



Chronicle Unserer Leute

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November/December 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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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

October 25, 2008 became a landmark date in the history of our **OREGON CHAPTER OF AHSGR**. Saturday, October 25 featured the first "Volga German Genealogy Workshop" from 9:00 am to 4:00 pm at the Concordia University Library followed by "A Commemoration of the German-Russian Holocaust" at 5:00 pm at St. Michael's Lutheran Church adjacent to the Concordia University campus. The day's activities were jointly sponsored by the **CENTER FOR VOLGA GERMAN STUDIES (CVGS)** at **CONCORDIA UNIVERSITY** and your very own **OREGON CHAPTER OF AHSGR**. **DR. BRENT MAI**, librarian for **CONCORDIA UNIVERSITY** and a leading scholar in all G-R matters hosted and served as master coordinator for this wonderful event.

An easy summary of the day would be to simply indicate that a great time was had by all, and let it be done with that. But that is far from sufficient here!

Saturday, October 25, 2008 was most significant in revealing or demonstrating to those present the new life and tremendous value and power our **OREGON CHAPTER** and the **CVGS** at **CONCORDIA UNIVERSITY** now share with the legacy of combined collections, research, resources, and all the individual energies of thousands of our ancestors, members, families and

friends of our extended Russian German community past and present in making the day a magic success. There is real magic in seeing a researcher with a passion for family history find a long lost ancestor or family line in an obscure family chart, obituary card, or monitor; especially when that researcher is not a Russian German themselves.

A number of folks came from outside Portland to serve, share, and participate. **DORIS EVANS**, village coordinator (VC) for our ancestral village of **FRANK, RUSSIA**, traveled from her home in Almira, Washington (a distance of about 350 miles and a 5 to 6 hour drive) bringing her collection of hundreds of Plevé charts and several boxes of reference books documenting thousands of ancestral families and lives. **THELMA SPRENGER**, village coordinator of **KOLB, RUSSIA** and president of the Big Bend chapter of **ASHGR** accompanied Doris from Ritzville, Washington, and brought valuable records of the Kolb Church recently acquired in Russia. These records previously (until a few months ago) were universally thought to be non-existent and lost forever. Ray Koch was pleasantly surprised to find family members in the old church records from Kolb. **PHYLLIS KEISER, VI CLARK** and **MAXINE FIMAN** and other friends came from Tacoma and Olympia to brighten the day. **MARY ANN SEHER** came from Olympia, Washington, to check out the event and our new CVGS. I have spoken
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President's Message (cont'd)

with Mary Ann several times over the phone regarding the publication of her husband's famous book, and this day was the first time we actually met face to face.

STEVEN SCHREIBER served as the info center for the **NORKA** records and was kept busy with inquiries all day long; almost missing lunch. Our old friend **SHERRIE STAHL** represented the village of **BRUNENTAL** and helped folks with their family histories. **D. MICHAEL FRANK** brought his comprehensive data base for the **VILLAGE OF KAUTZ**—a priceless resource originally researched by his aunt, **ELAINE FRANK DAVIDSON**. Elaine would take great pride in seeing how Michael has preserved her work for Kautz descendants. **BRENT MAI** provided recent data for the villages of **AHRENFELD, DIETEL, KRATZKE, AND MERKEL**.

In addition to the village coordinators, many Oregon chapter members served as volunteer assistants to help people with reference files and documents. **SHIRLEY HURRELL** greeted folks as they arrived and explained the resources available. **BOB THORN** served as "IT" specialist in setting up the computers and assisting Doris and others with their machines. Bob also volunteered his services as unit photographer, documenting the event activities with over 70 priceless photos which he seems eager to share with all who are interested. His brilliant photographic skills honored our esteemed president with a special photo of him doing what he does best. Check it out if you can coax Bob into sharing his work with you. Volunteers made the event, and **JENE GOLDHAMMER, LILLIAN LAWRENCE**, our very own **RUTH AND CHUCK WILLIAMS, BOB BEALL, KEN AND JOYCE PRICKETT** and countless others made the day a glorious success. All inquiries were served. Many made findings they never believed possible. A hearty thanks to all participants and guests.

Many other members came significant distances to attend. **RAY AND DIANE KOCH** from The Dalles, **LEON AND SARAH MAUL** from Lyle, Washington, the **MILLERS** from Salem along with **CAROL GASS** and **T. WHITE, LARRY BAFUS**

from Yakima, **AL HEIN** from Reno, Nevada, **GEORGE HOHNSTEIN** from Atlanta, Georgia, **GAIL AND BILL BRILL** from Redondo Beach, California, **WILLARD SCHNAGELTHORPE** from Freeport, Maine, and several others. The CVGS is going to be a national magnet for Volga Germans.

The "Commemoration of the German-Russian Holocaust" service followed the V.G. Genealogy workshop at 5:00 at **ST. MICHAEL'S LUTHERAN CHURCH**, just a short walk from the **CONCORDIA UNIVERSITY** Library. A beautiful service was held with readings, hymns, and music by the **JANTZEN FAMILY**. Our guest speaker was Dr. **ERIC SCHMALTZ**, assistant professor of history at Northwestern Oklahoma State University in Alva, Oklahoma. Dr. Schmaltz is a noted scholar in studies of our Germans from Russia heritage and gave a memorable and scholarly presentation titled "Our Memory is the Future: the Soviet Experience and Remembrance of the August 1941 Deportation of Volga Germans." **BILL AND THELMA WIEST** hosted Eric Schmaltz during his visit to Portland, providing bunk, breakfast, touring and all forms of hospitality. A hearty thanks to Bill and Thelma for stepping up—again and again! Everyone enjoyed Dr. Schmaltz's message immensely.

A primary goal of our general chapter meeting Sunday, November 16, should be to share our observations and experiences of the October 25 event at Concordia University and come to some conclusions and recommendations for our next and future programs and events with the new **CVGS AT CONCORDIA**. Each program is a learning experience to help us grow and better serve our members and friends. Brent Mai is eager to plan and host another event next year. Let's give him a hand and step up!

Please come and share your experiences and ideas. Hope to see you Sunday, November 16, at 2:00 pm.

Ed Wagner

President

Oregon Chapter of AHSGR

**"Never Say Never"
A Sequel to Last Year's
"Where There is a Will There is a Way"**

by Molly Ann Kechter Rimerman

Last year when three brave souls returned from our Greyhound bus adventure in our quest to attend the AHSGR convention in Hays, Kansas, someone in the group said, "we'll never do that again!" Well, another year had rolled by and again it was convention time.

Would you believe that two of those hardy G/Rs were again waiting at the Portland bus terminal with ticket in hand, boarding the bus for the first lap of another long ride, this time to Casper, Wyoming? It was 6:30 Sunday evening, July 27. I am certain by now that most are aware that those two are none other than Jene Goldhammer and Molly Ann Rimerman. These two travel buddies have attended the conventions each year since they first became friends on that special trip to the ancestral Russian Volga villages in 1994. They have also made three trips to Germany in search of their roots. These adventures have been by plane, train, and yes by bus. The AeroFlot flights in Russia being the most adventurous and daring of all, but that is a story all of it's own!

When next June rolls around we may be taking our third Greyhound to Medicine Hat. The scenery will be spectacular traveling across BC, through Banff and Lake Louise to Calgary and Medicine Hat. I believe someone referred to us as the "seasoned team" in the last chapter newsletter. We can live up to that!!

Getting back to our most current bus trip, I shall give you some of the humorous details. From Portland to Seattle was the first lap with a wait of about 90 minutes before boarding the Billings, Montana segment where we would change for the last lap to Casper. As the time drew near for us to board the bus a tall black gentleman, a Greyhound employee, came over to us and told us to stay right where we were and that when it was time to board he would come get us and put us on the bus first giving us the best choice of seats. Now, we are looking at each other in wonderment thinking why is he doing this for us? Do

we look old and feeble? After giving this thought some consideration and looking about we came to the conclusion that maybe it was our refined German heritage that gave us the edge!!

We knew that we would have a six hour layover in Billings before getting on that last bus. Oh, but we were prepared having brought snacks and a DVD player with our favorite movies of the 60's to entertain us during the long wait. We plugged in our earphones so as not to disturb others, but to our dismay cell phones were ringing with their owners talking loudly, and the TV high up on the wall going full blast. All at once it was announced that all buses would be at least two and half hours late due to a wildfire. After that cheery bit of news, blankets, pillows and even sleeping bags appeared (obviously seasoned bus patrons) resulting in bodies reclining on the floor everywhere hunkering down for the long wait. Six hours was a long time but eight and a half became almost unbearable. When we finally got on that bus for Casper at some early hour, I can truly say I was in a trance. That bus was not crowded so we each took two seats across from each other and I managed to get a few winks. Suddenly I was awakened by shouts of angry voices. It seems that the driver, a small Hispanic lady, and one of the male passengers had gotten into a dispute over his disobeying the rule of NO FEET IN THE AISLE! It was really time to get the sleep out of the eyes as I noticed a roadside sign that told me it was only 40 miles to Casper. It was Tuesday morning, July 29, at 7:30 when we pulled up to the bus station and to our delight it was right there at the convention hotel HALLELUJAH, LIFE IS GREAT!!!

The convention was truly a wonderful event! Great sessions, sometimes a difficult task to decide which one to attend. The "Heritage Hall" was very tastefully planned by Village Coordinators, and gave us some insight into both Volga and Black Sea. Food was soooo good and who will forget the homemade Dina Kuchen coffee breaks. The afternoon get togethers for singing on the balcony of the hotel were greatly enjoyed by all. The genealogy and bookstores for Volga and Black Sea each individually set up. It was

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"Never Say Never" (cont'd)

a pleasure getting to meet people from both G/R organizations. I must not forget to mention the entertainment and how our young members were so eager to assist those who required a little help carrying their food to the table at the buffet style meals. I did hear that there were almost 900 in attendance. It is always sad to say goodbye to new friends and old, but all good things must come to an end. Sunday morning a worship service concluded the events of the convention.

Now for the homeward bound adventure. It was Sunday afternoon, bus due to leave at 4pm. People are gathering to board when all of a sudden several police cars and motorcycles appear. It seems that they are looking for a desperado that they think may be arriving on our bus. Well, this IS the "Wild West"! The bus arrives, the fellow is taken without incident and soon we are on our way.

One encounters all kinds of people on these bus trips as I suppose one does in the everyday world unless one never gets away from immediate surroundings. Some people even if our paths only pass briefly will leave an impression. When we boarded the bus in Casper we are seated behind a black gentleman who got out of his seat to help us put our carryons in the above compartment. Jimmy had boarded the bus in Jacksonville, Florida, and was traveling to Seattle to visit his daughter. By this time he had been on the bus for several days and was to be heard quite often as he rubbed his head, "lawdy, lawdy". What a sweet southern gentleman, and I hope that his visit to Seattle was worth all those days on that bus. I am sure that when he saw the faces of his daughter and grandchildren the long arduous ride was forgotten.

As we neared the city of Billings once again, the skies opened up and the rain came down in buckets followed by a deluge of good sized hail. Once the hail began the driver pulled to the side of the highway where we waited for the hail to stop. Inside the terminal we tried to find a quiet corner where we would once again get the DVD player out and watch a movie. We found what we thought might just fit our needs and settled down to watch "Some Like It Hot" (Jack Lemmon, Tony Curtis and Marilyn Monroe). We had not gotten far into the movie when

a talkative lady sat down beside Jene and proceeded to ask us questions. Trying to be polite, we answered a few before she became a bit or maybe a lot annoying! On the other side of me a man was seated and went about the business of opening a tin of sardines. Yes, I said sardines! Can you imagine how the fishy odor of those babies can permeate a crowded area? As he greedily slurped those oily things down, he dripped the smelly oil onto the floor. When finished he tossed the empty tin into the trash nearby, barely hitting it and managing to get more oil and fish remnants down the side of the can. By that time there was no doubt in anyone's mind what someone in that terminal had eaten. We moved to another spot to try and get away from the smell only to be followed by the woman still asking questions. We did manage to finish the movie as we spent another two and a half hours in addition to the four that we knew to be the Billings layover. When we finally made it to Portland we were so happy to see our loved one's faces. They had been waiting for several hours since the bus was overdue.

We have more tales to tell, and stay tuned there may be another sequel next year. Oh yes, any of you out there who would care to join us for an adventurous time let us know. Misery always loves company!

[Editor's note: This is the 21st 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)



For a span of sixteen years of my married life, I had ridden the city buses to aid my mother with her house cleaning chores, alter some of her clothes or take her on a shopping trip, also on the

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Something of Myself (cont'd)

bus. Walt was our chauffeur on the few doctor's trips and if any hauling was required. One year I painted all of her woodwork. Jacob, my brother, assisted me with the papering of the rooms. My father handed us each a five dollar bill. I used mine to buy my mother a pretty cotton house dress. For many years I managed to launder her curtains and throw-rugs at my house. I also taught her how to crochet an afghan and rag rugs. She always raised a vegetable garden besides cooking my father's meals. My mother loved her raspberry bushes. So I made her jelly yearly.

My father relied on me for his bookkeeping including income tax forms. How fortunate my parents were to live within the same block as their church building—no coping with the exigency of crossing the street.

My father's greatest wish after he was alone; a trip to Canada, visiting friends or acquaintances who at one time or another visited him in Portland. Not being a citizen of the United States, an almost unsolvable problem confronted him, but he was not one to give up easily. My father applied for citizenship, studied the material, rode the bus to my house (I was having back trouble at the time) where I helped him master the fundamentals. An American citizen he became to fulfill his dreams trip to Canada. As his volunteer secretary, I wrote his Christmas letters. Because of my driving expertise, my father and I enjoyed some salmon fishing experiences together. On one occasion, we drove north on I-5 to Kalama where we kept a small skiff tied to the bank, removed a 5-horse motor from the trunk of the '56 Chevrolet, fastened the outboard in its usual position, boarded the craft with our fishing gear, sailed down to the Kalama River mouth into the Columbia River where we landed four summer steelhead during the morning fishing period. The two of us arrived home in time to eat lunch. My father returned to his house via bus, and I repeated the identical trip with Walt for the afternoon's fishing. The next unsurpassed adventure to catching one's own fish is witnessing another individual repeating the identical feat. Unmatched exultation! Rudyard Kipling, the English writer who was born in Bombay, India, caught a battling salmon in the Clackamas River during the first half-hour of Oregon fishing and wrote: "I have lived . . . the American continent may now

sink under the sea, for I have taken the best that it yields . . ."

Our Mondays, reserved for salmon angling, lured us away from our house before daylight until darkness had settled in. I always treasured the early spring blooms of daffodils and tulips in our yard, but one Monday evening as we drove into our driveway, I noticed their disappearance. I contacted my across-the-street neighbors who had spotted two girls leaving our driveway carrying flowers on their way to school. When the phone rang the next morning, the school girl who lived across the street announced, "Here they come." I immediately dashed outside, as they walked through my yard, to confront the suspected thieves. I accused them of picking my posies. No, the older girl answered, vehemently denying the filchery. I continued my inquiry as I strolled alongside to no avail. Finally in desperation, I exclaimed, "I know they are on your teacher's desk, and I'm going there to retrieve my flowers." That statement brought about a confession. The older child addressed the younger one with the following: "We might as well confess, she's got us." They pleaded and implored for mercy, "Please do not go to school. Please do not tell our parents," etc. With a firm voice, I admonished the girls never to trespass on my property again. I infrequently wonder if they remember the incident. Another time a young lad headed for the Kenton Grade School chose the self-same route from alley to our street, paused as he discovered a light globe tossed by someone behind our garage. I observed him picking it up and dropping it on a hard surface where it shattered into umpteen pieces. No way was I going to clean up the mess. The defendant protested in vain, claimed to face tardiness as a result. I considered it a lesson to be learned, the sooner the better. It's quite evident that children are not disciplined along those lines today.

I witnessed a similar event from my kitchen window. Two young men stopped a car alongside the sidewalk near the restaurant across the street. A bottle happened to be resting on the walkway so one of them picked it up, dropped it, and laughed as broken glass flew hither and yon. OK, I thought! With

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Something of Myself (cont'd)

broom and dustpan in hand, I marched to the area, swept it up and placed it on the floor between the front and back seats of the unlocked auto. I hope they got the message.

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Articles for Chronicle Unserer Leute

Deadline for submission of articles for the next *Chronicle Unserer Leute* is **Tuesday, December 23rd**. Please send submissions to:

Editor, Chronicle Unserer Leute
1830 NE 141st Avenue, Portland, OR 97230
or e-mail: williams-smith@comcast.net

Wire Down:

Memories of the Hop Harvest

as told by Mollie Schneider Willman
compiled and edited by Vickie Willman Burns

My mother grew up in one of many Portland, Oregon, Volga German families who provided short-term, temporary farm labor to growers in the Willamette Valley region. In the 1920's and early 1930's, they filled a seasonal need for reliable recruits to harvest specific crops such as strawberries, raspberries, and an essential beer-making ingredient: the vining, *humulus lupulus* plant, also known as hops.

As children, my sister and I enjoyed listening to our mother's stories of her hop picking adventures. Although the work was tedious, the late summer weather often blazing hot, and the living conditions sparse, my mother looked back fondly on those days spent in the company of family and friends. Her memories of picking hops follow.--VB

Every year, my brothers and sisters and I missed the first and last two weeks of school so that we could work alongside our family and friends in the fields. Berry picking took place in late spring, and we harvested hops in early September.

In those days, there were many farm owners seeking field workers. Some of our Albina Homestead neighbors worked the Smith Hop Yards, situated in several Salem locations. For my family, hop picking meant a trip to St. Paul and the Ernst Farm. The John

Weitzel and Stricker families joined us on these occasions, making it something of a working "retreat" with family and friends.

My mother handled all of the preparation for these trips. She worked for days in advance to gather and pack staples: homemade roggebrod (ryebread), cured bacon and meat, flour, sugar, leavening, shortening, and foods like potatoes and onions that kept well. Mama also brought her canning supplies and jars out of storage to take with her, and she set aside wash tubs, dishes, utensils, pots and pans, homemade lye soap, towels and such. Large trunks held everything for the family's two-week stay.

When the harvest time came, hop yard owner Norman Ernst sent a flatbed truck directly to our home. His driver loaded up our hobo-tied bundles of bedding and clothing, trunks packed full of food and supplies, and pillowcases stuffed with necessities. After all the provisions had been carefully loaded and arranged, we were lifted onto the high bed of the truck. With no side rails for protection, the rider's only security was to nestle between the bundles, everyone and everything packed in tightly for the long ride ahead.



Flowers of the humulus lupulus, ready for harvest

In the early days, Mr. Ernst supplied us with tents for camping. Later, he had a longhouse built with bunks that were lined with mattresses made of straw-filled gunnysacks. Partitions could be set up in the longhouse so that each family would have

their own private living area. Until Mr. Ernst installed

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Wire Down: Memories of the Hop Harvest (cont'd)

a pipe to bring in fresh water, the families shuttled water from a nearby stream and stored it in washbasins and large cooking pots. We went down to the creek every morning to wash our hands and faces in the icy cold water, a brisk wake-up for the day to come. We also followed the time-honored rule: upstream water was for drinking, downstream water was for washing.

The women cooked meals outside where wood-stoked cook stoves were situated, sometimes under an open-air shelter filled with picnic-style tables and benches. With no ice boxes available for cold storage, we would fill heavy bottles and containers with perishables (milk, for example) then seal them tightly and sink them in the creek. A truck from the local grocery came by every afternoon when the field work was finished, providing us with a veritable market on wheels. The driver sold fresh meat, eggs, and other groceries.

Our mothers were “in charge” of the family camp, and they took care of everything and everyone. At the hint of dawn, the women were the first to rise, fixing breakfast and making ready for the day ahead. They worked the fields, watched after their children, prepared lunch, went back to the fields, cooked dinner, cleaned up, and got everyone ready for bed. Is it any wonder bedtime came early in the hop yards?

Throughout hop picking season, we had to wait until the morning dew was off the hops before we could start working. Contrary to the term, “picking hops,” the work involved stripping the flowers from the vines. Heavy leather gloves were a must for the task. Without gloves, tender hands and fingers would sustain miserable cuts. The older boys preferred to wrap their hands with stretchy black electricians tape to improve their speed and flexibility.

All but the littlest children pitched in with the work. While toddlers played, running through the rows, the older children were assigned the dual task of keeping an eye on the little ones while they worked the hop vines.

Each worker was sent to the field with a basket to fill. It took two full baskets to fill one hopsack. We were



*Butterfield Farm laborers campsite , ca. 1920's
Picture courtesy of Mollie Schneider Willman*

paid by the filled sack and its weight. Pickers were cautioned not to pick the vines “too clean;” some leaves were expected to be left in with the pickings. When we had finished stripping all of the lower vines, we would call out: “Wire Down!” A farm hand would lower the wires holding up the vine so that we could pick the upper portion. The receipt for filling a hopsack and carrying it back to the weighing station was one paper ticket for each sack turned in.

A day’s quota from the field was equal to one hundred full hopsacks which was enough, when stacked, to fill up the “hop house,” a barn used for drying the crops we picked.

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A Special Thank You

Our talented and treasured newsletter editor, **TERRI WILLIAMS**, has indicated her desire to retire from this very important position within our chapter.

Terri has set a very high standard of excellence with her skills and talents. She is a very quiet and private person who has always just “been there” for us. Her work and dedication have made the Oregon newsletter one of the best of all chapter newsletters.

We wish Terri “the very best” in her retirement and welcome her to become a more active member in our

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A Special Thank You (cont'd)

chapter as we welcome a new era with the CVGS at CONCORDIA UNIVERSITY.

Thank you, Terri, for your wonderful efforts over the past years. You have been a wonderful support for the Oregon chapter, and we will miss you greatly.

CHRISTMAS PROGRAM

Christmas Program is "on the hop" as we speak. I have begun to put together a nice, well-rounded program, involving as many folks as I can, and hope that folks will call me and offer THEIR Christmas traditions, and want to share them with others on the night of the program!!!

(HA HA HA)



Anyway, program will be on December 20 this year, with the rehearsal on the 13th....I am excited about having the program so close to Christmas!! I want to put a lot of special talents into this year's program, so am hoping to have a GREAT program!!

AHSGR's Christmas Program will be at 2:00 p.m. on December 20, at Rivercrest Church. ALL are welcome!!

Get into the Christmas spirit by bringing friends and family to this service, and get your family off to a GREAT holiday tradition!! Remember that the Chapter does a Cookie Exchange, so bring a supply of tasty Christmas cookies to enjoy at the reception after the program, and also to exchange afterwards!! Always FABulous cookies!

See you all on December 20!!

My phone number here is: 503-695-2741.....call me if you want to participate in the program!!

Joanne Hummel

Upcoming Events

NOVEMBER

16 November, Sunday 2:30-4:00 pm, general chapter meeting at Rivercrest Church. Share experiences and ideas on October 25th event at Concordia University. Refreshments served.

22 November, Saturday, Williams-Krieger Library open on the 4th Saturday of the month from 10:00 am to 12:00 noon. (Volunteers and full members will have free access to the library. There is a \$4.00 charge for non-members.)

DECEMBER

6 December, Saturday, 10:00 am, board meeting at 16748 NE San Rafael Drive, Portland. All members welcome to attend.

20 December, Saturday 2:00 pm, Christmas Program, cookies and treats at Rivercrest Church.

JANUARY

January events to be announced.

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.

AHSGR Oregon Chapter Membership Form

It's time to renew your membership for 2009!

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

Table with 2 columns: Membership Category and Dues. Categories include Individual & Family, Institutional, Contributing, Sustaining, Int'l Life Member, Student, Youth, and Newsletters Only.

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.:

- List of participation options: Genealogy Workshops, Newsletter, Library, Programs, Hospitality, Other, Publicity, Ways & Means, Reminder Calls for Upcoming Meetings, 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**
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SPECIAL NOTE FROM YOUR PRESIDENT

While it is good to recognize the people and activities of our October 25th Genealogy and Memorial Events at Concordia University, it is also good to pause and reflect on the power and impact of less obvious forces and assets:

1. **MARIE KRIEGER'S** work: Brent Mai made the obituary files of Marie Krieger and her colleagues available to the genealogy workshop;—the first time this collection has been exposed to the public since the family donated Marie's works to the University. The obituary files contain thousands of individual obituary records assembled over decades of collecting, processing and meticulous documentation. Marie dedicated her whole life for decades to all realms of G-R history and documentation as well as corresponding with hundreds of people worldwide each year in search of their family histories. Her entire collection will be featured in the CVGS when it opens in 2009 and 2010. Thank you, Marie.

2. **LELA AND ZANE MILLER:** Obvious in their absence, Zane and Lela have been tireless, dedicated workhorses in our chapter. Illness prevented them from attending the events of October 25, but they send their love and support. Thank you, Lela and Zane, for helping our chapter survived the difficult years. We will keep you in our prayers and cherish you in our memories.

3. **RUTH AND CHUCK WILLIAMS:** Ruth and Chuck have been our quiet "rocks" of the chapter in all library and meeting functions. Ruth helped with the set up of the files on Saturday and stayed to show others how to use the files. The library owes much of its existence to this loving couple. Let us all keep them in our prayers as they reduce their schedules.

4. **RAY AND DIANE KOCH:** Ray and Diane have been huge boosters for the Oregon chapter—bigger than life itself. Once again they made the trip down from The Dalles. Give them a big hug when you see them!