



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

If the board and officers correspondence was an egregious load, I could understand the reluctance being shown by a qualified person to volunteer to serve as our secretary. The work load is moderate as Lois Klaus, Shirley Hurrell and Ruth Williams have expanded the parameters of their contributions beyond the original limits.

Step up, someone!

If we are to have an August chapter picnic, we need a volunteer for picnic chairman. The site reserved should be a good one in the Tualatin area at, guess what, Tualatin Park. We'll make it.

We need volunteers for election to the new board this fall. Energy and ideas, imagination, and likability are virtues of the present board who are great folks, and I'd like to have your next president be as blessed as I have been with the present group.

We need a membership chairman to spearhead our efforts. Personal contact, even by phone, makes it possible to relay to the individual that they can learn by joining our group. Most have no idea how painless it can be to read the available literature, research family trees by tapping into

Pleve charts and census material available from Russia and the internet.

Our problems are common among the chapters as we older members need replacement. Just note the recent messages in our national newsletter and the AHSGR Journal.

The recent rise in postal rates necessitated an adjustment to our newsletter format.

The mailing department "honcho," Bill Burbach, has outfoxed the postal authorities with a new procedure. Thanks to Bill for saving us 50% in additional cost.*

Danke schön, Wilhelm; du bist ein richtige Mensch!

Dr. Raymond P. Koch

**President
Oregon Chapter of AHSGR**

*[Editor's note: the increase in mailing costs has made it necessary to move from a 16 page newsletter to a 10 page newsletter.]



[Editor's note: This is the 13th 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)

I encouraged all of my students to continue their education because learning is one of the

genuine sources of happiness in life--and an enduring one. I tried to pass along not only subject matter but the influence I had received from my teachers such as: an extension beyond the classroom, making students better citizens and the world a better place to live. Whoever is teaching students today not to begin at the bottom of the ladder and eventually rising to the top via hard work is unaware of the consequences. Too many people today came in the front door and, before they've demonstrated any skills or displayed the attitude that tells you you've made a good hiring decision, they want to know where they're going to be next year and five years down the road. They don't know what they're missing in the process. A man's (or woman's) work is part of his existence. People improve their living standards by putting in time and effort. Nothing in life comes easy. No one should judge where a person is today or where the person came from, because everyone has personal agenda as to what, for him, constitutes progress. For some it's material things; for others it's learning. For some it's both. To achieve more in life, work.

I discovered as most teachers did then, that I was ill-prepared and alone when dealing with numerous behavior problems I encountered daily in the classroom. In all my college training no one ever talked about these situations. During my school days, we had been instilled with fear more or less and

respected the teachers, so didn't remember any special discipline problems my instructors needed to struggle with. My master teacher informed me during my cadet teaching that my height might be a handicap requiring me to stand a great deal of the time to stay on top of any predicament which might appear. My first year of teaching could be compared to a nightmare; almost all the teachers were new or had never taught in a school system before. I heard the janitor was instrumental in the firing of personnel every year. The Superintendent's distrustfulness applied to his suggestions of levying penalties to misbehaving students complicated matters. Absenteeism ran rampant; his methods appeared inadequate concerning school attendance. Already I noticed the difference in pupils' attitudes toward formal education and the lack of discipline even at home in comparison to students in the late twenties and early thirties.

My salary for the second year had risen to \$1,275.00 and the third to \$1,284.00. Mr. Morrison had accepted a position in Newport, Washington, and my high school principal became the Superintendent of the Endicott schools. What a difference! The last two years under a new leader can be described as enjoyable, challenging, exciting and not too difficult. I had earned the respect of the students and their parents influenced by a stable environment. A school is as good as its principal. The top problems consisted of talking, chewing gum, making noises, etc. One time I was standing near a six-footer (he was sitting down), who refused to stop talking after I had repeatedly urged him to be quiet; a book in my hand became a handy weapon when I used it on the top of his head, that hushed him up. I sensed that made him very angry but so was I.

My first year German class under my direction produced a high school monthly paper entitled "Der Monat" including many interesting features from November 1936 to the end of the school year in 1937. The responsibility of the weekly school news to the *Endicott Index*, the town paper rested on my shoulders. The students in one of my English classes assumed the task of gathering the news before school hours to write it up as a class assignment. I had a super sports writer who played in every sport. He chose teaching as his career, English at that. How proud I was!

(continued on page 3)

Something of Myself (cont'd)

I had signed a contract to return to Endicott for a fourth year before I enrolled in summer school classes to renew my teaching certificate. My superintendent requested library courses to qualify myself in accordance with state regulations prescribed by the Washington State Board of Education.

Summer school had hardly begun when I was approached by Mr. Notson, the Tonasket, Washington Superintendent of Schools who had a similar idea and offered me a position at a higher salary, a \$16.00 raise to \$1,300.00 a year. I telephoned Mr. Buchanan at Endicott who assured me a release from my contract would be granted upon the receipt of my written statement. One of my frisky library science classmates lashed out at me in a teasing manner by singing--a tisket, a tasket, Marie's going to Tonasket--that created a happy atmosphere. I became excited about living and teaching in a remote territory, a change in terrain, no doubt, with its majestic barren hills just short of mountains; a valley of orchards bordering both sides of the Okanogan River appearing confined while viewed for miles from the high school campus as one of Tonasket's many scenic assets. On this historic stream, at its confluence with the Columbia, was located the first white settlement in what is now the State of Washington.

My imagination ran wild as to the type of people I might encounter after my experiences with Russian Germans at Endicott. With an Indian Reservation not too many miles away, could there be a few remnants of the race enrolled in the school? My fears loomed up unwarranted after a scheduled teachers' meeting on August 26th, 1939 and the opening of school on the 28th.

Summer school, a pleasurable experience at Pullman, seemed more like a vacation, no comparison between it and my regular college studies. Free of financial problems with complete responsibility for my actions, my library courses applied to specific projects interjecting a noteworthy meaning to my life. I had rented a room in a private home at 311 Campus Avenue for the eight-week session. I remember a daily walk to the heart of downtown Pullman for nourishment in a restaurant at supper time. In case of

only one alternative, whatever the allure soon disappears to become routine.

Besides the Library Science courses, it was necessary to fulfill other requisites in the line of college courses for the renewal of a secondary teaching certificate. The three at that time were: American Gov't.-Politics 101, Student Guidance-Education 157B and Mental Hygiene- Psychology 170. After the two summer sessions, 1939 and 1940, I was granted Certificates of Library Training making me eligible as a teach-librarian in any accredited high school in the State of Washington as long as I had a valid high school teacher's certificate for schools of 100-500 enrollment.

(continued in the next issue)

K O C H ' S K O L U M N

by Dr. Raymond P. Koch

I recently spent an hour on the phone with an aunt in Arizona who is the last survivor of fourteen of my aunts and uncles in her generation.

She was amazed at what our research has unearthed about our ancestors and the history of their life in Russia.

As the youngest she was the only one of the group who attended and graduated from high school. She was so caught up in her own activities that she was never receptive to acquiring and retaining family history.

In contrast, Gerda Stroh Wacker would sit around near her mother's knitting and crocheting circle composed of aunts and friends who had oodles of little tidbits of family history of their parent's lines and back to legend about Michael Stroh, the first Stroh in Frank who latter married a Krening girl.

Gerda mentioned how she heard that Michael had silver buckles on his shoes and how she wished her line had inherited them as the generations passed away.

(continued on page 4)

Koch's Kolumn (cont'd)

Why is ancient history so fascinating to some of us and means so little to others?

Little items my grandparents related to me about incidents in the village and how little deviation was allowed youngsters from strict behavior patterns. There was black and white and little gray permitted when behavior was involved.

My grandfather raised quite a lump on a bully's head who was abusing him, a niece, and a nephew as they walked the road outside the village. To protect the group he utilized the jawbone of a horse he found at the road's edge to even the "playing field" with the older teenager by bringing it into contact with the older boy's head as he assaulted them.

When the parent came to their home to complain of the injury, it was a matter of moments after learning what he had done to them that the father departed with his son grasped in one hand while he belabored him with the other hand.

Dad related the story of two lazy girls sent for water that was to be used in making "glace" for a caravan *en route* to a Russian estate to help the nobleman finish his harvest.

After the German farmers had finished their harvest and gleaned the fields, many would go to Russian estates where the harvest pace was much slower when worked by the residents of the estates, all ex-serfs. It was extra cash money for dad, granddad and the others.

The caravan pulled up at a lake at dusk to camp over night. The women got the flour and equipment for boiling the glace and dispatched the two girls to scoop water from the lake. Being tired, they didn't go far and scooped water from the nearer area which was shallow.

It was dark as food was prepared and dinner was served to the caravan.

Remarks were made as to the delightful flavor of the glace, and it was the next morning when it was

discovered there were minute, dark inclusions in the leftover glace and dough.

You're right. The girls had scooped up little pollywogs with the water used in the flour and dough.

Dad said it had a distinctive, nutty flavor--not at all unpleasant, but they didn't eat the leftovers.

Every group has its tattle-tales and when the fall wood gathering took place only fallen limbs and growth were allowed to be taken. There was a reward for informants who reported deviations from the rules. Logically they would break dead limbs they could reach from the wagon.

Forbidden, but so tempting, and they were observed by the village's biggest snitch as they improvised filling the wagon.

He followed at a safe distance as they finished and returned to the village.

Simple solution: they went to the Vorsteher's compound and pulled in to visit for a spell.

The snitch thought that was the final destination of the wood and soon went home.

After some time, they bid adieu and headed home with the precious wood which they liked far more than the staple fuel: dry manure mixed with straw and cut into bricks.

In later years the men would often get sentimental about missing the old Heimat. The women countered with statements to the effect that they didn't miss that manure pile near the back door--not one bit!

Most every family had a cottage industry. Grandpa Hartung was an accomplished cabinet maker as the trade was passed down to him from his immigrant ancestor from Germany. For three generations they had worked on the Büdingen Hof and church before he left for Russia.

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Koch's Kolumn (cont'd)

I can also go to the Marcus Whitman Hotel in Walla Walla, Washington, and see the parquet floor my granddad helped install many years ago.

The Koch women would use the spinning wheels to create thread which Grandpa Koch used on his loom to create cloth.

Let us hope and pray that we have continued access to Russian archives. Some are not accessible that have been accessed earlier.

Molly Ann Rimerman and Jene Goldhammer discovered a rich source for my dad's village in the Stuttgart, Germany area records. How grateful I am for those two girls and their curiosity!

I had questioned Grandpa Koch's statement that some of the Koch settlers were from Wittenberg. Although their dialect was from the north Odenwald area in Baden-Württemberg, I clung to the idea most had come from Hessian origins.

Mollie Ann and Jene found help in Stuttgart that established that the Köchter (originally Gechter) clan had come from Waldenbuch near Stuttgart in Baden-Württemberg which had earlier been called "Wittenberg."

It isn't very far from the North Odenwald area, and I can now look for my Johan Friedrich K. in another area.

The Köchter material from Molly Ann made one set of my cousins ecstatic.

I'll bet those two girls could find D. B. Cooper!

We lost a treasured member in Johanna Eichler Deines. She and hubby Jack were charter members and helped form our chapter.

She was convention chairman in 1973 for the first Portland AHSGR convention. Her noodle corps helped furnish and finance the wonderful kitchen Rivercrest church has.

The Good Lord will find space and a place for a gifted worker with her capabilities.

I'm asking his help, also, to find us a secretary. . . .

Raymond Koch, DMD

President, Oregon Chapter AHSGR

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 7.]

In Norka we had an orphanage called "Tantas Haus" (aunt's house) where orphans were cared for by elderly ladies that were paid by the council. It was closed and rented out as a residence while I was young. The children were placed in homes much like foster homes here. The council decreed that every house in the village would take them in for a period of 24 or 48 hours then pass them on to the next house.

When an old couple was still together but couldn't function properly the council would make arrangements for a newly wed couple who might be interested in moving in with them and see to their needs. When the old couple died the new couple would inherit the home and it's belongings. Boys were easy to place into foster homes because of the Tausch system by which each male child was given a share of land. Generally you could plan on the male orphan being raised for that share he was entitled to and the work the foster family could get out of him. Girl orphans were a different story. They were hired to

(continued on page 6)

Memories of Norka (cont'd)

work for 25 kopecs a day in a hard working schedule or they were married off to older men. Many women died young during childbirth and older men were looking for a second wife who was younger.

A man named Weidenkellar used to amaze me during my youth. He would saddle a riding horse and ride to the courthouse each morning. There he would dismount, place the reins over the saddle horn, head the horse toward home and slap him on the rump. The horse would run home into the yard where the wife or son would unsaddle it and put it in the corral.

Of the Weidendellar family Conrad and Heinrich came to Oregon. Conrad worked for the railroad at the same time I did in the 1926-1928 era. Heinrich was married to my aunt Lena Derr Weidenkellar. Their sister married Konrad Repp and was mother to Adam and George Repp the Portland grocers.

Different families would use their houses for harvest celebration ceremonies. "Kerbe" lasted from three days and nights to a week. In our neighborhood it was usually held at "Diecke" (fat) Helzer's home. He would take the windows out of the house and put them into the barn for safe keeping. A supply of liquor and the hiring of a band would be made. The participants would pay so much for a set of music that was paid by the dancers. He sold the drinks and maintained order if things got out of hand. Different areas went to different extremes. I have heard of non-alcoholic Kerbe celebrations but in Unterdorf they were rough and rowdy. The celebration usually started after church on Sunday with street singing and marches to the place of celebration.

"Endrich" Krieger had two sons and a daughter by his first wife. His second wife was a widow named Weinz (Weines) who lived in the "Gaza Grava" (goat canyon). The lady had a son who came to the U.S. Krieger's nickname was derived because he imitated the quacking of ducks as a youngster. "Endrich" means "Drake" and so this stuck with him until the end. Krieger's two sons and families left Norka with us in 1921 but returned from Minsk for lack of funds to continue into Germany and on to the U.S. Upon their return to Norka the new regime ordered that the purchaser of their holdings return it to the Kriegers at

no cost. Selling Tousch land was illegal under the new regime as was the Czar's money. People were only allowed land for family members living in the villages.

(continued in the next issue)

****Upcoming Events****

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.)

AUGUST

No Board meeting this month.

4 August, Saturday, 11:00 am to 3:00 pm, AHSGR Picnic and Potluck at Tualatin Community Park, 8515 SW Tualatin Road. (Driving directions and map on next page.)

Drinks provided.

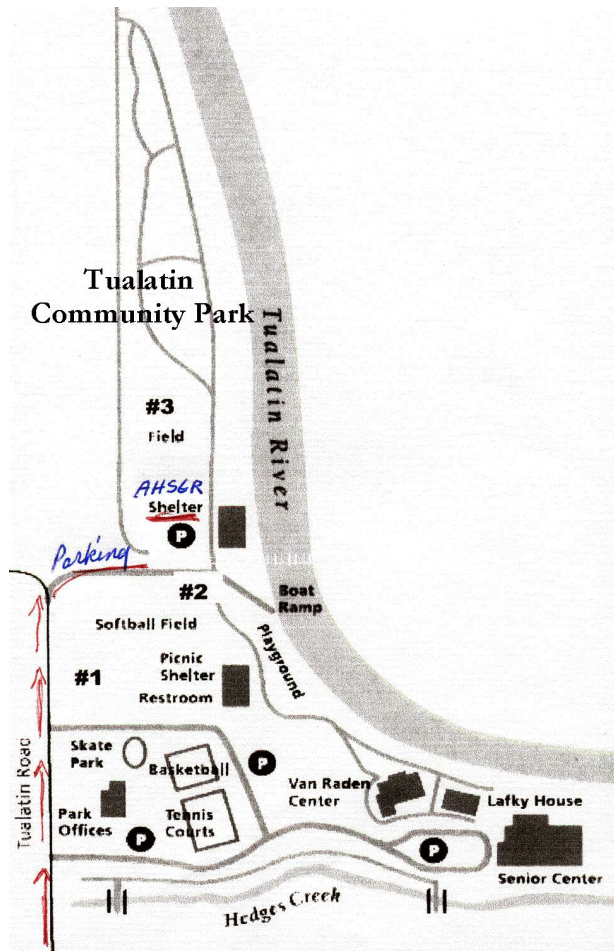
Please bring:

- 1. a large hot dish OR chicken AND**
- 2. a salad OR dessert to share**
- 3. your own plate and utensils**

Friends and extended family welcome! BRING A GUEST!

(continued on page 7)

Upcoming Events (cont'd)



You can bring games and play equipment:

- horseshoes
- croquet
- board games
- badminton
- frisbee

There is a play area for children.

Driving directions to AHSGR Picnic and Potluck at Tualatin Community Park:

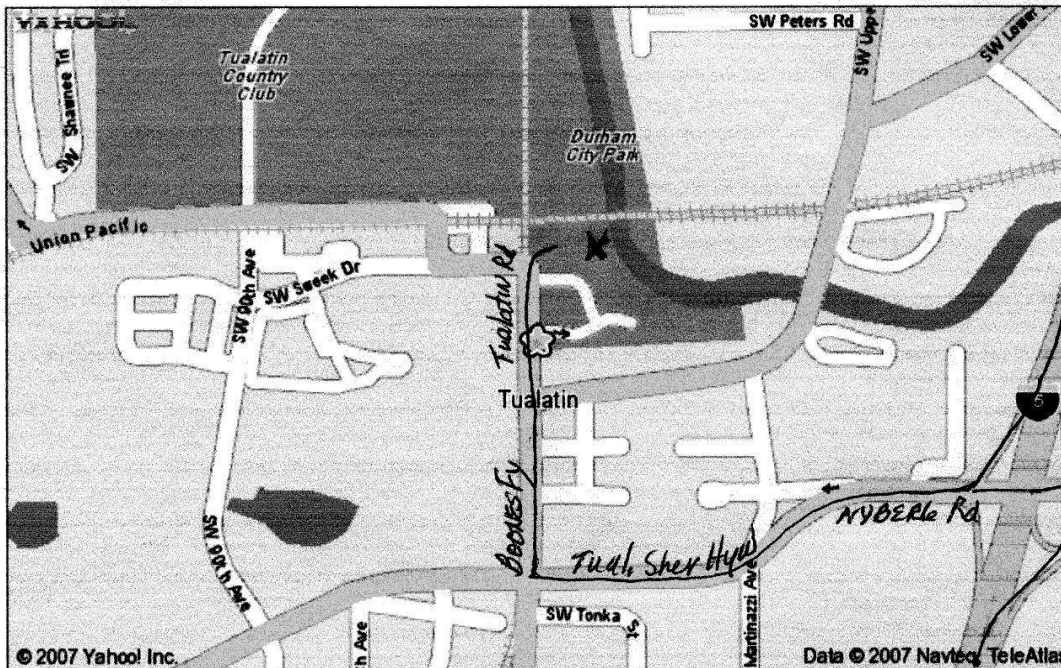
from Portland SOUTH on I-5:

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)



From Portland
I-5
↓
SOUTH

EXIT 289

NORTH
↑
from Salem

Upcoming Events (cont'd)

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 will have free access to the library. There will be 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.

CHAPTER OFFICERS & DIRECTORS
2007-2008

President:

Dr. Raymond P. Koch (term expires Dec. 2007)
(541) 296-6061
rpdlkoch@gorge.net

Vice President:

Ed Wagner (term expires Dec. 2007)
(503) 228-0007
Fax: (503) 228-1016

Treasurer:

Lois Klaus (term expires Dec. 2007)
(503) 232-3065
lkklaus@earthlink.net

Directors:

Bill Burbach (term expires Dec. 2008)
(503) 654-4694

Arla Elverud (term expires Dec. 2007)
(503) 648-6742
nwmach@easystreet.com

Jene Goldhammer (term expires Dec. 2008)
(503) 771-5813
Gold520@aol.com

Erna Markwart (term expires Dec. 2007)
(503) 254-4454

Molly Ann Rimerman (term expires Dec. 2008)
(503) 636-1786
makrim@aracnet.com

Steve Schreiber (term expires Dec. 2007)
(503) 774-9753
steven.schreiber@gmail.com

George Swint (term expires Dec. 2008)
(503) 255-5833
79scout@msn.com

Dr. William Wiest (term expires Dec. 2007)
(503) 771-4321
wiest@reed.edu

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
OF GERMANS FROM RUSSIA
OREGON CHAPTER**

4616 SE ADAMS
MILWAUKIE, OR 97222



**Joanna M.
Deines**

1915-2007

Our own Hanna Deines, 91, passed away on May 10, 2007. She was born on September 16, 1915, in Odessa, Washington, to

William and Mary K. (Borgans) Eichler. One of twelve children, she grew up in the Yakima Valley in Washington.

She moved to Portland in 1937 and married Jack C. Deines in November of 1938. Their marriage was blessed with two children, a son Jack W. and a daughter, Mary K. Lukens.

Hanna was an active member of Rivercrest Community Church, a charter member of the American Historical Society of Germans from Russia, and a member of Eastern Star. She dedicated her life to her church, her family and her many friends.

She also opened her home to her children's friends and many family members over the years as a place of refuge. There was always room for one more at Hanna's home and table. Over a period of ten years she opened her home and became a "billet Mom" to the many members of the Portland Winterhawks Hockey Team. "Grams" was always a favorite of the Winterhawks Players. Hanna was an extraordinary cook, whether preparing meals at home or for large church dinners, often feeding 500 to 1,000 people in the evening. No one left one of her meals hungry or

unsatisfied. She will be missed by all who knew and loved her.

A funeral service was held at Rivercrest Community Church, Portland, OR on Tuesday, May 15, 2007. Interment was at Rose City Mausoleum.



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

<http://www.ahsgroregon.com>