

FORTY-EIGHT YEARS IN DANE COUNTY
THE EXPERIENCES OF A GERMAN PIONEER OF DANE COUNTY

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Otto Kerl was born on February 12, 1822, in Langensalza in the province of Saxony. Therefore he is now in the eighty-fourth year of his life. Every second Wednesday, he comes to Madison and whoever sees him there, as he walks up and down the streets faster than a young man, finds it hard to believe that, here is someone who left the Biblical age far behind him. Here let it be observed that Mr. Kerl was able, several years ago to celebrate his Golden Wedding Anniversary with his third wife, who still is his very able life's companion today. He comes from a long-lived family. His father who died in 1892 in Germany reached the age of ninety-six. Today the son's exceptional vitality seems to promise that he will even surpass his father's age. Although he has lived a life of hard work and hardships, still he has kept a surprising mental alertness and remembers long ago events, with extraordinary clearness. He can page through his life's experiences as in a book. For more than half a century he practiced the homeopathic method of cure, which he learned in Germany, for the benefit of his fellow men. Even today his advice is sought from near and far but he spurns using his experiences and knowledge as a physician as a source of income. When we were at his place recently, he was consulted by someone who had travelled over thirty miles to get his advice. The old practitioner charged a total of ten cents for his trouble.

Otto Kerl came to America in the year 1847, as a young man of twenty-five years. In 1829 the Röbling brothers of Michlhausen, one of whom had built the famous bridges over Niagara and over the East River in New York, had already tried, on the occasion of a visit to Germany, to persuade the father of Mr. Kerl to come along to the New World, but in vain.

Otto Kerl's father was a brewer in Langensalza, the son followed the same calling. In the early spring of 1847, he decided to journey to America, and took passage in a Bremen sailing ship, a bark which landed him in New York, May 1st, 1847. The ocean voyage, lasted forty days, and cannot have been very pleasant. There were 125 immigrants, mostly from Bavaria, on the little ship. Mr. Kerl can still remember, how on the way, on Maundy Thursday, there was a bad storm, that broke the main mast. He himself, helped the ship's carpenter, repair the damage temporarily. The exciting scenes, as they took place during the partial disaster, are still unforgotten in his memory today.

In the city of New York the hero of the tale stayed only a short time, as he was interested in seeking work in a brewery. He had the urge to go West. To get there in those days was not such an easy matter, as it is today, when you can reach the Middle West by train in barely twenty-four hours. He went up the Hudson River by boat, to Albany. Hunting pouch and rifle were part of the equipment of the traveler. From Albany he went on by the Canal. The Canal trip was a very monotonous passtime, so that many of the travelers decided to leave the boat, and go on foot along the Canal. Here and there, they had a chance to try out their guns. Otto Kerl was one of those who decided to walk.

Soon after the departure from Albany, he had a big surprise. He suddenly heard a voice in his ear, "Mr. Kerl, is it you, or your ghost?" as he turned around, he found a fellow countryman, from his town, a certain silk weaver, who was not a little surprised, to run into an acquaintance on the Hudson. In his company, was Conrad Scheele, a young man from the vicinity of Hanover, who remained Otto Kerl's traveling companion, from then on.

The trip on and along the Canal ended in Buffalo, the railroad could be used, by day they went along the Canal by foot, by night they rode on the train. Occasionally, the travelers would separate on their route. Conrad Scheele who was sparsely supplied with the travel necessities, (which, by the way were meagre enough, for all travellers) tried to save especially by walking even at night. He had the bad luck, to boot, of losing a dollar, which Otto Kerl had loaned him. There were many imigrants on the Canal boat. The imigration agents had deceived the travellers into thinking that they would be able to ride from Albany, by train. But when the time came, everyone was piled into the boat.

In Buffalo, various inn-keepers, who were related, probably, to the infamous species of imigrant skimmers, tried to dissuade the German imigrants from going to the West, but had no luck in this. In passing, it should be noted that the Ocean trip to New York had cost \$50. 00. The ride on the propeller from Buffalo to Milwaukee, took three days.

Milwaukee was at that time, a little city, of perhaps six thousand inhabitants. The landing dock was teeming, with inn-keepers and their agents. Otto Kerl managed to get as guide, the services of an inn-keeper who promised to take him to Kerl's brother-in-law, Edward Klopffleisch, who was a cabinet-maker, and who already had worked on a farm, of a Frenchman at Koshkonong Lake, and in general, knew his way around. Kerl, and his companion were eager to settle down in the interior of the state,

or rather, territory of Wisconsin. Brother-in-law Klopfleisch, desisted from giving any advice and confined himself to the information, "Go yourself and look." So it came about that the two would-be farmers, Kerl and Scheele, after supplying themselves with the most necessary provisions, left Milwaukee again, after only a few days and headed West, on foot of course.

The first stopping place was Prairieville, the present, Waukesha. They hoped to be able to get the necessary supply of bread there. But the so ardently desired article, could not be drummed up and they had to hike on, without bread. This precious gift of God, was also not to be had at the widely separated farms along the road or rather the direction of the road. Night fell and the tired wanderers had to look about for some shelter, as a storm was brewing. Kerl, finally made himself comfortable in a barn, Scheele tried a straw-stack, until the unfavorable weather forced him to share the quarters of his companion.

The road led the two from Prairieville to Jefferson, where they found a comfortable inn. For the night's lodging, the bill amounted to twenty-five cents, for the breakfast next morning, fifty cents. From Jefferson, their road led to the present day Lake Mills, where a sheep barn, offered them, lodging for the night. The next day's hike ended in the present day Sun Prairie, once again with a barn as a sleeping place. Tired legs, and good conscience, gave the travellers a good night's rest here too, which was only disturbed along about three o'clock in the morning, by a loud noise. It was as if cannon shots were being fired. Jumping up from their primitive resting-place, the travellers discovered that swarms of prairie chickens, which ran into the thousands, had disturbed the night's rest, with the beating of their wings. The sight of the many wild fowl was really something novel for the Germans, and they tried out their rifle with success. Then the hike was continued in the direction of Madison, which they reached in the early forenoon of their fourth day on foot.

The town of Madison, at that time, a comparatively small one, whose eastern half was mostly covered with woods. In a log cabin, our travelers found Old Man Sprecher busy brewing beer. They did not get the opportunity, to taste his beer, and they wandered on farther into the town. There on Main Street, where Meyers' Tavern is today, was a temperance saloon. On State Street where Voyt's brewery was later built, stood an old frame house. Here lived a German or Pennsylvania Dutchman named Mallon. His wife was

German. The wanderers asked her for bread. She had none, but promised to bake some. While she was engaged in this occupation, the two travelers sat down on a wooded hill close by, where Hausmans Brewery affords a hospitable place of rest for the tired wanderer today.

May 17th, 1905

The bread which Mrs. Mallon had baked for them was devoured by our two wanderers with no small enjoyment. In the afternoon they set out on their march toward the West, in the direction of Springfield. Where the village of Pheasant Branch stands today, there was at that time a single house. It was occupied by a negro who worked for Senator Whittlesey, the pioneer farmer of the Town of Middleton. On the prairie between Pheasant Branch and Springfield Corners, the travelers saw a house inhabited by a certain Bardsley who lived on a large farm, which belonged to an American. They met Bardsley on the way, he came with his wife in a sled drawn by oxen, apparently they had been to a church service, because it was Sunday. Both Germans were not a little amazed that sleds were still used in America, during the time that the grass was tall, certainly in those pioneer days the prairie of Dane County was ill-suited for travel by coaches and wagons.

A short stretch farther our heroes found something for which they had already searched in vain, for several hours, namely a spring, at which they could rest. Over the camp-fire they roasted two prairie chickens which they had killed that morning. The water of the spring was unfit for drinking, but, they caught sight of a small lake (not far from the later Grosz farm) at a small distance from them and also noticed a man who was getting water there. He was, as it turned out a certain Clark who kept a roadside inn. Hardly a gun-shot from Clark's place, there was another tavern, for which the two strangers headed. This tavern was managed by, Joseph Knipschild, a Westphalian, who was in his middle thirties, and who had already lived in Illinois for a few years. He had just recently come to Dane County and had built a house, that had not yet been completed, when Kerl and Scheele arrived there. In front of the house there was a well, at which, the thirsty wanderers could quench their thirst. When Knipschild saw them, he called to them, "Yes, yes, you greenhorns drink. Where are you going?" A lively conversation soon followed. Since a heavy storm threatened, they stayed over night with Knipschild. The next morning, Mrs. Knipschild drove a Swiss, who had also spent

the night there, to Sauk City by wagon. Kerl and Scheele rode along as far as the Wisconsin River, and then wandered up the river on foot, as far as Lodi Creek and up this stream, in order to become better acquainted with country. It was a hot sultry day, and the homesteaders were often drenched. That evening they stayed overnight in a half-finished log cabin, whose occupants were Irish. In the basement, a fire burned, at which their wet clothes were hung overnight. They didn't dry though.

The following morning, the march along Lodi Creek was continued. Otto Kerl came upon a piece of land, which pleased him very much, since it seemed especially suitable for the establishment of a brewery. But the beautiful plan to bless the wilderness with an industry, for the good of thirsty humanity, soon came to nothing. They came upon a board with the word "Claimed" on it. The land had therefore already found its lover. The march continued. Not long afterwards the wanderers arrived at a frame house. The miller from Lodi, wanted to establish a saw-mill here. Accompanied by his big dog, he came to the place while Kerl and Scheele had made themselves comfortable in the shade and were eating their breakfast, at which the very last sausage, brought along from Germany (it must have been of hearty stuff) met its end. In the neighborhood of the just mentioned place, a Pennsylvanian, named Ramstatter, whose father-in-law, Raab, also a Pennsylvanian, lived a short distance away, had settled.

On the afternoon of the same day they went back to the quarters of Knipschild. There, Otto Kerl received his first seriously ill patient in America. Knipschild's wife was very ill in consequence of a miscarriage, and they feared the worst. Conrad Scheele had to drive post haste to Sauk City, although he had never before held a rein in his hand, to bring back the missionary, Father Maximilian. Meanwhile, Kerl, who had his little traveling medical kit, of eighty medicines with him, lent a helping hand to the invalid. Mrs. Knipschild became well again, and the priest paid Mr. Kerl the compliment of saying that, his help had warded off the danger.

Knipschild's house was much better furnished than the usual taverns of that time. It had, in addition to the bar-room, a dining room and was the first real house that Kerl and Scheele had come upon, on their travels.

From here they undertook an expedition towards the town of Cross Plains on the next day Knipschild, had spoken of a large spring, the "Big Spring" that lay about halfway, between Springfield Corners and Cross Plains, it has now been dry for many years.

That was something for Otto Kerl, who was thinking of establishing a brewery, and who was more satisfied in the woods, than on the prairie. He later started to build a brewery, which Jacob Leinenkugel (who years later became a successful brewer in Eau Claire) wanted to operate with him. But the brewery never was completed, the building is still standing as a shed on Kerl's farm.

From the Big Spring they wandered on to another good spring, where Jac Esser's brewery is today, on the boundary of the Town of Cross and Berry, at that time called Farmersville. Their way again led out into the Prairie, a mile above the present day Cross Plains railroad station. John Thompson, the only settler, and known as "Fat Thompson" had a postal station. Today Herman Festge's home stands on this site. The neighborhood was still very sparsely settled. The next house from Thompson's was the one where Roelke lives today. On the present day Partridge farm lived a certain Simpson, who kept a large number of sheep and cattle, and whose son now lives in Black Earth. James Haynes lived on a farm where Mrs. Albert Festge has her home today. Crowton had settled down where Wm. Rolf's place is today, Stambridge, about halfway between Cross Plains and Black Earth. The roads at that time, were already laid out. A so-called Military Road led through the Black Earth Valley.

The grass on the prairie stood very high. Where there were woods, they were as neat as orchards, because the fire destroyed the underbrush each year. You could only see big trees. All the underbrush that you see today in the Towns of Cross Plains and Berry, has grown up since that time, since the destruction by fire has been ended through the establishment of farms.

May 24th, 1905

On their land seeking journey Kerl and Scheele, went along the old Military Road, that goes from Sauk City, through Pine Bluff to Mineral Point, and from there on farther West. At that time, as pine logs from the North were floated down the Wisconsin, the road was much traveled by raftmen, who were going to and coming from the Wisconsin River. The road went by Thompson's place.

Kerl, and his companion, reached in their wandering a piece of land in Section 27 of Berry Township, which pleased the former very much, again it was a beautiful spring that struck his eye. He decided to settle on this place. First he had to go back to Knipschids. On the way there, the homesteaders saw a large band of deer, wading

through a small lake. The desire to hunt awoke in them, but, still they couldn't get a shot, as the animals had disappeared by the time, the travelers reach the lake. Game was then very abundant in the neighborhood. Often, more than twenty deer were counted in one herd, on the plain.

The following day, they had to make a journey, on foot, from Knipschids to Madison, where Kerl bought a pair of shoes, and an axe in order to begin the work of clearing the woods.

The next job, after the return from Madison was to register the land the "Claim". From Sauk City, a surveyor by the name of Baxter was engaged, and the land was marked off.

The section lines were already determined by the government. On a blazed tree the marker, was found, from which, Otto Kerl, could stake out his "Claim." The next day, they started for the "Federal Land Office" in Mineral Point, of course, on Shenk's Mares, although the distance from Knipschild's place, to Mineral Point, was forty-nine miles.

Scheele was Kerl's companion on the way that led over the Military Road through the present Pine Bluff, Pokerville, and Dodgeville. The road was in fairly good condition, about the way the present country roads are. From Madison, the mail went to Mineral Point.

It was a very tiring trip that the two Pioneers from Berry made. On the way, they met no one, until they reached Pokerville (near the present Mt. Horeb) they didn't find a single drop of water to drink. To quench their thirst they chewed, couch-grass.

Just at supper-time they reach Mineral Point. They were served soft boiled eggs, and poor Scheele, became not a little angry when he too roughly set to and managed to get the entire content of an egg over his hand. Mineral Point, was at that time, a very thriving place, where you could buy everything. Money was as plentiful as hay. At the inns, nothing was lacking, for a "drink" you had to pay ten cents.

Next morning, the first of June, the two friends went to the Federal Land Office. Otto Kerl got his first papers, and bought 160 acres of land in Section 27 of the present Township of Berry. He paid down on a small sum for it. (The next year, he bought himself a so-called, Military Claim. The land cost about \$1.00 an acre.) The same day they started the return journey to Knipschids, where they arrived in the evening.

June 7th, 1905

Our description of the pioneer adventures of our friend Otto Kerl and Conrad Scheele, had to be interrupted last week. Today we are going ahead with the story.

We left the two on the evening, when they had returned, still on foot, to Knipschids, near the present Springfield Corners, from Mineral Point, Sheele had "claimed" for himself 160 acres that lay directly South of Kerl's claim. His one time farm, is today owned by his step-son Wm. Rolf.

The following morning, they went from Knipschids, back to the claim in Berry Township, then called "Farmersville." The two pioneers began to fell trees, for a log house. First though, they put up a hut and indeed, in the simplest possible manner, for they put poles through the forks of opposite trees, and used branches and such for a roof. As a site for the house, they chose the foot of the hill, that bordered the west slope of the valley, in which, the two pioneers gradually laid out fields. The house stood directly below the present Kerl dwelling house, near the spring that vigorously gushed forth from the hill. The above-mentioned hut lay a little farther up the valley slope.

The pioneers eagerly devoted themselves to the, at least for Scheele, unaccustomed labor with the axe. With a scythe borrowed from Knipschild, the lush growing grass was cut, and made into hay, that could be used for various purposes.

On the first Sunday, Knipschild came, with his horses, and helped haul the felled trees. Otherwise, no one helped, with the house-raising. The house measured, sixteen by fourteen feet. The black oaks growing sparsely in the valley were used for the logs; the valley was otherwise prairie.

The hill on the east side of the valley, grew only hazel-bushes, that on the west side, however, beautiful, thick trees, under which, the forestfires had cleared out all of the under-brush, so that the hill looked like a park or an orchard. The neighborhood offered a very romantic picture.

For four weeks, the pioneers lived in their hut, until they had so far completed their house, that they could lay a ceiling of logs over the first story and then achieve, a more comfortable shelter.

The making of a roof was for the time being, not to be thought of. The chinks between the logs were filled with straw or hay and mud.

The manner of living of the young pioneers, during the building time, was the simplest imaginable. Every second day, one of them, went to Knipschids to get bread. Kerl, had bought for \$7.00 a barrel of flour, that had been shipped from the East, and that, Knipschild, who drove every week, to Madison, where he had to get his necessities, bought back with him. Mrs. Knipschild took care of the bread-baking. Otto Kerl gradually acquired considerable skill in this art, so he generally discharged the duties of cook in the hermitage. A specialty of his was "pancakes" that is to say, a product made out of water, flour, and salt, which, for lack of fat and butter, had to be guessed by imagination. However, hunger made them palatable. Now and then, Kerl could get a prairie chicken or a duck with his rifle. Deer were indeed plentiful, but they were not to be had with a rifle, and the two didn't possess a shot-gun.

After a shelter had been obtained, the furnishings, had to be thought of. Kerl and Scheele, set out for Milwaukee, to bring back their belongings, that were to follow them from the East, and other necessities.

For the trip, the same route was chosen, by which they had come. The same free lodgings, used on the first trip, they decided to seek out again, for even if they weren't comfortable, at least, they were cheap. In the sheep stable at Lake Mills, Kerl found a pocket-knife, which he had lost there, on the trip out.

On the other side of Lake Mills, the travellers wandered from the original way a little to the south, and so came to a completely unknown neighborhood. They spent the second night in the shed of a tavern. Next morning, as they breakfasted and ate a loaf of bread, brought along, from Knipschids, the daughter of the inn-keeper came suddenly into the shed. She was not a little startled, when she saw the two backwoodsmen, who looked quite wild, with their shaggy beards and worn clothes.

About fourteen miles, this side of Milwaukee, Scheele's strength gave out, he couldn't go on. Then a man came riding along in a little wagon. They bargained with him, about riding along. The man asked of each \$1.00 for transportation to Milwaukee. The travel treasury would not permit such a luxury, and the very thought of having to give up a dollar, gave Scheele such strength, that he pulled himself together and started walking again.

On the third day, in the afternoon, at four o'clock, Milwaukee was reached, and they took quarters at Rau's place, where they had already stopped after the arrival from the East.

(C. Rau, a native of Braunschweig, had opened a Canal House near the mills, in 1847, later he went to Mineral Point.) They had to stay in Milwaukee four weeks, before they could make their return trip to Dane County. Otto Kerl, expected, in Milwaukee, besides the money order, several chests of clothes, which he had had sent after him, from New York. But as often as he and Scheele inquired at the express offices, they always got the information that the things had not arrived as yet. Repeatedly Kerl, wrote to New York. During the long time of writing and waiting, he and Scheele, did all sorts of odd jobs. When they again inquired about the clothes, Kerl, discovered them, at the very end of a tremendously long warehouse, and it turned out, that they had arrived a long time ago. No one had bothered to inform the owner. An inspection of the chests on the spot, showed that, their contents were undamaged. Immediately, the things were moved to Rau's inn; the previously mentioned Klopfliesch, Kerl's later brother-in-law, undertook the transportation, which earned him a little bit of money. Money, was a rare article in Milwaukee, at that time, all work was paid for in store orders. For the freight from New York, Kerl, had to pay a small sum.

June 14, 1905

Since, in the meantime, Otto Kerl had received the expected money order, they could purchase, the most necessary things, for their place, including tools, a stove, etc. Then a wagon, was hired for the price of \$24.00, which brought the two young people and their things to Knipschids, who then, transported them to the log cabin, which Kerl and Scheele had built. The first thing, after the return from Milwaukee was the completion of the building. A certain Maloney who lived, about a mile from Knipschild, near the later Hoyers Corners, made an occupation of selling boards. He worked in the spruce woods of the North and received his pay in boards, which he brought from the Wisconsin River, to his home. When Kerl and Scheele inquired about timber, he didn't have any on hand, and they had to be satisfied with boards, from the corn-crib, which he let them have, for customary price. Then they brought these to their log cabin in Knipschild's wagon. The acquired supply did not reach far enough to complete the gable, of the log cabin. As a makeshift, they had to fall back on shingles, which, of course had to be made first. One beautiful forenoon, while Kerl was preparing the usual meal of pancakes, Scheele felled a mighty white oak. Its trunk was

then split, sawed into pieces with the hand saw, and finally, made into shingles. In a similar manner, Kerl, who as a brewer understood the business of cooperage, also made a washtub. The spring, which came out of the hill, was dammed, at a suitable place, and a watering place was arranged, for the cattle, which were to be acquired later.

When the building of the house, was completed, they went to Madison, to purchase cattle. In the lower section of the town, not far from the present day Faurbach Brewery, there were about one thousand head of cattle, which had been brought up from the South to be put up for sale. Kerl purchased, the two strongest drought-oxen, that he could find, and a cow. For the later, he paid \$12.00, for the former he paid \$60.00. On the same day, the cattle were driven, as far as Knipschids, where there was an enclosure, in which the ruminants were enclosed. The next day, the cow had disappeared and not a trace of her was to be seen anywhere. For fourteen days they searched, in vain, for the animal. Finally they learned, from a new-settler named Carl Toepfer, who had settled down, one mile west of Knipschids on a claim, on which eleven acres, had already been broken, that the cow had been seen drinking in the neighborhood of his place. They did find her, she had meantime, given birth to a calf, which of course, had died.

The afore-mentioned Carl Toepfer, father of the Mr. Toepfer, who lives in Madison today, had arrived in Milwaukee, with his family, and a Wessel family, just during, the four weeks that Kerl and Scheele were waiting, for their things. There were a considerable number of German immigrants arriving in Milwaukee, in 1847. Kerl and Scheele had already, gotten to know the two families. Toepfer had brought two young people, Friehl and Schmidt, over from Germany, with him so that they could help him establish, a new home in America. While they were still staying in Milwaukee, the enlistment drum sounded one day, it meant the war against Mexico. Friehl and Schmidt, could not resist the entisements of the enlistment squad, and enlisted in the Army.

The Wessel family, soon followed the Kohlman family, to Dane County. They brought a claim, the first house from Clark's Corners towards Sauk City. Today Kohlman's Hill is still, a well-known landmark in the section. There, in the fall of 1847, Kohlman was killed as he was making his way to Milwaukee, to buy a wagon. At that time, there was no doubt, that he was killed, because of the money, which he carried on his person. The suspicion of having done, the deed, fell upon another settler, who was, however, acquitted in court.

The yoke of Oxen, which Kerl had brought naturally, had to take care of the entire work of transporting, for the two settlers overland journeys, with such a span did not present, any particular pleasure. One day Kerl, went to Madison to buy a plow. A daughter of Wessels, the Mrs. Schulz who lives on Johnson Street, in Madison today, accompanied him. In the town, one of the Oxen became so badly lame, that the smith from whom, the plow had been purchased, and who had some knowledge of veterinary science (the man later worked at Fuller and Johnson) had to apply a bandage. On the way home, a rest had to be made only a few miles from town, because of the lame animal. Since a storm was brewing in the heavens, a quick departure was necessary. Soon it began to lightning and thunder, and the rain fell in torrents. The Ox-cart, made only slow progress, the night set in, it became so dark that you could not see your hand before your face. Suddenly, the Oxen drew up before Knipschild's door. Kerl and his companion were naturally, drenched to the skin.

The few German settlers, whom fate had led into this region, were naturally, forced to help one another, and did this readily. Kerl loaned his yoke of Oxen to Toepfer and Wessel, so that they could make more rapid progress with the breaking of land. It was agreed that, Kerl should come the next Sunday, and take his own yoke and Toepfer's yoke to his own place, in order to break land, in his turn, with two spans. When he now appeared at Toepfer's place his Oxen were gone. They probably, had become tired of the hard work at the plow, and had run away. About fourteen days had passed, when Scheele found the one runaway amongst some other cattle on the prairie at Simpsons, of course, he was brought home as quickly as possible. When Kerl and Scheele arrived at home with the beast, Toepfer sat in front of the door. He related, that the second Ox was dead, having become caught with his yoke in the underbrush at Haynes' place. Sure enough--they found the hide of the Ox hanging at Haynes' place when they got there. The head was missing, Haynes said, that the dogs had dragged it off. That, of course, was a bald lie; the Ox was gone--a considerable loss, for the settlers, who had to give up the breaking of land for that fall.

Later on, Toepfer, delivered a quantity of winter wheat, as reparation. From Knipschild, Kerl bought a two year old steer, that of course, was no good as a draft animal. But temporarily, one had to get along with it.

The first winter that Kerl and Scheele experienced as settlers was full of privations for them. The principle occupation, consisted of making fence rails. "Leanjack was steward." Kerl's cash means were exhausted, through the purchases made through the summer, and he couldn't expect any money again, until February. Thus, they frequently had to live only on flour and water. One, day, when the fodder for the cow, was at the bottom, Scheele, quietly, raised a board, from the floor, (one had to supply the log house with a floor, because, otherwise, one couldn't get rid of tooth-ache) and he produced, to Kerl's great surprise, a tin pot containing, seventy or eighty dollars in money. Kerl had had no idea that his companion, had such a treasure at his disposal.

June 21st, 1905

Now, of course, all need was at an end. The first worry, was to procure fodder for the cow. Kerl and Scheele went to the so-called English settlement (that had been founded one or two years previously, by an English Temperance Society, but didn't seem to want to prosper) and they bought a sack of corn from Farmer Whightman. This, they carried in shifts on their shoulders, for five miles home. It didn't touch the ground the whole way.

Life, during the long winter months, was understandably, a very lonely and monotonous one. The only visitors, that came to the house, were wolves, of which, there were very many in the valley, and which were also very bold. On New Year's day, Scheele with a wash-tub on a sled, planned to go to Knipschids in order to get potatoes. But several wolves, got so bold, that he preferred to turn around.

Kerl, used to go to Knipschild's place on Saturday evenings, where a small circle of German settlers were accustomed to meet, for instance, Brackendorf, Baldus, and Schuchart, who, all lived near the Sauk Road. Knipschild, often drove to Monroe, on weekends, where a brother of his lived, and he used to bring back one or more kegs of beer with him. On Sunday Kerl would then go home again.

His ardent wish to get a deer was destined to be fulfilled, Knipschild loaned him a shot-gun, Scheele was fitted out with Kerl's rifle, and in this way, the two, went on the hunt. They didn't have to go very far, from their log-cabin, when they met a considerable herd of deer. Kerl, brought down one of them, without trouble. It

was dragged home, with the help of the Oxen, because, it was too heavy to carry. After the long weeks of lean meals, they now had a decent meat course. They remembered Knipschild, with a leg of venison. A few days later, they got another deer, and now, there was a meat supply, for the rest of the winter.

Land, was to be broken in the spring, the purchase of capable Ox teams became necessary. Otto Kerl, met a farmer from Columbus, who came to Roxbury to the Catholic Church and said, that he was ready to sell him Oxen. Kerl hiked in one day to Columbus, by way of Madison and closed the deal.

Then before the beginning of spring, he went to Milwaukee, and brought a wagon for \$60.00 and a yoke of Oxen to boot. He is still using that wagon today, of course, he had had it repaired several times.

In the spring of 1848, twenty-three acres, of land were broken, with the aid of four yokes of Oxen. In this year, the barley turned out best, whereas, the wheat harvest turned out slim, and was just enough for bread, for their own use. The barley could not be threshed, and had to stand in the crib, a year and a day, so that a portion of it spoiled.

In the year of 1848 there were already, many German settlers coming into Dane County, mostly from the Rhine region. In the English settlement, several miles from Kerls there was a school, it stood about where Fritz Evert lives today. There were no churches in the region, later, one was built in Springfield.

It was a great advantage to Kerl, that he had a command of the English language. He had had English instructions in Germany, at school in his home-town, and when he decided to go to America, he had private instructions from an Educated Englishman, who, was living in Langensalza, from him he learned much. When in April 1850, the Town of Berry, which together with Black Earth had made up the Town of Farmersville, was organized as an independent Township, it numbered about twenty voting citizens.

Kerl and Scheele, were the only two Germans among them. The former was elected Justice of the Peace.

He occupied this office uninterruptedly, until the present day. The first taxes which he paid, he had to pay to the collector in Arena.

He now got to Madison frequently. For the butter, which he delivered there, he was paid eight to ten cents a pound.

While the grain brought only a small harvest, on the land, broken that spring, the potatoes and carrots thrived very well, likewise the corn.

Kerl, bought a few pigs to fatten, from a fellow countryman, by the name of Schuchart. On All Saint's Day, the first of November, they were to be brought to the farm. "We drove away from home" so Kerl tells, "in the early morning, with our span of Oxen, because you couldn't make much rapid progress, with this kind of vehicle. We had to ride eight miles, and arrived at Schuchart's along toward ten o'clock. There was first of all, much to tell, and much to relate. We had to stay for dinner, and by the time, we had loaded the pigs and were ready to return home, it had gotten to be two o'clock. A change had taken place, in the weather, which had been beautiful in the forenoon. The sky became covered with clouds, and a raw west wind was blowing. We rode, probably, about a mile, when, it began to sleet, and before we had made another mile, we were in the midst of a regular snow-storm. The first blizzard we had experienced in America. The year before, we had had practically no winter at all, the first snow, at that time had fallen between Christmas and New Years. This time, the winter started early in November, and the snow remained on the ground. Every two or three days a new layer was added.

When we arrived home, with the pigs, we had gotten from Schuchart, there were already, three inches of snow on the ground. We piloted the wagon out onto the fields, unloaded the pigs, and left them to find a nights lodging in the cribs. A few hands full of corn were thrown to them. While we were sitting in our shelter, and eating our simple supper, there was a knock at the door--up until now, a rare occurrence in our settlers' lives, Scheele opened the door, and in stepped a figure, entirely covered with snow.

June 28th, 1905

After the stranger, peeled off his snow-covered shell, he turned out to be a new settler, by the name of Adam Sitzman. He had been to church in Roxbury and had found the tracks of our wagon in the fresh snow. He followed them, and so he arrived, if not at home, at least under roof and shelter. Early next morning, he started on the road for home, which we could describe for him.

The next morning when we wanted to feed the pigs, that we had bought the day before, they had disappeared. We couldn't find any trace of them, either since it had continued to snow through the night, and the grunTERS were never seen again. That was our little encouraging first attempt at hog-raising.

Together with the heavy snowfall, there was a bitter cold. Since we weren't as yet used to such a climate, we stayed in the house a great deal, and there was a chance for letter-writing.

I could tell my people in Germany that up until now, I had broken forty acres of land, and had built an addition to my house. The only thing missing, was a wife, but there was not a great choice, in this article at hand.

On this occasion, I wanted to go to an unexpected meeting, that we were so fortunate to have, in the late summer of 1848. Through a young man, who had learned his trade, from my father in Langensalza, the latter had sent me my hunting gun, of which I made use as often as possible. One day, it must have been in August, I sent Conrad Scheele to Toepfers in Springfield, to get fourteen bushels of seed wheat--the reparation for the lost draft Ox. Since Conrad didn't know exactly how to drive Oxen, I promised to wait for him, along toward evening on the top of a hill, which he had to pass, and drive down the hill myself. An hour before sundown I started for the hill, which was only two miles distance. But I waited there, a couple of hours, in vain.

Conrad didn't come, and finally I started for home. I had taken my gun along, and fortune would have it so that, I hit upon a herd of deer, a mile away from our house. I got one of them, I had to leave the heavy animal, for the time being. Therefore I cut off some brush and covered it, and then went home. Conrad didn't come home that night, but arrived the next morning at seven o'clock. Now, we could go and fetch the deer. While I was busy on the spot, dressing out the deer, there suddenly appeared, two travelers, and when the two had come close enough, I recognized in them, the two young men Schmidt and Friehl, who had come to Milwaukee with the Toepfers and the Wessels, just when Scheele and I were waiting there for arrival of our belongings. Instead of going to Dane County to work for Toepfer they had let themselves be enlisted in Milwaukee, for the war against Mexico. Now the war was over and the two young men were looking up their fellow countrymen in

Wisconsin. Each had a sum of money, and a warrant on 160 acres of land in their pockets. That was quite an unexpected reunion with them, and there was much to tell, on both sides. While the tales went back and forth, I finished the dressing of my prize, cut the liver of the deer in pieces, and roasted it with some deer fat. The meal tasted excellent, especially to the two war heroes from Mexico, who were, by no means spoiled.

July 5th, 1905

The raw winter weather, that I had said started with the beginning of November, kept up. Every week brought new snow storms. But all our shivering from frost, availed us nothing. The axes were sharpened, and the plowed land had been fenced, as hard as it was for us, we had to go into the woods, to fell the trees necessary for the fence rails. My companion Conrad Scheele, soon reached the conclusion that his foot covering (shoes and rubbers) was not suitable for the American winter. On the first good Sunday he borrowed my boots, and in them, he undertook the hike to Roxbury, so that shoe-maker Wiesen, who lived there, could make him a pair of boots. He returned home, very late at night. The way from our house to Roxbury and back, was around sixteen or eighteen miles. My boots had been a little narrow for Conrad, and so, he brought two frozen feet back with him. Although we immediately rubbed the frozen limbs vigorously, with snow, and this thawed them out, Conrad got frost boils, and had to keep to the house until spring. During his invalid time, he advanced to cook and baker, however, I wasn't helped much by this. I still had to go alone, day after day into the woods in the deep snow and the grim cold, to cut down trees. But, finally you get used to anything, and at the end, it was more uncomfortable for me, to be inside, than outside, in the raw winter weather.

To my letter home, in which I wrote, that I still lacked a wife on my homestead, I received, in the beginning of December, a reply from my father, with the question, of whether I felt inclined to marry Wilhelmine so and so, who was known to me as an able cook in my parents' household. My father wrote that Mine wouldn't say "No", I wrote back "You can ask her." Until an answer came many a week passed. In the meantime, Christmas approached. To come by a holiday roast caused us some trouble. Our pigs had run away, and the smoke-house was empty. Christmas came on Sunday.

Early Saturday, I shouldered my shot-gun and went to hunt deer. If I had not luck there, we were ready to kill our rooster, a holiday roast we must have, at any cost. However, our poor feathered friend, could go on living, for I had luck on the hunt. I shot a deer on the rear leg, close to the body, still I had to follow

the animal for several miles farther, in the two and a half foot snow, then I was able to fell it with another shot.

I took a rope which I carried with me from my shoulder, stuck the head of the deer, through the loop, and dragged my prize home, (about a mile). With such a supply of meat on hand, we could have a real Christmas meal. However, our supply of flour had reached its end. Conrad forced his sore feet into his German shoes and rubbers, and got on the Ox drawn sled in order to get some flour at a certain Haynes! I accompanied him for a piece, until I came upon a deer track. This I followed, after a short while this joined with three others, which crossed our valley and led over the hills, near Cross Plains. In a valley near Cross Plains, I saw about two dozen deer, moving singly and eating the seed capsules from the weeds. I laid myself down on the top of the hill under a small group of trees, and waited until one of the deer came broadside to my line of fire. Then I gave fire, in a second the deer had vanished. I climbed down to the place, where the deer had stood. At first I could see nothing, but fifteen or twenty steps farther, I saw a black bunch of hair, lying in the snow. I also noticed a plain track of blood. When I reached the summit of the hill, I saw the deer lying on the ground. It sprang up and followed the other deer, difficult as it was, I followed it. The chase went down a steep hill, and on the other side of the valley, it continued up another hill to a considerable plain. Just as I was able to survey this, I saw, the last deer vanish over a small hillock. I ran after it as quickly as possible. As I reached the place, where I had lost sight of the deer, I took shelter behind a thick tree and peered down the slope. There I saw three deer, which were stragglers from the big herd, I had to suppose, that the wounded deer would be one of them, and sure enough, as one of the animals turned, I saw that its side was red with blood. I took aim at the deer, standing somewhat apart, from the others, which collapsed with the shot. Quickly I again sprang behind the tree, and loaded anew. When I again peered down the hill, the previously shot at deer, stood beside the dead one, approximately fifteen steps further on, a third deer stood, and looked around, I fired on this one, and then the whole herd left. As I followed, I discovered that the deer which I had last taken, in my sights, was bleeding severely. Since my wigwam was only a half mile distant, I started on my way there, in order, first of all to restore myself, with a piece of cold roast deer. When I reached home, I found, Conrad, sitting before the oven, with his feet frozen once more. After a short meal, we returned in search of the shot deer, after a good hour, both were found. Since the sun had sunk noticeably, I

had to hurry now in order to bring the Oxen home. I laid the yoke on them and fastened the chain on it, in this manner, the first recently shot deer was brought home, and then the other two, which had died only five hundred steps apart. Before it became completely dark, I had brought home all three pieces of venison. They were the last that I shot that winter. Probably I would have had the opportunity to kill more, but our meat barrels were filled, and in the smoke-house hung a half dozen hams. Never again have I made such a kill in hunting. The venison stood us in good stead. We seasoned it with a sour sauce.

While we worked at wood-cutting, it stuck to our ribs, better than the flour and water soup, on which we formerly had to depend. Conrad took care of the housekeeping with his feet clothed in woolen slippers. So, things continued until the beginning of March.

July 12th, 1905

In letters from my relatives in Germany, it was hinted that maybe, Miss Augusta Walter, a close childhood friend of mine, whom, I had often taken to dances, might be ready, to follow me, over the ocean, to become my wife. I thought that it might be, pardoned the young settler in far distant, wild Wisconsin, if he would play the role of suitor through, the unusual means of a representative. So I wrote home, for them to make the young lady a proposal, already, by the beginning of March, I received the news through my brother-in-law Carl Eisfeld, that my suit had received a "No." The great amount of work that confronted me, didn't leave me time to hang my head over having been turned down. I had to let myself be consoled, with the thought that perhaps, luck would let me find a wife in America. But even before spring had come, another letter came from my brother-in-law, in which, he confided that Miss Walter seemed sorry, that she had turned me down. Immediately I answered that, if that were the case, then my brother-in-law must once again be my spokesman. Soon, the next letter brought me the acceptance, and the news, that Miss Walter would come to America in the course of the summer, and that, already the trousseau was eagerly being prepared.

This news naturally doubled my zeal, although I already had an enormous task before me. After the fences were put up, wood for a new house, had to be cut.

At this time, I got a letter from Milwaukee, from a fellow countryman, Julius Weisenborn. He with his friend Martini, had had

to flee from Germany, in the Revolutionary Year 1848, and now he was in Milwaukee, not knowing where to turn, he asked my advice on what he should do. I asked him first of all, what means were at his disposal, and when he answered, that he and Martini still had about \$600.00, I invited him to come to me at once.

One fine day, when I had just baked bread, and was about to set a cake, intended for desert, for dinner, to cool in front of the house, I suddenly saw two figures approaching the house from the road. Walking with mighty strides, while a wagon was coming around the bend. It was Weisenborn and Martini, who had come from Madison in Knipschild's wagon, and had taken a short cut on foot, in order to surprise me. In this they were completely successful. After we had enthusiastically greeted one another, I set the two new arrivals right to work, by putting in their hands a tin-pail, with the instructions to gather strawberries for the noon meal. The berries grew in great quantity, and extraordinary quality on the land that was covered with hazel brushes, and after a half hour, the berry pickers returned with a considerable amount, and we could eat. With bread, butter, ham, strawberries with milk, and cake, we had a fine feast. After we had eaten our fill, we held a council.

I had already talked to Knipschild. He approved with alacrity my plan, that he sell Weisenborn and Martini an acre of land, between the two roads that crossed at his place, in order that they could build themselves a store there.

When I approached them with this plan, it was received by the two men with some doubt. But after Knipschild too, encouraged them and pictured a thriving business, they finally agreed. In the next days, everything was discussed in detail, and we went to Knipschild then, where the sale was consummated.

A contract was made with Bunnagle Friederich for the furnishing of the timber for the future house. The next day Martini went with a wagon, to Milwaukee and bought a load of merchandise, Knipschild cleared out, temporarily a room in which the new firm, Weisenborn and Martini, could offer their goods for sale. When I came the next Sunday to Springfield Corners, Weisenborn, full of joy, told me, that he had already sold ten dollars worth of goods. In a short time, there was a log house, for a store and one for dwelling.

The firm Weisenborn and Martini, did a good business, so that one Sunday almost half a year later, Weisenborn could tell me, "Today we sold more than one hundred dollars worth."

I worked harder from day to day, I received a letter from Germany, in which I was told that my bride would start on the trip to America on the twentieth of June, on the steamship "Hermann." She was traveling in company with two other girls, who were also engaged to Americans. One of these, lived in Sheboygan, and would get the girls in New York.

Now, I really had to hasten my preparations. I sold one yoke of Oxen to Carl Schoefer and one to Mathias Gennecke, later, a third to Mr. Siebecker, who had just arrived, and whose trunk was still waiting in Milwaukee. He wanted to buy a wagon there. So it came about that I could take my wagon, with my already sold Oxen to Milwaukee. Carl Schoefer and Nores Stumpf were commissioned by Siebecker, to get him the things that he had left there. With them I started out to Milwaukee.

July 19th, 1905

As I had the trip to and from Milwaukee, many times already, I had to take over the command. The first night, we stopped at a place that provided water and food for the animals. The Oxen were unhitched, and a big bell was hung around each one of them, we bivouaced by a camp-fire, under the open sky. The second day, the monotony, of the trip was broken by an adventure. It was very hot, Carl Schoefer had sat down by Stumpf on the wagon, and was talking with him, while his Oxen followed Stumpf's wagon. The way went past a barn, one door of which was standing open, Schoefer's Oxen must have decided that it was better to stand in the shade, eating, than to pull the wagon in the heat. All of a sudden, they went at a trot, towards the open barn, caught the wheels on the closed half-door, and a loud crack, told what had happened. Schoefer ran over to bring back his Oxen, already, the owner of the barn, was on the spot, and he didn't let us go, until the damage was paid for. After a three day journey, we reached Milwaukee, and sought quarters, with the already known to me inn-keeper Rau.

Shortly before we had started our journey, a letter, from my bride had come to me. She wrote, that she would arrive in New York on the fourth of July, and stay with relatives. In almost ten days, the groom, of one of her companions, would be in New York from Sheboygan, Wisconsin, and they would then, all travel west together. I could wait for her in Milwaukee.

With the inn-keeper Rau, I went out every day, to look for a horse, to buy. I wasn't able to find anything suitable right away, in Milwaukee, I went to Chicago, where, I didn't have any better luck. Whenever a steamship arrived in Milwaukee, I hastened to the shore of Lake Michigan, in the hope of finding my bride. My patience was to be sorely tried, for boat after boat arrived without any sign of the awaited one.

One day, two four year old mares were offered to me for the price of \$165.00. To try out the animals, we hitched them to my wagon, on which, eight or ten persons were seated, and drove, with this load, along the sandy shore. The mares proved satisfactory, and I closed the deal. Real horse-harness was bought, and I hitched the horses to the light wagon, and drove to the dock. Many times, this happened, in vain, finally, however, I was awakened one morning, at around three o'clock, by somebody knocking, with the news, that another ship had come. In great haste I hitched up, and we trotted to the lake. This time, my bride had really come. I saw her already from afar. Her trunks were already unloaded. I got an expressman, who loaded them up. We followed his express wagon, in our wagon, and now, for the first time, we could find time to talk over, a bit, the trip, and our homeland.

August 2nd, 1905

When we had safely reached Rau's Hotel, after leaving the steamship dock, I brought my bride, to the room, held for her, and then hurried down, again into the yard to unharness the horses. I had no inkling, of what adventure, was in store for me.

A stairway of twelve to fourteen steps led down toward the yard, where the horses and wagon stood. The slope toward the river, was quite steep. As I stepped onto the top of the stairs, Friend Rau had just unharnessed the right horse, and had walked over to the other side, to free the left horse of the traces. In that instant, the horse, on the right side, went forward a step towards the river, as though it wanted a drink of water. In doing this, it pulled the wagon over the stone, which had been laid beneath one of the wheels, and because of the steep slope, the wagon now ran into the legs of the two horses. A moment later, both beasts were swimming in the water, pulling the wagon with them. All this had happened, so quickly that, I had not been able to come down the stairs. At that place, the river was about twenty feet deep. The horses took their course, diagonally through the water. Several laborers, who were, just then, crossing the "Red Bridge" immediately ran down the opposite slope to catch the horses. But, as the latter got sight of the many people, they turned, and swam up-stream behind the mills, which were situated there.

With my friend Rau, I had so far had to watch the events helplessly. We expected, that the horses would soon grow tired of their cool bath and hurry for the shore. Then something unexpected happened. The right horse suddenly raised itself on its hind legs, tumbled over on its right side, and disappeared under the water. For one moment, I stood, as if stunned, but then, I plunged, just as I was, into the water, and swam after the horses. I succeeded in grabbing the left horse, a white one, by the bit, and pulled it around and swimming, led it to the place, where the animals had first gone into the water. So far, the right horse, a brown one, had not come to the surface again, and the fear was already rising in me, that it might have drowned. Meanwhile, a crowd of people had gathered on the bank, and when the body of the brown animal became visible, they lent a hand, and pulled it, by the head onto the bank. We had to let it lie there, motionless, for awhile in order that, if it was still living, it could recover its breath. As soon as it showed, signs of life, it was freed from its harness. Several men then grabbed it by the head, I grabbed the whip, and in this manner, we again, brought the animal to its feet. Now, everyone called, "Hitch up" but the wagon, had meanwhile floated as far as the "Red Bridge" and I again, had to engage in another swimming contest. This time I took a brand new clothes-line with me, and as soon as I reached the wagon, I fastened this to the shaft. In this manner, we brought the vehicle safely on dry land.

My poor bride, had been able to watch all the proceedings from the window of her room, and I leave it to the imagination of the reader to picture for himself, what impressions the events at her arrival in her new home, and the first meeting, with her bridegroom, had made on her. As soon as the horses, were able to move, they were hitched up sopping wet as I was, I sat down on the seat, and raced out with horses as far as Vogelfang's Inn. But there, the thought came to me, that it might not be good, to drive the horses so fast, with so much water in their bodies, so I turned around and drove back to Rau's year. There I put the beasts in the barn, poured a good portion of brandy and coffee, down them, and covered them with all the blankets and bedding, I was able to get hold of. I had the satisfaction, after a quarter of an hour, to have the animals steam, and eat properly. Only now, could I go into the Inn, where I dressed myself in my friends best suit. Then I offered, my bride my arm, and we went to Justice of the Peace Neumann, who married us. Then we went with my friend Klopfliesch, in his boat, for a ride on the river, in whose waters, I had been swimming, just a short while ago, to save horses and wagon. We rode as far as Ludwig, the gardeners, who had excellent French wine in stock, finished several bottles of the drink, and then went back to our inn.

On the next day, several necessary purchases were taken care of, and on the following day, the continuation of the journey toward my home in Dane County, was to take place.

August 16, 1905

On the appointed day, a Monday, we left Milwaukee, and started out on our journey to my home in Dane County. This was destined, not to go smoothly. The road led past an elevator, and from there, it went down a steep hill. The "snapper" of the right rein, must have been damaged, during the adventure in the river, because when I pulled the rein tight, in order to have control over the horses, going down hill, the right rein gave way, and I had control, only, over the left one. In consequence of this, the horses kept turning toward the water side of the road. Fortunately, the left side went up an incline, otherwise, we should have landed down a slope. So the horses pulled toward the left, the steep side, but anyway we went down the hill at a trot.

My wife, who sat beside me, had noticed at once, that the wagon was in danger, and jumped off the side, but remained hanging with her dress on a rung sticking out over the wagon-box, and fell head first to the ground. I held the reins in my right hand, with my left, I loosened the dress from the rung and at the same time, gave her legs a push, so that, my wife turned a somersault. I could do nothing to help her, until I had brought the horses to a halt, at the bottom of the hill. Urged on by the worst fears, I hurried up the hill again, but there my wife came toward me, unhurt and smiling. After I had gotten over my fright, I explained to her, how thoughtlessly she had acted in jumping from the wagon in that way, instead of keeping her seat, at my side. Now, I repaired the rein, by removing the unreliable snapper, and fastening the rein to the bit, whereupon, we continued our journey.

Late in the evening, we arrived in Jefferson and spent the night in the hotel here. The next morning, we rode on. About noon, we were surprised, by a violent storm, just as we were in a narrow valley, only about twenty rods wide. There was one violent thunderclap after another. My wife, became frightened, and didn't stay in the wagon, but followed it at a distance of perhaps, twenty steps. The rain came down in torrents, and it didn't take long, until my wife was wading in water, up to her ankles. The storm raged for about a quarter of an hour, then the worst was over. My wife got into the wagon again, but already a new mishap awaited us. The storm had hurled a large tree across the road, and our progress was halted. First of all I had to go through the dense wilderness, and scout out

a new way. We had to ride, now forward, now backward, and got out on the level road, only after much zigzagging. Now the sun broke through again, and soon dried our completely drenched clothing. We arrived at Madison in the evening in good shape, and spent the night at Caspar Zwicky's. Mrs. Zwicky did all she could to make us comfortable. The next morning we went on to Springfield where we arrived in the forenoon. There, an unexpected hearty welcome awaited us. Probably the evening before, someone from Springfield happened to beat Zwickys and announced our coming. We were greeted by a trellised gate made of branches and Friend Martini was waving a wreath as big as a wagon-wheel, and all the Germans of Springfield welcomed us with hurrahs and shouting. We had to stay with the friends, several hours and tell about our adventures, on land and on water. Then we took our leave for our longed for home, which we reached in the evening, and were heartily received, by my faithful comrade, Conrad Scheele.

There was much work for us, in the following days. Mr. Martini, with the aid of the Sitzmann brothers, had cut the barley, but the oats and the wheat were still waiting for us. As the daughter of a farmer in Germany, my wife soon adapted herself, although everything must have seemed quite small and primitive to her. She was never afflicted with home-sickness, and in the evenings when the work was done, we let our repertoire of German songs, ring out into the hills. In spite of all that we had experienced, and all that we lacked, we were very happy.

August 23, 1905

After we had our oats and wheat safely in the stacks, we got some unexpected help, as August Scheele, a nephew of Conrad Scheele, came to us from Germany. Naturally I was happy to give the young man work, as we had more than enough to do.

One Sunday morning, an Englishman, whose name I have forgotten, came riding over from Cross Plains. He had a rifle with him, and he asked me to escort him on a hunting expedition, as he did not know his way about, in our hills. Just then I was busy at my joiners bench, and had no desire to go along. But, since my wife persuaded me to do him a favor, I took my rifle, from the corner, and went with him. We turned to the North, and was about a mile from my house, when three deer sprang out from a hollow. One of them was laid low, by my bullet, and first of all, I had to see to it that I got the shot deer home, so we turned back. When we reached

the house, the Englishman, kept on, and set off for home. After dinner, the horses were hitched up to get the deer. "Oh" said my wife, "today is Sunday, and it is such beautiful weather, that I will ride along", with that, she had already put on her felt hat and she took her place, beside me on the wagon. Conrad laid a board on the wagon-box and sat upon it, with his nephew, and we set out in a straight line, for the place, where the deer had fallen. When we arrived there, my wife and I stayed on the wagon while, the two Scheeles approached the deer. As they turned it over, my brown horse shied, snorted, and started to run away. At once, my wife jumped down, from her seat, to the ground, but this time, she was luckier, than she had been in Milwaukee, for she gathered up her dress, so that she didn't get caught and wasn't left hanging. At any rate, she had to submit to a Sunday Sermon, for her thoughtless leap. Without further adventure, we brought the deer home.

Through constant work, the fall had passed, and November stood before the door. There was not much change, in our mode of living. As a rule, on Sundays, we drove to "Weisenborn and Martinis" in Springfield and bought the necessary supplies, and we always found the society there agreeable.

In March, we had threshed out our wheat with the horses, and one fine morning, we set out on our way to the mill in Madison, with twenty-four bushels of grain. Young August Scheele, accompanied me. When we arrived in Madison, we first drove to the store of Tibbets and Gordon, and there, a pot of butter, which we had made, was brought along and sold. At that time Frank Massing, who has been dead for a long time, was clerk, in the afore-mentioned store, and he told me, "you can't take the road to the mill, that you usually take" (along the shores of Lake Mendota) "you must make a detour, because the dam is broken." I didn't ask first, which road, I had to take, but immediately sprang onto the wagon and drove away, as we had little time to lose. When we came as far as Spreckers, where the road led between marsh and wood, the road was submerged. The water reached as high as the horses knees. Thinking that Frank Massing had this road in mind, as the passable road, I drove right along, until we came to the Catfish. When we reached the bridge, from which a plank road, led up to the mill, I saw that about three or four inches of water, stood on the road. But I didn't let that trouble me, but drove forward. The road led along the banks of the Catfish, and was intended for only one vehicle. Although two meeting wagons could turn out for each other, there was still, no place, to turn around. Now when we had driven about eighty to one hundred steps, the road was blocked, by a break in the dam. This was about sixteen to twenty feet wide, and a mighty stream of water raged through. Now, what to do, turning around to go back, was impossible. Nothing was left me, but to take the whip, grasp the reins firmly, and urge the animals forward, with an energetic "Get Up." Splash! The horses, were in the water, which flowed

over their backs, and threatened to sweep them away, into the marsh. Then I sprang to my feet, in the wagon, and let the whip whistle down on the horses' backs. Splash! The wagon was in the water, then, the horses were climbing up the opposite side of the break. Again the whip cracked, and straining in the traces, as they were, they did their utmost, and brought the wagon up. They trembled, like aspen leaves, perhaps from fear, perhaps as a result of the cold slush. I let the brave animals, rest for a while, and believed to have won out. We continued our journey, and reached a bridge, which led over the Catfish. We had barely crossed this, when the horses, foundered in quagmire and morass. We couldn't jump out of the wagon fast enough and unhitch them. The left horse fell close to the Catfish, and almost sank in it, before we succeeded, in loosening the traces. Now, we stood there helplessly. On the opposite bank, a number of laborers were busy with shovels, and one of them, called to us, "Just come over here and then you can reach the mill with your horses. Mr. Farwell, has a big yoke of Oxen, and he will have your wagon hauled out." That restored our courage again. Each of us grabbed a horse by the reins, took the horses feed along, and by following, the given advice, we in this manner, reached the mill. There, Otto Henrichs, whom I know very well, was the miller, and I told him our adventures. "Dog gone it!" he exclaimed, "Why didn't you drive through the sugar-bushes?" and I answered him, "Had I only known that." But the news of the break in the dam had not reached our neighborhood yet. While we were conversing thus, the brother of Governor Farwell, came to the mill. At once I turned toward him, and asked him politely, if he would be so kind as to bring our wagon out of the quagmire with his Oxen. The answer which I received, was short and harsh, he had no time, to help us. Then I became mad as a hornet, and really let loose on him. "What" I cried angrily, "you want us country people, to be your customers and who takes time to warn us. If the bridge had been blocked off, I would have known, what lay before me, and could have turned around." Henrichs tried to calm me. "For the love of Mike, Kerl, no nonsense! You don't make the thing any better with scolding!" But I didn't let anything stop me. With my strong words Mr. Farwell disappeared like lightening from the mill, but I followed behind him. He went toward the office, and I followed on his heels. Then the Governor, himself, came out of the office, his brother exchanged a few words with him, and then set out, on his way. When I reached the Governor, I had regained my composure, and I told him of my fix, as politely as I could. In answer, he told me, that I should be patient for an hour, since all preparations, were being made, "for closing the break in the dam", when that was done, the turn for my wagon would come. I thanked him and waited.

August 30th, 1905

Until it was my turn, three or four hours passed. Meanwhile, I had time, to watch the work, going on at the closing of the break in the dam. The shore dam of Mendota had broken through, close behind the mill. A young man was busy, putting trees of about thirty feet in length, with all their branches on them, into the break. He did this, with the aid of a yoke of Oxen, the biggest and finest, I had ever seen. He stood on the dam, close to the break, and from there, he directed the Oxen by simply shouting, and swinging, a tremendously long whip. The Oxen pulled them straight out into the lake, until his shout, and the crack of the whip, made them turn, and thus, place the tree, exactly in front of the break. In this manner, one tree, followed another. On both sides of the break, great piles of earth, had been heaped up, and some twenty odd laborers were constantly busy shoveling the earth onto the trees, which had been dragged into the water. In this way, they were able to close the break, completely in spite of the tremendous water pressure.

When the Oxen, had finished their work at the dam, they had to come to pull my wagon, out of the swamp. The wagon, was loaded, with twenty-four bushels of wheat. The stretch of swamp to be surmounted, must have been about seventy to one hundred paces. A long rope, was fastened to the shaft, and to the other end of the rope, they hitched the Oxen. However, even at this distance, from the wagon, the ground was still so soft, that the Oxen, sank in up to their bellies. There was nothing of their legs, to be seen. In spite of all urging, the beasts, couldn't budge the wagon. The attempt, had already been made, with the aid of cut willow branches, tied in thick bundles, to make the bottomless road passable. When the driver, was about to pull, a club, from one such bundle, in order to drive, the Oxen on with it, he was bitten in the arm, right above the wrist, by a rattle-snake concealed in the bundle. Naturally this accident, caused no little excitement, and disturbance. Mr. Farwell, personally, drove the man to Madison to a physician, who immediately applied cupping-glasses. Fortunately, the bite was only a surface bite, only a small amount of venon, could have gotten into the bloodstream, only a slight swelling of the hand appeared, and this soon disappeared. In the meantime, another driver, was able to get my wagon out of the morass, after, I had already given up hope, that the Oxen could do the job. The wheat, (of course) could not be ground, so I had to come back a week later, by the long way, to the mill. After all the excitement, of this eventful day, I reached home with my companion, in good shape, that evening. I was not much affected by the trials of that day, for at that time, I was still young, and not easy to get down.

September 13th, 1905

Under conditions, of work and worry, the month of May, 1850 approached. The twenty-fourth of May, my wife bore me, a little daughter. As her hour approached, we had an experienced woman, and a young girl, come into the house. The former was a Mrs. Eckhardt, grandmother, of Hotel owner John Simon in Madison, the young girl's name was, Reubly. She came from Roxbury. To my great relief, everything went well. Knowing that my wife and child, were in good care, I could devote myself, to my work, which naturally made great demands, on me during the spring of the year. Since our flour supply, had become very scant, we had to take a few days, to thresh, with the horses. When we had done this, we still had to clean the wheat, for which purpose, we used a so-called fanning-mill. Late in the evening, we finished this, it had been very sultry that day, and a storm was brewing, in the skies, so that we had to hurry in order to finish the job. We had no place, to keep the grain, and there was nothing left, for us to do, but to load the grain sacks, on the wagon, and cover them carefully with straw, in order to protect them, from the possible rain. In the meantime, it had gotten to nine o'clock in the evening, before we got home. The next morning, at three, the two Scheeles were to take, the wheat to the mill in Lodi. My wife, had waited impatiently for me and complained, that she didn't feel at all well. While I inquired, where her trouble was, she had a strong attack of vomiting, and in consequence of this, she became so weak, that she was unable to nurse the child, who had awakened. The next few hours she seemed to have recovered somewhat. But then she complained again, about a great weakness, and to my consternation, I discovered that, my poor wife was in great danger of losing her life. The shock almost over-came me. From my apothecary supply, I gave her medicine, every half hour, which seemed to have a calming effect. At three o'clock Conrad and August Scheele drove off, they were destined, never to see my wife alive again. Toward eight o'clock in the morning, the son of Anton Koch came to get flour. I told him, that he would have to be patient, until evening, when we would get a fresh supply, from the mill. Just then, my wife, called from her sick and deathbed, "Share with him what we have." Those were the last words which she spoke consciously. Right after that, her mind began to wander. Then she lay quiet for a quarter of an hour, and when I bent over her, life had flown. That was on the thirty-first of May. Several days later, we bedded, her body in the cool earth. It was a very quiet burial, there were only a few neighbors and friends who participated. I explained her sudden fatal illness, this way--that my poor wife, in the absence of myself, and the nurse, had gotten up, out of bed, had gone to the cupboard, and had partaken of food, which proved fatal to her, in her condition.

Mrs. Eckhardt had been washing in front of the house, and the girl, had gone to Roxbury for Corpus Christi.

About 1850, there were quite a few Germans in Dane County who, on the whole, felt very happy in their new home, even though they had to work very hard. They took a great interest in the political questions of the day, and uniformly, were on the side of the Democratic Party. German newspapers at first, came into the region, from New York, later from Milwaukee.

In 1849 for the first, and, I hope the last time in my life, I was sued. There were some people from Middleton Junction, who offered, to thresh my wheat. It was agreed, that they should receive, of each one hundred bushels of threshed wheat, five bushels. When they were finished, they did not take their share, along with them. But some time later, I was summoned to pay out the threshing amount in cash money. Since, the court, and the jury, were in league (with the exception of one German) all my proofs, were of no use, and the affair, cost me, thirty-four to thirty-six dollars, no trifle in those money-poor times! Wheat, in those days, brought, one dollar a bushel. We had a lot of trouble with the wild oats, in the wheat fields. The only remedy, against this weed pest, was to graze down the fields with sheep. They drove the wild oats away.

In the year 1850, the parents of Henry and August Scheele, came to the Town of Berry. They settled on land, south of Conrad Scheele's claim. A few years later, the immigrants, from the Trier district came.

September 27th, 1905

Very often, for business reasons, I had to go to Springfield Corners, and also to Madison. On the Sauk Road, there was considerable traffic, much lumber, which had come down the Wisconsin, was hauled from Sauk City to Madison. But at that time there were only a few settlers, living on the Sauk Road. The city of Madison was quite a small place at that time. If you entered it from Springfield, the first house stood on the site of the later fair-grounds (Camp Randall) where the St. Paul Road crosses the street today. It lay on the left side of the road, and was a log cabin, Grandfather John Simon lived there. From there on, the street was entirely without buildings up to Hausman's Brewery, there was a cabin there, which later was moved to the marsh. Zwicky had his establishment, where the University Hotel is now located, on West Gilman Street. I often stopped at his place.

On the business streets, around the Capitol Park, there were no German firms as yet, a tailor, by the name of Jordan, had his business on Butler Street, Dietrich and Gausmann had a smithy, near the Dane County Bank (now the First National Bank).

After the death of my wife, I devoted myself, as much, as I could, to the care of my child. The girl, whom I named Augusta, after her Mother, did exceptionally well. At this time, I undertook the long planned, building of a regular house. When I struck water, in digging out, the cellar, I laid out, in the hill, behind the house, a cellar, which cost me, much effort and money, because, I built it looking forward, to a brewery, which I had in mind. The building of the house, made slow progress, since I had to do all the woodwork myself. In the meantime, we had to live, in the little log house.

In April 1850 the Town of Berry was organized. At the first election, twenty-four ballots, were cast. I was assigned two offices at once, side supervisor, and Justice of the Peace. The later office, I have held uninterruptedly, to the present day. The total tax assessment of the Town at that time amounted to \$18,244, on which somewhat over \$400 in taxes had to be paid, namely for:

State Purposes	\$ 36.48
County Disbursements	\$109.46
County Schools	\$ 36.48
Special Tax (Poor House)	\$ 91.22
Blind Asylum	\$ 1.21
Township Schools	\$ 45.60
Township Expenses	\$ 61.00
Delinquent Road Tax	\$ 13.20
Delinquent School Tax	\$ 10.00

In the fall of 1851 my friend Julius Weisenborn brought a young fellow-countryman by the name of Carl Bohn to me; I hired him, for \$50.00 a year. His father came later, and became my neighbor, in the south-easterly direction.

In May 1851 I married my second wife, Miss Amelia Poppelbaum, a native of Naumburg. But on the eleventh of March, of the following year, she was taken from me, by death, only a few minutes after she had given birth to a boy. Now, I was alone again, with my two little children. Anyone can imagine my plight. Then a neighbor woman, who had come to assist my wife, in her difficult hour, took pity on me, and my children. She took over the baby, weaned her own eight months old child, and raised my baby at her breast. I have, to the best of my ability, tried to repay her for this service, but such acts cannot be repaid with money.

October 4th, 1905

In the fall of 1851 Anton Watzke, a native of Bohemia who on his journey-manship had come to Mecklenburg, and married there, arrived at our place, with his father-in-law and step-son. I gave him a job as mason in my cave cellar.

In May 1852 Carl Ludwig arrived from Michlhausen in Thuringia. He had learned the brewers trade, with my father, and he now, became my partner in this branch. We seriously, got down to business, in finishing the dwelling house and set about the construction of a brewery.

In the winter I had cut down 150 tree trunks, for building, and we now put up a log structure, one hundred feet in length and sixteen feet in breadth divided into four separate compartments, for the brew house, and the malt floor. In the fall, I carted barley, to Milwaukee for Weisenborn and Martini, and on that occasion, I ordered a brewing vat, of sixteen barrels capacity at Coppersmith Meyers' place. When the time came, that the vat was finished, I again carted barley to Milwaukee with Bunnagels Friederich, and on the way back, I took along the vat, together with the drying plate, etc. On this trip, I got to know my present wife. She was the step-sister of my one-time school conrade, Ed Klopfleisch, whom I had, looked up on my first arrival in Milwaukee. Her name was Festge. She had remained in New York, with her parents, and brother, at the time of their arrival, since, father, son and daughter, found work there. Later, the parents, traveled with the youngest daughter to their son, in Milwaukee, and now, the rest of the family followed. As I had to stay in Milwaukee several days, I looked up, my old inn, Rau's place again. Mrs. Rau called my attention to Klopfleisch's sister, and when I looked up her mother, it just so happened, that her daughter, who was working for some rich Americans on the Hill, was there too.

October 11th, 1905

As I have remarked, the completion of the house, and brewery, kept us busy. At first, we brought the lime that we needed, from a place, near the present-day brick yards near Madison. That was a long way for us, and the indispensable material cost us a lot of money. The woods near us were full of dry wood, which was charred, by the frequent prairie fires. Then, the idea came to me, to burn my own lime. I examined very closely, the arrangment of the lime-kiln, where we had formerly gotten our necessary supply, and I then, set about the manufacture of my lime-kiln. Mr. Weisenborn and Mr. Martini in Springfield Corners also needed lime, and sent me a new immigrant, who was to help with the manufacture, of the lime-kiln. In return they would then receive, as payment, a portion of the lime.

The worker, who was sent to me was called Frank. He was a nice young man, however, he soon moved to the vicinity of Milwaukee, where he had relatives, and I have never again heard from him.

Our lime-kiln, prospered, very admirably, and I could produce, all the lime, that I myself needed. When the lime-kiln had once been established, it was also used by others. Even Lawyer Wm. Baker came to help his brother Carl make lime. At that time we already brewed beer, and to be sure, many a gallon of the brew was used, not to slake lime, but to slake thirst.

As we needed a large, number of people in our construction work, who also expected to be fed, it turned out, to be, ever more necessary, to have a woman in the house. I remembered the hint, that Mrs. Rau, the inn-keeper's wife, had given me in Milwaukee, and made inquiries of Miss Festge's Mother, whether her daughter, was still single, as I needed, a capable wife, and had thought, of her daughter. Her mother told me, that, as far as she knew, her daughter had not yet disposed, of her heart and hand; for further information I should turn to the girl herself. I did this, and on Washington's Birthday in 1853 I married, my third wife; with whom, I celebrated our Golden Wedding Anniversary two years ago.

When I brought her, from Milwaukee, the railroad, only went as far as Whitewater, and from there we had to go by stage, as far as Madison. There my wagon, picked us up. Although the new house, was so livable, that we could move in, life on the farm, probably seemed, very gypsylike in many ways, to my young wife.

Meanwhile, the brewery, was so far along, that we could begin, brewing. As we took for our motto, the old German proverb "A brewer will prosper nieth er there nor here. " "Who takes bad hops to make his beer. " We supplied a drink, that was acclaimed everywhere, and we sent beer, as far as Dodgeville. I farmed and brewed, and it can be seen, that I lacked nothing, in the way of work.

At this time, now, immigrants arrived weekly in our neighborhood. I could sell, all that I produced to them. Among others, the Baer Brothers came, to Cross Plains, and started a store there. I sold them much beer. Influenced, by the Baers, the next year, the whole Faust family arrived. They were all, musical, and they organized a band. Then things got lively in Springfield. The Runge and Schultz families arrived, all educated, jolly young people. As my house, was the largest, in the whole settlement, we decided, we had to arrange a dance. It went over splendidly. Among the guests

at the dance, was our later member of Congress and Representative in the Legislature, Peter V. Deuster of Milwaukee, who unfortunately died last winter, and also Representative in the Legislature, Geo. B. Thompson. It was a very enjoyable affair; on this occasion, it happened, that the Honorable Deuster settled down for the night in--a baby bed. That certainly gave everyone, a great laugh!

October 25th, 1905

The stream of immigrants, brought us, more German Countrymen from year to year. Carl Bohn, who had brought, Weisenborn, to me, had gone to Milwaukee the next spring, and he came back in the course, of the summer, with another countrymen, named Albert Kirst. The latter, was a blacksmith. They settled in Cross Plains and built a Smithy there, which was a great convenience for us. For now we no longer had to go ten miles to Roxbury to the smithy, as before. Furthermore there came Mr. Berg and Mr. Harmening, who settled in the school section. Mr. Sitzmann a brother to the one in Springfield, and Mr. Baier, who settled on Sections 21 and 22. There came Mr. Becker, father of the later Lawyer Wm. Becker of Madison, Further arrivals at that time, were Hering, Kahl, Wohlrabe, Hauser, Rauels, Muller, Dohm, Eller, the Petersilie brothers, and Siegmunds. Anhalt, Kirst and Libetrau, who still live in Middleton today, were people, who came from the same region as I did. Harness Ed Kirst in Waunakee is a son, of the afore-mentioned. Mr. Kirst, and harness-maker Anhalt in Dane, is a son of the pioneer Anhalt. With Mohr, came his sons-in-law Dr. Fischer and Zinkheisen, and they erected the grinding-mill in Cross Plains. They also managed a store, and a big farm. So it became more convenient for us to obtain many necessities of life. Our brewery prospered, we brewed, two or three times a week, and old Liebetrau of Middleton, was my most capable helper. He had already worked in my father's brewery in Germany. My partner, Carl Ludwig, also married, I think that was the reason, he left our company and moved to Hillsborough in Vernon County. Here my brother-in-law, Klopfliesch, had started a saw-mill and grinding-mill, and founded a brewery, with his friends, Hammer and Mellinger.

On January 17, 1854, my wife bore me, a little daughter, the present Mrs. Albin Petersilie of Cross Plains. The following summer Kogel, a gardener, from Langensalza, came and bought land in the valley. He was very useful, to his neighbors, as well as Mr. Fischer, and Mr. Zinkeisen in Cross Plains, in laying out gardens and orchards, but he wasn't able to carry out his plans, for starting, an amusement park, pneumonia brought him to an untimely end.

From 1851 until 1857, I was supervisor for the Town of Berry, in 1857 I was elected, Town Treasurer, in 1859 I was elected Chairman. The latter position I held until the year 1862, when I was reelected, but I resigned.

In August 1856, my son Herman, who has lived in Morris, Minnesota, for the past thirty years, was born.

In 1860 I undertook a trip to Germany, to see my father, and relatives, once more. My father was sixty-four years old at the time. I was received in most affectionate manner, and they catered, to my every wish. My father's wine cellar, was never so severely taxed, before or since, as in the ten weeks, I spent there that time. One of my sisters was engaged, and every Saturday her fiance came from Gotha. Each time a bowl of punch, was prepared, which lasted until the next Saturday. The lovely days at home, passed all too quickly, and it was time to part again, a longing, for my own family siezed me. In the middle of August, I left Bremen, and in the beginning of September, I arrived in Wisconsin, with a group, of new immigrants. Among the latter were relatives, and also, the future wife of my loyal companion, Conrad Scheele. Henry Wille also arrived.

November 1st, 1905

The journey to Germany, as attended not only with joy and pleasures, but also with a great inconvenience. An employee, of my father, who had a large family, asked me to take a fourteen year old son, and a sixteen year old daughter, along to America; another youthful traveling companion, joined us, and I was naturally entrusted, with the custody of the young people. For each of them I received sixty dollars, traveling money. I had bought myself, a beautiful billfold, but when it came to the test, it was too big for my breast pocket. For safety's sake, the latter was, sewed shut. When we arrived at Magdelburg on our way to the Bremen, there was at the railway station, (where the train from Berlin, arrived at the same time) such a throng, that not even an apple could drop between us. You could be literally carried away by the crowd. I had a traveling bag in each hand, and had to take care of my young companions. We entered the inn, and there to my horror I made the discovery, that someone had cut of the pocket, in which, I had put the billfold, with the money. Immediately, I telegraphed my father, what had happened, and learned, that he already knew, who had robbed me. It was a school-mate, a cabinet maker's son, who also wanted to go to America, with his sweetheart, but had no money. He had followed, directly after me, perhaps in the same train-car, not letting me out of his

sight. I reported, the theft to the police, and offered a reward. We were already on board the ship in Bremen, when a soldier came, and brought the billfold. Naturally the thief had taken the money and thrown away the billfold. As I still found a bill of exchange for \$600.00 in it, I gave the soldier a few dollars, indeed my last, cash money. I borrowed the money, for the passage of my companions, from a fellow-passenger, until, I could cash the bill of exchange. I learned, that the police were still tracing the thief Kohler by name. The thief, must have resembled, Mr. Wille, for the latter had to prove his identity on the ship, which was not hard to do. My money was gone and the loss hit me very hard. The journey had cost me several hundred dollars, and during my absence, things at the home in Berry had gone to wrack and ruin, and now this robbery of several hundred dollars. The misfortune of this year, held up my progress by ten years. Then, soon after my return to America, the war broke out, and hard times began. In these days, we had to wear trousers, made from sacks, and drink acorn coffee. What the taxes left, the chinch-bugs ate.

However, in spite of all the hardships, I was happy, that I had visited my relatives in Germany, once more, and, as usual in life, the pleasant impressions wipe out, the unpleasant ones, in our memory.

During the war, I had the experience of having all the people, whom I employed, leave me, either of free will or because of the draft. I consulted with my wife, about, what we should do. It would be impossible to continue farm and brewery together. So I gave up the brewery, and I managed, to struggle through. Now a new misfortune hit us.

It was fall, and my children, Augusta, and Fritz were to go to school. Mr. Schaefer, who taught there, was also the Justice of the Peace. On the day that school opened, he had a litigation in Court and, as a consequence, did not come to school. This suited the children, just fine, and they passed the day, with all kinds of games. While playing tag, my son Fritz ran after his sister Augusta, and the latter fell, and struck her forehead. When the children, came home, that afternoon, at the usual time, I was sitting in the room, and writing a deed. I immediately noticed a black mark, on Augusta's forehead, and said to the girl, "Go and wash yourself, you have dirtied yourself, with ink." When she replied, "No! I fell down", I sprang from the table, examined the bump, and then said to the

"You will have a black eye tomorrow, and we must apply Arnica at once." We did this, and the girl seemed completely well, otherwise. On the next morning, as I anticipated, the whole area, surrounding the eye was black. Around nine o'clock her nose began to bleed. All attempts to stop the bleeding, were unsuccessful, until she finally lost consciousness, and the bleeding stopped. On the next day, Augusta, went back to school, and we thought, everything was alright again. But six days later, the bleeding and fainting, again set in. I asked Dr. Fisher for advice; he said there wasn't much we could do, since the injury was internal. He said, all that could be done, was to stop up her nose and gums. I would have nothing to do with this, the child could not bear to lie down, because of the bleeding as the blood, then ran into her mouth and threatened to suffocate her. Finally Dr. Fischer decided we should leave it to time, to bring recovery. Augusta went to school for six weeks, but then she became too weak to continue doing so. The bleeding set in regularly, every six or seven days. This continued for fourteen weeks. I was County Commissioner, and had to go to Madison for a session. I went to the city in the best of hopes, that the damaged vein, might have cured itself, as the bleeding had not occurred for eight days. Then a relative came to Madison and brought me the news, that the child had died. Since that day, my hair has turned gray.

November 15th, 1905

The heavy sorrow, which the death of my daughter occasioned, was lessened by time, which heals all wounds, but mostly, through the hard work of my profession. The Civil War strained our strength to the utmost. It frequently happened that, women had to take the plow in hand, in order to afford the barest necessities. The scourge of the war, joined with other plagues. The chinch-bugs ate up the wheat. the Colorado-bugs annihilated the potato crop. The fire insurance companies doubled assessments.

In the year 1870 I became Town Clerk (which position I have held since) and I made it my business, to organize a so-called Town Fire Insurance Company. (A fire insurance company, for the farmers, of one or more towns.) Occasionally, at Town Meetings, I brought up the matter, for discussion, and strove to interest the people in the generally useful arrangement. In the year 1874, a meeting was held, for the purpose of organizing such a company. Statutes were drawn up, and officers were elected. Namely, John C. Fischer as President, John Grey as Secretary, John Nagel as Assessor, etc. It failed for the lack of confidence. Money could not be raised, for the procuring, of the necessary policies, and so the matter died an easy death.

Then Mr. John Brosemer and Mr. Fehlandt urged me to stir the plan anew. They said Mr. Kerl, you should make a second attempt, to be without insurance is too great a risk. I let myself be persuaded again. I brought twenty-four postcards, and through them, I invited twenty-four of the most prosperous citizens of Berry and Roxbury Townships to the meeting.

January 17th, 1906

Since the last account, from the life of our pioneer, a considerable time has elapsed. This was brought about by circumstances, which could not be changed. We are bringing our tale to a close for, as Mr. Kerl writes us, the events of my later years are so well known, to so many of my fellow citizens, in the city and the county, that telling them would offer little interest. I therefore am ending, and just want to dwell on a few more occurrences, on my path of life.

The aforementioned, organization of the Berry and Roxbury Fire Insurance Co., took place on the 21st of March, 1876 and has, in the almost thirty years intervening, saved each of the two Townships \$40,000 in premiums. It is the cheapest and best Insurance Co. For twenty-seven years, I was Secretary of this, three years ago, I was relieved of this, and made President of the Company.

At the end of the seventies, fate dealt me another very heavy blow, as my oldest son Fritz (from my second wife) took sick, only for a considerable time, did I recognize the nature of the illness, it was diabetes, which he had contracted in swimming. My son had heard the illness was incurable. Therefore, refused medication, "I must die anyway", he said, therefore I want to enjoy life a bit. For two years, he became thinner and thinner until a too heavy meal brought about the end. He was twenty-five years old. Accordingly, all of my still alive, four sons and three daughters, are by my third wife, with them I carried on the farm and garden work. By chance, at a disposal auction, over which I presided, I bought, by bidding fifty cents over the next highest bidder, the smithy tools which the deceased, could have for his needs. For half a year the equipment lay on the granary floor, until one day, my boys, (Fritz was still alive) set up a smithy, in the wagon-shed and busied themselves, with the repair of all sorts of tools, etc. My son Herman proved to be especially skillful, and when, during threshing season, the cylinder cogs, of the machine, caused trouble, he went to work and produced (in the noon hour) a wrench, in the shape of a borer which performed, very well, and was praised by everyone. I said, "My boy, you must become a smith!" I put him into apprenticeship with a good craftsman

He apprenticed for two years, then went to Hitchcock, Minnesota, and four months later he founded a blacksmith shop in Morris, Stevens County, Minnesota and prospered.

In the spring of 1901 I was elected Justice of the Peace, for the twenty-fifth time. On election day, the Town Chairman, P. H. Post said to me, Mr. Kerl, if you want to go to Madison tomorrow, you can ride with me to the depot in Cross Plains, and you can return with me in the evening, and so it happened. When on our return, we had come within about a mile of my home, Mr. Post noticed fire near my house, and called my attention to it. I also noticed the bright light, and said to my companion, "Probably they have started the straw which I have taken off the roses." After riding a stretch farther, I could recognize that several wagons stood in my yard, and taking leave of Mr. Post I remarked "There's probably still some work for me to do there." When I approached my house about twenty men, with burning torches, came to meet me, and Faust band serenaded me. Then Mr. H. J. Dahmen addressed me, in glowing terms. I thanked them, for the wonderful surprise, to the extent, that I could find words, and then I added, regretfully, that I didn't even have a beer to offer. Someone shouted at me, "Jacob Esser has brought that along", and so, we went into the house, and with beer, and lunch, and wonderful music we were gathered together until eleven o'clock. The honor, done me, by this serenade moved me deeply, because just at that time, the roads were almost, impassable, and the heavy loaded wagons, had to make their way homeward in deep darkness.

On the twenty-first of February I celebrated my Golden Wedding with my wife. We had invited no one to this festival, but through the children, and relatives, it had been spread about, that we could expect a full house. Unfortunately, it was the coldest time of winter, twenty and twenty-four degrees below zero. We began heating all of the rooms, three days before the occasion, which proved to be very effective. In spite of the bitter cold, the celebration, went off in the most successful manner. It lasted until, bright daylight of the twenty-second of February, and was enhanced by the beautiful music of the Cross Plains band.

The first of November, of last year, I sold my farm, to my son Robert Kerl, and my son-in-law Carl Westphal. I have kept, for myself, only the south part of my home, as my dwelling, until the time of my, and my wife's death. We plan to spend, the remainder of our days in quiet. Farewell.

From
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Seine körperliche und geistige Frische. Erst im vergangenen Jahre macht sich die Beschwerden des Alters auch bei ihm geltend, denen er jetzt am Freitag erlegen ist. Ein sanfter Tod hat seinem langen taten- und arbeitsreichen Leben jetzt ein Ende gesetzt.

Der Verschiedene war ein Bruder von Frau Friedrich Schloemisch von hier, die mit ihrem Gatten auch schon lange nicht mehr unter den Lebenden weilt. Der Verstorbene hinterläßt vier Söhne und drei Töchter, nämlich Hermann Kerl in Minnesota, Edw. Otto und Robert Kerl, sowie Frau Anna Petersilie, Frau Fannie Westphal und Fräulein Ida Kerl in Croix Blainz.

From
Milwaukee
Morning Sentinel
Mar. 10, 1912.

STATE PIONEER DIES AT
PORT WASHINGTON HOME



W. H. Ramsey.

PORT WASHINGTON, Wis., March 9 (Special).—W. H. Ramsey, who died at the family residence on March 7, was a member of the state legislature in 1857 and again in 1861, acted as state bank controller from 1862 to 1865 and was one of the oldest Masons living in Wisconsin. He joined the Ozaukee lodge No. 17 in 1850.

Mr. Ramsey was born in Greenfield, N. H., on July 1, 1827. He came to Milwaukee in 1847, moved to West Bend the same year and to Port Washington in 1849, where he lived with the exception of a few years in Grand Rapids, Mich., until his death.

Dr. Kerl diente seinen Mitbürgern als Schuldirektor, Friedensrichter, Steuerbeamter und auch als Legislatormitglied, obwohl er eigentlich nie als ein richtiger Politiker galt. Bis in seine letzten Jahre bewahrte er sich

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"Uncle Kerl"

One of The Oldest Germans Will Be Buried Tomorrow

Tomorrow on Monday in Cross Plains, Dane County, Wisconsin, one of the oldest Germans in the state will be buried. The various names that the people of Dane County and the city of Madison called him were "Old Papa Kerl" and "Uncle Kerl". Dr. Otto Kerl celebrated his 90th birthday on February 12 in Cross Plains. He lived in Dane County for 58 years and was well liked, valued and respected over the vast frontier of the county. He enjoyed being a practitioner of Homopathology, for which he had a great calling. He had a consultation office in Madison that was regularly overloaded with patients from the entire state. He was called the "poor people's doctor", as he seldom demanded a meaningful fee. One tells the story that the cost of a visit and medicine was no more than 10 cents.

Otto Kerl was a model of a true German, a learned and upright man. He began his studies in Germany where in the beautiful Hanover region of Langensalza he saw light for the first time 90 years ago. He migrated to America in the 1840's. Milwaukee was at that time a small town, happily took in a young people, full of hope. It couldn't keep him for long. The woods of Dane County beckoned him and he went in the middle of the Indians. He settled there (Dane County), became a friendly physician and benefactor of the entire region. When those who were sick called him he stood by them until the last year of his life. He founded a brewery, but left that work. In the course of time he practised agriculture on his beautiful farm.

Dr. Kerl was County Treasurer, a member of the school board, Justice of the Peace and also a member of the Legislature. He was a proper politician.

Until the last year of his life, he was in good physical condition. He had a few pains of old age. An easy death put an end to his long, hard working and task filled life. His life's work is over. He succumbed on Friday.*

The described was a brother of Mrs. Friedrich Schloemilch of here (Milwaukee) who with her spouse is no longer living. He is survived by his wife, four sons and three daughters, namely, Herman Kerl in Minnesota, Edward, Otto and Robert Kerl, Mrs. Anna Petersilie, Mrs. Fannie Westphal and Miss Ida Kerl in Cross Plains.

Milwaukee Sonntagspost
March 10, 1912

*According to the Perpetual Calendar, his death took place on Saturday.

Translated by Caryl Faust Bremer

Berry Town's Pioneer Doctor Had a 10 Cent Standard Fee

Date and
Newspaper unknown

Dr. Otto Kerl Was One of Township's First Settlers

CROSS PLAINS.—When old people meet at the corner grocery, and memories of the good old days are drawn upon, conversation often turns to Dr. Otto Kerl, pioneer homeopathic doctor, who was one of the first settlers in the town of Berry where he lived on a farm and dispensed medicines to a clientele which extended to most parts of the state.

Dr. Kerl's standard fee, which included the medicine as well as his diagnosis and services, was 10 cents.

Otto Kerl was born Feb. 12, 1822, in Langensalza, Germany. He was 24 years old when in 1846 he came to America. He had received a thorough education in Germany, including a university course, but his study of medicine was not a part of his school work but a sideline in which he was interested and on which he read a great deal. His reading had given him a thorough knowledge of the reactions of bodily tissue and functions to medicines and drugs of various kinds, and he always kept a large number of pills and drugs about his person.

When he arrived in America, he carried a compact medicine case in his pocket which contained 78 small vials, each with a different kind of pills and drugs, all intended for his own personal use. He had no intention at that time of practicing medicine.

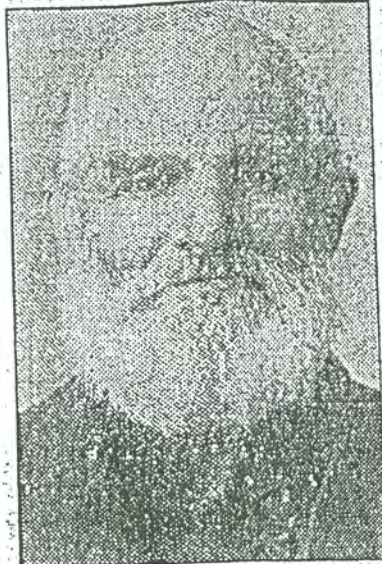
After a year in New York, he came west and settled on a homestead in Berry township near here in 1847. His education in Germany had included a thorough study of the English language, and as he was one of the few in the community, who could use the language fluently, he was elected to various town offices and soon made a member of the county board.

Dr. Kerl was married three times. He married Augusta Walter in 1849. She died in 1850, leaving him a little daughter. In 1851, he married Amalia Pappelbaum, who died in 1852 when a boy was born. Both children died.

In 1853, he married Johanna Pestge. They had seven children, all of them still living. They are:

Herman Kerl, Morris, Minn.; Edward Kerl, Cross Plains; Otto Kerl, Black Earth; Robert Kerl, on the old homestead in Berry; Mrs. Alvin Petercille, Madison; Mrs. C. Westphal, Madison; and Miss Kerl, who lives with the Westphals.

When Otto Kerl first came to Berry, he did not expect to make any use of his natural aptness for medicine, but when neighbors were sick and no doctor was to be had, it was natural that the



Dr. Otto Kerl

unselfish and accommodating young man should make use of his vials of medicine to lessen the suffering of his neighbors. For this he made no charge.

As time went on (people formed the habit of going to "Dr. Kerl," as they always called him, to get medicines for their aches and pains. Some remarkable cures of serious cases are still told. The neighbors had much more faith in the ability of Dr. Kerl than of the medical doctors that later established themselves in the county.

To replete his stock of medicines, Dr. Kerl always sent to Germany for more. Times changed and medicines rose in price. That's when he began to make a nominal charge in order to cover the cost of his drugs, or partly so, but not till later years did his fee ever go above 10 cents.

His first year in this country, Dr. Kerl worked in a brewery in New York. After he had lived on his farm in Berry for nine years, he started a brewery on his farm which he conducted for five years. But his main endeavor was farming, at which he was successful. The farm in Berry is just about the same today as the way he left it when he died.

Much terracing, with grape vines planted on the narrow terraces in the hillside, was all the work of Dr. Kerl.

While busy in the fields on his farm when neighbors came out to see him to get medicines for sick members of the family he would listen to their explanation of symptoms, then pick up a small flat limestone, use another sharp stone for a pencil, and scratch on the limestone the directions. Armed with this prescription, the proper medicine could be got at the houses from Mrs. Kerl.

Dr. Kerl lived to the ripe old age of 90 years. Seven years before his death, he and his wife celebrated their golden wedding. Mrs. Kerl lived several years after the death of her husband, but was quite feeble during the last years.

She too had come from Langensalza in Saxony, arriving in this country in 1848.

Both now sleep beneath the sod in the German Lutheran cemetery here,

but memories of the kind old doctor who wrote his prescriptions on stones and charged only 10 cents for service and medicine, and of his good wife, will linger in the minds of grateful men and women for many years to come.



—Courtesy Wisconsin State Journal.

Looking over one of the old county histories are (left to right above) Oswin Kerl, Shirley Ann Kerl, his daughter, Mrs. Robert Kerl, his mother, and Mrs. Edmund Kerl, of Black Earth. The first three live on the farm.



Otto Kerl Robert Kerl

—Courtesy Wisconsin State Journal

KERL CENTENNIAL SUNDAY

Oswin Kerl and his mother, Mrs. Robert Kerl will hold open house, Sunday afternoon June 29th from two to four o'clock marking the 100th anniversary of the arrival of his grandfather, Otto Kerl to the farm in June 1847. While it is expected that most of the descendants of the old pioneer and the relatives will be present anyone who wishes to come and spend the day will be welcome. However, a picnic lunch must be brought for your own group.

A century ago young Otto Kerl arrived in this country from Germany and worked in New York as a brewer for a time before starting west looking for a place to live. Arriving in Milwaukee he set out walking west and did not stop until he found a spring gushing from the hillside just north and west of the village of Cross Plains.

On July 3, 1848 he registered his deed with the register of deeds of Dane county and later received his government patent on the 200 acres of land, signed by President Zachary

Taylor, which is now the homestead.

One of the first things he did was to start a brewery on the farm but gave that up in 1861.

He gave the land for the Kerl School to the school district and since that time a member of the family has been clerk of the school board except for about a year. Otto was clerk as long as he lived. His son Robert bought the farm in 1905 became clerk and with his death four years ago Oswin took it over in turn.

Otto also served as county commissioner four years, town clerk 35 years and served in the state legislature in 1873-1874.

Mr. Kerl had attended a university in Germany and when he came to this county he carried 78 vials of medicine for his own use. However doctors were hard to find in this new settlement and he soon began treating his neighbors when they fell ill. At first he made no charge but when he sent back to Germany for more medicine and found the prices had gone up, he made the standard charge of ten cents—no more—no less. Because of this service to his neighbors he soon became known as Dr. Kerl.

Otto was born in Langensalza, Germany in 1822, the son of a German brewer and came to this country at the age of twenty-five.

He was married three times, and had one child apiece by the first two wives and seven by the third. The seven were Anna, Herman, Otto, Jr., Fannie, Edward, Robert and Anna.

Robert, who took the farm over in 1905 left it to his wife and their eight children: Felix, Rubert, Walter, Oswin, Herman, Herbert, Edwin and Elmer. The latter four live in Madison and the first four in the town of Berry.

Dana County News
7 June 1947

OTTO KERL

Please return this biography to:

Caryl Faust Bremer
1106 Brookwood Road
Madison, WI 53711-3116

Tel.: (608) 271-4638

The Children of (Andreas) Otto KERL and
Johanna FESTGE KERL

Anna	6 January 1854	-	9 February 1939
Herman	8 August 1855	-	12 December 1929
Otto, Jr.	11 November 1856	-	19 March 1941
Edward	6 December 1859	-	30 March 1945
Fanny	17 December 1863	-	15 May 1937
Robert	23 June 1867	-	22 March 1943
Ida	27 January 1875	-	17 December 1943

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