**PREFACE**

Several years before his death, John E. Schaefers persuaded his son, Earl, to begin research on the history of the Kost-Lang-Schaefers-Traun families. With a marked sense of history of his own and an amazing memory for names, dates and anecdotes of the past, John believed a permanent record of these Minnesota pioneers and their descendants would be of real interest to the present-day Kosts-Langs-Schaefers-Trauns and to future generations.

In March of 1970, as the book was nearing completion, John Schaefers asked that he be allowed to pay for the research and publication expenses connected with the book, so it would be a gift from him to the various Kost-Lang-Schaefers-Traun descendants now living.

In carrying out his father’s early wishes, Earl Schaefers spent three thousand hours sending out questionnaires to old timers and contemporaries alike, and reading up on pertinent German and American history. Before he was finished, he had compiled two heavy binder notebooks full of family facts and related ones.

Earl turned these and the writing of the book over to Winifred M. Schaefers, Harold’s wife. Winifred has spent most of four winters on the final phases of the task.

Both Earl and Winifred apologize for any errors of fact that have crept into the narrative or the genealogical charts. So many of the older family members now rest in peace and so many of the younger members are scattered inaccessibly all over the country, that it has been difficult for us to verify every statement. We ask you to forgive us and, if von will, to make corrections and additions on your own copies, or to notify Earl Of any missing links we have not supplied.

Our fondest hope is that some of you will be travelling one day to Trier, on the Mosel River near Luxembourg, or to Swabia in the Bavarian Alps, and chance upon the exact beginnings there of the Langs or Kosts. It is our greatest disappointment that we could not unravel these mysteries for lack of specific natal places.

We have not had much help from most of the relatives appealed to, for which we are grateful; and we owe special acknowledgement to John E. Schaefers for his many contributions; Clemens Kost and his widow, Theresa; Carl Weis and his mother, Anna, and to Ben C. Lang. Without their invaluable aid these pages would be far scantier and far less informative.

June 14, 1970

**KOST**

Benedict Kost was born in 1790 in Baden, one of the lesser South German states then, officially, within the confines of the Holy Roman Empire dating back 1000 years to Charlemagne. (Although as Voltaire said, it had long ceased to be holy, Roman or an Empire). He was born into a world of upheaval and unrest. The Bastille had just fallen and the American Revolution had made George Washington the Father of a brash new country. The Early Industrial Revolution was well under way though hardly observable yet in a Germany that still retained aspects of feudalism. The Hohenzollerns of Prussia and the Habsburgs of Austria (the two giant German overlords of all the little ones) were greedily carving up Poland as if it were a piece of pie; and the Prussians were rattling their sabres in preparation for the eventual nationalization of Germany.

The future didn't look too bright for an infant boy, especially, but then, when has it ever been safe to be born? If we were able to consult local birth records of the time we could probably pin down the day and the month and the names of his father and mother... and add a generation or more of ancestors. We feel sure there must have been birth records in Baden at that time because modern genealogy (the keeping of written instead of oral records) had begun in the 16th century in Western Europe, with the rise of national monarchs whose aim it was to obtain an accurate count of ALL their subjects for the purposes of taxation and military service.

Apart from the fact that he was a male, a Swabian and a Roman Catholic, (Luther had never cut much ice in the Southern German states) there is very little we know about this earliest forebear. He was probably the son of woodsmen or at most of petty tradespeople.

The first ironclad fact we know about Benedict, named for the wise head of the Benedictine monks (an order that was to play a large part in the lives of future Kosts) is that he married a girl named Monica who was five years his junior.

Monica’s maiden name? Who knows? In those days when a woman married, she assumed her husband's name to the complete exclusion of her own. In this case, apparently, she even failed to pass the knowledge of it on to her children or her children's children. This is sometimes true even today, especially among the lower and lower-middle classes. It is only to nobility and the wealthy upper classes that one's inheritance from one's mother is considered important enough to preserve the use or memory of her maiden name. An odd circumstance, it would seem, considering the fact that half of one’s self, good or bad,
comes from one's mother and HER bloodline.

Their son, Clemens (1827-1892) told his son, Clemens (1878-1964) that he was a "Schöb" or Schwabian which means that he and his father before him were born in Swabia, an ancient province squeezed between Baden, Bavaria, Switzerland and France.

In a Special to the New York TIMES on May 21, 1967, Philip Shabecoff described Swabia as a small region of Southwest Germany known for its Romantic poetry and spaetzle (noodles), as well as its long history of democratic liberalism.

Most of what was the medieval duchy of Swabia lies within contemporary Wurttemberg in the State of Baden-Wurtenberg. True to its political traditions, Wurttemberg was the very last German area to be incorporated into the Second German Reich; its citizens fighting the despised Prussians to the end.

Even after the Nazis won, they were less popular in Swabia than in any other area of Germany. Swabians like to tell of the time Hitler came to speak in Stuttgart, when some unknown hero cut the loudspeaker cable. Hitler never returned.

It is often said that Swabians "feel more comfortable in Paris than in Berlin"... Field Marshal Erwin Rommel, the Desert Fox of World War II, who was a Swabian, always kept a picture of Napoleon on his wall rather than one of Hitler...

Native Swabians of note include the poets Schiller and Holderlein and the exalted mathematician Albert Einstein.

A good Swabian, Shabecoff reports, possesses what are regarded as the cardinal virtues - intelligence, industry and Gemütlichkeit (charm). Even today when the once-pastoral Swabia is highly industrialized, most Schwabs retain a patch of land for raising vegetables!

Not pompous about their virtues, they like to make jokes about themselves, particularly about their reputation as slow and careful thinkers; and their reluctance to part with money (according to an old saying, "A penny should be held twice in the hand"). Their love of adventure and travel has caused many Swabians to emigrate to America, bringing their customs with them.

Those of us who remember the generation of grandchildren of Benedict and Monica are sure to have recognized most of these characteristics in Grandpa Gregor, Uncle Clemens and others.

We have not been able to extract authentic dates but we can assume that Benedict and Monica were married young - say in 1812 when the French under Napoleon made their disastrous retreat from Moscow - because they had had 11 children (one of the first died very young) before 1840 when they set out with the remaining ten for the new world.

Their names were, according to the "Early History of Stearns County", Feliz, Lawrence, Joseph, Susan, Peter, Gracene, Mary, Clemens, Katherine and Leopoldina.

The only one whose birth date we know exactly was Clemens, who was to be the lineal ancestor of our clan, the maternal great-great-grandfather of Carl, John and Scott Schaefers. The fact that we have the day, month and year of his birth, October 18, 1827, is just another proof that families understandably tend to preserve more vital statistics about lineal ancestors than collateral.

What Benedict and Monica did besides rearing their large brood we can only conjecture. They must have worked very hard, gone to church every Sunday and Holy Day and, in all respects, lived the lives of thrifty, God-fearing peasants. We can be pretty sure that their surroundings were beautiful, with vistas of hills folding unto hills, distant mountain peaks, majestic forests and well-tilled valleys.

They must have been frugal to be able to pay 12 passages to New York City, no matter how modest their shipboard accommodations.

It appears they did not have much property to keep them in Swabia: and they probably had heard alluring tales of the freedom and opportunity in America. If Monica and Ben, at 45 and 50, were beyond chasing the will o' the wisp of fortune, their oldest sons and daughters were of precisely the right age for adventure. Even Clemens. at 13, must have read of America's Indians and its great forests and rivers teeming with game.

There seems to have been a further incentive toward emigration: busy Benedictine priests and monks. The anti-clerical wave that swept Europe after the French Revolution hit the Order of St. Benedict, specifically in the Bavarian Secularization Decrees of 1802, depriving them of many of their monasteries. The monks promptly turned their attention to missionary work in America. With the encouragement and moral and financial support of Ludwig I, who became King of Bavaria in 1825, they formed the Ludwig Missionsverein and were busy working in Pennsylvania quite early in the 19th century. The 1953 Centennial Edition of the Johnstown, Pa. Tribune-Democrat contains a feature story about the establishment of the First Catholic Church in 1836 in Canemaugh by Peter Henry Lemke, OSB.

Another Benedictine Missionary, Father Pius it was, encouraged the. Kosts to emigrate to
Canemaugh doubtless because he knew there they would not be deprived there of the
ministrations of the church.

They also had friends who had already gone there and urged them to follow.

There is no word of where they embarked but the ocean voyage to New York took three
weeks. Although their ultimate goal - Canemaugh - had been opened to white settlers in
1769 and actually incorporated in 1800, it was still rough, pioneer country that greeted
the dozen Kosts.

Facts are hazy about where and how they lived in their new home; but we know that
Benedict farmed and also operated a sawmill. One of the older sons, perhaps Joseph, had
turned out to be a brilliant natural mathematician, able to calculate at a glance the
amount of lumber needed for any building, and to perform other feats of mathematical
legerdemain that caused his services to be much in demand.

Clemens Kost, Jr., (b. 1878) boasted to his children of their grand-uncle's prowess:
"Important tradesmen and landowners would call on Joseph - if that was his name - to solve
their building materials' problems", he mused. "They would give him the proposed
dimensions and then - I can imagine - he would walk back and forth for a bit, cogitating,
with his arms behind his back. In a few minutes he would announce the amount of lumber
needed - and he was almost never wrong." Apparently this was an inborn ability, for it
is unlikely that Joseph, so-called, had much education. Clemens, his brother, had three
years of schooling in Canemaugh, but how much in Swabia, we don't know.

Clemens must also have worked on the farm and in the sawmill (later events support this
guess) for several years. He was 27 when he married in 1854, his bride an 18-year old
named Theresa Schreiber(Schriver). Born on a small farm in Bavaria, August 11, 1836,
Theresa just a year old, and her brother, Barney, were brought first, in 1836 to
Baltimore, Md., by their parents - John and Margaret Schriver. Sometime before 1854, they
moved to Johnstown.

There were rumors about one of the Kost sons dying as a prisoner of war in a Southern
prison, but facts seem to indicate that this was Barney Schreiber (Schriver), who had
become a Union soldier during the Civil War.

Clemens' and Theresa's wedding was not the first to be celebrated in Johnstown.
Leopoldina Kost's to George Aschenbrenner took place in 1849. George, who had been born in
August, 1818, in Munich, was soon left motherless, so he was reared by his grandfather and
grandmother, his trades being dual - baker and candlemaker! In 1840, shortly after having
attained his majority, he came to America and settled in Johnstown, and there, nine years
later, he took Leopoldina as his bride.

It was the Aschenbrenners, in fact, who first emigrated from Johnstown, Pa., to
Minnesota, with the first arrivals among their eventual total of ten children. The year
was 1854, four years before Minnesota acquired statehood. The Aschenbrenners selected a
claim in Sections 15 and 16 of what we feel sure must have been Munson Township, at any
rate close to the settlement of St. Joseph in Stearns County.

Almost immediately they left for Little Falls 30 miles north, later the Lone Eagle's
home, site of the Charles A. Lindbergh Memorial Park. There George worked as a lumberman
but in a year's time they came back to St. Joseph, built a log house on their claim and
settled down.

So they were seasoned Minnesotans by the time Leopoldina's brother Clemens and his wife
and young family arrived in 1860, having weathered the dreadful locust invasions of 1856
and 1857, and unwelcome visits from starving, restless Indians.

By that date, Clemens and Theresa had four children, one, Joseph, dying very young back
in Pennsylvania. As accurately as we can establish their chronological order, those who
made the trip by railway to Rock Island and then by "The Minnesota Belle" steamboat up the
Mississippi, were John and Crecensia.

In St. Paul, Clemens hired Michael Phillips to drive their goods on to Stearns County,
while the Kost family rode on top of the load. After a three-day trip they reached St.
Joseph where they were greeted by Leopoldina Kost Aschenbrenner and her husband George, in
their log house.

What had induced this young couple to leave their families and make the long, difficult
journey of almost a thousand miles to a strange land still inhabited by more Indians than
settlers? Missionaries again.

The Ludwig Missionsverein had not been idle since its beginning in 1838. After
establishing St. Vincent's Abbey in Lathrope, Pennsylvania, in 1846, Boniface Wimmer, OSB,
turned his attention to the territory of Minnesota. Why? Principally because of an aged
Slovenian Missionary priest - a veritable Pied Piper - named Francis Xavier Piertz. Father
Piertz had come to America in 1835 at the age of 50, to work among the Indians of the Lake
Superior region. For years he labored zealously at Sault Ste. Marie and all along the north shores of the Lake, preaching the gospel.

Then in 1852 he received a call from the newly appointed Bishop Cretin of St. Paul to work among the Chippewa and Sioux, who far outnumbered settlers along the upper waters of the Mississippi.

So Father Piertz, at 66, began anew with a Mission Center at Crow Wing, an Indian trading post near what is now Crow Wing State Park near Brainerd. He must have redoubled his efforts to teach the Indians the Christian lesson of brotherly love, for he saw more and more white families arriving, to settle on the Indians' hunting grounds.

After news of the signing of the Sioux treaties of 1851, settlers began to move steadily into the territory even though the lands were not legally opened to settlement until the late summer of 1854. Land transactions were based solely on the Pre-emption Laws of 1841, which permitted occupation only of surveyed lands... Although these new Minnesota acres were not surveyed til 1853, and not opened for sale till 1855, settlers showed no scruples about squatting on lands of their choice...

Immigration really began in earnest during the summer of 1854 after the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad extended its tracks westward to Rock Island on the East bank of the Mississippi River. Settlers could then move from there up Ole Miss' on one of the steamboats chuffing up-river as far north as St. Paul.

In the spring of 1855, the flood of immigrants was on! Unlike many earlier arrivals who came to speculate, these newcomers moved across the rich territory to settle, the nucleus of stable family groups and solid communities.

Seeing these families come and knowing they were only the first of a wave, Father Piertz got busy, no doubt with the permission of Bishop Cretin, publicizing the new Promised Land to Europeans and to German settlements in Eastern America. He wrote private letters to friends and relatives, and public letters to newspapers such as the "Wahrheitsfreund" and the "Katholische Kirchenzeitung". He wrote a book entitled "Die Indianer in Nord Amerika" and a brochure "Eine kurze Beschreibung des Minnesota Territoriums".

In this he described the location and geography of Minnesota, its water-ways and natural resources, its towns, climate and produce. He quieted fears about the dangers of Indians and, in short, tooted a big horn for Minnesota.

We quote and you can see for yourself why his dulcet pipings brought settlers by the tens of thousands...

"Our winter is, indeed, somewhat longer, but not more severe than in the more southern states; it usually begins in the early part of November and continues 'til the end of April. During the three years I have spent here, I have not seen more than one foot of snow, and with the exception of 15 or 20 cold days, the weather has been generally so pleasant that one could work outdoors ... During the past winter, I have seen German settlers at work in their shirt sleeves, cutting wood for building and fencing...

"The Summer in Minnesota is more favorable for human health and for the growth of farm and garden produce than in any other country in the world. Rains are not frequent and rainfall seldom continues for more than a day; and yet we are not troubled by drought and we have experienced no crop failures. For the countless lakes and rivers in this territory give rise in the warm weather to great clouds of vapor which become charged with electricity, and alkaline particles are precipitated on clear nights in the form of heavy dew; thus furnishing soil and vegetation with an amount of moisture equal to a gentle rain. After this the warm sunshine effects a chemical fermentation in the earth which nourishes the vegetables and promotes rapid growth. Though the sowing is late, Minnesota's crops ripen in good time, and we have finer and more abundant harvests than any other region.

"In the past year I saw very fine oats cut at Belle Prairie on August 1st, that had been sown at the end of May. We have cucumbers an ell (45 inches) in length, melons weighing 8 pounds, cabbages of 24 pounds and 18-pound rutabagas. Winter wheat yields 42 bushels to the acre, and one can infer that the rest of the crops are equally good.

"In the southern states of North America, the climate, air and health of the people are quite different. There the Winter is much shorter, but is it very changeable and damp and hence injurious to health; while the long Autumn and dry Spring, for the above-mentioned reasons, are unfavorable for the development of vegetation. During the hot summer days, a host of noxious miasmas and poisonous gases arise from the marshes and mineral-charged soil and hang like heavy fog to taint the air and the crops.

"Thus, serious fevers, cholera and other epidemics appear and fill the hospitals with patients and the cemeteries with corpses - and German immigrants, especially, fall victims in great number because they are not accustomed to such air.
"Hasten then, my dear German people, those of you who have in mind to change your abode, and settle in Minnesota! "Do not delay joining the stream of immigration, for the sooner you come, the better will your opportunity be to choose a good place to settle. Several hundred families can still find good claims along the Sauk River, and in the surrounding country, no doubt, several thousand families can find favorable places...

"I do wish, however, that the choicest pieces of land in this delightful Territory could become the property of thrifty Catholics, who would make an earthly paradise of this Minnesota which Heaven has so richly blessed; and who would prove that Germans can be the best farmers and the best Christians in America.

"I am sure you will likewise do credit to your faith here in America; but to prove yourselves good Catholics, do not bring with you any Free Thinkers, Red Republicans, atheists or agitators." Amen. As we know, Germans responded to Father Piertz's unbridled enthusiasm. By 1855, more than 50 families had staked claims on both sides of the Sauk River and Father Piertz visited them frequently, exhorting them to write home and encourage others to come - and, no doubt, kept a sharp eye out for any "free thinkers, red republicans, atheists or agitators" who might have sneaked in with their more docile and conservative brethren.

A parallel path of endeavor was trod by the Benedictines. As early as 1846, at the behest of busy Fr. Piertz, Bishop Cretin appealed to the Ludwig Missionsverein for German-speaking priests to minister to the spiritual needs of the growing number of German Catholics who were entering Minnesota territory. The Mission Society referred the Bishop to Boniface Wimmer, OSB (the future patriarch of Benedictinism in North America) who was then preparing to start the church and seminary in Lathrope, Pa., 30 miles east of Johnstown, that was later to acquire Abbey status.

However, it was not until the spring of 1856, four years before the arrival of Theresa and Clemens Kost and their children, that Fr. Wimmer sent five Benedictines to St. Paul. By this time the need for priests was acute. In 1854 there were about 32,000 settlers in the territory but by 1857, a scant three years later, there were 150,037 - a real population explosion! Many of these were German speaking. Bavarians flocked to the Cold Spring area or to Jacob's Prairie and Collegeville environs; Bieder Bayern or Grober Bayern as they preferred to be called gravitated to Albany; Plattdeutch to Freeport and Meire Grove; Westphalians to St. Augusta; Luxemburgers to "new" Luxemburg. They fanned out from Sauk Rapids, a settlement on the bank of the Mississippi at the junction of the Sauk and Mississippi Rivers. Here the St. Paul to Fort Ripley mail route made a scheduled stop and here there was a United States Land Office. St. Cloud, just across the river, has now made it a suburb in all but name.

On Sunday, May 8, 1856, the five Benedictines were ordained by Bishop Cretin and they set off immediately with the Bishop, by stage and river boat, for Sauk Rapids. When they arrived on May 20th, Prior Demetrius offered Mass in the log chapel, where they found a note from Father Piertz, left there (when he had returned to his Indians at Crow Wing) for his long-awaited Benedictines....

"Your Reverence", it said, "I leave to the Church in Sauk Rapids four altar pictures - The Child Jesus, St. John the Baptist, Mater Dolorosa and Christus Coronatus - all presented by a benefactor. Moreover I leave of my personal property, as a present to Father Prior: one altar picture of the Assumption, one altar cloth, two altar hangings, two candle sticks, one altar bell, one Mass vestment, alb with amice and cincture and two Mass cruets...." After saying Mass, the Prior crossed the Mississippi to St. Cloud on a ferry boat rowed by Anthony Edelbrock, 13, son of the first German settler in St. Cloud. The boy was one day to become the second Abbot of St. John's.

The next day, on the Feast of Corpus Christi, the five Benedictines held public services for the first time in St. Cloud. In reporting on this event, one of them, Father Bruno Riess wrote with a curious lack of humility, "Up to the time of our arrival the people of St. Cloud had not dreamed of making land claims - all looked so hopeless. But our appearance turned the tables and that very night the inhabitants of St. Cloud claimed and staked out the entire prairie between St. Cloud and the Sauk River crossing, not leaving a single spot for us to locate upon." And so, like the Marines, the Bennies had landed! They lost no time in filing on the acres that are now the property of St. John's Abbey and University; and Bishop Cretin promptly transferred the six existing Mission stations of central Minnesota from old Father Piertz' tender care to the Benedictines' - so they began their work in St. Cloud, St. Augusta, Sauk Rapids, St. Joseph, St. James Prairie and Richmond.

When Clemens and Theresa had another child, a son, in 1861 - there was no lack of priests to baptize him Benedict, in honor of Clemens' father in far-off Pennsylvania.
Probably the baptism took place at Richmond because Clemens first settled 160 acres near The Ostendorf Quarry between Cold Spring and Richmond.

There he built a log house and out-buildings for his family, raised stock, worked the land and also began to dabble in lumber and building, a trade he knew well from Pennsylvania days. Theresa, with small children to care for, meals to cook, clothes to wash, garden to cultivate, cabin to keep clean, chickens to raise and at least one cow to milk, butter to make, bread to bake, sewing (and no doubt spinning and weaving) to do - had neither time nor inclination to brood on her lot in life. As her children later said of her, she was never content with taking care of her own family but was forever helping someone else. "She was in her glory," said her son Clemens, "when she was able to do things for other people." On July 1, 1861, the Minnesota First left Fort Snelling in St. Paul for the battle front. On August 1st, news came of the Battle of Manasses and the gallant conduct of these fledgling Minnesota soldiers.

The winter of 1862 had no parallel for snowfall. It was estimated, The St. Cloud Times said, at 48 inches, and mails and travel were much retarded by it. (It's a wonder that none of the settlers took out after Father Pierz that winter. Or was he safe in Europe on one of his periodical trips to his native Slovenia to recruit more settlers for this mild and beneficent Minnesota?) Clemens got along easily with the Indians who so far confined themselves to roving around mooching food. They sensed he was fearless and admired him for it, never doing him any real harm. It was only during the outbreak of '62 when the enraged Indians forgot all past friendships and obligations that the family fled to the church. He always used to hail them with "Whoosho netsy?" which means "How are You?" Theresa, who feared them from the beginning, would donate the last crust of bread in her house, just to get rid of them.

In 1862 both the bears and the Indians grew restive and predatory, the bears killing live-stock wholesale, and the Indians prowling around in a sort of guerilla warfare, killing one another or the white settlers, as the spirit took them.

The Kosts lived through many scares and false alarms; like their neighbors they all took off at the first hint of danger for the rough "fort" or shelter the men had built around the church in Richmond. Here the women and children huddled together while the men stood watch with their rifles.

Although none of Clemens' family or friends was actually hurt by the Indians, it was always a close thing. At one time during an Indian incident, four families including Clemens' were packed in one small log house near the creek that feeds into Becker's Lake just west of Richmond... (Probably not having had enough warning to reach the military fort that had just been built at Richmond and was guarded by soldiers)... One of the Indians on the west side of the cabin started shooting and when a bullet smashed the coffee pot on the fireplace hob, everyone bit the dust of the floor. Clemens crawled on hands and knees out the east side of the house and ran to notify soldiers in the fort.

The following morning, a group of soldiers and about a dozen Richmond men (was Clemens among them?) chased the Indians west toward Paynesville. When they arrived at Norway Lake they found that the Redskins had left many scalps nailed to the log shacks of the small settlement. As they stood there, viewing this scene angrily and sadly, a 15-year old girl, who had hidden while her parents and neighbors were being massacred, came stumbling toward them. So the Norway massacre had not been total.

As if wresting a living from the virgin soil and keeping a weather eye out for marauding Indians weren't enough harrassment, Clemens and his wife now lived under the shadow of the Civil War that had taken Theresa's brother's life. Finally the shadow fell directly on the little family.

It seems unlikely that Clemens would volunteer - with a wife and four or five children to support (Peter was born in 1863 and Margaret in 1865)... Thirty-nine local men were drafted on February 16, 1865, according to the St. Cloud Times, and on March 18 a draft began in the Stearns County villages of St. Martin, Rockville and St. Joseph. Could Clemens have been drafted in one of these last round-ups or could he have volunteered - for the $300 cash bounty - to go in another man's place? At any rate, he was a late-comer for he was not ready for combat duty when the conflict ended on April 13, 1865.

No one seems to recall where he took his training, but his dramatic home-coming was well-remembered! Theresa had stayed home, of course, with the children, none of them old enough to be more than grave responsibilities - even 8-year old John, though he probably felt himself the man of the house because he knew how to handle a gun.

Very early in summer - May, perhaps - one of the bears that had been prowling boldly round the settlements, paid a visit to the Kost cabin. Theresa herded the children to safety. John grabbed the rifle, on seeing the bear attack one of the family's fat hogs.
But at that precise moment Clemens, come back from the war, strode into the cabin, grabbed the gun out of John's hands, shot and killed the bear - and only then greeted his relieved and joyful family.

He was just in time, like the good, thrifty Swäbian he was, to save the hog for meat. Clemens butchered it forthwith, meat being too precious to permit any squeamishness, so they had an unexpectedly grand homecoming feast.

At the end of the Civil War which had been too close for comfort (the Battle of Gettysburg with all its carnage, was fought only 80 miles from Johnstown), Benedict and Monica Kost, Clemens' and Leopoldina's parents, followed them to Minnesota. It is possible, even probable, that they accompanied a daughter whose given name we do not know (Susan, Gracene, Mary or Katherine?) and her second husband, Mr. Fuecker. Her first husband by whom she had a son and a daughter in Johnstown, was named Herzog. The names of her three children by Fuecker were Stephen, Mary and Monica.

At best it must have been a hard trip for Ben at 75 and Monica at 70. Why did they come, leaving 7 out of their 10 children behind in Johnstown? Was it the lure of the grandchildren they had never seen? The desire to get far away from memories of the Civil War? Their grandson Clemens thought it was the latter.

Once arrived, they settled near Richmond and were both to die and be buried there seven years later in 1872, Ben at 82 and Monica at 77. They died on the farm where Nick Rothstein now lives.

Soon after his return from Army Camp, Clemens became an entrepreneur, opening a sawmill on the southwest edge of Richmond, near the Sauk River, and also operating a carding mill, preparing wool or flax for spinning.

The sawmill venture was ill-fated. He fired an employee named Klosterman and, it was alleged, Klosterman himself burned down the sawmill in a spirit of revenge.

Whether this experience caused Clemens to go back to the land where he would not be dependent on employees, we don't know; but he lost no time in homesteading 160 acres about 8 miles west of Richmond, part of which was later to become the village of Roscoe.

First he built a log cabin 12 feet by 14 feet, not exactly commodious for the size of his family, but snug and lively no doubt. There is a photograph of the cabin Laken in the 1930s when it had become a dilapidated tool shed. Now it has been torn down.

It was in the new cabin that Clemens' seventh child was born on March 14, 1867. He was called Gregor and he became the great-grandfather of John, Carl and Scott.

When he was only a few months old, a great freshet hit Stearns County, on July 25, 1867, the worst rain since 1850. According to the St. Cloud Times "the rain came down in a deluge from early Wednesday morning until late Thursday night over the upper Nississippi valley. Thursday morning the river began to rise and by nightfall had risen ten feet. Sawmills everywhere were damaged and millions of feet of logs were lost."

Good neighbor Herman Schaefers, a bachelor homesteading across the low meadowland slough to the northeast, nearly lost his life trying to get across to find out whether the Kosts and their children were all safe. It was not until three or four days later that the water subsided enough for him to reach the Kosts, where he spent a half day with Clemens, no doubt estimating damage to crops and their inevitable losses.

Clemens' and Theresa's young family grew apace. Joseph was born in 1869. John, the eldest was 12 and in that time and place able to do much of the work of a man. By now he could plow, sow and reap and he had become a crack shot and a fur trapper.

Game abounded in the new north country (bear, mink, raccoon, muskrats, geese, wild duck and Prairie chickens) and besides offering great sport, shooting them helped to break the monotony of the pioneer diet - indeed sometimes meant the difference between going hungry or not. So it had the blessing of everyone.

Provisions still had to be hauled from St. Paul, a long and hazardous trip. At one time the family had no flour or lard, and their only food was boiled fish eaten without salt. Indians still came to the cabin and often frightened Theresa by snatching food from the table and then - perhaps as a gesture of thanks - tossing their tomahawks in the ceiling.

When Clemens came to Minnesota he brought with him a double-barreled shot gun (a muzzle loader) and for game birds he loaded it with shot and pebbles. For bear and deer he used homemade slugs. If he could get close enough with this blockbuster, Clemens, Jr., testified, "he could get all the ducks, geese and prairie chickens he wanted with one shot".

About 1867 the sport of spearing fish by the light of bonfires started to gain popularity, and Clemens and his sons "took all they wanted" by this now long-forbidden method.

But Clemens was always so busy with other things that he left most of the hunting and
fishing and trapping to his boys, so they all grew up as familiar with guns and traps and fishing lines as young Indians. They roamed the entire area trapping mink, raccoon and muskrat and the Indians, with innate courtesy, never molested their traps.

In trying to fill in a portrait of Clemens, we have the help of a large photograph of him and Theresa. It looks as if it might have been taken when they were in their 50s at most. Theresa's hair was untouched by grey; Clemens' mustache and neat, rather wavy spade beard lightly frosted, his plentiful hair still dark except for a bit of grey at the temples. He is the handsomer of the pair, with well-shaped features and remarkable alert, direct and somehow humorous blue or grey eyes.

He looks like the sort of man who would understand and enjoy the pleasures of the flesh and the fun of human companionship. Not easily fooled, yet not overly suspicious or hypercritical.

We don't mean to praise Clemens at the expense of Theresa. After all, she'd had 13 children and the hard life of a pioneer wife. Her face was square-jawed, broad and with large ears, or perhaps they only seem so because her hair, parted in the center is drawn down uncompromisingly behind them, calling attention to their size. Her eyes are rather heavy-lidded and deep set; her mouth wide but well-shaped.

She looks intelligent and handbox neat, and we cannot quite imagine her being permissive with her children. However, we know from their testimony and that of friends and neighbors that she was not only a good and tireless mother to her large brood but first with a helping hand and a person of the highest character.

Clemens was of medium height (five feet nine inches) and build. According to Clemens, Jr., his father's greatest pleasures and pursuits were working, building log houses and foregathering with his cronies. One of his deep interests was horses and cattle, and he always tried to keep good stock on his farm.

He was a life-long Democrat ("and so am I," stoutly averred his son and namesake), casting his vote for Millard Fillmore in 1850. However, he was never more than mildly interested in politics and that on a local rather than a state or national level. Perhaps the respect and affection his son seems to have had for him are as sharp a clue to his character and personality as we could ever hope to find. He must have been kind and fair, and a sympathetic father, judging from Clemens, Jr.'s attitude.

He certainly was virile. In 1872 a daughter, Mary, appeared and shortly thereafter came two more girls: Katherine, born April 14, 1874, and Theresa, born May 14, 1876. Both these children were to cause Clemens' and Theresa's first heartache for they died in July of 1881 during a diphtheria epidemic, at seven and five years of age.

It was a blessing that Clemens, born July 7, 1878, and only three at the time of the epidemic, was not a victim, too. Thereby hangs a tale told with great relish by Clemens, Jr. himself.

The sick children, Clemens among them, had been tended by a Dr. Schmitts, whose credentials could have been excellent and still no match for the vicious disease. But after the second child, little Theresa, had succumbed on July 28th, the mother begged her husband on her knees to give young Clemens no more of Dr. Schmitts' medicine.

"If he has to die," she pleaded, "let him die a natural death." The father agreed and the distraught mother began feeding the sick child sugar water.

A short time later, when another medico, Dr. Free of Paynesville, paid a call, he said, "This boy is recovering. What are you giving him?" "Sugar water," Theresa replied. "Keep right on with it," the doctor advised.

And so it was that the small grave opened for Clemens in Richmond graveyard (by kindly but pessimistic neighbors) had to be closed.

A young sister for Clemens was born on Washington's Birthday, in 1882, and a brother, Wilhelm, on November 10, 1885. Wilhelm's mother was 49 when he was born, but that was the end of her long years of child-bearing. Though Wilhelm died at the age of four - there remained and flourished, a family of ten.

The new land was flourishing, too. Immigrants had begun to pour into the state once the restrictions of the Civil War ended. In November 1865, the St. Cloud Times announced that Stearns County had a population of 7,367, with 3,881 of them males. A year later, the St. Paul-St. Cloud Railroad started running one train a day, arriving in St. Cloud at noon and leaving 30 minutes later. The old Stage Coach line from St. Cloud to Minneapolis was abandoned as obsolete and its coaches transferred to the less developed southern part of the state.

Rumors were circulating to the effect that the Northern Pacific Railroad planned to build a transcontinental line, extending it at first 280 miles beyond St. Cloud! Wheat was selling at $1.50 a bushel; corn, $1.25; oats, 75 cents; potatoes, 30 cents; kerosene, $1 a
In March of 1867 there were 22 well organized villages and town in Stearns County alone, yet buffalo were abundant only 150 miles west, and deer were so plentiful in the county that citizens without guns, it was said, pursued them with pitchforks! The first velocipede ever seen in the territory was put on exhibition in St. Cloud in May, 1869, and many orders were placed for one, in spite of the fact that local streets and roads were nothing more than potholes.

On August 29, 1872, the first passenger train crossed the Mississippi on the newly constructed railway bridge into the new St. Cloud Depot... Wolves were killing livestock here and there and the legislature was urged to increase the bounty on them.

In 1873 when he was 16, John got a job driving one of the famous Red River carts. These were the picturesque and primitive two-wheeled wooden carts drawn by teams of oxen. Since 1823 they had been hauling Hudson's Bay furs from Fort Garry (now Winnipeg, Manitoba) to St. Paul (then Port Snelling) and taking wheat or flour and other provisions back. Clemens, Jr. remembers that John followed the carts barefoot. When asked why, Clemens said tartly, "Because he had no shoes!" The huge wooden wheels ran on wooden axles, so they creaked loudly and the combined creaking of a caravan of 200 carts made an unforgettably eerie sound that early settlers could hear far-off across the prairies.

Probably John had joined the great trains after having heard the sound, as many a young man later heard the whistle of distant trains calling him to adventure in strange cities; as youngsters of the 1.960's heard the reverberation of jet engines and watched their silvery contrails disappear - or witnessed rockets headed for the moon.

Exactly what course the carts took west of Paynesville cannot be determined, but they probably headed for the Red River, the boundary between North Dakota and Minnesota, and followed that to Pembina, then on to Winnipeg. Clemens, Jr. says John went with the carts to Fort Abercrombie and back several times. Where was that? A Fort Abercrombie was established in 1858 in North Dakota - very likely on the site of the present town of Abercrombie on the Red River midway between Breckenridge and Fargo. This is about 30 miles west of Fergus Falls.

In another questionnaire, Clemens says John travelled with the Hudson's Bay Red River carts into Alberta, Canada, a province that had only been opened up in the late 18th century - and a long, long way for a boy to travel barefoot. Clemens also claimed that John was with the trains for about one year, and at the rate they travelled it is debatable whether he could have covered so much territory.

As soon as he joined the carts, John must have felt pangs of homesickness for on the second trip he made, while the carts were camped at Willmar for the night, he asked permission to go home to see his mother and father. Receiving it, he walked all the way to the old Homestead, saw his family briefly and walked back to rejoin the Red River carts at dawn, just as they began another day's slow journey. (To indulge in analogies - this compares roughly to John Michael Schaefers (1948 - ) walking one night from his home in Bloomington, Illinois, to Streator, 50 miles away, and back home again, to see his Uncle Harry!) Besides driving a cart and no doubt making himself generally useful, John Kost always kept his gun close at hand, and more than once helped kill buffalo for meat.

The days of the romantic Red River carts were numbered, however... Britannica says they had begun to lose most of their importance in the 1850's when flat boats and soon steam boats replaced them.

By March of 1873 the Northern Pacific Railroad had been pushed west from St. Paul as far as Bismarck, North Dakota, and was progressing at the rate of two miles a day.

Minnesota blizzards are legendary and figure elsewhere in this history - but Ben Lang (1902 - ) remembers tales of one of the worst, in 1873, that was almost fatal to Clemens. Before the onset of the storm, Clemens started out from the homestead and walked across fields to visit a neighbor who lived about where Joe Khron's or Tony Zazkowskii's place is now located.

On the way back home he was caught by the wind-driven snow less than a mile from his cabin. Fortunately he stumbled blindly into a large hay stack and had the presence of mind to burrow into it for safety. The blizzard was so long and severe, he remained there two days before being able to walk home.

In 1874, the family was saddened by the news that Clemens' older sister, Leopoldina Kost Aschenbrenner had lost her husband, George. They had lived in St. Joseph and all during his life there, George, who was a candle-maker by trade, made all the holy candles used in the church.

Of their eight surviving children - born between 1840 and 1874 of course - Theresa and Monica, spinsters, stayed on in the St. Joseph home where their mother, Leopoldina, also
remained a widow, until her death September 11, 1911.

We are indebted again to Ben C. Lang for the names of the Aschenbrenner children and a few facts about them.

Susan married Gerhard Ablen and they had nine children; John farmed near St. Joseph; his wife, Anna Friedrich, presented him with seven children. Anna Aschenbrenner married Carl Remley and the couple were parents of five. Anthony took Christina Burgraff as his wife and they had three sons and two adopted daughters. Mary Aschenbrenner became Sister Ida, OSB. We assume she must have been connected with St. Ben’s, the local Benedictine girls' college, at least part of her lifetime.

In 1875 the St. Cloud Times boasted that the city was "tolerably well off for railroads, present and prospective. In addition to the line from this city to St. Paul, and the St. Vincent and Brainerd Branch (practically completed), it has on paper the Minneapolis and St. Cloud RR; the Duluth, St. Cloud and Yankton line; the St. Cloud and St. Peter RR; and finally the Superior and Southwestern..." There were 30 saloons in St. Cloud by 1876. Commented The Times complacently: "The town is growing".

Culture came to the Granite City on February 1st, 1877, when the celebrated Julia Ward Howe, author of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic", lectured at the Congregational Church on "Men's Women and Women's Men", employing no oratorical effects whatsoever, to the surprise of the reporter, who had probably never heard anyone but politicians and preachers.

"There seems to be no end," the Times wrote in 1879, "to the number of immigrants daily passing through on their way to the frontier. One day last week, 42 wagons, 112 head of cattle and 32 horses passed this office." Although it didn't make the society pages, an important event took place in the Kost household in 1879. Crecensia, the eldest daughter, now 20, was married. Her husband was Michael Traun, born in Mosta, Slovenia, part of Austria, in 1853, whose entire family figures in this narrative — indeed forms one fourth of the whole.

In 1881 Stearns County could count a population of 21,956. There were 11,691 males and 10,265 females, indicating that the rigors of pioneer days were on the wane. Of the total population, 14,228 were native-born Americans and 7,131 foreign-born.

John wasn't the only adventurer in the family. Benedict, turned 20 in 1881, became a horse and cattle dealer and with two other men bought up a lot of young steers and drove them to Montana to sell. En route one day while Ben was alone watching the herd, they started crossing a river nearby and he couldn't head them off. So, as the last one swam across, Ben grabbed his tail and went over with him.

Later, when he tried to swim them back, a tough-looking cowboy appeared, told him to leave the herd right where it was. To emphasize his point, he pulled a gun on Ben and the young cattleman obeyed. He high-tailed it for the nearest officers however, told them his tale, and they brought the beeves back to Ben safely.

About six months later, when Ben was having dinner at the Richmond Hotel, he glanced across the table and recognized the cowboy. Ben launched a haymaker, knocked the man off his chair and before he could get up, was on top of him pounding his head on the floor and shouting, "You'll never draw a gun on me again, you...!" Other diners had to pull Ben off his victim, who disappeared without a word and never showed up around Stearns County again.

Just as well perhaps, for Clement, Jr. relates, "Ben was pretty fast on the trigger. Later on he was Deputy Sheriff." Peter, two years Ben's junior, was afflicted with wanderlust. For two years, while the Great Northern Railroad was being built in the western reaches of the state, Peter helped to build it with a grader and a team of horses. Deciding that manual labor was not to his liking, he went to St. Cloud to run a saloon. Later he moved to the State of Washington; then to California. Finally he came back to Minnesota, to Avon, then bought land on Spunk Lake where he lived until he died.

Perhaps the first of a generations-long series of hunting anecdotes is this about John, while he was still living on the Old Homestead. One winter, Clemens, Sr. sent John off to the woods near Rice Lake with a yoke of oxen and a sledge for a load of logs. John's dog went along. When it grew dark and John still hadn't returned, Clemens, afraid he'd had an accident, started out on foot after him. When he drew close to what is now the Ben Magadanz place, there came John, in tattered clothes and limping a bit, following the sledge - and on the top of the logs, lay a dead deer! John's story: "When I had one tree cut down, the dog chased a deer through the woods and out onto the ice on the Lake, beside the point. I only had a small pocket knife on me, but I ran out on the ice where the dog was still holding the deer. I finally managed to slit his throat, but by that time my clothes were ripped and I was bruised all over. Then when I got the logs and the deer..."
Clemens was one of the prime movers in founding the village of Roscoe. In fact he donated land to the Great Northern Railroad for a station there and plotted the townsite himself. Others wanted to call the town “Kostville”, but Clemens would have none of that. Perhaps he was clairvoyant and realized that in future years it would not be a metropolis he wanted his name connected with.

The date was 1886 and Grover Cleveland was president, when the new division branch was completed between Willmar and St. Cloud. The first train came clanging and puffing up to the Roscoe station on September 1st.

Clemens opened a lumber yard and other local men started a general merchandise store, a hotel and a saloon, a harness shop, a blacksmithy and a grain elevator. All the land on which the village was built was at one time part of Clemens Kost's homestead.

About this time Gregor was 19 and Joe 17, both of them ardent hunters, perfectly confident about handling guns and no doubt very skillful and careful. However they had an accident that might well have put Gregor out of the running as our grandsire.

Apparently the boys were out hunting in a buckboard with their father's finest driving team when the accident occurred. The gun exploded, according to Clemens Junior's version, as they were standing side by side in the rushes shooting at ducks.

"Joseph lost a finger and Gregor was struck by a four-inch piece of the gun barrel that lodged in his throat," Clemens, Jr. explained.

Dr. Schmitt (probably the same one who attended the children in 1878 during the diphtheria epidemic) removed it and sewed up the wound but three days later discovered he had missed a piece of steel. This time, Clemens said, the doctor called in help, and removed the sliver which was lodged within a hairsbreadth of the jugular vein.

"Gregor recuperated," Clemens added, "but Joe had only nine fingers and Dad lost his favorite team of horses". No one seems to know how the horses were lost unless, frightened by the explosion, they ran away, getting entangled in lines and brush and so injuring themselves they had to be destroyed.

There was no noticeable lack of skill among any of Clemens' sons when it came to markmanship, but Joseph, it appears, wins the palm by consensus. Ben Lang furnishes this account of his prowess.

When Gregor, Joe and Clemens were all grown men, they went duck hunting on Rice Lake near Gregor's first cottage (located about where the Schaefers' cottage car-port now stands). Noticing seven lovely Blue-bills landing close to the shore, the three men approached the shore-line from three different directions.

As they got into position to shoot, the Blue-bills had drifted closer to Joe. Much to his brothers' surprise and annoyance, Joe stood up boldly and clapped his hands. Then, with no sweat, he proceeded to get all seven birds in the air. No doubt, Earl Schaefers (1922 - ) surmised, with a double-barrelled shotgun at that! Joe was what is known as a "natural wing shot".

Clemens and Theresa were to lose their last child, a son, Wilhelm. He was only four when he died in 1889. Why? No one seems to remember.

How much education their children got, or where, seems to be rather vague, but we know that Gregor went to elementary school in a building still standing on the old Rothstein farm between Roscoe and Richmond; so we will have to assume that the others went there also, for a matter of five or six years.

But Clemens lived to see all but two of his grown sons and daughters married and settled in life before he too died on November 20th, 1892 at only 65. There was still no church in Roscoe, so he was buried from the Richmond Church where in his younger days he had often waited, rifle in hand, for threatened Indian attacks.

Theresa outlived him by 35 years, dying at 91, a veritable matriarch, full of years and honor. In 1836, when she was born, the first crack steamships (with auxiliary sails) were crossing the Atlantic at record-breaking speed in 16 days. The year she died Charles Lindbergh made it in one day in the Spirit of St. Louis.

We are now getting into deep water, genealogically speaking. Many of the fifty-four-strong Kost descendants in the third generation are still living as this is written and may well be able to catch us in unintentional errors of fact about themselves. If so, we hope they will overlook slight errors, correct major ones and notify us so that we may add the information to a list of corrections.

With the generation under discussion, the pioneer spirit of adventure seemed to die down, perhaps understandably so. With very few exceptions, these great-grandsons and great-granddaughters of Monica and Ben did not stray far from Stearns County. (Their lives also represent a considerable span of time for one generation: beginning with Ben Kost,
son of John, born about 1880; and ending with John, son of Clemens, Jr., born in 1930 - a
half-century later!) Nearing the turn of the century, most Roscoe residents and farmers
on the north and east attended church at Richmond or St. Martin - a long trek for many.
Almost 50 families needed - or at least wanted - their own church. In March, 1898, several
leading citizens of the Roscoe neighborhood started the ball rolling. Gregor Kost, now a
married man and the father of three, offered to donate four acres of land for the church,
rectory and cemetery, in addition to $25 in cash. Three others pledged cash.
The Most Reverend James Trobec, Bishop of St. Cloud, was then paid a visit by a
committee of three, one of them Hermann Schaefers, now also a married man and the father
of two, and his lifelong friend, Lambert Knese.
The Bishop smiled on their project.
Within a short time, 46 families and 12 bachelors pledged $4,290, all of which was
redeemed before the end of the year. That was the beginning of St. Agnes Church in Roscoe,
around which the lives of the kosts and the Schaefers clans revolved for another 70 years.
The church cost $6,500, the parish house $1,000. Originally St. Agnes was put under the
care of the Benedictine Priars of St. John's Abbey and 22 years later, in 1920, the first
diocesan priest was installed.
We have scant information about everyone in this generation of Kosts (except for Gregor
and Clemens and their families) but we will give you what we have managed to collect,
hoping it does not read as monotonously as the list of "begats" in the Old Testament... Crescencia Kost Traun's progeny will be discussed in the Traun section, since it is
customary to list children under the male line.
John Kost married Anna Kessler in 1884. He was Richmond's constable for 45 years, his
most dangerous work (an anticlimax to his adventurous youth) consisting of handling old
settlers who came to town on Saturday nights to get drunk. Usually John had to stash the
drunks in jail, and then stable their horses. The next morning they usually paid their
fines sneakily and went home with splitting heads.
We are obliged to Ben C. Lang (1902) - one of the double cousins resulting from the
marriage of Mary Kost (1872-1905) to John Lang (1867-1935) for an insight into John's
adult personality. Ben, who combines a natural understanding of people with a long memory
and a marked talent for writing says that his Uncle John left a lasting impression on him.
"As a boy and a young man, I knew Uncle John while he lived in Richmond", Ben wrote. "He
was a great story teller and had a kind of droll humor that I found fascinating. He told
us many intriguing stories of life in the early days and of his experience driving a Red
River cart between Winneppeg and St. Cloud.
"It's hard to explain his particular brand of humor; perhaps because it was the WAY he
said things as much as the things he said. For example, he would sit in seeming meditation
and then say to Pete Ruegemer, a special friend, "I tell you, Pete, a bear is an
uncivilized animal I don't want to have anything to do with ... If ever you are looking
for me and you happen to run across a bear track, don't try to find me by going in the
same direction the bear took . If you find my tracks anywhere, they'll show clearly that I
was going in the opposite direction - and FAST!" John and Anna had two sons and three
daughters. Ben, the eldest, ran away with a Cold Spring girl, but must have brought her
back for he later became a depot agent there. Ed went to California where he met and
married a wealthy girl. He was a crack shot and with his knowledge of guns, got a good job
in a sporting goods store. Of the three girls, Lydia became a nurse, and married Ben
Engelhard of St. Cloud; Estella became Mrs. Max Davidson of St. Cloud arid Clara, a
teacher, never married, in fact died in 1893 at 19.
Ben Kost and Theresa Weber, who married in 1886, were the parents of 11. Ben supported
this brood by running a feed store and horse-trading business, and he also became Deputy
Sheriff and City Councilman in St. Cloud. Their son, Leander, who followed in his father's
political footsteps was Treasurer of Stearns County for more than 40 years - a tribute to
his honesty and his skill; Louis bought and sold horses and worked in the highway
department. Julius lived and died in Chicago. Clemens was St. Cloud City Assessor and
Surveyor; Olivia married Jake Schlener and Eleanor was a spinster. Robert, a St. Cloud
delivery man for American Railway Express, saw to it that Harold Schaefers (1912 - ) was
kept busy on his first retail job in the receiving room of the old Sharood chain store in
his early high school days. Robert little knew that by delivering those boxes of fashion
merchandise from New York City, which young Harold always unrapped eagerly, he was
feeding an ambition that was to condemn the boy to many years of covering the Seventh
Avenue Market! Jerome, Karl, Florine and Irmalinda are unaccounted for.
Peter, the Kost with the wanderlust, married Eve Welz sometime during his travels. They
had no children but apparently adopted a boy, and a girl named Ramona. Peter died in 1939

at 76, on the 43-acre place at Spunk Lake. Margaret, who was born the year the Civil War ended, married Stephen Orth, a railroad section hand in St. Joseph and bore him four daughters - Veronica, Nella, Eleanore and Bernice. Orth was killed by a train and Margaret then married a man in Minneapolis named Greindle. Margaret, like her first, and indeed, her second husband, died violently. A policeman son-in-law went berserk one day and shot and killed her and Greindle.

Joseph, the wing shot, chose to remain on the old Homestead at the east edge of Roscoe. In the 1940's before he died, the house and outbuildings had deteriorated from inroads of time and climate. There is a photograph taken in the 1930's showing the original homestead cabin, when it was used as a toolshed.

In 1896, Joseph married Helen Waggoner (Wagner?) of St. Martin and they produced eight for the family tree: Nella married a man named Zastrow who ran a filling station on Highway No. 23 in Cold Spring; Alvina became Mrs. Joseph Gordon of Paynesville; Louisa married a preacher's son - Ollie Luckensgard - who sold insurance. Alma became Mrs. Vessels and lived in Minneapolis. Paul married Zastrow's sister and, until his death, farmed the old homestead for his father. Elmer than married Paul's widow.

Theresa Kost, the youngest in the family, became the wife of Anthony Nierenhausen, a saloon keeper in Richmond. They had four children, two of them - Irene and Irmalinda - twins. One married an Annandale barber, the other a sawmill carpenter. Peter, their only son, worked at Nash Finch, and later went into partnership with his father. Lucille married a carpenter. It was Theresa who made a home for her widowed mother for 28 years, bearing out the old saw "A son is a son 'till he gets him a wife - but a daughter's a daughter all of her life". Theresa died youngish, at 48, a scant three years after her mother.

Now we come to Gregor. At 23 he was already the proprietor of a hotel and saloon in Roscoe, a two-story frame building near the depot. Gregor had bought the property from Ray Bruning's father. In addition, he dealt in cattle and horses, having inherited a liking from his father, and he also had the St. Martin rural mail route, a gruelling chore in winter. A busy young man who, in spite of his various enterprises, always found time for hunting.

It is interesting to note that most of Clemens' and Theresa's descendants seemed to have no great taste for the drudgery of farming. Of the sons only Joe remained a farmer exclusively and for his entire life.

The Kosts showed a tendency to become small businessmen, to invest in horses, cattle, hotels, saloons, general stores or feed and grain stores, in the hopes of making a good profit. Otherwise they gravitated to political jobs. This is not to imply that they were afraid of hard work. It seems to have been manual work they avoided, setting a pattern for their descendants.

Gregor must have been quite a handsome young man for he was distinguished looking even in his old age. Of middle height and build, he had the head of a Roman Emperor. His younger brother, Clemens, Jr., was almost matinee idol material, with the same even features, bold nose, expressive eyes and cap of thick hair.

They may have come by their classic features honestly because Southern or Cis-Alpine Germany - Bavaria, Baden-Wurttenburg and the area along the Rhine - was settled long before the birth of Christ by the Romans. While the tribes of North Germany were still warring savages, the people living in Cis-Alpine Germany had assimilated the government, culture and blood of the Romans - along with their love of peace and order, learning, and the arts. They acquired a sort of light-hearted romanticism seen in modern French and Italians, in contrast to the sober earnestness of the typical North German.

Gregor may have had an eye for business as well as beauty when he prevailed on Elizabeth Lang, a Melrose Hotel employee of 16 or 17 to become his wife ... Elizabeth's ancestors originally came from Trier on the Mosel River. Trier is almost on the border of Luxembourg and only a few miles from the province of Moselle in France - once the disputed Alsace-Lorraine country. However, Elizabeth was born, one of seven, on a farm near Richmond, the daughter of Elizabeth Meyer and Joseph Lang.

The spectacular story of her mother's courageous life is told in the Lang Section. It is enough to hint here that Elizabeth inherited her mother's indomitable courage and strength, along with her baptismal name.

She and Gregor were married on November 18, 1890. Elizabeth must have been a fine looking bride with her smooth, warm olive skein, alert, snapping black eyes and her beautiful thick black hair. She was always so neat and clean, with her hair so brushed and shining, that she probably looked as if she had stepped from a band box when she stood at the altar.
We do not know who had taken care of the hotel, who had cooked and cleaned and washed and polished, before Gregor brought his bride there - but anyone who knew Elizabeth could easily guess that she rolled up her sleeves immediately and with great pleasure and zest, set about making it the cleanest, neatest hotel in the county, with the best "table".

Nor did she stop working when she became pregnant with her first child. It was not in her nature to allow weakness or infirmity to slow down her pace. True, she might have grown a bit sharp or impatient now and then, when she was weary, a bit fast with a retort, but never did she cease her labors. Three children were born in the hotel - William in 1891, Lillian in 1893 and Raymond in 1897.

In 1893, when the estate of Clemens, Sr., was settled, with his son Ben as administrator, Joe bought the old homestead from the estate while Gregor purchased 40 acres of woodland bordering Rice Lake (the spot where John had slaughtered the deer with his pocket knife). In the years before the land was completely cleared, Gregor used it to fatten cattle for the market because the grass was rich and sweet.

In 1900, Gregor and his thrifty wife sold the hotel to Joe Rothstein, and built a new house, a moderately large frame house of two stories, where Clemens was to live later on until his death and where Gregor's and Elizabeth's fourth and last child, Adelle, was born on April 10, 1901.

The family remained in this house about four years and then, around 1904, Gregor bought 160 acres of farmland south of the old Homestead. This he farmed until about 1920, when the last of his boys, Raymond, went to seek a career in St. Paul. As a side line, or was it a main line (?), Gregor also bought and sold livestock in the area.

On the edge of his new farm he built another house, about two blocks from the church. Here the young family was reared and here Gregor and Elizabeth lived to old age. The house was a large red brick square with a front and back porch, set on a lot sloping gently toward the village. It had four large rooms downstairs and four upstairs, and when it was 50 years old, its shiny golden woodwork looked new. Furnished simply and sparsely, in the graceless Mission style popular then, it was kept neat and clean as wax.

Even though they were no longer dependent on boarders, Elizabeth hated to see a room empty, so she almost always had a houseful of boarders - often relegating the children to the attic to make room for paying guests. Even when she was old and half-crippled with arthritis she could still cook and serve elaborate meals fit for gourmets.

One of the special charms of her home was Elizabeth's flower garden, just south of the kitchen. She loved flowers and had a knack for growing them that she passed on to her daughter, Lillian. From spring until first frost, Elizabeth's garden was a blaze of color and beauty, and during the long, cold winters her house was abloom with flowering plants.

West of the house, their grandson Earl (1922 - ) remembers, was an orchard of plum, cherry and apple trees and in the kitchen-garden, near the flower garden, were fat strawberries, raspberries and blackberries, as well as every vegetable grown in the north. Of course there was too much for Elizabeth and Gregor alone to use, but Grandma's gifts of fruit preserves and fresh vegetables were handed out generously to the clan.

Naughty Gregor, who could never seem to get enough of hunting, made a practice of thinning the ranks of robins preying on the kitchen garden, with bird shot in his 22 cal. rifle. Gentle and kind as he was. Gregor stubbornly refused to consider the robin a song bird! East of the house were wash house, smoke house, then woodshed; and across the grassy barnyard ranged machine shed, sheepshed and a low, red hay and horse barn. Together with the house, they somehow suggested a Grandma Moses primitive, with the same look of long-gone peace and tranquillity about them ...

Earl remembers being fascinated as a child with the elemental mysteries of the place: butchering, curing of hams, cutting of wood to store in the shed against wintertime, and soapmaking in the vast iron kettle. Even when detergents began to elbow one another off supermarket shelves, Grandma continued to make laundry soap with fat and wood ashes. It got clothes cleaner, she contended, than anything else.

Gregor's many irons in the fire kept him busy, but never, as we have said, too busy to go hunting. It was in 1898, according to Clemens, Jr., that there was a grand-daddy of a hunting party, evidently triggered by a visit from one of the cousins still living in Johnstown, Pa. A railroad engineer, his name was Clemens Ribley (or Rively) and he was 41, the same age as Gregor's oldest brother, John. Since we have been unable to trace the relationship accurately, we can only speculate. The man could have been the son of a daughter of Joseph Kost, the mathematical wizard, or he may have been a grandson of Theresa Shriber Kost, since her family had remained in Johnstown.

In any event, the entire male tribe of Kosts welcomed him royally and set out to show him what glorious sport Minnesota hunting could be. Without a doubt they succeeded in
impressing him. We have heard, in somewhat disconnected fashion, tall tales of flying buckboards, Irish setters used for field work, arsenals of guns and regiments of Kosts blazing away at prairie chickens (now extinct – and little wonder!) and at any other game handy. We have seen age-yellowed photographs of the returned hunters, posing with not much more than their heads and shoulders showing above the vast heaps of dead game on the ground. We also recall Elizabeth Kost's bemoaning the fact that so much game had been shot by this doughty anti-conservationist crew, it was spoiled before the women could prepare it all for cooking.

William, the eldest of Gregor's children, went to school, he tells us, till the 7th grade at the rural school house two miles north east of town on Hermann Schaefers' homestead, at that time the only school in the area. After a few years at the little country school, he attended the new 193 in Roscoe and from there he went to St. Cloud Normal College for one term.

Besides working the farm and doing chores for his father, Bill picked up odd jobs whenever he could. It was on one of these that he discovered Montana. While driving a herd of cattle there for his Uncle Ben, he liked what he saw and made a promise to himself to return.

It was in 1914 that he finally left Roscoe for good. He worked at Saco, Montana for six months and then homesteaded nearby. He was 28 when he married Mabel Brown, then 20, and he lived out his life raising wheat and cattle in his adopted state.

Family life at the Gregor Kosts was busy and full. Lillian, born in 1893 who was to be the paternal grandmother of Scott, was a lovely little girl with brown hair, big dark eyes and her mother's warm olive skin. In a group picture taken at school in 1903, when she was ten, Lillian looks out squarely and solemnly at the world, her hair drawn back straight to emphasize her intelligent forehead.

She has told us something of her childhood, though where personal things were concerned she was inclined to be reticent. She remembered how she liked to chat idly with her father and her brothers, but rarely got an opportunity to do so because her mother would call immediately and insist that she must get on with her sewing or embroidery and not waste time! Of all the housewifely skills she was taught, and taught well, by her mother, Lillian most liked to bake delicate, complicated desserts and to raise flowers. These knacks never deserted her and never palled. Even when she was close to death and in a wheelchair, she still directed kitchen activities and always asked to have her chair placed beside windows overlooking her flower garden which her husband then tended lovingly for her. Another one of her delights as a teenager was music. She had a fine contralto voice and played the piano and sang whenever she could find the leisure.

She was always deeply and quietly religious and for a while when she was in her teens, she later confided to us, she longed to enter the Benedictine Convent at St. Joseph.

But that was before she got interested in a hard-working genial young farmer, John Schaefers, who became her devoted swain when she was still only 16. John was the son of Hermann Schaefers and Gertrude Traun (whose genealogies are treated in another section) and he farmed the 160 acres where he lived with his parents.

Their courtship progressed at the stately, decorous pace love took in those horse-and-buggy days. Both were kept so busy by their work-oriented parents and by the lack of labor-saving devices, that they usually had only Sundays for courting. John loved to talk and Lillian was a good listener. Like any woman, Lillian could chatter gaily about trivialities when she had the chance; but knowing John, we suspect that he wooed her with words ...

John loved to dance, and they both went to country dances, to picnics, box socials and on buggy rides. It was in this innocent milieu that the romance grew. By 1910 they were "going steady" as an engaged couple, but they had agreed not to hurry the wedding because Lillian was still only 17.

However, in the spring of 1911, John's parents decided to retire. They bought two lots in Roscoe, across the street from the church, and made arrangements to build a house there for early fall completion. John was quite prepared to "batch" at the old homestead but Lillian, when she heard the news, thought otherwise.

"I won't have you living out there alone!" she announced. (A wise girl, for if John was as inept at cooking then as he proved to be in later years, he would have starved to death.) So they set a date – September 26, 1911. What a busy, blissful summer that must have been for Lillian, and what a hustle and bustle her mother must have been in! Tuesday, September 26th dawned fair and sunny for the wedding at St. Agnes Church and the reception for friends and relatives at Lillian's home. Elizabeth had the house shining more resplendently than usual and decorated with late
flowers from her garden and what a Roman banquet of food there was! The bride in her simple white and the bridegroom in his unaccustomed best, smiled at the well-wishers, and all day long the sun shone - except for a brief shower.

Gregor played the part of host well, with his quiet affability and his customary courtly deference to guests, but inwardly he felt many a pang at the thought that his dear "Lilly" was leaving him.

Raymond Kost, born when the century was almost spent, was four years younger than Lillian and seven years younger than Bill. He trudged off down the grassy street to School District 193 as Lillian had done.

Ray was about the same age as his double-cousin Sylvester Lang who of course lived in Richmond. We have on good authority (that of cousin Ben C. Lang, still younger by a couple of years) that Sylvester and Ben spent about a week during the summers of 1913-1915 visiting the Gregor Kosts.

In Ben's own words: "These visits are one of my fondest recollections. Ray had a riding pony and there were so many new or familiar things we enjoyed while visiting at Uncle Gregor's and Aunt Elizabeth's home. Aunt Elizabeth was really a wonderful woman and she was like a mother to us. Looking back now I wonder... it must have been a nuisance for them to have two extra boys around the house. Of course we did a little work (but very little!) .." When Ray had absorbed all they could teach him at the Roscoe school, he was sent to St. Cloud Business School.

During his youth in Roscoe, Ray laid the foundations for his expertise as an adult hunter and fisherman (of which more later). He started his career as a bookkeeper with the South St. Paul Stock Yards in 1919, going to work for the Independent Commission Company, where he spent 16 years developing skill as a livestock commission man.

His job demanding that he travel about the state to contract for stock, he was able to schedule many of these trips during pheasant, duck or deer seasons, and his guns and hunting gear always went along with him. He made friends with countless farmers, and they were only too happy to allow the big, handsome, smiling commission man to hunt on their posted farms.

So Ray kept his hand in even while working. (Some relatives have accused him of choosing his vocation to dovetail with his avocation but, while we know Kosts have always been careful planners, we doubt if a young man could have had all THAT natural guile!)

On August 6, 1941, at the age of 44, Ray finally deserted the ranks of carefree bachelors and married a delightful woman he had courted for some time, named Marion Kelly. Marion had been a career woman and a successful one, but she gave up her work to minister thereafter to Ray's comforts. He had contracted diabetes and while it had been brought under control with insulin, he still needed particular foods and specialized care. Marion, who was a cheerful, capable and devoted wife, saw to it that he got the right food and care even when Ray himself was indifferent or rebellious.

Marion shared all Ray's interests, becoming a good shot and a fine fisherwoman as time went on, and always entered freely and fully into the fun and chores of hunting expeditions, planned or impromptu. She was the first person of Irish descent to invade this Germanic tribe - but by no means the last. With the well-known adaptability of the Irish, she became more a Kost than a Kelly, a joy to her husband and a delight to all his kin.

Four years after their marriage, Ray and Marion bought a cottage on Long Lake near Brainerd. Here they went on weekends, with the dogs and sporting gear loaded in the car, for happy days of hunting, fishing and relaxation. In 1951, they left the city for good, buying a charming country place of several acres on Yankee Doodle Road outside St. Paul. They could indulge their love of animals here and added horses to their collection of dogs and cats.

Elizabeth had her last child, Adelle, in 1901 - another dark-eyed, dark-haired little beauty with her mother's built-in drive and her father's cheerful disposition. She, too, was educated at the Roscoe School. She grew very close to her sister, Lillian, in spite of the eight years between them, and to her brother, Ray. As Lillian's family grew and her health worsened, young Adelle often lent a helping hand and asked nothing better than to pitch in and clean, cook or baby-sit when Lillian had no help or was not feeling up to par.

Although Elizabeth had lost none of her tendency toward perpetual motion as she grew older, and even now felt competent to take care of the big house, the elaborate meals, the garden, the flock of chickens, the soap-making and the summer canning, she must have been secretly glad of Adelle's energetic and ebullient assistance. It eased her burden and gave her the chance to train her youngest in the fine art of housewifery.
But the last of Gregor's and Elizabeth's children was to leave home soon. She was just 23 when she married a big, blonde banker from Sleepy Eye named Peter Wilms, about four years her senior.

Pete was the son of Anton and Christine Mannebach Wilms, who obligingly remembered to tell their children they had emigrated from Regernspettsler County and the Village of Kempinic near Trier. As a boy, Pete worked on the family farm at Pierz, Minnesota, then got a job in local banks including the one at St. Martin. He had been with the Sleepy Eye Bank since 1921 and looked to be a fixed asset there.

So after September 1924, the "old folks" were alone in the big house, though their children and, soon, their grandchildren (except for the far-away Montana Kosts) came to visit them often. The day of the fast automobile had arrived, so transportation from St. Paul, St. Cloud or Sleepy Eye was no longer any problem. Grandma and Grandpa Kost, as they came to be called by everyone, were hospitably inclined, and their children always found a warm welcome and a bountiful meal waiting for them, while the grandchildren never found an empty cookie jar.

Grandpa loved to sit under the big elms in the summer or in the warm sitting room in winter, and discuss local news with the young people. Never a combative person, he listened attentively to all views and rarely disputed them. "Is that so?" he would say, raising his eyebrows and nodding his head politely.

Even in his 80's Gregor still loved hunting, and insisted on accompanying his grandsons on pheasant hunts. No longer able to walk all the way through cornfields with the rest of them, he would station himself at the end of the field and was delighted whenever he got a good shot as the final birds were flushed. When the rest of the group heard a report like a cannon, they knew that Grandpa had let fly at an unlucky cock, with a blast from his formidable old 10-gauge shotgun.

A large part of the fun for Grandpa was rehashing all the exciting details at home later over schnapps and beer. Then his eyes sparkled and his laugh rang out merrily and he was young again.

As age encroached on Elizabeth and Gregor, it brought infirmities. Elizabeth had long suffered from arthritis and now Gregor's legs went back on him, probably because of hardening of the arteries. One cold day, December 5, 1952, while sitting beside a north window, Gregor saw Elizabeth returning from Mass. Suddenly as he watched, she slipped and fell on a patch of ice, and to his horror, she couldn't seem to rise. Gregor looked on helpless, while other churchgoers lifted her up and brought her home. She was taken immediately to the Richmond Hospital, where it was discovered that she had fractured her left hip. After two months there, she came home to sit all day in a wheel chair and to sleep at night on a narrow couch; and to suffer the distress and frustration of having a hired girl do her housework.

Elizabeth was hardly home from Richmond Hospital when Gregor was taken there, critically ill. There he died, March 20, 1953, six days after his 86th birthday. Everyone felt a special kind of loss at the news, for Gregor had always had a way of endearing himself to friends and family. Of him, it could be said that he would never die as long as anyone who had known and loved him, lived. Elizabeth carried on at home, with help, but decided to spend the following winter at St. Joseph's Home in St. Cloud which was operated by the Benedictine nuns. In May, she came back to the red brick house in Roscoe, to get ready for an auction sale, for she had finally decided to give up the place. Crippled as she was, and in pain, Elizabeth managed to get upstairs by herself, out to the washhouse - to every corner she felt she must investigate and put in order for the sale.

As was to be expected, the doughty old lady fell and fractured her right hip the day before the auction. This time she was taken to the St. Cloud Hospital, and the sale of all her treasured effects was held without her.

After almost three months she was able to leave the hospital and to go first to Sleepy Eye to visit the Wilms, then to St. Paul to Marion and Ray. After that, weary of the effort of travelling, she returned to St. Joseph's Home in St. Cloud. Here she had the comfort of Mass every day, and the pleasure of visits from children and grandchildren. Her widowed son-in-law, John Schaefers, used to see her often, and always he said, found her working away at quilts, embroidery or crocheting, in spite of the fact that her hands were almost immobilized by arthritis.

"It was always a pleasure to visit her," John recalled. "Never once did I hear her complain." Lillian, Elizabeth's daughter, said once that she and Dell and Ray tried to persuade their mother to give up some of her self-appointed tasks such as raising chickens, making soap and doing heavy gardening and canning. They reminded her that there was no reason now, for her to continue to work so hard, and begged her to stop.
Elizabeth listened silently for a long time, and finally, in exasperation she said, "Do you want me to die - to die of pain? When I am in bed at night doing nothing, the pain is unbearable, but when I can use my hands, then I can bear it..." They nodded and said no more.

So it was that Elizabeth Lang Kost worked hard until her death at St. Joseph's, in 1958. Each of her eleven grandchildren had received beautiful quilts and bed linen made by her gnarled hands, but she bequeathed them far greater gifts: indomitable courage, great strength of character and all the homely virtues, along with the ability to do many things and always to do them well.

We bring to a close the history of Clemens' and Theresa Kost's children, with an account of their son, Clemens, Jr., who in later years was to be an invaluable aid in assembling material for this book.

Born in 1878 when his father was 51 and his mother 42, Clemens escaped the worst hardships of pioneering days. With big brothers Joe, 9, and Gregor, 11, Clemens probably also escaped some of the heavier farm chores he might otherwise have inherited. He had been miraculously saved from death by diphtheria and he had remained the baby of the family for four years before little Theresa arrived, so we suspect that he might have been Mother's pet, or at least have received a bit more of her care, and attention than the older ones. He speaks with such love of "dear Mother" that we feel there may have been a special bond between them.

Whether this gentle maternal solicitude had anything to do with shaping the course of his life, we do not know; but it is certain that Clemens had more interest in things of the mind, as opposed to material things, and became a little more polished and sophisticated than his brothers.

Like all his family, he started to hunt and fish as a boy, and never ceased. But he had a studious side, too. His handwriting was that of an educated man; his speech and his letters were easy and well-composed - the result of a thorough understanding of English grammar and syntax. Indeed, he started his life's work by teaching school in Lake Henry, about 12 miles north west, and there was always to cling to him a slight air of books and learning, and command. He had a wry sense of humor, a great sense of fun, and was an accomplished raconteur.

In a group photo of the St. Agnes Church Choir taken in 1902, Clemens stands straight and tall, so handsome, debonair and self-assured that he outshines the others in the group. It is no wonder that Clemens was able to find three wives in his lifetime, for he indubitably had the looks and presence that appeal to most women.

Learning, however, he discovered, could not compete with the prospect of money-making, so Clemens quit teaching and went into partnership with Pete Roeder, who had experience gained while working in a Paynesville store. Together, they bought F. W. Hilger's General Store in Roscoe and they ran it in partnership until the Roscoe Bank was established in 1907. At that point Clemens bought out the interest belonging to Roeder, who went to work at the bank. Even though he had put up the cash to pay for Roeder's interest, Clemens still had enough to invest $500 in bank stock.

Clemens continued to operate the general store for many years. It was always a place of wonder and delight to Clemens' grandnephew, the little farm boy, Harold Schaefers. He says he made excuses whenever he could to go into the store, to gaze on all that wonderful merchandise. Even before he was of school age, Harold says, his dream was to own a store some day as grand as his "Uncle" Clemens'...

It was about 1900 that Clemens married Katherine Neutzling, who then lived with her parents in the frame house Gregor had built after selling his hotel. The Neutzlings were originally from Lake Henry, but whether they lived there when Clemens taught school in the town, we do not know. Katherine and Clemens started housekeeping in quarters above their store.

Five children were to be born to them, Arnold Gregor in 1901; Leo in 1903; Florine in 1906; Urban in 1909 and Woodrow born of course during Wilson's presidency - November 5, 1912.

But after only a dozen years of marriage, Katie died tragically of cancer, leaving Clemens with the seemingly impossible task of rearing five young children, one an infant.

Clemens was lucky enough, however, to find a housekeeper, Mary Rothstein, who took good care of the children, so he married her two years later. She bore Clemens two sons, Howard in 1919, and Kenneth. Mary died giving birth to Kenneth, on September 21, 1920.

It was not until 1925 when he was 47 that Clemens married pretty, warm-hearted, Theresa M. Schaedler, and five years later she presented him with a son whom they called John Clemens. Theresa was destined to bury Clemens in 1964 - but they had long, happy years of
companionship together. We have Theresa to thank for the many hours she devoted to answering questionnaires for Clemens, when it became difficult for him to write.

On May 17th, 1960, she returned a questionnaire with the following note: "Clemens had a very light stroke Friday night and his right hand is helpless. However, he was anxious for me to get this out, so I helped him with it. *** This is all very interesting to me. I recall when Grandma (Elizabeth) Kost was visiting here a year before she passed away, we spent an entire afternoon while she told me all about her life. I remember regretting that I couldn't take down every word she said in shorthand. She was an interesting narrator, telling things just as they happened, from beginning to end, and not jumping from one thing to another." While he was still in his sixties Clemens went hunting often. When Harold Schaefers' wife was introduced to the family cottage at Rice Lake in 1939, she met Clemens for the first time as he came charging through the woods brandishing his rifle and shouting witticisms.

Even in the early 1960's when anyone in the family went to Pierz Lake to fish for bass, invariably they found Clemens already there, usually alone, a quiet figure in his old row-boat silhouetted against the still water. He would give a friendly wave of the hand in greeting, but never volunteered any information as to where the fish might be biting. He belonged to the non-committal school of fishermen and furthermore he would have considered it a breach of etiquette if anyone had rowed over to his fishing spot. In fact, very often, he would pull up anchor and slowly row further away from us, as if to imply that they weren't biting in the spot. The truth of the matter is that he didn't want anyone to see him dragging fish into his boat! He aimed to keep his deep-freeze stocked with fish; let others attend to theirs.

Unfortunately we have lost track of a great many Kost descendants in this up-coming generation: the issue of John's, Ben's, Peter's, Margaret's, Joseph's, Mary's and Theresa's children; nor do we have detailed information about every one of Clemens' grandchildren or Bill's and Mabel's girls.

However, that could be a challenge to another researcher. Any candidates? The task should be passed on, like the Olympic flame.

Bill and Mabel Kost produced two daughters, Ruth in 1921 and Jean in 1927. Both were reared on the ranch, but as adults they left the rigors of Montana for Northern California and at present are living in San Francisco, where most people would live if they could. Ruth is still unmarried but Jean became Mrs. John Richmond in 1945. The Richmonds have a daughter, Bonnie Jean, and a son, Ronald John, who are first cousins once removed to Scott; or, in the vernacular, second cousins.

Big, easy-going Pete Wilms and his small, vivacious Dell, set up housekeeping in Sleepy Eye, a town that belies its Indian name. Wide-awake, busy, prosperous, clean and beautiful, Sleepy Eye is altogether a superior example of its kind.

A superior sort of daughter was born there to Dell and Pete on April 17, 1926 - Ione. She inherited her mother's and grandmother's intense drive as well as their comeliness; and she was to be taller than her mother and grandmother, thanks to her father's genes. Very early in life, she set herself up as little mother, boss and overlord to her younger brothers and sisters and to any other youngsters within her reach. She accomplished this without rousing rancour; for her disposition, though firm, was sunny and gay and when she was rebuffed she neither pouted or whined. School was no problem for Ione; sports were easy. In fact, she seemed to have everything necessary to make her the All-American Girl.

Ione's sister, Jeanette, was born January 16, 1929 - another well-endowed child. Short, inclined to plumpness, intermediate in coloring, with lovely large hazel eyes - the "speaking" kind that are so fascinating to watch. She became Ione's shadow until a brother, Herbert Raymond, was born September 10, 1930 - and then there was someone more biddable for her to play with! Herbie, as he was called when a child, was a handsome little fellow, with dark eyes and brown hair, and a baby plumpness that hounded him through childhood to his chagrin - but left him as he eventually grew into a big man like his father. Herbie was gentle by nature, thoughtful and easygoing like his father, a sort of dreaming child who understood adults really better than children and who went out of his way to make friends with them.

Charlotte Ann Wilms was the fourth child, born October 1935, - and at last Pete had a towhead like himself (only, sad to say, by this time his hair was thinning). Charlotte was a wraith of a child, skinny arms and legs always in motion, her blonde hair flying (when not under the restraint of pigtails), her blue eyes sparkling with fun, her shrill cries of excitement rising above the voices of other children. She was a pixie of a child, giving little promise of becoming as beautiful and poised as she was to be.

Another girl, Mary Frances, born February 2, 1940, completed the family. She was to be a
charmer, too, with dark hair and eyes, warm dark skin and flashing teeth. As a child, she looked much like childhood photographs of Lillian Kost Schaefers, her aunt, and in her smiling manner she seemed to have "taken after" Lillian.

It was fun to watch this family of five grow up under Dell's and Pete's watchful eyes, as we were sometimes able to do on visits to Minnesota. During World War II, Dell and the children often spent part of each summer at Gregor's and Elizabeth's cottage on the Point at Rice Lake. With Pete at the bank and John Schaefers (owner of a cottage nearby) at work in the St. Cloud post office, and all John's and Lillian's sons away at war, it was a woman's world - and poor Herbie had to like it or lump it.

Ione, now 17 and glowingly beautiful, though greatly concerned over what she considered too generous hips, took charge of many a fishing trip and fish fry. With her Aunt Lillian and Harold Schaefers' wife, Win, Ione would lug the huge motor up and down the hill, baby it into sputtering action, and off they would go in search of fish.

"Who needs men?" Ione would shriek over the noise of the motor as they streaked for Weber's Point.

Unlike some women, Ione never blanched at cleaning fish or baiting hooks with worms. To her it was part of the fun. Like her mother and her grandmother, she was cheerfully capable, ready always to try her hand at anything. The only area in which she failed was as a writer. Blushingly one day Ione asked to bring Win (a professional writer of sorts) one of her stories to read and criticize. Win read the thing; afterwards she debated with her conscience a long time. Should she tell Ione she didn't have an ounce of talent in this field, or should she encourage her and hope for some improvement? Finally she told the truth, having decided that Ione was amply endowed with talents and self-confidence, and that knowledge of this one small deficiency might be good for her soul. Ione took the news like the champion she was.

But summers at the Lake and youth have a way of vanishing. The Wilms "children" grew up, all of them a credit and comfort to their parents. In the summer of 1964, shortly before Pete's and Dell's 40th wedding anniversary, the five conspired against their parents and arranged a gala surprise party for them. They invited all the relations on both sides to cocktails and dinner at a private room in Sleepy Eye's newest restaurant, and enjoined everyone to deepest secrecy.

It worked. When the scores of Kosts and Wilmses and their wives and grown children shouted "Happy Anniversary" to Dell and Pete (ushered unsuspecting into the crowded room on the pretext of having an ordinary Sunday dinner) the amazement and disbelief on their faces, and then the dawning pleasure, more than repaid their scheming son and daughters.

It was a huge party and a lovely party, with guests corning from all over the country to wish the pair much more happiness of the kind they had obviously enjoyed together for so many years.

There was Ione and her husband, Dr. Broughton McCarthy (another of Irish descent), who had come all the way from their home in Butte, Montana, bringing their seven daughters and one son (still five short of the round dozen Ione had always insisted she wanted). After spending many years at St. Catherine's in Minneapolis and St. Louis University being educated in the higher aspects of nursing and hospital administration, Ione had married her Brought (whom she had met while he was at St. Louis University Dentistry School) the day after she was graduated! But she had simply made use of her rarefied skills in rearing a large, healthy, happy family and administering a busy household and a demanding social life.

To put the young McCarthys on record, with their names and birthdays - there are Catherine, born June 19, 1951; Mary Josephine, September 23, 1952; Patricia Ann, March 3, 1954; Margaret Ione, February 17, 1955; Frances, July 12, 1956; Ann, May 22, 1958; Mary Beth, December 3, 1959 and David, who must at this point have come as a surprise on March 27, 1961. But he was succeeded by John Joseph, August 29, 1963 and Mathew Peter, January 14, 1965 for a total of ten! Having been ill for some time, Broughton McCarthy died an untimely death on October 18, 1967 - but he had the great satisfaction before he went of seeing all his sons and daughters flourishing under the expert care of their efficient young mother and he could say with truth that he was leaving many fine hostages to fortune.

Jeannette was there of course, from nearby Little Falls, with her husband, Larry Kiefer, whom she had married in July 1954, after she had been educated at St. Theresa's in Winona and Miss Woods in Minneapolis and then had taught kindergarten in Wisconsin and in Minneapolis. Her years of kindergarten training had stood her in good stead when their four children came on the scene: Laurie Ann, born June 16, 1955; Kevin Peter, July 1, 1956; Shelly, April 21, 1958, Michael, January 19, 1960; Gregory, May 1963 and Patricia
who was to appear in 1965.

Herb was very much there at the celebration, in charge of arrangements, with the lovely Irish wife, Patricia Kelly, he had married in 1958. Herb had gone to elementary and high school in Sleepy Eye and then to Creighton University, a Jesuit school in Omaha, and later he graduated from Nebraska University. He served in the Army as a 1st Lieutenant at Fort Sam Houston, and when he was demobilized became a teacher of speech therapy in Minneapolis schools. Pat and Herb have a son, Peter, born August 3, 1959 (and didn't we hear, a daughter, Jane Elizabeth May 6, 1965?) Charlotte, looking prettier than a movie star and still lively as a cricket, came to the party with her husband, a Sleepy Eye boy named Eugene Jacobson (familiarly called "Jake"). They were married in 1956 after Charlotte had gone to St. Theresa's in Winona and worked briefly in the First National Bank of Minneapolis. They are the parents of two little girls, Lea Ann, born in 1956 and Lisa Marie in 1957 and a son Bradley.

Mary Frances came to the party in sophisticated black with her hair piled high, still unmarried at 24, though how she had escaped, with her face and figure and personality, we cannot conceive. Mary Fran had been educated at the University of Iowa and graduated from St. Theresa's where her sisters had gone. After graduation, she went into teaching. Mary Fran didn't remain a spinster much longer. She is married to John H. Peterson, born August 23, 1936.

The guests said their goodbyes reluctantly, and there was scarcely one who didn't hope to be invited in 1974 to Dell's and Pete's Golden Wedding Party! It is to Veronica Jacobs Kost and Arnold Kost, who live in Paynesville (where Arnold is the Chrysler-Plymouth dealer) that we owe an extremely neat and well-ordered list of Clemens, Jr.'s grandchildren. Arnold married Veronica in Paynesville on June 15, 1926, and here are their additions to the family tree: The first daughter, born June 28, 1927, is now Sister Marie Gregory; the second daughter, born May 3, 1932, entered the same order – Sisters of Charity of Leavenworth, Kansas – and took the name of Sister Marie Margaret. Irene, the third daughter, born May 13, 1929, is now Mrs. Robert Schaefer of Paynesville, while the fourth is Mrs. T. R. Lindquist of South St. Paul.

Leo Kost, who was married to Hylda Berger in 1933, died without issue on May 14, 1940. Florine, who married Lawrence Dries in 1933, now lives in Loveland, Colorado. She is a registered nurse and he manages a liquor store. Their offspring include Margery, born May 14, 1934 and now Mrs. William Lodge; Carol, born July 17, 1935 and now married to Robert Taylor, an Aix Force officer; Nicholas Jerome, born March 29, 1940 and married June 16, 1963; and Timothy Edward, born August 19, 1946. In 1960 Margery taught school in the Azores, the following year in England.


Woodrow, (b. November 5, 1912) grew up to be a merchant like his father, spending many years with Montgomery Ward & Co. as Store Manager, District Manager and finally Regional Manager. About 1949, he resigned from the firm after raising the ire of the notorious Sewell Avery, and bought a furniture store in Owatonna, Minnesota. When only 47 he died, leaving his beautiful red-haired widow, born Grace Sanctum, with three children. The eldest, Barbara (December 29, 1937) was married in June of 1963 to Robert Karp. Two younger children, Thomas Woodrow (b. February 25, 1941) and Karen (b. August 15, 1946) are still at home with their mother who supervises the family store.


The only child of Theresa Schaedler and Clemens, Jr., - John Clemens - born June 29, 1930 in St. Cloud Hospital and reared in Roscoe, spent four years fighting in Korea. When he returned finally from Okinawa, in 1952, he married Lois Hoffman, a nurse from Holloway, Minn. Johnny is an IBM manager, now living in New City, New York, with Lois and the exciting family of war orphans they adopted over a period of nine years.

The children are George Clemens, of American-Japanese ancestry, born June 2, 1952; Kathleen Diana, of Mexican-Indian parentage, born December 11, 1953; Michael Dean, also of Mexican-Indian descent; David Henry, French-Indian-Japanese and Portuguese, born January 10, 1957, and Susan Mary, of the same blood as David Henry, born April 22, 1958.

This brings us up to date on the Kost branch of the family - one of the four blood lines on Carl's, John's and Scott's paternal side.
It is disappointing that letters of inquiry written to Mrs. Foster Rively (Ribley?) have elicited no reply. It is known that she corresponded with Gregor and Elizabeth Kost and sent condolences to Elizabeth when Gregor died in 1953... Perhaps she was then elderly, has since passed away and her children, if any, lack interest in their Minnesota kin. Was she the sister-in-law of the Foster Rively (Ribley) who took part in the big Minnesota hunting jaunt? The daughter-in-law? Is she descended from Kosts or Schribers? It would be pleasant to know, to fill in this missing piece of the puzzle, for as Theresa Schaedler Kost said once to Earl Schaefers, "You are all nice people, coming from the same vine."

*** LANG ***

Historical background for the Lang quarter of our family history was the most meager of all, and it abounded in contradictions, some of them very puzzling, until through the good detective work of Ben C. Lang (1902) it began to take shape.

The original home of the Lang branch was Trier in the Rhineland, a jewel of the beautiful Moselle River valley famous for its vineyards, its forbidding burgs or fortresses and its schlosses or homelike castles.

The story of Trier goes back into ancient history for it was founded in 15 B.C. by the Romans and named "Augusta Trevorium" to honor its conquered inhabitants, the powerful Trevari. According to Julius Caesar, who overcame them in 56 B.C., they were a formidable foe, with the best cavalry in all Gaul.

Even today, after almost 2,000 years of man's destructiveness, Trier (or Treves, as it is known in French) retains many beautiful and well preserved Roman ruins - an amphitheater built by Trajan or Hadrian that accommodated 30,000 spectators; the Porta Nigra or North Gate of the walled city that dates from the 3rd or 4th century; as well as fine Roman baths - all demonstrating that Trier was once a flourishing city, deserving its nicknames of "Roma Secunda" and "Roma Transalpina".

In 1815 the city lost its independent status as an ecclesiastical domain, gained during the Middle Ages, and was ceded in that eternal Mittel-European crap game to Prussia.

Conrad and Barbara Lang, the paternal great-great-grandparents of John-Carl-Scott, were the parents of two sons, Joseph and Conrad. Joseph was the great-grandfather of the Schaefers Three - but we have no exact proof of where he was born. There are two possibilities - one that Barbara and Conrad Lang emigrated to Dubuque, Iowa and had their sons on American soil; two, that Joseph and his brother Conrad (or one of them) were born near Trier and later brought to the American village where Julien Dubuque had begun mining lead in 1788, the first white man permitted to remain there, and the last until 1836 when the state was opened to white settlers following the Blackhawk wars...

We may later receive confirmation of Joseph's birthplace from the Iowa Historical Society Census records and if so, will pass it on in the form of an addendum.

We do know the year that Joseph was born. It was 1836, just three years after Dubuque had opened to whites. We do not know whether Conrad, his brother, was older or younger - simply that as a young man he emigrated to Canada, had a son named Michael, who when a boy visited in Minnesota with his relatives.

Joseph lived and farmed near the village of Dubuque, no doubt clearing the land, and in 1860 when he was 24 he married 16-year old Elizabeth Meyer who had been brought to America from Trier by her parents, John and Katherine Meyers, when she was only nine weeks old.

We have this last fact on the testimony of Mrs. John Brisse (now 77) of Richmond, the daughter of Elizabeth Meyer's older brother, John P. Meyer, elicited by amateur historian Ben C. Lang (1902), who has been such a tremendous help in clarifying facts about all the Langs.

There is no available data on the birth or death of Elizabeth Meyer's father, but we know her mother, Katherine, was born August 15, 1820 (when the first fire of German liberalism that followed defeat by Napoleon had been thoroughly doused by those tyrants Frederick William III and Metternich).

Their daughter, Elizabeth, was born 22 years later, so it's not hard to calculate that the Meyers emigrated to America the end of October, 1844. They landed in New York City with their children (exactly how many we do not know). It could have been five or six if Katherine had been married at 16 as many women were in those times. Eventually, we know there were eight, all of whom are told lived to adulthood - John, Barbara, Jacob, Catherine, Peter, Elizabeth, Nicholas and Margaret.

It is amusing how forgetful ancestors are about vital statistics yet how tenaciously their memories cling to misfortunes, large and small. When the young Meyers family disembarked in New York their son John (later to be Mrs. Brisse's grandfather) managed to fall off a footbridge breaking his leg.
This must have caused great consternation in their midst but it was decided that the mother, with infant Elizabeth, should remain behind to care for her convalescent boy while the father, John, Sr., should go on to Dubuque with the rest of the children. Mother Meyer followed with the baby Elizabeth and John, Jr., as soon as he was able to hobble ground.

But to leap ahead to 1860: the newly-wedded Elizabeth Meyer and Joseph Lang, were busy farming their 40 acres and starting a family. Katherine Lang (Schlangen to be) their eldest, was born in Iowa on January 5, 1861 and in 1862 her sister Barbara followed her.

Mary Schlangen, the daughter of Katherine (Lang) and John Schlangen vouches for this. She told Ben C. Lang that she often heard her mother say she could recall her first home, plainly remembering the front porch steps. Katherine Lang was three and Barbara two when the Langs decided to board an up-river steamboat bound for St. Paul and settle in Minnesota. That was the year 1864. We have not been told of their reason for heading further north, but at least they chose a good year and missed the grasshopper plagues of 1856-57 and the Sioux Uprising of 1862.

When they arrived in Stearns County they homesteaded 160 acres near Munson or Eden Lake Township, Section 10. There Joseph built a log cabin and started clearing the land, and really settling in.

The two tots born in Dubuque began to acquire Minnesota-born brothers and sisters, as follows: Angela Lang in 1865, John Lang in 1867, Jacob Lang in 1869, Elizabeth Lang in 1872 and the last child, Mary in 1874.

Let us hope those fruitful years were happy ones in many respects because they were to come to an abrupt and tragic end on May 26, 1875 with the death of Joseph at only 39. The story of his death is a sad one: we propose to let it be told by Sister Berno, OSB (nee Agnes Flint) now Mother Superior of Benedictine nuns operating the huge St. Cloud Hospital. Her account: "Joseph Lang apparently died of a cerebral accident while he was travelling along a country lane late one evening. Falling from his wagon, he was found lying on the road unconscious early the next morning by Henry Braegelmann, a neighbor. Henry recognized Joseph, removed his own jacket, rolled it up and placed it under the dying man's head, then ran to tell the Langs and to summon help.

"At the gate leading to the Lang's cabin, Braegelmann saw their team of horses waiting patiently, still hitched to the wagon that had drawn Joseph".

Interestingly, the good Samaritan was to be the grandfather of Sister Berno, who has long befriended the Schaefers family and holds a warm place in their affections.

Henry Braegelmann later married Catherine, one of the daughters of John and Barbara Meyer who were also the parents of Elizabeth Meyer Lang. The couple had four sons, Gerhard, John, Paul and Ben Braegelmann and five daughters who became Mesdames Barney Flint, Nick Ley, John Flint, Jacob Becker and a second Mrs. John Flint.

Undaunted by being widowed at 30, with seven children - from 15 to infancy - Elizabeth Lang took over the responsibility uncomplainingly, with the help of the older children, and farmed the land for five years. As luck would have it, only two of her children were boys - John 7, and Jacob 5! Old timers remember that their mother was afraid her children were too young to handle the team of horses, so she replaced them with gentle oxen.

Life went on, always hard and never idle for any pair of hands, but gradually the once remote and forbidding prairie land began to assume easier ways.

Elizabeth Lang (Kost) recalled seeing many Indians on the road as she walked back and forth to school; but the once-dreaded foe were beaten and peaceable by that time and molested no one.

She often saw deer, sometimes as many as six following one another along their trails; but even with her bright eyes she never spotted wolves or foxes for in her girlhood they were beginning to be scarce.

In 1874, in fact, telegraph service had been extended as far west as Alexandria, beyond Sauk Center. By 1877, three years after Joseph's death, the Great Northern Railway had flung itself as far west as St. Cloud, making tortuous wagon trips to St. Paul for supplies quite unnecessary.

High-spired Roman Catholic churches were beginning to appear here and there in Stearns County, with clusters of general stores, saloons, hotels, harness shops, blacksmith shops and a few houses clustered, around their bases. Primary schools were a commonplace now. In 1881, the population of Stearns county had reached 21,956 with 11,691 males and 10,265 females - 14,228 of them native born and 7,131 foreign born...

Things were getting crowded in Father Pierz' beloved wilderness.

The generations of man follow one another as swiftly as clouds cross the riffled mirror of a Northern lake. It is only a moment since Langs and Meyers labored in their vineyards beside the Mosel, flowing past to join the Rhine. A brief hour since the Trevari...
cavalrymen charged wildly but vainly into the bristling ranks of the Roman Legions. In 1880, the eldest of Elizabeth's children, Katherine, now 19, became the bride of a young man six years her senior - John Schlangen. John was born in the eastern part of Hanover, one of the northernmost sections of Germany, on July 9, 1855 (the year Russia ceded Alaska to the United States). They lived on a farm two miles northeast of Richmond. Barbara, 18, married Sebastian Zeitler.

Elizabeth Meyer Lang and Sebastian exchanged farms and she, with her younger children, moved to the Lucas Flint place, now Leo Flint's. It was in 1884 when he was only 17 that John left for Richmond Village to try his hand at the mercantile business, as it was then called.

Probably by 1885 Angela had left home, as the new wife of Martin Ley of Roscoe; Angela would have been 20 by then and eager for a home of her own.

Sister Berno's mother, Mrs. Barney Flint, who was still alive and mentally alert at 90 in 1970, furnished a melancholy account of the death of 12-year old Mary Lang, in 1886. The last of Joseph's and Elizabeth's seven, Mary died during the time she was receiving instructions for her first Holy Communion. Granted her wish to receive Communion, one of her last requests was that her fine, new, white prayer book be put in the coffin with her.

But the grieved Mother still counted herself fortunate, with six living healthy children. It was not until 1889 that her merchant son, John, 22, married Maria, Gregor Kost's 17-year old sister, a match that made their future children double cousins to Gregor's and Elizabeth Lang Kost's.

We cannot say for certain when Jacob Lang, the youngest boy, married Mary Schroeder but we assume it must have been about 1889 when he was 20.

It was also in 1889 that Elizabeth, herself a mature woman of 45, decided to re-marry. Her choice was a widower, Michael Hammer, 63, whose large family by a previous marriage was grownup and on its own. The newly-married Hammers moved to Richmond to a home occupied today by the George Blasius family.

Within the year - on November 18, 1890, the last of Elizabeth's children, her namesake, Elizabeth Lang (who had been working at the hotel in Melrose, Minn.) was married to Gregor Kost, an event covered in the chapters devoted to Kosts.

"Grandma Hammer", as Elizabeth Meyer Lang Hammer began to be called, didn't stop working now that her children were settled in life and she had a husband to support her. Known throughout the entire countryside as an able mid-wife, her services were much in demand. She was also forever doing helpful things for her children and always ready to employ her great competence and efficiency for the good of family, friends or neighbors.

Corroborating this is Ben Lang's description of "Grandma Hammer": "She was an institution all by herself! Naturally I remember her well because she lived here at Richmond from before I was born until 1931 when I was 29.

"I remember how she used to help us make laundry soap - a project for which she was always Chief Engineer. In the back yard we had two large 75-gallon iron soap kettles which were hung over a strong wooden rail above an open fire. I don't recall all the ingredients but I remember how Grandma Hammer used to stand there stirring that boiling concoction with a large wooden ladle three feet long. When she thought it was about 'done', she would taste it and pull some between her hands (like taffy) to test the consistency. We can safely hazard a guess that there had long been much mutual assistance and moral support between her and her brothers and sisters who had also come to Minnesota from Iowa.

Elizabeth's brother, John Meyers, the one who broke a leg as his salute to the new world, farmed near Richmond; Jacob and Peter near Lake Henry and Nick at Melrose. Two sisters, Katherine Lang Braegelmann and Margaret (Mrs. Anton) Frank lived nearby. Katherine's daughters became Mesdames Barney Flint (the mother of Sister Berno OSB), John Flint, Nicholas Ley and Jacob Becker.

The Hammers' married life lasted 24 years (almost a decade longer than Elizabeth's and Joseph Lang's!), Michael dying May 23, 1913 at the age of 87; Elizabeth herself living another useful 18 years, a widow for the second time. She died at 87 in 1931.

"Grandma Hammer" lived, of course, to see her grandchildren and her great-grandchildren rise up and flourish; and never once in her long years, could it have occurred to her that life was too hard for a woman. She simply pitched in and finished any job at hand, with a competence and a relish that she passed on, we know, to her daughter Elizabeth Lang Kost and probably to many of her offspring.

Pictures of this matriarch in her middle and late years show her invariably composed, in seemly black; a thinnish, angular woman with iron-grey hair parted in the center and drawn back uncompromisingly. There is strength and ruggedness in her handsome, dark features and serenity in her broad brow. Sternness mixed with a hint of laughter. Her hands folded at
rest seem like captive birds.

John and Katherine (Lang) Schlangen, who, as we noted before, went farming 2 miles from Richmond upon their marriage in 1880, had ten children evenly divided between sons and daughters. Out of these ten, four are still living and of those dead, the oldest-lived went at 84, the shortest-lived at 72! Genetically speaking Katherine and John were a well-matched pair. The patriarch of this large family died June 21, 1928 at Richmond, and the matriarch followed him sixteen years later on April 28, 1944.

Living on the old Lang family farm, Barbara and Sebastian Zeitler had three children, two girls and a boy. Sebastian died in 1897 at 39, the same age as Barbara's father was at his death.

Widowed at only 35, Barbara married again after a time. Her second husband, Peter Thiesen, who owned farms in North Dakota as well as near Richmond, often travelled back and forth between the properties. The Thiesens had no child of their own. Barbara died in 1923 in Richmond at 61.

Angela, the third Lang daughter, who married Martin Ley of Roscoe, gave birth to two sons and a daughter. We have no further data about the lives of Angela and her husband except for an entry in the burial columns of the Roscoe St. Agnes Church Golden Jubilee booklet indicating that she died on August 30, 1937 at the age of 72.

John Lang, who - as we explained - married Maria Kost in 1889, fathered five sons and one daughter by her. The youngest child, Benedict C., was only three when he was left motherless. In a little more than a year, however, John married Miss Elizabeth Roeder, daughter of Nicholas Roeder of Roscoe. Their daughter Leona was born April 26, 1907, and later another daughter, Lucille.

Judging from an advertisement in the booklet celebrating the 100th Anniversary of Richmond's Sts. Peter and Paul Church, John had two partners in his General Store in the beginning - Gross and Weber. Lang, Gross and Weber later was changed to Wenk & Lang, then to Lang and Utecht, next to Lang & Schlener. The firm "John Lang & Sons" was started in June 1921, with John Lang and his sons Albert and Alois (Curley) as owners. Young Ben, then 19, was employed as bookkeeper and clerk.

John Lang must have inherited some of his mother's venturesome spirit and her penchant for work. Besides his mercantile activities, he dealt extensively in Real Estate. He also served as President of the Village and in other official municipal capacities. At one time during his life John also owned a brickyard near Richmond. A number of buildings still stand today testifying to the quality of Lang bricks.

Always interested in politics, John was Commissioner of Stearns County's Third District when he died, at 68, on November 28, 1935. For most of this information, we are indebted to Benedict C. Lang, of whom more later, in the chapter devoted to his generation.

Jacob Lang may have been very quiet and retiring, for we know next to nothing about him. He remained in Benson where he was engaged in the Grain Elevator business for years.

The story of Elizabeth Lang Kost's adult life is told in the Kost and Schaefers chapters; as are also the lives of her children, grand-children and great-grand-children. The children of Katherine Lang and John Schlangen totalled ten... The first daughter, Elizabeth, married Joseph Ramler; they had five boys and two girls. Elizabeth died at Richmond on May 12, 1961.

Barbara married Joseph Scheffers and bore him nine children. She died in Richmond June 16, 1956.

The first son, Henry Schlangen, married Gertrude Braegelmann, who presented him with nine.

Henry died in Richmond on September 8, 1967... Anna Schlangen also married a Scheffers, but his given name was John. There is no record of their issue, if any. Anna died at 80 in St. Cloud.

Joseph Schlangen married a girl named Catherine Stang, who became the mother of his five sons and five daughters. Joseph died September 27, 1965.

Mary Schlangen, still living, of course and still, obviously, possessing a very sharp memory, first married Jacob Schmitz and had three sons and six daughters by him. After Jacob's death in 1948, she married John Noll, who also died August 17, 1964.
Lena became Mrs. John Stang, bore three sons and six daughters, and died at 72, on July 12, 1966. Her sister, Catherine Schlangen who entered the Benedictine Order as Sister Miranda, OSB, is still living and at present assigned to the Randolph Nursing Home in Staples, Minnesota.

John, the "baby" of the tribe, is also very much alive at 65, residing near Cold Spring. His wife's maiden name was Regina Flint. They have nine children.

The matriarch of this large family listed above, Katherine (Lang) Schlangen died in Richmond on April 28, 1944; the patriarch, John, preceded her in death on June 21, 1928.

Barbara and Sebastian's first child Elizabeth Zeitler, must have been born about 1881. Her special claim to fame is that she married three times - two of her husbands being brothers. The names and number of her children have not been mentioned; but we know she had at least one son for he is referred to as having discovered the accidental and peculiarly macabre death of Elizabeth's first husband, William Mohs, who was also his own father.

The story John Schaefers (b. 1886) told us goes like this: In the spring when Mohs was seeding the fields, it was his custom to carry a rifle with him to shoot gophers, which were so plentiful they gave the state its nickname.

On one particular spring day in his fields, he put the rifle on the seed drill. The rest is conjecture. Presumably he reached down for the rifle carelessly, discharging a bullet through his heart.

When he was late returning to the house for the midday meal, Elizabeth sent their six-year-old son out to summon him.

Presently the child returned with only the team and seed drill, and when questioned said, "Papa is lying in the field and burning up." Neighbors sent out immediately to investigate, found William's body almost consumed, it is said. How a rifle bullet could set his clothes and then his body on fire has always remained a mystery.

After being widowed, Elizabeth married Peter Rothstein and on his death, she became the wife of George Mohs, brother of the unfortunate William.

The second Zeitler offspring, Mary, married a man named Theis from North Dakota. That is all we know of her. The third Zeitler child, a son, John, also married in North Dakota, farmed there, and is reported to have retired to Los Angeles in later life.

Angela Lang's marriage to Martin Ley of Roscoe resulted in four children. Her eldest son, John, married Zita Zaczkowski, who became the mother of five.

Elizabeth, Angela's second child by Martin Ley, born January 27, 1890, married Jacob Rothstein when she grew up, and is said to have presented him with "three or four sons"; but she died young, at 28, on May 17, 1918, and her husband remarried.

Nicholas, the last of Angela's three, did not survive his mother very long. In two years, June 30, 1920, when he was barely 26, he was struck by lightning and killed.

Fortunately we have received accurate though brief biographies on the children of John and Maria (Kost) Lang from their youngest son, Benedict, who has been the source of information not only about his brothers' and his sister's children, but also much welcome data about the Kost family.

For which, it goes without saying, we are most grateful.

John and Maria's first child, Leo, who arrived December 29, 1889 was destined not to reach manhood - not even the 20th century. He died at 10 on June 11, 1899, but by that time John and Maria had three more boys and a girl to soften the blow of losing their firstborn.

Albert Lang appeared on the scene on April 29, 1892. When he grew up he followed in his father's footsteps by clerking with "Lang & Utecht", later with "Lang and Schlener", then going into partnership in 1921 with his father and brother Alois. Incidentally, in 1922, he served as godfather to Jerome Schaefers, Lillian Kost Schaefers' son.

About 1924-25 when he was 33-ish, he married. His bride was Alma Hemmisch, born October 26, 1899 in Cold Spring. They had a son and a daughter, who will figure in the account of the next generation... In January, 1940 when "Lang & Sons" was destroyed by fire, Albert bought a resort near Heckensock, Minn. Albert died at 75 on April 28, 1967. Shortly before his death, he received one of our questionnaires seeking information about the family ancestors and noted on it, very correctly indeed, that the people who could answer those questions were all gone.

Maria bore twin sons on May 9, 1894 - Alois and Paul, but Paul died in infancy. Alois, who was nicknamed "Curley" was a partner in "John Lang and Sons" until the store burned in 1940, whereupon he introduced a new note into family occupations.

He became a mink rancher. Probably about the time of World War I he had married Miss Magdalen Kraemer, who had been born on September 16, 1897. They had three children, a son
and two daughters. Magdalen died June 24, 1960, at 63, leaving Alois a widower. He is now 75, living in retirement in Richmond.

After four sons, Maria gave birth to her only daughter, Loretto, on April 20, 1896... When the girl was about 19, she married Harry Goodman, who was born January 30, 1894. Her married life was a busy one for she had eight children. Both Loretto and her husband were living at the time this is being written. Harry operated a number of creameries in various parts of the state, and has been in Stewart, Minn., in the produce business for quite some time.

Another son, Sylvester, made his appearance in the dawning months of the 20th century – on February 17, 1900. He seems to have been the only one of John Lang's boys who chose to reverse his father's taste in careers – by going back to farming himself.

Sylvester married Catherine Schreifels (b. November 8, 1898) who presented him with four daughters. Since it has been scientifically proved that the father's genes determine the sex of offspring, he could hardly have blamed Catherine for not giving him sons to help with the farm work! Benedict, who was to be Maria's last child, was born June 10, 1902. He was only three when she died but he is blessed with a single happy memory of her - "On her last Christmas," he said, "I can remember her, to this day, when we were gathered around the tree on Christmas Eve." Ben went to Elementary School and two years of High School in Richmond.

During the summers of 1916-17 Sylvester, then 16 and 17, and Ben, 14 and 15, operated a farm of their father's near Rice Lake.

Says Ben: "I didn't relish this very much because we had to do all the farm work and besides I was elected to cook and do the housework. My cooking was pretty sad, but we managed to survive on a monotonous diet of eggs, bacon, potatoes and pancakes... On Sundays my brother and I would drive eight miles to Richmond with a horse and buggy, to go to Mass and visit the family. Each Sunday my step-mother supplied us with enough home-baked bread to last the following week. Unfortunately it was made with flour which produced a dark, soggy bread that got so hard in a few days, we could hardly slice it! !" In the fall of 1917, Ben made up his mind that farming was not for him, so he enrolled in the St. Cloud Business College for a year.

After his graduation in 1918, he spent three years as records clerk in the office of the Superintendent of the St. Cloud Reformatory. Then in June, 1921, he started working as bookkeeper and clerk with "John Lang & Sons" and was still employed there when he got married, in 1931, to Mathilda Buermann. Their two sons were born in 1932 and 1934.

"In 1940 - just 19 years after the store was established it was destroyed by fire - so I opened a small insurance agency in Richmond and during the winter bought and sold furs and even did a little fur-trapping to increase my income - those were tail-end-of-the-Depression and pre-prosperity war days and the economy wasn't exactly booming in Stearns County.

"From 1941 to 1946 we operated a restaurant and fishing tackle shop in the resort area south of town and then in 1946 we launched our Variety and Sporting Goods Store." Ben adds: "I say "we" advisedly because my wife, Tillie, was a great help. We continued operating the store together until 1967 when our son Ralph took over." As is so often the case after a man retires, Ben fell ill in 1969 and spent a month in the St Cloud Hospital. Sister Berno wrote to Win in January, 1970 and said: "I'm looking forward to the completion of your Family History and glad about all the contributions Ben Lang was able to make. Mr. Lang was quite ill here this year - and over a long period of time - but is recovering nicely now..." So much for a happy beginning, we hope, to many years of bass fishing. Ben is known as a local expert in the art, and has written a brochure on the subject.

In the fifth generation of Lang-Meyer descendants, we are still missing the sons of sons of Katherine Lang Schlangen and Jacob Lang - if any; and also the children of Zeitler grand-children. But we do have names, at least of Angela Lang Ley's grandchildren by their son, John, and his wife Zita Zaczkowski; plus the offspring of all John and Maria Kost Lang's children. According to our system, Elizabeth Lang Kost's grandchildren are treated under the Schaefers.

The Ley children, the first of whom must have been born around the time of World War I, were Anthony, Cyril, Arthur and Lusetta. There is said to have been another daughter, but we cannot identify her.

Albert and Alma Lang's second child and only son is named Denis Lang. He was born on May Day in 1925 and as a man, did as his father had before him and took a Cold Spring girl for his bride. She is Delores Oster, born September 5, 1924. Denis is in the Hardware business
and he and Delores have three children as of 1969.

Virginia was born to Albert and Alma Hemmesch Lang on December 24, 1921. She is married now to James Andrews, of Paynesville, Minn., born October 2nd, 1921. The Andrews have five children and James is in the Personnel Department of Reserve Mining Company.

Three children were born to Alois Lang and his wife. The first was a son, Harold, who arrived September 23, 1917. He married a Richmond girl named Emily Blasius (b. June 15, 1916) and joined his father in the business of raising mink. The couple has four children.

Alois' first daughter was born July 8, 1922 and she is the wife of Richmondite Alvin Braegelmann (b. October 2, 1921). Alvin is a textile worker and the Braegelmanns boast five youngsters.

Alois' third and last child, another girl, who was named Rosemary was born August 13, 1924.

She is employed as a Secretary, we believe with the Mission Office in St. Cloud.

Leo and Loretto (Lang) Goodman and presumably most of their eight children live in Stewart, Minn., (a small town about 35 miles southeast of Willmar, Minn., where the Jerome Schaefers lives.) Leo Goodman, born November 2, 1916, married Margaret Goetch (b. July, 1926). There were no children. Margaret died September 26, 1966, leaving Leo a widower at 54.


She is the mother of six. Luererne operates a Service Station.

The third son, Melvin, born April 19, 1919, who is married to Erna Beilke (b. June 25, 1921) also operates a Service Station. The couple has three children.

The first Goodman daughter, Evelyn, born April 24, 1921, married a farmer, Norbert Kalenberg, who is now the father of eight; Lester Goodman came along September 28, 1922. He married Lucille Oris (b. June 9, 1921), fathered six children and operates a liquor store.

Virgil (b. February 13, 1923) has four children by his wife, Bernice Heinke (b. August 3, 1925), and works for a Produce Company.

Sylvia Goodman (b. June 4, 1925) became a nun, took the name of Sister Evelyn Marie, and in the '60's was Superior and Principal of the St. Joan of Arc School in Minneapolis. Later she left the order and was married.

The baby of the Goodman brood, Mary Ann, was born May 21, 1935. She married a farmer, Ray Malers (b. August 4, 1939) and is the mother of six.

Sylvester and Catherine (Schriefels) Lang's family consists of four daughters: Genevieve (b. February 27, 1923) married Richard Ludowese (b. January 20, 1919). They live on a farm near Stewart, Minn., where the Goodmans live, and have raised seven children.

Shirley Lang (b. May 20, 1926) is the wife of Sylvester Miller of Richmond (b. January 13, 1925) and they have six children.

The third of Sylvester's girls, Mildred, born July 15, 1928, is married to Ray Geislinger (b. February 23, 1918), a Franklin County employee. There are three children.

We end the narrative of this generation of Langs with Benedict and Mathilda (Buermann) Lang's two boys. Ralph A. Lang (b. September 17, 1932) married a St. Cloud girl, Mary Jean Steichen (b. June 29, 1933). They have six children. Ralph took over his father's Variety and Sporting Goods Store in June, 1967.

Ben's second son, Kenneth, born October 3, 1934, never lived to celebrate his 18th birthday.

On October 1, 1952, he was tragically killed in a hunting accident.

Leona married a druggist, Herbert Virnig, in 1931, and had two boys and two girls by him. Leona and Herbert are retired in La Crosse, Wis. Lucille, the second daughter of John Lang by Elizabeth Roeder, married Hubert Mehr, who is part-owner of the international Harvester branch in Mankato, Minn. They have two daughters.

This account of the Lang branch of the family may seem a bit skimpy or "spotty" but you should have seen how meager our first draft was - before we enlisted the aid of Ben C. Lang, who in turn, engaged the cooperation of many others...

We hope this will persuade Lang descendants of today and tomorrow and tomorrow to keep their history up-to-date, to talk to family members while they are still young enough -to remember accurately, and generally to carry on the genealogical tale far, far into the future...

*** SCHAEFERS ***

There is much to-do now about the importance of environment - but let's not forget that
nothing can quite replace heredity! Without an exhaustive investigation of ancient village and church records of Hegensdorf near Paderborn in German Westphalia, it would be hard to say when Schaefers first lived there. Schaefers (the word means 'shepherd') may well have tended sheep in the high meadows near the River Afte long before America was discovered.

Because we knew the name of the village they came from and the name of the house they lived in, we have been able to go farther back into the Schaefers history than into Kosts' or Langs'. All it required in the case of the Schaefers was a letter to the Roman Catholic Bishop of Paderborn, a city near Hegensdorf, asking if he would forward our request for genealogical information to the pastor of the Roman Catholic Church at Hegensdorf...

A lively correspondence ensued with Father Paul Wette, just then (1967) appointed pastor of Heilige Kreuz (Holy Cross) Church. In its course we found that the Schaefers line went back to Anton Scheiffers and Anna Margaret Stahl, who were married in the picturesque little church on September 14, 1749. Had we wished to ask Father Wette to scan many more moldy old church records we could doubtless have taken the family line back even further; but we called a halt, feeling that Great-great-great-great-grandparents were impressive enough for Carl, John and Scott Schaefers and Anna Weis' children to claim.

The church where the wedding took place was itself famous in all parts of Germany for it contained among its ancient treasures a holy cross with miraculous powers.

In the 12th century, the legend goes, three girls from Hegensdorf gathering herbs in the woods, came to a spot where they were astonished to hear heavenly choirs. Looking around them, mystified and frightened, they spied a wooden cross hanging by a silk band on a thorn bush. Joyfully then, they hurried with it to their priest at Hegensdorf and from then on it played a central part in the life of the village and the church; being carried aloft with pride and reverence in several annual processions.

Thanks to a memorial book on Hegensdorf and the 700th Anniversary of the Holy Cross church, which we had translated, we were able to reconstruct some parts of the kind of lives Anton and Anna lived. Hegensdorf was an old, old town even when they were born, and beginning to come back to life after the terrible depredations of the Thirty Years' War (1618-1648). Primarily a religious war resulting from the Reformation and the counter-Reformation, it was waged all over Germany with the bitterness characteristic of such wars; at the same time, political quarrels were interwoven with the religious question. In consequence, the armies had plundered and burned everywhere, unhindered.

On the edge of town, unprotected by houses nearby, Dohrmuller, as the Schaefers house was named, may well have been burned and rebuilt during Anton's father's time, putting severe strain on the family finances.

Originally the farmers of Hegensdorf had their homes in the village itself, for protection against marauders, although this necessitated their travelling each day to and from the Afte valley where their farm plots were located. However, it may be that Anton's house was on the edge of town with his farm land adjoining. In 1714 the boundaries of the village were marked by stones and one stone was placed on Cordten Scheiffers' land. Also recorded in a list of land owners was this legend: one half Morgen (less than one acre) for Johann Conrad Scheiffers. We cannot be sure that either Scheiffers is related but chances are good that one or the other was an earlier forbear.

Anton's and Anna's life can be partially reconstructed from general facts found in the memorial book: their son Frederick, born on August 6, 1750 (Carl, John and Scott's great-great-great-grandfather-to-be) went to school with all the other boys in the village. Girls' education was not provided for until 1845 when a sort of 'trade' school was established for them. Here the young "second sex" learned how to 'sew, knit, patch, darn, embroider and do whatever was needed in the home.' Originally the boys' school was taught in any home where there was room; in 1699 a separate school was built and there the school teacher also lived. It was in one of these that Anton and later his son Frederick studied the three R's. School attendance was erratic for the farmers and tradesmen often required their sons' help in field or at the bench but by 1820 school became compulsory for boys.

Much of life was spent in hard work, for tools were basic. The crops raised on the high meadowland around Hegensdorf, safe from the periodic flooding of the River Afte, were wheat, rye, oats, malt oats and peas, while domestic animals included cattle, oxen, sheep, hogs, chickens, geese and ducks. The Afte and its tributaries were fished and each house had its kitchen garden where all types of vegetables were raised.

When Anton wanted to borrow money he had his choice of going to neighboring Von Buren nobles or to the church as represented by local monasteries. Even after the Reformation the church played a large part in the lives of the villagers. Processions were common in which the priests and altar boys walked, followed by the townsfolk. They walked far and wide: on Ascension Day to Paderborn where the diocese headquartered; on St. Vitus Day to
the fields and to wayside shrines in the woods. On Corpus Christi through the Village and, early in Advent, to Buren, the village seat of the nobles. Always the holy cross, protected by its sheath of silver, was borne aloft and always there was hymn singing and praying.

Harold Schaefers recalls going out into the fields in procession was still in vogue when he was a small altar boy in Roscoe, Minnesota. He remembers trudging along the country roads from St. Agnes Church to a small shrine built on the hillside pasture of the Goodschaefer farm. There the priest said Mass in the rustic shelter and asked God's blessing on the season's crops. The advent of the automobile put an end to that.

It seems that the area all around Paderborn is by and large known as Martin Luther country, and this caused us to wonder why Hegensdorf could have remained so determinedly Catholic all these centuries. As a matter of fact, Heilege Kreuz' pulpit itself was once taken over by a Calvinist preacher named Adam Isekin. He settled in there in 1570 and was not "driven out" until 1602, but before and after his interim stay the pastors were all resolutely Roman Catholics to a man. It is due to the Jesuits, who spearheaded the counter-Reformation movement, that Pastor Isekin and his heretical beliefs were finally dispensed with and Hegensdorf, at least, has remained comfortably R. C. ever since.

To go on to Carl, John and Scott's great-great-great grandfather: We had no need to confuse Frederick with any other Schaefers, Schaefer, Scheiffers, Scheffers, etc., because the child was listed as being born in the house named "Dohrmuller" (it was the custom then to name houses instead of numbering them) which had been definitely established as the Schaefers' "family seat".

"Dohrmuller" it was told by one of the Schaefers emigrating to America in a later century, besides being on the edge of town was on the road that led to Padersborn. Color photographs of Hegensdorf taken by Father Wette in 1967 show the village nestling in rolling green hills surrounded by pine forests; but we can assume that in 1750 there was more forest and less field. The oldest buildings forming the heart of town look actually medieval to our eyes, and everything is so neat and clean and beautified - even the sunny old cemetery - in a way that only Anglo-Saxons seem able to maintain.

It was during the reign of Frederick the Great, a period of war-won expansion, that the boy grew up, in the early stages of the evolution of the modern German State. To spot the location of Hegensdorf, imagine a point 80 miles equidistant from the Rhine and from the western borders of what is now East Germany, and a hundred miles south of Bremen.

There was good farmland all around and only 50 miles west lay the now fabled Ruhr where most of Germany's coal is mined.

We suppose Frederick Schaefers' (Scheiffers) childhood and youth were spent in what we would consider rough, primitive style; the only one available, at least in industrially backward Germany, to any but nobility and overlords, and even their way of life was pretty rough by the standards of mid-America in 1900... The industrial revolution not having raised its head yet in Germany, everything consumed, eaten, worn or used was made by hand, usually at home - which conjures up a busy life but not an especially comfortable one.

We also presume Frederick was taught all the usual German virtues of thrift, hard work, close adherence to the religion of his parents, the importance of family ties and respect for political authority.

When Frederick was 19, Napoleon Bonaparte was born in Ajaccio in far-off Corsica and John Jacob Astor right there in Germany...

At the age of 26 Frederick was married on September 1, 1776, to Catherine Margaret Schmucker who was seven months pregnant with a child fathered by Henry Niggemeier - all of this being plainly spelled out in the church book.

The baby, a boy, named John Joseph, was born November 8th, two months after the wedding. It seems to our modern minds that if the village priest, one Johann Herman Knochen, felt obliged to make this statistic a matter of record, he might also have added a postscript telling us WHY Frederick married Catherine in her interesting condition... Had he loved her so deeply for years that he was eager to offer her child his name? Was she a woman of wealth, with a dowery too huge to be ignored? Was the circumstance of illegitimacy taken lightly in rural Germany in 1776? What was the Church's object in branding the infant boy a bastard? In our modern thinking it seems cruel and unnecessary. But it may have been compulsory in 1776 (after all that was a long time ago, a month after the final signing of the American Declaration of Independence) because of the existence of primogeniture laws dating back to feudal times.

Whatever the story behind the story, Frederick and Catherine did not allow it to stand in the way of their having a houseful of young 'tins of their own.
Born to them first was Clara Elizabeth on March 23, 1778; then Henricus, January 18, 1780; Johann, January 23, 1783; John Jodocus, born in 1785 who was to die at six; another John Jodocus born November 17, 1788; Anton Conrad, born September 9, 1791 and, finally, a daughter, Anna Marie Elizabeth, on March 14, 1796.

Probably Catherine died giving birth to Anna Marie Elizabeth - and it's more than likely that the infant died too, as we shall explain later. In any case, Catherine must have disappeared from the scene very fast; for in five months Frederick was married again - July 10, 1796 - this time to Bernadina Schaefers who was to co-found the line that leads directly to Scott and his cousins.

Bernadina and Frederick might have been cousins four or five times removed or not even remotely related, Schaefers being as common a name in Germany as Smith is in America. The new bride must have been quite young (although Frederick himself was 46) for she bore her husband another seven. The reason we speculated on the possibility of Catherine's last child having died at birth is that the first baby of Bernadina and Frederick, born March 9, 1798, was also - according to the church book - named Anna Maria Elizabeth, and it seems she would not have been so christened if her half-sister still lived.

Bernadina's second child, named Maria Bernadina, born March 12, 1799, lived only 16 days.

Anna Maria Christina Elizabeth made her appearance on February 19, 1800, during Napoleon's wars, and then there was a pause of almost two years. At the end of it - May 14, 1802 - Caspar Henricus Schaefers (who was to be the great-great-great-grandfather of the Carl-John-Scott trio, came into the world at "Dohrmuller".

Like anti-climaxes, so far as we are concerned, there followed three more children: John Anthony on January 24, 1806; Anna Marie on November 10, 1809 and finally Joseph on January 17, 1816.

According to family legend - strictly word-of-mouth - Caspar's father was a well-to-do farmer ("Ackermann", as he was identified in the church records) whose first wife bequeathed him three sons and a daughter; and it may well have been that Frederick and Catherine's four sons and two daughters whose births are listed in the record, had been reduced to a total of four by the time Caspar was old enough to remember accurately - infant and childhood deaths being so swift and frequent in those days.

It is difficult for us to imagine what the term "well-to-do farmer" connoted in Hegensdorf. We do not believe it conferred the status it does today in America, but obviously Frederick did own land for he had the disposal of it; and apparently he was far from poor for he allowed Caspar to grow up in what to most Germans is a reprehensible state - idleness.

Apparently Caspar was not robust, although he seems to have outgrown any childhood infirmities. Could a permissive young mother (Bernadina) with a doting husband, have seen to it that her firstborn son, Caspar, was handled with care - and could she have been aided and abetted by Caspar's two older sisters, Anna Maria Elizabeth and Christina? Caspar's younger brothers, born from 4 to 14 years after him must have seemed inconsequential to him by virtue of their inferiority in age...

According to Caspar's adult account, the Schaefers' family fortunes began to decline in his father's time (after all, Frederick was 52 when Caspar was born and 66 when his last child arrived.

He might well have started to lose his grip on business matters by that time.) During Caspar's young manhood he became an habitue of the local bierstubes where he seems to have gone not so much for the beer as for the stimulus of male conversation and companionship. Those years, say from 1815 on, were exciting years with many violent upheavals to discuss; and much bewildering news to digest. The politics of Europe had been altered by the French Revolution; now Napoleon was altering the map of Europe; and the first stirrings of nationalism were being felt in Germany. Caspar showed an alert and curious mind in wanting to keep abreast of the news.

There must still have been some phennigs stashed away by 1823, for it was then, at the age of 21, that he married Anna Catherine Elizabeth Kemper on January 9. On the marriage lines in the church records, his residence was plainly given as Dohrmuller. (It was the same year, incidentally, that the Mississippi river was ascended by steamboat, the "Virginia", as far as Fort Snelling, Minnesota, the site in 1849 of St. Paul).

Here at Dohrmuller Caspar, showing no incapacitating signs of ill health, sired ten children, four of whom were boys and six girls. There are a few slight discrepancies between the official church version and the word-of-mouth account of the Minnesota generations, but they are so minor and easily explained that we can accept Father Wette's list, copied from the church archives, without a shadow of doubt.
Daughter Catherine Elizabeth was born May 25 in 1824; Anna Marie Agnes January 25 in 1826; Anna Marie Scholastica December 9 in 1827, and Angela Augusta April 4 in 1830.

It was obviously the custom to baptize children with three or four given names and so we can readily understand how a priest could forget or misspell one of them occasionally; also within the realm of normal family practice eventually to confer on a child a name not in the birth or Baptismal Registry. One of these seems to have been true in the case of Conrad Schaefers, Caspar's and Elizabeth's eldest son, born September 19, 1832 and baptized two days later.

The church records give his name as Johannes Heinrich but we feel the "Conrad" got lost in the shuffle. Or possibly, Caspar and Elizabeth, realizing he had already two saints' names, decided belatedly to dub him "Conrad".

Theresa made her appearance January 22, 1835 and was baptized only as "Theresia", unusually skimpily endowed considering the customs. Next came Johann Hermann Wilhem, geboren September 7, 1837. He was to be Carl-John-Scott's great grandfather - and, just to give you an idea of how long ago he was born, it was the same year Victoria ascended to the throne of England! Anna Catherine Margaret came along February 28, 1840; Alexander Henricus, on February 8, 1843 and Caspar, Jr., finished off the lot, arriving June 19, 1845.

The very year after Caspar, Jr. was born - when Caspar and Elizabeth (Kemper) Schaefers could well have been congratulating themselves on having lost no children, the harsh hand of Mother Nature fell and they lost Anna Marie Angela Scholastica at 19 and Angela Augusta at just 17.

Perhaps it should be mentioned here that Germany, far more than any other nation in Europe had been split asunder in the early part of the 16th century by the Reformation - most of the northern Germans opting for the new Lutheran version of Christianity, most of the southern remaining loyal Roman Catholics.

In fact, the subjects of Germany's many petty monarchs were expected and forced to adapt to their overlord's choice of religion, in the hope of keeping things uniform and peaceful in each domain.

Most historians agree that it was this troubled cleavage, with some states all Lutheran and others all Roman Catholic, that kept Germany in such a torn and backward condition, at least a century behind England, France and other more progressive European lands.

For some reason the Schaefers had stayed Roman Catholic, in spite of the fact that the country around Paderborn, was and still is strongly Lutheran; what hardships this must have caused Casper's forebears in an age when religious differences usually resulted in bloodshed and injustice, we do not know.

Of course by the time Caspar was a young man, the Reformation was beginning to be an old story. It was superceded by Napoleon Bonaparte's depredations. When Caspar was four, Westphalia ("Western Plains") had been carved out of Saxony by the conquering Corsican as a gift for his brother Jerome Bonaparte. While neither Napoleon nor Jerome lasted much longer in Germany or in Europe, for all of that, Napoleon left an indelible mark on Germany.

Before he marched into Germany it was a jig-saw puzzle of more than 300 tiny autonomous substates, remnants of the feudal age, so far behind in their social organization and ideas that serfdom was not abolished in all areas until Caspar was four years old! Napoleon changed the face of Germany by putting an end to all the old ecclesiastical states ruled by abbots or bishops, all the tiny domains of Knights and most of the Free Walled towns, arbitrarily reducing the number of petty states to a mere 39.

Thus it was a mad Corsican genius who paved the way for the future formation of a united German state, with Prussia as its leader, a country distinct from Austria and its satellites; and who, we strongly suspect, was responsible for the Schaefers' eventual emigration...

Up to this point, armies in Europe had consisted almost entirely of mercenaries but now, prodded by Napoleon's decree limiting the Prussian Army to 42,000, the Junker Generals, recovering from their humiliating defeats, began to build a people's army by continually recruiting citizens and "retiring" them, after gruelling training, to a Reserve Army. This then-startling new system of universal military training was of course to be adopted by all European countries, as nationalism grew apace, and even by the United States a century later...

But to get on with our story: Conrad and Herman, though five years apart in age, must have both had to grow up fast after the usual seven years of schooling, in order to take care of the farm and the animals, with their father so much at the bierstube in the village inn. About the only thing Herman related of his early childhood is that the family
owned four beautiful draft horses but, as times got worse, the horses were sold and replaced by oxen.

The next fact we learn is that Mary (Maria) and Conrad left home to earn money; Conrad as a coal miner and Mary as a domestic helper. Probably they were in their middle or late teens.

Soon, Herman went to work for a Hegensdorf farmer, beginning early the lifetime of hard labor that stretched before him. We have only two concrete facts about this venture: first, the boy had to sleep in his employer's barn because one of his duties was to feed the horses; and second, another hired hand having died, Herman had to take on his duties in addition to his own. Convinced that he deserved a raise, he asked for one, was refused, and promptly quit.

Hearing of this, Conrad wrote urging Herman to come and work in the coal mines, too, because wages were much better than farm wages. So off Herman went to the mines. There, because he was very short and slight, he was put to work pulling a cart into the smallest and most inaccessible tunnels in order to load it with the pieces of coal lying there, pieces that bigger men couldn't reach.

Herman's small stature may well have been the cause for his lifelong quick temper, his marked initiative and his determination not to be shoved around.

We do not know how long Conrad and Herman worked in the mines, but it must have been long enough to discourage them with coal mining as a career for when, early in 1855, their father sold the remains of his farm and notified his two oldest boys that the whole family (minus Catherina Elizabeth, 31, who was no doubt married, with a young family of her own) was going to America, they agreed to go along. At first Conrad showed some reluctance, but Herman was eager.

We have poked a little fun at Caspar, Sr. for his chronic idleness and his tendency to spend all of his time talking at the heirstube. But it is quite possible, even likely, that Caspar's mind was not idle all this time. He had the leisure to ponder the harshness of all aspects of life in Germany for everyone but the top layer of nobility; to read and think about the growing power of the Prussian Army with its compulsory military service that was sure to reach out for his sons; to listen to tales about the free and rich farmland in America, the egalitarian social structure of the new country, and the great tolerance extended to religions. (Undoubtedly, some of Father Pierz's paens to Minnesota in the "Katholisher Kirchenzeitung" caught his eye!) Furthermore, he had time to discuss these and many allied facts not only with his cronies but also with travellers who often came into the tavern for a lager.

So isn't it reasonable to think that but for Caspar, Sr. and his expanded horizons, the family might have stayed on in Westphalia, to endure down through the generations the awful sabre-rattling that was to come? It must have been early in the summer of 1855 that Caspar, Elizabeth and their seven children ranging in age from 29 (Mary) to 12 (the "baby" Alexander Heinrich) set off for the Land of the Brave and the Home of the Free.

Did they take a river boat down the Rhine, to board a sailing vessel at a Dutch port (say Rotterdam or Amsterdam)? Probably, for legend had it that they went "by way of" Liverpool — and 53 endlessly long, hard days later their ship landed in New Orleans. For 1855 was the year of the "Great Westerlies", when the prevailing westerly wind blew so continually and so strongly that it tied up "more than a thousand sails" at various ports on the western shores of Europe, delaying much of the immigration that year. The normal crossing required 15 to 20 days.

From New Orleans, they boarded a Mississippi river boat and at St. Louis the nine immigrants disembarked and stayed a while. There a hotel manager or rooming house operator, recognizing a couple of good, hard workers in Mary, 29 and Theresa, 20, hired them. Mary settled permanently in St. Louis, later marrying there; Thesea, however, died suddenly only two months later, from "drinking ice water" so it is said. More likely germs in the water and not the ice — took her life.

The rest of the Schaefers moved up-river to Dubuque, and it was here they learned by letter of Theresa's untimely death. No one has mentioned it but Margaret, 15, must have felt bereft by the sad news. Now she was the only girl-child left, with the heavy duty of taking care of an ailing mother (Elizabeth Kemper, then about 50, already suffered from the crippling arthritis that was to darken the rest of her life).

Soon after arriving at the Iowa port, Conrad was chosen to go on ahead alone to Minnesota to look the situation over and get some land for them to settle on.

When Conrad arrived by boat in St. Paul with a team of oxen, a wagon and a few tools, he found a river town of about 1500 population where crudity, coarseness and embattled ignorance were rampant. Lice and bedbugs figured prominently in the lives of the settlers,
so Conrad was not loathe to strike out for the west.

He filed on a homestead about 2 miles northwest of Richmond on the pretty little Sauk River, and there he spent fall and early winter cutting and hauling enough logs to build a shanty big enough for the family.

Back in Dubuque as soon as winter waned, Casper and Elizabeth, with Herman, Margaret, Henry and Casper, Jr., got together their provisions for the north. Knowing that not many hogs were raised in the Minnesota territory, practically no flour milled and no whiskey distilled – they included barrels of pork, flour and, probably, one of whiskey... They bought a team of oxen and a wagon to take with them and then waited impatiently for the ice to break up in the Mississippi for they had passage on one of the very first steamboats headed north.

Travelling on a river boat in those days was a challenge for the American-born so it must have been an ordeal for the Schaefers family. Every boat was crowded with people and freight, and damp soot feathers rained down on passengers in exposed positions; the dinner bell clanged furiously and often to call the passengers to eat in shifts; and one had to watch out for confidence men and pickpockets while also guarding one's baggage. The crews were not above putting it off at some lonely landing to make room for high-paying peripherals.

Custom decreed that the first boat to dock at St. Paul each spring was to win free landings all summer long, so there was great rivalry and excitement in the run. Herman recalled that their boat was well in the lead nearing St. Paul, with the hands frantically breaking ice on both sides and the engineer forcing the wood-fired boilers with great hunks of lard and suet... Just as the captain was about to win, one of his men fell overboard and the boat had to be stopped to rescue him. The delay cost them the race, of course.

Soon after disembarking, the family drove their team of oxen and heavily-loaded wagon from St. Paul to Sauk Rapids across the river from St. Cloud, and undoubtedly journeying along the route that Clemens and Theresa Kost and their three youngsters were to travel a few years later.

Crossing on the ferry to St. Cloud, they were met by a Mr. Resseman, who figures later in this account, and he escorted them to the Edelbrock Hotel.

Waiting to meet them there was Conrad, who had walked in from the homestead; but when he saw the size of the load the two oxen were to haul over the rough prairie trail, he objected strongly, and dispatched Herman, on foot, to the homestead, 23 miles west, to drive back the second team of oxen. Though only 19, Herman was a fully grown man by pioneer standards, and he set off confidently to find the place.

However, in all the excitement, he forgot to eat, and even though at nightfall he was given shelter by settlers near Cold Spring, he was too bashful to ask them for food, so he went hungry till the next day when he reached Conrad's shack.

As he was driving the oxen and wagon back toward St. Cloud, he encountered the rest of the family, all walking except for Elizabeth to ease the burden of the oxen. The load was redistributed and the re-united family set off for their new home beside the clear, gentle little Sauk River.

Why they came to Minnesota in the middle of the two-year grasshopper plague of 1856-57 it is hard to understand, but they must have had a compelling reason. Perhaps their cash reserves were running low and they wanted to get settled quickly. Surely, Conrad, who had experienced the beginning of the plague on August 15, 1856, must have thought it was all over.

But it was not. The fierce swarms of grasshoppers that had devastated most of Stearns County during the late summer of 1856, so that the face of the earth was as bare as if newly plowed, had left their eggs in the earth. The following summer a second generation emerged and started its depredations.

In '57 the winged pestilence suffered nothing to grow except peas. Everything else became their prey. They even found their way into houses and devoured clothing not stored away safely in wooden chests. They swarmed through churches and even the priests at the altars were not secure from attacks. Before a Mass, the creatures had to be swept from the altar while the priest vested hastily and placed linen on the altar. During the service he had to keep the Host covered with the paten and at the elvation of the chalice kept the pall upon the goblet.

After the Schaeferes finished their stock of dried meat, they, like everyone else had little to eat that summer. As soon as they arrived, they had planted peas, beans and buckwheat. The beans were destroyed and most of the buckwheat, but they were able to subsist on the peas which were untouched by the insects. Herman remembered that while
Casper and the children had no bread, they kept in reserve a bowl of flour to make bread for their invalid mother who was racked by the constant pains of arthritis. (No dates are available incidentally, to indicate the progress of her disease, but it is known that by 1862 she was bedridden and unable to walk, so we can assume that walking must have been most difficult and painful for her long before that.) A few stalks of buckwheat managed to ripen and the family painstakingly threshed out enough grains to fill a sack. Herman took this all the way to Anoka to a miller where it was ground into flour of a sort. Later, when it was made into bread, they discovered that because of their state of near starvation, they became violently ill after eating it.

Herman claims that he saw the final flight of the grasshoppers one summer day after they had laid bare the countryside. He saw a single insect rise into the air, followed by more and then more, circling around overhead and finally becoming so thick against the sky that they shut out the sunlight. After awhile the great mass flew away southward and was never seen again.

So the already half-starved, poverty-stricken settlers were hard put to get through another merciless winter. Game was plentiful but money for ammunition was not. Prices skyrocketed, responding to the nudge of scarcity. Corn in the husks and frozen potatoes sold for $2 a bushel and interest rates went up to an immoral 36 per cent. It was a time for surviving stolidly and praying hopelessly. And a time for regrets? Minnesota was admitted to the Union on May 11, 1858, and while the event probably went uncelebrated by the little group of emigrés, it was soon to affect Hermann's peace of mind.

One of the first official acts following statehood was recruitment of men for the state militia.

Instead of greatly expanding its regular standing army, the federal government fought her wars in those days mainly with volunteers - state militiamen, grouped in State Regiments.

In fact, President Lincoln called for 75,000 state Militiamen on April 15, 1861, three days before Fort Sumter was fired on, although the war between the North and South had certainly been considered inevitable long before.

At the beginning of the Civil War more men volunteered than could be trained or equipped but, as time went by, this enthusiasm declined, and both the north and south resorted to drafts, which proved extremely unpopular and troublesome to the authorities. Actually the purpose of the draft was to induce more men to volunteer. States and sub-divisions of states were given quotas; wherever the required numbers were raised, the draft failed to go into effect. Also, a man who preferred not to go to war could usually find someone willing to go in his place, providing the reluctant one paid him $300. Not very many young men had $300 available, however.

That is a rough outline of the way it was in Hermann's time. We cannot vouch for the exact dates of the following incidents, but suspect they must have occurred periodically from 1858 to 1862...

A group of young, unmarried men, Hermann among them, wishing to escape the clutches of the state recruiters, went into hiding in a tamarack swamp in the fall but by the time December came around, the cold and hardships they were enduring began to seem more unbearable than soldiering.

According to Hermann's version, he gradually persuaded most of the boys to go out and face the music.

But their good intentions suffered at least one set-back. Gathered one evening at the Willebringen's cabin near Richmond, they were about to sit down to eat when someone shouted that a horseman was approaching. They all scrambled for the door, the faster ones trampling the slower ones underfoot, and headed straight for the tamarack. It turned out to be a false alarm or a practical joke, which one Hermann never knew.

After this embarrassing episode, Hermann and Conrad decided to "surrender" to the proper authorities and walked to Fort Snelling (St. Paul) to do so. Arriving there, Conrad, having one leg shorter than the other, was of course exempted. When Hermann stepped up and gave his name, there was a long pause while the official searched his list. Finally he said he could find no "Herman Schaefers" listed and dismissed him.

Herman was half-way to the door, marvelling at his luck, when a loud-mouthed fellow named Heidershein, who had, heretofore, claimed friendship with the Schaefers, bellowed that it was all a mistake. Herman's name belonged on the list he said, and furthermore Hermann was young, quick on his feet, though small, and had the making of a good soldier...

After a little confusion, Hermann was called back, measured for height, declared tall enough; examined, and declared healthy enough, to wear the uniform.
Herman announced stoutly that he preferred not to go to war, that the reason he had left Germany was to get away from that everlasting compulsory army duty. "That's all right," the recruiter said, "if you pay someone $300 to go in your place." The sad little ending to the story - could it be apocryphal? - is that a Negro who stepped up and volunteered to go in Hermann's place and was immediately sworn in, was later killed in action.

That day Hermann paid the Black $75 in cash and the man agreed to wait for the balance. On their way back home, Hermann and Conrad stopped at St. Cloud, where Hermann borrowed $400 from a man named McClure, who seemed to have his fingers in many profitable pies. McClure kept $50 of the $400 as advance interest and charged Hermann an incredible 20% on the balance, payable semi-annually.

Hermann promptly sent the Negro the remaining $225 he owed. Let us hope the poor fellow had great joy of his $300. The balance of $125, Hermann hung on to.

He was to parlay that sum, by dint of much scraping, scrounging, borrowing and a lifetime of hard labor into an estate of 358 acres of Minnesota farm land, plus a set of good improvements and many diversified investments, not one of which was anything but blue chip. At a sale in Richmond in 1859 Hermann bought a cow and a team of young steers, lavishing such love and care on the team that they grew into the largest oxen in the area, one weighing 2,000 pounds, the other 2,200.

He had a mortgage on them, of course, but when it came due, he was unable to pay it off. However, Mrs. Schoenbrun, who held the mortgage, was so impressed by the team's size and sleekness that she agreed to wait for her money.

Hermann's cow obligingly dropped a pretty little heifer calf, so later on, he sold the cow and used the proceeds to pay his debt to McClure, who was none too happy to lose that 20 per cent interest.

Arad Merrill had been a Lieutenant in Captain Beeman's Vermont Militia during the War of 1812 with the British, and because he gave his life for his young country, its grateful government awarded him 160 acres of land in what was then the far-off territory of Minnesota or perhaps the Northwest Territory. The land became his widow's of course, and being a Vermonter, she probably couldn't conceive of any one's ever wanting it way out there in the wilds... So when she had a nibble, in 1861, she was glad to sell the land for a total of $125 to Hermann Schaefers. The date was September 20th.

During this period, Hermann continued to live with his brother Conrad and the rest of the family on the Sauk River, helping them and also taking on any outside work wherever he could find it.

He was working for a man named Neutzling about the time Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated March 4, 1861. Among other efforts, he helped young Jake Neutzling to find some good woodland to file on. Grateful, Neutzling, Senior, wanted to pay Hermann, but Hermann refused, asking only to borrow $9 so HE could file for a homestead he had his eye on, a pretty 160 acres adjoining the Merrill land, with a creek running through it.

He got the money, of course, and filed on the Homestead, even though old Twenty-Percent McClure, the Land Agent, tried to dissuade him. Hermann was now the owner of 320 acres of land, but it was virgin soil that was going to take a lot of coaxing before it would become productive.

However, he had the biggest team of oxen in the country, good health, the ingrained habit of work and enough determination for six men, so he built himself a shack on his land and fell to...

Very soon, however, he found he was stymied by a lack of cash to buy essential equipment, and few jobs offered. When a stranger came along hiring men to cut cordwood for the government at Ft. Abercrombie, N.D., and offering portal-to-portal pay, he jumped at the opportunity even though it was winter and the world a impenetrable crust of snow and ice.

When the crew reached Ft. Abercrombie, 120 miles west, they had to build a rough log house for shelter, but in that weather, the work went with a will. Cutting cordwood in Minnesota in winter gives a man a big appetite, so Hermann and his co-workers were dismayed to discover that their only cook was a 12-year-old boy. After a few of his poisonous meals, they threatened to quit unless a decent cook was procured. They got one. Hermann earned $100 for his winter's work and when he went back home in the spring of 1862, he started farming his land in earnest, with visits home his only relaxation.

While the Schaefers, like all the other settlers, kept a watchful eye on the Indians from the time they arrived, there were no alarming Indian troubles until 1862 when the
famous Sioux outbreak occurred. Their problems had not been resolved by the treaties of 1851-53 and the Sioux were boiling with resentment, in great part justified, over unfulfilled money payments, land adjustments and the injustices heaped upon them by unscrupulous traders and U.S. Government agents.

On August 17, 1862, fifteen hundred braves went on the war path, very strategically choosing a time when most of the state militia was away at the white man's war. The Sioux ambushed a company at Ft. Ridgley near Redwood Falls, killing 400 soldiers and settlers, and then charged on to New Ulm where they killed 600 more in a week.

The Sioux Chief, Little Crow, with all he could handle in these Southern Minnesota areas, sent word north to Crow Wing, the Chippewa Chief near Brainerd, asking him for help in harassing the central areas of the state, including Stearns County. Crow Wing obligingly called a council of war to debate the matter. Chief Hole-in-the-Day, with obvious "hawk" leanings, and a large contingent of restless braves in war paint, were in favor of aiding the Sioux, and were pushing hard to win the council's consent.

Now, as you may recall, this territory around Brainerd was the bailiwick of Father Pierz. He had missions all over the area and had worked many long, patient, selfless years with these redmen.

When he heard the shocking news, Fr. Pierz, now in his eighties, was enjoying a rest with his favorite Benedictines in St. Cloud - but he brushed aside all thought of his years and his rest and set out immediately for Crow Wing, to see what he could do to persuade the Chippewas not to join the Sioux.

Perhaps he yearned for the crown of martyrdom - and he must have come pretty close to winning it as he proceeded to within a quarter mile of the tense powwow. Here he confronted a Chippewa sentinel who drew a line on the ground and announced that no stranger was to cross that line.

"I, a stranger?" Father Pierz challenged, "I, a longtime friend of the Red man?" The sentinel, recognizing Father Pierz, saw the incontrovertible truth in this and let the Black Robe cross the line.

Muttering a prayer of thanks, Father Pierz plunged on, but a few hundred yards further he came face to face with another line of armed guards who told him they had orders to shoot anyone stepping over that line.

Father Pierz pleaded, argued and cajoled, but it seemed to no avail. Then one of the guards had a brilliant thought: "Our orders say we must let no man step across this line, but they do not say we cannot carry the Black Robe across!" So Father Pierz entered the war council on the shoulders of two braves. Once there, he made good use of his time, finally dissuading the Chippewas from entering an alliance with the Sioux against the whites.

Although bloodshed, loss of life and property were terrible, the entire state would have been laid waste if the Chippewas plus the Winnebagos had joined the rampaging Sioux. Even so, the Sioux Massacre of 1862 was the worst in the history of the United States frontier, including those in the far west.

The country along the Minnesota River received the brunt of the attack. Summarizing central Minnesota's troubles, J. Fletcher Williams says: "Western and Southern Stearns County suffered severely from the depredations of the red foe. On August 23rd, the Sioux committed murders and other crimes near Paynesville. The people of Paynesville erected a strong stockade and the local citizens as well as refugees from points further west sheltered there. Part of the town was burned, but no attack was made on the Post. Similar stockades were built and held by a few determined citizens at Maine Prairie, St. Joseph, Sauk Center, Clear Water and Little Falls".

Torah, as Richmond was then called, the closest settlement to the Schaefers' home, was well defended, thanks to the cooperation of the Benedictines in charge of the local church. Men capable of carrying arms patrolled the vicinity during the night, with orders to fire a shot at the sight of an Indian... The church bell was then rung long and loud to rouse the countryside.

Father Magnus Mayr, OSB, the new pastor at Torah, persuaded the men to throw up an earthwork bank seven feet high around the church, school and rectory. The settlers with their families' provisions and utensils occupied the church, schoolhouse and stables. A kind of community pasture for the stock was staked out close to the "fort" and it was also patrolled.

The earthen stockage, though primitive, allayed the terror of the settlers, and to remedy a shortage of ammunition, Father Magnus drew up a list of all available fighting men for the Governor, claiming these men constituted homeguard - with an urgent request for arms and ammunition. More courage was infused when, almost immediately, they received
a quantity of muskets with several casks of powder and shot. The fact that the muskets bore the Austrian Coat of Arms seemed to help even more! Naturally, the settlers in the fortified towns suffered from lack of food and, to make matters worse, few men dared leave the barricades to bring in the fall harvests. The terror lasted only from August 17 to September 23, when Little Crow and his Sioux warriors were decisively defeated at the Battle of Wood Lake, south of New Ulm. But it had seemed like months to the embattled settlers, and was to remain in their memories all their lives; and tales of it were to be passed on to their children and grandchildren.

At the Schaefers home, about two miles east of Torah, they always kept a team of oxen hitched to a wagon, so whenever they heard the warning church bell, they put their mother on a featherbed in the wagon, because she was too arthritic to walk. Then they drove the wagon posthaste to the church.

Even with the insulation of the featherbed, the trip must have been torture for the poor woman. Imagine being jolted over those rough trails! There is only one record of her ever complaining though, and that was when she begged the others to go on to the fort without her - that she would take her chances with the Indians... In fact, there are few anecdotes of any kind at all about Elizabeth Kemper Schaefers. She remains a shadowy creature all through this history. We can only infer that she was a patient sufferer and well-loved because of the willing care her family gave her. The first wedding in the family took place in 1862-3 when Margaret, the only daughter who had come all the way to Minnesota, was married to Jacob Becker. He was 38 and she was 22. So far as we know, they moved immediately to what has always been called "Becker's Lake", southwest of Richmond.

This left the invalid mother the only woman in the Schaefers' household, and it may have been a difficult experience for her, in her handicapped condition, as well as for her husband and sons, who had to take on most if not all of her duties. Perhaps her husband helped to care for her and learned to do the basic housework under her tutelage? Or could it have been one of the younger boys? At the time of Margaret's marriage Henry was 19 and Caspar, Jr., just 17. Oddly, Caspar, Sr., seems to have faded into obscurity as a personality once the family reached the new world. He is said to have lived until 1874 or 1875; but for all the conversation about him, he might as well have stayed in Hegensdorf... Do you suppose that in the bleak, empty Minnesota plains, he changed from being a gregarious man to a silent, inward-looking person? Was he ever sorry that he had encouraged, nay, organized the trek to America? We have been fortunate in locating the gravestones of the earliest Kost, Lang and Traun settlers, but while we know Elizabeth and Caspar Schaefers lie in Richmond Cemetery, they were according to John E. Schaefers, buried with temporary markers and when the cemetery was later enlarged, the site of their graves was lost.

Hermann was a typical farmer - seldom discussing the good years and satisfactory harvests but a great complainer about droughts and floods and pestilences and all natural calamities! The summer of 1862, before the Indian uprising, Hermann had a very heavy harvest of grain but, he said, he lost much of it because of a plague of wild pigeons. They infested the shocks, eating away secretly at the ripening grain. They sat three-deep, like circus acrobats, on all the fence rails, but finally they had their fill and like the grasshoppers, vanished.

The following year, cutworms were the predators, consuming so much of the grain that only a spear stood here and there. But after a while, there was an unusually heavy rain that finished them off, so in the end the farmers had a fair yield... There followed a few years of drought, Herman said, and one very cold spring when the ground was frozen every morning, a farmer could hardly plant seed because great flocks of blackbirds beat at him with their wings, trying to get at the kernels.

The spring and summer of 1867 (when Hermann was 30 years old - and still a bachelor) were very wet and culminated in the worst freshet or cloud-burst ever known in the area. Actually, Hermann almost lost his life by it. He was at the Knese farm when the flood waters came rushing down the flat. Caught up and swept away, losing a boot in the struggle, he only saved himself by grabbing a fence stake. With the help of the stake he groped through water up to his neck and struggled up the side of the hill. There he had to stay, until the next day when the water had receded enough so he could get back to the Knese place. He and Lambert Knese built a raft, which Hermann poled across the still swollen valley, back to his homestead on the side of the northern hill. It was probably with the help of the raft that Hermann was able to get across to Clemens and Theresa Kost's homestead to enquire about their safety, a fact we mention in the pages of their history.

In the area of what is now Roscoe, the waters covered most of the valley, except for
occasional knolls, from the hills north of Roscoe where Hermann had his homestead to the present railroad tracks at Roscoe. Apparently this was a pattern of flooding dating back to prehistoric times. Proof of this is suggested in the gradual silting of the valley and the discovery, during a well-digging on Hermann's homestead, of cedar logs buried 20 feet below the surface of the ground.

Surprisingly, with all the high water, the grain did not rot, nor was it uprooted. They had a good harvest.

During those early years, minor bugs and beasties plagued Hermann, as they did his neighbors.

Prairie gophers and pocket gophers overran the country. Mosquitoes and flies were terrible pests and one hot night when Hermann had left the door of his cabin open, a skunk moved in. Hermann ingeniously moved a lighted oil lamp gently back and forth before the cat's astonished eyes, until it followed the light outdoors... Hermann also remembered that on moonlight nights he often watched wolves or foxes playing around the shack.

Hermann's recollections seemed to contain little news of his family and their doings; probably because their lives were so quiet and work-oriented that most of the things they did were not considered noteworthy.

The second wedding in the clan occurred in 1867, when Conrad, then 35, found a wife, Mary Traun, just 20 years old. She had come from Austria to Minnesota soon after the Civil War ended, with her father and uncle, ahead of the rest of her family. Mary had stayed with Father Pierz's sister in St. Joseph, (the good father, as will be seen later, was acquainted with the Trauns in Slovenia - was indeed a fellow Slovene - and had persuaded them personally to, emigrate) until she found work with a family named Gross. Her wedding, which took her away from that, was to be the last one in the Schaefers clan for many years. Conrad took his bride to the farm south of St. Martin, which he had acquired in order to leave the homestead west of Richmond for his parents' use.

Hermann does not seem to have had the natural love of sports for sport's sake that characterized the Kost men. Judging from the few tales he told of hunting, he seems to have regarded the killing of game primarily as a method of procuring food or money; he seems to have been more interested in dispatching the animal cheaply than in testing his skill as a marksman. Take this story for example (it must be true because surely no one would relate it boastfully): Several of the local men went deer hunting. The ones who had dogs or were particularly sure-footed, were chosen to drive the deer toward the armed horsemen stationed at predetermined spots, probably along the edge of a wood. Hermann, with a gun and his dogs (which were reputed to be very skilled at tracking game) was a driver. When he reached the stand, the horsemen waiting there told him they hadn't seen a deer, nor fired a shot, nor heard one fired.

But Hermann, it transpired, in driving through the snowy woods had come upon the dogs holding at bay three deer trapped and helpless in deep snow drifts. So, to save ammunition, Hermann simply got out his knife and slit their throats.

Another time, Hermann and his two younger brothers, Henry and Casper, Jr., took their muskets and the dogs and went to the woods looking for bear... Soon the dogs smelled out a fullgrown bear, crouching in a hole under a big basswood tree. Hermann arrived to find the dogs so close to the bear, worrying and snapping at him, that he was afraid to shoot for fear of killing them.

The younger boys, Casper and Henry, weren't much help, understandably afraid to come too close to the snarling, snapping bear; so Hermann shot at it, missed a vital spot, and tore the toes off the animal's left foot. Hermann yelled to his brothers to fire away, but they still hesitated. So with the dogs closing in on the wounded bear, Hermann rammed the barrel of his empty gun down the bear's throat, holding on tight. When Casper saw this, he advanced and shot the toes off the Bear's right front foot. Then, emboldened, Casper grabbed young Henry's gun and shot off part of the bear's hind leg.

The bleeding, bewildered beast, being killed piecemeal, as it were, struggled hopelessly and the younger boys managed to get one of their muskets re-loaded. Hermann took the loaded gun, leaped back and, taking careful aim this time, killed the tortured animal with a bullet in the heart.

The three brothers butchered the bear carefully, saving the meat and bear fat to take home, and later, when the Richmond priest, Father Bruno, saw the big bear skin, with somewhat mangled extremities, he offered them $20 for it.

By present day attitudes, the incident seems gruesomely callous, but we must look at it against the background of a callous pioneer culture of more than 100 years ago, when lack of meat and warm cover often meant the death of men, women and children.
At any rate, based on his memoirs, we cannot persuade ourselves that Hermann was a
sportsman born, so we must assume that of all the good, sturdy qualities he passed on to
his descendants, sportsmanship was not among them.

On the other hand, we cannot say that Hermann was innately cruel to animals, for the
record belies this. As we have already mentioned, he doted on his team of oxen and gave
gave them the tenderest care of... A quick-tempered man, given to sharp, impatient outbursts if
tings did not move fast enough to suit him, he must have done a great job in curbing this
tendency when dealing with his slow-witted, slow-gaited oxen. He had, after all, the
reputation of being the best ox driver in the country.

In addition, he and his brother, Conrad, became renowned through the area as
veterinarians.

Most of the neighbors considered them superior to trained vets, and often called them, day or night, to look after ailing domestic animals. Legend has it that Conrad and Hermann
never refused to go, never were known to charge for their services.

As the sixties wore on, Hermann gradually added more improvements to his farm. He hauled
logs and built a better cabin, this time one with a small cellar to store potatoes safely;
he built a rough barn of straw and rails; he worked long and hard over the years fencing
in fields to pasture hogs and cattle.

In the cool spring that bubbled beside his cabin, he stored the rich cream from his milk
cow, and once a week he made butter which, except for a bowl for his own use, he carried
to Richmond when he went to Mass every Sunday and sold to the local general store either
for cash or trade. Along toward the end of the decade, he had accumulated a little store
of "luxuries" this way - a few dishes and kitchen utensils - even a quilt bought for $1
from a woman named Mrs. Stockard.

Hermann still used oxen for all transport, and at the time made many a long, slow
tedious journey, hauling his grain to the nearest dealers then located in Sauk Center,
Litchfield or Ft. Cloud.

(Con you imagine yourselves, you grandsons of Hermann with your fast Chryslers and
Cadillacs or that small plane cruising at 150 miles an hour, sitting patiently behind a
pair of plodding oxen all the way from the homestead to St. Cloud??) The threshing of
grain was a long drawn-out process, done by horsepower, Hermann's usually requiring eight
or ten days. The threshers were greedy, uncivilized and quarrelsome, but a necessary evil.

The lowest price Hermann ever received for his grain was 25 cents a bushel; the highest
$3 a bushel - this in 1858, the year after the grasshopper plague. It was a heavy harvest,
too, and how warmly welcomed after that two years of near-starvation! In 1870 when Hermann
was 33, Stearns County was beginning to lose some of its frontier flavour. According to
the St. Cloud Times of March 31, 1870, immigrants no longer travelled by river boat and ox
cart: "The first box car from Milwaukee arrived at the railroad station. It contained a
party of German immigrants bound for Paynesville".

Indians, now no longer feared, were boorishly held up to ridicule by would-be witty
reporters, as in this July 14th news item: "Several specimens of Le Tribe perambulated our
streets on Monday with their favorite drapery, dirty blankets, wrapped around them."
German-born immigrants had the time and means to "raise a large sum for the sick and
wounded of their countrymen in the Franco-Prussian War." And also, "Stages were now
running between St. Cloud and Ft. Abercrombie - a distance of 180 miles - in 36 hours",
along the route that Hermann had trudged to cut cordwood for the Army, that John Kost had
walked barefoot beside a Red River cart.

Homesteading on the Minnesota Prairies was still rugged, lonely drudgery, but it began
to look as if they had the new environs under control...

At this point, the Schaefers had become an integral part of the community. Conrad and his wife were busy raising the first few of a family of 15 on their homestead near St.
Martin (five of these children died in infancy). Casper Schaefers, Jr., now 25, was
probably already married to a girl named Zita Margaret Lusetta Finehage, 20, who presided
over a household of three grown men: her father-in-law, her husband, and her 27-year old
brother-in-law, Henry. Casper later inherited the homestead near Richmond and Henry, who
never married, always lived there, too.

We don't know how often Hermann saw his family during these years, but he must as least
have encountered them every Sunday at Mass in Richmond.

An event that was to have great significance for Hermann occurred in 1870. The remaining
members of the John Traun family came to Minnesota from Mosta, Slovenia, then under
Austrian rule, among them Gertrude Traun, 12, a tiny little thing with snapping black
eyes, dark hair and a lively tongue.

Gertrude had always been a hard worther, having started to tend neighbors' younger
children in Mosta when she was only 7. So she had scarcely got her sea legs in the new
world before she went cheerfully off to work for a family named Weier – and there she
remained for three and a half years.

The first year she earned $15; the second year $30; the third year $45. Half of her
wages she gave to her mother and with the other half she bought her own clothes and
personal effects.

It was inevitable that Gertrude Traun and Hermann Schaefers should be thrown together in
that small community, especially since her older sister, Mary, was married to Hermann's
brother.

It is not easy for us, steeped in the romantic tradition, to understand a marriage
between 36 year old man and a girl of not quite 16; but back in 1873, among immigrants,
marrige was more a matter of mutual respect and convenience than emotional love.

Hermann obviously had a lot to gain by marrying Gertrude. She was strong, healthy and a
hard worker like himself. He could depend on her to bear children to inherit the land he
had struggled for. She would still be young enough to care for him in his old age. And it
would be nice, after all the years of bachelorhood, to have a wife to cook and wash – and
yes – just to talk to.

Gertrude stood to gain, too. After all, either a woman HAD to marry in those pioneer
days or enter a convent. There was no room in that world for a "useless" spinster. And not
every girl, especially a fatherless one, had the chance to marry a big landowner like
Hermann, a man of substance in the community! She would never want for anything, in fact
she herself, as his wife, would be a person of some importance. Besides, he seemed a good
religious man, if a tiny bit old, and he would probably improve on longer acquaintance...

So – they were married on February 3, 1873, presumably at the church in Richmond.

Gertrude had time before the busy season began in the fields to get accustomed to her
new home, and probably, to rearrange its sparse furnishings a bit, just to show who was
mistress now... On March 15th, she had her 16th birthday - and felt quite the grown-up
hausfrau.

When Annie Schaefers was a teenager, and curious like all daughters about her parents'
younger days, she asked her mother how it had seemed to be 16 with a husband :36. Annie
remembers that Gertrude confessed she felt "so embarrassed sitting up there in the sight
of everyone" beside Hermann on the wagon when they drove into town or to church. "He
seemed so terribly old at first," she confided.

Evidently Caspar, Sr., died about this time, perhaps in 1874, and was buried beside his
wife at Richmond. We estimate that he must have been close to 70, a pretty ripe old age
for one who was "sickly" as a child, and who had lived through the hardships of emigration
and frontier life. We cannot somehow get over the feeling that Caspar must have been an
interesting man, one who was cut from an individual pattern, perhaps because he did not
have the usual German peasant's or burgher's passion for work; yet the only new world
comment we have on him comes from his daughter-in-law, Gertrude Traun Schaefers. She
remembered him as a "kind man" - and truly, that is enough for an epitaph.

On April 10th, the St. Cloud paper reported that the stage to Ft. Abercrombie that had
left on "runners" November 3rd, had just reverted to wheels again after 141 continuous
days of sleighing... Another long, hard Minnesota winter was over.

As spring advanced, Hermann found that Gertrude could work outdoors as well as in, that
she was, in fact, more interested in milking the cows, feeding the pigs and chickens, and
helping in the field, than she was in household matters. In later years, her daughter,
Anna, said that Gertrude would often work out of doors from sun-up to sun-down and then do
her household chores after dark.

In addition to all this, Gertrude insisted that Hermann teach her to read. Back in
Germany school was compulsory for boys up to 14 - the equivalent of our primary grades -
but girls were not educated at all. An education was thought to be unnecessary to qualify
them for the only domains they were considered fit for: "Kirche, Kinder and Küche".

Hermann agreed with the old German tradition and was not anxious to oblige, but he gave
in.

He seems to have done so increasingly, as the years of his "May and December" marriage
went by.

He had a German prayer book with large print and used that for her primer... But learn
to read German Gertrude did, and to speak it with such rapidity that as she grew older and
more garrulous, her children and grandchildren sometimes wished she hadn't been so apt a
pupil.

On October 14, 1877, Hermann's sister, Margaret Schaefers Beck, died in childbirth at
the age of 37. She had been married only about 14 years, but left behind her nine
children, four boys and five girls. The oldest girl, Elizabeth, was 11 at the time of her mother's death. Whether she was able to take over the household, or whether Jacob Becker re-married, we do not know.

Hermann's only other sister, Mary, who had remained in St. Louis, had married Herman Budde there about 1871. They had two daughters, one of whom died in her teens; the other, Mary, a first cousin of John E. Schaefers, married William Rosenthal in St. Louis and is said to have had at least two children... Mary Schaefers Budde visited her family in Minnesota once, but there is no record of the date, no trace of her descendants.

It wasn't until April, 1876, five years after their marriage, that Gertrude had her first child, a boy, who was named Heinrich. He died at 4 during the diphtheria epidemic of 1881 that also took the lives of two small daughters of Clemens and Theresa Kost and many other children; he lies in Richmond cemetery under a small headstone on which his name is spelled "Schefers".

Heinrich's death must have been a tragic blow for Hermann and Gertrude, but they faced it together and had the hope, since Gertrude was still so young, that God would grant them more children. They had to wait, though, until 1884, when Anna was born on September 26th. She was a healthy baby and grew very much like her mother - short, stocky, with dark hair and eyes, Slavic features and a bright, enquiring mind.

That same year, Hermann ran into a great bargain in lumber when a nearby dealer went out of business, and with it he built the granery that is still in use today.

In 1886, important events were to happen in and around the Hermann Schaefers homestead. The village of Roscoe was being erected around the focal point of its new railroad station on the line running between St. Cloud and Willmar. Hermann finished the construction of a fine, big brick house of two stories, to replace the old log cabin that Gertrude had come to as a bride thirteen years earlier. The brick house is occupied today and in good condition - with the later addition of modern conveniences. We assume its interior woodwork was solid oak from the forty acres of woodland Hermann had bought in 1861 for $200 from his brother, Conrad.

It was in this shiny new house that Gertrude gave birth to a son, John, on November 6th, 1886.

The boy, another Traun in appearance, was to be the paternal grandfather of Carl, John and Scott.

It occurs to us rather belatedly that we have not yet described Hermann's appearance, except for his size. He had true North German coloring: blue eyes, blonde hair and fair skin. As a youth he undoubtedly was thin and wiry, but as his children remember him he weighed 150 pounds which was considered about right for his height of 5'3" in those days of portly men. He had a little "pot". He had grown bald early, but about the time of his marriage, started a full beard. A family group picture, taken when Anna and John were small, shows Hermann looking rather like the grandfather of his children, largely because of his bushy white beard and a wooden stare. He always kept his beard clean, but scorned to trim or brush it. That he considered foppish.

We judge that Hermann was never particularly gregarious, but the friends he made he remained loyal to. One of those was Lambert Knese who had served in the Civil War and returned safely.

Years later when there was some question of Lambert's being eligible for a soldier's pension, Hermann went to court to testify that Lambert's right to the subsidy was incontestable. Lambert got it, much to his old friend's satisfaction.

According to a research session Earl Schaefers had with Aunt Anna (Schaefers) Weis in 1969, Hermann was narrow in his thinking and attitudes, from a modern point of view. He wouldn't walk around an obstacle - his instinct was to "bulldoze" right through it. He trusted few. What he couldn't see, he wouldn't believe, except for religion; and what he did not control was very likely out to control HIM. He was harder on boys and men than on girls but taken as a whole he was tough.

Hermann did not seem, Anna felt, to be a happy man, though he was morally incorruptible and pious. From All Souls Day until Easter, he had the family on their knees every evening saying Litanies ad infinitum. Never much impressed by the Rosary (since it required no reading he felt it was a devotion suited only to women and children) he was so addicted to Litanies he would read them and preach at his captive congregation until he ran out of pages in his Prayer Book.

Before it was time for Anna to start school, Hermann and his wife, deploring the necessity of sending the tiny girl several miles round trip to the then nearest school (the one the older Kost children attended half-way between Richmond and Roscoe) - donated an acre of land at the corner where their lane met the section road that led to Roscoe;
and also moved their original log cabin onto the acre to serve as temporary schoolhouse. The plan must have been received with enthusiasm by close neighbors who also had young children of school age.

Matthew Hammes was engaged as teacher and held the post several years. He taught classes in German and English with a strong dose of Roman Catholic religious instruction added. Just how the little district school could be a public institution, as it was, while religion was being taught and classes held in a foreign tongue is something we have never been able to determine. We can only hazard a guess that the public school system of Minnesota was somewhat rudimentary and lax at that time.

Anna first went to school there, still in the old log cabin where she'd been born, and soon after, John trotted off with her. Harold and his wife have one of the old McGuffy Readers (in English of course) that John used in about fourth or fifth grade.

It was customary in those days for boys to stop school at about 12. A fixed time-table had been worked out and was adhered to closely. A boy made his first communion in late spring or early summer and returned to school in fall, but only for 40 days. At the end of the 40th day he left, without exception, to help his father on the farm. Following the conventional pattern, John left school in the fall of 1899, at 13, after about six and a half or seven years of education.

Anna did not say whether she was permitted to remain longer under Matt Hammes' tutelage, but it seems doubtful. Instead, Anna was sent to boarding school one year - St. Ben's Academy in St. Joseph - to learn fine sewing and other amenities.

John's education may have been limited but it must have been sound, basic and thorough, for it stood him in good stead all his life. As an old man, he still wrote quite well and fluently, with a minimum of solecisms and with a feeling for a nice turn of phrase; he remained fluently bi-lingual all his life, too, never seeming uncertain in either German or English. And until his early 80's, he invested knowledgeably in the stock market, surely an avocation that requires a good understanding of math.

During John's last couple of years at school, his maternal grandmother, the widowed Gertrude Stelle Traun, now about 75, made her home with Hermann and Gertrude. In fact, she was to die there, January 7, 1899, and was to be the first person buried in the cemetery connected with the brand new St. Agnes Church in Roscoe.

Most of John's recollections about his boyhood concern work. He seems to not have done much hunting or fishing. In fact, he seems to have waited for his sons to teach him the joys of rod and reel. They never were able, as it transpired, to make him very enthusiastic about guns and hunting.

As a child, he was serious, conscientious and inclined to feel criticism deeply. This was unfortunate. A small boy, the baby of the family, corrected by father, mother and older sister, too easily comes to feel that he is being "picked on".

By the time John was 13 and taking his place on the farm beside his father, he had to swallow a lot of criticism. Hermann was quick-tempered, and inclined to be impatient if things didn't move fast enough to suit him. Indeed, he was more exacting and demanding with himself and his family than he was with hired help.

He withheld probably the one thing John wanted most, a little praise for a job well done. Hermann said nothing when a job satisfied him; he spoke only when it hadn't. Gertrude used to beg him to praise both John's and Annie's youthful efforts, pleading with him to give them a little encouragement now and then. But Hermann refused. "If I brag about them," he replied, "they might get proud." John remembered being impressed at 14 by the turn of the century. The Pope, Leo XIII, had promised that anyone going to confession on December 31, 1899 and receiving communion at midnight mass (on January 1, 1900) would gain a Plenary Indulgence. All four Schaefers walked the mile and a half to the new St. Agnes Church in Roscoe, cutting across the snowy, frozen fields and meadows.

In the fourth month of the new century, Conrad Schaefers died at 68, and was buried in the St. Martin Cemetery. He left his wife of 33 years, Mary Traun (Gertrude's oldest sister) and ten children. Mary was to outlive him by 25 years.

Before he died Conrad had the satisfaction of seeing his and Mary's eldest son, Henry, married on November 15, 1898. Henry took as his bride Mary Knese, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lambert Knese of Roscoe. The Golden Jubilee Book of St. Agnes Parish shows a photograph of the young pair in their wedding garb because they were the first to be married in the new Roscoe church the very existence of which was due largely to the initiative and generosity of Hermann and the Kosts (a fact we discuss in detail in the Kost History).

The bridegroom, standing stiff and straight in the picture, looks more Traun than
Schaefers short and stocky, with square face, beetling brows, small but lively eyes and wide cheek bones.

Mary is a very attractive blonde in quaint old-country finery.

In 1901 John recalled that his father, who had for the past two years put in only 40 acres of crops, decided to increase this acreage substantially. John plowed it all with a 14-inch walking plow and, he added somewhat bitterly "A farm lad in those days lived two lives. As far as work was concerned he was a grown man; but as far as payment went, he was still a kid, not even entitled to spending money." As a young man of 18 or 19, John began to go to local dances. Let him speak for himself on this score. "I dearly loved dancing in those days and never missed a chance if I could help it. We had Sunday evening dances in the neighborhood homes, with someone playing the harmonica; I never could learn to play the darn thing, so I was able to dance while the more musically-inclined boys had to furnish the tunes." "There were about four big dances a year in Roscoe, too," John said, "but for these I had to buy a fifty-cent ticket (girls like Annie got in free). On those occasions, in addition to my usual $1 a month allowance, I got an extra dollar!" When John and Anna were in their teens, Hermann surprised them pleasantly by giving them two heifer calves each, for their own. Annie's died up in the hills, she said.

Before long, John had a sizeable little herd. He sold one cow for $20 in order to buy a new bicycle that cost $18, and he now had fast transportation to dances. As the herd grew in size and appetite, Hermann told John he must sell off some more, so John parted with six head for $18.50 each and that gave him his first real capital.

"I put the cash in my trunk," he told us, "and it helped me all the way through the years of my young manhood because, you see, I handled it out VERY carefully." Hermann was 67 in 1904 and getting weary of the servitude of farming; so one day he spoke to John while they were alone in the farmyard, offering to rent him the farm. John was excited and overjoyed at the prospect. They worked out some of the details then and there. Hermann offered rental on a 50-50 basis, for the first year only, on the grain. He was to furnish the use of his horses, machinery, seed grain and feed at first. Later on, when John had accumulated some cash, Hermann promised, they would switch to one-third and two-thirds shares. The dairy herd was not included in the deal. Apparently neither Hermann nor John had the temerity to disturb the arrangement by which Gertrude got the milk check for her own.

But John's happiness was premature as he tells us here: "Dad and I went into the house to tell my mother about our understanding, and she promptly put a stop to it, saying that I was only a kid and too young to take over so much responsibility, that I must wait for a couple of years.

"That took the wind out of my sails," John admitted, "and I went back to working the farm, as before, for $1 a month spending money." Perhaps Hermann understood some of John's disappointment, for soon afterward, he offered his son the gift of a team of horses. Unfortunately, his well-meant gesture only enraged John, for one was a very old horse, he said, and the other was spavined.

"If that's the only kind of horses you can give me," he told his father angrily, "I refuse to accept them!" Ach, Hermann no doubt thought sadly to himself, when I was his age, how glad I would have been to get a team of old horses yet! Hermann must have softened up however, for when the tax assessor came around in the spring of 1907, Hermann listed a young team of horses as John's, in addition to his cows. It developed too, that Hermann had never taken back the scorned team and now, when he proposed renting to John, Gertrude had no objections.

Anna was dealt in as a partner, at her insistence. John and his sister had already had business dealings of a sort. The two had bought a 22-caliber rifle for $5 and often used it for target shooting. Anna turned out to be a much better marksman than John – and a shrewd banker, too, it developed. Always short of money, John had got in the habit of borrowing 25 cents at a time from Anna. But because he was never quite able to repay her, SHE soon owned the rifle! Suddenly Anna's interests in guns and target shooting began to go into a sharp decline. She was being courted by John Wels, a tall, dark and distinguished looking young man who worked in Roscoe at the general merchandise store with postoffice attached. He and his brother Joe had bought in in 1906 from Anton Schmitt.

Anna and John were married June 16, 1908 in St. Agnes Church with John Schaefers acting as best man and with the bridgroom's sister Anna M. as Anna's bridesmaid.

A picture was taken of the guests at the wedding reception in the old homestead, and it was a goodly crowd in addition to the bridal party and the immediate families. The young couple started housekeeping in living quarters behind the Roscoe store-postoffice.

And that was the end, of course, of the Schaefers' sister-brother business partnership.
John scraped together $5 to retrieve the rifle from Annie and to wipe out his debts to her.

As a property owner of stock now, John felt proud to be on the tax rolls, a feeling that diminished throughout his lifetime in direct proportion to the size of his tax bill: but THEN, when he was just 22, he marched into the Roscoe Bank announcing importantly that he wished to pay his taxes of $2.73. He handed the money over and strutted out, feeling like a man at last and a man of importance.

It was deflating, a few weeks later, to receive his money back from the County Treasurer with a letter explaining that his taxes had already been paid. John enquired around but never found out who had paid them, so he gave up, assuming it was one of the numerous "Schaiferses" in the area.

This seems to be a logical point to scrutinize the odd final "s" on the family name. So far as we knew, it appeared for the first time on the transfer of 40 acres of woodland in June 1861. Conrad, who had sold the acreage to Hermann, signed his name as "Schafers". The final Homestead papers, dated September 1, 1869, were made out also to "Hermann Schafers". The double dots over the "a" are an umlaut, a German diacritical marking indicating that the "a" so marked has the sound of long "a" as in "ape".

Somewhere along the line, the letters "ae" were substituted for the aewith-umlaut. How, we wondered, did that final "s" get tacked onto Schaefer, which is the accepted American form? It wasn't until 1967, when Father Wette of Heilege Kreuz Church in Hegesdorf sent us copies of the Church records back to 1700 - and there we found the final "s" was in common use. It looks as though the final "s" is there to stay for a generation or so anyway, with the result that pronunciation of the name sounds like a hiss, while the unslurred pronunciation of its possessive or plural forms simply won't bear thinking about.

One mild winter day in 1907 while John was working around the barns alone and Anna in the house (Hermann and Gertrude had walked over to the Lambert Knese's to pay a visit) the Roscoe Livery Stable owner, Mike Kirsch, drove up with his best horse and buggy.

"Anton Muggli from Cold Spring is in Roscoe, wanting to start a bank and he needs Hermann," Kirsch told John.

John explained where to find his father and waved goodbye.

In the afternoon Gertrude came home alone, but Hermann didn't appear until after dark, "still riding Horse Livery at the expense of Anton Muggli".

Hermann found his wife and children bursting to hear all about it. So he told them.

Capitalizing the new bank for $10,000, Anton Muggli put up $5,100 or controlling interest; Pete Roeder, $1,000; F. W. Hilger, $1,000; Tom Sauer, $1,000; John and Joseph Weis in partnership, $500; Clemens Kost, $500. "And that only left $900 for me," Herman said. "That's all the stock I could buy."

"Ach! Das ist genug," snapped his wife. "That's enough for you to lose - and you WILL lose it, not knowing a thing about banking..." Before he died, Hermann signed over all the Roscoe Bank stock to Gertrude; but later on she sold it to her son John and he held onto it, despite nice offers, until 1962 when he sold it to new owners of the bank who, after one year's operation in Roscoe, transferred the establishment to Paynesville.

By 1909, the same year Peary discovered the North Pole and the year the U. S. Army hesitantly, reluctantly, purchased its first airplane, John was a well established farmer. True, he didn't have much ready cash, but he had been buying new machinery to replace his father's old, outworn implements. That fall, John threshed 1,208 bushels of wheat, enough oats to feed the work horses all winter and spring, and a sizeable amount of barley. One third was now his father's and two-thirds his. He sold most of the wheat for $1.08 a bushel and, his share amounting to more that $700, he was able to pay for the new 7-foot Deering binder he had just bought from his Uncle John Traun in Richmond.

John and Anna lost an uncle and Hermann a brother, Caspar, in 1909. The youngest in the family he died at 64. Caspar and his wife had three children, Anton, Conrad and Elizabeth - but as the couple grew older they withdrew from the world, becoming recluses on their farm on the pretty Sauk River. None of their children ever married and apparently must all have been dead by 1938, when John and Annie as two of 14 cousins and heirs, received about $500 each as their share of the homestead property.

On July 24, 1909 a happy event occurred. Hermann and Gertrude became grand-parents and John an uncle, when Anna Weis gave birth to a daughter named Tharsilla.

By the time 1910 rolled around, John's thoughts were not wholly occupied with farming. He had discovered young Lillian Kost in Roscoe and was courting her hopefully, partly by mail though the farm was in sight of Roscoe. In this connection, Anna told Win that the "E" in John E. Schaefers' signature stands for nothing beyond a wish to differentiate himself from other men named John Schaefers. It seems that John added the initial when a
letter Lillian had sent him by mail while he was wooing her, was delivered to another man! We can imagine John's rage at such a colossal error! We have already described their wedding (which happened to fall on Anna's birthday) but since then, Aunt Annie showed us a yellowed clipping from the Roscoe paper announcing the affair: "On Tuesday Morning at 9:00 o'clock, at St. Agnes Church: (united) in the Holy Bonds of Matrimony, Miss Lily Kost and Mr. John Schaefer. Miss Rose Traun and Miss Tillie Lauer attended the bride while William Kost and Albert Lang acted as best men. Two (sic) little twin cousins of the bride, Irene and Linda Nierenhausen were the flower girls."

"After the ceremony, the Roscoe Union Band, of which the groom is a member, was on hand and escorted the bridal party under a continual strain of appropriate music to the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gregor Kost, where the wedding reception took place."

"A large number of relatives and friends from both sides of the contracting parties assembled to partake of an elegant and deliciously prepared wedding feast. The young couple received an enormous number of fine and costly presents of all descriptions. They will live on the farm of Mr. Schaefer's about one and a half miles from the Village and will be at home there in a short while. We will join in wishing the young couple all luck and happiness in their newly chosen route (sic)." In those days wedding trips were not au fait, at least around Roscoe. Their wedding night was spent in Lillian's home so she and her brand new husband could both be on hand early the next morning to help clean up after the reception! The day after that, John loaded his parents' furniture and all their belongings onto a wagon and hauled them to the new house, just built under his supervision, waiting for them in Roscoe village.

Hermann was 74 and more than happy to leave the scene of all his labors and retire to their small but convenient new home. Gertrude, a spritely 53, missed some of her old, familiar duties at the homestead, but she soon found many chores to take their place. She was always bustling about, keeping the five-room house clean and tidy, cooking and canning for Hermann and herself, washing and ironing, mending everything til it bristled with patches and planting and cultivating a big kitchen garden and a raspberry patch.

It was a pleasure, too, for Gertrude to be so close to their daughter Anna and to their grandchildren. Werner, the Weis' first son, had been born November 27, 1910, and this was a cause for great rejoicing. Every day Gertrude scurried to St. Agnes to hear Mass, and often during the day she returned for devotions. She- and Hermann had purposely chosen this site for their home - across the street from the church - after Gertrude discouraged Hermann's plan to build near Lambert Knoese further away.

Not long after they had retired and moved to town, Hermann lost the last of his brothers, Henry, who had remained a bachelor on the old homestead beside the Sauk, died May 24, 1912.

During the last tranquil years of his life, Hermann must often, as old people do, have thought about his parents, his brothers and sisters during their years together in the old country, and again about their early struggles in their new, adopted land.

While John was busy transferring his parents and their possessions to their new home, his young bride was at the Poretz store in Roscoe, buying furniture for her farm home. We don't know whether, when a young girl, she drove as hard a bargain as she did in her maturity; but we strongly suspect that even then she got full value for her dollars. She was eventually to develop a kind of merchandising instinct all her own - to buy low and sell high.

When Lillian finished making her purchases, John and his hired man, Tony Frank, loaded the shiny new pieces on the wagon and drove it the two miles to the old homestead while Lillian followed with the horse and buggy, keeping a watchful eye on the wagon and team.

John remembered what fun he had arranging the furniture to suit Lillian. "That was a great occasion for me," he remembered, "and I was ready for it, after looking at the old stuff for 25 years! On June 17, 1912, Lillian gave birth to a son, Harold Gregor. He was six weeks premature and this complication, along with the incredible inefficiency of the attending doctor, made it a grim and hazardous delivery for both mother and son. As Lillian told the story years later to her daughter-in-law, it was bungled from start to finish, with warm stove lids being pressed on her abdomen to induce the birth. How the young mother and child survived is a wonder, but they came of pioneer stock, sturdy and stubborn.

Gradually, Lillian got back on her feet, able to tend her delicate son, but she was never to recover her health completely, in spite of treatments and "corrective" operations, until 1925 when her child-bearing days were past and she finally found a
By 1912, John had amassed nine horses, six cows, three calves, five sheep (the gift of Gregor Kost to Lillian) and about 80 hens. On retiring in 1911, Hermann had sold John E. the 160 acre farm (that had originally belonged to Hannah Merrill, Lieut. Arad's widow), plus some cattle.

While John had been doing most of the work connected with the farm for some time, he now had the entire responsibility, something he had waited for, it seemed to him, a long time...

In May of 1913, John had an appendicitis operation at the Paynesville hospital, and paid the first of many surgery and hospital bills that were to come his way.

Harold's brother, Clarence, was born January 15, 1914, and when baptized, his sponsors were his grandparents, Hermann Schaefers and Elizabeth Kost. The household began to be a busy one, with two babies, a hired girl to help Lillian and a hired man to help in building a big new barn...

In the spring, while Lillian went to Paynesville for an operation, Grandmother Elizabeth Kost took charge of Clarence in Roscoe, and Harold stayed on the farm to keep his father company.

Even after the operation and constant check-ups, Lillian was still not well, and often in pain. It must have been hard for her not to be able to do all the work, for it was her nature, like her mother's, to devour work.

About this time, Hermann wisely feeling it was time to settle his worldly affairs, enlisted the aid of Pete Roeder at the Roscoe Bank. With his help, Hermann transferred ownership to his wife of his shares of Roscoe Bank stock; the 146 acre farm he had homesteaded back in the 1860's; the Farming Township 40-acre plot of woodland he had bought in 1861 from his brother Conrad; the little house and lot in Roscoe and a tidy amount of cash.

On April 30, 1915, Hermann suffered a stroke while in bed, and three days later he died, at 78, in the comfortable feeling that he was leaving his family well provided for.

Not feeling up to managing her farm land, Gertrude prevailed on her son to supervise it for her.

Temporarily he rented the Homestead farm to neighbor John Flint, and not very long afterward Gertrude offered to sell the Homestead Farm plus the woodland acres to John and Lillian, saying she would consider fair any price Pete Roeder might set, and the young pair agreed to buy.

John was 31 when America entered World War I, but being in an essential occupation, and married, with two dependents, he was automatically classified as deferred or exempt.

Because of the large number of Stearns County residents of German extraction, John recalls, War Bonds were over-sold in the area, not without some pressure on the part of the promoters and not without some natural resentment on the part of the buyers.

John himself was one of a team that sold War Savings Stamps.

Prices for farm products went to unheard-of-heights. Wheat sold for $3 to $3.50 a bushel; flax for $5; rye $2 and barley $1. Eggs reached the fantastic price of 60 cents a dozen and wool 66 cents a pound. To offset this, labor and equipment also went up.

One day in the fall of 1918, John was busy salting down hams and bacons, after butchering hogs the day before, when he heard the church bells of Roscoe ringing. He called Central to inquire and she said the Armistice had been signed, the war was over. Talking over the good news, John and Lillian told each other, with complete lack of prescience, how lucky they were. There probably wouldn't be another war for 50 years and by that time, their sons would be too old to serve...

Things continued to go well for the busy family. In the spring of 1919 they bought their first car, a Model-T Ford, for $585. Furthermore, they paid cash for it, with the proceeds from 12 acres of rye.

A third son, Elvin John, was born May 18th, 1919, and it began to look as if John was going to have plenty of help on the farm someday. Lillian had hoped for a girl, but was thankful for a big, healthy, tow-headed boy and asked her sister Dell to be his godmother.

In 1920 Clarence frightened the household with appendicitis attacks that culminated in an operation at Paynesville Hospital, where, he recalls, he earned his first nickel by selling a kiss to his nurse! This was Clarence's first year of school, but Harold was already in third grade at the new schoolhouse down the road.

Classes there were still taught in German and English, but they had school mar'ms now instead of masters. John and Lillian boarded three of the teachers because their house was so conveniently located: Edith Hartel (who was to be Mrs. Patrick Alexander) from 1914-16; Aline Fick (Mrs. Lawrence Ficker) from 1917-1918; and Theresa Rennie, a handsome young
woman from St. Joseph, for three years, from 1919-22. Theresa was well-liked by the entire household and, in fact, always remained a close friend. She later became a nurse and served in Minneapolis hospitals, but she and the family kept in touch.

Things were humming at the farm. There was now a herd of 30 cattle and a large flock of sheep.

They milked 15 cows and tended a flock of 100 chickens. Harold and Clarence, as soon as they were able, were kept busy helping their father or mother. John believed in giving his sons plenty of chores, but he always made an effort, he said, to "go easy". He well remembered how strict and unbending his father had been, and was determined not to be that way with his boys. Perhaps as people always do, in trying to correct one error, he leaned too far over the opposite way - but it did not seem to do any harm - especially since Lillian had a sharp eye and, when called for, a sharp tongue, to keep the boys from getting out of line...

On March 26, 1922, the family was suddenly increased by two - identical twin sons, baptized Earl Raymond and Jerome Albert. Their god parents - Albert Lang and Cecilia Lauer. Lillian thought - if only one had been a girl! And John thought - more land - I've got to get more land to be able to set five sons up on farms.

While German was still spoken in the household perhaps more than English, and many of the family habits were still German-oriented, it was easy to see that the family was becoming more Americanized - if only by the names chosen for the boys. The good, simple European names Conrad, Heinrich, Johann, Jacob, Peter and Joseph - had been tossed aside in favor of typically small-town midwestern names, completely Anglicized - Harold, Clarence, Elvin, Earl... Only Jerome escaped the trend by getting the good solid name of a monk and scholar - but even so, an Englishman! The twins were still babies when the Schaefers bought their second car, a Ford Sedan with the most advanced of accessories - a self-starter and a dome light! The old Model-T was now cut down to a pick-up truck to use in hauling cream, eggs and such to market.

Coolidge was re-elected in 1924 and the country lay fat, complacent and prosperous in the Republican party's last (Win hopes) truly firm grip. The Schaefers family had before this discussed the prospect of renting their farm and moving to St. Cloud so that Lillian would not have to work so hard. Then something happened that was to intensify their resolve to leave the farm.

In the winter of 1924 when he was 12, Harold had scarlet fever that developed swiftly into Bright's Disease, a serious kidney ailment that was then often fatal. Too ill to be moved to a hospital, he was cared for at home. The Boy's life being despaired of, he had received the last Sacraments. The doctors had given up hope, when a visiting neighbor, Mrs. Matthew Mehr, a big, blunt, domineering German woman, came to the rescue. She elbowed everyone aside and insisted on wrapping the boy in hot blankets and feeding him hot tea. That caused his fever to break and saved him - or was it delayed reaction of medication? Or the Sacrament? Everyone thereafter was inclined to give Mrs. Mehr credit, next to God, and she took it as her just due.

Harold's convalescence was slow and difficult. For a year he was put on a very strict and sombre diet and ordered not to exert himself in the slightest, not even to break into a run. John and Lillian watched over him anxiously, afraid that the regimen asked too much of the willpower of a young boy. But to their glad surprise, Harold policed himself. A staunch realist, he refused to touch any forbidden food (even sweets) or to indulge in games, as wisely as if he were an old man; and eventually he made a complete recovery.

Once John had decided, in 1924, to leave the farm for the benefit of his family, there came the question of what kind of work he could possibly find to do in the city, with limited skills and education like his. Civil Service, with a job in the Post Office, seemed the most likely choice. John laid his plan of attack well. He took a Civil Service course by mail, studying hard every moment he could spare from farm work. He even combined the tasks, taking his text book with him as he plowed or cultivated, snatching glances at it as he could. Many a night, weary from laboring outdoors all day, he would fall asleep over his studies, Lillian once recalled.

He took his Civil Service examinations in St. Cloud with 11 other men. Seven of these passed, including John, who finished up fourth. For a man of 38, unaccustomed to study, who had quit school at 13, this was a remarkable achievement and Lillian, who knew full well what a struggle it had been, told him to forget Hermann's earlier strictures, that he had every right to be proud! That fall they rented most of their plowland, and in January the mailman brought thrilling news - John's Civil Service ratings. In the spring of 1925 Lillian consulted expert gynecologists in Minneapolis, Drs. Webb and Wynn, about her continuing problem and they advised another operation, so in May, John, with Elizabeth
Kost took her to Minneapolis to St. Mary's Hospital for surgery while Grandma Schaefer, just widowed and happy to have something to do, cared for the boys. Matthew Zaczkowski did the never-ending chores.

It was a beautiful day three weeks later when John brought Lillian home by train to Roscoe where Harold, their eldest, and Matthew met them at the station with the Ford sedan. Lillian had to stay in bed at home for another week, but after that she started gaining back her strength fast.

John and Lillian wanted a place on the edge of St. Cloud, where they could have a huge garden and fruit trees, raise chickens and keep the boys' pony, Dolly, which Elvin and the twins were loathe to part with. They wanted a compact, modern house, mostly on one floor on the theory that it would be less work for Lillian. So they bought two lots 'way out on the south edge of town and had a stucco bungalow built on the center lot, facing the tracks of the Great Northern Railroad which were so close that in later years (during heavy World War II rail traffic), their visiting daughter-in-law, Winifred, used to start awake in the night sure that the passing train had leaped the track and burst into the guest bedroom. But she was a notorious fusspot about noises...

The Schaefer family rented the farm to Anthony and Cecilia Zaczkowski and toward the end of August had an auction sale of all their stock and equipment, a busy, exciting day for the children, but a sad one for John. He hated to sell each animal, each piece of equipment, and could only console himself with the thought that he still owned the land.

This seems a logical place to continue the story of Anna (Schaefer) and John Weis' children because although the older "first cousins" (especially Carl and Harold Schaefer) remembered their young days in and around Roscoe and the farm, the Schaefer family's move to St. Cloud - while the Weis family remained in Roscoe - brought about a sort of natural breaking-off place of close relations.

In Roscoe sometime after the birth of Tharsilla in 1909 and Werner in 1910, the Weises built a new store and then a large square house at the top of the hill near where Route 23 curves toward Paynesville. We are not positive of dates but feel reasonably sure they fell in this period.

A second son, Carl, was born March 12, 1912 (just a few months before John E. and Lillian's firstborn, Harold). Another boy, Hermann, arrived March 14, 1914; and a daughter Catherine on April 1, 1916. In 1917, Dula appeared and the young Weises had established a lead in number of progeny over the young Schaefer family that they never lost.

In fact, Anna was to have two more - Edith on December 10, 1918 and Rainer, the "baby", who was not quite two years older than the Schaefer twins, Earl and Jerry.

Most of Anna's children were on the tall side, dark and distinguished looking like their father's people; and several of them at least were excellent students, more committed to intellectual pursuits such as the professions of teaching than to business.

From this point on we will intersperse facts we have at our disposal on the Weis offspring chronologically, although they will probably find many gaps and many more interesting facts than we possess to add to their individual copies of this Family History.

On September 1, 1925 the Schaefer family moved full of hope tempered with fear and caution into their new St. Cloud home, redolent with the smell of new wood and varnish.

Earl's first memory concerns a visit later that fall of the Grandparents Kost, when Lillian was obliged to cook the company dinner on a camp stove raised on cement blocks about two feet off the floor. It must have been very soon afterward that Lillian's first electric range was installed.

The rectangular house consisted of living room, dining room, kitchen, bath and two bedrooms downstairs, with a big attic area which was used as a sort of dormitory for the five boys, while Lil and John slept in the downstairs east bedroom and guests or a sick boy in the west one. There was a big basement extending the length and width of the house and a gradeline door on the west end of the house, the entrance almost everyone used except for strangers and visitors.

The place must have pulsed when the seven Schaefer children were all at home, but this usually only happened at night or for brief periods... They were such a busy lot.

No one, of course, knew that the Great Depression was approaching, but there was a firm understanding among the family (except for the twins and Dutch, still at relatively tender ages) that money was a scarce commodity here, that John's present opportunities for making it were limited and that anyone who could earn an honest penny toward family expenses was expected, indeed, implored to do so.

Harold immediately went to work that fall at Junemann's Truck Garden and also got a job hawking the Minneapolis Journal on the street. B. W. Warner, the local distributor,
noticing that the boy had that rare combination - willingness to work hard AND to assume responsibility hired him to train, organize and supervise all the carriers.

Harold worked every day after school, and on Sundays he had to be at work by 4 a.m. But he was happy. He preferred this to being a newsie. Here he had a title, authority and a chance to learn (including a trip to Minneapolis to see how the paper was printed!) and this meant more to him than money... Anyway, in no time at all Mr. Warner doubled his pay.

Clarence started delivering the Minneapolis Journal, too, and like his older brother, turned over his earnings to the family. Every penny was welcome at 1036 McKinley Place South because although John had been appointed a substitute clerk-carrier for the St. Cloud Post Office in October, he was number three in line and as a result, got very little work.

In the spring of 1926, John was kept busy with the new yard, garden, small orchard and the care of 30 Black Minorca chickens, which brought enough when sold in the fall to pay the grocery bill. He also got temporary work building a barn at the St. Cloud Orphanage... John's first year's Post Office earnings totalled $297. But soon, he began getting enough steady work at the Post Office so that he didn't have to look elsewhere.

In 1927 Clarence got a more attractive offer from the St. Cloud Times, delivering papers. He made a valiant effort to take home his pay - but rumor persists that some of it was dribbled away on slot machines.

Elvin carried papers from 2nd grade on - probably starting about 1927 at eight - and for several summers worked in the Junemann's nearby truck garden, pulling weeds for ten cents an hour! It soon became a regular practice for Harold to go fishing on summer Thursdays to supply fish for the family's Friday dinner... Leaving home about 3:30 a.m. (so he could be back to report to the Minneapolis Journal office at 3:30 p.m.), carrying a sandwich and a cane pole, lie bicycled the nine miles to Pleasant Lake where he rented a boat and fished for croppies and sun fish. Hopefully, he always took along old newspapers and a paper bag to carry home his catch - and he usually needed them! After bicycling the 9 miles back home, he had to clean his catch and stash it away on ice.

By 1927, Harold had abandoned Pleasant Lake (because of the uncertainty of getting a boat there) for the lake near Avon where Pete Kost lived. It was on a fishing trip there that he remembers the thrill of seeing Lindbergh fly over from Little Falls to Alexandria. "I wasn't the only Lindy fan," he said. "Uncle Pete was so excited, he jumped up and down hollering so loud they could hear him in Avon two miles away! Earl and Jerry hearing this talk of Lindbergh's flight across the ocean were excited at the prospect, later on, of seeing his plane fly over St. Cloud en route from Minneapolis to his home town of Little Falls, Minn. "Mother told us what time he was scheduled to fly over," Earl said, "so we lay down on the lawn watching the skies for the Spirit of St. Louis. Soon we saw it approach headed northwest, and flying high, it seemed, right over our house!" In 1928 when he was just 16 and at Cathedral High, Harold abandoned the newspaper business and after a summer spent pitching bundles for threshing gangs, got the summons he had been anxiously waiting for: an answer to his application for a part-time job at Sharood's - forerunner of Bellas-Hess, the local branch of a national chain of stores. He had long since made up his mind that he was going to be a merchant - and now, now at last, he could start! His was the lowliest of jobs, unpacking incoming merchandise in the basement and getting it up to the selling floors. He also swept out the store after hours, and did any other dogsbody jobs required. Harold didn't look at it that way, of course. He considered himself lucky to be there.

It was also in 1928 that the twins entered first grade at St. Mary's, leaving their mother each week day alone in the little bungalow. "I used to think how much more time I'd have, once the twins started to school," Lillian said ruefully in later years, "but for a long time, they had hardly left the house early in the morning before I was rushing to the windows to see if they could be coming home! It took a long time for me to get used to not having children underfoot all the time.

For some reason - probably protection - the twins were roused early so they could leave the house at 6:30 a.m. to walk the mile to school with their father, who started work at 7 a.m. Earl recalls: "In winter, Jerry arid I really had to stretch our legs to walk in Dad's footsteps through the heavy fresh-fallen snow... Then when we arrived at St. Mary's, we were much too early, of course, so we had to sit quietly in the dark halls until 7:45 when the nuns came to turn on the lights.

We always carried our lunch - sandwiches of homemade bread, margarine and jelly - wrapped in newspapers. It was a great day whenever we were given little brown paper bags to carry it in but with five kids in those Depression days, there weren't many luxuries available such as meat sandwiches or paper bags." Gradually life in the new house settled
down to a familiar rhythm of work, study and a little play - some of it horse play. Because the house was at the very edge of town, the younger boys had plenty of wide-open space to conquer. In summer, the Graham Granite Quarry - a 90-foot deep excavation not much more than a mile away - became their own private swimming pool where they and neighborhood friends, the Zenners and the Krafnicks - usually swam in the raw.

Once, before they learned to swim, Elvin and Jerry had close escapes. In Elvin's case, he was wading around in the shallow waters of the Mississippi when, according to his words, "it was accidentally pushed into deep water over my head by a kid named Freddie Fleischmann, who couldn't swim, either. A strange man who had been sleeping on the river bank, was awakened by our cries for help, and came to my rescue, just in time. I was a pretty sick pigeon - but I managed to carry my paper route that evening - just because I didn't want Mother and Dad to know I'd been messing around in the River." Jerome's escape occurred later on - probably in 1929 or 1930. He describes it: "Earl and I had been invited to go swimming with the Hunsinger family, who had a boy our age and an older girl, Audrey who, luckily, it proved, had a crush on Elvin. After bottom-walking along the shore-line of Grand Lake, we were invited to swim out to the raft in deep water. Since Earl and I could only swim under water, not having mastered that surface technique, this was quite a challenge, demanding an expert calculation of distance... Earl hit the raft right on the button, but I went under it and then to the bottom. Fortunately, Audrey was alert and brave - for she came down and dragged me to the surface. Elvin does not mention it in his personal resume, but it appears that he was always a leader and always ready for action. He was considered quite a fighter for his age and weight, and legend has it that Grandpa Kost loved to walk down town with the boy, offering Elvin a dime if he would lick likely youngsters passing by. How many hapless kids Elvin enterprisingly beat up before Grandpa refrained, no one seems to know.

In addition to directing Cowboy-and-Indian games, Elvin loved to organize Tarzan games in the woodland. He was tireless himself, swinging wildly from tree to tree, giving out with his version of ape calls. It was recreation, his mother said, that used to frighten and annoy her no end. She never knew when he would be brought home with a broken arm or leg - and she was tired of patching all the holes in his overalls...

Of course life wasn't all fun and games for the young ones even in the summer. The twins were soon taught to tend the lawn and the garden. Gardening time, Earl says, started with planting of potatoes, then sowing of vegetable seeds, and progressed through weeding, hoeing and bug-picking to the harvest. Even then there was no surcease as he remembers. Lillian, always one to keep down expenses, canned or preserved everything she could lay her hands on - and since she and John between them possessed the greenest of green thumbs, there were always plenty of Mason jars and jelly jars for the twins to lug up from the basement for washing, and down again, filled and sealed and still warm to the basement shelves.

Many years later, in a lovely golden September, when she lay dying, Lillian summoned her ebbing strength to order the maid-of-all work not to let the plums on the heavily-laden trees go to waste; and to give the woman exact instructions on how to can them. "Mr. Schaefer will enjoy them next winter," she whispered.

During the halcyon late twenties and early thirties, summer also meant spending two weeks' vacation at the grandparents Kost - at least for the twins - though the older boys at this point were working fulltime every summer. By 1929 Bellas-Hess, recognizing an eager beaver in Harold, had promoted him to the floor, to sell on commission and there he made from $3 to $3.50 a day! Earl's memories of senior-brother Harold, he maintains, were that he was forever working: "I remember him always walking fast down our street, in his heavily starched white shirt and his neat, business-like suit. The rest of us took short cuts across fields and ditches and empty lots, but not Harold. Along McKinley Avenue he marched - and I've no doubt he arrived downtown as soon as we did and in much neater condition!" Clarence completed the 8th grade in 1929, and then enrolled in St. Mary's Business School for a two-year course. That fall he got a job after school and Saturdays in a small store owned and operated by M. J. Ginter in the downtown bus depot. It was stocked with coffee, tea, spices, extracts and fresh roasted peanuts. His salary was only $3 a week to start, but there were compensations.

It was there, in 1933, when he was working on a fulltime basis, that he first met a diminutive brunette, Irma Streitz, who, years later, he was to court and marry.

There was work for the twins at their grandparents' big place in Roscoe, on those unforgettable summer vacations; mostly in the big garden. But because it wasn't their garden, they found the weeding and hoeing less burdensome, almost welcomed it in fact. Grandpa Kost's praise was so lavish and so sweet that they were willing to break their
backs for him... Of course, Gregor, still young and spry enough enjoyed his grandsons as much as they enjoyed him. Earl remembers friendly wrestling matches in the sweet-smelling hay-mow, and wonderful trips to Rice Lake. Just "to check on things" Grandpa would announce, but once arrived there, they just went swimming and fishing. Earl feels that Gregor's obvious enjoyment of their company was due to the fact that they were his only available grandsons (Herb Wilms wasn't even born til 1930) and he loved to talk to them about hunting and to let them join him in his personal rifle vendetta against marauding robins and gophers. Never, in all the years they spent with Gregor, did the twins hear him use a cuss word worse than - "the devil!" When the leaves started turning every fall, then the Kost-inherited hunter genes began stirring in Elvin's blood... Gathering his young brothers together, with whatever firearms they could muster (Jerry tells of sharing a .22 rifle with Earl in the beginning and then, with pride, of getting his first shotgun, a .410 gauge) and the help of Patty, a curly brown water-spaniel, he led the hunt for pheasants after school and on weekends, sometimes finding plenty of birds a block from the house, sometimes ranging two miles a-field.

Lillian waited uncomplainingly, with supper ready many a night, until long after dark, and when the hunters arrived, gratefully accepted the cock pheasants they laid proudly at her feet... For they knew she was delighted to be able to reduce her meat bills. In fact, she blithely encouraged the boys to poach, offering them each a nickle for every bird brought home. One season, Jerry shot more than 60 birds with his .410!... Long before the days of freezers, Lillian contrived a way not to waste a pound of pheasant meat. After cutting each bird in pieces, she sauteed, then baked and canned them in large Mason jars - and when a jar of her canned pheasant was opened a year later and heated, it was as delicious as if fresh...

The only ticklish problem was - the special identifiable smell that burning pheasant feathers give off. Out of season it told tales to the entire neighborhood, much to John's discomfiture. He was afraid of an official visit from the game warden, but it never came. As the crisp northern cold increased, there was ice-skating, hockey, skiing and tobogganing to fill every spare moment with the sort of violent physical exercise that left a boy with no time nor inclination to get prematurely interested in girls... Then with the first fall of snow, rabbit hunting. Dutch conceived the idea of turning their fallow garden plot on the north side of the house into a skating rink that served every kid in the neighborhood. He would enlist all the boys around with shovels, to throw up earthen banks around the sides of the lot, then persuaded his Mother to call the City Fire Department to flood the area. He even rigged up a but where the boys could warm their half-frozen hands and feet occasionally. The rink, says Earl, was the scene of many a rough hockey game and it became a legendary fun spot on the south side of town.

When the snow had reached the right consistency, Dutch devised skis out of barrel staves for the twins and soon, on one or two skis (they became adept at both methods) they spent hours hurtling down the slope of Calvary Hill (now the site of a water tower). Soon this was no challenge (by now all three musketeers had received store-bought skis one Christmas) so they moved on with their prowess to the North Star Cemetery Hill. The taller gravestones were built up into nice jumps and the others made exciting slalom courses... Finally the city built a beautiful toboggan slide atop Calvary Hill, where the intrepid trio and their friends did a lot of moonlight skiing, often making runs on skis down the iced toboggan shoot! And so, the winters merged into spring and summer, but Elvin was again prepared. It was he who taught the twins how to fish - and also showed them how to plan and prepare for a fishing trip, and by that time even the twins were adept at the logistics of preparation, so all John had to do was join the fun... But it was probably intentional; and he actually did his boys a favor leaving them alone to think for themselves and for others, to develop judgement and initiative.

Harold managed to graduate from Cathedral High School with the class of 1930, a year later than he should, because he had been expelled during his sophomore year, along with some roughneck chums. Details are murky, perhaps blessedly so, but it appears that Harold and his clique had taken too lively and persistent an interest in girls - and also had mistakenly thought themselves so grown-up and worldly wise that they began drinking heavily. Considering the quality of the bootleg liquor dispensed then, it was no doubt only the luck of the Irish (Winnie's luck, that is) that saved him from total blindness or permanent brain damage.

After months of keeping the news of his expulsion from his mother by working fulltime at Sharood's, he was laid off work in January - and then Harold confessed all to his mother. After giving him a look from her lovely fiery dark eyes, she promptly put on her Sunday best and marched down to confer with Cathedral High authorities - and with her usual
persuasiveness, got the young black sheep reinstated in school, on a sort of parole basis. The nun she interviewed was Sister Richarda - now Mother Richarda, and a moving force at St. Cloud Hospital.

Let it be said for the boy that he dropped his life of sin like a hot potato, studied hard, became active in the Drama group and social clubs and behaved very satisfactorily. Years later, a serious young married man with no proclivities for boozing or chasing girls, he recalled that he had never been very popular in school up to the time of his compulsory drop out - but no sooner had he come back to his desk, with rumors of his evil reputation like an aura around him, than all the girls began giving him a rush - so he finished school in a blaze of glory. Socially, that is. Academically he was undistinguished. At his 25th high school reunion, Monseigneur Denery told Harold and his assembled classmates that he had never known a class so noted for its utter lack of distinction in scholarship and extra-curricular activities; and he could scarcely believe reports that so many of them had become outstandingly successful in their careers...

College being out of the question financially, and with no hope of snaring a scholarship, Harold now started working fulltime with Bellas Hess. By the time he was 19 he was assistant manager.

Soon, however, the lean, hungry arms of the Depression reached out for Bellas Hess and in 1932 the store was closed. It would have left Harold in an awkward position except for the fact that the Lessee, "Schiff's Big Shoe Store" moved into new quarters and continued doing business on its own. Harold was immediately hired by the firm's manager, Leo Solomon, a gentle, quiet, able man. Harold admired him and many years later on a trip to the Caribbean, he stopped in Miami to see Leo there, still selling shoes, still gentle, quiet and understanding.

After a few months at the Big Shoe Store, there came a wire from Jack Gaston (formerly with Bellas Hess - St. Cloud) now manager of the Montgomery Ward store in North Platte, Nebraska, offering Harold a job at $20 a week running the shoe department - and - indirectly as Harry realized, the prospect of a lifetime career in retailing; so he said goodbye to Leo friends and family, packed his suitcase, bought a train ticket and left home on October 10, 1932, quite naturally the first of the boys to topple out of the nest.

We know Lillian and John were to miss him, worry over him and pray for his safety in the great, cold world; but Elvin probably spoke for all his brothers that night at supper when Harry's chair sat empty, "Hey, Mom," he yelled gleefully, "now you can cut the pie in SIX pieces!" The Depression years were hard for the family (especially with farm produce prices at rock bottom) but not as hard as they were on people who had not had the Schaefer's harsh, pioneer training in working, saving, making do and going without; the not-so-far-removed European farmer's ability to live frugally but contentedly . .

Fortunately, they all stayed in good health, Lillian having become almost robust ever since her operation in the spring of 1925 . . In 1932 Elvin started High School, another milestone reached.

In 1933, the big barn on the farm burned down - but Clarence, now 19, was available (the Ginter store having closed) to supervise its re-building.

After that job was finished, Clarence also went to work for Leo Solomon in the Big Shoe Store (Dutch had also begun HIS career at Schiff's Shoe Store that summer) - and when it came Clarence's turn to leave home for the great world - it was a vast one he chose, geographically speaking . . On December 14, 1934, he joined the United States Navy, taking his oath in Minneapolis that day and leaving, that night, with three other boys from St. Cloud for San Diego, California, and the USS MINNESOTA.

Having finished recruit training March 10, 1935, and receiving 10 days' leave, homesick Clarence spent much of it on trains. He was home exactly one week but it was worth it, he felt. Scheduled to be transferred to China duty, Clarence circumvented that when he got back to San Diego, by coming down with measles, so it wasn't until April 14, the very day he was promoted to Seaman 2nd class, with his pay raised to a munificent $36 a month, that Clarence reported for duty on the USS MILWAUKEE, the first of many ships he was to sail on in peace or war, during his long and honorable career with the Navy.

It was the summer of 1936. For two or three years the twins had been busy amassing a collection of more than 100 bird's eggs - and they had an overwhelming urge to cap it with some mysteriously huge eggs they discovered when trespassing in a farmer's corn field near the St. Cloud Orphanage along the Mississippi... Why, having been on and around farm yards all their lives, Earl and Jerry did not recognize them as turkey eggs is incomprehensible. At any rate, they coveted them so much that they boldly raided the field and, alas, were seen by the owner. He let loose a group of Orphanage boys and the chase was on, over hills and fields. Finally the twins eluded their pursuers by swimming from
island to island in the river until they were far down-river from the farm.

Certain they had shaken off pursuit, the twins took a long, circuitous route home, only to find the outraged farmer waiting for them in their front yard! On hearing the story, John understandably enough decided that it was time for his youngest boys to get to work, so they were enrolled without delay in their older brothers' Alma Mater -- Schiff's Big Shoe Store. They earned 10 cents an hour at Schiffs which, in their opinion, beat picking weeds for the same pay at Junemann's.

Happy news came to Roscoe of the September 8th, 1936 marriage of Werner Weis (Anna's and John's eldest son) to Grace Wilkins of Macon, Georgia. Werner had joined the Navy and gone through Flight Training, doubtless at Pensacola, one of the largest of the Naval U. S. Air Training Stations in the country. He was to emerge a Naval Aviation Cadet, with the rank of Ensign and to serve later in the Pacific theater of World War II.

That same month was to see Earl and Jerome off to Cathedral High, where Elvin was already a Senior -- and that began their father's Walking Marathon that was to last for years. John let Dutch and the twins use the only family car for transportation (school being almost two miles from home) in order that they would be able to work longer hours after school. He was often given a lift to or from work by the boys but usually he walked in all weathers to the Post Office in the morning, home for lunch or "dinner" at noon, back to the Post Office and home again at night.

Later, the first daughter-in-law, Win, observing these daily hikes, as well as the endless number of meals Lillian had to prepare each day, tried to persuade the menfolk to adopt city ways and eat noon lunches downtown, but she was politely told that nobody could stand restaurant meals after Lillian's cooking. And besides, restaurant meals cost too much...

During the mid-thirties, Lillian continued to can fruit, vegetables and game tirelessly; to supervise the "curing" of bushels and bushels of hazel nuts each year on the garage roof - whose nutmeats were to enrich the incomparably delicious desserts that were her specialty of the house. She baked ten loaves of bread almost every other day for it was rarely that a batch lasted three days, and she usually had from 21 to 28 shirts to iron every week for her white-collar husband and sons.

While the habit of thrift continued to rule at "1036", financial pressure was lessening as John's hours of work at the Post Office increased. To prove it, flowers began encroaching on the vegetable plots. For the first time land had been purchased (in 1934) purely for pleasure - 75 X 150 feet located on a bluff overlooking Rice Lake, not far from Roscoe. This wooded lot (a piece of Gregor's considerable lake property) was destined to be the site of a summer cottage! Lillian gradually found time to take adult education courses in the more artistic phases of homemaking - and to add her lovely contralto voice to St. Margaret's Chorus. She spread her wings and began to make friends beyond the neighborhood and to become an active member in the Cathedral Mission Society, the Post Office Woman's Auxiliary, the St. Cloud Garden Club, making herself so indispensible and so well respected - without ever neglecting her home or family for a moment - that at her funeral there seemed no end to the large groups of club women paying her silent honor.

During the summer of 1937 the three younger boys, with the help of a carpenter, built the Cottage at Rice Lake, a second home that was eventually to be known as Welwyn.

As Win recalls it, the Cottage was named by Elvin's wife, Eleanor, who said the work was Scandinavian meaning "Welcome". It caught on immediately so far as the Schaefers were concerned and in the early 60's the corporation set up to handle family affairs borrowed the name.

Later that summer Earl and Jerome chauffeured their Mother and Grandfather Kost on a memorable trip through the Black Hills of South Dakota to visit Uncle Bill and his family on their Montana wheat ranch.

Elizabeth Kost was of course to have been one of the party but she declined (in spite of indignant protests) for a very characteristic reason: roofers were scheduled to re-roof the Kost house and Grandma Kost felt it was more important for her to be there to see that the job was done properly! Elvin joined Montgomery Ward in April, 1937 (a fateful step for he was still with the company on a high level 33 years later when this book went to press) and the following month he was graduated from Cathedral High.

The two absentees, Harold and Clarence were well launched on their careers. By 1936 Harold had progressed to distribution merchandiser of dresses at Ward's huge buying headquarters on Varick Street in New York City, arriving there after wild and wooly experiences as, first, assistant manager in the St. Joseph, Missouri, store and second, travelling stock checker for Region 3 which covered Missouri, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Kanas and Texas, and finally as Region 3 Field merchandiser, from October, 1935 to February of
1936. Unlike most of their pioneer forebears born in Minnesota, who never travelled more than a few miles from Roscoe, Minn., Harold and Clarence were indeed seeing the world, each in his own way.

During the Depression, Harold formed a liking for the poor, ravaged Southwest Dust Bowl that never left him and he often spoke nostalgically of driving through dust storms in Kansas so thick that he had to keep a moistened handkerchief over his nose and mouth in order to breathe; and he never forgot the somehow intimidating treeless reaches of country where the sky seemed so close to the earth.

It was during these years that Harold spent an early summer weekend at St. Edward's College in Austin, Texas, visiting his favorite first cousin, Carl Weis, who was about to be graduated.

Carl had tried to swing four years at St. John's University in Collegeville, but found the financial going too tough. So he had settled on St. Edward's. This proved to be a wise move for there he was able to work his way and also to get into the oil business where he has spent his entire career traveling all over the Middle East for Caltex Oil Company, and serving in varied executive branches of the firm.

It was Carl who came to our rescue by discovering - at some inconvenience and expense to himself - exactly where the elusive Trauns had originated in, Europe, as we explain in some detail in the Traun history.

Harold's normal week's work would have today's young trainee climbing walls or screaming to get out - but to Harold it was just another challenge. Sundays he set out in his Chewy to drive to the city where he was scheduled to check a store's merchandise assortments (to see if they were in accord with company regulations). Arriving usually well after dark, he found a dreary room in the local hotel and there had a drink or two from the bottle in his suitcase, partly to relax his stretched nerves and partly to anaesthetize himself against the greasy-spoon dinner he would soon be obliged to consume in an ugly fly-specked "cafe" down the street.

Each morning he was at the local store before it opened, in the hope of finishing his stock check quickly so he could leave early in the evening of the third day for the NEXT town on his itinerary, because his schedule demanded a check on two stores a week. But Harry never complained. He was learning something fascinating every day, meeting interesting old-timers in the company, adding to the store of knowledge about merchandising that was eventually to become almost as much a part of him as his skin.

In spite of the pressure of his schedule, Harold found time to make friends, of necessity mostly Ward men, whose friendship he kept all his life. Being gregarious and a good listener he was always ready (during his precious-few free evenings) for a lark. In those days, that meant a group of men, the prettiest girls available and a bottle or two of non-poisonous liquor, which wasn't as easy to find as the girls.

It was at a party in New York in 1937 that Harry met Winifred Mulcahey, hailing originally from a small town in Illinois but working in Manhattan as Beauty and Fashion Editor for Fawcett Publications, a group of confession and movie magazines with mass circulation. They had begun life years before in Robbinsdale, Minn., with "Captain Billy's Whizbang", the Playboy of those innocent days. In spite of their dissimilar work and tastes, the two began seeing each other, meeting in favorite bars where they talked raptly about themselves over cocktails, finally going on to dinner where they continued the pleasant program of "getting to know you".

In those years, Clarence was getting his sea legs aboard the USS MILWAUKEE, sailing the calm, infinite waters of the Pacific. On May 20, 1936, he crossed the Equator for the first of many times, qualifying as a "Shellback" in Navy lingo. In June of the same year, he was promoted to Seaman 1st class, with a raise to $54 a month.

A few months later came the China duty he had only postponed by having measles. On the USS MARBLEHEAD, to which he was transferred in September 1937, Clarence headed for the Far East and while on this long tour of duty, he travelled almost from pole to pole, from Vladivostock in the USSR to Australia, visiting many ports along the way in fabled lands or, as Clarence puts it with heavy sarcasm, "I had the privilege of seeing all those lovely places in the Orient".

In May, 1938 he was promoted to Storekeeper 3rd class at 60 a month - which was an inevitable classification for a man from a family of retailers, even though Clarence was smart and chose the non-profit type of operation.

He returned to California in June of that year on the USS HENDERSON, which steamed from Shanghai to San Francisco at a steady 12 knots, sighting no land during the entire 30-day journey.

While stationed on the USS ARGONNE in 1938, Clarence, sure now that he could make a good
thing out of the Navy, extended his enlistment for two more years. "As a reward I got 45
days leave," he said. "Left the ship in San Pedro, Calif., on December 17th and went home
for Christmas by train," It was such a long, glorious leave, Clarence remembers, that he
received two paychecks when leaving at 1036.

But too soon he was off to Norfolk, to find transportation on a ship bound for Cuba.
Once there he reported aboard the USS ARGONNE, engaged in fleet operations in Caribbean
waters.

Ever since 1936 the prologue of World War II had been playing itself out in bloody Spain
and even isolationist Middle Westerners were beginning to know the difference between
Fascists and Communists, between liberal causes and reactionary ones, but it does not
appear that any of this bitter European conflict touched members of the Schaefers family
deeply. Or, who knows, perhaps they chose to ignore its significance.

The children were growing up in 1939. Elvin was a Sophomore-Junior in College and the
twins, half-way through high school. Fairly expert by now in selling shoes, the twins had
worked, in turn at Schiff's Shoe-Store, Fandel's Shoe Department and finally Kinney's.

John was long since off his mail route and promoted permanently to Post Office Clerk,
being also one of the prime movers and supporters of the Postal Employees' Credit Union
that was to be a sort of model for subsequent family enterprises, and also to give John a
deep interest in stock market operations that burgeoned over the years and ultimately
became his most absorbing and rewarding hobby.

Lillian was there, at the heart of things, laughing at John's jokes, listening to his
worries and spiriting them away, at least temporarily, for as he got older, John became a
compulsive worrywart; she attended to farm and family business matters with brisk
efficiency; keeping a watchful eye on the boys' behaviour, but relinquishing her
disciplinary role to the behavior, more and more; working away at the unceasing household tasks without
boredom or complaint because, for her, they were all truly labors of love.

The new Cottage at Rice Lake had become a weekend Mecca for the whole family, where the
boys and, soon, John and Lillian spent most of their leisure time fishing. Somewhere along
the line they had acquired a big outboard motor and a boat large enough to accomodate
everyone - even Harold and Clarence whenever they came home on vacation...

Wall-eyed pike, tender and juicy, lurked off Wolff's Point where Gregor and Elizabeth
Kost had a cottage; Northern pike darted everywhere, sharklike and hungry; bass waited in
quiet waters amid lily pads along the shores of the lake; croppies, sunfish and the
scorned but delicious bullheads played around the Schaefers' private dock. And it was the
special joy of everyone to learn how to outwit them all and bring them to the family
table, crisp and golden brown outside, meltingly tender inside.

By 1939 Elvin and, under his tutelage, the twins had mastered a flashy technique with
casting rods and reels that made all amateurs watch open-mouthed as they performed -
sending baits streaking silently through the air like small comets for 150 feet; setting a
mouse bait down gently with the barest of "plops" alongside a lily pad a hundred feet or
more away... "Playing" bass as skillfully as a maestro conducts a symphony orchestra ...
While John and Lillian never attained the artistry of their sons, they too became expert
at casting for fish and catching them. Fish being plentiful, John devised a fast method
when cleaning them, of removing all the skin and bones, a process that left only tender
white slabs of "meat", safe for a child to eat at the table.

The cottage in those days was simple but comfortable inside, open above to the high
rafters. It consisted of an open kitchen area in one corner, a partitioned-off bedroom
opposite it - and the rest of the space open, with screened windows along the entire wall
facing the lake and divans grouped under them. Water in those days was coaxed from a
rather temperamental indoor pump; the stove was a 3-burner kerosene camper; the icebox
was filled with great chunks brought from the nearby Mocadanz farm and light was furnished by
smoky kerosene lamps. A neat Chic Sale occupied, for some strange reason - the most
prominent spot in the back yard. Since the back yard was also the circular driveway, the
backhouse was the first outpost seen by guests driving through the wooded land to the
cottage.

But for all its somewhat primitive facilities, the cottage was greatly loved by
everyone...

Where else could you eat fish, minutes from the cold deeps? Go to sleep with the rustle
of leaves in your ears and soft, filtered moonlight on your eyelids? Awaken to the sound
of squirrels scampering over the high-pitched roof? Or watch the sun rise and set,
painting the still waters of the lake with lavish color? Where else could you find such
comfort on a rainy afternoon, while exchanging tall tales with visiting friends of the
ones that got away?? The USS ARGONNE steamed away from Cuba that spring of 1939 with the
intention of reaching Norfolk for Easter Sunday and then going on to New York where the World's Fair was in progress. Clarence expected to see Harold AND the Fair.

But Uncle Sam could no longer brush off the antics of Der Fuhrer who, after having invaded Austria and gobbled up the Sudetenland with the cringing permission of the worthies at Munich, had boldly occupied Bohemia and Moravia on March 16. It seemed to neutral Uncle that the fleet would be safer in Pacific waters, so the huge ships hightailed it, via the Panama Canal, to San Pedro, California, arriving in May. From then until March, 1940 Clarence and the fleet were occupied in the waters of the Pacific islands.

Harold, who by now, at least to his friends and co-workers was known as Harry - and Winifred were in love and nervously toying with the idea of marriage. They had reached this point after many weekends spent trout-fishing or skiing or pub-crawling, or playing badminton on the lawns of the Long Island country houses where Harry now lived each summer with several Montgomery Ward or Wall Street men. So in the fateful summer of 1939, while Europe seethed and trembled, the pair were indifferent and lost in their own private world.

On August 26, three days after Nazi Germany and the USSR signed their famous non-aggression pact, Win and Harry were married quietly in the Lady Chapel of St. Patrick's Cathedral on Fifth Avenue.

Harry had already met Winifred's widowed mother, but Win knew Harry's family only by hearsay and the exchange of a few long distance calls and letters. So, in October, when their two weeks' vacations rolled around, they flew to St. Cloud.

It was a great success, from the bride's point of view. Being an only child herself, she was enchanted with the idea of having four brothers to boss around a bit, a time-honored privilege of older sisters. Win's memories of the night they arrived at 1036 include the warmth of her welcome by Lillian and John, Elvin's enthusiasm and her first sight of those infamous turkey-egg thieves, the identical twins, all spit and polish and good manners.

That first night she formed an immediate attachment for them that she never lost, partly because she was to be thrown with the twins much more than with any of the other boys - and partly perhaps because they were still young enough to listen raptly while she gave them all sorts of unsolicited advice.

But let Earl speak for the twins' first impression: "I remember so well the Saturday evening when Harry brought you home, Win. Our first sister - and Mother's first daughter, finally! But what Jerry and I couldn't understand was why we all had to sit around the house all Sunday getting acquainted with you - completely wasting a perfect day for hunting!" Among the pleasantest experiences for Win on her first trip to Minnesota was being royally entertained at the homes of Grandma and Grandpa Kost, the Wilms (Frances was just a Baby) and Grandma Gertrude (Traun) Schaefers. She particularly recalled the dinner party at Grandmother Schaefers little house, where she first met Aunt Annie and Uncle John Weis and several of their tall, handsome children... with everyone remembering politely to speak English. Even tiny white-haired Gertrude brought out her few English words for Win's benefit, excusing herself for not speaking more fluently on the grounds that she had had to learn two new languages and that was about her limit.

It was later in the fall that John's 1939 Chrysler, known as "Dad's Unlucky Car", was mashed up by Jerome who was on his way downtown to pick up his father. Having waited for the lift home and decided he'd better start walking, John was one of the witnesses to the accident in which two fenders, two doors and a running board on the new car were demolished. He had become inured to having his sons dent his cars but this was the first time any of them had done it before his eyes - and he was understandably indignant! In six months time the same car was damaged four other times - twice by Dutch, once by Earl and a second time by Jerry! If they had only known that, due to looming wartime shortages, this very car must last until 1947, they might have been more careful - or are we dreaming? It was about this time that Elvin, while working one day at Ward's, met an attractive blonde named Eleanor Solfeldt. She was slim and tall (though not nearly as tall as Elvin, who was about 6 ft. topping his father and all his brothers by a good many inches) with the prettiest fresh complexion and the bluest eyes he'd ever seen - in fact a sort of lethal combination with that thick blonde hair. Swedish on her father's side and Irish on her Mother's, she seemed to have inherited all the good points of both sides: lighthearted wit and Roman Catholicism from the Irish, wholesomeness and a lovely, cairn unruffled disposition from the Swedish. Well, he thought, she was heck of a nice girl. Majoring in Art at State Teacher's College in St. Cloud, and living with her grandmother, so Elvin made a note to see more of her.

It was in the same car that Elvin and the twins encountered one of the more memorable
adventures of their lives - the Minnesota Blizzard of Armistice Day, 1940. They might have forecast it themselves the day before if they had interpreted correctly the strange actions of the flocks of southbound ducks over Wolff's Point at Rice Lake where they were hunting with the Zenners...

Shooting was fantastically good, with the largest flights they had ever seen, wheeling and whirling overhead...

If it had not been for quarterly exams, they would have been tempted to stay overnight at the cottage and skip school next day to enjoy more of the great hunting... Next morning, poring over test papers at St. John's, they noticed the heavy snowfall. By noon the "Johnnies" told the Day Students they'd better leave for home right away. They started off with a caravan of cars (Earl's memory says 3, Jerry's opts for 11), Dad's "unlucky" one in the lead.

After three miles the Chrysler was over-heated from ploughing through heavy snow-drifts, so it dropped to the rear, giving place to the Spaniol car in which Frank Grundman, Bede Hall and Dick Rosenberger were riding. After reaching the main highway, when gale winds were blowing (Earl says 80, Jerry says 60 MPH) and the temperature had dropped to 28 degrees below zero, the Spaniol car collided with one driven by strangers, causing injuries to passengers in both.

With the injured (none of them hurt seriously) they walked on to the village of St. Joseph where they found all the help and hospitality needed - the same village, incidentally, where many of the Schaefers boys' forefathers had sheltered from Indian attacks. Highlight of their enforced threeday stay were these: Elvin's eloquence in finally persuading the nuns of St. Benedict's College to house the wounded, in the face of their horror at the idea of men sleeping under their chaste roof; Earl's having to wrap pillowcases around his head to keep warm at night in the Linneman house, the oldest dwelling in Stearns County; the easy credit extended them at the local saloon when their beer-money ran out after a few hours; the St. Joseph ham radio operator's cooperation in sending a message to Minneapolis, whence it was relayed to St. Cloud and all the anxious parents.

It so happened that Pete and Del Wilms were snowed in at 1036, too, with Lil and John, and a good time was had by all...

Harry received a promotion in April 1940, but it entailed moving to Kansas City, Region 3 Headquarters, much to Win's disgust. What about HER job, she protested in vain? After thinking things over and deciding that good jobs were easy to find, good husbands not, she handed in her resignation sadly... To her surprise, Fawcett Publications refused it, insisted that she carry on in Kansas City, with frequent trips to New York to keep her manufacturing contacts warm...

Jumping at the chance, she "commuted" between Kansas City and New York for the next couple of years and it all worked out pretty well, though the arrangement was frowned upon by many of the Ward Executives' wives, a circumstance that bothered Win and Harry not in the least.

It was shortly after this move that Win and Harry, while on a trip to Minnesota, where they began spending every possible vacation, bought a run-down cheaply priced farm near Roscoe, which was to be efficiently managed and greatly improved in the years to come by Lillian and John's skillful management.

While still on board the USS ARGONNE, in June 1940, Clarence got orders for shore duty at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station outside of Chicago - so he got transportation to San Francisco on the USS MARYLAND, took a train to San Pedro to pick up his "civilian" clothes and headed for Chicago by train. En route, he stopped off in Kansas City to see Harry and get acquainted with Win and though his stay with them was brief, they made the most of it. He reported to Great Lakes NTS on June 29th and the next month on his first trip home over a weekend, momentously had his first date with petite brunette Irma Stretz.

In August, soon after he had been promoted to Storekeeper 2nd class, at $79.20 a month, Clarence bought his first car, a 1940 Plymouth coupe, for only $800, and he had the cash to make it all his. With a four-day weekend off over Labor Day, he couldn't resist going home again, mainly to see Irma, let us admit, but on his way back he smashed up the new Plymouth so badly that it was in the repair shop for a month. At Christmas he drove home again, seeing Irma with increasing interest, and again in June he made the trip. "It was the June moon that did it," says Clarence.

"That time Irma said "Yes" - on the Cemetery Road - and we started making plans for a wedding on September 1, 1941." The year passed. In July 1941 Clarence was advanced to Storekeeper 1st class at $92.40 a month, and spent the next two months on a special training assignment at Toledo, finishing it August 29th, just in time to get to his own
wedding on September 1. They were married in the Cathedra at St. Cloud, Irma looking like a little doll in her misty white gown and veil. After a short wedding trip to northern Minnesota, they left for Great Lakes where they soon found nice quarters.

Irma got the first of many jobs she was to have, this time as cashier in the Navy Exchange and they often had a caller in their new quarters, for when Elvin joined the Navy that year, he was assigned to Great Lakes NTS as a Storekeeper 2nd class! Elvin's College career had been interrupted by the government when Uncle Sam established a lottery governing the draft of young men into the Armed Services, in preparation for World War II. Elvin's registration number was so close to the top of the list that there was no time for him to make arrangements for getting a direct commission in any of the services.

Considering it as a twist of Fate, he enlisted immediately (April 1941) in the service of his choice - the United States Navy.

When the bps bombed Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, John and Lillian realized that their foolish hopes of November 11, 1918, were not to be fulfilled. With Clarence and Elvin already in the service, they knew the other three would soon follow, so, they began to pray hopefully that God and the fortunes of war might keep them all unscathed.

Out in the Pacific near the Solomon Islands where Werner Weis was flying Navy carrier-based planes, he fought valiantly, flying many combat missions from the decks of the Saratoga, the Enterprise and the Hornet.

In late January the AP News Service cited him in this release: "Over Kolombangera Islands, 14 miles west of Munda in the New Georgia Group, during a Navy raid, an enemy anti-aircraft gun giving trouble was silenced by Ensign Werner Weis, a Roscoe, Minn., Navy Pilot, who laid a neat 500 pound egg on the crew." Less than a week later, aboard the ENTERPRISE, Werner was ordered to fly two high ranking officers on a Solomon Islands reconnaissance trip. Just as he took off from the deck in unusually high seas, his motor died on him. He tried to rev it back to life, but a giant wave washed the plane off the deck. They saved the brass but Werner perished with his plane. The date was January 31, 1942.

Grace finally received the telegram notifying her that she was a widow on February 22. She and Werner had a short time together - just six years - but in those days when death struck so fast and often, young people were counting themselves lucky to snatch six weeks together.

Things began to move fast for the Schaefers. In February, 1942 Elvin was assigned to help set up the Navy Officers Training School at the University of Notre Dame. April 2nd, Clarence was transferred for six months to N.A.S. MINNEAPOLIS, the scene of his promotion to Chief, one of the most strategic ranks in the Navy. On June 14th, Earl and Jerry signed up with the Navy's V-7 program, which allowed them to continue their college training for another year. Harry, still in Kansas City but only 29 and vulnerable, waited impatiently for his 30th birthday on June 17, when he would qualify for the Army's new Post Exchange Officers Training Program. He was determined, he told his wife, not to be a blankety-blank draftee, one of the rare times she ever heard him use the nasty word. His birthday arrived as usual, and he went off to Princeton University to join the swelling ranks of 30-day Wonders, emerging as a First Lieutenant, assigned to the Presidio in San. Francisco.

As soon as Harry left for Princeton, Win stored all their furniture in Kansas City, locked up the house and drove to St. Cloud to leave her nervous English Setter bitch with John and Lillian.

Whether they had volunteered to keep the dog for the duration, or whether Harry had thrust the animal upon them, who knows? Patty soon arrived, to spend the rest of her days at 1036 with another Patty, a male Springer Spaniel, who clearly had priority but who was nevertheless altered so he could not get the bitch with hybrid puppies...

But this was only one of the many inconveniences John and Lillian had to put up with during the war years... Anything the boys or their wives had no place for, found its way to the attic at 1036, where it was stowed away uncomplainingly by Lillian. The wives, temporarily widowed by overseas assignments, were always arriving for long visits, upsetting the household by rearranging all the furniture to suit themselves; going up to the attic and digging around in their storage boxes to look for something, they knew not what; strewing cigaret ashes all over the house; typing away for hours on a noisy machine, usually just when John wanted to take a nap, and generally making nuisances of themselves... But they were all welcomed and solaced and petted and made much of by their amiable and forbearing parents-in-law.

But we're getting ahead of our story... Harry flew into Omaha and Win met him there with the car, and they drove on to San Francisco, where they lived in some pretty sorry places. In November, 1942, Clarence was transferred to the Naval Air Station in Hutchison, Kansas,
where he found the duty very much to his liking; and where Irma, with her quick, clever hands and mathematical mind, got a job making airplanes.

Eleanor, who had graduated in June 1942 with a BS in Art, taught for a year at Pipestone, Minnesota, and when school let out, came back to St. Cloud to be married to Elvin at St. Mary's Cathedral, in June 1943. Clarence and Irma came home for the event and played a leading part, with the fiendish assistance of the twins, in arranging a chivaree for the newlyweds at Welwyn Cottage where they were staying... (Years later, Eleanor and Dutch got revenge on one of the twins, but more of that anon).

Unable to get home for the wedding, Win and Harry were in San Francisco, waiting for Harry's overseas orders to come through. In a matter of weeks, she saw him off for the East Coast where he caught a merchant marine ship bound for Accra, Africa, via Ascension Island. It was to be nearly three years before they met again.

Win immediately moved out to Oakland to stay for awhile with her old friend and fiction collaborator, Virginia Foley Martin, and soon to a small house across the street.

Meanwhile, Harry was having his troubles aboard the merchant ship (as it steamed through subinfested Atlantic waters) establishing order among the small group of Army enlisted men manning the deck guns. By the time they reached desolate Ascension Island with its American base, the ship was under quarantine with suspected polio cases aboard. It was imperative that the war-essential cargo he unloaded, but stevedores refused to come near the ship; the merchant marine men refused to lift a finger, so Lt. S., as officer in charge of troops, took matters into his own hands, ordered the soldiers to get busy with winches and cranes and got the cargo off-loaded in record time.

The ship then sailed on for its African Gold Coast port. The reason for telling this story is Harry's conviction that it helped to smoothe his way through the Army. The sick old skipper, a retired sea captain, on his way to West Africa to serve as a War Shipping Administrator, much impressed by Harry's flouting the stevedores and the merchant sailors, praised him to the skies in the right places - so in a few days Harry had acquired the reputation of a doer and a goer and in a month was made a Captain in the Army Air Force Special Services branch.

Back in the States, Clarence was preparing for sea-duty again. Leaving Irma in St. Cloud right after Eleanor's and Elvin's wedding, he went back to Hutchison, packed up their belongings (shipping them to 1036, naturally) and then took off for the coast and San Francisco where he waited two months for overseas orders.

It was during this period in July and August, '43, that he often saw Win in Oakland, Calif., and they had their first real chance to get acquainted. They spent much time sunning and talking with Virginia and her amiable husband Chet. The two little girls adored Clarence as all children seem to do. Soon however, this was all to end. Virginia was miserable, pregnant with her third and unable to do much of anything but lie in bed and moan. To leave her in peace, Chet, Clarence and Win often repaired to her house, where they spent many an evening playing poker...

Breaking up this entente, Clarence's orders came through and he left for Espiritu Santo Naval Base in the New Hebrides, arriving there September 16, 1943. It proved to be one of his toughest assignments, with a heavy workload (seven days a week, twelve hours a day, the first year) in a depressing, mucky climate averaging rainfall of 300 inches annually! It was while he was on this soggy base that he was advanced to Warrant Officer.

Smart little Irma, who was by now an Army Airforce Inspector, got a job at a St. Cloud plant, Chargale, which manufactured parts of Airforce plane fuselages. She stamped each finished part as O.K. or as NOT UP TO STANDARDS, and it was a brave factory foreman, no matter how big and tough, who ever questioned her decisions.

On July 1, 1943 the twins were called to leave home and college for active duty in the U. S. Naval Reserve V12 program. They served in Minot, South Dakota, for four months as Apprentice Seamen. The end of this assignment coinciding with hunting season, they snatched a quick hunt at 1036, then took off for Pre-Midshipman School in Norfolk. Finishing that stint on December 1st, 1943, they began Midshipman School at Columbia University in New York City...

Win was now also back in her beloved New York, living in a one-room sublease apartment in a walk-up on West 10th St., doing free-lance fiction, advertising copy and, as a patriotic bit, working the midnight to 5 a.m. shift at Penn Station USO, so it was a rare treat for her to be able to entertain the twins on their infrequent days off.

From the twins' point of view, in Jerry's words: "Win's apartment was a welcome harbour for a couple of Midshipmen - and what a comfortable feeling it was to have a sister in the strange metropolis of New York. School was made easier by this lucky coincidence and our
first Christmas away from home was unexpectedly full of fun and good cheer. Win had a fire in the fireplace and a Christmas tree and I think we tried to make the family's traditional Tom and Jerries." Win recalls long sight-seeing walks in Manhattan; Sunday brunches where they consumed great quantities of the special homemade Minnesota sausage airmailed by Lillian and John - and when graduation came, on March 31, 1944 at the immense Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Win was there, proudly watching as the twins became Ensigns and especially thrilled by the news that Earl had graduated 257th and Jerry 258th out of a class of 1400! From New York, the new officers headed for Great Lakes Anti-Aircraft Gunnery School for two weeks, then to Sub-Chaser Training School in Miami Beach until July 15, 1944. And finally to Aircraft Recognition school at Ohio University in Dayton. Getting a short leave while there, they rushed home, to find that Win had just arrived for one of her interminable visits, after giving up her Manhattan apartment.

Now that their training was completed, the twins were separated. for the first time in their lives. Earl was ordered to Boston Naval Base, where in November 1944 he was assigned as Assistant Gunnery Officer on the USS WALTON, DE361, and ordered to the far reaches of the Pacific, via the Panama Canal.

Jerry was sent to the San Francisco Staging area to wait for transportation overseas.

In June, 1944, Dutch had been ordered to overseas duty but it took a year for his sailing orders to materialize. Nothing loath, he and Eleanor spent the year of waiting living first in Burlingame on the Peninsula and then in Oakland, (suburb of San Francisco) where they, too, got acquainted with the hospitable Martins.

They also acted as hosts to Jerry frequently while he was waiting in San Francisco. According to Jerry, they all spent a lot of their time playing the horses. How El and El fared, they don't say (though probably all right because Dutch was the author of a system for beating the ponies that was so complicated it probably deterred him from betting...) But young brother lost all his money plus $600 that he borrowed from the Navy as an advance on his salary, a bad risk for the Navy to take considering how soon Jerry's life was to be in jeopardy. It took Jerry six long, dreary months to recover his financial equilibrium, during which period he had little or nothing to cover even small necessities like cigarettes and beer. Years later, he said it was worth the suffering because after that final wild plunge he never gambled again except for peanuts... And if he had only listened to his astute father, he would never have started - eh., John?? On October 15, 1944 in San Diego, Jerry caught a small carrier bound for Manus in the Admiralty Islands. At Manus he boarded a troopship for Hollandia, New Guinea, where he reported for duty aboard another Destroyer Escort - the USS WILLMARTH, DE638...

Rather new to the fleet, the destroyer escort's name described its function: as escort to the fleet or troop ships, and as hunter-killers to destroy enemy planes or submarines.

Quiet and order reigned at 1036 where Lillian, John and Win (and occasionally Irma, after her day's work) listened in vain for the tramp of heavy hunting boots, the slamming of doors, barking of dogs, great comings and goings of the Chrysler, and the whole frantic brouhaha of the energetic male Schaefers. Life seemed to have lost much of its flavour and excitement, with all the boys gone, and about the only pleasant pleasure left was receiving a batch of mail from the military...

But it wasn't the nature of those left behind to sit and brood, as least not for more than a few minutes, so they applied themselves vigorously to working up a little excitement of their own.

John was too busy to join in except for Sundays and Mondays, his days off, but he listened every night to the accounts of Lillian's and Win's activities... (and played wild gin rummy with Win for matches!) What did they find to do? All three women went once a week with other local patriots to the Veterans' Hospital nearby to take part in a psychiatric experiment with ambulatory but mentally unjointed soldiers. At doctors' orders, they danced with the men, doing their best to be gay and cheerful and heedless of the presence of watchful nurses and guards around the huge dance floor. Irma confided that it was easier to bear the cacaphony of her airplane factory, Chargale, where metal punished metal day and night... Win remembers one partner who kept breathing heavily in her face, all the while repeating the same refrain "Gosh, you remind me of Bette Davis"...

Win chauffeured Lillian everywhere – marketing, shopping, club meetings, funerals, out to the two farms, to Roscoe to visit the grandparents, and to Rice Lake. There the pair used to stay sometimes, (leaving John to batch it in town) tirelessly fishing together or with the Wilms family...

whenever they vacationed at Grandpa's cottage (the details have been covered in the Kost chapters). When alone, Lillian and Win often fished for bullheads until long after dark,
usually near Wolff's Point, and then beaching the row-boat there, trudged back to Welwyn Cottage, weary but contentedly so, carrying oars, rods and reels, tackle box and stringers of fish. Once arrived at the cottage, they would be too tired to cook, so after a bowl of canned soup, tumbled into bed to sleep dreamlessly in the cool murmurous nights.

When threshing time rolled around on the family farm, Lillian took charge of the enormous meals, with whatever help Win was able to give her, mostly running errands and schnipppling the mountains of potatoes, vegetables and fruit... Despairing of salvaging the "manager" of the family farm (with stock and equipment belonging to John and Lillian) it was decided in family conclave to let him go, hold a public auction and rent out the farm from then on, to a likely looking young man who was interested.

Carrying out John's orders, Lillian made all arrangements for the auction, and with Win, drove all over the surrounding countryside distributing handbills. To worried John, she kept promising that their farm troubles would soon be over and that everything would turn out well.

And so it did. The day dawned, John had hired a good auctioneer, crowds and crowds of people came, and the bidding was brisk.

It was around this time, or at any rate after the farm manager and his family had departed, that Lil and Win set about the task of cleaning up the house after them. With the help of Johnny Kost, Clemens' youngest, now about 16 years old, they shovelled what seemed like tons of rotted potatoes out of the old dirt-floored basement and thought they'd never get rid of the smell...

It was that fall when Lillian and John received news that they were to be grandparents for the first time - and later on (probably in November, after Win had left Minnesota for Lacon) Elvin ("Dutch"), with overseas orders in his pocket brought his wife home to 1036 - to await the birth of their child.

In the interests of space we have telescoped these homefront activities and included them - only to show how staunchly John and Lillian withstood their sons' absences and met all the tiresome wartime challenges - and in an attempt to delineate their outstanding traits as middle-aged people.

It was during this time that Win realized she had acquired great admiration for both of them and that gradually she and Lillian had become very close friends. John she admired for his tremendous devotion to his wife; for his innocent sense of fun; his brave attempts to overcome an innate shyness; his courtliness to women; his inborn honesty and integrity; his unfailing kindness; and his ability, when with people he trusted, to be a good companion.

Lillian, Win thought, as in fact did anyone who knew her intimately, was close to perfection with only enough tiny, unimportant faults to make her gloriously human. It was a pleasure to step across the threshold of her home - to be greeted by her warm, welcoming smile; the lovely, spicy fragrance of cookies just out of the oven; the sight of cut flowers everywhere, and the shining cleanliness of the rooms - all offered as her loving tribute to an honored guest.

This may be the place for a character study of Lillian Kost Schaefers as her sons and daughters-in-law saw her in middle life.

To strangers it may sound overdone, but not, we think, to anyone who had the privilege of knowing her intimately at this time of her life.

One of her outstanding characteristics was courage, boundless courage, that could shoulder her own crosses plus the crosses of those she loved. It served to make her uncomplaining in the face of pain, sorrow and despair. No cry-baby she, when brought up against frightening odds. In all the years Win knew her, Lillian wept only twice - and then she had the best of reasons. Once was when she received a final verdict of death from her doctor; but her tears, even then, were only momentary and quickly conquered.

People with great courage are, by the same token, often quarrelsome, but not she. Lillian was a lover and promoter of peace. She maintained it in her household, gently fending off rare angry outbursts among her six men. A quarrel among her sons immediately after the war caused her first onset of tears, but it stopped the quarrel short. The amiable relations she nurtured among her sons and their father seemed to deteriorate somewhat after her death; but perhaps it was inevitable. Perhaps not even she could continue to impose such peace; and, on the other hand, it may be her farreaching influence that has kept her men more at peace for a longer time than those of other families. Her love of peace had been inherited from her father's people, but she well knew that more combative blood ran in the veins of her husband and sons.

Lillian could "boss" any number of hands on a common project, as efficiently as a Roman general, in fact was inclined to offer suggestions in a crisis, but she was never known to
"boss" individual people. One of her daughters-in-law remarked once how uncritical she was toward her sons' behaviour. "We had our chance at discipline when we reared the boys," she said, "and if we failed anywhere, it's too late now to correct them." In the same vein, Lillian never tried to tell her daughters-in-law what to do or say or think. She may secretly have deplored some of their habits, but if so, she never betrayed it by so much as a flick of an eye. A mother-in-law in a thousand! No, in a hundred thousand! Perhaps that was why it was so much fun to be with her. You could relax and enjoy yourself, with no fear of nasty little "digs.

Though she could fulminate against evil, her deep sense of charity forbade her to curse the evildoer. This most enviable of all virtues also went far to make her a person in whom you could place all your trust.

Persuasiveness was Lillian's great forte. Just how she did it, no one was ever quite sure, but she was a genius at making you do anything she considered important. Without warning, you suddenly found yourself doing something you'd never thought of attempting in your life - and enjoying it tremendously... This persuasiveness of hers, combined with her keen business sense would have made her fortune in the field of commerce. As a nun (she once confided in Win that she had dreamed of joining the Benedictine order until she fell in love with John) it would have made her the Mother Superior at a very early age.

As it was, this combination made her a super-saleswoman, able to sell unsellable objects for unbelievable amounts. Witness the case of her ancient upright piano, no longer used. Her family warned her that she would have to PAY someone to haul it away, the bottom having long ago dropped out of the old-piano market. "H-m-m-m?" she murmured agreeably. And shortly afterward sold the old thing for $200.

Or consider the rickety three-burner camp stove once at the cottage, the one she sold to make room for an electric range. Glancing through the newspaper one day, she exclaimed, "Well! Look at this ad - a brand new 3-burner camper for $12! Why, I got more than THAT for our old one.

Lillian was completely unselfish, happiest when she was making someone else happy, at no matter what cost to her in time, patience, hard work or ingenuity. Her daughters sometimes taunted her. "I'll never spoil my husband, the way you've spoiled yours!" But Lillian's only reply was that lovely smile that started first in her eyes. No criticism, no defense, no comment.

Although her religious faith was deep, strong and unconquerable, she never criticized anyone else for being lukewarm or backsliding, nor did she ever show the least sign of bigotry, not even the minor kind that pokes gentle fun at practices of other religions. Perhaps it was her instinctive good judgment, coupled with a tender conscience that made it impossible for her to do or say either a foolish or a wrong thing... And her good manners coupled with her inquiring mind, that caused her to be interested in all that interested you, even though it might be something quit foreign to her life.

She was wholly and completely a woman and, furthermore, a woman liked by other women as well as by men. But she never stooped to being soppily or coyly feminine, to simpering or mincing.

She had far too much dignity, along with all her other virtues.

The war in North Africa had been won by the time Harry reached his next post - Asmara, Eritrea - in the spring of 1943; and the troops had moved on across the Mediterranean to conquer Sicily and eventually Italy. But Africa was still dotted with Administrative, Supply and Airplane Repair stations.

There were relatively few troops at the USAF Base in Asmara, most of the personnel being civilian technicians connected with the Air Transport Command; but Harry's assignment here was to run the Post Exchange and also Special Services for all the men, reporting occasionally to his superior officer, Colonel Robert Marshburn, headquartered in Cairo.

After a few months, the Colonel had Harry transferred to his staff and kept him until long after VE Day. Having been brainwashed by his old friend, the retired sea captain, who had been on the ship off-loaded at Ascension Island, Marshburn was not about to dispense with Harry's touted talents.

Shortly afterward, Col. Marshburn was ordered to England to help prepare for the invasion of France (but not before he and Harry had snatched a week of sight-seeing in the Holy Land); and not long after arriving in London he called for Harry and another favorite officer, a wild Irishman named Jim Dunleavy.

After three months in England, Harry pinned on the gold leaves of a Major. He was now second man in charge of the logistics of setting up Post Exchanges for American troops once a beachhead could be established.

So far, by the nature of his assignments, Harry had escaped front line danger but he
said he would have preferred it to the highly shaky sensation of listening to the whine of German buzzbombs overhead and wondering where they would land.

One of the pleasant happenings in London was the appearance of Commander Carl Weis of the U. S. Navy. The first cousins luckily had an opportunity to dine together several times and to spend evenings reminiscing and exchanging news.

... Henry of his four younger brothers and Carl of his two. Herman was an Army Lieutenant; Rainer who, after Werner's death had been persuaded to switch from Pilot Training, was with the Army Air Force as an Instructor on Link Trainers at Independence, Kansas (when the war in Europe was ended, Rainer was to be sent by the Air Force to duty in England and Germany)...

Perhaps Carl forgot to mention it but he himself had a well-deserved citation for bravery. The story went like this: Being an expert in supervising the loading and unloading of oil and its volatile derivatives, Carl was consulted when a derelict torpedoed tanker was sighted drifting in the Gulf Stream toward the coast of England. Only one hold had burned out, so the ship had remained afloat and adrift after its crew was wiped out.

With a small group of volunteers, Carl undertook the dangerous task of hauling the wreck into dock and unloading its valuable cargo safely. Navy officials described the incident as "unique in the history of wartime transport". They added "and the feat of Lt. Weis in undertaking its salvage, one of extreme bravery, courage and coolness." During their meetings both Harry and Carl chuckled over news from Anna that Grandma Gertrude Schaefers was very volubly proud of having nine grandsons serving in World War II, one of whom had lost his life in the Pacific. She had even reminded Anna of how she herself used to chide her husband for having "taken to the woods" to avoid service in "that Great Civil War".

(EDITORIALLY, we are inclined to think that poor Hermann had more than met his match in that sassy little Slovene!)

D-Day (June 6, 1944) arrived and twelve days later, Colonel Marshburn's experts, along with office equipment, files and enlisted personnel, boarded ship for Normandy Beach, secured now by the efforts of 20 U. S. Divisions; 17 British and Canadian Divisions; one Free-French and one Polish; 5,000 fighter planes; 3,400 heavy bombers and thousands of other planes, plus well over a thousand LCT and LST Landing craft.

Harry remembers what a sensation was created among the troops by his contingent, which included several WACS, as it made its slow way in trucks, across the 10-mile deep beachhead...

"Women!" shouted the weary soldiers. "Look! Women." So it was that, as Major Schaefers liked to recall, he arrived on the continent to help solidify the Second Front "in the wake of the WACS".

After two hectic months of sleeping in slit trenches and operating just behind the rapidly advancing troops, the Exchange Service headquarters was established in Paris, where Harry soon became a Lieutenant Colonel and Deputy Commander of all Post Exchange activities in the European Theater. Besides directing the setting up of Exchanges on the heels of the Allied troops, the Colonel also had the job (as the Third Army penetrated into Germany) of commandeering German breweries and ordering them to produce the 3.2 beer that was considered necessary in keeping up the morale of the fighting men.

Even after VE Day on June 4, 1945, Harry continued with this job, travelling all over shattered Germany (among other places he saw Berlin; Munich and Hitler's aerie, Berchtesgaden) and finally settling down in permanent headquarters at Frankfort, waiting till his accumulation of discharge points should release him to return home. This did not occur until mid-December, 1945.

Harry's increasingly impatient wife had returned to New York City in April of '45, after spending the winter in Lacon, Ill., with her mother. In New York, Win lived in a tiny room in an ancient, dusty old relic of the 1880's - the historic Murray Hill Hotel - unable or unwilling to understand why HER husband couldn't be sent home.

In June of 1945, Clarence had thankfully left dismal Espiritu Santo via the USS SEA CAT, arriving in San Francisco in the midst of fanfare surrounding the writing of the United Nations' Charter. Then by slow plane to St. Cloud for a 15-day leave. Here he received orders to report to a new ship being readied in Boston Naval Base - an LSD, the USS FT. MANDAN. Irma went east with him.

Early in August Clarence and Irma made a weekend trip to New York City where they had a brief reunion with Win... A flashlight picture in the Family Album commemorates their rendezvous, showing Clarence, Irma and Win happily establishing a beachhead of their own at the Stork Club. They had cause to celebrate - double cause: the arrival of Elvin's and Eleanor's son Carl, in St. Cloud on August 12 - AND VJ Day! When the MANDAN was almost
ready, Clarence took Irma back home before he sailed with his new ship to Norfolk.

A flashback to Elvin (Dutch): His long-delayed orders for overseas duty having materialized only in June 1945, he had shipped out soon afterward from Port Hueneme, California, for Okinawa, on the SS JOSEPH PRIESTLEY, a cargo ship loaded with aviation gasoline and dynamite! It took 45 nervous days to make the crossing and when the convoy of 28 ships had to spend the last night before landing in the brightly moonlit harbour, 27 of them were shrouded in a protective smoke screen, while the tinderbox named JOSEPH PRIESTLEY was anchored further out from shore, a sitting duck, all by herself... The Jap bombers that night hit several warships but, oddly, ignored the JOSEPH PRIESTLEY.

Once ashore, Dutch received a letter dated August 6th, saying that Eleanor had just left for the hospital - then communications broke down. Finally, two weeks later, he heard of his son's safe arrival on August 12.

Having seen the twins separated, in the last chapter, we'll turn our attention to Ensign Earl Schaefers' experiences aboard his home for the duration - the Destroyer Escort USS WALTON.

On his trip out to the scene of action in the southeast Pacific, after leaving the Panama Canal, the WALTON touched Chile's Easter Island with its mysterious huge stone statues; then Bora Bora.

This Earl considers the most beautiful island in the Pacific and after the war when he read Michener's "Hawaii", telling how our 50th state was peopled long centuries ago by unbelievably clever navigators from Bora Bora, he was enthralled. During the war, Bora Bora's thatch-roofed Officers' Club on the beach was distinguished by a picture of Mrs. Roosevelt commemorating her visit there in 1941 to visit the troops.

The next island stop for the east-bound WALTON was Manus, in the territory of New Guinea where they dropped anchor in the vast harbour on January 10, 1944... Earl was on deck when he noticed another Destroyer Escort veering toward the WALTON, as it steamed into the Harbour.

He automatically checked the identifying number. DE638.

DE638? My God, he thought, it's the WILLMARTH, Jerry's ship! He hollered for the signalman.

"Is Ensign Schaefers aboard?" The WALTON wig-wagged to the WILLMARTH.

"Can you come over, brother Earl?" came back a signal.

The WILLMARTH was now moving so close to the WALTON that the twins could actually see each other. Jerry's surprise was almost stupefying he later told Earl, because so far as he knew, the WALTON and Earl were on Atlantic duty! "Ship today. Shore tomorrow," came another message from Earl.

By this time the distance was widening between the frantically signalling destroyer escorts, so the twins' messages had to be relayed by intervening ships. This worked out well until their relay reached the SOPA (Senior Officer Present Afloat) ship, and that put an abrupt end to their conversation.

Next morning at 0830 Earl sent a message that he would be waiting on the beach at 0900. And there he was, with two-fifths of whiskey under his arm, when Jerry, after some masterly swapping of watches and standbys, joined him.

When Jerry commented on the supply of whiskey, Earl explained that he had bought it for Jerry's Skipper because of his courtesy in bringing the WILLMARTH into harbour so close to the WALTON.

"Hell, he was just avoiding a navigational hazard," Jerry replied, "so let's drink it ourselves!" They had only the brief day together, but they made the most of it, grateful for the chance that had brought them together at a pinpoint in the Pacific, hoping they would meet again, preferably in this world.

Earl insists that his entire tour of duty in the war was humdrum. "It was just one convoy escort after another from January '44 til August '45" he said. "Our little group of ships escorted anywhere from 30 to 100 ships each trip, usually to and from Hollandia, New Guinea (Kotabaru) and the Phillipines, a round trip of 3,600 miles.

"We saw very little hot action, the closest thing being the time we were part of a hunter-killer pack trying to locate submarines that had hit the famous cruiser USS SAN FRANCISCO off the east coast of Mindinao. (This was the ship that sank so fast when torpedoed that it went down with 95 percent of all hands on board - so fast in fact that it was hinted she might have been carrying the first atomic bomb).

"Anyway, our group got a "probable" hit on the "mother" sub and one of our ships got a midget sub. That's all she wrote." The WALTON was lying at anchor in Subic Bay, just north of Manila when the B29 dropped the A-bomb on Hiroshima Aug. 6 and on Nagasaki Aug. 9.
1945. Earl was transferred immediately to Honolulu for executive officer training so he could replace older execs. ready for transfer home.

On September 26, he was tipped off by a friend in Naval Intelligence that the homeward bound USS WILLMARTH was steaming into Pearl Harbour, contrary to custom, ahead of much larger ships. This was not a gaffe, Earl soon learned, but an honor conferred on her because she was flying the longest pennant of all the ships awaiting entry to the Harbour. It was the custom for homegoing ships to affix a pennant to the top of the mast, the length being determined by a foot for each man and for each year the ship had been away from home. With a cruise record of 225,000 miles, the WILLMARTH's pennant trailed in the water far behind her fan tail.

Earl commandeered a whaleboat and headed for the WILLMARTH's berth to give Jerry the second of the biggest surprises of his life. Then they both made for the anchorage of the USS AMSTERDAM, the ship that had entered Pearl in the wake of the WILLMARTH – and who should be aboard her but Dutch, now a chief storekeeper, filthy rich with discharge points and on his way to home sweet home.

So once again the Pacific rocked to the sound of an unexpected reunion of the Schaefers boys from Stearns County, Minnesota! This one was also brief, but fraught with the blessed knowledge that they had all - as well as Harry and Clarence - come through the war safely. Within 48 hours, Earl returned to Hong Kong, via Okinawa, and by December, the WALTON, too, with Lt. (J.G.) Schaefers aboard was headed east.

Back tracking to Jerry: By the time he reached the WILLMARTH on November 29, 1944 at Hollandia, New Guinea (shown as Kotabaru on maps) the staunch little Destroyer Escort had already travelled from San Francisco where she was commissioned, down the West coast to the South Pacific, and then gotten herself involved in the October '44 Phillipines engagement when General MacArthur made good his promise to "return" and when Jap Naval Power was destroyed.

But she still had much fearful duty before her.

While at Manus waiting for her, Jerry and his friend, Lt. (JG) Walt Kobis who was to be assigned to the WILLMARTH's sister ship, the USS ENGLAND, went exploring a river in pursuit of what Jerry calls, I think facetiously, Jungle Trout. They went deeper and deeper up the river, surrounded by impenetrable jungle, to fascinated by the dense scenery to think of going back, when suddenly they noticed trees and vegetation swaying. Then came a terrifying thunder clap, followed by deep silence. They hurried back to the Bay to find it alive with small boats, bodies afloat and debris.

The disturbance heard inland, they soon learned, had been caused by the explosion of an ammunition ship, the MT. HOOD, and a Destroyer Escort. While loading the DE with shells, one was dropped, and both ships disappeared instantly from the scene. No survivors. The ARG MINDINAO, anchored quite far away, sustained more than 100 holes in her superstructure. "We watched the burial of the ones the fish didn't get," Jerry said.

In spite of that ghastly accident, it wasn't until March 27, 1945, after he'd been cruising aboard the WILLMARTH in sub-infested waters for about four months, that Jerry realized fully he was in a war zone. The reason? His first Air-Naval encounter while with a task force five days out of Okinawa in the Ryukyu Islands not far off Japan itself.

Let Jerry tell the story in his own words: "I was on the 4 to 8 watch and the radar screen showed several bogies (aircraft) passing over our convoy. One flew so low it took the masthead off the Destroyer PORTERFIELD. General Quarters alarm was sounded and again bogies were reported, but nothing came of it. Back on watch for 15 minutes when GQ sounded again. By the time I made it to the 1.1 Gun Director's Station and got the glasses on, a plane on our port quarter burst into flames, hit the water and exploded. Three minutes later we sighted two more on our starboard bow 5,000 feet high, five miles away and coming down at a 45 degree dive angle. We sent up a barrage and the plane, an Oscar, headed for the Crusier BILOXI, hit the water near its stern and exploded. The APD DORSI was hit amidships by either a bomb or a plane and reported two dead, eight missing.

"Four minutes later, two more planes sighted on our starboard, in the same attitude and position as before, but were shot down. The task force started breaking up into small components to carry out its pre-invasion softening-up process. As this movement took place, a Destroyer, reprimanded for being in the wrong spot, was asked to give its position. The reply was 'We are right over a periscope and are dropping charges'. Dusk fell just then and with it came concealing rain, so we were able to secure from GQ again.

By that time Jerry realized it wasn't just games anymore. The WILLMARTH was tied up alongside the DE422, skippered by Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., in the Ulithi Island Anchorage southeast of Guam, when she got not unexpected orders for participating in the Invasion of Okinawa.
The invasion of this huge Jap base in the Ryukyu islands was to be the final campaign of
the war - but it proved a bloody ending. The troops used alone, filled 1,300 vessels,
including carriers.

After 83 days of fighting, victory was signaled by the formal suicide of the two top
Japanese generals; though sporadic fighting went on up until June 30. The U.S. lost 763
aircraft; 36 ships sunk and 369 damaged and almost 50,000 men (12,520 killed or missing,
the others wounded)... Jap losses were fierce and crippling.

Of course the Navy was busy softening up the shore batteries several days before D-Day.
In fact, on March 28th, the WILLMARTH escorted the Cruiser SAN FRANCISCO and the
Battleships COLORADO and ARKANSAS during shore bombardment. The following day while the
battleships and cruiser bombarded the island from an unheard of 40,000 yards (a feat never
before accomplished in Naval History) the men of the WILLMARTH watched the barrage
respectfully, there being no planes overhead to engage their insignificant (by comparison)
3-inch guns...

March 31st brought several bogies on the screen and a GQ but no engagement. The day was
spent escorting the same two long-armed battleships and the Cruiser MINNEAPOLIS as they
proceeded to shell an airfield and other installations on Okinawa. This was the day before
D-Day.

What, thought Jerry, would tomorrow bring?? It was Easter morning, April 1, 1945, when
Okinawa, already softened up by bombardment, was invaded by U.S. troops, Marines first, as
always. The WILLMARTH escorted the ARKANSAS shoreward very early while she shelled the Jap
airstrip and bunkers.

The invasion seemed to be going so well that dinner aboard the WILLMARTH was a full
course meal with baked ham and trimmings, instead of the sandwiches originally planned.

Too smoothly, as admiral Deyo, Commander of Task Force 58 was to find out. At 1615,
while Jerry was back on his ship's fantail, he noticed a splash midway between the
WILLMARTH and the ARKANSAS. A Japanese battery had opened up. Jerry saw the next shots
creep closer - and suddenly both battleship and escort were under fire with 10 salvos,
each succeeding one coming closer in spite of evasive manoeuvers by the WILLMARTH - a
strategy that was hampered by her having only one engine, the other one having been shut
down for repairs.

One salvo hit directly off the WILLMARTH's stern at about 45 yards which, considering
the range of nearly eight miles, was good shooting by the enemy. The projectile appeared
to be almost a six inch shell (5"90) - and the WILLMARTH had just 28 seconds from the
instant of seeing the flash on shore 'til the projectile hit. Its evasive manoeuvers
consisted of outguessing the Japs as to which way the "Willy" would turn. When the Jap
battery continued even after a punishing blast from the ARKANSAS' six turrets, the skipper
of the battleship, realizing that more distance was the only thing that would silence the
Jap fire, moved out of range and the Willy limped after her.

It was a case of out of the frying pan into the fire, for the large group of ships they
joined was under aerial attack, the USS WEST VIRGINIA taking on a suicide (Kamakaze)
plane. Firing was going on all around, making it impossible for men on the WILLMARTH to
see any targets, so they stood by. After a 12-hour day on watch, Jerry hit the sack, but
all night long his rest was broken by explosions felt or heard.

April 2nd opened with General Quarters when a plane splashed 1,500 yards off the
WILLMARTH's starboard bow and just aft of the ARKANSAS, but after that incident it was a
smooth sea and a beautiful day of patrol duty.

On April 3rd, after a quiet morning, the WILLMARTH was assigned to a hunter-killer
group.

They had a sonar warning and made two "hedge hog" runs after the subs, then a search of
the surrounding waters. During this operation they were in the East China Sea, west of
Okinawa and just off the coast of China, the first American surface warships to penetrate
the area... The waters were dangerous in another way, also - nighttime vulnerability to
Kamakaze attack, because the natural fluorescence of the water made a ship's wake show up
as plainly as a car's headlights at night. So for awhile, whenever the men on the
WILLMARTH heard a low-flying plane, they could only cross their fingers and hope the pilot
was a lousy shot. Later on, blessed mist and rain enveloped the area and that took care of
planes.

Summoned back to Okinawa next day for a change of assignment, the WILLMARTH slid into
Kremo Rette Anchorage that night, the first mooring in more than two weeks. Her crew slept
peacefully, but was awakened next morning by Lt. Newman bursting in, white and shaking, to
report that the WILLMARTH had been anchored between two ammunition ships! (Newman had also
been at Manus when the Mt. HOOD went up!) Immediately after refueling, the WILLMARTH got
another position - .4-27 - and when she reached it, Jerry learned that the ships in A-26 and A-28 had both been Kamakazi'd the night before! Perhaps in compensation for these shocks, April 5th was spent uneventfully in plane and sub-search.

Let Jerry himself tell the story of April 6th: "It was overcast with cloud cover at 2,000 feet, so I spent the morning sacking out, in preparation for the 12 to 16 watch... About 1400 we got a report of 50-75 planes nearby; the reports of enemy planes shot down by carrier-based planes and by ships - but as yet no ships had been hit by the enemy.

"At 1430 we had to report that one of our seamen had acute appendicitis, and were given permission to leave our station. But before we could move, a destroyer astern reported an air contact, so we went on General Quarters. I got to my station in eight seconds flat. The destroyer astern was already firing. My main gunner, Duesing, picked up the target and started firing, and then I saw a Jap Val, with elliptical wings, five miles astern of us.

"Ducking in and out of the clouds, the Val passed from our stern to starboard quarter, and then we opened up with our main battery. But the pilot came on, until he was out on our starboard beam. At about 8,000 yards, he turned and flew directly over us, so we opened up with a second battery in addition to the main one. The Val was now about 1500 feet elevation, speed 135-150 MPH. When he reached the zenith, (safe from our fire because the angle is impossible for us) we waited for him to drop his bombload - but he had other ideas. He loosed all four bombs on a nearby Mine Sweeper, then turned back to the Willy.

"He was on our starboard now; I was busy setting the sights of our gun director but I ordered Duesing to lead the plane. He put the last sighting circle on its nose and peppered the fuselage with four bursts.

"At this point, the pilot probably knew his ship was hopelessly damaged and decided on a Kamakazi attack... He turned to port, swung around so as to come straight in at us from the bow or starboard. Our forward guns opened up first. When the plane started to dive, it was about 4,000 yards off, position-angle 50 degrees, altitude about 3,000 feet. At 1,000 yards distance I noticed the Val was shaken by a 3-inch shell, its fuselage chewed up by several 20 mm. shells.

"At 500 yards distance, when it looked as if the plane would hit us in the bridge aft near mast and stack, the pilot opened up with his own two 7.7's forward, but the shots went wild. At 300 yards away, the Val dipped its starboard wing. At the same time the Willy shoved full rudder to port - so the plane curved around our mast, just missing the yardarm and stack, but severing our radio cable. It was so close we had a fleeting glimpse of the pilot hunched over the stick - and then it lurched into the sea and exploded...

"It hit just aft of midship and near the fantail, the wing a bare 15 feet from our hull. The explosion threw shrapnel on our ship, broke the plane in bits and it sank before our eyes.

We reported the incident and then were told to proceed with earlier orders to bring in our appendicitis patient. As we approached anchorage at Kremo Rette, we got rousing cheers from ships all around us, and their blinker lights gave us a "Tare-Victor-George" which means "well done" in Naval parlance.

The ship ordered to relieve us, a real, fighting, Fletcher class Destroyer, dashed by us at spray-raising speed, hurrying to our vacant station. Once there she was immediately attacked by several planes, including a Jap Betty, which Kamakazi'd her amidships.

"While on our way to the berth assigned us, another alert was sounded and we saw enemy planes coming in on a level course at 200 feet. We all fired on the first one, a Kate, which splashed 1500 yards off our starboard bow; the second, a Zeke, was already in flames before we started firing; the third, an Oscar, came in from the sea and was fired on by the Cruiser SAN FRANCISCO, lying on our port side, until it crashed just over a hillside; the fourth, an Oscar, breaking through cloud cover was greeted by fire from all our ships and crashed on a tiny island nearby; the fifth plane came in from behind the hills on our starboard, at about 7,000 yards, making a run 20 feet above the water against an LST (447). In spite of direct fire from the Cruiser NEW ORLEANS, the pilot came straight on for the LST and at about 200 yards from her he dropped his torpedo. A split second later he Kamakazi'd the LST amidships, engulfing it in a tower of flames. Instants later, the torpedo also exploded with a direct hit.

"The WILLMARTH was ordered out for immediate rescue duty and just at that point we received a warning that a U.S. carrier (CVE) was launching her "chickens" (one of the saddening, maddening facts about sea-air engagements was that in the heat and smoke of battle, Navy gunners didn't always recognize their own planes and sometimes destroyed them). I identified two Wildcats coming in for a landing just then and ordered our gunners to hold their fire, but every small craft and most of the larger ones, it seemed to me, started firing. One plane escaped by climbing into cloud cover; but the other, in spite of..."
maneuvering wildly to escape our fire and facilitate identification, was hit and burst into flames. I was relieved to see the pilot barrel-roll his ship (turn it upside down), fall out and parachute to a safe landing on water, where he was picked up in a hurry! "By this time the WILLMARTH was nearing the burning LST and I saw men in the water, some in small groups; others clustered around pieces of wood and floating rafts. An LCVP that had already picked up a load of survivors, came alongside the WILLMARTH and we took the men aboard. We also put our own motor whaleboat over the side and into rescue work, many of our men jumping overboard to help in close-by rescues.

"When we'd picked up everyone in sight, we proceeded to the stricken ship, coming up on her windward side and in a few minutes had several of our hoses on the flames. Shifts in the wind, however, now and then engulfed the Willy in smoke and flames and pretty soon the depth charges on our fantail began to smoke. Besides that, our hull had been pierced in several places by the jagged edges of the LST's torpedoed hull, so we had to pull away and return to the main harbour where we transferred the rescued men, some of them injured, to the APA No. 21.

"This task done, the Willy was allowed to anchor, but as we were securing the vessel and getting ready for supper, we had another air alert! I got my only injury of the war in sprinting for my gun station - hit a metal ladder rung that knocked me flat, but I picked up the pieces and made station okay.

"The attacking plane, a radial engine Judy, came through the harbour entrance we'd just used, flying at 50 feet above the water, apparently headed for a transport ship. Every ship in the harbour opened up, creating a curtain of fire - some of which came through our own rigging! The Judy dropped a "fish" just before ending up in a ball of flame, yards short of the transport. The torpedo turned out to be a dud, too.

"It was dark by the time we finally secured our ship, and so this unforgettable day became part of the history books. All I could think of was how lucky I was to be on a ship as lucky as the "Willy"! " The next three days were comparatively quiet, full of alarms but no actual battles for the Willy and on April 10 she was ordered to escort twelve transports, two fast mine layers and four other screening vessels to Guam - so after 20 days in a pre-invasion and invasion force, the Willy and her crew bade farewell to the Island of Okinawa.

After a relatively calm trip (except for one close call when they nearly sank a crippled American sub unable to identify itself) and a long recuperative stay at Guam until June 28th, the WILLMARTH was ordered again to active sea duty with a task force designated to spearhead the invasion of Japan. The ships cruised almost straight north from Guam and gathered at a point 600 miles west of Japan. From here, the entire task force cruised north and south in a zigzag pattern, with each turn closing the gap.

"Sonar contacts indicated the ships were being observed by Japanese planes but none attacked," Jerry continued. "Along with all the other men in the group, I had of course heard of the possibility of America using the A-Bomb, but it was still a shock when news came of the ruin of Hiroshima. On August 14 we heard that Japan had surrendered. There was tremendous jubilation on board but in spite of it, vigilance was maintained and luckily so, for the group came under enemy plane attack that day, but none was hit.

On September 12, after not having dropped anchor since June 28th, the WILLMARTH entered Tokyo Bay for a two-week stay, enlivened by a hurricane right in the harbour. It was here on September 26th that the deserving Willy received its orders for home and the crew joyously attached its extra-l-o-n-g-homeward-bound pennant and steamed from Tokyo to Honolulu in 23 days, all alone...

As Christmas 1945 approached, the atmosphere at 1036 grew more and more festive. John and Lillian were expecting most of the boys to be home from overseas - perhaps, God willing, all of them! This was no occasion, John reminded Lillian, for economizing. This was a time to rejoice and be happy that their five sons were alive and well and that the war was over! Dutch was already at home with Eleanor and their big, blonde, placid four-mouth old son, Carl.

It was only fair that since Dutch had been the first to enlist he had also been the first discharged, on October 23rd, 1945. He had immediately returned to Montgomery Ward's in St. Cloud and was now working as a clerk, waiting for a transfer to a better job.

About a week before Christmas, Harold reached the States and arranged for Win to meet him in Chicago (she had been waiting in Lacon,) so they could journey up to St. Cloud together...

In a few days Earl arrived, then Jerry and, miracle of miracles, along came Clarence on Christmas Eve, on leave from the FORT MANDAN...

The little house seemed filled with uniforms, the haze of cigaret smoke, peanut shells,
beer bottles and talk, with the opening and shutting of doors signalling the restless 
comings and goings characteristic of the Schaefers... In fact, the house was so crowded 
that the very walls seemed to bulge with gaiety and the smell of Lillian's good meals 
wafted like a refrain through everything.

Outdoors it was below zero, with thick white crunchy snow everywhere, but indoors, it 
was warm and welcoming.

A commercial photographer arrived one night and took group pictures of the five brothers 
in their uniforms, which all but Clarence were soon to discard; pictures of the boys with 
John and Lillian, and finally, pictures of everyone - John and Lillian, their boys and 
their three daughters-in-law But, like the rest of the world, the Schaefers were sick of 
war and full of plans for going back to civilian life, and shortly after New Year's Day, 
they were on their way, leaving John and Lillian with lots of memories and a small 
mountain of whiskey bottles to dispose of, a few at a time, so as not to give scandal to 
the neighbors... Harold and Win packed themselves off to Chicago where Harry resumed his 
pre-war job of soft lines merchandiser with Ward's, this time in the Region II offices.

Like everyone else, they faced housing problems, having to move from one hotel to another 
every three days, but finally they found a furnished three-room apartment across from 
Lincoln Park West, where they could hear the lions roaring at night after the roar of 
daytime traffic had stopped.

Eleanor and Elvin were soon off to Willmar, Minn., where Dutch ran the Shoe Department 
so efficiently and profitably that he was soon sent to manage the department at the Sioux 
Falls, South Dakota, store.

On February 18th, 1946 Clarence was transferred to the USS WINSTON AKA (Attack-
CargoAssault) and while aboard her, made a cruise through the Caribbean and south Atlantic 
waters, touching at Cuba, the Virgin Islands and Bermuda.

The twins remained in the Navy for awhile, Jerry returning to the "Willy" and journeying 
with her to St. John's River at Green Cove Springs, near Jacksonville, Florida, where she 
was decommissioned in May of 1946. Sent then to Vold Chamberlain Field in Minneapolis, 
Jerry spent his final months of service as a Recruiting Officer - until "Separation Day" 
on October 22, 1946.

Earl went back to the WALTON in San Diego Harbour and served aboard her til her 
decommissioning, when he was discharged in August of '46...

For several months, 1036 was once again home for the twins, while they returned to St. 
John's University to get their degrees. With all their USAFI credits, they graduated in 
February and, having decided to become retailers like Harry and Dutch, they were 
interviewed by Ward's Region III brass, most of them old friends and colleagues of Harry, 
and were accepted as executive trainees.

Win and Harry and Big Put (another Ward veteran) drove from Chicago to Kansas City that 
weekend to see that the twins got off on the right foot... Returning home late Sunday 
night Put, who was driving, fell asleep, missed a curve and they ended up unhurt in a nice 
flat Illinois cornfield, all three of them too tired and sleepy to be scared...

Earl's first job with "The Company", as it was usually called in family conversations, 
was in the Shoe department at the Wichita, Kansas store. He started there February 24, 
1947.

Jerry's introduction was as a salesman in the clothing department at the Albuquerque, 
New Mexico unit where he began work February 28, 1947.

Whenever any of the Schaefers boys could, they found their way home to 1036 or Welwyn 
Cottage, often driving long and hard, day or night to get there. Summer vacations were 
always spent there, with the twins (who remained bachelors for several years) bringing 
friends - male or female - home with them to meet the family and to sample the joys of 
fishing or hunting in Stearns County, Minn. In this manner, the brothers were able to keep 
more closely in touch than most brothers whose careers carried them far and wide. In 
addition, it was about this time that the family custom began of typewriting "Round 
Robins" with carbon copies for everyone, a laborsaving device that the boys and their 
wives used with varying frequency depending on the pressure of their lives.

It was in 1947 that Harry came home to Chicago one night from a field trip to Streator, 
Ill., and told Win he had seen a "doll house" of a little store there named Opdycke's - 
and that he hoped to own it some day, or one like it... They made a mental note to stop 
and see it together next time they drove down to nearby Lacon to see Win's mother.

News came from Norfolk where the Navy branch of the family now lived, that a second 
grandchild was on the way; Irma bravely waiting alone in Norfolk while Clarence and the 
USS WINSTON were cruising to Newfoundland, Greenland and Thule, just 800 miles from the 
North Pole, where the sun never set. Sorrow followed too soon on the heels of the news.
The baby, a son, baptized Robert John, was stillborn, and Irma almost lost her life. In the emergency Clarence was flown from Greenland to Norfolk, to be with Irma (and her mother) through her convalescence, and on November 15, 1947, he was transferred to Norfolk for shore duty - as 5th Naval District Disbursing Officer. During their two years in Virginia, Clarence and Irma made several trips home.

In February of '48, Harry was transferred to the California Region, located in Oakland. Here Win rented a dream of a little house, a Monterey cottage just north of the Berkeley Campus with a magnificent view of the Bay Bridge and the Golden Gate Bridge. She resumed her fiction collaboration with "Foley" Martin during weekdays while Harry travelled the region.

Dutch was made Fashion Department Manager of the Ward store in Sioux Falls in 1947 and assistant manager in 1948 - the year that saw the birth of Eleanor's and Elvin's second son, John Michael, as brunette as his older brother Carl was blonde.

The twins had been progressing with the usual ups and downs of young trainees. In August '47, Earl was made assistant manager of the Ward store in Garden City, Kansas (from all reports a misnomer); in April '48 he was made a stock checker in the Kansas district and lived in Wichita. In April '49 he was promoted to stock checker of Region II and during this time he helped to close stores in Laredo, Tex., and Gallup, N. Mexico.

It was during this period that Earl drove to Brownsville, in southern Texas where Carl Weis and his wife Marie (Rossi) were then living in a brand new home. As the evening wore on, they crossed the Mexican border to Matamoras (a spot famous for its dinners of roast quail, avocado salad and Carta Blanca Beer) and there they insisted the Spanish-American guitarist play German songs! (Ach, ja!) Meanwhile, Jerome went from Albuquerque to Lubbock in June, '47, and then was promoted in September '47 to assistant-Manager of Roswell, N. M. Back he was sent to Albuquerque in March '48, as Manager of C-lines and in August '48 he became Operating Manager. In January '49, came a transfer to Clovis, N. M., as assistant manager.

Out in California, Win drove one foggy night in the early spring of 1948 to the San Francisco airport, to pick up Harry who was returning home from a merchandise meeting in New York. He had stopped off at St. Cloud briefly to see Lillian, who had been very ill, having recently broken her back.

As soon as Win saw his face, she knew he had bad news, and bad it proved to be. Lillian's doctors felt sure her broken back, which had kept her in the St. Cloud Hospital 84 days, was actually the onset of Multiple Myeloma, an uncommon form of bone cancer. John's attitude, Harry said, was hopeful; he devoted every spare minute to Lillian, refusing to credit the diagnosis, and in fact, both he and Lillian were doing their level best to ignore its implications.

This was the beginning of a very sad and trying time for all the sons, scattered around the country and forced to depend on letters from home which, though kept deliberately cheerful by Lillian and John, made depressing reading between the lines.

In June of 1949, Harry finally brought himself to resign from Ward's where he had worked for 17 years. The reason? He wanted eventually to go into business for himself, to own a fine women's specialty shop - and felt that he must first have experience that Ward's could not offer; experience in better fashions, particularly in the New York market. A friend, the general Merchandiser of Wurzburg's in Grand Rapids, Michigan, hired him as fashion merchandiser - so in mid-June, he and Win drove back to the mid-west, stopping enroute in Clovis, New Mexico to see Jerry. Earl joined them for a weekend.

When Win and Harry arrived at 1036, they were shocked and embittered to see Lillian so ill. She was only 56, too young to die it seemed to them and it also seemed unfair that she must be bedridden and suffering after all the pain and illness of her early years. But she was still her old, cheerful, welcoming self - and both she and John insisted with pathetic faith that their prayers would save her. Harry and Win, feeling otherwise, agreed that Harry was to go on alone to Grand Rapids on July 1st, to begin his new job, but that she would stay at 1036 and try to do what she could for Lillian who, not able to walk, still dreaded having to return to the Hospital where she had spent a second stay of 100 days.

"Why Winnie, you can take care of me better than those nurses!" she insisted, her dark eyes smiling.

"And pretty soon you will be well," John added.

Life at 1036 settled down to a quiet pattern, with John and Win working out a division of labor as far as the housework was concerned... He took care of the yard and garden and the laundry, while Win did the easy part. At first, Lillian seemed to improve under the influence of lovely summer weather and her familiar surroundings. In the mornings before
John left, he would help her into her wheel chair with its slide-on "table", and then call Win before he left for the Post Office.

Win would get up to find Lillian looking out the dining room windows at her beautiful flower garden, fresh and dewy in the morning sun.

After breakfast, they would plan the day, making out grocery lists, and lists of "things to do" and Win would comb and braid Lillian's long, dark hair neatly, help her into her prettiest robe.

John drove home for luncheon each day, bringing letters from the "boys" and local tidbits of news.

A strong-armed woman came to wash walls and give the house a thorough cleaning and redecorating, under Lillian's sharp eye, and when the place was shining, Irma and Win "re-did" the guest bedroom and the upstairs "dorm", making a new draperies, vanity skirts and such.

Every day after Lillian's nap, she often felt like talking to Win, so they had many long, lazy conversations exchanging little confidences and the stories of their lives, as women love to do on lazy summer afternoons. As the weeks drew on and Lillian grew weaker, more often in pain and discomfort, it was tacitly understood between the two that Lillian would not get well, but neither one ever mentioned it.

Lillian kept busy arranging matters so that her household would go on functioning smoothly after she was gone, and Win knew this, but they both pretended not to. As the summer wore on and one by one the sons came home for last visits, it was they who found it hard to conceal their sadness; Lillian was almost as brisk and cheerful as ever, only a bit weaker than usual.

When she had last been in the hospital, the doctors had obtained a special new serum from England that was thought to be effective in arresting the honey-combing deterioration of bone structure associated with her disease. They had administered the serum in a series of shots, explaining that X-Ray pictures would be necessary, in a stated number of weeks, to ascertain whether, in fact, the serum had stopped the bone degeneration in her case.

When the time came for the X-Rays, Lillian went eagerly off to the hospital in the ambulance she had come to hate so, and returned home, weary but hopeful, to await the Roentgenologist's verdict.

It happened that the twins were at home, the day Lillian picked up the phone to ask her doctor what the X-Rays said. It was all too obvious what his answer was, as Win and the twins saw Lillian's face fall. After she hung up the phone, she wept, but only for a brief few moments...

Thoughtful of others, as always, she got herself under control and quickly changed the subject.

From then on, though, she seemed to fail faster; eventually able to speak only in a whisper; by August she rarely used her wheel chair, content to lie in the comfort of her bed, banging a spoon on a tin pan whenever she wanted to summon Win or John from another room.

Harry came for a brief weekend and Dutch and Eleanor drove over from Aberdeen where Dutch was now assistant store manager. It was great pleasure for Lillian to see Carl and to dandle John, a bright-eyed baby with a lovely disposition like his mother's... Grandma and Grandpa Kost came to see their daughter and the Wilms, of course. Ione gave Lillian a back rub and a bed-change so professionally that Win could only stand back in deference to a real nurse.

Clarence came home on leave in late August, and John and Win found he was an invaluable man to have around the house. Quickly and quietly, he rigged up an electric bell-push beside his mother's bed, to replace the spoon and pan; he attended to a myriad of chores that contributed to his mother's comfort or Win's, and he was so quiet and helpful in the sickroom, they all hated to see the end of his leave.

Early September that year in Minnesota was beautiful, warm and hazy, yet with a hint of crispness in the air and it was on just such a day that Lillian died, on September 8th, 1949, leaving probably as bereft a family as any woman ever has or ever will.

Her many friends, who had respected her wish for privacy that summer, gathered now by the hundreds, to pay their respects and on the day she was buried in the new St. Cloud Catholic Cemetery - where she had often proudly pointed out, the bishop himself lay - were many mourners in spite of the chilly, rainy, mourning day.

Now began John's travels to visit his sons. Thanksgiving of '49 he flew to Grand Rapids to spend a week with Harry and Win, who had found a house for sublease on the picturesque Thornapple River, so elegantly furnished that Win was forever cautioning Pops, as he had come to be called by his daughters, about dropping cigar ashes... Harry was not often at
home for he was relearning the retail business under a harsh taskmaster, Fred Schoeck, and was having trouble pleasing the old curmudgeon.

The idea of a family partnership modelled after the St. Cloud Post Office Credit Union had long been promoted by John and seconded by Lillian. They visualized an exclusive group of six John and his sons, who were each to contribute $10 a month (at the start) and when the fund had reached respectable proportions, it was to be used to buy common stocks or any other good growth property. Some of the money was also to be kept liquid to lend to any of the members (at low interest) who happened to be in temporary financial straits.

It was even hoped, especially by John, that the fund might one day grow large enough to permit the purchase of a small chain of stores to be operated by his "boys".

Earl, who was now assistant manager at Waco, Texas, drove home to spend Christmas of 1949 with his father - so he was elected to draw up the original articles of partnership, to be submitted to members at a later date. On the way back home he stopped in Wichita to spend New Year's Eve, and the next day he got down to work. The group was formally established the following July 4th at Welwyn Cottage, on the front lawn overlooking the lake, with Harry chosen as President; John as Treasurer and Win as Secretary. Ten dollars a month from each for the kitty was approved - and plans made for a second meeting on July 4th of 1950 if a quorum could be present.

Finding that he enjoyed flying, John began to see something of the country every Thanksgiving and Christmas by spending the holidays with one or another of his sons, investigating each new city as a son was, inevitably, transferred.

At home he put up with cold toast for breakfast and warm ice cream for dinner, proffered by his aged housekeeper, Kashka, the only help Lillian had found to hire; but after a while he discharged her and took up the life of a bachelor. When he was not working at the Post Office, he was busy writing letters to his sons, to friends and relatives; looking after his own farms as well as Win's and Harry's; tending to the lawn and garden, and beginning to show more and more interest in playing the stock market. It was a lonely life without Lillian, but he tried to keep so busy that he would have little time to think.

He spent many Sundays visiting Gregor and Elizabeth Kost, who were now quite shut-in, as well as his own mother, and occasionally he went to visit the Wilmeses. Summers were easiest because John could spend all his weekends fishing at the cottage and looking forward to visits there from his sons and their friends.

In February, 1950, Clarence was transferred to the USS BAYFIELD APA-33 (Attack-PersonnelAssault) and lo! on June 30th, the United States entered the Korean War in a "policing action" - so the BAYFIELD received orders, as Clarence tersely put it, "to head West" to San Diego. Arriving on August 26, they loaded Marines and supplies day and night for five days and then sailed for the War Zone.

North Koreans had taken Seoul, the South Korean capital, on June 29th, but they were checked when the U.S. Marines began landing at Inchon on September 15. It was only a few days later that the BAYFIELD off-loaded her Marines there, and she stood by, until Seoul had been retaken. Then she picked up the Marines again with orders to transfer them to Wonsan on the East limited patience gave out and he fired Harry, softening the blow with a lovely big bonus. To Harry, his parting words, with strong German accents: "Ve did not hire you to show me how to run things; ye hired you to do it OUR vay".

Having known the boom was going to be lowered, Harry had improved each shining hour by quiet job-hunting on the side, so the day after his dismissal, he had clinched a better job with the Ernst Kern Company in Detroit. He and Win decided to take a vacation with part of his bonus money and having sampled almost every other kind of inland fishing except a float trip, they took one down the fabled White River in South Missouri - and had the pleasure of sharing the fun with the twins and John. At this juncture, the twins were managing their first stores, Jerry in Nevada, Mo., and Earl in Atchison, Kansas.

In 1953 when Carl was 7 and John Michael 4, Dutch got his first store in Perry, Iowa, still comfortably close to Stearns County for vacations devoted to hunting, fishing and Pops. While the boys were too young to hunt, they were not much more than toddlers when they were bundled into life jackets and taken out in the big boat on Rice Lake. When not allowed to go out in the boat, they could usually be found down on the dock dangling their poles or droplines into the water, seemingly as fiercely determined to catch fish as were their father and mother.

Being the oldest wife, Win got a head start on fishing and after a few years of struggling to disentangle "snarly birds nests" and learning finally how to make a decent cast, she got quite professional; in fact, one summer when she and Earl and his friend, Jack Arnesberg from Atchison concentrated on bass fishing at Pierz Lake, she had the intoxicating pleasure of beating them both on size and number of bass brought in... But

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Eleanor soon caught up with Win, passed her and left her 'way behind; her fishing record at the date of writing not only makes the other Schaefers' wives look sick but probably has over-hauled the mens'.

A small part of her prowess no doubt was opportunity to practice, for Dutch was sent back to the St. Paul Region as Merchandiser of Fashions and Children's Wear in 1953 and there he remained for three years. This gave the family a chance to spend summer holidays at Welwyn Cottage. Here as Carl and John Michael grew older, they added target practice to fishing, following in plainly marked ancestral footsteps, and Carl became almost as interested in skin diving - when it was yet uncommon -- as he had always been in automobiles.

Moving back to mid-1951, we find Clarence and Irma driving from St. Cloud to the West Coast, stopping en route at Atchison to see Earl... "Then Irma got her first look at California," Clarence said, "and at our first home - and she liked both!" She had hardly got the house furnished and burnished to her liking (Irma's housekeeping put all the other wives to shame and they were not exactly what you'd call careless) when she went to work for the huge Bank of America in one of its San Diego branches. There she began getting raises and promotions regularly; to the extent that after a few years she had handled loans, notes, collections and foreign exchange and was classified as a note and loan teller, "I've done everything," Irma said, "except becoming an officer!" So now, instead of going back home whenever Clarence drew regular sea duty, Irma stayed in her own home at her own job. In February 1952, Clarence was off again - back to the Far East for six or seven months, but on his return he was assigned to Shore duty in the San Diego Naval Station, DDO, and the pair began to feel like old San Diego settlers. Win stopped off to see them during this period, while she was on a wandering vacation-by-air from her housewifely duties in Detroit. She was given a Cook's Tour of the immense Naval Base, the first she had ever seen; cocktails beside the new pool at Clarence and Irma's hacienda and the hospitality of the house.

Clarence's two years of shore duty ended in June '54 and he was transferred to the USS CHOURRE ARV-1, an aviation supply ship, but 15 months later came back to San Diego to decommission her.

Win and Harry's four years in Detroit were eventful and pleasant - though Win soon learned that having a husband in a department store was far different from having one at Ward's... They lived in suburban Birmingham, so by the time Harry had spent two hours a day commuting, in addition to long, hard hours at the store, and frequent trips with all his buyers to New York he had very little time or strength left for home socializing. One Christmas, after Win had prepared a turkey and all the fixings for a long table of guests, she was non-plussed to find Harry sitting sound asleep over after-dinner coffee, oblivious to their guests...

Pops arrived in Birmingham, Michigan, after a serious abdominal operation (which had everyone thoroughly frightened) to spend several weeks recuperating. The twins flew in for Christmas that year and politely evaded all questions about their love lives even though everyone was quite naturally curious about when, if ever, they were going to fall in love and get married! Two things happened to Win and Harry while they were living in Birmingham. They sold their Minnesota farm advantageously in order to have liquid assets ready with which to purchase a shop of their own - and bent every effort to save toward that end.

They also bought their first plane, a new Piper Tri-Pacer, leasing it out to a flying school at Detroit City Airport in order to pay for it painlessly. Harry started to take flying lessons and Win soon followed suit. Harry persevered, getting his private pilot's license and going on to rack up many hours of flying, but Win chickened out after 18 hours of dual - without even soloing! In the years since Harry had first seen and coveted Opdycke's, he and Win had kept in touch with the owners, Don and Ruth Opdycke, just to be sure they wouldn't sell to someone else. After several severe heart attacks, Don decided to give up in May of 1955, so after entering into close negotiations and after frantic scraping of the bottom of the financial barrel, Harry got his "little doll house". He resigned from Kerns and left there July 31st to take over Opdycke's key. Having gone back to her first love, newspaper reporting and editing, Win had been for about a year editing news on a local paper so she stayed on there for a couple of weeks to pinch-hit for the vacationing editor-in-chief; also attending to closing the sale of their house and shipping their furniture to Streator before she joined Harry.

To bring the youngest "boys" up to date (curiously, long after all five boys had grown to man's estate, they were still referred to as "boys" especially when alluded to in the plural, by their father and by one another), Jerry left Nevada, Mo., to take over the
management of the Ward store in Kirksville, Mo., on March 3, 1952 – and there he stayed til June of ’59. It would indeed have been hard to pry him loose from the town once he met a beautiful young widow living there with her mother and small daughter.

Mary Margaret O'Connor was born in 1924 in Quincy, Illinois, the daughter of Iva Lou Mauck and Dr. Lawrence Justin O'Connor, D.D.S. After completing grade school and High School in Edina, Mo., Mary Margaret graduated from State Teachers College in Kirksville with a B.S. in Art.

The year was 1946, the same one which saw her father's death.

Mary Margaret's first job (with Hallmark Greeting Cards in Kansas City) was brief, as was her marriage in 1947 to Perry W. Porter, Jr., a Captain in the Marine Air Corps Reserve, who was killed in action in Korea in 1952. Their daughter, Pamela Elizabeth, had been born in Kirksville in 1950.

Mary Margaret's beauty was quite startling, an amalgam of shining black hair and eloquent black eyes with the most gardenia-like complexion. She was slim and sweetly made with the prettiest legs and feet in Missouri. You'd think all this was enough for one girl – but added to it was a first class intelligence (manifested in a well-ordered mind), marked ability as an artist and craftsman, and a wit that showed itself in her writing as well as her conversation. Along with her Irish charm, Mary Margaret also had an Irish temperament, and it was a brave soul who risked her anger – for then how those black eyes flashed and how that agile tongue castigated! Jerry was mesmerized at first. Then, with all the power and drive and persistence in him (and THAT was considerable!) he set out to win her for his own.

They were already engaged in the spring of ’56 when Jerry brought her to Streator one weekend to meet Win and Harry. Earl joined them there, and by the time the gay weekend was over, Win, Harry and Earl were convinced Jerry should marry her quick before she got away... There was an immediate rapport between Win and Mary Margaret, probably because of their shared Irishness, and Win, as a veteran wife, took pains to instruct her new sister-to-be in how to put up with certain Schaefers peculiarities and in passing on wisely wisdom she had been taught by Lillian...

Everyone but Irma and Clarence were at the wedding on June 18th, 1956 (and they had stopped off just a week before to meet the future bride) in Mary Immaculate Church in Kirksville. Father Kenny, a hunting companion of Jerry's, pulled out all the stops, the guests felt, offering as many special prayers and blessings as if he were joining a Spanish king and queen. Earl was best man, of course, and 5 year old Pam, a dark-eyed beauty in pale pink with a wreath of rosebuds on her long, dark curls, almost stole the show from the bride, who was given away, to her joy, by Perry Porter, Sr., Pam's tall, genial grandfather.

Following the example of all preceding Schaefers couples, they drove to Welwyn Cottage for their honeymoon, stopping en route for the night at an agreed-upon hotel, and it was next morning, when they came down to get in their car, that they found it wildly decorated by – guess! Dutch and Eleanor, who had accidentally recognized it as they drove home to Minnesota and who couldn't resist the temptation to get even with Jerry for his enthusiastic part in that ghastly chivaree on their wedding night. For this trip only, Pamela stayed behind in Kirksville in the care of her capable little grandmother, Iva Lou O'Connor.

While Lillian was still living she and John had bought a lot at 712 Fourteenth Avenue South. within easier walking distance of church, post office and shops, where they had planned to build a new home. (Incidentally, this lot was the only known property that resisted Lillian's trader's skill at selling for a good profit; during her last illness, assuming that John would never want to leave 1036, she had tried valiantly to sell it, over the phone, but there were no takers at HER price... a fact that everyone in the family pretended to ignore. She of course, never gave up hopes of turning the lot advantageously. It took death to defeat her). In 1955, John sold 1036 – not without qualms -- and built a trim new white house for himself on the waiting lot. He walked back and forth to work until November, 1956 on his 70th birthday, when he was obliged to retire on a liberal pension. It was during these years that he made many a visit out to St. Joseph's Home, to spend an afternoon with Elizabeth Lang Kost, busy there with her quilting.

Able, after retirement, to get in his Chrysler and travel whenever he chose, John still stayed pretty close to home. Some of his sons and their wives urged him to make the most of his leisure, to fly to Germany, to spend his winters in Florida – or Phoenix – but there was too much of the pioneer's son in John. Except for a few more trips to the West to see two of his sons, he remained where his roots were, where his memories lived and...
left the wanderlust to his restless progeny.

Beyond keeping the house tidy and depending on an occasional cleaning woman to give the place a good working over, John eschewed housework. He tended the yard and the new garden til they looked as pretty as a miniature park; but he sent the laundry out and took meals at downtown restaurants, his snatches of conversation with friendly waitresses being his only contact with people some days. Knowing of his lonely life, his sons and daughters had often urged him to remarry - but John was adamant. "No woman, no matter how wonderful, could ever take Lil's place," he retorted, "and that's final!" We can't leave Clarence with a decommissioned ship forever, so back to him... In October '55, he was transferred to the USS ROLETTE but in six months (May '56) she was also decommissioned at Mare Island in San Francisco. He was then ordered to Brooklyn to attend a six-week school for Commissary managers in preparation for his new shore duty running a NOTS Commissary Store at China Lake, Calif. Irma sold their house and left on vacation to see her family in St. Cloud. On July 13, 1956 she and her mother (Mrs. Streitz was now widowed) joined Clarence at China Lake, where they found elegant quarters and a congenial group of Navy people. Clarence found, like his brothers, that in running a store everything came quite naturally.

Busy-bee Irma immediately arranged a transfer to a nearby branch of the Bank of America where she worked; while Mrs. Streitz kept house as expertly as her daughter and cooked a heck of a lot better...

Clarence had one final year of overseas duty in 1958 and while he was serving it, at Kwajalein in the Marshall Islands, Irma found a new larger ranch house she liked in San Diego, a few blocks from their first one. She and her mother had it all polished up for Clarence when he returned home to shore duty at Ream Field, San Diego, as Disbursing Officer.

Harry and Win, spending a week's vacation in nearby La Jolla, visited them in their lovely new home, met their pet canary and tiny Chiahuahua, had one of Mrs. Streitz's delightful dinners, sat around the swimming pool and were taken on a tour of Ream Field and Clarence's big department there.

Clarence was already planning on retiring from the Navy and when the day finally arrived August 21, after 27 years of service to his country, he was still a young man - 47 - as age is reckoned in the electronic era. Retired on a fat pension with the rating of Chief Warrant Officer, W4, he received a lot of unsought family advice about what field to go into afterward. Clarence just listened to it all with his lopsided grin and an occasional joking rejoinder. But when the day came, he had a glorious time loafing for several months and enjoying the fact that he never again had to get out of bed in the morning unless he chose to.

Eventually, however, he got bored, took civil service exams and passed three out of four, ending up in October '64, as a stock clerk in the San Diego Public School system...

In June of 1965, Irma's doctor advised her to quit working for a while but when she found that the Bank of America would not give her an extended leave of absence, she quit. "When I felt good and ready to go back to work in six months, I applied for a job at the First National Bank," she reported in the spring of '67. "They offered me practically the same salary I'd been getting when I left the B/A - and since then I've already had two raises!" So we leave Clarence and Irma, confirmed Californians, leading the pleasant, easy kind of life that old Hermann, from whom Clarence got his middle name, could never even envision.

A-line sales-people in the Ward district with headquarters in Peoria, Ill., were in for a shaking up in 1957 when Elvin was sent there as A-lines Sales Manager. He and Eleanor found a comfortable house to rent in a pleasant country town across the river and when they were settled Win and Harry tore themselves away from their obsession, Opdycke's, long enough for a Sunday visit. They found El and El looking much the same, but Carl and John grown to big fellows, 13 and 10, with a hunting dog of their own and all sorts of new interests of the Buck Rogers variety...

Win and Harry coaxed Eleanor to come over to Opdycke's for her clothes and she not only obliged, but for the year that Dutch remained in this job, she brought all her friends and neighbors over, too, to shop! In 1958, Ward's moved Elvin again, this time to the Chicago Region as Operating Analysis Manager (and good conscientious parents they are, El and El were able to show Carl and John all the exciting wonders of the great city). The following year he became a District Manager with offices in Green Bay, Wisconsin, back in the north country they loved.

Dutch had now, at only 40, reached greater heights in "The Company" than any of his brothers ever attained up to 1970, the date this is written. The job was demanding. It
meant that he had to travel constantly from store to store; but apparently the experience was good for him because he began to lose the careless postures, wild enthusiasms and self-consciousness of youth and to take on that indefinable look of a successful American businessman. What IS this look? An effortless kind of good grooming, conservative but neat, you might say; a tendency to weigh one's words before speaking, in the knowledge that one's words have somehow become important; getting people to do things they don't feel like doing, just by a certain air of command - oh, a je ne sais quoi.

Whatever it was, Dutch was beginning to "catch" it.

They bought a home in Green Bay, a big white ranch house in a woodland setting, and here they lived for five years, the longest time Carl and John Michael had ever gone to the same school! On October 14, 1962, when John Michael Schaefers was 14, the legal age to hunt geese, Dutch and Eleanor took him along on a goose hunt at Horicon Marsh in Southern Wisconsin. Eleanor describes the event: "The decoys looked good where Dutch and John had set them out near Blind 104, guns were checked and loaded and everyone was under cover.

"Soon seven big Canadian geese flying in a straight line appeared and swung over toward the blind and the decoys in response to Dutch's goose call. John, being very eager, wanted to try for them.

"No," Dutch said. "I think they're too high." John begged, "Let me try!" "Okay, but lead them plenty." "John aimed, fired, and to Dutch's and Eleanor's amazement brought down the third bird of the line. John carefully put down his 20 gauge and raced out to retrieve the flopping prize, as his mother and father got his happy smiles on film.

"When back in the blind, he told them he had led the FIRST bird, and that he was completely surprised when number THREE had dropped... Quite a thrilling way to learn how much to lead a Canadian honker." In 1963, Carl graduated from Premontre High School where he had been active in ROTC and afterward enlisted in the U.S. Army Reserves. He spent his six months' basic training at Ft. Leonard Wood in Missouri, managing to snatch a weekend in Kansas City with Earl and his wife, and in January, 1964, with his Army stint out of the way, attended St. John's University where his father and his uncles had gone before him.

In the meantime, the entire family had become avid campers, travelling on weekends and vacations into the Canadian North Woods, where they fished, hunted or just enjoyed the magnificent scenery - and caught glimpses of bear, and deer, all the wild creatures their forefathers had hunted to extinction in Minnesota; as well as moose and a world of small animals and birds. Eleanor's "Round Robins" describing their trips were marvels of nature lore, delightful glimpses of an unspoiled world.

In June, 1964, Eleanor wrote us: "Elvin and I and the boys drove our "Wabish Kiu Wikomik" (the name given our mobile camper which, according to the Indian agent is Menominee for "White Wigwam") all the way to the World's Fair in New York City.

"Nothing gave Carl, who loves cars, greater excitement then driving in the heavy traffic, bumper to bumper and fender to fender across George Washington Bridge, down 158th St., to Broadway, to West 151st Street and finally to our destination, the Statler Hotel at 32nd Street.

"The pleasure of seeing the bewildered expression on the doorman's face made a deep impression on Carl, too, not only because of his pride in the Jeep but because he was still amused by the comment another driver had just made at a red light when Dutch had asked directions to the Hotel. The man had obliged, and then added, "But why stay at the Statler when you have a rig like that?" "The family shared a common interest in one spectator sport, professional football," says Eleanor, "becoming great Green Bay Packer fans in the golden days of Coach Vince Lombardi and player Paul Hornung." When they weren't outdoors, Elvin and John developed an interest in painting - oils and water colors - under the guidance of art teacher Eleanor.

In 1964, though they stayed on in their Green Bay home so Eleanor could show it to prospective buyers, Dutch was put in charge of rehabilitating older stores in the region, working out of the Chicago Office. Of great help to Harry, who happened to be in the throes of enlarging and remodelling Opdycke's about the same time, Dutch passed on the names of airconditioning technicians and other building experts never heard of in Streator.

Tired of travelling, Dutch asked for a store and in 1965 was promoted to the large old downtown plant in Bloomington, Ill. He had only a short time to purge the personnel, re-staff and get cracking at full steam ahead; ominous news had already leaked of an enormous new shopping center to be built on the edge of town, featuring the fierce competition of Sears and Penneys...

But even two years later, when the center had been in operation some time, Dutch's
downtown store was still holding its own nobly - a tribute to an outstanding merchant and administrator.

Eleanor and Elvin found a pleasant apartment, just built, roomy enough, and within walking distance of the store... It was personalized by many of their own paintings and filled with attractive new furniture (their earlier things having been worn out by a dozen moves).


"A quick inventory of the room's equipment includes four wall-mounted speakers with 42 inches of stereo speaker capacity, an AM-FM tuner-stereo amplifier, two wall-mounted tape recorders, two AM-FM radios, two AM radios, recessed bar which opens at the touch of a finger. On order is a speaker-phone for use with our extension phone. The animal kingdom is represented by an aquarium and a caged parakeet." Carl was at home now, having decided not to continue college, and working in a men's clothing store; John was about to finish High School and showing an exciting talent for art, and Eleanor was back in college, taking a post graduate course in art at Illinois Wesleyan University.

Having done so well in shoring up the Bloomington, Ill., store, Elvin was due for a splendid promotion and that's just what he got. He was made manager of an impressive complex of modern stores in Apache Village, a thriving shopping center of stores in suburban Minneapolis-St. Paul.

Everyone was delighted that he was reaping the rewards of so many years of hard work, loyalty and productiveness for "The Company".

They bought a beautiful condominium within walking distance of Dutch's office (that is when the snow drifts weren't too high) and settled down again, but this time in familiar and well-loved surroundings. It was a great break for Pops, too, when devoted Eleanor and Elvin came to live so close to St. Cloud. They spent many a weekend with John E., seeing him through some of the illnesses that plagued him, and always succeeding in coming up with thoughtful projects to interest the invalid.

With her family raised, and with more leisure time, El put together scrap books, composite pictures of the five Schaefers sons, their families, homes and business enterprises, and all sorts of ingenious schemes done with the flair Eleanor has such marked talent for.

When Win heckled her for more information on her own background, reminding Eleanor that HER ancestors were as important to Carl and John and their future children, as were those of Dutch it spurred El on to digging into her own family tree, and she succeeded beyond her wildest dreams in tracing both her father's and mother's people back as far as Carl's and John's great-great-grandparents. Now Win is nagging her to take a trip to Sweden to fill in a few minor gaps and perhaps to push back the curtain of the past even further.

Here we give Eleanor's charts, as a permanent record for her children's children: Coast.

While waiting outside for mines to be cleared out of Wonsan's harbour, the BAYFIELD, Clarence remembers, sailed north in the daytime and south at night, without lights, in order to deceive the North Koreans into assuming that she had no intentions of landing Marines at Wonsan...

The ruse paid off and after landing the Marines safely, Clarence and his ship steamed for Japan and some well-deserved liberty.

But, on November 26, 200,000 Chinese Communist "volunteers" counter-attacked, crossing the Yalu River and forcing the evacuation of 105,000 U.N. troops and 91,000 Korean civilians at Hungnam on East Korea Bay.

So the BAYFIELD's crew was told to forget liberty and ordered to pick up the Korean refugees in Chinnamp'o on Korea's west coast and take them safely to Pusan in the south. "Man! What a job," Clarence said, in recalling the duty. "We transported 1,800 Korean men, women and children - 630 of them stretcher cases - and lost only two, who died en route"...

On April 15, 1951, Clarence was advanced to Chief Warrant Officer W2 and on June 1st, he
sailed for San Diego where he and Irma bought their first home, a pretty little ranch house on Streamview Drive in San Diego.

just eight months after John E. Schaefers became a widower, his only sister, Anna Weis was widowed. John Weis suffered a fatal coronary heart attack at only 56 on May 15, 1950. He died at his home in the big square house on the hill. At that time, Grandma Schaefers, who was beginning to fail, lived there with the Weises.

But after John's funeral, Anna, all alone now that her children were grown, moved down to stay with Gertrude in her own smaller house.

It was in 1951 on July 27th, that Gertrude Traun Schaefers died in her home at the age of 93.

Even in the last day or two of her life, Gertrude was true to her nature. Anna said while Grandma's mind was wandering she would get out of bed, stuff a few clothes in a pillow case, muttering to herself, "I must go... Just across the River - and then I'll be home." There was no doubt, Anna said, that her mind had reverted to her childhood days in Moste.

Gertrude had become quite a well-known personage, not only by virtue of her great age, but because of her tireless energy and her piety. All the local papers and the Sunday Visitor had run pictures of her and stories about the sturdy, dauntless little pioneer on her 90th birthday and spoke proudly of how she still did all her own housework and attended Mass every day! On her death, they repeated the eulogies.

It was in 1951 that Carl Weis remarried, his first marriage having broken up some time before.

He chose a charming Yankee girl named Bertha (Betty) Bushnell Browne, and she was to follow her much-travelled husband to many far and romantic spots in his work for the large oil producing company, Caltex.

Betty with their children, had to leave Beirut, Lebanon very unceremoniously (when the '67 Arab-Israeli war broke out practically on their doorstep) and fly back to their home in lovely Darien, Conn. As we went to press we heard that Carl had just returned to Darien from a trip to Australia.

The two children of this marriage are Carla Bushnell Weis, born July 30th, 1953, and Michael Bowditch Weis, born Feb. 10, 1959. Michael is still interested in boyish things but at this writing Carla, a high school junior, is busily concerned with choosing the right college! In 1951 Elvin was made merchandiser of Ward's big St. Paul, Minnesota operation, still lucky in being able to live in fishing and hunting country. On April 30th of that year, Fred Schoeck's What of Jerome and his wife and daughter Pamela? After three busy, happy years in Kirksville, Jerry was transferred to the Chicago Region in July 1959 as Corporate Retail Analyst, a job requiring him to investigate automated vending machines as a possible replacement for clerks. Apparently Jerry decided against cybernetics because Ward's still seem to employ clerks, although it's just as hard to find one when shopping as ever...

They lived in a rented house in Wilmette, which Meg (she was for awhile called by the childhood nickname of "Mugs", but it seemed so inappropriate for such a pretty, feminine creature that she was prevailed on to drop it) soon turned it into an enchanting place with her growing collection of antique furniture.

Meg, too, came down to Opdycke's to shop and Win had great fun finding lovely clothes and accessories that she and Jerry couldn't resist, although Meg, who was never a gal to squander money, kept protesting plaintively that Win would leave her penniless. Having so said, she would whip out her checkbook and write a check for the whole lot! On September 26, 1960, Pamela Elizabeth became a Schaefers legally for Jerry adopted her.

Since he was the only father she could remember, this seemed a logical step to Pam, who was growing taller and prettier every day - with liquid dark eyes, beautiful shining black hair and the promise of lovely long legs. To her parents' delight she was showing real aptitude for drawing and painting, and invariably brought home excellent report cards though she was gay and fun-loving and far from a bookworm.

Was it while they were living in Wilmette that Meg persuaded the rest of the family that Welwyn Cottage should be renovated and modernized? At any rate, the job was done, with Meg drawing up the plans and master-minding the project. The old shanty on the hill was banished and replaced by a functional bathroom; the kitchen was modernized, and more sleeping and dining space added, the final touch being a "dropped" living area overlooking the lake. She worked hard and long and the results showed it.

That kind of production wasn't Meg's only forte. On July 1, 1961, she gave birth to a son, Scott Justin, the largest baby of record at Evanston Hospital! From the very beginning, his grandmother O'Connor and grandfather Schaefers were inclined to think he
was also the brightest, handsomest and best - and his godparents, Win and Harry, were sort of proud of him, too. As he grew older, he and Pam developed a mutual admiration society of their own.

At this point, Jerry had become corporate Retail Planning Manager, but was eager to get back to the firing line as a store manager. After a short period of refresher-training in Gary, he got the word. Sioux Falls, South Dakota! Meg moaned about being banished to an Indian reservation but Win consoled her, saying that's what she'd thought when Harry had been sent to Kansas City, Mo., but she'd been charmed by the town.

Meg never admitted to being charmed by South Dakota, but, like any good "Ward wife", quickly grew accustomed to the fierce cold and snow and set cheerfully about the task of showing off her still growing antique collection to best advantage in another rented house. Pamela started to High School at Sioux Falls in 1964, attending a Catholic co-ed institution. She hardly had a chance to get interested in boys before they began to show a marked preference for her. When she soon went to her first formal with a boy, Meg reports that it was pitiable to watch Jerry trying to conceal his distaste and distrust of her escort... But he had to get used to strange boys around the house, for Pam was obviously destined to be a belle, and who can be a bona fide belle, for pity's sake, without MEN! In May 1966, when Pam was 16 and Scott a lively five, Jerry decided he'd had enough of chain stores and their problems and he and Meg made up their mind they would like to take a crack at a small specialty shop with ITS problems...

There happened to be one lying in wait for them - The Vogue of Kewanee, Illinois, which Harry and Win had bought in 1961 - a beautiful little store, on a perfect corner location in a town of 18,000 about 70 miles west of Streator.

Harry, whose solemn and irrevocable belief that each day's business MUST exceed that of the same day in the previous year had succeeded in doubling Opdycke's volume in a few years, and found himself with such a Frankenstein monster, that he and Win together could not devote the time necessary to administer the Vogue properly. It needed a strong hand.

So Jerry was elected! This might be a good place to cut back to Win's and Harry's doings for the 11-year period since 1955. It will be short because there really isn't any interesting news about them - they were both too completely absorbed in Opdycke's and its day-by-day growth. They probably over-did it, (as people will when they enjoy what they're doing) - shamefully neglecting their personal correspondence, their valued old friendships, their social life and their vacations. But in compensation for that, they were tasting the sharp wine of success.

It should be explained, for the benefit of posterity, that Opdycke's was a corporation owned by Harry and Win, with Harry as President and Treasurer, Win as Secretary and Vice President.

Harry was the boss - make no mistake about that - and Win was in charge of advertising (newspaper, direct mail and radio); all display; style shows; fashion coordination and sales training. Together they bought all merchandise for the two stores, with the help of a New York buying office.

In 1966 Opdycke's employed 25 people.

The Vogue, a separate corporation, but set up in the same way, employed about 10.

Soon after his decision to take over The Vogue, Jerry resigned from Ward's, causing quite a stir, and came down to Streator for training in Opdycke's methods, leaving Meg and the children in Sioux Falls. He spent his spare time looking for a home in Kewanee, but since this was to be bought and not rented, he hesitated to make the final decision.

Like Win, Meg was distrustful of airplanes, but she conquered her fear (with the help of tranquilizers) in order to fly down to Kewanee in early July, to look for a house... In two days she found it! Her dream house, in a new section on the outskirts of town - a charming split level with lots of room for her family AND her antiques. In mid-July, Jerry took off for Sioux Falls to collect his family and then took a well-earned vacation at Rice Lake.

By early August they were all settled in the big white house, Scott had found new playmates and Pam new admirers. In spite of the boy she'd reluctantly left behind in Sioux Falls, she was wearing a Kewanee boy's class ring before a week had elapsed...

Jerry had his hands full whipping the Vogue's neglected personnel back into shape and learning all the nuances of women's fashions and a specialty shop, so Meg was prevailed upon to take over display and promotion (and eventually advertising) under Win's tutelage. Win was hoping she could teach Meg all she herself knew about display and promotion in the five or six months left before she would have to make her annual trek to St. Croix in the Virgin Islands (in the last few years, bronchial pneumonia or something very like it laid her low whenever she tried to spend winters in Streator's appallingly dreadful climate).
But to her delight, she found Meg learned everything in about three weeks and by the fourth week, was teaching her some new wrinkles... Then it came out that Iva Lou O'Connor had in her younger days been a crack saleswoman and display artist - and it looked very much as if she had passed her talents on to her daughter! During the three or four months Win spent in St. Croix (where, incidentally, in four successive winters she arranged four genealogical charts and wrote the first draft of this family history) she heard nothing but good reports of Jerry's prowess in "making his days". In fact, he finished up Easter Saturday with an increase for the month, while Opdycke's suffered a small loss! As this was written, Harry and Win were looking forward to taking Jerry and/or Meg into the New York market on important buying trips with the purpose of rounding out their experience so they, too, could soon operate a store of their own...

After two years spent in Kewanee grappling with the peculiar and pressing problems of women's fashions and learning the ropes in the New York Seventh Avenue Market, Jerry and Meg decided they wanted to look for that store of their very own.

Jerry did a canny job of searching and after a few months came up with a good fashion store in Willmar, Minn., called Butters'. The family who had founded and made a success of it were elderly and ready to retire; after a bit of a hassle with another would-be buyer, Jerry came out the winner.

Willmar, is strategically located about 30 miles south of Welwyn Cottage and simply surrounded by wonderful opportunities for fishing and hunting, John E. was in luck again - a second son and his family coming to live so close! It seemed to make a marked improvement in his health and his outlook on life - especially with his other sons far away in Illinois, Denver and San Diego.

After the usual scramble, Meg and Jerry found another delightfully large and lovely house that they bought from the brother of Senator Eugene McCarthy who had such spectacular success in the presidential primaries of 1968.

Pam scarcely had time to see her new home that Fall of '68 for she was off to College - Drake University in Des Moines, Iowa, where she majored in Art and did extremely well. Scott, a tall, handsome blonde with dark eyes started third grade at the Willmar Parochial School and, on weekends, learned the joys of hunting and fishing with his father.

Besides seeing to a huge house, Meg became deeply involved in display, promotion and buying.

She wrote Win in 1969 telling her of some very favorable and no doubt well-earned publicity she'd had on Butters' display windows and how they were ALWAYS worth looking at. "I was pleased, of course," Meg wrote, "but if credit is due I honestly feel that much of it is yours, Win dear." They both remembered with wry humor the many hours they spent in the Vogue's front windows wrestling with recalcitrant mannequins but smiling all the while and only muttering maledictions under their breath, because they were in full view of customers passing by on the sidewalk.

At present writing Pam, after a successful summer at home in Willmar (where she was active in Little Theater work, having the lead in one of the productions) decided to switch to the University of Minnesota. After all, it had the double advantage of offering better instructors in art and the theater, and being closer to home.

Little Iva Lou, Meg's mother, still "sits" with Scott during Meg's New York market trips, insisting that "he is always a little angel". He's a Cub Scout now and last time his father took him ice fishing they brought home three beauties - all of them Scott's. He was very proud, Meg said, and informed her in complete seriousness, "Don't you worry, Mom, I'll see to it that we have food on the table all winter!" Doesn't that remind you of his father's and Uncle Earl's and Uncle Elvin's efforts in the not-so-long ago?? Cast your mind back to 1950 and brother Earl... For that was the year (January 10th the day) that he took over the Atchison, Kansas store to manage; and, on April 10th, 1954, one in El Dorado, Kansas.

It was here that he finally met his fate, although he didn't seem to realize it for quite awhile, being confirmed by this time in his bachelor habits and slant of mind... Her name was Betty Jean Gifford and she was destined to bring something novel and important into the family - fine old Scotch-English Protestant blood. On her mother's side, the Newhalls had come over on the Mayflower - making Betty the only woman in the Schaefers family eligible for membership in the august society of the Daughters of the American Revolution - and her father's ancestors were just as sound, genealogically speaking, hailing from Tennessee and Indiana. They were predominantly Methodists.

Her maternal grandmother, Jessie Newhall McGregor, who was still living in 1966 at the age of 88, had in her possession a letter written to HER grandparents, Herman C. and Mary E. Newhall of Boston, Mass., congratulating them on their five sons who had fought for the
Union (and moreover, survived!) during the Civil War...

Betty was born in 1924 on her father's cattle ranch near El Dorado, Kansas. She went first to a rural school and later to a small-town elementary school. Graduating from Eldorado High School in 1941, she then attended Eldorado Junior College for two years.

Family funds were scarce at this point and there was a young sister to educate, so Betty showed her mettle by working for two years first in a dime store and later in a bank to earn money; and then she went on to Kansas State University at Manhattan, graduating in 1947 with a B.A. in Sociology.

She had been working for the Kansas Gas and Electric Company in El Dorado for about seven years when Earl met her (he took her to a football game on their first date) and was gradually brought under the spell of her quiet, easy charm. Pretty soon he found himself dating her more than any other girl; then exclusively.

Betty was a slight size 10 with the kind of figure that looks best in a bikini. She was of medium blonde coloring with a patrician look about her that was contradicted by her soft, feminine manner and her lively but unobtrusive sense of humor. She never talked much about herself; but give her 30 minutes alone with a strange man and she had the story of his life in detail! You never got bored having Betty around, for her quiet personality wore extremely well; she seemed to be happiest when doing things for someone else - especially when that someone was ailing or sad. Her touch was gentle, her sympathy sincere and her understanding quick. She was essentially very kind in all her relationships.

As a young girl she had wanted to become a nurse but had found no way at the time to raise money for the necessary training.

Like any girl who had the privilege of being courted by a Schaefers, Betty was put through the hoops on hunting and fishing. This seemed to be a familial prerequisite to marriage. Did it never occur to "the boys" that women in love can be very tricky and pretend an interest they do not always feel?? Or was each Schaefers simply establishing his prerogatives firmly in his girl's mind so that, once his wife, she would never dare forbid him to go hunting or fishing whenever he chose? However it might be, Earl initiated Betty into the mysteries of quail hunting, sail boating, fishing on Rice Lake and, later, skiing in Colorado - and she went along with the gag even though it would be hard to find a more UNathletic girl. So she never really mastered any of these sports, but apres ski or what-have-you, she was a great girl to relax with over a Martini or a hot toddy.

In June of 1957 Earl got a promotion and a transfer as Manager of the Pueblo, Colorado, store but in spite of the miles between them, in spite of his discovering the joys of shooting elk and antelope and deer as well as skiing at Aspen, he continued his courtship of Betty via long distance, letters and stolen weekends.

Soon after he was established at Pueblo, Win and Harry descended on him one summer for a few days of mountain trout fishing - and besides offering them every kind of hospitality he even lent them his great, big, smooth Cadillac to tour Wyoming and visit friends in Denver... That was the time Harry and Earl parked Win at a restaurant half-way up Pike's Peak and drove on themselves, while she sat fainting and ill at a corner table, cursing the Schaefers tribe for their go-go ways. Happily they decided not to try for the top and came back in time to catch her as she fainted from the altitude.

In '61 or '62 Earl shot an elk he was so proud of, he had the head mounted and shipped to Meg and Jerry at their home in Wilmette. Meg still remembers her horror when she realized this great, ugly, hairy, brooding beast was meant to hang over her fireplace in the midst of her delicate objets d'art. The tragedy was averted by quick-thinking Jerry who said it was the VERY thing to complete the decor of the new Welwyn Cottage and there it hangs, mute evidence of the fact that you can't breed the hunter's instinct out of the Kosts! Both Harry and Jerry snatched time off in 1958 and 1960 to go on deer-hunting trips with Earl and his friends in the cold, snowy mountains of Colorado. As far as Win and Meg could gather from accounts and snapshots, the expeditions seemed to equal in rigors and discomfort Hillary's scaling of Mt. Everest. On the heels of the weary hunters, came barrels of bloody hunks of venison intended for their deep freezers. Win never did succeed in cooking it so that it tasted like anything but old horsemeat, but no doubt Meg acquired the knack.

Early in 1961 on top of the Continental Divide, where the streams run east and the streams run west, Earl proposed and Betty finally said "yes". They were smarties, like Win and Harry. They got married in Pueblo in a quiet ceremony on June 24th, 1961, so they avoided brotherly chivarees. Monseigneur Maas officiated, in the Parish House of the Cathedral of the Sacred Heart, and two close friends were the only witnesses.

Betty had scarcely got her new curtains to hang right in their first apartment when, true to Ward's custom of inconveniencing wives, Earl was transferred (November 1st) to
Kansas City, Missouri, as Merchandise Manager of the new store in nearby Blue Ridge.

Earl was blissfully happy in his marriage (why didn't we do it long ago, he kept asking) but not too pleased about leaving Colorado with all its sports and Indian artifacts. But like all reasonable men he made the best of things and was indeed happy for Betty's sake because she was close to her mother (Wichita) and to her sister Dorothy, Dorothy's husband and their two small sons in Kansas City.

In March of '63 he was promoted to Regional Merchandiser, travelling out of Kansas City to many of the very stores Harry had merchandised 23 years earlier; and in January, 1964 the Kansas City Region was disbanded as part of "The Company's" growing tendency to concentrate its fire on big-city stores. Earl - lucky in love, lucky in everything! - was transferred back to Colorado as Zone Merchandiser in the Denver area. There, they settled down happy as a basketful of birds, except for one thing.

Betty wanted to adopt a child the worst way. She wasn't the least bit interested in a career, though she never criticized women who were. Her idea of fulfillment was to be a devoted wife, an exemplary homemaker and, God willing, a mother.

So she began a campaign to persuade Earl that adopting a child wasn't the dangerous step he thought it was.

He had already begun work on the research for this book and, as a logical sideline, had become fascinated by the study of genes.

"Who knows what kind of child the Schaefers-Gifford genes would produce," he argued, "and yet you'd risk adopting a child with God only knows what mish-mash of genes???

"They'd probably be a big improvement on ours," Betty countered, "and anyway, I learned in grade school that environment is an important as heredity!" "Hmph," muttered Earl, reaching for a cigarette.

Betty won him over eventually and they started the search for a child in May of 1964; though it soon became apparent to them that they had chosen the toughest state in the Union for their purpose. They consulted every known reputable agency, took every imaginable test, patiently followed every hint of a "lead" until - at last - the authorities decided they were worthy to be submitted to a trial - as temporary foster parents of a baby girl.

"That's insane," said Earl, who by now was as determined as Betty to see the thing through, "just about the time we get attached to her, they can snatch her away." Betty shook her head. "I have a hunch. I think they're just testing us - to see if we really truly want a child enough to be foster parents!" Betty was absolutely right as it turned out.

One day soon, the social worker called to announce she would bring the child out in two days.

Betty isn't a fast-moving girl. She's slow and deliberate but, as she says, she gets more done than her speedy sister Win and without breaking things... This time though, Betty dashed and Earl tore to transform one of their guest rooms into a satisfactory nursery.

Once the little dark-eyed black-haired doll was installed there, she must have got a message across to the social worker: "If you ever try to get me out of HERE, I'll scream my head off and hit you in the eye." So, Susie, as she was christened, became the fifth grandchild - and so far the last - with the most fatuous father and the most gentle mother a baby ever had.

Earl still skis and hunts and plays tennis, in spite of having been driven in his Cadillac (by a young friend) over the side of a mountain. He sustained painful back injuries and for awhile had to wear a brace, but he took glee in telling his brothers, who had long derided his Cadillacs, that he'd have been killed outright in a lighter car.

In January, '67, Earl and Betty were hosts to Meg, Pam and Scott, borrowing a friend's mountain chalet near Aspen for the week... According to Meg, they had a delightful time, the wives sitting before the fireplace while Jerry and Earl skied tirelessly every day. Scott took to the beginner's slopes with satisfactory enthusiasm, effortlessly, and Earl wondered how soon Susie could handle herself on skis... Evenings, they played bridge, after the children were tucked in, and one evening essayed the frug and Watusi after dining out - but when they showed Pam how well they did, she rolled her eyes in horror and said "What squares!" So - another generation is well-launched - five of them - Carl, John Michael, Pamela, Scott and Susie - all answering to the name Schaefers, quantitatively not even a patch on earlier generations, but qualitatively pretty superior stuff, their elders all agree.

Now why not close the Schaefers section - and the book - by bringing John's long life up to date? It seems appropriate that the man who is responsible for this history should be
It's not at all strange incidentally, that John should have been the instigator of this book. First, he was always enthralled by the past and his memory for it was phenomenal. His children sometimes teased him about having total recall because he would often retell the same old tale; but they didn't have his sense of history.

Second, he always had a great feeling for family, for distant or close relatives, today's or yesterday's. Who knows where this interest stemmed from? A romantic streak in him, no doubt, inherited from Gertrude, who loved to read and tell stories of the old days in Moste.

John wrote well, too, in a flowing, detailed fashion much as he talked when in a reminiscent mood. In fact, it was an eye-opener to Win, trained in writing, to read the accounts he wrote, going back as far as he was able. Before Gertrude Traun Schaefers died, John had progressed to 1949 with his notes. In 1950 he turned them over to Earl, asking him to carry on.

Earl was a wise choice (even though there was a lapse of 8 years before the work was resumed in spite of Pops' frequent prods) because his far-ranging, versatile mind included a love for and understanding of history that the other boys never possessed. There was always something more scholarly about Earl than any of the others. His lively interest in matters far removed from merchandising was easily roused and once that happened, he set about becoming a bit of an expert in those fields. Astronomy lured him; genetics; Western artifacts; old coins - and to these he added genealogy, never seeming to mind the tedious process of eliciting and verifying facts... Flaws aplenty can be found in this book but we are afraid that if John had passed the assignment on to Harry, say, Harry would have forgotten it before he was out of the room...

After his retirement, John began seriously and systematically to invest in the stock market, preferring to buy modest amounts of many stocks rather than a lot of any one. He brushed aside the blue chips like AT & T and found new, intriguing issues, in the close-printed pages of the Wall Street Journal. As his confidence increased, so did his skill. He refused to handle stock transactions for Welwyn Enterprises, leaving it to his sons to learn the market as he had done. They needed the practice.

This might be an appropriate place for a flashback of more data on Lillian that has come to light recently in our mountain of notes... According to John, she loved buying cattle - a field she was introduced to when she and John started feeding beeves on their farm.

John gives us this account: "Truckers with feeder cattle for sale would stop near the Post Office to sell me; but I'd give only a glance at the critters, say they looked O.K. and tell the trucker to drive to "1036" to consult Lil. They did so promptly, and she usually liked at least some of what she saw and wrote out a check. Somehow as time went on, the men just by-passed me and sold direct to her. It must have been that Kost trader blood in her!" An obituary on Lillian that was misfiled also identifies the correct names of the many clubs she was an active member of: St. Margaret's Chorus, Daughters of Isabella, St. Francis Mission Society, St. Ann's Christian Mothers, as well as the St. Cloud Garden Club. During the war, of course, Lillian was very active in the St. Cloud Navy Mother's Club. She served as an officer and was chosen by the group as St. Cloud's typical Navy Mother.

Her memory will long remain green, certainly as long as anyone who knew her is alive. John also named a Lake after her. In the late '50's he decided to do something about the persistent erosion of soil from the overflow of a spring on the homestead farm. Consulting federal experts on soil conservation he found them extremely interested in the problem and most co-operative.

After surveying the farm contours and testing the soils, the engineers concluded that a dam could be built forming a lake-bed to store the excess water and thus prevent its eroding the hillside. The government would assume part of the cost of construction and supply the engineers to supervise the work, if John E. would pay his share of the total costs.

This he agreed to do. The work was done well, John thought, and served the purpose. The lake bed filled slowly but by 1970 was a sizable body of water located in the upper pasture-land, with fish planted there, and the promise of a good "harvest" to come. It is beginning to show up on maps and ducks have been seen to stop at Lake Lillian on their trip south... Some day it may be one of the prettiest little jewels in Minnesota's necklace of 10,000.

Up until the summer of 1959, John's health remained robust, but then his years and his life of hard work, his accumulations of worries and his sorrows took their toll. He was at Welwyn Cottage, chopping down a tree in the back yard while he waited for El and El and
their boys to arrive on a holiday... Suddenly he found himself on the ground, stupefied but still conscious. He suspected it might have been a stroke, so he went into the cottage and rested; then began to fret at the thought of the felled tree lying across the driveway - so he went out and dragged it aside! When Dutch and Eleanor arrived a couple of hours later, they packed him off to the hospital where he learned that it had, indeed, been a serious stroke or a cerebral haemorrhage... After a time he recovered much of his health, but that marked the end of extensive travels for him. He had, 3 years earlier, begun to think seriously about inheritance taxes and death, and discussed with his eldest son how he could avoid the first if not the last.

Out of their conversations and many discussions with the other four sons, came a plan for a family corporation, its assets to consist at the beginning of John's farmlands and the cottage acreage. So Welwyn Corporation was born in September of 1959 on the grassy bluff overlooking Rice Lake. The first president was Harry, because he already had a couple of small corporations of his own and knew what they could, and what they could not, do.

After a few years the offices were passed around, so all the boys could learn how to handle corporate problems; a farm management expert was hired to supervise the farmlands and the tenant; and an accountant to handle the financial reports. Year by year, John, who was majority stock holder turned over some of his shares of stock to each son.

Inevitably a few problems developed here and there, a difference of opinion mainly, but "the boys" were all businessmen now and accustomed to having things sometimes run a little less than smoothly, so they coped.

The main thing was that John had lived to see Hermann's hard-won acres owned by the doughty pioneer's grandsons.

John lived carefully, following doctors' orders and glad they did not prohibit his daily schnapps, but he never quite regained his former health and, in '64, while at his St. Cloud home, suffered a massive second stroke that damaged the particular part of his brain controlling balance.

After a long, weary time in the St. Cloud Hospital, he learned from the doctors the bitter news that he must not live alone any more. It was too dangerous, they explained, because of his tendency to fall unless supported.

He hated to leave his cozy, familiar little house and to give up his independence but realizing what a burden it would be to maintain three 8-hour shifts of nurses there, he agreed to live at St. Joseph's Nursing Home. Fortunately he got the very last room vacant in the new, modern wing just built. Under therapy he made remarkable progress in walking and balancing himself with a cane, and everyone was very proud of his spunk.

In summertime when any of his sons were at the lake, he joined them there, as always; but was no longer quite vigorous enough to take part in all of their fishing trips.

In winters, John had his television, his long distance phone calls, with occasional visits from his sons and at Christmas from Clarence (who, out of pity for his retailer brothers chained to their jobs in December always flew to be with John over the holidays). John continued to be prompt and faithful in answering letters, and even at 80, in 1966, would write long, explanatory reports on some phase of this history that puzzled Win; he remained interested in family affairs as always, with his remarkable memory unimpaired and his mind quite able to cope with the stock market. His final illness occurred in the last week of May, 1970 and resulted in his death at the St. Cloud Hospital on June 7th, 1970. He was buried in St. Cloud's Assumption Cemetery beside Lillian, his wife.

Thus endeth the story of Anton Schaefers' and Benedict Kost's descendants. Now it is up to Carl, John Michael, Pam, Scott or Susie to fill in the blank pages as the years spin past.

*** TRAUN ***

For roughly a thousand years, ending in 1918, Slovenia lived under Germanic domination, in a German and Roman Catholic culture. This is no doubt why the Traun descendants assumed that they were of Germanic descent.

It required two circumstances to correct this misconception. First, when Harold's wife first met Grandma Schaefers (Gertrude Traun Schaefers, 1858-1951) they had to converse with gestures and a few scant words of German and English. Winifred remembered vividly Grandma's apologizing for her poor English by this statement (spoken in German and translated by John Weis): "I had to learn three different languages in my lifetime - so when it came to the fourth one - English - I balked." When Winifred began the actual writing of this history, she was, therefore, unwilling to accept the traditional family
notion that Gertrude Traun Schaefers was an Austrian-German, born and raised in Mosta, a village "near" Vienna... But in spite of poring over old maps and history books, she could never find a trace of Mosta anywhere "near" Vienna or anywhere.

It took a second and more travelled relative to unravel the mystery - Carl Weis (1912 son of Annie Schaefers Weis and one of Grandma's grandsons. Working in Beirut, Lebanon, for Caltex, an international oil company, Carl very kindly agreed to help. He had, in fact, already discovered the whereabouts of Moste on a sightseeing trip in 1947, shortly after World War II, but had not dug into the records there, nor, so far as Earl and Winifred knew, pinpointed the location of the village for his family.

So once again, ten years later, Carl generously spent part of his vacation in Moste. The village had been in Yugo Slavia (Land of the South Slays) since 1918, when the W.W.I. Allies created the new country (out of the shattered remnants of Austria-Hungary) on the basis of ethnic unity.

So it was determined that grandmother was a South Slav, a Slovenian, and the Slovenian language, ancient and renowned, the medium of Franz Prechern's epic poems, had been her mother tongue! A little research uncovered the fact that Prechern is one of Slovenia's national heroes whose birthday is celebrated every year in Ljubljana, the capital city.

Even though he had a doctor's degree from the University of Vienna and was of course expert in writing and speaking German, Prechern wrote 117 of his poems in the beloved Slovenian language - and only 15 in German - the latter simply to prove that he could handle German but chose not to.

Slovenia is now one of six ethnic republics or provinces of Yugo Slavia, in addition to Croatia, Slavonia, Dalmatia, Boznia, Montenegro and Serbia. The borders of Slovenia touch on its sister province, Croatia, and on the Adriatic Sea, Italy, Austria and Hungary. Slovenia is very small, with only about two million people, 200,000 of whom live in Ljubljana, its flourishing capital (the "Laibach" of Grandma's day).

Being quite mountainous, Slovenia has only 28 percent arable land, 28 percent in pasture and meadow land, 42 percent in forests and 2 percent in unproductive areas.

Moste itself is 22 miles northeast of Ljubljana (as Grandma used to explain, about as far as Roscoe from St. Cloud) and 175 miles south of Vienna, so it is somewhat mystifying for Grandma to have pinpointed her birthplace as "near Vienna" - when Vienna in her day was a long, long journey away.

Moste lies on flat land, but immediately beyond it, the land slopes upward to the foothills of the Slovenian Alps. In fact, according to Carl, the name of the village means "under the woods".

A picture from Carl shows in the foreground a lovely meadow alive with field flowers and, on steeper middle ground, a deep forest of tall evergreen trees, then a backdrop of starkly grey and snow-dappled mountains.

"I like Yugo Slavia", Carl Weis wrote, "It's great hunting and fishing land, and despite rapid industrialization of recent years, the place remains quite primitive. Oxen are still a going concern, right alongside tractors and massive draft horses." According to John E. Schaefers, his mother told him that her grandfather and grandmother, whose span of life extended probably from 1790 to 1850, were named Valentine and Gertrud SKLA or SCHLEY and that they had six daughters and a son; one of whom, also named Gertrud, was to be grandma's own mother. Here we find a discrepancy, for the official church records do not quite agree with Gertrude Traun Schaefers' or her son John E. Schaefers' memories or spelling.

With our ignorance of Slovenian dialects and spelling we are unable to say whether or not the names might be identical - just spelled differently; or whether one is a German version of the other. Spelling not being the long suit of old timers, it seems to us more sensible to accept the official version.

At any rate, the records of the church of Komenda (Moste) procured by Carl Weis from Father Victor Demsar, the parish priest, show that Johann Traun, who was born June 21st, 1821 at his family's inn or "gasthaus" No. 9 Moste, married an Agnete Kosu in 1844 - only to lose her a year later by tuberculosis, shortly after the death of their infant son, Johann.

In 1846, however, Johann Traun was married again, this time to Gertrud Stelle, born March 15, 1823, at No. 13 Podborst, Moste.

Skla, as Grandma spelled it? Schley as John E. Schaefers had it? Or Stelle, as the records plainly show? You take your choice. I choose Stelle.

Carl took some charming color shots of No. 13 Podborst, a fairly large stone house with casement windows, each protected by a graceful lattice of wrought-iron and by blue-painted shutters.
The roof is so deeply slanted (the house is built on a hillside) that at the rear its eaves seem to nestle into the ground. A single dormer window in the roof indicates that there must have been sleeping or storage quarters upstairs.

Carl has this to say: "I was invited to lunch at No. 13 Podburst, the 300-year old house in which great-grandmother Gertrud Stelle (Traun) was born. One room and most of another have undergone no changes since the construction of the home. The original oven is still in use and I had fresh bread baked in it by a hospitable Stelle who still lives in the old family home. The huge hand-hewn beams in the ceilings and the benches built along the walls were part of the original structure. Only electric light has been added in modern times." The lane approaching the house is still a wagon trail, obviously unaccustomed to motor traffic.

It was along this lane on a March morning in 1846 that Gertrud Stelle walked to the Komenda Church in Moste, to be married to the young widower.

Carl's impressions of the church which he visited and photographed: "It's a beautiful church, quite large and impressive and, especially on the interior, very well preserved. The altar, a thing of beauty, was completely handcrafted in 1721. The baptismal fonts where our forebears were baptized are still being used.

"For some reason that I couldn't quite understand, while this church is the official one and contains the archives, there IS another, smaller parish church located about 200 yards from the Traun Gast-Haus. I gather it's been used only on Sundays for many years." Carl Weis reinforced Win's convictions on the ethnic origins of the Trauns in this manner: "Both the Trauns and Stelles were Slovenians as far back as any records go... and any one in the family who remembers Gertrude Traun Schaefers' characteristic ways would feel right at home here in Moste. I love the place and feel comfortable here, just as I did on my earlier visit when I had not yet dug so deep into the past." Win discovered these Slovenian characteristics during her research on Yugo Slavia: "They were always known for their diligence and patience and because they were continually exposed to cultural influences from the West, became the most literate of the South Slays. It also appears that while all Slays - East, West and South - had to submit periodically or constantly to rising Germanic depredations and superimposed influences, the Slovenes lived in relative contentment under Austrian domination." A current description of Lubljiana, capital of Slovenia, seems to bear out this historic judgment. "It is a soft, gentle city... always known for its artistic and cultural ties and it has a tranquil air about it reminiscent of University towns.

"It's pleasant for casual strolling under weeping willow trees lining the Lubljiana River, which gave the town its name, through the cobbled streets, over the three bridges or past the innumerable carved fountains.

"The town is rich with good museums and good restaurants, and the pace is as slow and gradual as the river and the forested slopes of the Kamnik Alps twelve miles away." So perhaps the famed Slovene patience and preoccupation with work made the race bend gracefully to the rod of foreign rule instead of dissipating their energies by fighting a centuries-long, losing battle as the Irish did.

Gertrud, in her bridal finery, was taking on quite a job, for Johann had already adopted two of his first wife's younger brothers; he had inherited a drayage business from his father, a small amount of farm land and the large two-and-one-half story inn or gast-haus in which he had been born. He certainly needed a helpmate and from all indications he got a willing, healthy, hardworking one in Gertrud.

According to John E. Schaefers' memory, the young couple did not live in the gast-haus, but in a place of their own, No. 55 Reijotz, on the road to Laibach. There the young wife gave birth to a son on May 9, 1847. He was named for his father, Johann, as had been Agnete's short-lived boy.

Then at often quite long intervals for those days, Gertrud produced three more sons and four daughters.

The second child, Maria, was born September 22, 1848; the third, Michael on November 19, 1851; the fourth, another girl, Marianna on September 13, 1856. Having Marianna in her arms must have been solace to the young mother, for only a few days after her arrival, the firstborn son, Johann, died - September 19, 1856, at the age of 9. No one seems to know why.

About two years later, on March 16, 1858 along came another girl, named Gertrud for her mother perhaps because their birthdays were only a day apart. This baby was to become the great-grandmother of Carl, John and Scott Schaefers...

Two boys followed her: Francis on September 30, 1860, and still another Johann on September 19, 1863. On July 25, 1865 the family was rounded off with another girl, Anna...
In the meantime, Johann had been working overtime to feed all these mouths. One of the tales told about him by his daughter, Gertrud, permits of differing interpretations... He was accustomed to hauling loads back and forth between Moste and the celebrated seaport of Trieste on the Adriatic, driving over terrifying mountain roads. The distance between Moste and Trieste as the crow flies is 75 miles, but the ups and downs of the mountain trails must have easily doubled the distance.

One trip was indeed unfortunate, as attested by Gertrude Traun Schaefers. Setting out with his team and wagon to pick up a load of salt for a nearby merchant, he carried in his pocket the merchant's 600 guilders in cash to pay for the salt. Staying at a wayside inn overnight he was so tortured by a toothache, that he allowed a fellow traveller to pull the tooth and to dose him with whiskey. Afterward, feeling ill from the pain, he fell asleep, he said, and when he awakened next day was horrified to find that his pockets were open and all his own money, plus the merchant's 600 guilders, had been stolen from him.

Disconsolate, worried, he managed to persuade the salt wholesaler to let him pay off the debt a little at a time. It took him two years to do so; and he never had the courage to tell his wife until long afterward.

His great-grandsons had a bit of sport with the story, Carl Weis writing this to Earl: "I remember Grandmother Schaefers telling me about "der Pap's" dray line. The thing I particularly recall is that times were apparently not easy. The burden of the Inn had put a strain on things and then "der Pap" got rolled in Trieste and I gather this incident speeded his departure for America... I used to kid Grandma about her version of that tremendous toothache and the small amount of whiskey "der Pap" took (purely for medicinal purposes) and how he slept so soundly that "die dieben" were able to steal from him... I do hope, Earl, if you or I ever get rolled it will be under such virtuous circumstances!"

We have no precise chronology of Johann's financial problems but they did exist and were probably largely instrumental in causing his emigration... We do know that the inn burned down at one point and he rebuilt it because of persistent rumors that a railroad was soon to run through Moste to Vienna (probably from Trieste). But when the railroad was finally built elsewhere, he confided to his wife that he feared this would actually bankrupt them.

Father Pierz, himself a Slovenian from Carniola, who often stayed at the Traun Inn when in Europe on leave, kept after Johann to sail for the Promised Land of Minnesota, pointing out that here in Moste he had only a small bit of land but that in Minnesota he could homestead a huge farm and, with the help of his three sons and many daughters, develop it into a small fortune.

So, like Casper Schaefers, Benedict Kost and, for all we know, an early Lang. Johann listened to the little priest's Siren Song and came ever closer to heeding it. Would one Slovene mislead another? Hardly.

Anna Schaefers Weis, Gertrude's daughter and Carl's mother, provided us with some amusing anecdotes of her mother's early life. They could have happened to any child, of course, but somehow they seem authentic and indicate clearly that Gertrude Traun was, even as a child, busy, brash, spunky and incurably talkative.

When she was 4 or 5, Gertrude and her playmates were busying themselves near an excavation which was nearly filled with water from recent rains. Daringly, Gertrude sat on the very edge of it dangling her feet and feeling very important, when suddenly the earth gave way under her and she slipped into deep water. Her companions, including one of her sisters, ran and hid, frightened out of their wits.

A pious spinster of the neighborhood, having persuaded a group of teen-age girls to remain in church after vespers to say the Rosary, was just bringing them home. As they passed the excavation, they saw the child struggling in the water and rescued her. A minute later would have been too late, but as it was, Gertrude recovered quickly after being dried off and put in a warm bed.

Whether the close call was the origin of Gertrude's deep, lifelong religious devotion, we do not know.

Another time, when Gertrude was 6 or 7, she trotted along with her mother to help gather vegetables in their garden outside the village. Noticing a flock of chickens peacefully feeding, Gertrude had an uncontrollable impulse to stamp her foot at them and say "scat" or the Slovenian equivalent. The next instant, the hens' lord and master, a big ill-tempered rooster, was sitting on Gertrude's head, pecking away and beating her with his wings. Before her mother could rescue her, little Gertrude got a few scars, a good scare and a new respect for and dislike of roosters.

Johann continued to work as hard as he could, and, to supplement their income, he hauled lumber from sawmill to dealer. He also derived some income from a blacksmith shop he owned and rented out, and his whole family were as saving and thrifty as they could be.
This early training must obviously be responsible for Gertrud's habit of picking up garden twigs from her trees to use as kindling; of turning and re-turning her little calico dresses and the thousand and one economies she practiced to her grandchildren's embarrassment and wonder.

Finally, by the mid 1860's, Johann Traun decided after much soul searching, to try his luck in America. Perhaps he might not make a fortune there, he reasoned, for he was already in his forties, but surely his sons would have more opportunities there and his daughters could find good hardworking husbands. Besides, Father Pierz, holy man that he was, had gone so far as to PROMISE Johann work in the new world, insisting that Johann come direct to him at the Benedictine Abbey near St. Cloud as soon as he arrived in Minnesota.

It was settled then that Johann, his eldest daughter, Mary, 19, and his bachelor brother, Thomas, should go first, leaving Gertrud Stelle Traun, his wife, with the six younger children.

There are conflicting versions of how Johann and Gertrud worked out their financial problems.

One source says they went bankrupt. Another says they sold the hotel. Gertrude, their daughter, remembers that after her father's departure, she, her mother, and her remaining brother, and sisters, lived in rooms above the blacksmith shop, which, she believed, they owned.

With sorrow at parting but hope for a quick reunion, the three voyagers travelled 500 miles to the north German port of Hamburg, where they boarded a steamship for New York. Crossing the Atlantic in 18 days, they landed in the strange new country in January, 1867. They took a train to St. Paul, but here their money gave out.

So off they trudged the 60 miles to the Benedictine Abbey, following the railroad tracks.

The abbey and the Seminary of St. John's, which had been established on its present site March 15, 1859, was launching a building campaign and needed strong muscles. They had acquired the land with money lent Abbot Wimmer, OSB, by King Ludwig I of Bavaria for the express purpose of founding a convent. But Ludwig was not likely to know the difference, the fathers perhaps reasoned, and it was much more important at this point, they felt, to get themselves well established and to train more priests.

Indeed, they were probably quite sensible in misappropriating the funds. Minnesota was not ready for the teaching or nursing ministrations of the sisters. They were to come later.

The Benedictines, prompted by Father Pierz, were happy to put Johann to work digging a basement for a new church; and Tom in the new sawmill that was turning out lumber for the ambitious building program.

Honoring her brother's promise, Father Pierz' sister took Mary into her home at St. Joseph for a short time, but Mary got a job almost immediately doing housework for a local family. Within 10 months of her arrival in Minnesota, she was married to Conrad Schaefers and went with him to his homestead near St. Martin.

Conrad, who seemed to have a passion for homesteading, persuaded Johann, his father-in-law, early in 1868 to file on some land in Zion Township, so he would have a home ready and waiting for his family as they followed him to America... Whenever he could spare the time, Johann went out to his homestead, clearing as much of the land as he could, and even building a shanty on it.

In either 1868 or 1869, two more Trauns were chosen to make the journey from Moste - the oldest son, Michael, just 16 in 1869, and the next oldest boy, Frank, who was nine in 1869. We presume they, too, were to leave from Hamburg. (If another port, its name is not known.) When Michael and Frank arrived at their port of emabarcation, the legend goes, they discovered that the ship on which their passage had been booked had already sailed for New York; and that the line would not have another ship leaving for a month.

Michael resourcefully appealed to a wealthy local woman. Some versions say she was a sister of an Austrian Baron known to Gertrud Stelle Traun; some claim the Trauns knew her through the popular Father Pierz. In any event, she gave Michael work in her gardens, permitting the brothers to live in her home for the intervening weeks. Did anyone write to Johann at St. John's in Minnesota, to tell him of this change of plans? If so, he did not receive the message. But in due time word reached the German community around St. Cloud that the first ship, the one the boys were scheduled to sail on, had been lost at sea. So Johann assumed his sons were lost, and he bowed under another of the blows life had dealt him.

When the next ship sailed, Mike and Frank were on it of course, and 20 days later they
reached New York where they took a train to Chicago and from Chicago to St. Paul. There
they found food and shelter by telling their sad tale of missed connections to settlers
along the trail to St. Cloud and, except for one wild incident, they had an uneventful, if
slow, journey...

The pair were half-way across a railroad trestle bridge when they saw a train
approaching rapidly. Michael told Frank to imitate him and duck through the rails and
hang on for dear life. The youngster obeyed, although he screamed bloody murder as the
train roared overhead. When it had passed, Michael hoisted Frank to his feet and they
continued shakily on their way, not knowing that this was their second narrow escape from
death since they had left Moste.

When they reached St. Cloud, they inquired at several taverns for their father and
uncle. One of the proprietors, hearing their tale, suggested that they walk on to St.
Joseph, a village near the Abbey, explaining: "All the 'Krainers' (Minnesota slang for
Slovenes) in the neighborhood go there to church on Sunday and then spend the rest of the
day in the saloon, visiting and playing cards!" Sure enough, the brothers found their
father and Uncle Tom, who were so relieved and shocked to see the boys back from a watery
grage, that they had to be revived with a little slivovitz; and probably all the other
Krainers joined them to celebrate this miracle.

Little Frank was sent to live for a time with his sister Mary and her husband, Conrad
Schaefers, and here he made himself useful in return for room and board. Johann procured a
job for Michael with a St. Cloud blacksmith but it was not to Michael's liking. He had
trouble learning English and he grew unbearably lonely for his father and the sound of his
native tongue; so one night he ran away to St. John's Abbey.

The Benedictines, seeing that he looked husky, gave him a job at the Abbey for $14 a
month plus found. Later, young Frank also joined the other Trauns at St. John's, getting a
job in the kitchen. Still later, he stayed with Casper and Henry Schaefers on their
homestead, acquiring some rudimentary education at the Richmond school.

It was spring in Moste, and the year was 1870. One fine day Gertrud Stelle Traun
journeyed to Vienna to get a passport to America for herself (now 47); Mary Ann, 14;
Gertrude, 12; John, 7, and Anna, 5.

At last, the entire Traun family was to be re-united in the new world! This ocean voyage
took only 13 days, and the railway trip from New York to St. Cloud (with the many changes
from one line to another that were required) took five days. They stayed overnight at
George Schaefers' St.

Cloud hotel there, then continued on to the village of St. Joseph, where Johann met
them.

He escorted them to the Zion township homestead shanty, which he had made quite
presentable by now, but the next day had to leave them and return to his job at St. John's
Abbey. We may presume Mary welcomed her mother soon, and Gertrud Stelle Traun had the
satisfaction of dandling her first grandchildren on her knee. Michael and Frank Traun,
grown apace, surely tried to impress their younger sisters and brothers with their
superior knowledge of the new world - and no doubt succeeded. So even if the family wasn't
all under one roof, it was much better than being separated by an ocean and part of two
continents.

Money was still scarce, so Gertrude, already a veteran employee as baby-sitter and
general helper, got a job with the Weiers, and as we mentioned in the Schaefers History,
gave half of her meager earnings to her mother.

The brave and adventurous Traun family was not to rejoice in its reunion for long. In
June 1871, Michael, now 18, appeared at the door of the homestead shanty with grave and
disquieting news. His father was very ill at St. John's, and Michael and his mother were
to hitch the team of horses to the wagon and drive quickly to the Abbey. Gertrud was to
bring Johann "home"; whether this was at his request or at the Benedictines', we do not
know.

Hurrying and half-distracted, they reached St. John's to find Johann already delirious
and in great pain, with his face frightfully swollen. After getting the suffering man
settled as comfortably as possible in the wagon, Gertrud drove off (probably accompanied
by Thomas Traun), for Michael had to stay on at his job. What a ghastly 20-mile journey
for Gertrud it must have been! Near Richmond, they were caught in a fearful thunderstorm
and drenching rain, but Gertrud insisted on pushing on with her dying husband until they
reached home. Two days later, June 5, 1871, Johann died of erysipelas (an acute infectious
disease of the skin). He had been reunited with his family just 10 months and two days,
when he was gone forever, leaving them to cope with all the uncertainties of the new
world.
But good unquestioning Catholics that they were, they accepted their loss as the will of God and got along as best they could without husband and father.

Michael left his job at St. John's to be the man of the family on the farm. Mary Traun Schaefers gave her mother and younger brothers and sister as much of her time and help as she could spare from her own rapidly growing family. Conrad, her husband, helped Michael break new land for crops... and life went on...

The first wedding in the family circle after Mary's marriage in 1867 to Conrad, involved another Traun female (Gertrude) and another Schaefers male (Hermann). It took place less than two years after Johann's death.

Three years later, in 1876, another Traun daughter was to wed. Mary Ann, just 20, became Mrs. Joseph Zackowski. Her husband, 22, had been born in Mt. Carroll, Illinois. They went to live in Melrose just south of Sauk Centre.

Blood lines crossed for the third time in the family wedding, in 1879, when Michael Traun, 26, married Crecensia Kost, 20, the daughter of Clemens and Theresa Kost. After a spell of soldiering in the Dakotas, Michael had given over the running of the Traun household to his younger brothers, Frank, 19, and John, 16, feeling, no doubt, that it was time to start a dynasty of his own.

Anna Schaefers Weis informs us she has a photograph of Michael and Crecensia, though whether it was taken at the time of their marriage, we do not know... Michael farmed near St. John's and later went into the farm machinery business in Richmond.

Ten years elapsed before wedding bells rang again for Traun nuptials. In the interval, the hamlet of Roscoe was established on a branch railroad running between St. Cloud and Willmar... The side of immigrants continued passing through to the frontier, now pushed far beyond Stearns county... Buckboards were replacing oxen or horse-drawn carts and wagons... A terrible diphtheria epidemic decimated the ranks of small children in the area. Crecensia Kost Traun lost two small sisters and Gertrude Traun Schaefers, her first-born, Heinrich.

In 1889, Anna, the youngest of the clan, now a young lady of 24, married Christian Lauer, about three years her senior. They "went farming" near St. Martin and eventually became the parents of a round dozen children, nine of them sons, including a pair of twins.

A year later, John Traun, 27, took a bride, Johanna Ahmann, 20, and it was agreed that the young couple should buy the homestead and operate it. Gertrud Traun was 67 now, her brood grown, and she was ready to let the next generation take over the reins. She remained with Johanna and John for seven years and then she went to live with her daughter and son-in-law, Gertrude and Hermann Schaefers, on their place near Roscoe.

Her stay there was short, for she died January 7, 1899, and had the dubious honor of being the first person buried in the new graveyard of St. Agnes' Church in Roscoe... For 18 years Johann's bones had laid in the Richmond Cemetery, but Gertrud Stelle Traun had spent so many years of her life separated from him that she must have become inured to the idea by now.

The following spring, after his mother had gone, Frank Thomas, now almost 40 and still a bachelor, decided to go up north to International Falls on the Canadian border... He wanted, he said, to get up into the tall timber to hunt and fish and rest... So he bought a team of mules from Chris Lauer and set out.

But the weather was wet and the roads almost impassable, so when he got to Park Rapids, 100 miles north, he stopped to wait for drier weather. Once he got acquainted with the area, he never thought of leaving it...

In 1900 he homesteaded 160 acres bordering a lake, but he didn't bother much with farming it.

He preferred to spend his time netting whitefish and selling them by the barrel. There were lots of loggers in the neighborhood, so Frank did a little bootlegging, to slake their tremendous thirsts.

Just before he and Anna Marie Wehage, a local girl, decided to marry, Frank sold his homestead acres. He was sorry he'd sold when Anna Marie said "Yes", so he tried to buy back the farm but failed. However, he bought another one nearby. When they were married, in 1905, Frank was 45 and Anna Marie, 16. They had a family of seven, three sons and four daughters.

Somewhere in the family archives there are yellowing newspaper clippings reporting the astonishing and triumphant news of Anna Marie's and Frank's golden wedding anniversary celebration in 1955, when Frank was 95, Anna Marie, 66. We only wish we could re-print the story here . . .
The old pioneer from Moste lived another year after that, to a record 96, which made him the longest-lived member of his family, Gertrude Traun Schaefers being the only one who came close — 93.

The following chapters will be short because we have nothing but the most scanty information about the Traun progeny...

We have already referred to the issue of Mary and Gertrude Traun Schaefers in the Schaefers section, as is proper.

Proceeding chronologically then, by date of marriage, we come to the children of Mary Ann Traun Zackowski and her husband, Joseph. Mary Ann died rather young (44) but first she succeeded in bearing five sons and as many daughters. Her first child, John, was born in 1880 and died in 1928 without ever having married.

A daughter, Frances, born in 1881, married Fritz Schaefer in 1901, but not one of the ex-Paderborn family with the double-S.

A son, Leo, born in 1883, died at 43, still a bachelor. Veronica, born in 1886, married Leonard Kolb in 1911; and her brother Edward, born two years later, married Edward's sister, Anna Kolb.

Rose, born in 1891, never married; Alois, who was born in 1893, married a Canadian girl named Leona, but they had no children so far as we know. Alois died in 1963.

Andrew, who arrived in 1895, is another Zackowski, who did not marry. He lived to the age of 56. His sister Agnes, who was born in 1898 and who still lives, was the fifth of the then TraunZackowskis who never married.

The sixth, Anna, born in 1900, about six months before her mother died, became a bride of Christ, when she entered the Order of St. Francis and took the name Sister Agatha. She entered at 17, made her first vows at 19, her final vows when she was 22. On May 21, 1967 she was feted on her golden anniversary as a nun-teacher at parochial schools in Minnesota — the affair took place at St. Joseph's Parish School, Waite Park, Minn. She was photographed for the occasion in her new modern habit, and said she intended to go on teaching 3rd grade for many years! Michael Traun and Crescencia Kost had seven but here again, our knowledge of them is sporadic, with no dates and in some cases, no spouses' names ... Gertrude, doubtless born about 1880, married Charles Nierenhausen; Theresa, John Rothstein; Ida, a man named Young; Susan, a Montanan whose last name was Bunchon. (She still lives in Great Falls, Mont.) Margaret, or "Maggie" as she was called, married a barber whose name was McCarthy. Frank, one of the. only two sons, married a Miss Young, probably the sister of Ida's husband. We have only the baptismal names of the last two, Leo and Rose.

Anna Traun, the youngest of the family, and Christian Lauer had a houseful of boys (nine) and only three girls. Once all those boys got their growth, Christian must surely never have needed a hired man on the St. Martin farm...

The firstborn, Chris. Jr., who arrived in 1890, married Barbara Wilms in 1920. (And, if we are not mistaken, Barbara belonged to a branch of the same family as did Peter, who wed Adelle Kost a few years later).

A daughter, Cecelia Lauer, born two years later, never married, and now lives, we hear, in Casper, Wyoming. William, who came on the scene in 1894, married Mary Walker of Argyle, Minn.; Leonard, born in 1895, took Lydia Backes as his bride. Lydia, who was born in 1902 died in St. Cloud in 1958.

Anna, who appeared in 1897, never married and died at only 38... George, who was born in the last year of the 19th century, remained single, to our knowledge, and he now makes his home in Parker's Prairie, Minn., about 56 miles north of Roscoe. Joseph, whose birthdate was May 22, 1901, died at only 35. He had been married to Marie Backes, who may have been Lydia's sister.

Alphonse Lauer, born 1903, married Miss Marie Zierden of New 'Munich, and they still live there. Theodore, born as one might suppose during Teddy Roosevelt's administration (1904) was apparently married, but we do not know his wife's name. He is now the proprietor of a restaurant at Maple Lake, Minn.

The next two Lauer boys, Isadore and Benjamin, were twins, born in 1907. Isadore, who lives in Paynesville, never married; while Ben's wife, Anna Oltmer, was an Idahoan. There the family still lives... The tenth and last of Anna's and Christian's children, a girl, Monica, born in 1910, married Maurice Klein of Melrose.

John and Johanna (male and female versions of the same name!) Ahmann Traun who farmed the Old homestead in Zion Township, not far from Richmond, reared 11 children, 8 girls and three boys, nearly reversing the Lauer's ratio. We have no dates for any of these offspring but assume they were born between 1891 and approximately 1915. We are also not
sure this order is correct. Clara Traun, who married Constant Younger, lives in Burbank, California. Elizabeth married Ted Meinz, a Minneapolis merchant. Agatha was married to a Mr. Cook and Marie to a man named Shultenover or Schultenberger. Alvina became the wife of another Schaefer and Hildegarde of a Mr. Wright, while Bernadette became a nun. Of the three sons, Mark, Alfred (or Albert?) and Herbert Traun, we have no facts at all.

The last of the Trauns to marry - Frank Thomas - became the father of seven, and we have received very neat and complete information on them from his widow, Anna Marie Wehage Traun, now 77, who lives in Moorhead, Minn., in winter, and at her lake-side farm in summer.

Their first child, a daughter, born in 1901, named Mary Anna, married Alfred Loftus and they live in Roswell, New Mexico. They have no children... Francis Xavier, born in 1908, married Elva Korth. Their home is in Shevlin, Minn.

John Joseph, who arrived in 1910, married Myrtle Brainerd, and they make their home in Moorhead, Minnesota... Clare Cecelia Traun (born 1912) married Andrew Berg of Nevis, Minnesota; they have no issue. George Leonard (1914) took Regina Baker as his wife and Quincy, Mass., as his home. They, too, have no children.

The last child of Frank and Anna Marie Traun, Agatha, married Raymond Welle of Dilworth, Minnesota.

As we pointed out in another section of the family history, it is interesting to notice how the descendents of these immigrants, after one or two generations, began taking husbands or wives with very un-Germanic names, just another proof (by now a cliche) of the melting-pot character of the USA.

Again, the 59-year span between the birth of Mary Traun Schaefer's first child in approximately 1868 - and Frank Traun's last, in 1927, is notable.

We now come to the current generation of Traun descendants, though "current" is a kind of movable feast, considering how fast children grow up and marry, and how soon a current generation is no longer current.

Missing, unfortunately, are the grandchildren of Michael and Crecensia Kost Traun as well as those of John and Johanna Ahmann Traun. However, we do have the grandchildren of Mary Ann Traun and Joseph Zackowski brought up to date; and those of Anna Traun and Chris Lauer. Gertrude Traun's grandchildren are discussed of course in the Schaeferes section.

Frances Zackowski, who married Fritz Schaefer in 1901, had five: Rose, born in 1906 in Roscoe, married Edward Torberg there; Irene, born in 1909, married Al Louis and later, when he died, became Mrs. George Benke of St. Augusta; Barbara, born in 1902 in St. Cloud, married Frank Thole, but she died only four years later, in August of 1924; Anthony, 1903, took Luella Beumer as a bride and they live in St. Augusta; Edmund, born in 1905, married Ursula Rieschel.

Veronica Zackowski Kolb had three: Joseph born about 1912; Florenz and Leonora. Joseph married Irene Braun and they live in St. Paul. Florenz married a girl named Betty; and Leonora is Mrs. Palmer Graber of California.

Edward Zackowski, who married Anna Kolb, fathered two children: Dorothy, who became Mrs. Joseph Jendruck; and Donald. Anna died in 1959 but Edward Zackowski may still be living in Westlock, Canada.

Francis Xavier and Elva Korth Traun (Francis is a son of the patriarch, Frank) had four sons: John Franklin, 1937; David William, 1944; Daniel James, 1945 and Michael Francis, 1951.

John Joseph and Myrtle Brainerd Traun of Moorhead, Minn., have two daughters and two sons - Judith Ann, 1938; Margaret Joan, 1943; Robert John, 1951 and James Francis, 1954.

To complete the grandchildren of Frank and Anna Marie, Dorothy Agatha Traun, wife of Raymond Welle, of Dilworth, Minn., gave birth to three sons and two daughters: Patricia Clare, 1946; Cyril Raymond, 1948; James Henry, 1949; Carol Jane, 1951 and Steven George, 1957.

Anna Traun Lauer, with her 12 children, four of whom remained single, still had 34 grandchildren - and, as nearly as we can ascertain, 81 great-grandchildren (though we have no names or dates for them)... Chris. Jr., and Barbara Wilms Lauer had nine offspring: Clarence and his wife Marie Spanier of St. Martin, had two; Victor and his wife, Hildegard Silvers, had twelve; Romul and Marie Schaefer Lauer, six; Ralph and his frau, Marie Thomas, two; Walter, who married a Miss Stock of St. Joseph, fathered four; Alois and his wife, a Miss Torberg of Richmond, produced five; Florian Lauer and his wife (whose maiden name we do not have) had six; Rose Marie Lauer and her husband, Ted Gram, are the parents of two.

All of Anna's and Christian's children made their living farming, with these exceptions: Art Lauer, who, incidentally, with his wife Ann, had no children, is a depot agent; Walter
is a teacher and a superintendent of schools; Alois is a teacher; Florian a Director of Agriculture; and Rose Marie, whose husband is a pharmacist, is herself a registered nurse.

On the basis of available information on the Kost-Schaefers-Lang-Traun tribe, it seems that vocations to the religious life were very few for such pious Roman Catholic stock. The Trauns, alone, produced four nuns, and the two priests we know of were Father Harold Kost (now about 45 years old) and Father Fidelis Becker.

With all their sterling qualities of courage, industry, thrift and family solidarity, descendants of peasants and petty bourgeois are, almost of necessity, materialists. While strict and loyal in the observance of their religion (whether Roman Catholic or Lutheran) their natures are usually not tuned to the spirituality of vocation.

But give them time. After a few more generations of education and broadening cultural influences, they will undoubtedly produce their share of archbishops, artists, writers, musicians and philosophers - whose names and accomplishments will, we hope, be added to this history...