

A.W Schafer's Story

By Abby L.

"BEEP BEEP BEEP," Squinting to keep the rising 6:15 morning sun from blinding me I groaned. It's had only been a week since I started working at the bank and I had already seriously considered quitting just so I could stop having to wake up to the god-awful noise. I felt the bed move as my husband shifted because he gets to sleep in for another hour and a half. If this isn't men's privilege I do not know what is. I got out of bed as I rolled my eyes and looked at my freshly ironed work out fit that took me an hour to compose. It's a long black skirt that hugs the waist just perfectly, with a long and flowy pok-a-dot blouse. But before I got dressed I brushed my teeth and mess with the rats' nest they call hair. When I got out of the washroom it's almost 6:30am and I had to be at the bank at 7:00am. I used up all the 30 minutes by running around like a chicken with its head cut off, but ended up making it to the bank at 7:02. I thought this better be a good day or I might partake in a crime scene.

"...And then he told me..." I love Cassy but we all know the real reason she came to see me every day at work was so she could flirt with James Kraft. James was my boss and inheriting owner of the bank from his well paid, living more than comfortably, jerk face dad. I kept that to myself though. As I switched my stamp to Tuesday, Oct. 20, 1931 to finish up a huge stack of files on my desk. Cassy continued talking, while I pretended to listen "... oh my gosh he is..." This was going to be a long day.

It was about 8:30 when the bank traffic started to pick up as usual. The freshly washed stone floors squeak from the shoes of the menomonic citizens. The air tasted dusty and stale from all the old documents stored and filed. Everything seemed normal, until 3 black coated men walked in with their hands in their pockets. Everything went into slow motion, it was like being pulled from my body and being forced to watch it while I could do nothing about it. "*Shattterr*," there went the main peace in the middle of the bank.

"EVERYONE GET DOWN," one of them said. We all slowly made our way to the ground. It was like a flip of a switch, my only goal came to mind, I needed to get me and Cassy out of here alive. While the men were making themselves busy getting as much money as they could, I slowly, quietly, tried to make my way over to Cassy. My hands were shaking, all I was thinking was get out alive, get out alive, get out, get out a-live. I was five feet from her, when two relatively new black shoes stepped in front of my vision.

"Where do you think you are going," said a deep scratchy voice. Past his shoes I saw one of the guys picking up James from the floor laughing in his face. I heard him say, "you must think you're very heroic for pulling the alarm. You are going to regret it very soon." I didn't even hear the alarm go off, but then my ears became aware, then heard gunshots outside. It sounded like warfare. There had to be at least 5 guns going off.

The last guy with the bag, nodded at the other two and then I felt the calloused, sweaty, hands grab my waist and haul me up like it was nothing. All my knowledge went off, all while a

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fresh tsunami of fear hit me. I screamed. Hit. Jerked. Trying to get free, but his hold did not budge. We were moving out the door onto Main Street. James, me, the bag of money that has at least \$90,000 in it from its looks, and the 3 men. There was a fourth man with a machine gun, standing by a black 1928 lincoln sports model L. Here I was getting kidnaped but the obsession with developing cars stayed true. My feet went slack, I stopped fighting, this was it, I was going to die, and for some reason I came to peace with it. I looked at Kraft State Bank, 438 Main Street, Menomonie WI for what would probably be the last time. As the man holding me stepped off the curb, my limp foot did not go down with him. He launches forward with the feeling of him not holding my weight anymore. He did not give me a second thought as he ran from the crime scene with the other 3 men and James.

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I can't feel anything but the pounding thoughts in my head. I can't do anything but lie still and let the water gathering up in my eyes fall. I watch the flashing lights and sirens pull up, I think a fire man puts a blanket around me, but I am not sure.

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I jolt awake with sweat running down my face, the veil of sleep sticking to my body. My husband is now sitting by me, rubbing my back in slow, smooth, circles. He asked if I was ready and we talked about what happened.

... 1 Month Later...

I picked up a newspaper on my way to a new Job at the new Law Office. I am their new secretary now. When I get into my big comfy chair. I sit down and read. It says, "When the lincoln rode out of town the one of the 4 men and the driver of the incident Frank Webber was shot in the eye and was dumped on the side of the road with hostage James Kraft who died from a shot to the head. The car drove on with the 3 men now. The 3rd man in the car and..." He is the one who grabbed me in the bank and was shot in the leg and shoulder. I continue reading, "...So the other 2 men left him in a barn to die on their way out of town. We now know his name as Charles Preston Harmon. The other two thugs that got away are yet to be identified and put in custitie." I close the News paper digesting all the information. Only one tear slips past, as I think over what happened that day. It has been a month but I am still healing.

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