

American Historical Society of Germans from Russia - Oregon Chapter



Chronicle Unserer Leute

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The American Historical Society of Germans from Russia is an international organization dedicated to the discovery, collection, pre-servation, 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

Spring is busting out all over in the Northwest with some spectacular summer-like days. On Saturday, April 18, 2009 members of our Oregon Chapter enjoyed a wonderful educational experience with **LARRY JENSON**, German Research Authority and Manager of the **INTERNATIONAL REFERENCE UNIT** at the **FAMILY HISTORY LIBRARY** in Salt Lake City, Utah. The event was the **SPRING SEMINAR** of the **GENEALOGY FORUM OF OREGON** and our Chapter included this event in lieu of our regularly scheduled April meeting. We thank **ERNA MARKWART**, **HOWARD BAUER**, **BOB THORN**, **SHIRLEY HURRELL** and **JENE GOLDHAMMER** for their participation at our Chapter's table during the Seminar. **BRENT MAI** also came and added a display and banner showcasing the new **CENTER for VOLGA GERMAN STUDIES** at **CONCORDIA UNIVERSITY** and its recent publications.

Larry's presentation was detailed and specific regarding serious family History research in Germany. He focused on determining places of origin of immigrant's ancestors, understanding historical and jurisdictional changes in identifying, locating and using records and resources for finding ancestors and extending ancestral lines. He also impressed us with how essential it is to

use Maps and Atlases in German Research. This was a very special day for our Chapter members to immerse themselves in the amazing world of Genealogical & Historical Research in **GERMANY**. We have all been very focused on our Russian ancestral heritage and often overlook our **GERMAN** roots. **LARRY JENSON** deserves special thanks for a wonderful and rewarding experience.

We thank **SHIRLEY HURRELL**, **JENE GOLDHAMMER** & **BOB THORN** for arranging for our Chapter table and setup. **HOWARD BAUER** & **ERNA MARKWART** also volunteered efforts at the table throughout the day. **Ray** and **DIANE KOCH**, **BRENT MAI** and **HELEN ROLOFF** also joined our group to represent the **Oregon Chapter of AHSGR** at this very special Genealogical Seminar.



President's Message (cont'd)

Also as the **CVGS** opens, it is important to document the important dates and mileposts in our local, regional and international history. For example this issue of the newsletter features notice of two noteworthy events.

The Oregon Chapter of AHSGR celebrates its
38th ANNIVERSARY.
Founded 25 April 1971

June 11 – 15 marks the **85th**
Anniversary of the
NATIONAL CONVENTION of the
AMERICAN VOLGA RELIEF SOCIETY
in Portland Oregon, June 11-15 1924.

Let us know what you know. Please share important dates and events in our History. What do you need to remember and Honor? Let's build a calendar of memories and mileposts for our Chapter and the **CVGS**. Share your knowledge and ideas with us. We want to hear you.

This newsletter is the first attempt by our new newsletter editor, **BOB THORN**, to take over the position from **TERRI WILLIAMS** who retired with the last edition. Let's all give Bob our support and send materials for publication as you come across items of interest. Thank you **BOB** for stepping up. You can contact Bob at bobthorn@hotmail.com **2380 Valley View Drive, West Linn, OR 97068**)

Ed Wagner
President

Oregon Chapter of AHSGR

BACK TO OUR ROOTS: BAKER'S STORY

The *Denver Post* March 25, 2009 edition Food section featured a story with the byline "A Bakery Built on Bierochs and Faith." It is the story of Harry Schmidt, the owner and founder of Schmidt's Bakery in Loveland, Colorado.

Harry is 73 years old and the story of his baking career is pretty interesting. He was a 65 year old homebuilder who was having difficulty surviving an economic recession and he was especially worried that he would lose his Berthoud farm. Harry says, "One night for some reason, I was awakened and I went into the living room, OK. For several hours, I just sat, thinking. I said, 'God I don't know where I'm gonna go or what I'm gonna do, but help me.' I didn't even tell my wife about it for a couple weeks." It took two weeks for a solution to his problems to occur to him. He then told his wife Charlotte, "I said, 'I think I got it all figured out.' And she said, 'What's that?' And I said 'I think I'm we're gonna open a bakery.' She said, 'You're nuts.'"

Harry went to work adapting his German Russian Grandmother's bieroch recipe which she made in one very large rectangle to serve a whole family. He knew it had to be made into single servings. His story is a litany of any small entrepreneur's trials. He was successful selling to local grocery stores when the US Department of Agriculture came to visit to him to inform him they would shut him down because the filling inside their dough required federal inspection. Their kitchen had passed inspection but the filling was a different proposition all together.

Harry continues *his* story, "After many visits, OK, a fella in a white smock came into the house pretty straight-faced and asked, 'Are you making any yet? Are people calling? I think if it was me, I'd start making 'em right now.'" In a couple months he came back to visit and told Harry, "One of these days you'll be flying in a Learjet." Harry isn't flying a Learjet but he does have a fleet of white trucks that deliver his bakery goods to area restaurants and shops along the Front Range. Harry moved out of his farm house kitchen and is in his second location in Loveland and has a Greeley deli location. The frugal man bought a bowling alley in Loveland and when he renovated it, he left the alleys intact underneath, just in case the bakery business turned bad. He could still open a bowling alley if that happened.

Harry's family were German Russian immigrants who moved to Greeley to work in the newly irrigated farm fields in the area. When times got tough, he proved to be a resourceful man. Not many people would start a new career at age 65, getting up in the 1:30 a.m. to start baking the goods that needed to be delivered before most folks are getting up to go to work. Harry didn't give up his recipe although the newspaper published one using sauerkraut and dry onion soup mix. He never uses sauerkraut in his bierochs, only freshly chopped cabbage, onions and black pepper along with the beef. If you want to buy the bakery, he'll throw in his recipe. When he was asked if the business was for sale, he replied "Everything's for sale at the right price." Is he planning to retire? Although he thinks about retiring, Harry says, "I love it, I get a lot of stuff done. My wife says that someday they'll find me on the floor in front of the oven."

Because these are tough economic times and Harry's a hard working survivor, the newspaper columnist Kristin Browning-Bias asked him what kind of advice he would give to younger people. His answer, "First you have to pray. A lot, OK? Second, you have to be like a prizefighter. You have to get back up and face your opponent and fight until you beat them."

Yes, Harry did serve Kristin a freshly baked bieroch as he told her his story and declared that his success belonged to God and his grandmother's bieroch recipe.

Editor's note: This is the 24th 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 70 decades.

SOMETHING OF MYSELF

By Marie Trupp Krieger
(1910-2006)

(copyright Marie Trupp Krieger)



After Helen McCann moved out of her large older home, she had sold it to William G. and Elizabeth A. Brown. Lori and Porter Brown born after the family's move to Chatham Avenue joined half siblings, Billy and Agnes, Elizabeth's children by her first husband, a Mr. Steagall. How those children were neglected! The authorities classify that negligence as child abuse today. Their clothes reeked of tobacco smoke, smelled to high heaven. I remember one time when Agnes, a first grader walked up my sidewalk carrying an unwrapped important paper to school in a downpour. I rescued it in the nick of time, wrapped it up and sent her on her way. Agnes ran away from home before finishing her high school education, was placed in a girls' home to earn a diploma; Billy joined the service. Lori and Porter ran into trouble long before they reached their teens. Their mother taught them to steal but admonished them not to get caught. On one occasion the two were discovered missing, later located hiding among the lawn mowers at Fred Meyer's Store on Interstate and Lombard before a Home Improvement Center existed. I befriended those children until they crept into our backyard to toss a raw egg through the window screen (window was open) splattering raw egg on my bedding and cedar chest which still displays the stains because I noticed it too late. We detected other damages, a broken windshield on our boat, a rock throwing episode, as well as cracked windows on the church in the alley. Upon returning from a fishing trip one particular afternoon, I found all kinds of white chalk drawings on our sidewalk; I handed the culprit a bucket of water and a scrub brush. Billy scoured; his mother appeared on the scene to condemn this locale—not her child. "This blankety blank neighborhood," she remarked and walked away. Lori, the 8th grader's pimp, an older Chinese fellow rang our phone number in an attempt to contact her. Lori married before finishing her grade school, had two children before moving to Reedsport, Oregon with her husband, Ron Judge. The last news involving Porter implied a confinement in the Vancouver, Washington jail. W. and E. Brown sold the house to Daniel M. and C.L. O'Donnell and moved to another locality. The O'Donnell's are the proud parents of a girl under 2 years of age now. They have improved their property.

In 1941 in a house to the south of the present residents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Smith lived Al and Leona Giese with their two small daughters, Gretchen and Linda. The Giese's had remodeled the premises somewhat with the construction of a basement after the completion of the building. Al Giese, a long-time employee of Montag Manufacturing Company enjoys his retirement via gardening and fishing. In preparation for future living, Mr. Giese had begun building a new edifice

Near the Columbia slough in N.E. Portland by 1948. The unfinished structure floated off its foundation, a result of the Vanport flood disaster; luckily it could be re-floated to its original base. That's where the girls reached adulthood; Gretchen married a computer analyst and became a mother while Linda chose a dentist whose office is located nearby on Lombard Street.

Mr. Wilson, a realtor purchased the Giese real estate as an investment decided to live there with his ill wife for the time being. The Orville Otto's longed to acquire the place for their daughter, Deloris, so the transaction forced Mr. and Mrs. Wilson to seek a near-by rental facility on Farragut Street. Deloris and her third husband, Ben Thigpen occupied the premises until she divorced him. She listed her occupations as restaurant cooking, a table waitress and cocktail waitress. Deloris' 1st marriage produced a daughter known as "Little Deloris" who at the age of 11 lost her life in an auto accident when her grandmother, Marie Otto hit a bridge abutment at or near Sandy, Oregon where the grandparents had a restaurant and tavern. Three of Deloris' young children, Greg, Pamela and Donna fathered by the second husband, a Mr. Wassinger sustained minor injuries when tossed around in the back seat. A fifth child, born some years late, Terry Wassinger lives with his wife, Katie in the former Giese house owned by his grandmother at the present time. Deloris married a 4th time, a Mr. Welch, moved to Vancouver, Washington, gave birth to a sixth child, Nancy who as a single mother lives in Vancouver, Washington. The marital state with Mr. Welch dissolved also. Deloris A. Welch died in Oak Harbor, Washington on January 26, 1987.

The address, 7551 N. Chatham housed a realtor, Fred Baseel with his wife Thelma and two small daughters, Loretta and Lynne until he sold it to Howard and Mabel Martin who had a youngster, Judy. Howard worked as a glazier and died of a heart attack in his fifties. His widow sold the house to a Mrs. Bottorf who had a son, Paul. Some of the many beautiful rose bushes she brought with her have bloomed profusely in the back yard in spite of neglect. Illness soon overtook her and she died. Next in line were Mr. and Mrs. Otto Mills with their son. The son became a dentist, Mrs. Mills departed this world but Mr. Mills still owns the place although he leaves it vacant, checks the premises frequently while he resides with a girl friend in Milwaukie, Oregon.

Our next-door neighbors to the north since 1966 bear the names Elmer and Phyllis Beus. Elmer, jack-of-all trades, maintains his status as head of the house so that he and his wife have earned "the good neighbor" award. The retirees plagued with multiple health problems need to be admired because they have retained a beautiful relationship with their children and grandchildren; if their great grandchildren could speak for themselves, I'm positive the feeling would be mutual. Our first neighbors in that domicile, Mrs. Gertrude Nielsen and her sister, Andrea some 37 years or so ago will always be remembered as the best of all. We have paid our respects every year in May at Rose City Cemetery since Mrs. Nielsen's demise in 1951. When Walter served in the army and I worked at Nicholai Door Manufacturing Company, she directed one of my former students to my workplace. Charles Hickerson in navy uniform surprised my supervisor and co-workers who remarked about the unusual occurrence for a prior student to track down a teacher, especially one who had flunked him in English. "Chuck" repeated the class, enlisted in the navy, returned to Portland after World War II, studied music at Lewis and Clark College where he received his degree, married a nurse, taught school in Oregon, raised a family and lives in retirement in Arlington, Oregon. I remember how he used to enter the classroom, flop into a seat in the rear of the recitation room with the attitude —TEACH ME IF YOU CAN— Too bad teachers

lacked the essential expertise and free time to consider a student's home problems. After Mrs. Nielsen's departure, her lawyer disposed of the house; now we were obliged to contend with a rental unit. I remember some of the renters and buyers at different intervals over a 15-year span. One young couple's pet puppy dug holes in our yard until I reported the incident to their landlord. Motorcyclists Leonard and Dorothy Hasbrook took possession for a brief spell turning the place over to their daughter, Jeanne. Her downfall—a dog tied up in the backyard—her neglect and the stench couldn't be tolerated by her neighbors. Her boyfriend, Vernon S. Taylor Jr. had broken his leg, lived with her and later married her to become the father of her child. Another couple by the names of Curly and Eileen Morrell lived there also for a short time. It was finally sold to Mr. and Mrs. Millard F. Adams, an elderly pair; he was a handyman, a fixer upper but his wife, dissatisfied with the gas furnace traded houses with Elmer and Phyllis Beus who decided to live next door.

We're skipping our abode and turning to the site adjoining our lot looking south. It's probably one of the first and largest structures on Chatham Avenue. In 1941, the occupants consisted of Mr. Charles and Mrs. Hilda Jefferts with some of their grown children. Mr. Jefferts, a mill employee used to occupy a chair on his front porch after work in the summer months. They raised a grandson whose mother perished in childbirth; he was named Charles Jefferts, also. The baby had been laid aside and the doctor tried to save the mother, a vain attempt. Grandmother Hilda took the infant to her home, nurtured it in spite of the fact that the use of instruments had caused damages to his face and head. A naturally musical talented young man allowed himself to be led astray creating heartaches for the family. The visible scars on his ill-shaped head could have caused his loss of self-esteem. Mr. Jefferts lived only a few years after our arrival here; a daughter, Clara met death in Alaska before Mrs. Jefferts drew her last breath, the result of a massive stroke in 1959. Accordingly, a long list of sellers, buyers and renters began in these 29 years—today, July 1988; one notices a For Sale sign again. First on the scene after the two surviving daughters had sold to an investor (the asking price reduced when windows incurred damages), we observed the family of Mr. Carl P. and Mrs. M. Weddel move into the edifice as renters. A youthful-looking son sported a lavender convertible Cadillac; on a trip to California, a minute object unexpectedly flew into her eye. We had just barely observed her misfortune when a loud crash drew our attention to glass shattering all over our dining-room table. The Weddel's two younger sons lost a hammerhead while pounding nails into a board. I cleaned up the mess before ordering a repairman to replace the window and storm window. The mother immediately handed me a check that bounced after my deposit. I returned the "insufficient funds" check to her and received the cash. I wasn't too surprised to discover at a later period that the entire family had disappeared quite suddenly. The landlord's version—the Weddel's borrowed \$200.00 on their furniture worth less than \$50.00 before fleeing—Who knows where!

Mr. George and Mrs. Doris Davis purchased the house and moved in with four children, the two older ones carried the names of Doris' first husband. George acquired a police dog that seemed unique in that it had a select place sitting in a chair—it barked too much for me so I phoned its master. "That's too bad," screamed Davis, through the mouthpiece. "If you can't stand to hear a little dog bark, get some ear plugs," and with that he slammed down the receiver. We learned he had a drinking session periodically which surfaced one evening when we heard a frantic knock on our door. Walt hurried to the door, peeked between the Venetian blind slats before he opened the portal. There stood Mary, Mr. Davis' stepdaughter frightened to death. "Call the police," she urged, "my father hit my mother, my brother hit him, and the table lost a leg in the scuffle." The police responded to settle the family dispute. Again the dwelling experienced remodeling to a valid degree

Mr. Davis, the addition culminated in a family room on the west side facing the alley leaving practically no backyard play area. Before too long, a trade for a mobile domicile in the country transpired—new neighbors next door—Sam, Audrey and little Andy Hearing. Here we go again, renovation and restoration inside since Davis had someone install aluminum siding to cover the old-fashioned narrow kind. Audrey proceeded to contract for a complete new kitchen, "I didn't go overboard," she remarked. The installation of electric heat called for insulation, the electric company was willing to carry that contract which Audrey was obliged to finish paying for long after moving to the State of Washington. As an R.N., Audrey continued with her job until a daughter named Sue joined the family. The young couple's marital life persevered in spite of its stormy nature. Sam displayed his immaturity in many ways; trying to move his auto next to the curb in a layer of snow, he just sat behind the driver's wheel and spun the vehicle's wheel. Audrey screamed, "You are ruining the car." He didn't feel the necessity of paying his bills on time, in this particular case no water flowed.

Sam ignored overdue water notices and pleas from his wife who, confined at home because of the new baby, had no choice. I carried a kettle of water to Audrey, her mother phoned the young man at his place of employment in Vancouver, Washington to reprimand him. The Portland Water Bureau charged a fee to restore the flow of water. Audrey always gave Sam a sack lunch; one day she cleaned the interior of their car to discover to her dismay, dozens of uneaten sack lunches. That did it! Never again was Sam offered edibles in spite of the fact that the household budget proceeds appeared to be stretched to the limit in allowing him restaurant fare. Audrey returned to work, and a move to Vancouver acreage followed, a perfect place to raise their children.

New neighbors appeared on the scene—Curtis and Eunice King—A house painter by trade, Curtis' temper got the best of him. Fights ensued with his son and one heard Eunice scream in fright. The immature kid enlisted in the service but received a discharge within a short time. Eunice's grown son by a former marriage traveled to Portland from the Midwest bringing his family to settle near his mother. Being an attorney, his entanglement in divorce cases soon soured him on such an environment; his short-lived stay found him returning to a former home. Eunice procured a job at the Laundromat on Lombard, a half block to the south of us. A year later, the Kings were moving again. Time rolled along—one day to my surprise I met Eunice at the Fred Meyer Interstate Grocery Store; I learned that Curtis performs maintenance duties at Redeemer Catholic Church; the wayward son married, career-wise follows that of a writer whose stories surface in magazines. Only readership can judge the quality.

Back to 7523 N. Chatham Avenue! About that time the mortgage holder seriously considered the many changes in tenants to the point where his interests needed to be terminated. Lady Luck emerged via the Oregon State Veterans Administration Housing Authority to assume the responsibility of a loan to Mike and Nancy Warner. Within a short time, Mike obtained additional funds to embark on a remodeling program which incorporated an additional bathroom facility on the second floor, storm windows overall, a patio attached to the west side of the house, a double carport connected to a north-side roof already covering the family room built earlier by George Davis. The installation of an oil furnace replaced the electric heating system placed in service by Audrey Hearing. The carport sported a cement floor. Our thoughts that this family's situation might be stable for years to come proved fallacious. Mike's ponytail looked suspicious, betraying his stability as a family man. Following orders requested by a boss, younger than himself, didn't set too well so Mike relinquished his job. Purchasing and possessing a motorcycle contributed to his undoing. A thief relieved Mike of his motorcycle closeted in a safe place, so to speak. Mike sought

May/June

employment, found it, worked awhile, only to be terminated not of his own choosing. He acquired another motorcycle, associated with a cycle gang in this area; the police followed him home one evening to request his name, Mike refused to disclose it when his wife appeared on the scene to help settle the dispute.

Mike and Nancy, parents of three lovely children—Dawn, Michael and Katrina Marie—soon parted ways. Mike abandoned his family to seek solace in the State of California where bike riders and barefoot men had much in common. Long before this occurrence, Nancy had realized the wish for employment, an attempt to supply the meager necessities for her little ones. As an employee of the telephone company for the last ten years, Nancy continues as head of the house. Mike's requests for monetary funds went unheeded. Nancy lived next door for about a year before an eviction notice was served to her for non-remittance of house payments; a substantial water bill remained to be paid. Nancy still resides in our neighborhood. Well, shortly after the house stood vacant, Jack Frost and his helpers emerged to cast a cold spell in our direction. The water pipes froze; a thaw followed—lo and behold!—water oozed through the siding below the kitchen sink, I called my husband's attention to the disaster, he decided to check the south side of the dwelling where the bathrooms are located; plain as the nose on your face, no mistake about it, there also, one saw a stream of water cascading in plain sight. A phone call to the water bureau sufficed. No one took possession of the premises for many months until Bill and Patty Johnston became owners through the Veterans Administration, repaired the damages in preparation for a rental. A black veteran, Remus Jackson and his girl friend, Carolyn J. Mitchell with her three teenagers became our new neighbors. A wedding uniting the grownups took place a few months after the family had established residence. The contract excluded pets; about six months later, we noticed a Doberman Pinscher puppy in yard at times but kept indoors most of the time as it reached maturity and ever after. We thanked our lucky stars to have had the foresight of the installation of a fence on the property line in anticipation of just such an event. Thanks Sam and Audrey Hearing. A "For Sale" sign by Wiley Realtors, placed just inside the property's fence for the duration of a year is still very much in evidence. An urgent demand for the Jackson family to vacate was honored at the beginning of July, 1988. May we be so fortunate as to have such fine neighbors again. A special drive is being exercised by the realtors to consummate a sale at the present time. May the salesman attain that goal.

Before we cross Chatham to recognize its east side residences or business, let us pause and review the highlights of the Kenton United Presbyterian Church situated on the corner of Chatham and Lombard; its west side borders our alley, its history deserves to be extolled. I quote from the 50th anniversary booklet of February 11, 1962 the following: Work of organizing the Kenton Church was started September 8, 1910 by Reverend Albert Gordon, Superintendent of Missions in the Synod of the Columbia. First meetings were held in Depuy Hall on the corner of Denver and Kilpatrick Streets. Reverend and Mrs. J.S. Coie arrived in the field and took charge of the work on July 1, 1911. Under their direction, the church proper was organized February 11, 1912, with the following charter members: Mrs. Leonetta Swank, Otto Swank, Mr. and Mrs. L.C. Wilkinson, Mrs. E.A. Murner, Mr. and Mrs. W.R. Coie, Mrs. L.E. Taylor, Mrs. A.A. Barrett, and Mrs. J.H. Leiper. Services were held in Depuy Hall until the first section of the new Church was constructed. Work on the structure started about April 1, 1912, and the first services were held in the new building on the corner of Lombard and Chatham on June 1, 1912. Reverend Coie resigned April 30, 1918 to enter YMCA in the Army.

He was succeeded by Mr. and Mrs. George N. Taylor. Though not an ordained minister, he served the community and congregation well until the arrival of Reverend and Mrs. Carl S. Dunn on Christmas

Day, 1920. During Reverend Dunn's pastorate, the present Sanctuary was constructed. To make room for it, the parsonage that was built in 1915, had to be moved to its present location. The present building was dedicated on December 2, 1927. Following the dedication Reverend Dunn resigned his pastorate to accept a call to a California church. Reverend and Mrs. J. George Cunningham took charge of the work in Kenton on June 1, 1928. During his pastorate the youth of the community were his special charge. After 10 years of faithful service when young people and music had become a very important part of the life of the church, Reverend Cunningham resigned to accept a call to the First U.P. Church of Tacoma, Washington, leaving on July 30, 1938.

Reverend Wray Miller began his pastorate on February 1, 1939, arriving at a time when the church had difficult financial problems. During his pastorate, an intense drive was instituted for mission giving and proved that the more given to missions, the more the church prospered. Reverend Miller served without salary for six months to assist in the elimination of debt and provided for his family by working in the shipyards in the early years of the war. Reverend Miller can be credited with awakening the church to the needs of missions. Reverend and Mrs. Ralph Hawthorne began their pastorate July 30, 1943. The war years were at times difficult, but the church prospered and grew during their time with us. Notable was the burning of the Church mortgage on April 14, 1944—an accomplishment long sought by the people of Kenton. Reverend Hawthorne is well remembered for his service to our youth and elderly people. It is to be noted that during Reverend Miller and Reverend Hawthorne's pastorate, World War II was on and either money or materials were in short supply so not very much could be done in the way of maintenance to the church or parsonage. The chairs in the main Sanctuary were replaced with pews in 1948. Reverend Hawthorne resigned his pastorate here September 28, 1949, a call to California.

Reverend and Mrs. William F. Weir accepted a call to serve our church on August 1, 1950. During his ten years and eleven months, the church grew and prospered in many ways. A few of the additions include the organ, construction of Cunningham Hall and classrooms, remodeling of the main Sanctuary, and exterior changes on the east chapel. Reverend Weir will probably be best remembered by the youth in whom he had such a vital interest. During his pastorate, our denomination merged with the Presbyterian Church and through his guidance we were led to a better understanding of the functions of the denomination. Reverend Weir resigned his pastorate on June 31, 1961 to accept a call to Denver, Colorado. It is interesting to note that during 50 years Kenton has been served by seven pastors, and as supply pastors—Mr. George Taylor, Reverend Harold Kurtz, and Dr. Arch Kearns. Also noteworthy is the fact that Kenton contributed \$63,461.00 to missions in 50 years, plus the dedication of four of our men to God's work as ministers—Tyron Richards, Lee Welch, Russell Booher, and Robert McCann. Names who make up Kenton United Presbyterian Church are too numerous to mention, but special note should be made of the many Sunday school teachers who have served over the years and to those with the special talent of music, which constitutes a vital part of worship. On June 7, 1987, Kenton church celebrated its 75th anniversary with former pastors and wives in attendance. The remodeling job escaped serious damage in an accidental fire.

This time well begin with the east side of N. Chatham, from the south end adjoining N. Lombard Street and go north. When we moved here in 1941, a small coffee establishment faced Lombard and catered to a pass-by clientele—an "in and out" quickie. Customers parked on the street in front of the shop. Behind it to the north stood an undersized rental dwelling, large enough to accommodate a couple or a single person. Deloris (maiden name Otto) happened to be the

sole occupant whose husband served in the navy. Deloris' parents, Orville and Marie Otto lived in the next slightly larger house, just one bedroom, also; a vacant lot protected by a privet hedge lay between Otto's house and 7540 N. Chatham. The Otto's acquired the two properties, lived in the home while running a restaurant in the Sandy area. They contracted to have an appropriate house built on the vacant lot to house themselves; by then Deloris, a mother of a girl had shed her first husband, remarried and given birth to three more, moved into the house vacated by her parents and worked nights. While Deloris attempted a little shut-eye, the children, rambunctious at times without close supervision almost ruined the walls in their bedroom, incurred their mother's wrath and intermittently could be seen in their nightclothes or in their birthday suits playing in the front yard. In spite of their parents' neglect, Greg, Pamela and Donna grew up to be quite responsible, assuming their rightful place in our society. Marie Otto and daughter Deloris survived cancer surgery performed during the time they lived opposite us across the street but Orville died of lung cancer. All three were heavy smokers. Mrs. Otto died at age 82 in Oak Harbor, Washington on February 23, 1988, approximately a year after Deloris' death at age 63.

Peter and Caroline Chern purchased the coffee shop, *razed* the house next door to the north which they had acquired, also, discussed plans for a larger and better facility, a Lung Fung Chinese restaurant which materialized by July 20, 1972. Immediately, the need arose for a substantial parking lot so Mr. Chern bought the Otto properties (he and his wife had lived in one of the houses at one time) before applying for a variance to demolish the buildings and construct a parking lot; in fact, his plan included two more houses to the north. The neighbors appeared before a hearing officer of the planning commission who granted the permit if he widened Chatham north to the property line of 7540. He was not allowed the extension he had wanted. At the present time he owns the two dwellings farther north. He is still contemplating the idea of more parking spaces, especially since one house is boarded up.

The former residence of Mr. John and Mrs. Georgia Watrous directly across Chatham from us ended up in a disaster—an arson-caused fire after the premises had been used for about five months as a drug house in 1987. The Watrous' had resided there more than 30 years; a book-keeper for the railroad company, he passed away shortly after retirement from his job. Within a few years, the elderly Mrs. Watrous could no longer manage by herself; a relative notified by a neighbor moved Georgia to Bend in eastern Oregon. The survival period didn't last long after a fall resulted in a broken hip. A new landlord resold after a bad experience when the tenant's wife became angry, threw an article against the living room window scattering broken glass hither and yon. When Floyd and Lela Abbott removed the contents of the Watrous house for the transfer to Bend, they had overlooked a small package high up tucked in the kitchen cupboard, others had done the same. The new owners, Millard F. Adams and his wife, an elderly couple, did a thorough cleaning job; their reward, a wad of \$500.00 in cash. It provided a cement floor in the garage. Their happiness in finding suitable living quarters soon ended when Mr. Adams woke up one morning to find his life-mate had expired. A shattering experience for an old man! The daughter summoned from Florida gave her father no choice in the matter, disposed of the assets, and promised him good care at her home. Word reached us that he died of a broken heart. Bless his soul.

The worst was yet to come. The new owners, Peter and Caroline Chern, also owners of the Lung Fung restaurant leased the house to a young single fellow with the given name of Mark. He lived alone for several years before his employer transferred him to Seattle, Washington for more schooling. Mark parked a trailer on the street in front of the property without moving it for long

periods of time. It restricted our daily movements entering and exiting our driveway with a boat in tow. When he witnessed us struggling with the close quarters, he seemed oblivious to our predicament; I attributed his insensitiveness to his youth. Regular and church traffic sensed difficulty in maneuvering past the trailer because of the narrow passageway. Inexcusable to say the least when the availability of a backyard, vacant garage and a driveway, the length of the lot, should not have been ignored. Eventually someone reported it as a nuisance so Mark sold it. The hedge that served as a fence between his backyard and the alley had grown out of proportion in its environment causing frustration among traffickers. One day upon returning home, hedge trimmings occupied the space in front of his garage. Tempers flared, Mark phoned his parents who lost no time in arriving to assist their son, the police showed up as well as the guilty parties. Mark entertained himself by using a bow and arrow and a homemade dartboard attached to a garage. A neighbor of Mark's who lived across the alley in direct line for a hit harbored mixed apprehensions about an arrow missing its mark and striking a human being but Mark disregarded his neighbor's concerns. Call it youth or ignorance? After Mark's departure, the place appeared deserted. An older lady expressed a desire to lease it presumably for herself so Connie Chan, the neighbor who had been handling the transactions assisted in the cleanup. Connie's husband works for the Cherns at the Lung Fung Chinese Restaurant on N.E. 82nd and the family rents their domicile from Peter Chern. The lady's son's girlfriend moved into the house. Soon two young men came with a trailer, pushed it as far back as possible without obstructing the entrance to the garage too much so a person could still enter it. Since the stairs and door to the basement could only be reached from the outside of the house, it served the purpose the fellows had in mind. Little did any of the neighbors realize it was to be a drug laboratory. A perfect setup for the lucrative enterprise. Traffic to the place increased as time went on, short transactions were noticed in the winter of 1986 and the spring of 1987. Of all the young people we observed going in and out, no one seemed to work at a job. A few days before Easter Sunday in April, quietness reigned over all the area; an unattended dog tethered to the trailer remained alone. About 4:30 P.M., a car drove into the driveway, the driver climbed out, walked to the dog, spoke a few words and left with the car. The girlfriend visibly pregnant arrived in a pickup with the son of the lady who had rented the house. He backed into the driveway, both got out to enter the building. He finally emerged, got into the vehicle and waited. Eventually she approached the pickup, climbed in and away they went. Someone evidently spotted smoke coming from the front bedroom and called the fire department. No one alerted any of the neighbors who had retired for the night, we were about to do the same when Walt heard unusual noises, walked to the front door to take a peak and I had done that also just in time to see the flames leaping high into the sky covering the bedroom windows, at the same time the firemen unleashed a stream of water dousing the flames. We couldn't believe what had happened. The firemen lost no time in breaking down the front door and knocking out the living room windows. Several firemen chopped holes in the roof on the northwest corner. Furniture, carried outside, soon laden with scorched clothing strewn all over the front yard produced quite a sight. The dog, rescued, escaped the fire but the cat, found later, had perished. After rains soaked the debris, the lady who had rented the house returned to salvage some clothing. Months later, a garbage container bin, filled with the rubbish eliminated the unsightly mess, followed by the nailing of plywood over the windows and doors presents an unattractive study for the neighborhood as it stands today including an unkempt yard.

(to be continued in the next newsletter)

**Herbert R. Babitzke,
May 7, 1930 - March 13, 2009.**

Herb was a very dedicated and avid worker for the AHSGR goals and a Life Member of the organization. His ancestry was from the Volga area of Russia, the villages of Katzbach and Bergdorf. He joined the Rainier Chapter of AHSGR shortly after it was chartered in the year 1985. In 1987 he became the chapter's second president and served in office continually, either as president or vice president, from 1987 through 1997, up until his move to Mesa, Arizona. He was also a member of the Greater Seattle Chapter of AHSGR for many years.

Herb was instrumental in the formation of the Council of Northwest Chapters of AHSGR the 1990's and served as their first president. Herb also served on the National Board of Directors of AHSGR and was co-chair, along with Betty Lamb of Seattle, for the 1992 AHSGR Annual Convention at SeaTac, which was hosted by both the Seattle and Tacoma chapters. After his move to Mesa and a new chapter was chartered in Florida he served a term as president of that chapter and helped with various chapter functions.

In all, Herb gave much of his time and energy for the Germans from Russia organizations. He was also a member of the German Russian Heritage Society (GRHS). He and his wife Esther attended almost all of the AHSGR annual conventions as well as some of the GRHS annual conventions.

Babitzke, Herbert R.

Herbert R. Babitzke was born in Eureka, South Dakota to Henry and Rosiana 'Babitzke on May 7, 1930. He was reared on a farm East of Ashley, North Dakota where he attended grade school; he graduated from Ashley High School in 1948. On March 2, 1949, he enlisted in the U.S. Coast Guard and served for six years.



His service took him to various locations including the Philippines and Alaska. His rank was

Hospital Corpsman, First Class when discharged in 1955. While in Juneau, Alaska, he met and married Esther Mae George. After discharge, he attended Oregon State University; in 1959 he graduated with a BS degree in General Science. As a student,

Herb started working for the Bureau of Mines in 1958. While working for the Bureau of Mines as a Research Chemist, his tour of duty took him to Albany, OR, Washington D.C., August, ME and Spokane, WA.

Upon retirement in 1985, he and Esther moved to Olympia, WA where they lived for 13 years. In 1998, they moved to Mesa, AZ. Herb was active in Toastmasters, Elks, Woodworkers, Computer Club and the Rovers Club and was a member of the Victory Lutheran Church in Mesa. He is predeceased by his parents, Henry and Rosiana; his brothers: Arthur, Edwin, Albert, and Harold; and sister, Emma. Herb is survived by his wife, Esther; daughter, Tracy of ' Monmouth OR; and brother, Walter of Bumsville, MN. Family requests that friends make a charitable donation rather than flowers. Memorial Services was held Thursday, March 19 2009 at 2:00 pm at Victory Lutheran Church (University & Recker), Mesa, AZ

**Published in The Arizona Republic on
3/17/2009**

Miriam Wolfe

March 19, 1918 - February 19, 2009

During the past weeks of searching through old photograph books and conversing with family members and friends, a blueprint in word and picture has emerged of our mother, Miriam Elizabeth Wolfe. She was a remarkable woman who fulfilled most of her dreams and ambitions.

It is said that you are the mirror image, body and soul, of your parents. We hope that this remains true to all of her descendants.

Elizabeth Miriam Volz (mom preferred to be addressed as Miriam Elizabeth) was born March 19, 1918 in the rural farming town of Sutton, Nebraska, to parents William Volz and Elizabeth (Abel) Volz. Her German parents' families had migrated to Russia, and then to America. Her heritage was a defining measure in all aspects of her life. She was preceded by three brothers, Robert, Harold and Frederick. Her younger brother, Lorenz, was born in 1920. The family moved to Portland, Oregon, in 1923 and resided on N.E. Skidmore Street.

The family became longtime members of the First Evangelical Reformed Church in downtown Portland. Miriam received Confirmation in that church and remained in contact with the other members of her Confirmation class. She and other family members were active in the church choir. For many years Miriam also was an active member of the Sunbeam Society.

Our mother attended Rigler Grammar School, and graduated from Grant High School in 1937. Following graduation she completed two years of nurses training at St. Vincent Hospital.

On September 27, 1940, Miriam married the love of her life, our dad Henry Wolfe, at her parents' home. Dad was drafted into the Navy during World War II. During that period, mom worked at the Kaiser Shipyards. When dad returned home, they had saved enough to buy property in the Par-krose area. They built their first home and long time residence on 108th and Siskiyou. Thomas Henry was born in 1946, followed by Katherine in 1948, Lorene in 1951, and their "caboose," Raymond in

1958.

When most mothers of her generation were "stay at home moms," our mother chose to try part time work at a new, upcoming shopping experience, Fred Meyer. She worked at the Rose City and Hollywood stores until her retirement in 1978.

Mom's absence taught us to be independent and self-sufficient. Out of necessity, we learned to cook from her written instructions. We liked to "tweak" the instructions from time to time creating dishes like broiled scalloped potatoes and burnt, heart shaped meatloaf. We called it creativity. Dad called it heartburn. Mom called it the source of her gray hair. She later passed down her knowledge of German foods to her children and grandchildren, and this knowledge we cherish today.

On mom's days off you would often catch the scent of fresh cinnamon rolls, rye bread or pies rolling out of the kitchen. She was fondly called "Mother Wolfe" by most of the neighborhood children and our friends. Throughout her life no one ever left her house hungry or without something to take home. Both our parents loved camping. Camping was our yearly vacation experience. You could be deep in the

Miriam Wolfe (continued)

woods, and mom would somehow manage a strawberry cream pie or fresh blueberry pancakes. She was a creative planner. Those fun camping experiences grew into our love of camping, which we continue today.

Mom and dad moved to McMinnville in 1978. They happily lived at their residence on N.W. 24th for 31 years. Her beautiful yard was her passion. She loved her roses and enjoyed picking blueberries and apples.

Mom loved spending time with her grandchildren, starting with Jonathan in 1970, then Jennifer, Jeffrey, Ryan, Jacob, Michelle and lastly, Erin in 1985. The most perfect was her one great grandchild, Ben, born in 2006. She so enjoyed her visits with him!

Along life's journey, mom organized many family gatherings. She opened her home to neighbors, family, and strangers alike, always greeting them with her beautiful smile. She toured the Western States, the East Coast, Midwest, Canada and Hawaii. Miriam and Henry took an emotionally rewarding trip in 1994 to Germany, where they found long-lost relatives, and kindled mom's passion for genealogy. She was former President (1990-1991) of the Oregon Chapter of the American Historical Society of Germans from Russia. As a devoted member, she was very proud of her accomplishments during her tenure as Chapter President. Miriam also was a member and supporter of the American Legion Women's Auxiliary in McMinnville for 17 years. Miriam was preceded in death by her parents and brothers. Henry passed away in 2003. She was the last living family member of her generation.

Our mother passed away after complications from a stroke on February 19, 2009. Throughout the years she remained independent in her McMinnville home. Miriam had lived through one World War, the Great Depression, the rise of the automobile, an astronaut's first step on the moon, the fall of the Berlin Wall, and the election of the first Black President of the United States. Our mother will forever live in our hearts, in our memories and in the way we see the world. We are a reflection of her

Written by Katherine (Wolfe) Clary



****Upcoming Events******May**

2 May, Saturday 10:00 am, board meeting at 16748 NE San Rafael Drive, Portland. All members or guests are welcome to attend.

17 May, Sunday, 2:30-4:00 pm, General Chapter meeting at Rivercrest Church. Refreshments served.

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

June

1 June, Saturday 10:00 am, board meeting at 16748 NE San Rafael Drive, Portland. All members or guests are welcome to attend.

15-21 June
International Convention in Medicine Hat

20 June, Saturday, 12:00-4:00 pm, General Chapter meeting and potluck at Rivercrest Church

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

July

Dark, no meetings planned

Aug

1 August, Saturday, 11:00 am to 3:00 pm,

AHSGR Picnic and Potluck

at Tualatin Community Park,
8515 SW Tualatin Road.

Drinks provided. Please bring:

1. A large hot dish OR chicken

Or

2. A salad OR dessert to share

3. Your own plate and utensils

Friends and extended family welcome!

Please bring a guest.

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 CONVENTIONS

Medicine Hat, Alberta, Canada

June 15-21, 2009

The 40th annual AHSGR International Convention for 2009 will be held in Western Canada in Medicine Hat, Alberta. Medicine Hat is located in sunny, southeast Alberta and has a population of 63,000.



The 4th Convention facility is the MEDICINE HAT LODGE Hotel, Casino, Convention Center, Health spa, and Indoor Water Slide Park. The complex is the largest in Southern Alberta. It is on the Trans-Canada Highway which runs through Medicine Hat. This is an easy two or three day drive from the Greater Seattle area and you can travel via Spokane north or through Montana.

We suggest that you make your reservations now to ensure that you have space at the Convention Hotel. You can hold the space with a credit card. Call Toll Free 1-800-661-8095 or 1-403-529-2222. Be sure and mention that you are attending the AHSGR Convention in order to get the special rate. Rates are varied – but are approximately \$115 Canadian.

IMPORTANT NOTED: As of June 9, 2009

Everyone needs a current passport or acceptable substitute to travel to Canada.

2010

Lincoln, Nebraska

The Lincoln Chapter in Lincoln, Nebraska will host the 2010 AHSGH Convention

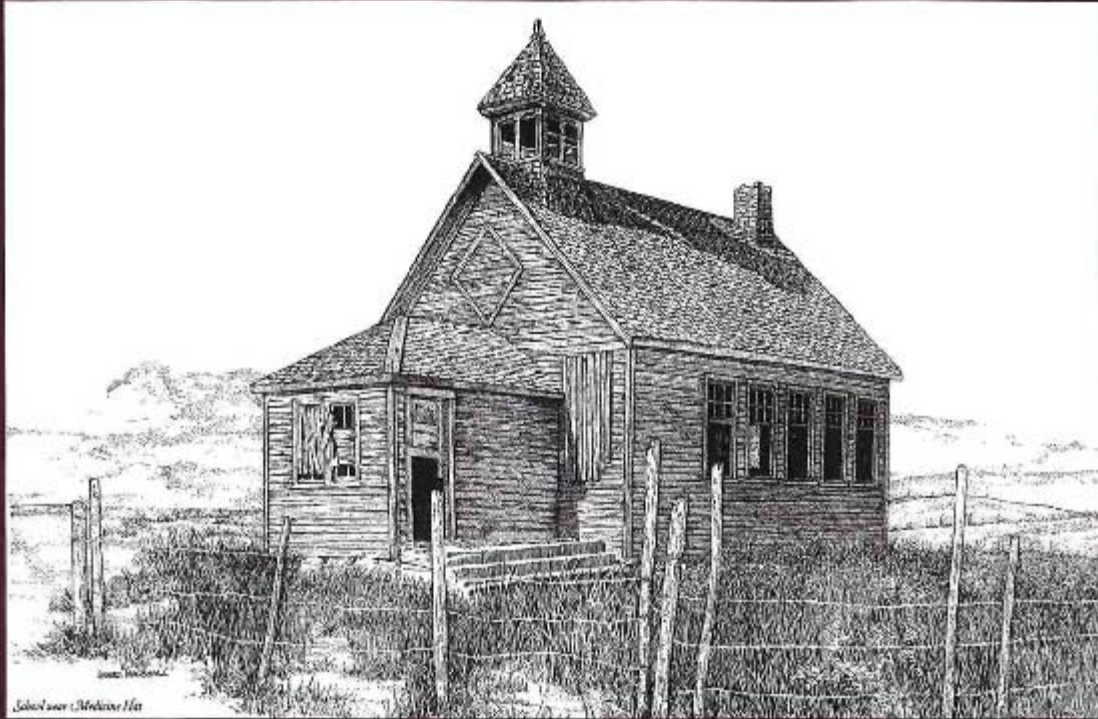
2011

Salt Lake City, Utah

It is rumored that the 2011 Convention may be held in Salt Lake City, Utah.

AHSGR CONVENTIONS

International Convention of
GERMANS from RUSSIA



Medicine Hat Lodge | Convention Centre
Medicine Hat, Alberta. June 15–21, 2009

Join us as we celebrate our heritage.

- Genealogy
- Bookstore
- Sing-Alongs
- Informative Speakers
- Research Centre
- Storytelling
- Library
- Folklore
- Welcome Night
- Tours



AMERICAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY
OF GERMANS FROM RUSSIA
Celebrating 40 Years

631 D STREET, LINCOLN, NEBRASKA 68502-1199

Visit the convention website at

www.ahsgr.org

AHSGR CHAPTER WEBSITES

http://www.ahsgr.org/news/Winter_2008.pdf/ - National

<http://calgarychapterahsgr.ca/> - Calgary

<http://www.ahsgr.org/fresno/cacentra.html/> - Central California

<http://www.ehrman.net/ahsgr/casocal.html/> - Southern California

<http://www.ahsgr.org/denver/codenver.htm/> - Denver Metro, CO

http://www.ahsgr.org/northern_illinois_chapter.htm/ - Northern Illinois

http://www.ahsgr.org/GoldenWheatChapter/golden_wheat_chapter.htm/
Golden Wheat - Newton, KS

http://www.ahsgr.org/northeastern_kansas_chapter.htm/ - Northeastern KS

http://www.ahsgr.org/northeastern_kansas_chapter.htm/ - Sun Flower, Antonino, KS

http://www.ahsgr.org/nation_capital_area.htm/ - Washington DC

http://www.ahsgr.org/southwest_michigan_chapter.htm/ - Southwest Michigan

<http://www.northstarchapter.org/> - North Star Chapter of Minnesota

http://www.ahsgr.org/northeast_nebraska_chapter.htm/ - Northeast Nebraska

http://www.ahsgr.org/central_oklahoma_chapter.htm/ - Central Oklahoma

http://www.ahsgr.org/nation_capital_area.htm/ - Virginia

http://www.ahsgr.org/central_washington_chapter.htm/ Central Washington

**Jene Goldhammer, Howard Bauer, Brent Mai and Ed Wagner
At the ASHGR Oregon's Library**



**Howard Bauer Representing our Chapter
at the Oregon Genealogical Forum**



Instructions for Life

Take into account that great love and great achievements involve great risk.

When you lose, don't lose the lesson.

Follow the three "res". Respect for self, Respect for others, and Responsibility for all your actions.

Remember that not getting what you want is sometimes a wonderful stroke of luck.

Learn the rules so you know how to break them properly.

Don't let a little dispute injure a great friendship.

When you realize you've made a mistake, take immediate steps to correct it.

Spend some time alone every day.

Open your arms to change, but don't let go of your value:

Remember that silence is sometimes the best answer.

Live a good, honorable life. Then when you get older and think back, you'll be able to enjoy it a second time.

A loving atmosphere in your home is the foundation for your life.

In disagreements with loved ones deal only with the current situation. Don't bring up the past.

Share your knowledge. It's a way to achieve immortality.

Be gentle with the earth. Once a year go someplace you've never been before.

Remember that the best relationship is one in which your love for each other exceeds your need for each other.

Judge your success by what you had to give up in order to get it.

Approach love and cooking with reckless abandon.