



Chronicle Unserer Leute

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The American Historical Society of Germans from Russia is an international organization dedicated to the discovery, collection, preservation, and the dissemination of information related to the history, cultural heritage, and genealogy of Germanic settlers in the Russian Empire and their descendants.

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President's Message

Twelve long years! We certainly owe thanks to Zane and Lela Miller for hosting our original annual chapter picnic at the old farm headquarters in Felida, Washington.

It took a month in advance to obtain and set up the tables, umbrellas and shading canvas for us.

Some structures still had the old farm machinery, trucks and equipment to stimulate one's imagination as to the labor required to farm in the "old days."

We will miss the spot after twelve years spent enjoying the Millers' hospitality.

Once again . . . "thank you!" Zane and Lela.

This year we headed south to the Tualatin City Park. Molly Ann Rimerman found us a wonderful spot with trees, shade, grass and views. There were long tables under cover with electrical hookups and all we needed.

We had a great turn out, and the nice facility means Molly Ann will be reserving it for us in 2008.

The relaxed atmosphere and opportunity to visit was priceless.

Lois had an intense group playing bingo as most of us chatted.

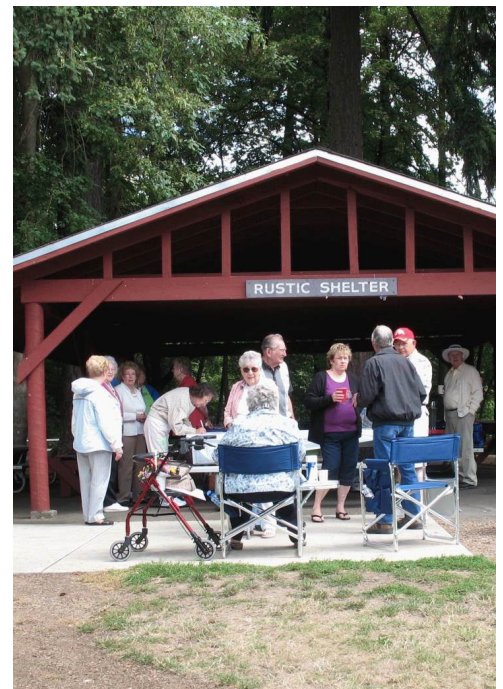
Thanks to Molly Ann and Jack Rimerman, Jene Goldhammer, Lois Klaus and the Millers. They did a great job!

I enjoyed seeing and meeting Jene's handsome son and other fresh faces.

We heard some convention reports which will be presented at our next meeting.

Three of our members found "leaving the driving to us" many not be the best way to travel to Kansas! (see page 3) More next meeting . . .

Dr. Raymond P. Koch
President
Oregon Chapter of AHSGR



[Editor's note: This is the 14th installment serializing Marie Krieger's autobiography. In it we get a look at life for GR's, in both rural and urban settings, in the Pacific Northwest that spans over seven decades.]



SOMETHING OF MYSELF

by **Marie Trupp
Krieger**
(1910-2006)

(copyright Marie Trupp
Krieger)

An educated person should have an appreciation of good books. We had been

taught the importance of the physical care of books and their replacement values in the family home since we possessed so few; perhaps an explanation of part of my intense love of books. Finding one's niche in life is rewarding in itself. A teacher-librarian has the best of all possible worlds; unlimited knowledge at one's finger tips waiting to be instilled into others. The first summer's first class project necessitated cataloguing the Edison School Library, a grade school in Pullman adjacent to the campus. We classified the books into the different categories as to fiction (novels) and non-fiction, then numbers were written in white ink on the back binding of the books from 100 thru 900 indicating whether it pertained to history or languages, etc. That was broken down again as to the kind; for instance, American, etc.

Pockets were pasted into each book containing the typed number into which a card was inserted for checking out the book from the library. The borrower's name and due date appeared on the card before it was filed to wait the return of the book. Typing a set of three cards for each book namely: title, author and subject matter to be filed alphabetically into a file cabinet, a liability assumed by the class, completed the herculean task. That very summer we also recatalogued the Kent, Washington High School Library located between Seattle and Tacoma. Four members of the class including me spent the last two weeks of class working in that

library. I was in charge of filing the title, author and subject matter cards which had been typed in Pullman. Was I ever fortunate to have had the foresight to have taught myself to type which I had accomplished after school hours during my three-year stint at Endicott. A frequent deliberation occurs--must I be busy learning and working every minute of the day?

Sometime during a person's maturing years, one stumbles upon the fact that one cannot learn too much because the availability of that information comes in handy inevitably. Living a life is a constant educational process as it should be. Henry D. Thoreau said, "I want to live my life in such a way that I won't come to the end of it and find I haven't lived at all." Personal letters of appreciation and commendation from the librarians and superintendents of those two schools reached our library science instructor, Miss Mary Helen McCrea (a walking encyclopedia) who dispensed copies to those closely involved.

The summer of 1940 found me busy recataloguing the entire Tonasket High School Library with all the necessary typing besides completing nine hours of class work. At this writing, May, 1988, I am very happy to have executed that assignment in 1940-1941.

Besides teaching five English classes and managing the high school library, I directed the Senior Class Play, "Here Comes Charlie!" in the spring of 1940 in evening sessions, supervised a monthly edition of a school paper in the senior English class and served as Sophomore class advisor the first of my two years at Tonasket.

I lived in a daylight basement apartment near the school grounds and batched with three other teachers. The school edifice and our living quarters rested on a hill above the downtown business district. I didn't mind the walking but climbing that hill bugged me even though I didn't resort to that procedure every day. The four of us agreed to take turns picking up the mail, grocery shopping as well as the housekeeping chores. I was corresponding with my boyfriend so I would rush downhill to the postoffice at 10:00 p. m., then exerted all my strength during the uphill trek.

(continued on page 3)

Something of Myself (cont'd)

For the 1940-1941 school year two teachers and I rented a furnished house, shared the housekeeping and divided the expenses. I taught a class in Spanish besides three English classes, controlled the affairs of the library, directed the Senior Play, "Uncle Cy Hits A New High", a very funny and hilarious comedy, plus senior class advisor duties. In the spring, the senior class of 50, Mr. Notson and I as chaperons, sneaked to Chelan Lake for the boat ride to the head of the lake--ah, the wilderness and scenic beauty--indescribable. Everyone assembled at the dock for the day's ride, our picnic supplies included for the noon meal, at the head of the lake after which the boat ferried us in the return trip to the loading dock, an all day's sojourn and a splendid method of handling teenagers in those days.

I must regress and relate about the appointment of senior class advisor which had been bestowed upon me at the beginning of the fall term as a complete surprise and somewhat as a shock, too. I didn't especially appreciate that strain (I expected it to be) because when the class were Juniors the previous year, the boys pitted themselves against the girls, a commotion I didn't expressly care to handle. Their former advisor approached me later about the change. . . . "How come, how come?" My reply, "I really don't know, Mrs. Luna Deane, you may have them." Of course, I continued with the assignment in an orderly fashion that year.

I *tried* to teach 50 students in Freshman English so when all had entered the room, the door was closed before placing several chairs in front of it to accommodate the pupils. My earnings that year totaled \$1350.00.

As Senior Class Advisor I was impressed with the capabilities of the students in their extra-curricular activities especially; most of them had finished the eighth grade at a country school where their teachers had done an excellent job. I was particularly amazed at the girls' maturity; they seemed so responsible in handling their school functions. It's difficult to explain how much knowledge I acquired from them. I don't intend to belittle those who grew up in town as they, too, proved to be exceptional. Every fall the Tonasket Schools closed for two weeks during the

apple harvest season, and practically every high school student worked in the orchards or in the sorting or packing houses.

(continued in the next issue)

2007 AHSGR Convention in Hays, Kansas

Where There is a Will, There is a Way! Or Some People WILL do ANYTHING for Attention!

by MollyAnn Kechter Rimerman

It was Sunday night, June 10, 2007, when three hardy G/Rs from the Oregon chapter, Lela Miller, Jene Goldhammer, and MollyAnn Rimerman met at the Greyhound Bus Station in Portland in great anticipation of the adventure ahead of them. They were going to the 38th Annual International Convention of The American Historical Society of Germans from Russia in Hays, Kansas. Thirty six hours on an air conditioned bus did not seem to be all that long at this point of their "great adventure".

Laden with pillow, blanket and plenty of snacks for the journey, they finally headed out at 12:30 am, fifty minutes late, down the Columbia River scenic highway. (Never fear those Greyhound drivers know how to make up time! Why do you think they are "Greyhound"? Just close your eyes and leave the driving to them!)

After settling in as best they could, a very long night of squirming and squiggling in their seats trying to find a comfortable position in order to catch a few z's became the name of the game. Dawn brought them to Ontario the last stop in Oregon.

ARE WE HAVING FUN YET?

Now for a little summary of the bus drivers to whom all of these people riding on this vehicle of transportation have entrusted their lives. They consisted of many various personalities, all good drivers, and the passengers are under their command.

(continued on page 4)

2007 AHSGR Convention (cont'd)

One especially made his passengers fearful that they could be dropped off by the side of the road at any time if they did not adhere to his rules. He was nicknamed "the Gestapo". Achtung; der vil be nlcht schmoken. der vil be nicht trinken, der vil be nicht musik or tanzen! Nicht fus in der aisle, ven you are late for die bus, ve vil leave mit out you, und der vil be NOOO hanky panky!!!!

Finally about 2:00 pm on Tuesday, June 12, the adventurous three arrived in Hays, Kansas; a bit bedraggled, tired, and feeling the need of a relaxing shower.

A bit of luck being that the bus station, or should I say "bus stop," was across the highway from our convention hotel. It was only a small store and a gas station with a Greyhound sign in the window. Strictly a pick up and delivery! The motley three gathered up their luggage with all the carry ons and trudged out into the heat and humidity of the Kansas Prairie trying to decide how they were going to cross the highway with all its traffic. There were no crosswalks or traffic lights within sight. On the other side in front of the hotel is the welcoming committee consisting of cousins Nancy Borrell and Gretchen White waving with great fervor. But where are their "stop" paddles? Finally a kind soul on the left stopped her car and allowed the three to cross to the center. Now with a break on the right they were able to scurry to the other side. The cousins being from Nebraska and Oklahoma did not seem to be minding the heat nor the humidity.

At last a shower, a change of clothes and to get into the swing of the convention. Who has time to be tired when the first event would be the Volunteer Dinner scheduled in a few hours. What a fun time greeting old friends and meeting new ones. The dinner was great and who will ever forget the wonderful "corncake".

The conventions are always like one huge family reunion each year. This year there were 650+ registered pre and during the event. These three bus travelers had become a bit famous over their adventure, unbeknownst to this writer. We were known as "The Three Greyhound Bussy Girls".

Because they all volunteered in some capacity during the convention, they were quickly recognized by their name badges. Never did figure out who had spread the word!

There were many good sessions to attend, the Story Telling Contest being one of the most popular with the winning stories this year bringing some tears to one's eyes. The "Welcome Night" was a smashing event with some local entertainment, history. and a wonderful buffet which featured German brats, sauerkraut, some homemade bread and Dina Kuchen.

We very much enjoyed the convention. So many thanks to the Sunflower Chapter, to Leonard Schoenberger and Leona Pfeifer for all their hard work to make it so successful

Now it was time to leave Kansas and the trek home on the Greyhound and to the last lap of the Great Adventure. Who knows what was lying ahead for the next 36 hours. Well let me tell you.

When we arrived in Denver there were so many people headed for the West that two more buses were put on to accommodate the crowd, mostly going to Salt Lake. Our bus was the second to leave the station with every seat filled. When we got to the mountains of Wyoming, the bus overheated, and we had to stop three times in the middle of nowhere to cool down. The interior of the bus became very warm on these occasions as of course the A/C would be shut down. Let us say that a good place NOT to be is in the rear of the bus very near to the restroom especially when the A/C is not working! Always try to get a seat as near to the front as possible! In Salt Lake City we changed buses and you can be sure we made certain we were sitting at the front of the bus!

What a thrill it was when we crossed the Idaho border into Oregon! Even though we still had a long day ahead of us this IS HOME!! At last it was about five o'clock when we puffed into the Portland Station all in one piece and very happy to see our families waiting for us. The end of our "Great Adventure"!

(continued on page 5)

2007 AHSGR Convention (cont'd)

This little ditty was written on our return by Lela Miller:

Many came by automobile,
And more came by plane.
We came by Greyhound Bus
Because we couldn't go by train.
So if we are the least bit smart,
No way would we do it again!!!



Hello, Portland! We made it!!!

Photo by Jene Herder Goldhammer

MEMORIES OF NORKA

by

Conrad Brill

as told to

George Brill

(manuscript provided by Bill Burbach)

[Former chapter member George Brill was fascinated with the history and folklore of the German-Russians. He would listen hours to his father Conrad tell stories and personal accounts of Norka. Son George wrote a paper of his father's experience on life in Norka. This is part 8.]

"Sou Jac" Krieger was the man who did the whipping when a person was sentenced for a crime or misdemeanor. Norka had no jail and they resorted to the humiliation of public whipping. The nickname given him was by disgruntled Russians he had punished.

Peter Schlidt married the sister of "Sou Jac" Krieger, and they came to Portland and lived on 14th Ave., between Fremont and Beech, next door to Conrad Weidenkellar. Peter's mother was called "Bervelja" and had a daughter Christina that married Jacob Burbach who was killed in a sugar beet accident in Scottsbluff, Nebraska. She then married John Krieger of Portland with whom I worked at M.M. Door Factory.

The Hefeneaders had a daughter who married "Garte" Krieger. He was so called because he lived in the garden and orchid area in the northeast corner of Norka. He had a private bridge leading from the first road through Norka into his yard. His house was the first one east of the village. "Garte" Krieger had a daughter that married Jacob Aschenbrenner and later lived on 7th Ave. in Portland.

"Mai Wilhelm" Spady had four sons: Peter, John, Heinrich [4th name is missing]. Mai Wilhelm had his arm torn off when he stuck a pole into the free spinning wheel of a threshing machine to stop it when the belt flew off. The force of the wheel grabbing and jerking the pole tore his arm out at the socket. He bled to death in the night. One of Mai Wilhelm's daughters married Adam Repp of the grocer family. Adam's brother George went to Russia in 1922 with the Hoover Commission concerning the starving Volga Germans. The Repp family was neighbor to Hoover in Newberg, Oregon, when the future president lived with his uncle, Doctor Minthorne. Another daughter of Mai Wilhelm Spady married a Glanz who lived in Portland.

"Gobja" Roedermel and his two sons had a business of making wagon wheels and hubs besides making wagons and buggies. They had a huge lathe in the barn that was turned by a system of belts and wheels and was propelled by a horse walking in circle. It was so well trained that it walked in a circle by the hour without too much attention. They made spokes and hubs on the lathe that they sold to other wagon makers.

When the Bolscheviks took over the government, they decided that the old custom of the mill owner
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Memories of Norka (cont'd)

scooping an amount of flour for each 40 pounds of milled should be stopped. The miller should buy flour for cash and the customer pay for the grinding in cash. Many flour millers had gouged Russian and fellow Germans with the good amount of scooping made. A large sleeve in a stiff leather coat worn at work would hold more than a regular scoop of flour. A named Hohnstein, known as "Lamme Armige" (lamed arm) was appointed to handle the transactions at the old Shiner's Mill. Later he was accused of still allowing the mill to make excessive charges. He was dismissed from his job and publicly whipped. It was a bad situation for him because he couldn't find a suitable job with only one good arm. Mr. Sinner's son Phillip had a mill at Goshgoverna that was modern with a conveyor system with bags for grain and flour. It made transporting easier.

(continued in the next issue)

****Upcoming Events****

SEPTEMBER

16 September, Sunday 2:30-4:00 pm, general chapter meeting at Rivercrest Church. Program to be announced. Refreshments served.

19 September, Wednesday; and 22

September, Saturday, Williams-Krieger Library open on the 3rd Wednesday of the month from 1:00 to 6:00 pm and on the 4th Saturday of the month from 1:00 to 3:00 pm. (Volunteers and full members have free access to the library. There is a \$4.00 charge for non-members.)

OCTOBER

17 October, Wednesday; and 27 October, Saturday, Williams-Krieger Library open on the 3rd Wednesday of the month from 1:00 to 6:00 pm and on the 4th Saturday of the month

from 1:00 to 3:00 pm. (Volunteers and full members have free access to the library. There is a \$4.00 charge for non-members.)

20 October, Saturday 12:00-2:00 pm, general chapter meeting and potluck at Rivercrest Church. Program to be announced.

NOVEMBER

18 November, Sunday 2:30-4:00 pm, general chapter meeting at Rivercrest Church. Program to be announced. Refreshments served.

21 November, Wednesday; and 24

November, Saturday, Williams-Krieger Library open on the 3rd Wednesday of the month from 1:00 to 6:00 pm and on the 4th Saturday of the month from 1:00 to 3:00 pm. (Volunteers and full members have free access to the library. There is a \$4.00 charge for non-members.)

Meeting Directions and Information

Unless otherwise noted, all chapter meetings and genealogy workshops are held at Rivercrest Church, 3201 NE 148th, Portland, Oregon.

General Meeting Information

Rivercrest Community church is located between NE Sandy Blvd. and NE Halsey Street on NE 148th. Park in the lower parking lot and follow the directional signs to the meeting rooms.

Potluck information: Oregon Chapter meetings held on Saturdays are generally two and one-half hours in length and include a potluck lunch. Please bring an entree, salad, or dessert to share and your own plate and utensils. At the potluck lunches, \$2 for members and \$2 for non-members is requested to help defray the cost of the meeting facilities.

Street Maps of the German-Russian Community in Portland, Oregon

by Bill Burbach

Many German-Russians settled in NE Portland. Street maps have been prepared showing city blocks, sites and G-R occupants. This project covers areas bounded by Fremont St., Wygant St., Cleveland Ave., 15th Ave. and Fremont St., Graham St., Union Ave., and 7th Avenue. The project includes listings from the 1921 city directory, 1938 city directory, Sanford fire maps and assessor's maps. About 650 families are identified. Anyone wishing to make additions or corrections, please let Bill Burbach know either at a meeting or by phone (503) 654-4694.

		PRESCOTT ST.			
		1460		1526	1534
14th AVE.		EBEL' S MARKET		c	d
		SCHWAN Jacob Dora	4237		
	4116	KNIPPEL Phillip Lydia	4325		
		b			
		1445			
		SKIDMORE ST.			
		1426			
	a	BALZER George Christine	4235		a- HAMBURG Katherine wid of Geo.
					b- KLEIN Jacob Katherine
					c- DIETRICH George Rose
		NAGEL Walter	4125		d-YOST Henry Elizabeth
		MASON ST.			

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John Lewis "Jack" Hurrell
1930-2007

John Lewis "Jack" Hurrell, 77, Aloha, died July 28, 2007, at his home.

Jack was born June 15, 1930, at Hauser Lake, Idaho, the son of John and Iola Hurrell.

His family moved to Coeur d'Alene and he attended North Idaho Junior College.

He served at Camp Carson, Colo., when his National Guard unit was activated during the Korean Conflict.

In 1953, he moved to Portland. He graduated from Behnke-Walker Business College and worked for International Harvester Co.

Jack married Shirley Morgan in Portland in 1954. He worked for Page and Page, selling trailers, and then sold appliances for Montgomery Ward and JC Penneys. He retired in 1986, and drove school bus for the Tigard School District.

Jack volunteered with the Association for Retarded Citizens and St. Vincent de Paul Food Bank. He was a member of St. Elizabeth Ann Seton parish.

He was a member of our Oregon Chapter of the American Historical Society of Germans from Russia.

Jack was interred at Willamette National Cemetery with Military Honors.

Our hearts and prayers are with his wife, Shirley, and daughters, Lynne and Debbie.

AHSGR Oregon Chapter Membership Form

Membership fees are for a calendar year that **renews each January 1st**. Dues shown below include \$10 for an Oregon Chapter membership. The remaining fee is for membership in the AHSGR international organization. We will forward your fee to AHSGR international.

Membership Categories - Annual International and Oregon Chapter Dues

Individual & Family	\$ 60
Institutional	\$ 60
Contributing	\$ 85
Sustaining	\$110
Int'l Life Member	\$750 (may be paid in 5 annual installments--add \$10 to each installment for Chapter dues)
Int'l Life Member	\$ 10 (for fully paid International Life Members who pay only Chapter dues)
Student (15 - 24)	\$ 15 (Receive 4 newsletters, Youth Membership packet, Membership card, and discounts)
Youth (1 - 14)	\$ 8 on specially advertised books and special convention benefits.)
Newsletters Only	\$ 12 For non-members

New Member____ Renewal____ Individual____ Family____ Youth____ Student____

Membership Year 200__

Name(s) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

Telephone _____ E-Mail _____

I want to receive my Oregon Chapter newsletter through the web (Adobe Acrobat format)? Yes____ No____

In order for us to service our membership more effectively, please list all of your German family names and all villages that you believe your ancestors are from. Ancestral Villages - Please specify for each member

Surnames - Please specify for each member _____

There are many opportunities to help build our chapter. Let us know if you desire to participate actively.:

Genealogy Workshops _____

Other _____

Newsletter _____

Publicity _____

Library _____

Ways & Means _____

Programs _____

Reminder Calls for Upcoming Meetings _____

Hospitality _____

Sunshine _____

Please make all checks payable to **AHSGR OREGON CHAPTER and send your membership dues and applications to:** Lois Klaus, 111 N.E. 67th Avenue, Portland, OR 97213-5029
phone: (503) 232-3065 e-mail: lkkl Klaus@earthlink.net

**AMERICAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY
OF GERMANS FROM RUSSIA
OREGON CHAPTER**

1830 NE 141st Avenue
PORTLAND, OR 97230



First annual picnic of employees of the Oregon-Washington Railroad & Navigation Company. At Bonneville, July 17, 1915. Part 2 of 5 of a panoramic print. (Part 1 was published in the May/June 2007 issue of this newsletter.) Photo is courtesy of the Spady family.

**Alfred Schnittke Concerto
Presented October 14 and 15**

at First United Methodist Church in Portland

The music of Alfred Schnittke, "Concerto for Choir," will be featured along with Rachmaninov's "The Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom" in a concert by the Oregon Repertory Singers on October 14 and 15 at the First United Methodist Church in Portland. Schnittke is widely known as a Russian Composer; it is less well known that he was born in Engels (across the river from Saratov) and his mother was a Volga German.

Some of the Rachmaninov selections will be directed by the acclaimed Russian Maestro, Vladimir Minin, of the Moscow Chamber Choir. Tickets are available at www.ORSingers.org or by phone at 503-230-0652.

**This issue
can be viewed online at:**

<http://www.ahsgroregon.com>