

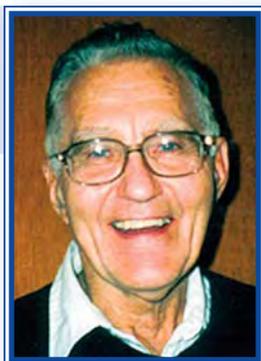
GROW Quarterly Newsletter

Area Chapter of the Germans from Russia Heritage Society (GRHS)

Volume 7 Issue 4

July - August - September 2008

Message from the President



Roger Haas, President

GROW is beginning its 8th year with its current 174 families as members. As I reflect on our beginning, there is little doubt that there was a need for a GRHS Chapter in this area representing the Black Sea region including the Volhynias, Volga, Mennonite areas, Catholic, Protestant, LDS, and other geographic and ethnic groups.

The AHSGR OR Chapter has predominately emphasized the Volga region and its villages and they are doing a very good job. The majority of Portland area GRHS members were, at one time or another, members and/or guests of the AHSGR OR Chapter. But because of a discomfort zone of the programs and the emphasis on the Volga region, their Volga churches and community settlements in the NE Portland area, most became "dropouts". Most of the GRHS members have roots in the Dakotas that went back into S. Russia, generally known as the Ukraine region near the Black Sea.

2008 will have its first GRHS and AHSGR combined convention since 1970, when it functioned as one group. This combined annual affair has not been without its challenges and the outcome will dictate its repetition. Until the German Russian groups make greater efforts in providing programs for the Volga and Black Sea areas and making their fellowship more comfortable to both groups, they will not function well as one German Russian National. I surmise that the combined annual Conventions will not be repeated for some time to come. The individual Chapters supporting their national headquarters will continue to decline in number of Chapters and membership. With greater marriage outside the ethnic members, more outside influences and attrac-

tions inviting the ethnic members to participate in the society, it will be difficult to recruit new members. Further, as the sophisticated technology and research can and will be found on the internet, as well as collected ancestral information via computer, the social Chapter gatherings will diminish and the virtual Chapters will grow and expand for the near future.

Although both national groups have made strong emphasis for new membership recruits for the spring of 2008, the success has been minimal. The National Chartered Chapters and Membership have been in decline since the 1980s. The GROW Chapter has had about an average of 200 for the last six years, but its highest enrollment was in 2002. Some local GRHS members are satisfied with the printed material, computer generated information while most enjoy the fellowship, kindred spirit, and appreciation of their ancestors' dreams for their children and their offspring in our monthly Chapter Meetings. GROW believes that good programs, ethnic and other good food, and a warm hospitality are paramount to having a strong chapter.

Good Ambassadors, such as 2nd VP Kurt & Jane Radtke representing GROW with our banner, Kather-

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Ed's Corner

I have followed some of the history of the place where I was born, Isabel, South Dakota. The town was founded in 1910 and attracted a lot of Germans from Russia immigrants, including my father.

My research was done by reading the *Isabel Dakotan*, a weekly newspaper that has a column entitled "Peek in the Past." The *Isabel Dakotan* quotes newspaper stories that go back 90 years and adds stories from their files in 20-year increments up the present time.

The following stories cover some of the hardships encountered during World War I.

March 12, 1918. *"An order has been issued recently making it necessary for any purchaser of flour to buy an equal amount of substitutes at the time of buying the flour. Substitutes include cornmeal, cornstarch, corn flour, hominy, corn grits, and rice barley flour, oatmeal, rolled oats, buckwheat flour and feterita flours and meal. Only Thursdays are meat less days and on that day mutton and lamb. Under the rule in force people living in cities and villages are permitted to have only one 50 pound sack of wheat flour on hand and those in the country who live a great distance from town only two 50-pound sacks. Anyone having more flour than this are subject to punishment. It is all together probable that investigations will be made here and it is advisable for all to keep in compliance."*

There is no mention of what the punishments will be or who will do the investigations. My father emigrated from Russia when he was 16 when he became eligible to be drafted into the Russian Army. When the United States entered the conflict he volunteered, as well of a number of Germans from Russia in the Isabel area, by enlisting in the U S Army.

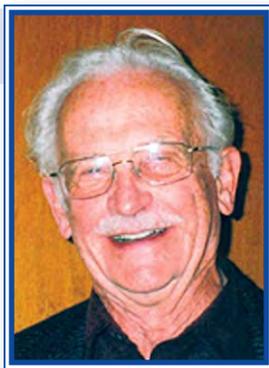
The folks at home did not forget the soldiers from Isabel. My father never did smoke but he was remembered.

March 15, 1918. *"A box has been placed in the Post Office to receive tobacco for the boys 'across'. It's a small thing to do for them drop a sack of tobacco into the box for shipment."*

Here is a story that will bring us to our present day situation. You will note that the government solution hasn't changed much after 90 years.

April 26, 1918. *"Gas just reached 35 cents in this city at retail. An exhaustive article on the gas situation discloses a fact that more wells are plugged today than are allowed to flow so as not to flood the market and thus force prices down. Just why the government should permit a condition of this kind is not clear."*

That's it from Ed's Corner.



Ed Weber

SGGEE Genealogy Convention



SGGEE is focused on Germans from Russia/Volhynia and Russian Poland, and our nearby convention may be of interest to some of your members. Many of the Germans that migrated to Volhynia spent time in the Volga area or nearby (my Gottschalk and Andert families were near Lugansk for a while during WWII and sent to Astrachan from 1914 to 1919). Other SGGEE members have similar stories.

August 15-17, 2008

Annual SGGEE Genealogy Convention
Kelowna, BC Canada

Host: The Society for German Genealogy in Eastern Europe. Location: Coast Capri Hotel, 1171 Harvey Avenue, Kelowna, BC Canada. Three days of jam-packed workshops, speakers, and research opportunities to assist you in discovering your ancestral German roots out of present-day Poland, Volhynia (now western Ukraine) and the surrounding areas. Friday night banquet.

Registration information: convention@sggee.org

Web: www.sggee.org

Thank you! We have many Mennonite members.

Carol Gottschalk Burns
SGGEE Publicity

President's Message, cont.

ine Bell, Memorial Representative, and Kathleen Carey, member at large, will augment our participation in the National Convention at Casper, WY. Others are considering attending with reunions also on their Agenda. As your plans firm up to attend, please let me know at rahaas@haasfamily.us or 503-659-8248. We want to honor and recognize you for your interest and commitment to our ancestral heritage. We hope to report in our next Newsletter your enjoyment, your acquaintance of old and new families and the success of all the events.

Mit freundlichen Grüßen (Mfg),
Roger Haas

The GROW Board of Directors wishes to express public appreciation to Jan Prunier for her superb quality of the Newsletter and the many hours she gives to putting this document together quarterly plus many other favors.

Further, she is such a pleasure to work with.

THANK YOU, Jan!

Recollections of a Blumhagen Boy - Part 2

Ed. Note: The following story excerpt is from a family history book written by Vern Blumhagen, GROW member since 2001. It will be published in the GROW newsletter in installments as space allows.

by Vern Blumhagen

Chapter III - cont.

Health, Environment, and Recreation

The family suffered the normal childhood diseases, along with some more serious ones. As noted before, my sister, Verna, died from rheumatic fever at age nine, just a few weeks before I was born. Dale also contracted rheumatic fever when he was seven or eight. He appeared to recover from that, but he got it again while in the Navy. He was given a medical discharge with disability benefits. His heart was severely damaged, and he died young; at age 43. I had pneumonia when I was five. I guess the folks didn't want to take any more chances, so they put me in the hospital in Polson for a week or so. A perceptive doctor noticed some after-effects in my lung x-ray when I was about 65 years of age.

The weather in western Montana is fairly typical of the Midwest; high 90's some days in the summer, and 30 below zero some days in the winter. Nearly every year we would experience a weather phenomenon unique to the upper Midwest part of the country. There could be four inches of snow on the ground when we went to bed; but the next morning it would be all gone, and the ground would be nearly dry. This effect was the result of the Chinook Wind. It was driven northward from the Mojave Desert; thus the warm, dry, condition that sucked up all the moisture. On the other hand, we'd have some severe blizzards. One such blizzard occurred in 1935. The roads were all blocked. We got along fairly well for three or four days. After that, we needed something at the country store three miles away. I don't remember specifically what the needs were, except Dad was out of tobacco. That was enough to require the trek on foot through the snowdrifts.

The irrigation project provided some relief from the warm summer days. The main irrigation ditch (canal) ran through our farm, so almost every evening after work we kids would proceed to a good swimming hole about a half-mile from the house. The ditch was 20 feet wide, 7 feet deep, and the water was fairly swift; so little kids had to hang onto vegetation on the bank. By age five I was allowed to let go and swim a little while. There were no adults around the swimming hole except when we had a haying crew working on the farm, which was for only a couple of weeks. It's a wonder nobody drowned.

None of us had ever seen a bathing suit, except the birthday-suit variety.

The irrigation system was a government project run by the Reclamation Bureau. Smaller irrigation ditches branched off from the big one. One went along a ridge above the coulee. The system had to get the water to the other side of the coulee. This was done with a 14-inch diameter pipe that went from the source side of the gully, down the side of the feature at to a depth of about 200 feet, across the base of the coulee, then up the other side. The outlet side was a few feet lower than the source point. Not having had much physics learning at the time, we were amazed that the water could go nearly 200 feet uphill. The ditch ran from the outlet point for several miles at a near-constant elevation to provide irrigation to many acres across several farms. Each outlet from the ditch was controllable by means of an adjustable metal gate. A "ditch-rider" would ride horseback the length of his assignment to see that the gates were set to the quantity of acre-feet of water the farmer had contracted for.

There was a limitation to the amount of land one farm could have under irrigation. In order to share the benefit supplied by the Bureau of Reclamation, the farm under irrigation was limited to 160 acres. This condition led to a fairly high density of farms, and thus people. An effect of this population density will be apparent in the discussion on education, later.

One nice aspect of the siphon was that if a small hole was drilled at the proper angle, a stream of water would go 30 or so feet in the air, then settle down in a nice shower. It was another method of cooling down on a hot day. We would plug the hole with a nail when we were finished. Other entertainment in the summer consisted of the aforementioned swimming, playing baseball on Sundays at the schoolhouse with neighbor kids and going fishing with big brothers when there was a free afternoon; usually Sunday. The baseball was usually an old one that the cover had long since disappeared, and was revitalized with a wrapping of friction tape. (No electrical tape in those days.) It would have to be re-wrapped every few games. A special treat on the 4th of July was the fireworks. The kind that could blow your hand off. We'd put one under an upside-down coffee can with just the tip of the fuse sticking

Continued on page 4.

Recollections of a Blumhagen Boy, cont.

out. Light it off and watch it sail 50 feet into the air. Some times it would blow the bottom out. Cap guns were fun when the big stuff ran out. Fishing took place at Crow Creek (Crick) that was located east of Ronan. The previous afternoon was spent catching grasshoppers and crickets; and digging in a good damp spot for angleworms for bait. They were kept in separate metal pocket-size tobacco cans for use the next day. The creek was only about ten or fifteen feet wide, but there were plenty of fish. We'd go home with 35 to 40 eight-inch trout.

Every month we'd receive an advertisement for the movie theater in Ronan. We would agree on the one we would most like to see, and one of the big boys would drive us to town to see it. The cost was a dime. In addition to the movie they would have give-aways. These were usually one of a dish set; a plate, cup, saucer, etc. To complete the set you would have to go to the movies quite often. Similar prizes were given away in Quaker Oats boxes of oatmeal. You had to be sure to select the right box to assure compatibility with the rest of your set.

Ronan had a baseball team. Once in a while we'd attend a game. Once a year, the House of David semi-pro team would come to town. They all had long beards as a team trademark. There may have been a reason for it, but nobody told me what it was. Every other year or so, a circus would come to town. That was always a big event. A rodeo was held in Ronan every 4th of July. Local cowboys would compete, mainly for pride. When I was four, I was standing outside the corral watching the events. I looked around, and it seemed everyone of my family had disappeared. I couldn't find our Model T, either, so I supposed they had gone home without me. I sort of knew my way out of town, so I started walking. I'd walked two or three miles and sat down under a tree by the side of the road to rest. A car came along and the driver saw me sitting there. He stopped to ask me what I was doing. I didn't convince them I could get home by myself, so they took me back to town. They helped me find my family and everything turned out fine. That wasn't the first time I got lost. Around Christmas time in 1932—I was 3½—my mother took me and baby Luella, who was one, to Seattle by train to see Grandma Peterson. One day a five-year-old neighbor kid and I went for a walk. We somehow became separated, and I found myself alone. I traced back our steps for a while, but knew I wasn't getting anywhere. I knocked on a door and told the people my problem. Since I knew Peterson's name, they were able to call Grandma and have me picked up. That Christmas time in Seattle was my first look at a

real Santa and all the downtown decorations. It was very impressive.

Winter entertainment was skating, sledding, hunting, and trapping. Skiing on the hills was possible, but it was a lot of work getting up the hill. Our skis were ones we made ourselves in third grade shop class, in my case. Dale was in fifth grade. The bindings were just leather straps to put your shoes into. Rabbits were the main hunting prey, and weasels were the trapping hopes. The weasels were like ermine in the winter, white with a black tail tip. Their hide would get you 35 cents apiece. Hunting employed either a bolt-action .22 caliber rifle, or a 410 gauge small shotgun. In later years when I was nine or ten I'd use a 20-gauge shotgun for duck and pheasant hunting. Game wardens were no bother, except once. Dale and I were pheasant hunting. I was ten; he was twelve. I had a .22; he had a shotgun. This warden came over to talk to us. I told him I was hunting gophers. He said to Dale, "Are you 14?" Dale says yes sir. I nearly spoke up to say, "No your not!" But I caught myself in time. We went on our way. We didn't need a license on our own property, and non-drivers didn't carry ID to verify age. Driver's licenses were not a good ID because they didn't have a picture, and nobody checked your age when you got one. Fourteen was legal hunting age.

Dale and I did have an accident with a gun, though. We were gopher hunting—actually for Columbia Ground Squirrels, with a big .22 rifle. I was nine; he was eleven. We had been hunting for a while; taking turns at shooting, and needed to reload. We were using .22 short hollow-points, so the rifle held over 20 bullets. In order to put in one extra one, we'd put one in the chamber and let the firing pin down on it by holding the pin mechanism, pulling the trigger, then letting the pin down easy. This time it slipped from Dale's fingers. The bullet went through my left index finger just ahead of the knuckle; taking out a quarter inch of bone and leaving a big exit hole. Dad took me to our family doctor in Polson, who said, "We'll have to cut it off". Dad, thankfully, decided to go to a young doctor, new in town, to see if it could be saved. After several months of healing, including a re-breaking to straighten it, it was again serviceable.

A small benefit of the experiences with guns was the ability to win a sharpshooter classification in Navy Boot Camp in later years.

Every other year or so, Grandma (Murchison, Peterson, Baum) would come from Seattle to see us;

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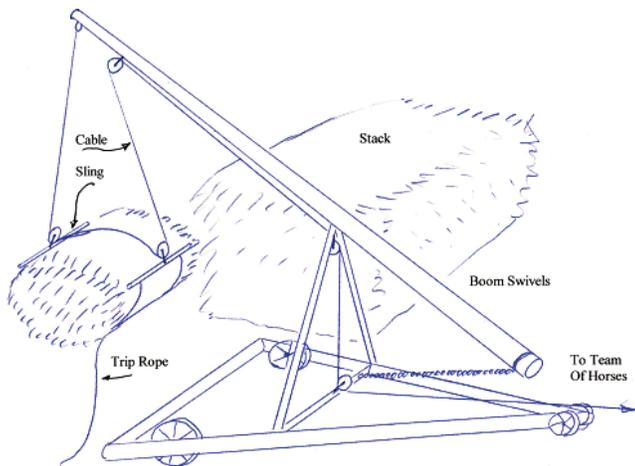
Recollections of a Blumhagen Boy, cont.

sometimes at Christmas. She always had a steamer trunk that was partially filled with items for us kids. We appreciated that a lot. Christmas, otherwise, was fairly bleak. We'd hang stockings, and on Christmas morning find them with an orange, some hard candy, and a toy or two. One time there was a nice sled for the whole group.

Haying and Harvesting

Extra help was needed during the summer, at various times. Men were hired to help with the haying and grain harvesting. These men earned \$2.00 a day, plus room and board. The room part was provided with a bunkhouse used only for that purpose. We boys would sleep there, too. We enjoyed listening to the wild stories and racy jokes the men told. Sheep shearers were also hired for their work, but they were local people.

The haying season dealt mainly with alfalfa. It was first cut down with a horse-drawn mower with a five-foot swath. After drying a day or two, it was raked by a horse-drawn implement into windrows. Then a crew of men and boys with pitchforks would pile the windrowed hay into shocks (these are the "haycocks" of nursery rhymes.). This was to protect the hay in



Haystacker

the event of rain before the stacking took place. A huge homemade derrick was a prime necessity to do the stacking. It was used to lift the hay from a "boat" or hayrack with a system of slings, cables, pulleys, and horse power, onto the top of the stack. One or two men would be the stackers on the stack. They would place the hay from the load to where it should be to make an efficient hay-pile. That would prevent water and snow from penetrating more than a few inches into the pile. An accomplished stacker would make the sides slope out from the bottom on all

sides. Final dimensions were on the order of 25 ft by 35 ft by 20 ft high. The boats were used to haul the hay from the field to the derrick. They are an 8 by 12 foot flatbed made of boards, and have two small log runners underneath. A team of horses pulled a boat, and it slid easily over the alfalfa stubble.

The main late-summer work was harvesting the grain; mainly wheat. After having been irrigated at all the critical times during the summer, the yield was usually high; on the order of 40 bushels per acre. The crop began with the plowing with a one- or two-bottom plow; each bottom making a furrow. Four or five horses were used to pull the plow. It was then smoothed with a harrow or disk implement, making it ready for seeding with a drill, a machine about ten feet wide that had about twenty ports for seed to fall into small furrows. The rows of seed were 6 inches apart. At maturity, the grain stalks were cut and tied into bundles with a binder implement using the proverbial "binder twine". The binder collected four or five bundles with a rack, and then dumped them in a windrow for shocking. Eight or ten bundles were stood on end, leaning on one another to make a shock. This kept the grain heads from sprouting in the event of rain. A huge threshing machine would be brought into the field and situated wherever the owner wanted a straw stack to be. The bundles were then loaded onto wagons and hauled up to the threshing machine which was powered by a long belt connected to a tractor. They were pitched one-by-one into the feeder part of the machine. The grain was removed from the stalks in the process, and fed into a waiting grain-wagon or truck. The straw was blown onto a huge pile called a straw stack. The grain was most likely stored in a granary on the farm; but it would also sometimes be taken to the elevator in town to sell. Very few farmers owned their own thresher. They were leased from those who did own one. In the winter, straw was hauled to the barn to use as both feed and bedding for the cows and horses.

Continued next issue

GROW PICNIC

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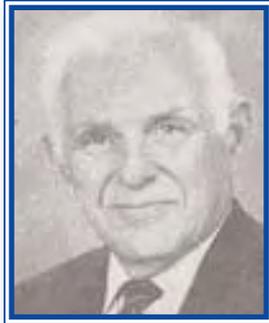
Invite your family, friends, & grandchildren.

Let's have fun!

Americo Paul (Benny) DiBenedetto

August 15, 1922 - March 19, 2008

Americo Paul "Benny" DiBenedetto, 85, died of natural causes Wednesday, March 19, 2008 at St. Vincent Hospital, Portland.



Benny was born August 15, 1922 in Portland to Jack and Grace DiBenedetto. His father was an Italian immigrant, who came to Oregon to work as a stonemason on the construction of the Columbia George Highway and Timberline Lodge.

Benny graduated from Benson High School in 1940. At the University of Oregon, he was an active member of Sigma Phi Epsilon fraternity. After serving as a gunner's mate in the US Navy during World War II, he returned to Oregon's School of Architecture and graduated in 1947.

He married Florence Obrigewitch in 1950 at St. Mary's Cathedral in Portland.

Benny's architecture career spanned 60 years. His first job was with the Corps of Engineers, where he worked on designing fish hatcheries, powerhouses and observation buildings for the Detroit Dam project.

In 1951 he began a 28-year career with the US Forest Service, serving as the Regional Architect for the Pacific Northwest from 1951-1961. While Regional Architect, he and fellow architects designed ranger stations, ski chalets at Mt. Baker and Mt. Bachelor, and other Forest Service buildings throughout the Pacific Northwest. He took particular interest in Timberline Lodge, where his father had worked during its construction.

From 1961-1979, Benny was the Station Architect for the PNW Experiment Station. While Station Architect, he and the design team worked on forest service research laboratories at Corvallis, Bend, Roseburg, La Grande, Olympia, Wenatchee, Juneau, Fairbanks, and several other Forest Service research facilities throughout the country.

The Corvallis and Bend research laboratories received design awards and the Range and Wildlife Laboratory in La Grande received the Laboratory of the Year Award.

From 1977-1979 Benny also served as the Washington Office Research Architect for the research branch of the Forest Service. After retirement from the US Forest Service, he participated as a consultant on the restoration of the historic Auditor's Building in Washington DC, which serves as the National Headquarters for the US Forest Service.

In 1979 Benny retired from the Forest Service to open DiBenedetto Architects, which later became D.T.L. (DiBenedetto, Thomson and Livingstone) Architects. His firm's many projects included historic restorations at Crater Lake National Park, Nez Pierce National Monument and Fort Clatsop.

His portfolio include considerable Catholic Church work: Restoration of St. Paul Church in St. Paul, OR, Holy Rosary, The Grotto, and his favorite project the Priests Retirement Home, Beaverton. Benny also designed numerous residential homes throughout Portland, central Oregon and the coast.

Some of his many awards and honors include the Industrial Research Laboratory of the Year Design Award, the Dept. of Agriculture Design Award for Research Laboratories, the Federal Artists Design Award and the Portland Landmark Commission Merit Award.

He served on the Columbia River Gorge Commission (1979-1987), as President of the Oregon Council of Architects (1973) and as Director (1974) and Board member (1974-78) of the Northwest Region of AIA. He was elected to the College of Fellows in 1978.

From 1965 to 2001, Benny also served on the Building Commission for the Archdiocese of Portland. He was awarded the Vatican Medal, Pro-Ecclesia et Pontifice Cross from Pope John Paul in 1993.

Benny enjoyed many hobbies and activities, such as cultivating his vegetable garden, fly fishing on the Big Horn River, Montana and refurbishing his cherished 1930 Model A.

He served on the boards of the Friends of Timberline, the Architectural Heritage Center, the West Slope Water District and St. Thomas More Parish, where he was a parishioner for 57 years.

Benny was a member of several clubs; a few of his favorites were Italian Businessmen's, Serra, and the Multnomah Athletic Club, which he joined as a scholar-athlete in 1940.

He is survived by his wife Florence; one son Jeff; three daughters, Joanne (Dave) Burdick, Mary Jane (Pieter) Schouten and Michele (Keith) Blackerby; as well as six grandchildren, Ben and Sara Schouten, Jenny and Katy Blackerby, Sheila and Ross Burdick.

Funeral mass was Monday, March 24 at the St. Mary's Cathedral, graciously celebrated by his good friend Archbishop John Vlazny. Assisting the Archbishop were Monsignors Arthur Dernbach and Tim Murphy, as well as three other co-celebrants.

The family requests that memorials be sent to St. Thomas More School, DiBenedetto Memorial Fund, 3525 SW Patton Rd., Portland, OR 97221 or Central Catholic High School 2401 SE Stark, Portland, OR 97215.

Riverview Abbey Funeral Home, Directors.

In Remembrance

Dorothy Esther Chance Jacobs

September 14, 1911 - March 3, 2008

submitted by Victor Jacobs

Mrs. Dorothy Esther Jacobs died March 3, 2008, in Tillamook, at age 96.

Dorothy was born Sept. 14, 1911, in Portland, to William Hutton and Ival Elizabeth (Keller) Chance. [While her family was in route on their move from Chardon, Crawford, Kansas to Milwaukie, Clackamas, Oregon.] She lived in Milwaukie until she was 6, when her family moved to Tillamook, where they [filed for 320 acres to homestead and where she] lived on a homestead on the Trask River.

Her first job was as a school bus driver for the Trask School at age 14, [a daily route of over 21 miles one way to the Tillamook Public High School. She would also delivered the U.S. Mail on her return trip each day.] In 1934, she and Herman Bernard Jacobs were united in marriage [at the Parish House of] the Sacred Heart Catholic Church in Tillamook. Dorothy began working [first as a dishwasher then later] as a cook in 1955, first at the Spudnut Cafe and, before her retirement in 1973, at the Victory House and the Big Cheese [restaurants] for nine years each. She also cooked at the Tillamook County's Fair and at the Sea Shell Cafe briefly.

Dorothy loved the beach and beachcombing—especially after a storm — she also enjoyed growing flowers and gardening, crochet and quilt work, garage sales, and she was a voracious reader. She loved spending time with her grandchildren, great-grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren. They were the joy of her life. She was a member of the Altar Society, belonged to the Mothers Club at Sacred Heart School, and was a member of the Tillamook County Pioneers Association.

Dorothy was preceded in death by her husband Herman in 1953; three children, Madelon M. Lindsay in 2007, Bernard W. in 1996, and Gerald W. Jacobs in 1943; two grandsons, Gerald W. Chism in 2005 and Steven Patterson in 1983; two sons-in-law, Billy D. Roth in 1992 and Michael Heller in 2004; and one daughter-in-law, Betty Jacobs in 2000; and by all of her brothers and sisters, Kenneth Chance, Majorie Huntington, Ralph Chance, Victoria Nicholson, Virginia Hodgdon, Cleo Buckley, Hugh Chance and David Chance.

She is survived by 13 children, Lois Jean Chism of Rangely, Colo., Carol F. Jacobs of Tillamook, R. Elaine Jacobs of Covington, Wash., M. Therese White of Portland, Myra L. Fisher of Roll, Ariz., Ruth E. Bohle of Eugene and Barbara M. Heller of Vancouver, Wash., and James J., Donald M., Philip R., Raymond T., Victor F. and Stephen V. Jacobs, all of Tillamook;

40 grandchildren, [over] 70 great-grandchildren and 15 great-great-grandchildren; numerous nieces and nephews; and by sisters-in-law Sister Frances Jacobs SNJM, of Portland, and, Bernice Johns of Tillamook.

The family would like to express appreciation to Becki Eudi for the loving care she provided to Dorothy for the past two years.

A recitation of the Holy Rosary was at Waud's Funeral Home March 6. Mass of the Christian Burial was celebrated March 7 at Sacred Heart Catholic Church in Tillamook. [Celebrant - Father Joseph Sebasty. Dorothy was buried in the Sacred Heart Catholic Cemetery in Tillamook.] Arrangements are in the care of Waud's Funeral Home.

In lieu of flowers, donations to Tillamook Hospice would be appreciated.

*my mother didn't become a Catholic until after her son Gerald W. died, and, they couldn't be married in the Catholic Church in 1934.

Note: My mother isn't of German-from-Russia heritage but all her children are. My mother's Chance ancestry dates back to the pre-U.S. Revolution southern colonies, from 1500s England. With later merging branches going back through the 1.) 1500s [Dutch] New Netherland Colony, etc. ; 2.) 1500s Switzerland; 3.) 1700s Ireland; 4.) 1700s Germany including surnames Bever/Bieber of Hirschland and Leib/Leipe and Mettlina's of Steinsfurd/Baden; and 4.) there are many more other family branches that start and end in America.

In Remembrance

Elizabeth Ann Stephan Wehrly

February 25, 1914 - April 8, 2008

A Mass of Christian burial was at 10 am Monday, April 14, 2008 in St. John Fisher Catholic Church for Elizabeth Ann Wehrly, who died April 8 at age 94.

Elizabeth Ann Stephan was born February 25, 1914 in Devils Lake, ND. She also lived in Montana and moved to Portland in 1953. She was a homemaker who had been a member of both St. Thomas More Catholic Church and more recently St. John Fisher. In 1940 she married William Wehrly; he died in 2003.

Survivors include her daughter, Jean "Gigi" Eakins; sons, William, Stephen, Mark and John; seven grandchildren; and seven great-grandchildren.

Remembrances to St. John Fisher. Arrangements by Riverview Abbey.

Book Review

"Extended Relationships of the Kulm, Leipzig, Tarutino Communities in Bessarabia, Russia"

by Arthur E Flegel, 2005

by Kay Carey

What an enormous & wonderful undertaking! Art Flegel has sorted out decades of his Germans from Russia research to produce a priceless treasure for all Germans-Russians who have ancestors in these three villages and those who wish they had!

The book covers some 28,000 individuals in over 850 pages of double columns. He notes not only birth, marriage, emigration or death dates, but also he has sorted them into 6000 families. Now the generations can be tracked from Germany, Prussia or Poland from about the 1790s to the mid 1900s in Russia, Germany, Canada, USA & Latin America.

In addition to the usual Odessa Digital Library & LDS films, he used numerous maps, books & obituaries that he had gathered from around the world. Due to his long-time prominent position in Germans from Russia activities, many descendents of these colonists gave him extended personal interviews. He graciously continues to be available to assist any researchers who are related to these villagers, as I can testify from personal experience.

I first saw this book at the 2006 GRHS Convention here in Portland & spent the rest of the time in the library eagerly looking up every surname that I could think of. I then deliberately passed through Lincoln, NE on my summer trip this year, just to get a copy for Christmas. I now plan to bring it to the monthly meetings of GROW for other members' benefit.

The book is just too wonderful to keep it a secret!

German Activities in Portland

July 19 - German American Flea Market + Arts & Crafts at the Deutsches Haus, 7901 SE Division, NO Entrance Fee, Entertainment: Bounce Castle for kids and Music Program; Vendors for varied German food and Crafts. Questions, Call Heike 503-235-8036 or Sonja 503-794-0985

Kurt Radtke is a good German translator, although not professional, he will do it free for a donation that he will gift to GROW as a fundraiser. His address is: Kurt Radtke, 20023 Quinalt Dr., Oregon City, OR 97045, 503-518-8181

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One Family's Odyssey

by Verna Porter

(Daughter of Rose Faul Bloomquist)

My mother was born in 1907 into a homestead family that had migrated from Russia in 1885. They had left their home near the city of Odessa in the area now called the Ukraine.

The German-Russian heritage was firmly established on the homestead place in North Dakota, where she joined many older siblings. She was one of the younger ones in a group of eleven brothers and sisters.

Her father, my grandfather, Fred F. Faul, was born in 1865, shortly after his family migrated from Austria to Russia. The Faul family originated in Germany, but left there for Austria in the 1700s. The family spent about a century in Austria before moving on to Russia. During that period, the family did not stay in one place for more than a generation at a time, so there were several small communities where they had lived. They were not agrarian (farmers), so it is likely that they were shop keepers.

When I was a child, I saw my grandfather's complete set of cobbler's tools that he had brought from Europe. During the hard times of their early settlement on the plains of North Dakota, he made the shoes his family wore. My mom said she didn't like them because other kids got to go to a store and pick their shoes out for themselves. It is probable that cobbler was one of the family trades.

While still in Russia, my grandfather was a very young man when he went to work for a Russian landowner. He was the foreman who supervised the work of the serfs. He did very well as the serfs who worked under him liked and respected him. He went against usual custom and ate his meals with the workers. That meant each person had a large spoon and ate out of the communal container placed in the center of the group. He was also respected because he was known as a champion strong man of the area. He was a wrestler, but also was a noted weight lifter.

He also married very young. His first wife's name was Ruth. They had a child together. Within the span of a year, his wife and child, both parents, and his sisters had died in some sort of epidemic. Because he was the oldest brother, he made the decision that the time had come for the family to journey on to America, the new world. He remarried (his cousin Magdaline), so he, his three younger brothers and his pregnant wife set out on the huge venture. Whether my grandparents' first child was born on board or in



Verna Porter

this country is an unanswered question. She was named after her mother and lived to be just months short of 100 years old.

After landing, the first destination in America was a settlement in South Dakota where they knew they could get jobs to pay for equipping themselves with the wagons, stock, seeds, feed, tools, and other supplies needed to continue on the homestead journey.

They went by train from either Penn Station or Grand Central Station in New York City. There was, however, not enough money left to pay for tickets for the whole family. It was decided that the youngest brother would stay at the station and wait till a wire was sent with money for his fare. When the stationmaster did his daily mail call, he pronounced the Faul name differently so the young brother did not recognize his name. Station vendors saved his life by giving him sausage ends, bread heels, and other scraps of food. He was finally saved from his sorry state when someone was able to cross the language barrier and discover the problem and the solution. He soon joined the family and told that dramatic story for the rest of his life.

In South Dakota, the whole family went to work for farmers in the area. It took a year to earn what they needed to equip themselves with the basics for the final jog of their homestead journey by covered wagon into North Dakota. Our family still has grandma's spinning wheel that traveled across those plains in a covered wagon. They settled on the Sheyenne River. That farm was in the family for 100 years. The area is now a beautiful game reserve where wild things grow and animals run free: A wonderfully serene place to visit. The cemetery and the named and dated tombstones are all the only tangible proof that the Faul family was there.

When the grandparents retired, they moved to the edge of the little town of Harvey. They were able to keep a cow or two and chickens and other fowl and to raise many vegetables in their large gardens. Grandpa created a legacy as he continued till his death at age 87 to try to help his relatives back in Russia. He brought many over to this country from early in the 20th century till he died.

When the Nazis began their terror reign in Europe, family members were killed in firing squads, imprisoned, and one cousin nearly sent to a concentration camp because they realized he had some Jewish blood in his veins. The Communist era put many in Siberia. We have lost track of most of the relatives because of those two historic world powers. I hope our family never forgets its legacy and will continue to be aware of what is happening to mankind around the world and to be grateful for our life in this country.

GROW 2008 Quarterly Calendar

J U L Y 2 0 0 8						
SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
		1	2	3	4 Independence Day	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

A U G U S T 2 0 0 8						
SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24 GROW PICNIC	25	26	27	28	29	30
31						

S E P T E M B E R 2 0 0 8						
SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
	1 Labor Day Newsletter Deadline	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23 Board Meeting	24	25	26	27
28 Chapter Meeting	29	30				



Chapter Meetings are held at:

Deutches Haus

7901 SE Division, Portland, OR

Doors open at 1:00 pm

Meeting starts at 2:00 pm until about 5:00 pm

Coming from I-205 South take Exit 19 Ramp and turn West on Division St., then turn left and go to 7901.

Coming from I-205 North take Exit 19 Ramp onto Division St. Go West on Division to 7901.

Chapter Meetings

NO MEETINGS IN JULY & AUGUST

GROW PICNIC - August 24 • 11 am - 3 pm

28 September 2008 - Convention & Reunion Reports

19 October 2008 - Dr. Don Schafer

23 November 2008 - Judy Lenhardt

Fundraising Opportunities—

At No Cost To You!!

- Electronic Newsletters. Receive your newsletters via email, and save GROW in postage costs. Thank You!
- Albertson's Scan Cards - Contact **Roger Haas** for your card if you don't already have one. Thank You!

Other Opportunities to Help...

- **Oscar Geiszler** is recycling inkjet and laser cartridges. Bring your empty cartridges to Chapter Meetings or contact Oscar directly. He can also help you receive approximately 50% discount on refilled cartridges.
- Visit **Cathy Lobb** before/after the Chapter Meetings to view the fascinating collection of books, audio CDs, videos, etc. that are available for sale. Also take a look at the tote bags, key chains and magnets, all with the GROW logo.

GROW Library Update

by Kurt Radtke

The GROW Library should be ready for check out or on-premise research in the very near future. The donation of over 100 books and periodicals has almost doubled the number of books in our library. Vivian Messenger has compiled a list of these items donated by Carol Neumann.

Jeanette McDermid has purchased more index cards, labels for books and pocket and check-out cards. All donated books will be marked with the name of the donor.

Jeanette is also cataloging the books with the Library of Congress numerical designation. Possibly some new books can be purchased at the National Convention in July in Casper, Wyoming, to enhance our selection of books of genealogical interest to help our members connect with their ancestors.

The following is a partial list:

- 1885 German to English Dictionary, 2 vols
- Dauntless Dunn, Dunn Co. ND; Napoleon, Logan Co., ND, Diamond Jubilee, 75th Anniversary, 1970
- New Leipzig, ND 1910-1985, Book of Memories, 75th Jubilee

- Diamond Jubilee, 75 years 1905-1980, Streeter, ND
- A History of Emmons Co., ND 1976
- Elgin, ND 75th Diamond Jubilee 1910-1985
- Neudorf Census 1941
- Rohrback Parish 1833-1839
- Hoffnungstal und Seine Schwahen, 1980
- Tale of Three Cities (Marion, SD Centennial 1879-1979)
- Germans from Russia in Yakima Valley Prior to 1940
- Paradise on the Steppe, 1973
- 1985 Historical Calendar, Minnehaha and Lincoln Counties, Dakota Territory
- Life Magazine, "How we came to America," Sept. 199X
- Report 1942-43 from German Villages in the Ukraine, Captured German Documents, 1977
- Maps & Places to Write in Germany Research
- Logan County History of Townships 18X9-1989
- Germans from Russia in America, First Hundred Years, 1976
- Streeter. The Early Days, Streeter Junior & Senior Class High School (2 copies)
- Video - Island of Hope, Island of Tears Ellis Island

Continued on page 12.



GROW Membership Application

Germans from Russia Oregon and Washington



Years of Membership _____ New Renewal

Birth Month (optional) _____ Anniversary Month (optional) _____

Name (please print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone (include area code) _____ Email address _____

Name of ancestral village(s) _____

Family surnames _____

Names of adults in household desiring membership cards _____

Enclosed is my remittance of \$ _____ Membership fees are due annually on January 1.

GROW Newsletter/Operation Donation (minimum \$5.00)

GRHS Membership \$40.00 • GRHS Lifetime Membership \$650.00 (\$130.00 per year)

Make checks payable to GROW - US Currency Only • Mail to: Arlene Maston, 8202 NE Going St., Portland, OR 97220-4860

Please send email updates and address corrections to Arlene Maston - amaston@aol.com

GROW Quarterly Newsletter Deadlines: September 1 • December 1 • March 1 • June 1

All submissions are welcome. If you would like any materials returned, please include a SASE.

Send articles to: icprunier@comcast.net or by mail at 1218 Pacific Ave., Everett, WA 98201

GROW Library Update, cont.

- *Along the Trails of Yesterday, A story of McIntosh County, 1941*
- *Researching the Germans from Russia, 1987*
- *Plains Folk, ND Ethnic History*
- *Video - At Home on the Prairies*
- *The Volga Germans in Russia and the Americas from 1763 to Present*
- *The German Colonies on the Lower Volga, 1991*
- *Wir Wollen Deutsche Bleiben, The Story of the Volga Germans*
- *Menno The First 100 Years, 1879-1979*
- *The Central Dakota Germans, Their, History, Language & Culture, 1989 (Autographed)*
- *The Weitz Saga, 1987*
- *From the Steppes to the Prairies, 1963*
- *The Black Sea Germans in the Dakotas, 1977*
- *Anecdotes of the Prairies*
- *Russian for Beginners, 1962*
- *First German Readers, Vols 1 through 4*
- *The Volga Germans—Pioneers of the Northwest (Autographed)*
- *Our People—As told by Survivors of Russian Labor Camps, 1987*
- *History of the Volga Relief Society, 1982*
- *Pocket Dictionary, German to English & English to German, 1929*
- *Swiss Mennonite Ship List (Volhynian), 1874*
- *I was a Slave in Russia, 1961*
- *Russia-German Settlements in the U.S., 197X*
- *Pilgrims on the Earth, A German-Russian Chronicle, 1976 (Autographed)*
- *Homesteaders on the Steppe, 1975*
- *The German Colonies in South Russia, Vol II, Karl Stumpp, The Emigration from Germany to Russia in the years 1763-1862 & Maps, 1973*

NEWSLETTER SUBMISSIONS WELCOMED!

Please send articles, photos, stories,
anecdotes, recipes, etc. to:

Janice Prunier, Editor,
1218 Pacific Ave., Everett, WA 98201
jcprunier@comcast.net

Deadline for next issue is September 1, 2008.



Germans from Russia Heritage Society

GROW Chapter

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