My impressions of the interview with John Schulz and partially with his wife as well are:

He has an extremely sharp mind and a very good memory. I don't think he was restricting anything as far as subject matter—as to what he would tell me. After the interview he continued to talk. He was willing to talk. He may have more to say, which I didn't get out of him. I think he'd be willing for a future interview, if we could get other questions to ask him. They are both very pleasant people and very sharp. He could be sixty years old rather than eighty-six.

He did request, however, that in relation to the incident in World War I about the guys who were going to work him over—that the names be-pulled out so I agreed to that request. I didn't have him sign the release form at his home. I preferred to send him the form with the final draft of the transcript and have him sign it at that time. I don't expect any problems, whatsoever, in doing it that way. I did record on the tape that he was willing to release the tape and the material in them for scholarly and educational purposes.

Mr. Schulz also mentioned coyote hunts and rabbit hunts in the area of Holyoke which was something else I neglected to bring up.

Mr. Schulz also related that there was an elderly lady with whom he was familiar who may be residing in California that did not leave Russia until the 1960's. He does not know if she is still living or how to get in touch with her, but she was German-Russian and apparently had some stories to tell about the Russians but was wary about whom she told them to. He got some of the stories but I didn’t ask him what exactly they may have entailed.

Also, as a final analysis on the interview itself. I would say that Mr. Schulz seemed to have the answers if I had the questions.

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Impressions of Interview
This is an oral history interview with John Schulz, October 7, 1975 at his home at 114 B Street in Ault, Colorado. Interviewer is Dennis Means. This is both for a class in oral history with Professor McComb and for the Germans from Russia Study Project at Colorado State University.
Dennis Means: Before we get into the questions on your parents, could you tell me your full name, where you were born, and when?

John Schulz, Sr.: My full name is Johannes Schulz. I'm known by the name of John Schulz, Senior, now. I was born in Clay County, Nebraska.

M: Would that be in Sutton?

S: That's near Sutton, however, Sutton wasn't the county seat. Clay County was the county seat, but Sutton was in Clay County. I was born on a farm near Sutton.

M: Would that be in 1888?

S: 1889. Born in 1889. My father at the time was teaching school. Daisy Ellen (Teets) Schulz (wife of John Schulz, Sr.): German school.

M: What were the names of your parents and where were they born?

S: My parents? Well, my father was born in Germany, I'd have to look it up here, and my mother was born in Russia. [At this time the German family bible, copyright 1912, was consulted by interviewee.] Paul Schulz was born the 23rd of April, 1859 at Kolmer, South Polson, Germany. My mother was born the 9th of March, 1860. Her name was Margareta Augusta Schmidt, and she was born in South Russia. [Huffnungstall]
M: When did your father come to Russia?

S: My father's folks moved to Russia when he was three years old. He was born in '59. That would be in '6?

M: '62?

S: Yes, moved to Russia in 1862.

M: Did he go just with his family or did they go with other families?

S: No, there was an uncle of his and maybe three or four families. Now, they must have went by wagon 'cause I don't think they had any other way of going at that time.

M: Did your father ever mention why they decided to leave Germany to go to Russia?

S: Well, if he did I don't remember. But before that a lot of Germans went to Russia and settled up quite a area of the country in around the Black Sea there and was prospering.

M: Did he have relatives [living there?]

S: Not to my knowledge. They had no relatives.

M: in the Black Sea area?

S: in the Black Sea area before they went there. Well, they moved down there and that's where he got his education. My father started teaching school when he was sixteen years old, German school--private.

M: He attended a local school in the town in Russia?

S: I couldn't tell you whether he went to school or whether his folks taught him. I don't know about that.
M: You mentioned that he spoke Russian very well?

S: Yes, him and mother both could talk Russian real good. They learned that in Russia. Now down at Sutton thirty years ago, I'll say ninety percent of the people down there—or almost that, could talk German and English both. The younger generation could talk English better that they could talk German. That's the way this was there. But, I don't know, for some reason or another father never liked Russia. When he was old enough for military service he either had to become a Russian citizen and go into military training or else go back to Germany and train. So, he went back to Germany and went into the armed service there.

M: Did the Russians let him go?

S: Yes, at that time I think traveling fore and back was pretty freely. There was no restrictions on it. Anyway, he went there and he was in service only about five weeks and he got a medical discharge on account of his feet. He was flat-footed, and they give him a medical discharge. Well, he came back to Russia with that medical discharge and for that reason they didn't draft him. Then he went to teaching school again and working. At that time there were some Germans that went there years before and had gotten wealthy, and they had hired private teachers to teach their family. Dad worked for those and done other work besides teaching 'til he [got married.] I don't know what year he got married. Let's see, I think he was twenty-five when he got married.

M: That's right, in one of the articles that you gave me, it's 1884. But, I was curious, you didn't know exactly where in Russia he went to settle and grow up?

S: No, I don't know exactly where the town was.

M: It wouldn't be the same place as your mother? It wouldn't be the same town?
S: It would have to be pretty close.

M: A point that some of the books relate [is] that it was difficult to intermarry into another town, because the women were protected by their own town. Did your father mention any problems in getting to marry your mother?

S: No, not to my knowledge. I know over there instead of living on their farms, they lived in colonies, like small towns, and then they farmed the ground around it. The people lived in town and went out on the farm, most of them. Except the wealthy people, they had built almost a town of their own. They had labor houses and big barns and houses and lived out there. But they all had protective fences around their places. Around these towns, colonies as they called them, they had protective fences.

M: Did he ever mention problems with the bandits or the wolves in Russia? A lot of the other books seem to mention things like that.

S: Dad said him and another fella went one night to visit another colony which I suppose [was] probably eight or ten miles apart, maybe not that far--I don't know the distance. When they started home they was riding along side of a sluice and on the other side of the sluice there was a haystack. They seen something around that haystack and they thought probably somebody's stock had got out and got that haystack. They started over towards the sluice and when they got close to there they seen it was wolves. He said they started towards home then, and as soon as the wolves seen that they wasn't coming towards them they started to follow them. Dad was riding a young horse and the other fella had an older horse. He said for quite a little ways they was able to hold their horse just in a slow trot or walk, and the wolves kept a following, getting closer. They didn't run either, they was getting closer. Well, Dad finally told the other man, he said, "I can't hold my horse any longer, I've got
to let him go." Well, he says, "Let's let them go." They let them go, and when they started to run, the wolves started to run. When they got close enough to their own colony to holler for the dogs to come out, neither one of them could holler. He said they tried to holler and they was so scared they couldn't holler. But they said the wolves got so close to them before the dogs heard them and came out and the wolves stopped, they got so close to them that they could hear them go, "Huh, huh, huh," as they was running. [laughter]

M: But they didn't catch them?

S: They didn't catch them, but dad says, "If anybody's hair could stand up, mine was standing up." They was really scared. If they hadn't have got to their colony when they did, why, maybe another mile or two the wolves would have got the horses. They claim them wolves always jump and grab the horses on their hock joints where that muscle comes down and they'd rip that.

M: hamstring, and break their back legs.

S: Yes.

M: He never mentioned any problems with bandits, robbers on the highway?

S: Oh, yes, that was continuous there, especially near Odessa. I don't know, it seemed like they laid it onto the Jews, mostly--that robbing. Of course, Odessa was probably ninety percent Jews. There was a lot of them there anyway from the way dad told me. I was never over there, I don't know--just what he told me. They had to protect their stuff. He said the Germans--one of them never went alone with anything. They always went three or four in a bunch when they hauled grain to Odessa. He said one time they had what we used to call "liver-barns"--I don't suppose you know what a liver-barn is--well, where we put our horses up when we went
to town with horses from a distance. They had there what they called the "Wirtzhaus". [See Height, Joseph. *Paradise on the Steppe* (1973), p. 59 for spelling] That was where they put up. They'd go in there and unhitch, and feed their horses. They had the restaurant there and they'd go in and eat. He said one time when he was in one of them places, they were setting in there eating, and one of them happened to look out the window and he hollered, "Somebody's stealin' some horses out there!" They jumped up and went out and they'd gotten three horses and started off with them. They got some of their other horses, got on them, and followed them. They went into a swamp with those stolen horses and, you know, they never found them horses, never found them men. They surrounded that swamp and they searched it in every way they could, but they got away with them. And when they got one of them fellas, why that was the last horses he ever stole.

M: You mentioned that your father taught school in Russia, did he ever talk much about that, the type of courses that he taught, or how many students he had?

S: Well, I think in Russia he taught mostly in private schools. Just maybe two families would get together and hire a teacher and he'd teach in their house. About all they taught there was reading, writing, and 'rithmetic. And I'll tell you in four years they'd learn more than they do here in eight or ten years as far as reading and writing, and spelling of course, and 'rithmetic.

M: Philip [nephew Philip Schulz of Holyoke, Colorado] mentioned, too, that your father was a hard taskmaster so I can see how they would learn quick.

S: Yes, he was pretty stern in a lot of ways. I went to school to him myself in Nebraska one winter and he had an eight year old girl in school, Anna Nuss was her name. She could recite the catechism from one end to the other. All he'd done is ask her the questions and she'd recite the answers. She had studied
S: enough 'til she knew every answer. I don't know how many there's in there--must be forty or fifty questions and the answers to them--and she [would] recite that all the way through.

M: While your father was teaching in Russia did he also farm?

S: I couldn't tell you but I think he started farming about the time he quit teaching.

M: He quit teaching while he was in Russia and went to farming?

S: Yes, and went to farming. Then when he come over here to Sutton, course, there was a lot of Germans there and they had no teachers so they wanted him to go to teaching and he taught school eight or nine years before he went to farming. Even after he farmed he taught two more years. That's when I went to school one year to him.

M: Did he ever mention why he stopped teaching in Russia, was there any pressure from the Russians to stop or did he just decide to farm?

S: I think he just decided to farm, probably.

M: You mentioned that he didn't like the Russians, did he ever relate any particular instances or talk about the Tsar or the authorities?

S: No, the "Roosians" in themselves he didn't talk so much about as he did about the Jews. The Jews seemed to be their biggest problem over there.

M: Were they German, or were they Russian?

S: I don't know whether they were German Jews, I suppose they talked Russian. I couldn't tell you.
M: He decided in 1886 to come to America

S: Yes.

M: Did he ever mention why he decided to come, and leave Russia?

S: Well, to get away from ... well, first, they didn't like the government set-up over there. And, second, there was all those Germans that came over here, was doing well. He knew them and was probably corresponding with them, and decided he'd come over.

M: Did he know he was going to Sutton before he left Russia?

S: I think so. I think he knew he was going to Sutton because he knew a lot of those people in this fifty-five families that came over. He personally knew them.

M: Did they ever send anyone back to Russia to talk to him before he left?

S: No, not to talk to him, not that I know of.

M: Did your father ever relate any difficulties in getting out of Russia? Did anyone try to stop him?

S: Not at that time, no. I don't think there was any difficulty at those times. You had to have a passport, of course. I've got some cousins that came over in 1910 and 1913 from Russia. Now, they had difficulties getting out. First, one of them came to Holyoke [Colorado] and then went up in the Dakota. They finally settled in Montana.

M: Did they ever mention any particular difficulties that they had, were they actually arrested?

S: No, not to my knowledge. I know the one that came over in 1913, he was in the service and got leave. He was married and had a wife and one boy. He got a week
S: or ten days leave. He was coming home and his wife and his mother met him before he got home. [They] had a passport for him and they wouldn't let him come home. They put him on another train and sent him into Germany and from there he came over.

M: He was in the Russian army?

S: Yes, he was in the Russian army. He came over to the United States and to Montana, because his brother had come over in 1910 and by that time had homesteaded in Montana.

M: Did your father ever mention the route that he took to come to America? Did he travel by train through Germany, or come by ship all the way, or did he ever talk about his trip?

S: Well, he told us about the ship, but how he got to the ship I don't know. Whether he went on a boat in the river to where they took the ship...

M: Do you know where he left from? Did he leave from Odessa or did he go to the North Sea, or a German port?

S: I don't know where he left from. I know they was on the ship. Well, now it seems to me like they was on a ship most of a month, from there over here.

M: Did he mention that he paid his own way or did the railroads in the United States—because they were trying to get people to settle? Did he pay his own way on the ship?

S: He must have, I've never heard him say any other way.

M: But he sold his property in Russia before he left?

S: He sold what he had before he left, and left for good. He never went back, and
S: at one time he wanted to go back. He just never went back.

M: He did leave part of his family in Russia?

S: Yes, he had two brothers and a sister and his mother alive in Russia. He never saw any of them again after he left there. His father died very young, in his early forties. I think he was forty-three when he died. My dad was just a young man then, around sixteen or seventeen. His mother never remarried. She lived with my dad until they come over here and then she went to live with one of the other boys.

M: Did he ever mention why they might not have come with him? Did they prefer to stay in Russia?

S: Well, I guess at the time they preferred to stay in Russia and when that Revolution started they couldn't come. He heard about twice a year from them before the Revolution. After the Revolution he never heard from any of them. He wrote to different places trying to find out what happened to them. They just disappeared. They was either murdered or sent to Siberia, I don't know which. He told me one time that he was thankful that his mother died before the Revolution. She lived to be ninety or ninety-one, I don't know which, but he said he was thankful that she died and didn't have to go through that Revolution.

M: Did your father ever mention anything special that he took from Russia, like a bible? He was married at this time?

S: Yes, he was married and Ma brought a few dishes with her.

I can show you a picture of my grandmother that was taken in Russia a long time after father was over here.

[Interruption: interviewee left interview and returned with photograph album]

M: Okay, now this photograph was taken in Russia?
S: No, this one wasn't taken in Russia. I can't find my grandmother's picture now.

M: This is your father?

S: That's my father.

M: Mother?

S: Yes.

M: Let me see if I can pick... that must be you.

S: That's myself, yes.

M: Who's this guy?

S: That's brother next to me. He's dead now.

D: That's Mrs. Lillian Schulz's husband.

S: Yes, this was Lillian Schulz's husband.

M: So, then this insert ... Now, that's kind of a curious photograph because Philip mentioned to me that your father didn't like him marrying Lillian because she wasn't a German. Would this be why he isn't in the picture?

S: No, he had run away from home.

M: Before he married?

S: Oh, years before he married, yes. I know dad wanted all of us to marry Germans. I think that was one of the greatest disappointments we cost him, by not doing that. [laughter]

M: Your wife is not a German?
S: No.

D: There's some German in me. We, too, came from [Germany], but back a long ways, back in 17??.

M: You mentioned that you were at the World's Fair in 1915 in San Francisco.

S: In San Francisco, yes.

M: What were your impressions? You had come from Holyoke, a small town, at that time hadn't you?

S: Yes.

M: What did you think of the big city?

S: I had been to Denver before I went to the World's Fair in San Francisco. I never did like a big city and I still don't. I used to like to go two or three days to a big city and then that was all, I'd want to get out, get away from it.

M: Did you go by yourself?

S: Went by myself. I took the train in Holyoke and went to Denver and from Denver to Cheyenne. I went to Denver and bought my round trip ticket to the World's Fair. That ticket cost me $68-railroad ticket. I've still got the stub someplace.

M: Where did you get all that money, that's a lot of money?

S: Well, I had farmed and I done pretty good.

D: He "bached". He didn't have a family or a wife to take care of so he could save his money.
S: Well, anyway, I bought that ticket in Denver, $68 and something. It was good for three months and I could stop anyplace on the route that my ticket called for. My ticket went from Denver to Cheyenne, to Ogden, Utah, to Salt Lake City, then to San Bernardino, California, then to Los Angeles, and down to San Diego, then from San Diego went back to Los Angeles, then I went to San Francisco. From San Francisco I went to Portland, Oregon. From Portland, Oregon I went to Great Falls, Montana. Then I bought a side trip ticket from Great Falls up to Brady, Montana where my cousins lived. Then I come back to Great Falls and on that same ticket I come back down to Sterling, Colorado. I stopped again and went down to Holyoke and stayed down there three or four weeks and decided to go to Kansas to harvest. The last day my ticket was good I rode into Denver on it.

M: What did you think of that experience? Did you enjoy it?

S: I seen a lot of things, a lot of things I'll never forget. Even at the hard times it was worth the money. I never regretted taking that trip. Well, right here's a picture I took from Los Angeles. You see what it cost me to eat? [shows postcard]

M: "15-cent oyster stew." Did you have the oyster stew?

S: I had the fried fish, a slab about an inch thick and about four inches square, and two slabs of bread and butter for fifteen cents I believe it was.

M: We've got you to Sutton, we've got your father to Sutton. He was still teaching you mentioned?

S: Yes, in Sutton he was still teaching.

M: Did he farm also when he first got to Sutton?

S: No, I think he worked some on the farm during the summer and taught.

[Interviewee was here shown photo from above book: Figure 11, page 128, "Mr. and Mrs. Heinrich Griess"]

S: Yes.

M: Later your parents were what now with him?

S: He was my parents's landlord for eleven years, just before we left to come to Colorado. Him and my dad they were, well, they were real friendly. I know when he died dad went down from Holyoke to Sutton to his funeral. He had a boy, of course he was quite a little older than I was. His name was Adolph.

M: But there were a lot of other German-Russians in Sutton?

S: Yes, practically all the Germans that was in Sutton was from Russia. There was one there name of Krueger. Krueger was a school-teacher and he came from Germany. I forget what his first name was.

M: You mentioned that this was families also, the Heinrich Griess farm.

[Interviewee was shown Figure 8, page 112, "The Heinrich Griess farm north of Sutton looking northwest"]

S: Yes, I can well remember when this house was built, Henry Griess's house.

M: Do you know about how old you were at that time? That's be in the '90's wouldn't it?

S: Yes, it'd be in the '90's. I was probably six, seven years old when that house was built. And, by the way, in about '65 we were in Sutton. We drove out to the place and that house was still standing there. In 1965 that house was still there but I don't believe there's anybody living there at that time.
M: Do you remember how far away from this home you lived in Sutton?

S: About three-quarters of a mile, hardly that.

M: You mentioned a story when you ... with the woodpile ... when they were actually building the house. Was there any workmen around or did you just go over there and play?

S: I, no. They were working at the house and they were building there, and I was just over there. I had no business up there. It was just like a second home to me. I'd go up and go in the house and Mrs. Griess she'd give me some cookies or candy or something always, and I'd play around there and go home again. And that day I went out on that lumber pile, and it was piled up probably three and a half foot high-boards. There was no cross piece in them to hold them and I got to running fore and back on them and they fell over and fell on me.

M: Well, what did you do then, did you try to hide your wounds?

S: I went home a crying I guess. [laughter] Of course, that Heinrich Griess was a pretty stern man, too. Whatever he said was law.

M: He didn't catch you playing on the woodpile?

S: No, but he gave me a talking to afterwards. [laughter] I don't remember what he said but I do remember that he lectured me. I remember one time I done something and he grabbed me by the nape of the neck and laid me across his knee and he was going to give me a paddlin' but he didn't. But he sure made me think he was going to! [laughter] Now, this Heinrich Griess was a short, heavy set fella, but when it come to strength, I don't think there was anybody around there could equal him. He'd take a horseshoe just like that and straighten her out, yes. He must have been around fifty years old when I seen him do that.
M: Were there other people working for him as well as your father? Did he have a lot of tenants?

S: No, not a lot of tenants. I don't know if he had anymore than my father. But he always kept a hired man. They just had one boy and two girls. That boy's name was Adolph, and he was quite known around there. He was like his father. He was strong for his size and pretty witty, and he was almost an expert shot.

I heard him say one time that he could do anything that Captain Hardy could, in shooting.

M: Who's that now?

S: Captain Hardy was a crack shot, demonstrated for some ammunition outfit along about that time. I seen Captain Hardy shoot one time after we came to Holyoke. He was getting quite old at that time. I'll tell you what he done, he said, "Now, you hear about fellas shootin' holes through washers, tossin' washers up in the air and shootin' through the holes of them. That's easy done." And he says, "I'll show you how," and he tossed one up and turned around like that [making a motion of turning his back to the airborne washer and aiming pistol over his left shoulder] and fired and, of course, the washer come back down. He says, "That went through the hole!" He says, "I'll show you to hit the rim's a little more difficult." He tossed them up and he'd take a six-shooter and he'd hit the rim of that washer. Then [some] pigeons gets to flying, oh real high, and fast when they heard [the] shooting, and somebody told him, "Let's see you shoot one of them." He had a high powered rifle at that time and he pulled up and that pigeon I expect was a long ways off. He shot and he cut the tail feathers out of it with that high powered rifle. [laughter]

M: Did your father shoot also? He was familiar with rifles?

S: Well, some. He was never what you'd call an expert shot. But he done
S: pretty good.

M: This Griess book mentions in 1893 they had bad hail in Sutton, and in '94 they were stricken with a drought. Do you ever remember that as a boy?

S: I remember the blizzard of eighteen-ninety something, I forget what year it was. That covered a lot of country and killed a lot of people. We had blizzards after we come to Colorado, and windstorms—that was dust storms. I went through what they called the dust storms there in the '30's.

M: [What] was your impression of Sutton, was it wealthy, prosperous, at the time that you were growing up?

S: At Sutton? Most of the people were, yes.

M: To make a little money, did you ever collect buffalo bones on the prairie, or hear tell of anybody doing that?

S: When we first come to Colorado there was people doing that, we never did. But what we did collect for fuel was cow chips. The first two years in the fall of the year, we'd take the wagon and a whole bunch of us kids we'd go out and pick a wagon load a day of cow chips and bring them in. We made a stack out of them, looked like a haystack. We burned them in heating and cooking stoves both through the winter.

M: Did you ever use cobs?

S: We did after we got to raising corn, but when we first come there our ground was all prairie. There was none of it tilled at all. We had to break it up and it was about the third [or] fourth year before we got to having cobs. Yes, cobs was very good fuel.

M: Your father never purchased a farm in Sutton, he just rented?
S: Yes, he never purchased a farm in Sutton.

M: How did he feel about banks or insurance? Did he ever talk to you about that?

S: No, he banked all the time.

M: Oh, he did?

S: Yes, he banked all the time. Insurance? I don't think he was much for insurance.

M: Did he bank with the German-Russian bank?

S: Now, if he banked in Sutton which I don't remember ... but in Holyoke he banked with the Citizen's State Bank. Then during the hard times, the money panic in 1908 I think it was, dad had bought a farm and another piece of land and made a down payment on it and then that panic struck. He was to pay so much down at a certain date and his bank wouldn't let him have the money--said it couldn't let him have it. So he went down to Grant, Nebraska. There was a fella there that he knew that run a bank and told him what the situation was and what he was up agin' and asked him if he'd get the money. That banker's name was Hastings. He said to father, "Did you try your First National Bank in Holyoke?" Father says, "No, I've never done any business there, I don't think it'd be any use to try." "Well," he says, "you go back to Holyoke and try the First National Bank, and if they won't let you have the money you send me a wire, your money will be there the next morning." So he came back to Holyoke and went to the First National Bank and told him just what Hastings told him and they let him have the money to make his payment on that land.

END TAPE ONE: SIDE ONE
M: [Were the German-Russians in Sutton people whom your father knew] in Russia?

S: Yes, most of those families he knew in Russia.

D: There was one family here. The old man had gone to school with John's father. What was their name John?

S: Burbach. When we come up here to Ault I run across a family from Russia. Their name was Burbach.

M: As a boy growing up in Sutton, do you remember any particular games, or holidays?

S: You mean like Christmas?

M: Yes, or was there any particular game--like we play baseball.

S: They played baseball in the town of Sutton--had a good baseball team. My sister was almost six years older than I was [and] she was going to school, confirmation school, in Sutton.

M: Now, she was born in Russia?

S: She was born in Russia. She was a year old when they came over. I heard her tell about them playing baseball. Later on I knew several of the fellas that played in the games with the team. But, I never went to any of the games because I was too young to play.

M: What kind of games did you play? Do you remember?

S: We played horseshoe.
M: Throw the horseshoe to the stake?

S: Yes, just a regular horse's horseshoe, not the standard kind. We played that a lot, and dominos in the house. We played dominos some.

M: No checkers?

S: Not until later on. After we come to Colorado, my dad was a pretty good checker player. He wanted me to play with him after I was grown. I started playing with him and he'd beat me five or six games and I'd get mad and quit. In a day or two I'd come back. That was after I'd started baching. I was twenty-three years old then. It was in the wintertime and I'd come back down, and the first thing he'd do is get this checkerboard out and get me to play checkers. That went on for a couple of months, and I'd get mad and quit and go home. [laughter] Then pretty soon I got to beating him. Before the winter was over with he couldn't hardly win a game off of me, and he was considered a pretty good checker player.

M: Well, you stayed in there until you won.

S: Then in 1915 I went down into Kansas to wheat harvest, and they was playing checkers there where the harvest hands hung around the hotel. I went down there and I beat everybody. Later on they told me of a fella that had at one time held several county championships and we happened to be thrashing next to his place on Saturday. On Sunday I went over to his place and I got talking to him. Told him that I'd heard he was quite a checker player. "Well," he said, "I used to play good checkers, but I haven't played for a long time"--which makes a lot of difference, you know, if you don't play for a long time. We played three or four games and I beat him. But that ain't saying that I could have beat him when he was at his best, or maybe not come near to it.
M: You mentioned holidays, was Christmas the holiday that stood out?
S: Christmas was usually a three day holiday. Mother would bake up stuff enough to last a week, all kinds of kuchen bread. They were more like a pie than they were like bread.
D: Well, it was more of a bread dough or sweet roll dough that they had made. Then they would fill it like a pie.
S: She'd roll it out and put it in pie pans and put the side up. She'd put prunes in some of them, and sliced apples in some, and raisins in some. She'd make a custard and pour over that and bake it. Now, I'm telling you, when you eat that you're eating something that's good.
M: Yes, do you remember any other holidays--like the 4th of July?
S: Well, the 4th of July not so much. I remember one 4th of July there. When we lived on this Henry Griess place, Lushton was our closest little town. There's probably a population of fifty or seventy-five. It was the 4th of July and dad loaded us kids up and took us up there. There's a fella that had a merry-go-round that he had a horse hitched on to it. It took it around. For a nickel a piece we could ride as long as we wanted to. Dad got us tickets to ride that merry-go-round. I got on that, and I remember that I got so sick I--oh, I got sick.
M: This was in the '90's?
S: That was in the '90's, yes. I imagine I was probably seven or eight years old.
M: You don't remember any parades?
S: Parades? No, I don't remember any parades. We didn't go to anything like that. That's the only 4th of July celebration I remember going to.
M: Do you remember church? Did your father make you go to church when you were a boy, when you were living in Sutton?

S: Yes, we went to church pretty near every Sunday--the German-Reformed Church like it mentions in there. [Points to book, Those Who Came to Sutton] All those Germans, they was practically all of them belonged to the German-Reformed Church when we first come to Sutton. Then a few years after we come there they got into a disagreement, and they split up. They made two churches. One was the state, the German-Reformed Church and the other was the one they called the Hofer (Hoffert) Church. A fella name of Hofer, he was kind of the cause of the churches splitting up. I'll tell you it was something awful. [In 1897 forty-five families broke from the Emmanuel congregation to form the Free Reformed Salem Church. Pastor Hofer was its first minister. Griess, p. 135. Mr. Schulz believes spelling should be "Hoffert".]

M: Was he one of the Bruder, one of the Brethren? Why would he break with the Church?

S: I don't know. All I know is they split up and then afterwards there was a couple that was going to get married, a young couple, and one of them, stayed with their German-Reformed and the wife's folks went over to Hofer's. He wouldn't go to Hofer's and she wouldn't come back to the German-Reformed and it broke them up. Been engaged and ready to be married and it broke them up.

M: How about your father, which way did he go?

S: He stayed with the German-Reformed Church.

M: Did you ever miss church to work in the fields, or did you always go to church?

S: No, we didn't miss church on account of work. Lots of times probably we missed church because we lived seven miles and a half [out] and if the weather
wasn't nice, why, we wouldn't go. Otherwise, church was on Sunday and we usually went to church on Sunday. Then a lot of times from church they'd go home with one of the families or have one of the families come to our place for the rest of the Sunday.

M: Do you remember when you first started to work in the fields, about how old were you?

S: Seven years old. In Sutton, Nebraska I started to plow with a walking plow.

M: Was that young, or was everyone doing that?

S: No, I think that was young. I don't think there was very many of them started that young.

M: But, you were the oldest boy?

S: I was the oldest boy and I was pretty good sized for my age. But, I'm telling you that was rough, that ground. Some of it had clay in it and the plow wouldn't go through it nice and even. I can remember that, and dad walked along and told me what to do and how to do it. Then if I couldn't do it, couldn't get it done, why, then I'd get a slap once in a while.

M: He was pretty stern. He wasn't gentle about teaching you, you had to do it or else?

S: If he thought I could do it, he tried to make me do it--figured I should be able to do it.

M: Did he ever push you when you knew that you couldn't do it or did he understand?

S: Well, I don't know as to that. I think so. After I got started it didn't
take me long to learn. I knew farm machinery when we come to Colorado and after
the first couple of years I knew more about farm machinery than my dad did. I
could set machinery and make it work that he couldn't.

M: Why did your father leave Sutton to come to Holyoke?

S: He left there to come up here to homestead--to get land of his own.

M: Did he ever mention why he chose Colorado instead of South Dakota or
Canada?

S: No, I don't know as he did, anymore than there's two families that'd come
to Holyoke. Well, there was three families that'd come to Holyoke that he knew
in Russia. They had homesteaded there, and one family came to Yuma, [Colorado]
that he knew in Russia. He first went to Yuma and didn't like it there, then he
went across to Holyoke and like that book says, [Those Were the Days, Phillips
County Historical Society, 1973, p.110] across a man that had a homestead partly
improved and wanted to sell it and get away from there. He thought that'd be a
good deal to buy them improvements so he'd have a place to land when he come
out.

M: Do you know the three names of the people who were in Holyoke before your
father came?

S: Yes, it was Peter Hust and Jacob Kline [according to Larimer County Records
Petitions, V.1, #39, the name should be spelled “Klein”] and Pete Reichert. They
were the three families that lived in Phillips County that dad knew in Russia
and Sutton both.

M: They had come from Sutton?

S: Yes, they had come from Sutton.

M: Okay, now he came in 1901?
S: He came out and homesteaded in 1901 but we never moved out until 1902.

M: You remained in Sutton while your father made plans to come to Colorado?

S: Well, he came out and found a homestead and bought the improvements and the relinquishment and filed on it. Then, he had six months time to move onto it. He done that all in the fall and in the spring we moved out there.

M: Did you run the farm in Sutton while your father was in Holyoke?

S: Us kids and mother took care of what little stock we had. It was late in the fall when he come out and the farm work was all done. There was no work to be done.

M: You didn't travel with him to Holyoke?

S: Not until after we came out for good.

M: You came by train?

S: We came by train. We loaded the cars one day and left late in the afternoon. We was on a train that night and all the next day and all the next night until about two o'clock when we landed in Holyoke. Mother and all of us children rode in the caboose, and dad rode in the [immigrant car with the furniture and horses.]

M: You had a large family by then didn't you?

S: Yes, there was eight of us children. We all grewed to maturity and before the first one died the eight of us represented better than 600 years of living.

M: Do you remember what your impression of Holyoke was the first time you saw it? That'd be in 1902, do you remember anything you saw?

S: I don't forget nothing about what happened. Dad shipped out a carload of
cattle. I think there was thirty-two head, I'm not positive on that. Quite a few of those were milk cows. Of course, they were on the train and hadn't been only just partly milked all that whole time. They unloaded them that night. I don't know where they got the cans, we must have brought them with us. They had these straight up milk cans; they hold about five gallons a piece. They milked the cows and had either two or three of those cans full of milk and brought them in the depot. Now, we got into Holyoke between two and three in the morning. We didn't go to a hotel, we just laid down on the floor and slept in the depot. They brought that milk in the depot and told anybody that wanted some milk to come and get it and they come and got all that we didn't drink. Well, Ma had baked up some bread and stuff and she had several loaves of bread. We sliced that bread and drank milk and eat bread for breakfast. That was just a little before sun-up. About sun-up, why, they started me and my brother with that bunch of cattle.

M: Now that would be Wilhelm?

S: Wilhelm, yes. Out down towards the homestead. This man Hust took us out the edge of town--we was only two blocks out the edge of town--and he says, "You see that hill down there?" Well, he says, "You've got to get around on the other side of that hill and then there's a road there that takes you down to the homestead." He told us how to go, "East, and then cut catty-corner across clear down, and then go half a mile east, and then cut a catty-corner again." He says, "That will put you east of that hill." We had one horse between us. We took nothing to eat with us. Those cattle were tired and hungry and the grass had just started getting green, and they wanted to eat. We had an awful time to crowd them along. We made--let's see, it's seventeen miles down to the homestead--about thirteen miles that afternoon. Along about one o'clock we was, all tired. One of us walked part of the time,
the other one would ride, and part of the time we'd both walk and lead the horse. We come past a place where a fella name of Copp laid out a farm and lived there. Well, we went that half a mile straight east like I showed you there, he lived right there. We was back over the place, and I told my brother, "I'm going in and see if we can water our cattle." I went in there and I couldn't talk any English. [laughter] I went in and as it happened there was a man there that could talk German. I started to talk to the fella that ownt there, [and] this other fella realized I was German right away and started talking German to me. His name was Dick Rausch. He was one of the fellas that for the years we lived in Holyoke was a good friend of ours. He told this man Copp that I wanted to water the cattle. He told him to tell us to bring them in. We brought them in and while the cattle was drinking I told this German, "We haven't had any dinner," or I said something about being hungry, so he talked to this Copp in English again. He had a girl. He called her out--I don't know she was probably a year or two younger than I was, probably ten [or] eleven years old--and said something to her. We stood and let the cattle rest a little while and pretty soon we started to drive them off. He told us to wait a minute. We waited a little bit and this girl came out and brought a paper sack. It had cookies and bread and meat and stuff in that sack and I'm telling you, that was welcome!

M: That was your first day in Holyoke?

S: That was our first day in Holyoke. And another thing, after we started those cattle and got out just after sun-up, you could see for distance and the air was so clear, and I said in that book [Those Were the Days] that I don't believe I ever in my life saw a more beautiful morning than that was. We got east of Holyoke about half a mile and there was a slaughterhouse there. Of course, when them cattle smelt the blood why they begin to paw the dirt and
bawl and went around—just a little shack there where a fella had been
killing a little meat for the town of Holyoke. There was a few other cattle
there, and they got mixed up and scared us half to death. [laughter] I
didn't think we'd ever get them separated, but we got them separated and
got to drive them.

M: Your father wasn't with you then?

S: No, they stayed and loaded
the

M: Your father wasn't with you then?

S: No, they stayed and loaded the wagons. There was this Hust, and Kline,
and Reichert, and another fella [Ollie Hall, Those Ware the Days, p. 111]
had come in the night before. They knew we was coming. They came in there
with wagons and loaded up the machinery and household goods and everything
on them. They was to catch us by shortly afternoon. It was just about
sundown when they caught us. Well, we happened to be right there by this
Pete Reichert's place, I told you, and we bedded the cattle down there.
They was tired and they lay down and we left them right there. There was no
fences. We just left them there and they stayed all night. I don't know
where we slept. Anyway, we stayed all night there and got a little
something to eat. The next morning we went on down to the homestead. I
can't remember myself ever regretting going out there. I liked it out
there. I liked that open country.

M: Was it similar to Sutton?

S: It was nothing like Sutton?

M: No?

S: No, the ground wasn't farmed. It was all prairie. There was no fences.
But down where dad's homestead was pretty good grass.

M: Was the house big enough when you got down there?
S: Well, it was 14 x 24, I think that was the inside of it. It was made out of soft sod, and the walls were that thick [indicating measurement of between two and three feet]. We had four beds in there and they were sitting with the foot together and the heads apart. We could walk in between them. There was two on this side and two on that side—pretty much doubled up to sleep until after the first year. [Then] we built a milk-house. It was big enough for a bed in it, so my brother and I moved out in that. Then we built a barn and we moved out in the hayloft—I slept in the hayloft for two years.

M: You mentioned in the article [Those Were the Dams] that your father went back and dismantled a store in Lamar, Nebraska?

S: Yes, he bought a store in Lamar, Nebraska which was about the same distance as Holyoke from where we were, about seventeen miles. He bought a two-story store there and dismantled it and hauled the lumber home. Out of that he built a barn first, and then built a house. Of course, dad had a granary and a chicken house. There was a lot of lumber in that old store.

M: Did you make many trips to town?

S: I didn't make many trips to town. The only time I went to town was when, after we got to raising grain, we hauled grain to town or taking a load of hogs up or something like that with a wagon. But dad usually went to town about once a week with what they called a spring-wagon. It was something like a top-buggy only with springs. [It had] two seats on it—you'd take the back seat off. Well, we milked a lot of cows and he'd haul that cream to town once a week and sell it. That's the way we made our living the first couple [of years].

M: Did he bring anything back from town? Did he buy food?

S: Yes, he bought groceries and stuff in town.
M: Did you go to church in Holyoke?

S: No, there was some German folks ... Now, them Husts and Klines moved away the same spring we come there. They moved up here to Loveland [Colorado]. And Pete Reichert stayed one year and then he moved back to Sutton. But there were some Germans from Germany that lived about eight miles north from where we lived. There were three or four families that lived there and dad got acquainted with them and they'd have church at the house. We'd go up there to church.

M: Did you get along with the Germans who were from Germany pretty well?

S: Yes, oh yes. We got along good with them.

M: They spoke a different dialect, didn't they?

S: Well, more or less, but we could understand ourselves pretty good. Well, dad you know was from Germany. His folks talked the Germany German.

M: Was this the Scheunemans? Was he one of the families that you churched [with]?

S: He could talk German, but he wasn't one of the Germans who'd go to church out there--where we did on the farm.

M: What did you think of him?

S: [Erased per request of interviewee] I always kind of liked Scheuneman.

M: So your father didn't necessarily shop with a German store?

S: No, it was really about the only store there and the biggest store there. When we first come there we had to do our shopping in there. We did. He charged my dad up with a pair of boots one time that dad knew he didn't buy, because he had never bought any boots in Holyoke. My dad used to charge
S: groceries and when he got his bill and went over it, why, he saw these boots on there. He went in and told him and August says, "Well, if you didn't buy them we'll just mark them off!" [laughter]

M: You mentioned that one of your neighbors to the south was the Wetherbees. I've heard stories about the Wetherbees, what did you think of them?

S: I really wasn't too much acquainted with them. The Wetherbees was one of the big outfits there that tried to hog the whole country.

M: They were ranchers?

S: They were ranchers, yes--the Wetherbees south of us and Doc Norris west of us. Their ranches was run together and they put up drift fences so the cattle couldn't drift in the case of a storm, and to fence out other fellas. Of course, they didn't resent us coming there very much. But a few years after we come there there was a lot of people come there and went to homesteading--homesteaded a lot of this ground that they had fenced. They resented that very much and they was going to eat the homesteaders out. They had an outfit from Brush, Colorado--the Box J Ranch. I think they're still operating somewhere in Montana. The Box J Ranch shipped 2,000 cattle down there in February of 1908 to Doc Norris's, and Doc Norris was going to turn them loose in the hills to eat the homesteaders out and discourage them.

M: Would that have affected your farm?

S: Not as much, no. We were to the north and east of the Doc Norris Ranch. Well, anyway, they shipped those 2,000 head of cattle down there the 1st of February, and I think about the 8th of February we got a blizzard. The snow got about two foot deep. The 1st of March they moved all the cattle they could get out out of there--which was 800 head. Twelve hundred head died in them
hills. There was lots of pockets in those sandhills. There would be twelve
to fifteen head of cattle in them pockets dead. They took all they could
get back out, took them back to Holyoke and shipped them to someplace
where there was some feed. They told the ranchers and homesteaders that
whatever cattle was left in there that was still alive—if they could get
them home and feed them, they could have them. We got one of them. We
found one down and got a sled and brought it home and fed it.

M: The ranchers would allow the homesteaders to have the cattle?
S: The ranchers had nothing to say about it anymore. It was the Box J
Cattle Company. See, when they moved out they told the ranchers if they
was still any live cattle left that they could keep alive they could have
them. I remember this Doc Norris coming over to dad and [he] wanted to buy
some feed to feed some of these cattle when that snowstorm come. Dad says,
"I wouldn't sell you a pound of feed at any price to feed them cattle
with." He says, "You had them cattle brought in here to run us out and
we're going to keep our feed and let you get along with the cattle."

M: Was there any shootings? Did it get rough with the ranchers and
the homesteaders?
S: Oh, it did in places. It never bothered us. There was a fella that
cut our fence one time where there was an angle road that had gone
through our place and we had fenced off. He come along and cut it. I seen
him cut it but it was pretty near half a mile from the place. I was too
young to get on a horse and get him, and dad wasn't much of a horseback
rider. We knew who it was. I knew who he was when he was doing the
cutting.

M: Did you visit? Did you have friends outside of the Germans?
S: Oh, it didn't take us long--it didn't take dad long to get acquainted with the neighbors.

M: Did your father at this time speak English?

S: No, very little--a little more than us kids did but very little. We had an English neighbor in Sutton that dad used to go to his place--he lived on the Blue River--and fish with him. He could understand German a little and dad learned a little English there. It didn't take us kids long to learn to talk English. The neighbors were all pretty friendly, except these big ranchers. Of course, they resented the homesteaders coming in there.

M: You mentioned that someone talked about your father being the "Crazy Dutchman." Was there any kind of an ethnic break, that because you were German-Russians you were treated differently in Holyoke?

S: Well, I wouldn't say that was it. The fellas that lived there, most of them, didn't believe in farming that ground. They didn't think that it could be farmed. We started to plow it up and started raising crops. They said, "That crazy Dutchman thinks he's going to make a living a farming." It wasn't long until we had some good years there and raised fair crops [and] that country was just lousy with homesteaders.

M: They didn't call him Dutch, they didn't think you were Mennonite?

S: No, no they just made the remark because he was breaking up this ground. If they'd have referred to him in anything else they wouldn't have called him a Dutchman.

M: You didn't really have any problems, you weren't called "Roosians"?

S: No, not to amount to anything. I didn't go to school any. I was the oldest
one and I had to go to work. The kids that went to school had a few problems before they got to where they could talk English. I know my brother Wilhelm, Bill we called him, [was] coming home [and] there was some other boys who walked across our place coming home from school. Before they got to our place they got into an argument. There was two brothers and my brother. I was west of the house about a quarter of a mile or so plowing. I seen them coming across west of the house out there and they stand there talking. Pretty soon I seen them start in slugging. Well, Bill hit that oldest one and knocked him down and when he did he went to jump on him and the other one run up and hit Bill, so Bill got up and quit. He says, "I'll fight either one of you, but I won’t fight both of you." That settled that--that part of it. And years afterwards they were the best friends we had there. They are both dead but one of the fella's wives is still alive and she's still a very good friend of ours.

M: Who were they?

S: Briggs. Herb and Paul Briggs. They come there with their mother. She was a widow woman. They come there and homesteaded.

M: Your father never mentioned being discriminated against in town, there was no one trying to cheat you or anything like that just because you were [GermanRussian]?

S: No. Dad could make friends pretty easily. Now, I seen an account in a Holyoke paper where a woman died name of Mowry. Now, Mowry, her grandfather was running a hardware store in Holyoke when we come there. Dad got acquainted with him and he was a checker player. They started playing checkers. Every Saturday dad would go to town, he'd go in to Mowry's and play checkers.

M: They couldn't speak, but they played checkers?
S: Well, dad could speak some and it didn't take him too long to learn.

M: How long were you in Holyoke?

S: Phillips County was my home until '37. From 1902 until '37--thirty-five years.

M: How do you think it changed from 1902?

D: That irrigation did the most changing.

S: Yes, that's been since '37, though. There was no irrigation there. That part has changed considerable. It's changed from cattle country to farming country. The town itself has changed from an old type wooden sidewalk town to an up-to-date town. They put in a sewer system, put in some cement sidewalks. Scheuneman and Doc Smith built the first brick store, I think it was in Holyoke. It's still the store on the east side, south of the highway and the first block--that red brick store there. Doc Smith and Scheuneman made the brick right there west of Holyoke. I don't know what they had out there but them brick for that store was made right there. [This building was erected 1907, Those Were the Days, p. 63]

M: Did you [or] anyone in your family go to a doctor, or did you just treat it at home?

S: The year we went out there, in 1902, dad had some fall wheat down at, [Sutton] that he still had on that ground he'd rented, and he didn't sell it--he kept that wheat. When it was ready along in the first part of July, he went back to Holyoke with his team and wagon to harvest that wheat, and left Ma and us kids out on the homestead. I got sick; I got appendicitis. I was sick for three or four days and I kept getting worse and she called this Pete Reichert
in and told him to take a look at me to see what he thought. There was two men that come in there and as soon as they seen me they said, "That boy is sick, you better get a doctor." Well, they had one doctor in Holyoke at that time; it was Doctor Smith. There was no telephones there then so they drove into town and told him that I was sick [and would] he come out and see me that same day. He came out the next day and examined me and said I had appendicitis. Said there was no facilities there for him to operate on me and I'd have to go to York, Nebraska to be operated on. The day after he was out there they took the spring-wagon and made a bed in the back end of it and laid me in there and hauled me into town--seventeen miles in that spring-wagon. I was to take the train to go to York, Nebraska. It happened that Mr. Hust, his wife happened to be going to Sutton the same day or I'd have been alone. She looked after me. At Sutton I had to change trains to go to York, because it was a branch. I had an uncle who lived in Sutton so they took me off the train and up to my uncle's to stay all night. They had a consultation there and instead of sending me to York, Nebraska the next morning they put me on a train and sent me to Lincoln, Nebraska. One of the old timers that dad knew there at Sutton went with me down to Lincoln to a doctor that dad knew in Russia. He came over here and practiced. They took me to the Catholic hospital--I forget what the name of it was. We got down there about nine o'clock and they operated on me right after noon. The night before they took me down there, while I was at my uncle's, I got a relief. I quit hurting so. My appendix busted that night.

M: You were lucky to be alive.

S: Oh, it was a wonder that I'm alive. That was in 1902--my dad wasn't there, I was alone. This fella that went down there with me stayed until I was operated on and he came home. I was there in the hospital a whole month and they kept my incision open for three weeks or better and drained it. I don't know how I lived.
D: Tell him about pouring the peroxide in you.

S: Doc told my dad--dad come down after me then--that if I hadn't been strong and healthy and in very good shape I'd have never lived.

END TAPE ONE, SIDE TWO

BEGIN TAPE TWO, SIDE ONE:

This is tape two: oral interview with John Schulz of Ault, Colorado, October 7, 1975. The interview took place from 9:30 a.m. to noontime. Interviewer is Dennis Means. This is both for an oral history class with Dr. McComb at CSU and for the Germans from Russia Study Project at Colorado State University.

M: [In response to a question concerning his father's custom grain cutting, John Schulz replied,]

S: [It was] 1905 or 06 when he went and cut grain for that family name of Webermeier. We had to cut our grain and we was stacking it, bundle grain. Dad and I was stacking it and he come down there and said they'd had a pretty good shower of rain up there a day or two ago and his wheat was ripening faster than he thought it would and he would like to have dad come up right away and cut it. Next morning dad took his binder--which was the only binder, I think, southeast of Holyoke at that time.

M: So you were prosperous, even though you had a large family?

S: Well, I wouldn't say we was prosperous. We had a binder, a mower, a plow--had a few machinery. I'll bet you, dad didn't have a hundred dollars when he got to Holyoke. He bought all the cattle he could rake up money to buy to bring out here with him because it was a cattle country.
M: Did you consider it good times from 1900-1915 or did you consider it hard times?

S: No, outside of the panic in 1908, we mostly done pretty good. We fared better than we did in Nebraska because we milked those cows all the time. Us kids got big enough to milk and I was big enough to do the farm work and look after the stuff. We never seen any really hard times.

M: You mentioned your father buying horses, was this when he got a little extra money?

S: Yes, he brought one with him, a colt. He sold that for three times what he could have got for it if he'd sold it down there. A year or so after that he went back, down and bought--no, he bought one in 1902 and brought it out with him when he come back from cutting that wheat. He bought a colt then. Then in, I don't know, 1908 he went to Fort Morgan and bought a Belgian stallion. He proved to be a good sire and was the foundation of good horses southeast of Holyoke.

M: So, did he start prospering more after he started raising horses?

S: Well, yes.

M: He was always enterprising?

S: He made a little money all the time, yes. He didn't do much work after I got big enough to do it. When we stacked grain, why, he helped but anything in the farm line I done ninety percent of it.

M: Did you ever start going to church in Holyoke?

S: In 1906 or 07 I started going to an English church that they had out there in the country. They called it the State Line Church. A bunch of the English people around there built it. Part of the time they had a preacher and part of
the time they didn't. But they had Sunday school there and I went to Sunday school and went to church there. One winter they had a long session of revival meetings and I went quite a bit. My folks never did go to the English church.

M: Did they want you to go?

S: I don't know if they particularly wanted us to go or didn't want us to go. They didn't say anything, we just went. No, I guess it was all right with them for us to go.

M: Do you remember any kind of a social life? Were there any dances?

S: What us younger kids had as social life was baseball and bronc riding.

M: You started playing baseball when you got to Holyoke?

S: Yes, I started playing baseball. The first baseball diamond was built southeast of Holyoke—except what they had at the schoolhouse. It was laid out just north of my dad's house. That was in the Pleasant Valley District. Later on they divided the district.

M: Is it the same place as it is now?

S: No, it was south and east from where it is now. Well, we laid the diamond out there and started playing "work-up"—what they called it. We played ball. Pretty soon Amherst got a team, and they got a team down in the sandhills and we'd have a game on Sunday.

M: Well, you obviously had enough players?

S: Sometimes we'd only have seven on a side but we played. After I got around eighteen or nineteen years old we'd go to Wages and play, that's southwest of
Holyoke. We'd go down towards Wray and play and over into the edge of Nebraska and over to Lamar. We played quite a bit.

M: Was this hardball or softball?

S: Hardball, it was all hardball. Softball wasn't in existence at that time. A lot of times on Sunday we'd gather up a bunch of us boys someplace and ride wild horses and cattle. Now, this fella had a ranch south of the Doc Norris Ranch, south and a little east of Holyoke-name of Bradford. He was a good-natured cuss, old Bradford was. He told us boys we could ride anything we wanted to that he had there except the milk cows. He had probably 150 head of cattle and 40 or 50 head of horses. We'd bring some of that stuff in the corral and saddle it up and ride it.

M: Was there anyone musically inclined in your family, did you have your own music in the home?

S: No, us kids didn't. Now, dad was an excellent singer. While we was still at Sutton some of the Germans [would] come there evenings and sing. My dad played this one--octave accordion--just had one row of keys on one side and just two on this side. He played that and he'd sing. I had two sisters that could sing pretty good, but I couldn't sing.

M: Did they sing in the home--like periodically?

S: Yes, in the homes they'd sing. Dad and my sisters sang at Pleasant Valley schoolhouse one time. They had a gathering at the schoolhouse--had a program there. Dad and my two sisters sang a German song. I remember them singing. That man Stickle that lived east of us, I heard him say afterwards, "I've been around a whole lot in my time but I've never heard any better singing than that was."

M: Were there any customs in the home that were German customs or German-Russian
customs that your father wanted you to keep in tune with rather than become more American?

S: Talk German at home. That was one of the musts, until we got big enough that we didn't have to mind too good.

M: You mentioned you brother ran away, was this because it was strict at home?

S: Well, dad was pretty strict with us. I'll tell you what caused him to run from home. I don't think it's any reflection on anybody. We had been with one of the neighbors over in the edge of Nebraska. It was only about two and a half miles over there. I had a horse and a buggy. We took turns about bringing the cattle in at evening. This was on Sunday and it was Billy's time to bring the cattle in. Well, Billy, when it got time to come home he come around and asked me if he could have the horse and buggy, said he'd like to take one of the girls home--and if I'd go and get the cattle. I told him I would, let him have the buggy. He took this girl and they had to go across our place to take her home. There was another buggy with some people in it with them. When they come across dad happened to be out there and seen Bill--and you know that's something he done that I never thought that dad ever should have done. He stopped Bill and made that girl get out and get in the buggy with those other people and let them take her home and made Bill come on home and told him, "It was your turn to get cattle." Bill told him that I was getting the cattle for him. Well, that was one thing that I always thought dad done wrong.

M: Did he hit Bill?

S: Well, I think he give him a whipping.

M: How old was he at that time? Do you remember?
S: Bill? Oh, he must have been sixteen or seventeen. He was old enough to like girls anyway.

M: He left shortly?

S: Yes, it wasn't too long after that he left.

M: Did they ever make up, your brother and your father?

S: I don't remember when they made up.

D: Well, Billy come home there after we was married, that was in '16.

S: Did he come home any after we was married?

D: Oh, yes. Yes, he come over there.

M: You and your brothers and sisters stayed?

S: Well, I left home one time. [laughter]

M: Was that the trip to San Francisco or another time?

S: Oh, that was before Bill left [that] I left. I was eighteen. These Husts and Klines had moved to Imperial, Nebraska, which is about thirty miles.

M: Oh? I thought they had moved to Loveland.

S: Well, they was in Loveland and, let's see, Husts moved down there. Kline stayed in Loveland, but Husts moved down there. They didn't stay in Loveland too long. Me and my two sisters went down there on Saturday and stayed all night. We was supposed to come home on Sunday, and we didn't come home until Monday. When we got home Monday about noon dad had been out in the field a working which he'd never done. In the last couple of years he hadn't worked in the fields.
He'd been out in the fields a working and he come in. When he come in he wouldn't talk to me, he didn't say anything. After dinner he hitched up and went out in the field instead of letting me go out and work. Well, I don't know, I just kind of got disgusted or figured I wasn't wanted or something and saddled up a horse and left.

M: Where did you go? Did you come back?

S: I went down to Imperial and went to work on a big ranch down there. It wasn't too far from where these Husts lived. On a Sunday I went over to Husts and, of course, he must have questioned me or realized what happened and he wrote and told the folks. I was down there about a month and mother come down there. On Sunday I went over to Husts and she was there. She talked me into a notion of coming back home.

M: Were there other German-Russians who came to Holyoke or were you the only German-Russians there?

S: We were the only German-Russians after Husts and Reicherts and those left, the only German-Russians that I know of around Holyoke.

M: There were none in Haxtun that you know of?

S: I don't know, not that I know of.

M: You were out there on your own?

S: Well, there was Germans there--no German-Russians.

M: Your father never found out what happened to your relatives?

S: Never found out, no. Before the Revolution my father's sister married a Russian, which dad resented. He was a "Roosian" doctor. They wrote and asked
dad what the chances would be for him to come over here to practice. He wrote
back that his chances would be very poor because in this country they got to
take and pass an examination and get a license to practice. Then, the first
thing he'd have to do is learn the English language before he could
successfully practice. He didn't encourage him to come over. The next thing
he heard from them, they were in South America. They had gone to South
America. His two brothers stayed there and the mother lived with one of them,
ever got married. He lived with my grandmother until she died. Then, after
the Revolution he couldn't get in touch with any of his nieces or nephews or
any of his family. Both of the men disappeared.
M: When the First World War came you were still pretty much German. What
did you think of the War? Did you have any problems then with your neighbors?
S: Well, more or less that's right. I kind of resented this country going
into war against Germany and my dad did very much--I suppose that's the
reason why I did partly. I could read German better than I could English. I
was reading a German paper and some of the neighbors there knew it or found
out and they tried telling me I'd better quit reading that German paper if I
knew what was good for me. I told them, "As long as this paper is allowed to
go through the U. S. Mails, I'm going to read it," which I did.
M: How did you get the paper, did that come from Germany?
S: No, it came from Lincoln, Nebraska-Lincoln Free Press. That was the
paper that dad took all the years that I can remember. It was a pretty good
paper and I read that.
M: Were there any other problems that you came up with?
S: Nothing serious. One time I was helping one of the neighbors thrash.
When we went in to eat dinner I had a half of a load of bundles, it was all bundle grain. When I come out after dinner to go out there and hitch up, why; somebody had upset my rack. I don't know who did it--well, I do pretty much who done it--I didn't see him do it. Well, I had to go out and throw all them bundles away and set that rack back on myself and load up and haul bundles.

There was quite a tension there all afternoon. The fella that we was thrashing for, he was a neighbor and I neighbored with him quite a bit, and usually the thrasher stayed for supper. Just before suppertime he come around and he says, "John, if I were you I'd go on home. Not that I don't want you to eat supper here but they're talking about working you over tonight." He says, "I'd advise you to go home for supper." Well, I got to thinking about that and it just worked me up so that I made up my mind that I was going to stay for supper. Before I went in to eat I tied my team up and fed them a little bit. I had a pocket knife that had a pretty good-sized blade on it. I opened that up and stuck it in my pocket open. I went in and sit down at the table. I made up my mind that if they were going to start in on me I was going to get one or two before they got me. I was a pretty good man in those days.

M: Now, this was a neighbor?

S: Well, Albert Peterson was the man we was thrashing for.

D: He was a nice fella, he was a bachelor and he was really a nice guy.

M: But these other guys, they were Holyoke people that were going to work you over?

S: Yes, well, they were the neighbors around there thrashing.

[This part of tape erased per request of interviewee]

We had been pretty good neighbors until the war started, and then they wasn't too good a neighbor.

[Erased]
S: Anyway, there was quite a tension while we eat supper. I got through eating supper and I set there a little while and got up and went out and hitched my team up and went on home. There wasn't a doggone word said.

M: Did your father ever mention any problems?

S: Dad had moved back to Sutton in 1916. Yes, they had more or less friction down there, nothing very serious. Nothing very serious took place in Holyoke that I know of. There was a fella name of Bill Meisburn who was at a sale one time. At that time when they had a sale somebody would donate a calf or a pig or something. They'd auction that off and donate that money to the Red Cross. Then he'd donate it back and they'd auction if off, and they'd donate it back and they'd maybe auction it off half a dozen times or more. They wanted him to buy that calf--the auctioneer tried to get him to buy it and then donate it back and he wouldn't buy it.

M: Now, he was a German?

S: Yes, he was a German. I happened to be a standing and hearing a bunch talk that they was going to take care of Bill Meisburn that night. They was going to teach him how to refuse to buy that calf. Well, I went around and got a hold of Bill Meisburn and told him. I says, "If I were you I'd get ready and go home." He must have, because I never heard that there was anything done about it. They was really going to work him over.

M: Did everybody go their own way after your father left or did they start breaking up before he left?

S: No, we was all around. My oldest two sisters married fellas from east of Imperial, Nebraska, and they'd moved down there. The rest of us was all still around Holyoke. [In 1917], my father had a sale and moved back.
D: In '17 he had his sale.

S: Yes, that's right, in the spring of '17 he'd had the sale.

M: Did your parents have any influence on the marriages of your older sisters or did they marry whom they pleased?

S: [laughter] I had three sisters that married three brothers.

M: Back in Imperial?

S: East of Imperial, down by Hayes Center. Well, when my next to youngest sister went to marry one of these Wach boys he told her not to marry him, that he had Wach family enough in his family.

M: But they were German?

S: They were Germans from Russia, and they lived down there.

M: Is that what your father preferred, that his children marry German-Russians or were Germans just the same to him?

S: Did he want [us] to marry German-Russians or Germans? Just Germans, anybody that could talk German.

D: The youngest girl married an Englishman. Dad didn't like that, but he spent his last days with them anyway.

M: Lillian was English, also. What did he think of her?

D: I think he thought Lillian was all right, too. And he always treated me all right. I don't know what he said behind my back. [laughter]

S: Yes, he resigned himself.

END TAPE TWO, SIDE ONE.
BEGIN TAPE TWO, SIDE TWO:

M: [In response to a general question concerning Dr. Means, John Schulz had this to say:]

S: Yes, after we was married and he was in Holyoke. He was our doctor when most of our children were born.

M: What did you think of him?

S: He was a very sober, stern like fella.

M: Did he remind you of your father?

S: Well, maybe in a way. He was a pretty good doctor.

[Interruption with results of phone call]

S: Young people went to pretty near all of the gatherings [on] horseback. Lots of the boys old enough to go with girls didn't have a horse or buggy. Some of them would, and they'd put three or four of the girls in the buggy and the boys would go horseback. You was asking me about the entertainment we had there. We had lots of country dances. We'd go to people's homes with a room big enough to dance in. We went to dances a lot. In summertime we'd go to barn dances over to Bradford's and to Doc Norris's. Had pretty good crowds.

M: Is that where you found your wife?

S: No, I found her by running around.

D: He found me way back in West Virginia.

S: Yes, I used to go to dances almost every Friday night. That is, after I got old enough so dad couldn't tell me I couldn't go. I used to call for square dances.
M: You were a caller?

S: Well, I done a lot of it. We'd take turn about. We didn't have regular callers. We did have regular musicians. We didn't hire musicians from town, we had several people in the country that played the violin. Whenever we'd have the dances they'd have an organ or a piano to accompany the violin. That was our music. Then we'd take turns about a calling. I got so I could call pretty near all night and not call the same call twice. I could help play on the chord on the organ and piano, too. We had some real good times at these dances. Once in a while there would be some fellas that would come there that really didn't belong in the immediate party and get drunk and now and then break up a dance. But that didn't happen too often.

M: Now, you were married in 1916?

S: Yes, October the 29th 1916. See, I'm past eighty-six.

M: Well, you're pretty spry for eighty-six.

D: I've taken good care of him.

[Interruption made by interviewer]

M: Was World War II different? By then you were pretty well an American. You didn't have any problems then?

S: No, no problems.

D: We had three sons in the War.

M: But none of your brothers or yourself served in World War I?

S: No, none of my brothers served in World War I. We got married in '16 and
I went to farming. They was exempt up to a certain time. They had called me in and give me examination and I was due to be called when they finally signed the Peace.

M: Did you try to keep your German ethnic background within you children? Did you teach them German?

S: No, she couldn't talk German.

D: Only to swear. They heard him swear in German so much that they learned how to do it but I never did hear them use it.

M: There were no customs that your father had given you that you tried to pass on?

S: In a way we were taught that children must be taught to obey and respect their parents.

M: But you sound kind of ornery, you were always running off, getting mad.

D: He kind of inherited that.

S: If I knew it all the way through what I know now I'd probably done a lot of things different that I did. I was never too hard on him. I'll tell you there's one thing my dad done. If we went someplace overnight, especially if he didn't want us to go, next morning he got us up out of bed earlier than usual. Well, that's one thing that I didn't do with my kids. When they went somewheres at night and needed the sleep, why, I left them sleep a little longer than usual.

D: I'll tell you, I think the boys thinks a lot of their dad. They get together and get to talking about the things they used to do at home and everything. You never heard such kids laugh, more than they do now. He has four boys.
S: I give them a flogging now and then and when I did I give them a good one but it didn't happen too often.

M: So, you weren't concerned about your loss of ethnic identity as a German from Russia? As you grew older you just preferred to be Americanized?

S: Yes, I am very much of this country now. But it always makes me feel good to talk to a German-Russian, especially if he can talk German. We've got a fella living the north edge of town here who was born in Russia.

M: What's his name?

S: George Heberlein. He's working at that German-Russian biography that they are trying to get up.

M: On a local level?

S: No, on the national I think.

D: From Greeley. They live here in town, he has a business in town. He was down the other day and boy he just talked and talked.

S: Well, we talk English more than we do German. I haven't used the German [since] '46. From '40 to '45 I used the German quite a bit. I had a grocery store in town and a lot of people around here was German. They come in there and I'd talk German to them and they'd like that. In '45 I sold the store out and I haven't used the German too much since then. However, I can talk it fairly good.

M: Then you came to Ault from Holyoke in 1937?

S: No, we came to Greeley in '37.
M: What did you do there?

S: I leased a cottage camp. It was just being built and we opened it up and run that until '39. Then I sold out and in '40 we come up here. We come up here the 1st of January in '40.

D: The 1st day of January.

S: I had bought a cold storage and a grocery store here. We come up here and I was in that five years-then sold out. Since then I've been everywheres. The kids were grown up and married. During World War II they got scattered out in different jobs. Our oldest daughter lives in Portland, Oregon.

M: What's her name?

S: McEwen--her first name Florence. She's the oldest one in the family. And the youngest one is Anita. She lives in Lancaster, California. Two of the boys lives near Ogden, Utah and Roy, Utah. Of course, one of them lives in Greeley and one lives here.

M: Well, this will go back a ways, but did your father ever explain why he left Holyoke to go back to Sutton?

S: Mother never learned to talk English and they had the German Church down there. And, of course, a lot of people lived there that they knew in the old country. It was more home to them. I can very well understand that. As long as I've been away from Holyoke I still feel at home.

M: Were there any customs like, the wife would walk three paces behind the man? Was that kind of thing in your family?

S: Not in this country that I know of. If it was, it was when I was small
enough that I don't remember.

M: Your mother stayed pretty much at home and kept house?
S: Yes.

M: Did she work in the fields?
S: Well, she did until us kids got big enough. She helped in the field.
I can remember at Sutton when she pitched bundles and dad stacked-bundle stacks.
The first year that we lived in Holyoke before dad left there to go down and
harvest wheat, we fenced and broke out probably twenty [to] twenty-five acres of
ground and planted corn in it. It was prairie and there wasn't supposed to be any
weeds in it, but the weeds come up in it pretty thick while he was down there and
she took us kids out and we pulled weeds by hand out of that corn.

M: Did your mother try to teach you your church religion and your father the
school book? Was there any kind of division of labor as to who taught you what in
the family?
S: No. Ma was more in for teaching us religion than dad was. It's funny, that
dad being a schoolteacher, he never insisted on us going to school. That's
something I can't understand today--why I didn't get more schooling than I did,
him being a schoolteacher.

M: He didn't teach you himself?
S: They taught us some at home. Ma done more. Ma didn't have much of an
education but what little she knew she taught us at home. All we learned--we
resented that for some reason or another, I don't know. I was kind of slow in
school, myself. My oldest sister could read and write. After we come to Colorado
she went back to Sutton. She taught the German school back down there. She had
S: no education for school, you know. She'd really never went to German school. But dad had his papers that he used in teaching school and she studied them and read them and went back there and got a job and taught school.

M: Did you ever go to school in Holyoke?

S: After I was twenty-three years old, out in the country. I started farming for myself and there was a schoolhouse--after Pleasant Valley was divided--just south of where I was baching, on that same quarter of land. I went down there a couple of months.

M: All the others were children at school or were there other men like yourself that were going to school?

S: No, there was nobody there anywheres near my age going to school. They were all kids, but I had more or less learned to read. I got a hold of one of those old time spelling books and I'd learned to write the letters.

M: What did you think of that experience? Did that embarrass you or were you glad you went to school?

S: No, I don't know if it embarrassed me. I started in several grades. I was in the fourth, fifth, and sixth grades along with kids that went to school from the time that they was old enough to go to school. In those grades, I was as good as they was. In arithmetic I could figure with the eight graders right along, all but when it come to fractions. I couldn't work fractions. I guess I was about as old as the fella that was teaching school and I knew him. He used to put down big numbers, say 2,380, and maybe half a dozen numbers like that and see who could add them up the fastest. Why, when he got through telling us the last number I had the answer down already--just added them up as he would give them to us.
M: I guess I've covered my notes. Is there anything that you remember that you want to record?

S: Well, I think it's covered pretty much. I worked at home until I was twenty-one. After I was twenty-one I told dad I'd like to run around some. I went to Canada and from Canada we went out to Washington. Me and another fella name of Sandy--we run around all summer. That was in the spring of 1910. I never come back home until the fall of 1911.

[I] worked at different places. I put in two harvest in the state of Washington and I picked apples one fall. There's quite a story attached to that but it's probably not interesting here. Anyway, in the fall I come back home and 1911 was a very dry year. Dad didn't have hardly any feed put up. Had a hundred and some head of stock there. We had a tough winter. I worked for dad at home and then next spring I rented the farm and farmed-the home place. He furnished the seed and the machinery and the horses and everything and boarded me and I was to get a third and he would get two-thirds. We had a very poor year in 1911 going on to 1912. When I took out what seed and feed I needed for another year for myself I sold less than $40 worth of stuff. Summer's work! [laughter] Of course, I got my room and board out of it.

M: You took over the family farm in Holyoke?

S: Well, he had two farms. I rented one of them. He had some other people living on it and I told him I'd like to rent that other farm and go on my own and bach so I did in the fall of 1912. After I had the harvest in I moved down there in the fall and stayed there until 1915 and farmed. I made some money there.

M: I'm getting close to the end of the tape. I was going to mention that if you had any objections--what we would be using this for. First, I was hoping it would be for my class, the oral history class...
S: Well, a lot of it in there is probably no good but whatever you can use and want to use, why, you go ahead and use it.

M: Well, this would be for the Germans from Russia Study Project at Colorado State University so it would involve research, scholarly research, or educational purposes. We may even want to send a copy of this to the American Historical Society of Germans from Russia or that kind of thing. Would you have any objections [as to] what we would use it for, it would be for scholarly and educational purposes.

S: Well, that's all right. I'll tell you one other thing I remember. My younger son married a German girl and her folks were German—"Roosians" from North Dakota. We went up there to the wedding. I went in to a recreation hall that they had in town, kind of a pool hall. I walked in there and they had the sunflower hulls about that thick [indicates an inch] all over the floor. There was a dozen tables in there playing cards and talking German. Of course, they seen I was a stranger and we got talking. I got to talking German to them and they asked me what my name was and I told them my name, "Schulz." They wanted to know where I was from. I told them where I was from but, "my folks came from Russia." I says, "my dad's name was Paul Schulz." One fella looked at me and says, "Paul Schulz, the school-teacher? He had the beard?" I says, "Yes." , He says, "I knew him." Man, don't think that made me feel funny. [laughter] Knew him in Russia, he was an old man. Of course, he was a lot older than I was.

M: What year was this now?

S: What year was that? What year did junior get married?

D: '46 I believe it was.

S: Well, '46 or '47. He knew dad over in Russia. Knew him when he was a schoolteacher.

M: Well, the German-Russians don't seem to forget each other.