We went to the settlement on the Bay to buy feed. But we couldn't even raise 100 pounds. That's when we met a German named Fisher. He said, "*Go across the lake! In Old Groos you can surely get some hay*". But the ice was already pretty watery and we didn't want to take the risk of crossing the lake. Finally Fisher said, "*I have another ton of meadow hay, you can have it for \$30*". We took it and headed home, but we thought, what does a ton of hay mean for 25 cattle and 2 horses to feed through for another two months. We decided to give the hay only to the horses. Then we moved narrow paths into the forest where we had 10 acres of sugar lime and beech trees. In the morning we fed each head of cattle with 1 quart (=1.1361) of oats. We went into the forest in the morning with the axe and cut young trees, which fell in 2 hours. Then we released the cattle and they ran into the forest and ate the branches to a thickness of 1 inch. We fed them this way for 2 months: with 2 quarts of oats and the twigs. They still looked pretty good.

I will now return to the year 1855, when the first settlers arrived from Belgium. It was the beginning of September and a terrible heat. A family, the husband, his wife and three children came to our neighbor Josef Burkart. The people had bought forest land, 2 miles from here. Burkart gave the family the opportunity to live with him until their own house was built. When

the people had been here a few days, the man got sick. He had cholera. He died the very next day, and his wife the day after. Josef Burkart, who had been with him, also died shortly after. Likewise Melchior Burkart died and a few weeks later his wife. The other brother, Johann Burkart also died. Within a few weeks the plague had carried off many of our first settler friends, then came to a halt. We had a priest named Minderer. He was a priest in Green Bay and came here once a month to minister to the faithful. It happened that he was here when cholera broke out and everyone fell ill. He gave the last rites to all who were different, buried them and celebrated the masses for the dead. He did not go back to Green Bay until everyone else was well.

Now to the year 1871, which was very difficult for us because it brought a very dry autumn. For several months it had not rained. The earth had no more moisture anywhere and fires broke out in various forest districts. One such fire started 1/2 mile away from here, but still on our land. There was an old road leading through it. A man named Johann Wagner also lived with us. The two of us went away on a Wednesday to clear branches and leaves from the road so that the fire would not spread. We worked until October 8, four days without sleep, then the fire suddenly died out. Then on Sunday night a man came running to tell us to help, that the fire had already reached Lamb's sawmill. Near the mill were some small houses where the workers lived. I and Wagner ran there to help get furniture and other belongings out and get them out of the area of the fire. I believed there was no longer any danger to ourselves. We helped until 12 o'clock at night. Then a strong wind came up. Suddenly we heard shouts that the fire had broken out in our forest, although we had been watching for 4 days. The whole forest area was on fire and the trees were burning from the ground to the tops. You could see nothing but fire. And that kept running towards my clearing, burning the fences and eating its way towards our church. My children and Hermann Ulrich, who was staying in our house, dragged wheat from our storehouse to my brother's field, which was freshly plowed, all night long. The priest rang the bells and we ran and carried away the wood that was piled there. With the water we had available we were able to save the church. At the same time it started to rain. We fought fire and smoke for a whole week and could not see out of our eyes because of the smoke. That was in the fall of 1871. Many houses and barns had burned down and livestock and people had fallen victim to the fire. It was a bad time.

I want to tell another little story about myself: In 1851 I bought a team of bulls from Friedrich Daul. They were still wild and not much use. Once they went through me with the plow, broke the fence secured with crossbars. Another time I was driving manure and was standing on the wagon to tamp it down when the bulls ran off. I tried to jump off the wagon quickly, stepped on the wheel, slipped, fell and broke something. Nevertheless, I continued to work after that, but always felt pain. A year later I went to the doctor and he said I had a fracture and needed to wear a brace. I bought one, but didn't wear it all the time because it was uncomfortable and didn't bring much relief.

Then came 1860 and war broke out between the North and South. Men from 18 to 45 were drafted into the reserves. I was 35 years old at the time and was called up for 9 months with the first contingent. Before that, a doctor examined us. I told him that I had a hernia. He said, "*That's right, but it's not big yet*". He demanded: "*Show me your hands!*" and then said: "*You*

are used to hard work, so you can also become a soldier". Two other men were examined with me, they didn't have half as much discomfort as I did, but they were exempted and not drafted.

The farmers in our neighborhood now began to rebel. They didn't want to become soldiers. They addressed all of us who were mustered out, we should all get together on a certain day at Cedar Creek, 3 miles this side of Green Bay. I went there. There appeared a troop of about 50 men, each carrying a rifle. They had a drummer and bugler with them. The flag bearers were in uniform. And they had two officers with them, Hubert and Fontain, who had already been soldiers in Europe. They gave the commands and the company marched in splendid order. They stopped at the Creek and had a drink, too, and that's when Fontain called me, "*Schauer, you come with me to Green Bay. I want to show them in Green Bay. No man from my town wants to be a soldier. I want to march to Green Bay and teach them the flute tones* (German idiom)". I said, '*Fontain, that won't do any good, at best we'll make it worse than better*'. But he insisted on his intention: "*I was a soldier in Algeria, even a lieutenant, I will show these Yankees who I am!*". He kept talking about his intention, but I explained to him that I was not going. One soldier ran after me and tried to force me to come along, that was Peter Mann. Then they drank some more and the music started to play. The commander ordered, "*Attention, present arms, forward march!*" When they got to Green Bay, they met Christian Kraner. He had a stick with him. They called out to him, "*Kraner, come here*". He shouldered his cane as a rifle and ran along. They marched to the marshal's office. He was going to run out with his horse and wagon, but a man jumped on the wagon and the marshal had to go back to his office. Marshal Hau said to them, "*It is not my fault that you are being drafted. I just have to do my duty here*". They then departed, drank more, kicked down fences, and a full-scale brawl ensued. Finally, they marched off in total disarray. Green Bay then telegraphed to Madison, and the next morning a regular company of soldiers came here, marched through the 3 settlements, and arrested Kraner, Hubert, and Fontain. They were locked up at Fort Howard, guarded by two soldiers with rifles. When one had to leave, one of the guards went with him.

Then all who were drafted. received a summons from the sheriff to report back here on a certain day. When we arrived at Green Bay, in accordance with the order, and reported to the sheriff, a soldier took us to Fort Howard and we took up our quarters. There were 360 of us. Every morning after reveille and breakfast we had to drill from 8 -10 o'clock. We were there about 3 weeks, at Fort Howard, when my wife became ill. She had given birth shortly before. Herman Ulrich came to me at Fort Howard and said my wife wanted me to try to come home and that she was always crying. The captain of our company was named Braun. I went to him and asked for 3 days leave because my wife was sick. He said that he could not grant that because he had no authority to do so. However, he would give me leave to go across the river to Marshal Baird and ask his permission.

I came to Baird and he said, "I can't authorize this because orders can come in at any hour to march us to the regiment at Madison." To that I told him that I was actually unfit. "Why" he asked, and I said, "I have a hernia and I was drafted anyway." "Is that true?" he asked, and I said, "Yes."

Then he gave me a cover letter and sent me to a free-practicing doctor for an examination. After the examination, the doctor said, "Under the law, the United States has no right to draft you as a

soldier under this Constitution." He wrote that on a paper and sent me back with it to Marshal Baird. He wrote some more remarks on the paper about it and forwarded it to the governor at Madison. To me he said I could go home until answer arrived from Madison. I went home and after 3 days the answer was there. Baird called me in and told me the Governor's answer, "*Mr. Schauer is granted leave indefinitely,*" signed and sealed: Salmong, Governor. I told the marshal to discharge me, but he replied that the governor had no right to do so because I had been drafted into the company and assigned to a regiment. He went on to say that I should go home and if there were any queries he would let me know.

Three weeks later my company was put on the march. But they got no farther than the Ohio River and were never used in combat. But they all received a pension. I showed my papers from the governor to a lawyer and he said, "*Give me those papers, you are just as entitled to a pension as the others. I'm only asking for \$5 for my efforts. You were drafted, trained, and belonged to a company and regiment.*" I replied, "*I claim nothing*". That's when he said I was a fool.

These are my experiences with the soldiers.