



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

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President's Message

I'm asking our members who are acquainted with the following members to send a card or letter to them or just give them a call:

Miriam Wolfe
Hannah Deines,
the Cliff Habermanns
Jack Hurrell
Mary Koch (of McMinnville)

Members who had physical setbacks and seem to be recovering are the Haas family, Roger and Roberta . . . loyal members, who are deserving of less discomfort.

We didn't make any earth-shattering decisions at the board meeting early in April.

We decided the May 20th program will be presentations by Roger Haas and Ruth Williams on their family histories and lives.

Energetic Ed Wagner will be serving on our national board. He will be our first representative for some years and a great addition. They will benefit from his acumen and sound judgment.

Jene Goldhammer has reserved a park in the Tualatin River area for our August 4th chapter picnic-- maps to follow plus times.

To maintain a core of members motivated enough to fill all the offices, we need new blood.

We all have younger siblings, cousins and friends to enroll. As busy as our children are, I'm sure it's still possible to enlist their aid in helping us out.

The secretary's post is still available.

Dr. Raymond P. Koch

President
Oregon Chapter of AHSGR



[Editor's note: This is the twelfth 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 auction-day sale of the wheat farming equipment scheduled at the Odessa farm supplied the proceeds for the move [to Oregon]. My brothers constructed a trailer, loaded into it our minimum possessions to be transported and headed west. The driver of the car pulling the trailer soon discovered it to be overloaded and top-heavy when it almost tipped over on the first turn. After that, caution prevailed culminating in a successful venture. When I think back should I consider it bravery or ignorance is bliss? The middle of October marks the date in 1935 when all of us arrived at the city of Beaverton, Oregon to settle on Cooper Mt., southwest of Beaverton. We ate the rabbits, the only available meat, harvested the walnut crop; in the meantime, considered the best market approach. Eventually my father and I chose a trip to Odessa, Washington with a trailer load where I practiced my salesmanship skills at .25 per lb. or at 2 lbs. for 45 cents. My Dad elected to raise hogs, a refuse hauler friend's advice because vegetable trimmings could be picked up at the Farmer's Market in downtown Portland without any compensation. The heavy lifting proved to be more than my Dad could manage. I've never forgotten the immense amount of water released from above that winter. Our drinking water had more than its share of mud to our displeasure. My father drove to church in spite of the weather, narrowly missing a mud slide one morning. All of us, needed to look for jobs, the farm couldn't sustain us.

My parents purchased a house on N.E. Mallory Avenue practically around the corner within the same block as the church, having borrowed the funds from one of the members. My sister Helen and I inquired at the YWCA in Portland concerning housework positions, subsequently assigned to two different households. I began a job on January 16, 1936, in the home of the Rev. Perry C. and Grace Hopper. The Rev. P. Hopper held the pastorate at Westminster Presbyterian Church. The couple's two children, Ruth and Bill, plus a nephew completed the family. In July I signed a contract to teach German, English and direct plays at Endicott, Washington, the school year to begin on August 26, 1936, for 180 school days at \$996.00 per year to be paid in 12 monthly installments, Helen's employment with the Roberts family was within walking distance of my living quarters. We enjoyed each other's company on Thursday and Sunday afternoons and evenings, time allowed by our employers. Walking and exploring the city and its environs happened to be a great pastime. No district seemed restrictive until one afternoon as we were to cross the Burnside bridge going east. All of a sudden my sister and I began running as fast as our legs could carry us across the bridge to the east end; a glance at each other brought forth simultaneously a question to this effect: "Did you see what I saw?", said she, said I. Someone stood inside a building at a window in full view and waved. That ended the Burnside strolls.

Dental care was uppermost in my mind for the \$40.00 I received the first two months. As I look back today, it appears to have been the best investment along with continuous precautions these 52 years. I've heard a horse's teeth depict its physical health. I didn't fare that well; the removal of my tonsils took place in August before I left for Endicott. Dr. O. Uhle removed my appendix the next summer.

Westminster Presbyterian Church in N.E. Portland expressed a need for a janitor. When Rev. Hopper mentioned that to me, I recommended my brother Jacob. At first the pastor hesitated; he felt a young man shouldn't have to settle for that kind of employment. Jacob was hired and lived in the basement utilizing the kitchen facilities, then my brother Daniel moved in,

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Something of Myself (cont'd)

too. The boys managed quite well and Daniel enrolled in a mechanical school to prepare himself for a vocation. Dad breathed a sigh of relief--four fewer mouths to feed. Farming no longer held any interest for my father who then sought and purchased shoe repair equipment at 4618 S.E. Woodstock Blvd. By 1937, my father was established in the trade he had learned while an apprentice in Frank, Russia. His next move brought him closer to home in a rented building on the S.E. corner of 6th and Failing. His final move to 3619 N.E. Union with his shoe repair equipment where he purchased the building was a wise one. He kept busy repairing boots and shoes for the shipyard crews of World War II. The neighborhood changed, many of his friends had gone to their reward, he lost his enthusiasm especially after my mother had passed away, expressed his lonesomeness, retired at the age of 78 to do a little traveling. He had accumulated a small nest egg for a rainy day and before his death at age 86, felt the best years of his life were spent in the City of Roses. Walking to church services and his job provided him with exceptional physical and mental health almost to the end of his life.

February 2, 1936 became a turning point in my life--my future was to take on a new meaning, a big change. As Helen, my sister and I left a Christian Endeavor meeting that particular Sunday evening, we were escorted by a young man on our way to employment places, private homes in N.E. Portland. He directed us along the way to his home and invited us inside. There we met Walter C. Krieger who had reached a friend's house after attending the same church services. Walter often stopped by the Henry Dillman home to visit before continuing to 9th St. where he resided. I was impressed with Walt's intelligence, knowledge of national and local events especially history and geography via radio, the daily papers, etc., good manners and good morals, personal habits (no smoking or drinking). He had assumed the responsibilities for his parents' welfare, his father having been partially paralyzed by a stroke. Not having a steady job, he worked as a substitute in the Portland Fire Department during the regular firemen's vacation period. His high hopes for a permanent appointment were dashed when no openings occurred before he reached the age of 25, the age limit set by the civil service board. Walt's hobby and first love had

been salmon fishing to which he was introduced as a young boy by his playmate's father. Since I enjoyed the outdoors, it was only natural for me to become involved in that activity. We had many things in common; experienced the depression begun in 1929, accountable for our own well-being and future success so we faced the concerns which lay ahead of us. Thrift and hard work, traits attributed to our heritage, played a significant role as we projected the ultimate. My meager earnings resulted in few savings to be applied on clothing purchases for my first teaching position. After paying for the removal of my tonsils, I borrowed funds from Walt to buy a skirt and three-quarter length coat to match, to be repaid after the receipt of my first check at Endicott. Our romance was blossoming.

I left Portland on August 21st via train for Endicott, Washington, arriving there on Saturday morning. A teachers' meeting had been scheduled for Monday afternoon, August 24th, and classes began the next day. The schoolhouse housed the first eight grades and the high school students. I lived on a southeast hillside in the home of Bess Meyers where her husband and mother, Mrs. Fanazik, also lived. Four teachers occupied the three bedrooms upstairs, room and board at \$30.00 per month. Bess had planned for two of us to share a room and bed, the largest room with windows facing north. A misunderstanding developed forcing Bess to find another roommate for one of them. A tiny room with a window (more like a peephole) facing east had been assigned to me. While unpacking and getting settled, I was interrupted by a knock at my door. There stood Bess and the first grade teacher, Nona Kunz, with tears running down her cheeks. She had been ousted from the room she occupied first. Bess said, "Marie, would you mind having a roommate?" With no hesitation on my part I replied, "Oh, No! Not at all." So Nona and I shared the smallest bedroom, a double bed that couldn't be moved stuck in a corner, a dresser, an easy chair, a straight chair and a small table. Walt had sent a new Montgomery Ward radio with me and that pretty much covered the table with a little space for letter writing, correcting papers and lesson planning. At that

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Something of Myself (cont'd)

time teachers were required to fulfill many extra duties. The other teacher who refused to have a roommate spent many of her evenings sitting in our easy chair while one of us sat on the bed. We were never invited to her room. Bernice took advantage of our generosity. By spring Nona and I moved to the Endicott hotel where we had more room at a cheaper rate. We ate our evening meal at the only restaurant in town run by Mr. and Mrs. Stanfield.

Endicott was a small town whose inhabitants as well as those of the surrounding farming area were either immigrants or first generation to be born in this country. Most of the immigrants claimed to have been born in Jagodnaja Poljana, Russia, spoke German, the language of their forefathers who migrated from Germany to Russia, 1767.

My first afternoon in town while walking to the postoffice, a Mr. John Weitz who had come out of his house met me on the sidewalk. He spoke the German language and said, "I heard that you are to teach German, come in, I want to see if you can read it." Well, I passed that test. One day I stopped at the drug store owned by Endicott's two doctors who were brothers. I was confronted by one concerning his son. He remarked, "Danny received all A's last year." I replied, "He will this year if he earns them." One time Danny's parents took a trip to California, returned with some grapefruit. Danny appeared one Monday morning with a grin on his face holding one; handed it to me and exclaimed, "This is as sweet as you are." The thought that I was quite sour crossed my mind. Danny was a hemophiliac, a good student and athlete. Information reached me a few years ago that Danny chose to be an ophthalmologist. His cousin, Byron Henry, not nearly the student Danny was, owns the chain of stores called "High School Pharmacies" in the Vancouver area. His pharmacies were first to ban the sale of cigarettes. The latter did not jibe with dispensing medicines.

(continued in the next issue)

KOCH'S KOLUMN

by Dr. Raymond P. Koch

When that old Kraut, Gutenberg, invented the printing press, it led to an information explosion. That put the Bible within every one's reach and led to the spread of knowledge and our entertainment.

Some years ago I subscribed to the magazine *German Life*. Subsequently, I found myself the recipient of an occasional catalog of English and German books, cds, dvds and movies.

This month's catalogue was especially good and even contained information relative to a book from a man whose adventures at the end of World War II mirrored those of our Bruno Reule.

He was an ethnic German from East Prussia, and his family was caught fleeing west in the final stages of World War II.

His father was with the family, which is how it differed from Bruno's later situation. The young boy was forced to take identical measures to enable them to survive as a family: a potato gleaned from a harvested field meant survival.

A book I'm ordering has 15,000 German names in it with information as to the meaning of the name, an area where some originated, and even genealogical tips to the antecedents of some of them.

It should be a natural for our library, but I don't think we need to check it out for home use. It's too likely to disappear.

There are musical treats available from modern artists who sing the folk songs I haven't heard since the Wolga Warblers performed at our 1973 convention. A Kansas group did a marvelous job at the first AHSGR convention in Greeley, Colorado, in 1969.

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Koch's Kolumn (cont'd)

They were from the Hays, Kansas area led by "Dicke Willy" from Schoenchen, Kansas.

Among the Volga Warblers were our Bill Burbach, my father, Peter, and my uncle, Adam Koch.

I was about 14 years of age when Uncle Adam took Elmer Reider and I to the coast with him where he had a couple of gas stations and a motel he was operating at Pacific City.

All the way down and back to Portland Elmer (of Elmer's Flags and Banners on E. Broadway in later years) and I had the pleasure of his great voice singing songs I had heard years earlier when my uncles would babysit for my parents.

Within minutes of my parents' departure, Rich and I would observe Peter Schnell, Jack Deines, Johnny Arndt, Billy Starkel, and a group would arrive with their girlfriends and we had music, dancing and laughter. They had a lot of fun without any liquor that we ever saw.

Kenny Repp had a unique laugh which would ring out over someone's "wise crack."

The jokes were bilingual which is why I was motivated to learn more German. Another item in my memory banks was the memory of how beautiful those German girls were!

I treasure so many memories from my childhood.

Like the occasion Rich and I wrestled Jack Deines the first time. One of the few times we were "put down" was at a party. Jack wrestled 3 year old Richard and 5 year old Raymond and pinned us both at once! Can you imagine the thrill we felt at being noticed by and receiving attention from one of our heros?

It shaped our future attitudes toward younger children--they are worth any effort, attention or love one can give them.

In later years we still saw the men at church, work or visiting my grandfather's retirement farm north of Vancouver, Washington, before my three younger uncles married and moved back to town.

These men taught us to swim before we were six years of age, bought us footballs, boxing gloves, and best of all: they gave us examples to follow that men worked, helped their folks, and provided for their families.

How lucky we were

Raymond Koch, DMD

President, Oregon Chapter AHSGR

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

by **Bill Burbach**

A large number of 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 6)

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

| | | | | | |
|------------------------|--|-------------------------|----------------|--------------------------|----------------------------------|
| | | PRESCOTT ST. | 914 | | |
| | | | e | | a-SCHMICK John Anna |
| 8 th AVE | | 9 th AVE. | | 10 th AVE. | b-MILLER Henry Elsie |
| | | | | 4325 | c-DIETRICH Henry Elizabeth |
| | | | | | d-KOCH Alex Marie |
| | | | | | e-SINNER John Frances |
| | | | FUNK George | | |
| | | | 917 | | |

SKIDMORE ST.

f-HAGEL-
GANZ
Heinrich
Marie

| | | | | | | | |
|------|--|----------------------------|------|------------------------|---------------------------------|---------------------------|--------------------------|
| | | | | 902 | 918 | | |
| | 2 nd German Cong. Church | | | ROSS Henry Kath. | g | | g-WAGNER Fred Anna |
| 4222 | f | | | 4216 | REITER Joseph Florence | | |
| 4214 | KOCH Roy Katherine | MILLER David Hilda | 4223 | 4134 | SCHEIDE- MAN John&Pauline | | |
| 4208 | OBER- MILLER Adam & Anna | | | | FLAGG | | |
| 4136 | SCHMER Adam Katherine | | | 4116 | SCHNABEL Richard Mary | | |
| 4122 | REISBECK Nicholas | TROUDT Henry Pauline | 4137 | | | LEHL Carl Christine | 4115 |
| 4116 | MILL George Amelia | LOOS Henry Elizabeth | 4125 | | | | |
| | a | b | c | | d | | |
| | 817 | 821 | 823 | MASON ST. | 903 | | |

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 6.]

We hauled our grain to Schilling, a port city on the Volga, where we sold it to buyers at the docks where barges lay waiting. During poor yield years there wasn't much problem selling, but when the grain was plentiful, the buyers would get together and make a pact to reduce the prices we asked. Six or eight would lie around acting indifferent to whether or not they wanted to buy. This panicked the farmer who hauled it such a long way and didn't want to take it back home. After fleecing you on the price, they would put it aboard the barges which hauled it to parts of Russia and foreign countries. We could buy a load of watermelons from barges in Schilling for one kopec each. Usually we would fill the wagon with watermelon or lumber on the trip back to Norka. Our family did haul many loads of freight for Julia Spady who owned a mercantile store.

We had four large storage bunkers in Norka, that were community owned, where the next seed crop was placed and enough surplus to carry shortfall people. You could borrow from the surplus if you ran out in your own grain bins at home, then repay at the next crop. We would submerge watermelon into the grain in our family bins to keep over into the late year. Watermelon syrup and sugar beetsyrup was made and used as sweetener. On the bergeseit (hill side) of the Volga we didn't raise everything ourselves. Instead we raised grain which we sold. Most of our vegetables were bought in other villages or from peddlers who come to the village each Thursday. There were Russian fish peddlers who came through selling smoked, salted or fresh fish. The Russian peddler would rather trade goods than sell for cash. You could

get three fair sized fish for an egg. The peddler would yell that he had smoked fish to sell and we youngsters would make a raid on the family chicken houses before the mothers knew the peddler was in town. When he was gone we children would gather at a favorite meeting place and eat smoked fish.

There was man named "Karamysh" Miller because he had a mill on the Karamysh River. Next to the mill he had hundreds of ducks and geese. He boasted that there were such large fish in his pond that they could swallow a whole duck. This man lived in Norka, near the court house, but made his living with his mill on the river grinding flour for Russian villagers nearby. The fee for grinding flour was generally a big scoop for each batch ground (about 40 pounds,). The mill workers wore leather coats to keep the dust out of their clothes. A tricky scooper person could almost divert another scoop into his leather sleeve. This caused many unhappy customers. This was a practice the Russian government stopped after the revolution. The farmer now paid cash for grinding and the miller bought grain from the farmer for cash.

There was the Sinner Mill that was the busiest of the Norka mills. It was electrified and powered by two large turbines. Mr. Sinner had proposed to the village "gemeinde" (governing body) that he would electrify the main cross street through the village, from the church to the courthouse, if they would put up the poles and wires. Several of the influential members were against it, stating that Mr. Sinner was trying to make easy money through his electricity and also many people who lived away from this area decided it wouldn't help their neighborhood. So why go through all the work and expense of making a better situation for the neighborhood of such few people.

On the highest part of the mill, that was four or five stories high, was the year 1899 painted in big black numbers. The Sinner family also had a newer and more up-to-date mill at Goschgoverna on the Medwediza River. It had a conveyer system by which you brought grain in bags and the milled grain came back in bags. In Norka we still used the old wagon

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Memories of Norka (cont'd)

box system. Two boxes fit into a wagon bed and when you took the grain to the mill you had to manhandle the boxes with the help of the mill workers pushing them onto the dock. The grain was milled and put into the same boxes that had to be reloaded by manhandling. They milled 24 hours a day during the busy season, and someone had to stay with your grain boxes to help with loading and unloading and to see that none of your grain was stolen.

In earlier days the villages of Norka and Beideck had mills built along the Karmisch River that separated these two lands. Both mills were on the river bank, the Beideck mill on the east shore on a little knoll and the Norka mill on the west shore on flat ground. One very rough winter there was a heavy snow and the spring rains flooded the area. The ground around the Norka mill was undermined and it toppled over. The "gemeinde" (village council) decided that with private owned mills now in use in Norka that it would be foolish to go to the expense of rebuilding the old community mill on the river bank. It was several kilometers out of the village and the local mills in town were close and sufficient. There was a man called "Poste" (mailman) Krieger who carried the mail from Norka to Saratov. He made an offer for the toppled mill to the village councilors and they accepted. He disassembled the old mill and moved it back closer to Norka. It was set up on the Ella-balm waterway going around Norka on the south side between the Sinner and Reiche Schleining mills. He now did flour and feed grinding for the area.

Reiche (rich) Schleining had a mill, but he didn't do much grinding for the general public. He owned the largest mercantile and feed store for miles around. He ground mostly grain that he sold as feed and not much in flour quality. He had taken in my uncle to raise when my grandparents died of cholera, and he also had one son of his own. Schleining owned large tracts of gardens and orchards besides the mill, mercantile and land. During the years he bought and sold land holdings. He farmed with twelve teams of horses and oxen and using hired help. He, Sinner and Faigler, the leather tanner, were the biggest employers in Norka.

Years later when the revolution was in progress and Russian troops rode into Norka to buy or confiscate supplies, Schleining was in an awkward position. He owned so much, and there was no way he could hide his wealth so he was subject to giving up most of it. In 1918-1919 when all of us were hiding goods, horses and anything of value, the Russian cavalry rode to the dock around his mercantile and asked, "Who owns this?" Schleining replied that he owned everything you see and it is at your disposal. They loaded up wagons and gave him a requisition but I don't know if he ever got paid for it.

The most picturesque mill I ever saw was the Giebelhaus mill north of Norka in the grain lands. It ran by wind power, and so they didn't grind near the amount of grain as that of Sinner's. The Weidenkellar family in earlier days had a windmill northeast of Norka. It was too close to high ground around it so it didn't get sufficient wind, and therefore it was discontinued. Oldtimers used to joke about Weidenkellar building a mill behind a hill so they wouldn't have to work so hard.

In 1912 my brother George and his wife Louisa, who migrated to the United States sent two fares from Portland, Oregon, for me and my sister Lena to join them. I had just discovered girls, and I used the excuse that I didn't want to leave our parents. My older brother Conrad (with the same name as mine) went in my place because he had an old girlfriend who had migrated to Portland. He married her, and Lena married a man who migrated from Norka.

A problem in Russia concerned the fact that our German people wouldn't integrate with the Russian population. They intermarried with cousins, and consequently you could hardly find a Russian living amongst us in the villages. The Germans had good land, and the Russians needed more because of overpopulation. Russian peasants were punished whenever crossing onto the German lands. Rich Germans hired Cossacks as patrolmen if their land bordered the Russian land. These Cossacks were severe with the Russian peasants as they had been with the settlement of the Germans.

(continued in the next issue)

****Upcoming Events****

MAY

5 May, Saturday, 10:00 am, board meeting
Midland County Library, 805 SE 122nd Avenue,
south of Stark Street, in the small meeting room.
All members welcome to attend.

16 May, Wednesday; and 26 May, 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 will have free
access to the library. There will be a \$4.00 charge
for non-members.)

20 May, Sunday 2:30-4:00 pm, general chapter
meeting at Rivercrest Church. Roger Haas and
Ruth Williams will share about their family histories
and lives. Refreshments served.

JUNE

No Chapter meeting this month.

2 June, Saturday, 10:00 am, board meeting
Midland County Library, 805 SE 122nd Avenue,
south of Stark Street, in the small meeting room.
All members welcome to attend.

**10-17 June, Monday through Sunday, AHSGR
Convention in Hays, Kansas.** (See Page 11 for
transportation opportunity.)

20 June, Wednesday; and 23 June, 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 will
have free access to the library. There will be a
\$4.00 charge for non-members.)

JULY

**No Board meeting or Chapter meeting
this month.**

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

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

General Meeting Information

Board meetings are held at Midland County
Library, 805 SE 122nd Avenue, south of Stark
Street, in the small meeting room.

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.

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Meeting Directions and Information

Oregon Chapter meetings held on Sunday afternoons are generally one and one-half hours in length. Refreshments will be served at the meeting; and a donation is requested to help defray meeting facility costs. Please note that the Sunday afternoon meetings do not include a potluck lunch.

Guests are always welcome to any chapter meeting or genealogy workshop.

Hays Convention 2007 Anyone for an adventure?

Would you like to go AHSGR annual convention but think the cost of a plane ticket too high? Tired of waiting long hours in a crowded airport? Standing in long lines for security checks? Are you afraid of flying and especially on those small planes where everyone has an aisle and a window seat? (Flights from the big airports to small town landing strips.) Then come join us for a new traveling experience by Greyhound bus and see some of our great country from the ground.

The cost of a round trip ticket is 1/3 the price of a plane fare. (\$214)

We plan on leaving Sunday night June 10 around midnight from Portland Greyhound Bus Depot arriving at the Hays station (next door to the Holiday Inn where convention will be held) on Tuesday around two in the afternoon. The trip will be 36 hours, stopping for meals, air conditioned buses, restroom aboard and comfortable reclining seats.

It should be a lot of fun considering that you will have Jene Goldhammer, Lela Miller and MollyAnn Rimerman as travel companions. "The more the merrier!!" For more information you can get in touch with:

Jene Goldhammer (503) 771-5813
gold520@comcast.net

MollyAnn Rimerman (503) 636-1786
makrim@aracnet.com

"Let's Build an Ancestral Bridge"

Our purpose is to help our descendants track their ancestors back to Russia and then to Germany if possible. As we all know this can be a very difficult, expensive, and time consuming effort.

Most of our parents did not talk much about the "Old Country" making it a difficult challenge. It may be a cousin that has started the research, or another member that has a family connection, or a child of a child of your grandparents.

Think how exciting it would be to find this help. If all our members would fill out this form, we will be able to make a set of files that will be searchable by surname or village. We will be able to have this resource right here in our own library. It will be a big help in pointing them in the right direction to further their research. We need to help our descendants and leave a little path for them.

We are not asking for information on any living relatives, with one exception being, your name and birth date and your spouse's name and birth date. We will need that to connect you to your immigrant.

You may add a page for any information about your ancestors or their trip to the United States. Please include a pedigree chart (if you have one) with your parents as number one.

Any questions or suggestions will be graciously accepted. Send along with completed form to:

Jene Herder Goldhammer
4837 SE 60th Avenue
Portland, OR 97206

Or e-mail with genealogy in subject line to:

gold520@comcast.net

(ancestral form follows on page 12)

G.R. SURNAME: _____

VILLAGE: _____

DATE: _____

Your birth name in full: _____

Birth date: _____

Place of birth: _____

Spouse's birth name in full: _____

Birth date: _____

Place of birth: _____

Name of Immigrant: _____

Relationship to Immigrant: _____

Spouse of Immigrant: _____

Place of birth of spouse: _____

Do you have a Family Genealogical Chart or Pedigree Chart? _____

Have you entered information into a genealogy program? _____

If so, which one? PAF #___ Family Treemaker___ Generations___ Legacy___ Other_____

Do you know where in Germany your family left from to go to Russia? If so, where? _____

Will you share your ancestral information with AHSGR members? _____

Do you need help getting started? _____

Please add any additional information you would care to share:

**CHAPTER OFFICERS & DIRECTORS
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Articles for Chronicle Unserer Leute

Deadlines for submission of articles for the **Chronicle Unserer Leute** are:

June 15 for the July/August 2007 issue

August 15 for the September/October 2007 issue

October 15 for the Nov./Dec. 2007 issue

December 15 for the January/February 2008 issue

February 15 for the March/April 2008 issue

April 15 for the May/June 2008 issue

Please send submissions to:**Editor****Chronicle Unserer Leute****1830 NE 141st Avenue****Portland, OR 97230**or e-mail: tw-CBL@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 _____

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Publicity _____

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Reminder Calls for Upcoming Meetings _____

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Please make all checks payable to **AHSGR OREGON CHAPTER** and send your membership dues and applications to:

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**AMERICAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY
OF GERMANS FROM RUSSIA
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1st annual picnic of employees of the Oregon-Washington Railroad & Navigation Co. at Bonneville, July 17, 1915 - part 1 of 5 of a panoramic print (photo courtesy of the Spady family)

This issue can be viewed online at:

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