



Chronicle Unserer Leute

Vol 29, Issue 4

July/August 2008

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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Oregon Chapter website with the newsletter: <http://www.ahsgroregon.com>

Germans from Russia in Portland website: <http://www.volgagermans.net/portland/>

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[Editor's note: This is the 19th 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)



By November of '42, manufacturers were hiring women by the droves to work in factories to replace young men. I also sought and procured employment at Nicholai Door Mfg. Co. in north Portland within walking distance of our home. My brother-in-law, Mr. Carl Abel hired me to feed blocks of wood into a machine for the manufacture of ammunition boxes; these blocks, tongued and grooved, stacked on pallets and fed into the machine which supplied the glue while at the same it time fastened the blocks

together. I also glued boards for wire spools on another machine and drilled holes in ridge poles with an electric drill--the latter was heavy, heavy work.

Walt had introduced me to salmon fishing the year we met, but I had not pursued it enthusiastically until after our marriage. I fished a few times in the spring of 1943 but not enough to become too excited about the sport because I was working 6 days a week. After Walt left Portland for the armed services on August 3rd, 1943, I lived alone in our house until his discharge on November 25th, 1945. Our furnace's fuel is a liquid now after a conversion from wood and briquets in earlier years; a neighbor lady, Mrs. Gertrude Neilsen exchanged favors with me. She had access to my telephone, and I returned to a warm and cozy environment after work. The original heating system which gave up the ghost (went kaput) reminded one of an octopus. It filled an immense space with huge obsolete pipes extending all over the ceiling of the basement. The modern compact furnace with its small pipes provides beauty as well as a feeling of spaciousness. Automatic heat regulated via thermostat is equally important to the electric refrigerator and stove.

I became a substitute teacher in the spring of 1944 at Roosevelt High School on a five-day weekly basis. The sixth day or Saturday, the factory job at Nicholai Door Mfg. Co. I replaced a neighbor gal, Margaret

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Something of Myself (cont'd)

Hawthorne who had a temporary health problem which became a blonde baby boy who I was to enjoy later. I had applied for and been granted an Oregon Teaching Certificate in January 1936 in hopes of obtaining a teaching position in Western Oregon but the Washington post offered a fine opportunity with a return to familiar territory. Teaching in a Portland High School, a chance in a lifetime, yielded mostly dissatisfaction and discontentment. Instability of families due to the war contributed to class absenteeism and abnormal disturbances. The principal feuded with the teachers in regard to disciplinary issues. For instance, in one case, many students didn't receive passing grades under the tutelage of one particular teacher who was called on the carpet. "They won't do their assignments," implored Miss Failing. Mr. Griffith replied, "You mean your assignments." Miss Failing's answer to that statement was, "Now you are quibbling." Likewise, other cases could be mentioned to illustrate my point. I also felt many teachers showed a lack of dedication to their jobs. I had a free period which I devoted to the correction of papers. One of my peers questioned my objective with, "Why bother to do that?", a question I had trouble avoiding. "I just give multiple choice--a question and answer test after which the students exchange papers, etc.", commented another colleague. Imagine learning a foreign language in that manner! My argument was how would an instructor know whether a pupil should seek more explanation or plain memorize a particular article or unit. One time a tenured faculty member decided a vacation trip to California for two weeks at the beginning of the 2nd term would be fine but those of us who had a free period had to fill in and teach one of her classes without extra pay. Others would take a day off and not leave lesson plans, etc. One day the vice-principal asked me to teach a music class. The pupils arrived with no pencils, paper or books, and the pianist refused to play the piano. I bungled through that hour! What a waste of a child's time and taxpayer's money.

I could gaze out the window for a fleeting moment any time of the day and notice several students wandering aimlessly about the school grounds or on their way to leave the property. The administration was more concerned about a student presenting a gift

to a teacher. My attempt to teach one student how to study Spanish resulted in his paying no heed while at the same time saying, "I don't want to learn it that bad." I wondered why he had signed up for the class. The student was always blameless; the instructor's approach appeared uninteresting. I understand that at the present time, 43 years later, conditions are much worse. They surely had their beginnings then, perhaps earlier and should have been nipped in the bud. I overheard some of the educators laughing about drinking sessions after graduation exercises; I was horrified to learn that such actions actually occurred. It was disgusting, to say the least. Again, a teacher's values, morality, integrity and habits are easily transmitted to her charges who are influenced by word and deed. I remember one of Roosevelt's students expressing disgust upon seeing a bottle of beer in one of his instructor's refrigerator. A modern incident of that nature might not change one's respect for his superior since beer and wine occupy grocery store shelves to be purchased and consumed as regularly as soft drinks are by the younger crowd. John S. Griffith, the principal, in later years secured a position in the administration office. There he met his Waterloo after he and a grade school principal, a Mr. Erickson, dismantled the backside of a portable on school grounds to use the lumber in the construction of a cabin for their own use. How he ever managed to become president of Multnomah College located in downtown Portland after that episode, I can't say. His error had evidently been forgiven but not forgotten by his associates at Roosevelt.

Teaching had its rewards; it's a continuous edification involvement for both participants, the tutors as well as the students. Directing young people's lives along beneficial lines while at the same time taking a personal interest in each and every student can't be stressed amply. The potential is evident waiting to be developed.

I was also employed at Nicholai Door Manufacturing Company. during the summer months of '44-'45. I irked my co-workers by saying, "No use working if one can't save some of the earnings." I was fortunate

(continued on page 3)

Something of Myself (cont'd)

healthwise to carry out my philosophy of my chosen life. It's a matter of priorities, do I satisfy all my whims (idle notions) in acquiring possessions constantly? Most of the time I only bought required items, rarely nonessentials, but I always saved a little, taking care of the things I owned. I splurged in 1945 by signing for a set of the Encyclopaedia Britannica and paying a set amount each month. Since then I receive the Book of the Year every year to keep the set up to date. The first Yearbook cost \$4.95 and the present one (1988) listed at \$ 32.43. What a valuable asset to my personal library! It also saves trips to the Multnomah County Library or one of its branches. Books are items I dearly love, a wise investment. I belonged to several book clubs during World War II days, but discontinued the practice on account of too many novels; I prefer non-fiction. Much of the war industry ceased after the United States' President Harry S. Truman ordered atomic bombs dropped on Japan in August 1945 impelling that country's surrender. Along with that episode came the news of Walt's early return which prompted my desire not to continue with my profession. In the meantime, I sought and obtained temporary employment at a downtown establishment, a Fred Meyer Variety Store. I soon ascertained dealing with the public and the parting of their money had its drawbacks. I left that job upon my husband's discharge on November 25, 1945, to become a homemaker again. After minor surgery, Walt returned to his former occupation as a truck driver, appliance deliverer and installer at Meier and Frank's.

We discovered that wise money management from 1941 to July 1, 1946, a 5-year period, resulted in a favorable time to consider a business situation. It would afford us a little more leisure time, a better opportunity to pursue our hobby on the river, sport fishing for delectable salmon, steelhead, and coho (silverside). Walt's cousin, Mr. Peter Deering, a refuse collector felt that having a partner would be helpful. A proposition of that nature entailed serious thought on Walt's part, especially being reminded of the heavy lifting--a chore experienced as a young lad in lending his father a hand. How well I remember that decision! The three-year partnership ended March 1st, 1949.

A new 1949 Ford truck with an open box and Walt behind the steering wheel afforded us a once in a lifetime opportunity, the means to independence, a chance to forge ahead in the business world. Walt had traded customers involving other refuse collectors concerning consolidation of his route in S.E. Portland during his partnership and later into a compact area to save time as well as cutting down expenses. By hiring a helper, a high school senior on Saturdays for the ever-growing enterprise, Walt was able to lighten his work. Soon two college boys worked two hours on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays but longer on Saturdays because the construction of new houses on a former farm in the middle of the residential route increased the revenue. I kept busy with the bookkeeping, collections, mail, household and yard duties, shopping and salmon fishing. How's the garbage business? Well, it's picking up all the time.

(continued in the next issue)

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 13.]

In the spring of 1914 my brother Johannes and myself were coming out of the road going through the village potato ground north of the village. My old dog was trotting beside the wagon. My brother George and his wife Louisa had given me the dog when they departed Norka to go to the U.S. The old dog always accompanied the wagon and horse on trips to the

(continued on page 4)

Memories of Norka (cont'd)

fields and walked in the shadow of the horses. There was a wagon with three people on the main road ahead of us coming from Schilling about a quarter of a mile ahead of us. The old dog took off at a run toward the wagon. Usually he was a watchdog never moving far from us or our possessions. He caught up to the wagon and jumped up as if he wanted get aboard. This surprised all of us because we were still too far away to recognize anyone. I told mother that the dog acted as if brother George was in the wagon. She said, "No, it can't be because George is thousands of miles away in Oregon". The wagon stopped to wait for us and when we got there we saw it was George and Louisa hitching a ride to Norka from Schilling. They were coming home to get the rest of us to move to the U.S.

We had talked about the move and were packing and selling off things. My sister Katherine and her Lehl family wouldn't leave Russia, and my brother Johannes was going to wait and see if dad was satisfied in Oregon before he came. That way he would still be in Dad's place in case we decided to return to Russia. His wife's family was staying in Russia, so she wasn't eager to leave either. A man named George Schwartz stopped by to see Dad and was told that America wasn't the place for a man 65 years old starting over. In Russia the father was head of the family. His boys farmed, and he bossed. In America it was a woman's world. The man got a job, she handed him a lunch bucket and he went to work. She would sit on the front porch on the swing comparing notes with neighbor ladies. When the husband got home she might have supper ready and again she may not. Either way there wasn't much he could do about it. Dad decided that America wasn't for him and so the trip was off. Mr. Schwartz had left Norka years earlier and had been in Oregon with his family who were born in Norka. He had made good money and had more children born in Oregon. He decided to return to Norka and go into business with the money he made in Oregon. Some of the older children who were born in Russia had married and stayed in Oregon. The younger ones and those born in Oregon were too young to be without parents, and so they had to go to Russia with the family. They ended up stranded there with the outbreak of WW II as my brother George and wife Louisa were for making the

trip back.

The villagers built a hospital and dental office in Norka in 1914. It was located on the south side of the village at Reides Bahn Felte. This was a large open field area where people each fall came 30 km or more to buy or sell wares. This lasted a week or more. The first doctor was a Jewish physician and the first dentist was a Russian. That year I also married my first wife, Anna Marie Helzer, daughter of Conrad "diecke" Helzer. He was a neighbor, and the harvest festival, "kerbe", was usually at his house in Unterforf. About this time I had to make myself available for the draft and went to Balzer for a physical exam.

(continued in the next issue)

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.

(continued on page 5)

Street Maps of the German-Russian Community in Portland, Oregon (cont'd)

GOING ST. next intersection

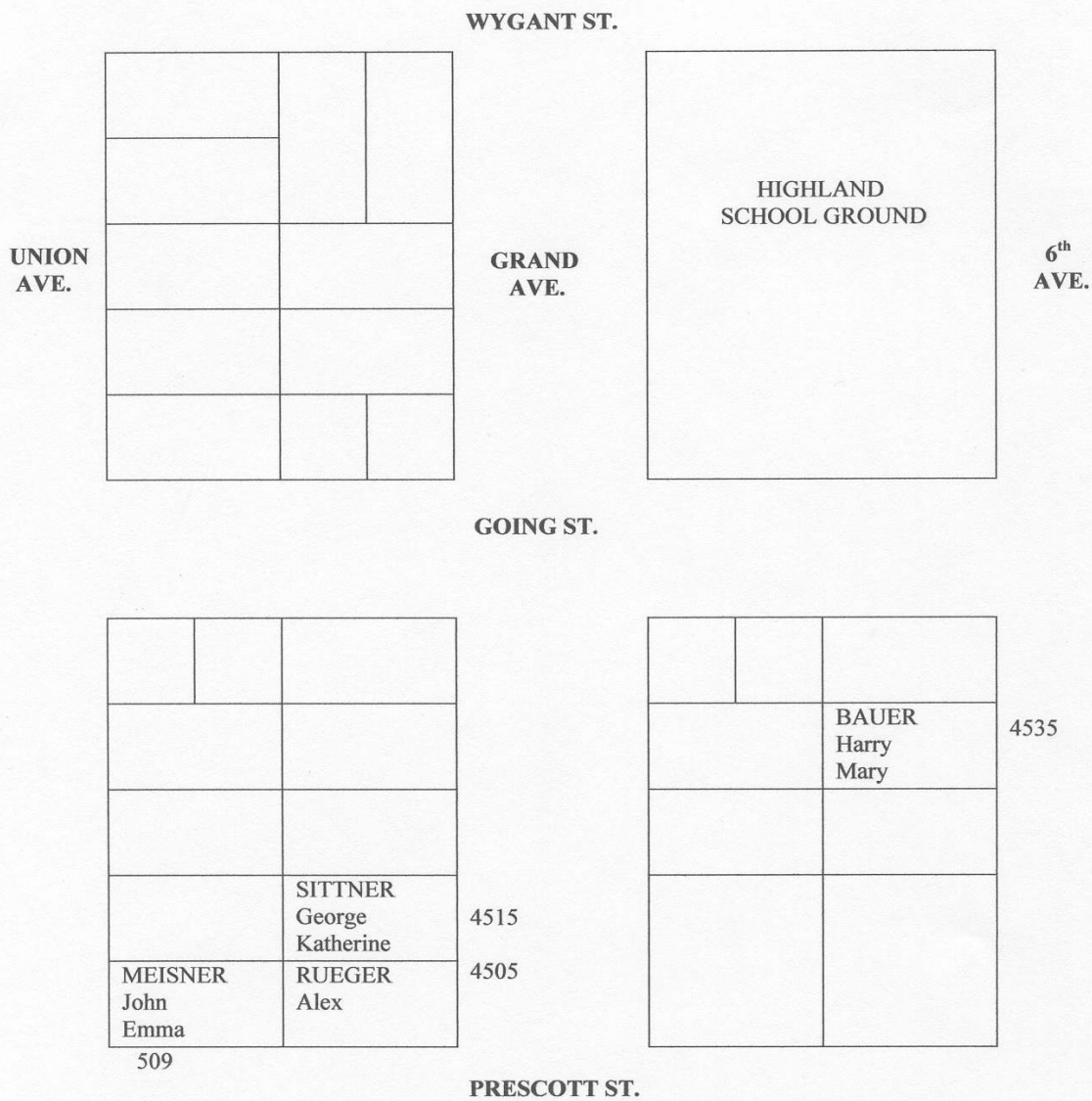
MALLORY AVE.	4414	VOGEL Gottlieb Freda		GARFIELD AVE.			UNION AVE.
	4312	SCHNEIDER John			4324	KILDOW Henry Ruth	
		Keller John					

SKIDMORE ST.

4216		KILDOW George Catherine	KILDOW George Vera	4137	4206	SEIP Alex Katherine	
					4126	HEFE- NIEDER John & Eliz.	
4106		HOHNSTEIN George Elizabeth			4116	GEIST Gottfried Elizabeth	

MASON ST.

Street Maps of the German-Russian Community in Portland, Oregon (cont'd)



Upcoming Events

JULY

NO BOARD OR CHAPTER MEETING

July 28 - August 3, Joint AHSGR/GRHS
Convention in Casper, Wyoming

AUGUST

No Board meeting this month.

23 August, Saturday, 11:00 am to 3:00 pm,
Oregon AHSGR Chapter picnic at Tualatin
Community Park, 8515 SW Tualatin Road.

Driving directions to AHSGR Picnic and
Potluck at Tualatin Community Park (also
see map on next page):

from Portland **SOUTH** on I-5:

1. Take exit 289. At the end of the exit turn right on to Nyberg Rd/Tualatin-Sherwood Hwy.
2. Turn right on Boones Ferry Road. Keep on Boones Ferry Road (which becomes Tualatin Road)

OR

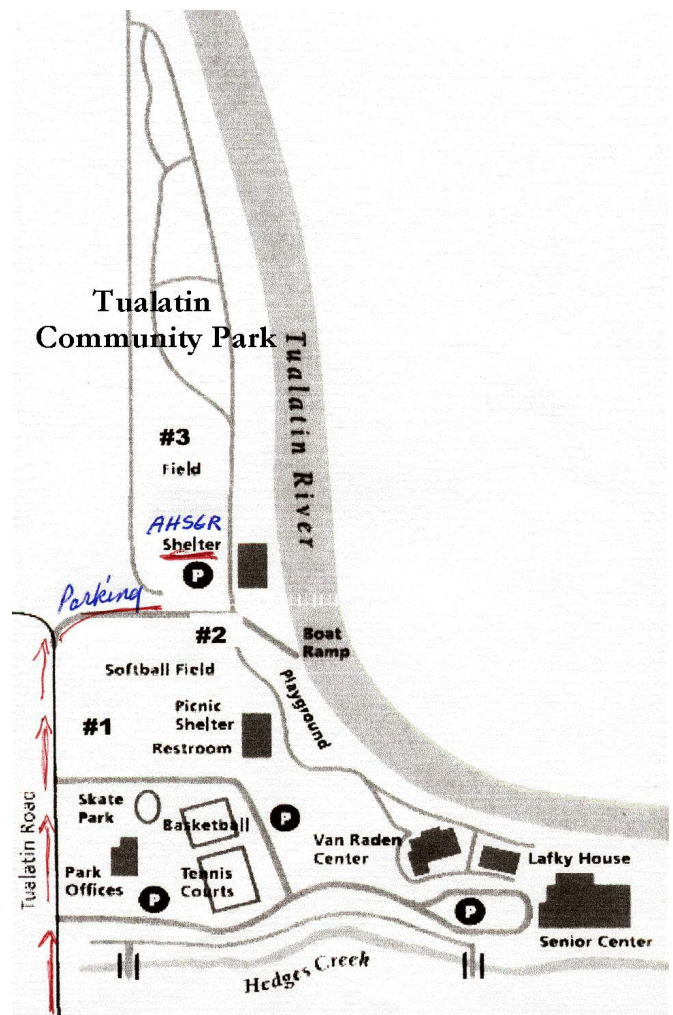
from Salem **NORTH** on I-5:

1. Take exit 289. At the end of the exit turn left on to Nyberg Rd/Tualatin-Sherwood Hwy.
2. Turn right on Boones Ferry Road. Keep on Boones Ferry Road (which becomes Tualatin Road)

Friends and extended family welcome!
BRING A GUEST!

You can bring games and play equipment:

- horseshoes
- badminton
- croquet
- frisbee
- board games



There is a play area for children.

Drinks provided.

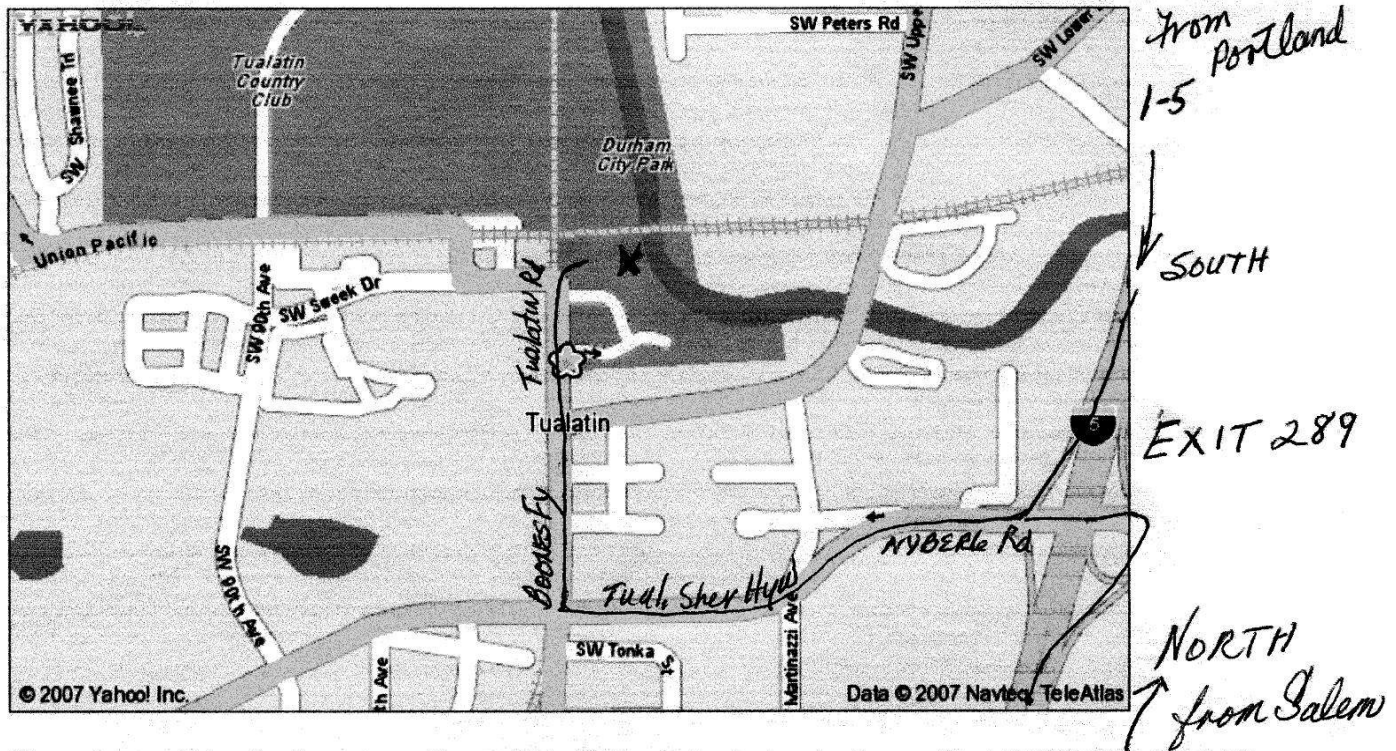
Please bring:

1. a large hot dish **OR** chicken

AND

2. a salad **OR** dessert to share

3. your own plate and utensils



SEPTEMBER

6 September, Saturday, 10:00 am, board meeting at 1830 NE 141st Avenue, Portland. All members welcome to attend.

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

Meeting Directions and Information

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

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.

Articles for Chronicle Unserer Leute

Deadline for submission of articles for the next **Chronicle Unserer Leute** is **Saturday, August 23rd.**

Please send submissions to:

Editor

Chronicle Unserer Leute

1830 NE 141st Avenue

Portland, OR 97230

or e-mail: williams-smith@comcast.net

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: lklaus@earthlink.net

**AMERICAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY
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OREGON CHAPTER**
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Chuck Williams (term expires 2009)

(503) 252-0902 - e-mail: f26ruth@comcast.net



Photo portion 3 of
**Congregational
Evangelical Brethren
Church Conference
in 1930**

- Elizabeth Traudt
- John Traudt, Jr.
- Catherine Miller
- Ludwig Miller
- John Miller
- Selma Miller
- Jacob Klaus
- Rev. John Hopp
- Peter Felker
- Edwin Felker

[names are on shoulder or chest]