

CAMAS PRAIRIE

● A history of the Glenwood area

BY JOSIE TROH

Josie Troh here relates more of the story of the Joseph Parrott family, which was featured in a recent historical article in The Sentinel.

Joseph Parrott was born in or near, Savannah, Missouri, January 18, 1844. He and his parents crossed the plains with ox team when he was a small child of about one year of age, in 1845, I believe.

They landed in Oregon, where he lived for many years. While there he was married to Mary Davis Jessie, my mother, who was also born in Missouri, on October 30, 1861.

They were married in 1878. She was just a girl of about 16. They lived in New Era, Oregon, where three girls were born; Jessie Mae in May, 1879; Eva Lena in October 1880; and myself, Mary Josephine, in November 1882.

Then we moved to Goldendale, Klickitat County, Washington, when I was about one year old. We lived about one mile out of the town on the Columbus road, which is now called the Maryhill highway. Our home there was later sold to Elmer Hinshaw. While living there a girl was born, October 1, 1884. They named her Ida Amanda. Then on February 25, 1887 another girl, they named Stella Maude. The first little brother was born on September 28, 1889, and he was named Wixon B.

I attended my first school in Goldendale. My teacher was Mrs. N. B. Brooks, mother of attorney Zola Brooks. We moved to the place called Mt. Adams homestead about the year 1889 or 1890, which place is in Yakima County, on the east side of the Klickitat river, about eight miles from Glenwood, which was our nearest postoffice and trading place, and was very small at the time.

We moved from Goldendale through Cedar Valley with horses, and wagons. I was seven or eight years old but remember there was not much of a road and we would wind around here and there with no bridges across the streams, so we forded several streams on our way to our new home.

We lived the first year in the homestead cabin, a one room log house, with only the ground for a floor the first year, and a fireplace in one end of the room made of rock and dobed together with mud. The cracks in the house were also dobed with mud, real pioneer style.

Then later another log house was built with one large room and an upstairs of three small bedrooms. Mother continued to use the first cabin for a kitchen with a porch connecting the two buildings.

Our house was near a creek, called Deer Creek, from which we got our water. We endured many real pioneer hardships and lived an actual pioneer life.

Little Wixon became quite ill with pneumonia when only a year old, and died in 1890, while father was gone to Goldendale on horseback for medicine for him. Only my mother and we girls, five of us, were home alone.

About this time we had two neighbor families, the Dorlands who lived about two miles away and the Robertsons who were about three miles from us. My oldest sister, Jessie, rode horseback real early in the morning to tell them about Wixon's death. They came and helped to make a casket and lay him out. They also helped to dig a grave and bury him in our field. In later years, after we moved to Glenwood, mother had the remains moved to our Mt. Adams cemetery here. It was a very sad experience in those days as it still is.

The only way we had then to get to Glenwood was on foot and cross the Klickitat River on a log we fell, or on horseback and ford the river. We did not get mail or anything very often maybe only around every two or three weeks. Several years later father, with the help of some willing neighbors from Glenwood, stretched a couple of cables across the river and made a one-horse or foot bridge across the river; this was a swinging bridge. Before this he had also built a small skiff, fastened with

double baling wire, which we sometimes crossed in.

Celebrate Fourth

I remember the first time we all came to Glenwood to a Fourth of July celebration. I think father forded the team and wagon across, and took the family across in the skiff. There was a school teacher, by the name of Lizzie Dorland, living with us, who came along. Later when father and Bill McCauslin were crossing the river, and the river was quite high, the wire broke and they floated quite a ways down the river before they lodged against a large raft of logs and rescued themselves by grabbing the logs and climbing out. The little skiff was left to the mercy of the river.

One year father made a canoe out of a large cottonwood log, with which he could take us across one at a time. It was dangerous, but we thought it was lots of fun. I have crossed in the canoe and then walk to the Herman Kuhnhausen place or to Glenwood to go to a dance, and then after dancing most of the night I would walk back the next day. Sometimes we went on skis then.

Robert I., another son, was born at the Mt. Adams homestead on January 21, 1892. As no one could make it over there at that time of year, they had Mrs. Myers, the mother of Peter Conboy and Maggie Kreps, to come over and stay for sometime, in order to be on hand when he arrived. A doctor then was out of the question. Mrs. Myers served as mid-wife for all the settlers.

Then on September 4, 1894 another boy was born, who was named Heston W. and on August 31, 1900 Orvin L. was born at Barlow, Oregon. Mother had gone to Barlow to be with her mother, my grandma Jesse, and also to be near a doctor.

We had more neighbors before this time, the Hoyts and Swifts, but Dorlands had moved out by then. At first we had a little private school held at the different homes, then later we got together and built a one room log school house up near the head of Deer Creek, a mile or so from our place. We always walked to school for our three months term. Once we had neighbors named Harlow. When they moved away we had school in their house for one year.

We always had plenty of work to do. Mother and we children helped to clear the land, cut wood, and everything. Our only pleasure was skiing in the winter time, hunting and fishing in the summer time. There was no closed season then and fish and game were plentiful. We would go fishing in Trout Creek and Bear Creek, as soon as they were low enough from the winter snow. We planted fish in Deer Creek, the stream our home was on. We also caught nice fish from the Klickitat River as we went to and from it. So we usually had plenty of fish to eat as well as grouse, pheasant, bear and deer meat.

One time when father, mother and I were fishing in Bear Creek we saw a nice cub bear up a tree. Not having a gun along, mother and I stayed to watch while father walked three miles home and back after his gun. We never thought about the old mother bear returning, which she didn't, and father returned with his gun and shot the cub, which made mighty good eating.

TO BE CONTINUED

BIRTH

CAMAS PRAIRIE

(Continued from Page 7)

that time, Jake Hunsaker was the storekeeper. People of course, did not go out much, women hardly once a year, as it was always a two or three days' trip and the roads very bad. Sometimes they would go with oxen teams and that was a very slow trip.

Oxen were used at this time and often to clear land because they were cheaper to feed than horses. These early pioneers surely must have gone through a great many hardships, but still they kept up their courage, and worked very hard. A man most always went to bed at night with a sore back but most of them can look back now and see their hard-earned reward.

In 1904, thirteen years after we went out from here back east, we came back. Trout Lake was an altogether different place. There were fine big meadows, nice big frame houses, new barns, pastures full of cattle to see, many more settlers had come in to make their homes. Everywhere new farms, Trout Lake looked then a promising place to live. There was then a church, two stores, a good sized school house, with some 80 or 90 children, with 2 teachers, Mr. Miller and Miss Lozzie. There was also a cheese factory built where the farmers would dispose of their milk. There were several small saw mills built where men could get work part of the time. There were also several new bridges then built, and pretty good roads all over the valley. The Tourists Hall was built in the summer of 1904 by the Thode brothers. Sometime later Mr. Zuberbuhler built a meat market. I must not forget there was also the hotel opened and operated by Mr. and Mrs. Chris Guler, they had bought Mr. Stoller out some years previous and started a hotel in the old log house that Mr. Stoller had built! Later Mr. and Mrs. Guler built a small hotel that was well liked by the tourists that came in here in the summer, most of them on the stage covered with dust and very hungry. The stage left the Colburn hotel in White Salmon at 8 o'clock and did not reach Trout Lake until late in the afternoon, rough and dusty, but by Mr. and Mrs. Guler's helping, hands were soon cleaned and their hungry stomachs satisfied with Mrs. Guler's good eats. Trout Lake, in earlier days was a regular summer resort, people coming in from every where as there was free fishing and hunting and many nice places to camp so, all in all, they had a very nice time.

The post office at that time was down in the lower end of the valley at the Moore place, where it stayed for many years, later it was moved to Trout Lake. Mr. Moore was postmaster for over 25 years. Trout Lake also has many caves, the ice caves and the butter caves. The Butter Caves were used by the early settlers to keep their butter and meat in the summer. The Lava Caves were not discovered until after 1890. A young boy, Joe Aerni was hunting his father's cattle when he found the cave. He told about it to others, so my brother, his cousin and others went to open it up and found that it was 35 to 60 feet deep. The men took 40 feet poles nailed some boards across to make a ladder and that way they went down to the bottom. From then on the caves were visited by many people. There were about 25 settlers in the valley up to 1914. Since that time Trout Lake has seen a steady growth until now it is a thriving community.

School Burned Down

In 1918 the school house burned down and a nice big school was built. We have five teachers, 3 for grade school and 2 for high school with about 100 pupils. This last year they have built a new gymnasium 105x45 feet, with a stage a balcony and down stairs room to be used as a club room.

We have now a very good road to get out produce to market and there is talk of a Mt. Adams Highway thru here. There is a Sulphur Mine on the top of Mt. Adams. Trout Lake, all in all, has been a peaceful place to live. Very few bad things have ever happened here. The flood of Dec. 1933, when really many people were in danger in their homes, some having to move out, was the worst. Late one night the water took 2 big bridges out and our only electric plant went down the river too. This was

something that the oldest settlers do not remember ever napping before.

The winters here are different, that most any other place. Some winters we had as much as 7 or 8 feet of snow, other winters we have only 1 or 2 feet. The people are well prepared by having plenty of food in the cellars, wood in the wood shed and feed for the cattle in the barns.

We have lived here now for 31 years and I presume will stay the rest of our time. I have seen the younger generations grow up from their childhood, have stood by the grave of many dear old pioneer that has gone ahead of us. There are only a few more of the real first settlers left, but still active and happy and most are still finding pleasure in work as before. Of the 25 families in here in 1890 only a few are left.

There is the Charlie Pearson family, Chris Guler family, the Coate brothers, Mr. Allison, the 3 Aerni brothers, Mrs. Jake Schmid and Mrs. Will Coate and the others either moved out or have passed away. So now I will close this history of Trout Lake with a little poem.

Trout Lake Valley, the valley of
sunshine and rain,
It has always a place in my
heart.

That will always hold sorest
memories
It lays between pine covered
hillsides,

Fragrant with blossoms so sweet
Summers with green meadows
and fields,

We may labor and toil for a
living,
But the work we do is well
worthwhile.

For a future that our generation
will share.

O Valley of sunshine and rain,
Carved by a majestic hand.
Room for a heap of living, living
that came from the soil,
Steps may falter, eyes may
grow dim,

Still there is comfort and peace
In the things we have accom-
plished and hold dear,
That will be our last memory of
Trout Lake Valley,
The Valley of Sunshine and
rain.

(Written for the Woman's Club
meeting of March 14, 1935 by Mrs.
A. Elmer, Sr.)

CARD OF THANKS



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LITTLE CHURCH ON CRUTCHES TO BE REBUILT AT GLENWOOD



Drawn for The Sun

by Larry Jacox

Sixty-two winters have laid their white blankets on Camas Prairie since the Glenwood church was founded. Now an architect is designing a successor to the Little Church on Crutches. Like the pioneers it served, the present building has seen its day.

Few remember the Reverend A. J. Goodfriend, a slender little Jew in his 60's who walked 18 miles over the mountains from Troutlake to meet a handful of Glenwood farmers and villagers. By kerosene lamp in a ranch kitchen they signed the first entry in the old session book on October 24, 1895:

The faded signatures are H. M., Mattie and Emma Trenner; N. A. Wilson; C. W., Harold and Nettie Bell; and Adell Haven. On the second page more names were added: Oliver, Arthur, Harmon and Willis Trenner; the Shaw family — F. J. and J. O., Luella and Lila (Now Mrs. Betty Leathers and Mrs. E. E. Bartholomew of White Salmon); Katie McAllister, Nancy McGrath, Peter Hoult, A. Willard, Thomas Quigley and Rob Barker.

Just to prove their pledge to encourage the new church "by our means and attendance" most

of those who signed at the first meeting signed again.

Moved

Mrs. Julia Krall of BZ Corners remembers attending the church when it was new and stood a few hundred feet east of the present Glenwood Grange hall.

She writes "I do not know the exact year it was built but my mother married August Berg in 1896 and we all went to church in the old hack every Sunday."

The old session book ignores the date but indicates H. M. Trenner donated the original site now owned by the Frank Leatons. Because cash was scarce and the congregation small, the church was built with missionary funds borrowed from the East Oregon Presbytery who still held the mortgage in 1912.

Poverty Lane

On June 9 of that year the congregation obtained approval to deed the site to Charles McAllister in exchange for a suitable lot in Glenwood. That summer the building was hauled by horses to its present location on Poverty Lane. A young mail carrier named Tune Wyers remembers stopping for a free cup of coffee while the building was being placed on its new foundation beside Poverty Lane.

The name of the main road leading into Glenwood is another example of pioneer whimsy. Actually many of Glenwoods best farms border on Poverty Lane. The road was named by Mrs. J. O. (for James Orlando) Shaw, Glenwood's first postmistress who was required by Washington, D. C. to describe the location of her office.

But moving the church to town didn't accomplish what the members intended. Like many towns where too many churches make the struggle of each a financial ordeal, Camas Prairie at one time or another tried to support four houses of worship.

The Dukhobor group at the other end of Poverty Lane finally folded. (Actually it wasn't a church but a neighborhood of sober, hard-working people who denied the divinity of Christ and the Holy Spirit and got married without any religious assistance.

"Scabby George"

Snow flattened the church at Laurel. And the Methodist church burned down with the Wyers stables in 1933. But even without competition, the little Presbyterian church behind "Scabby George's" general store was seldom crowded except for funerals.

Any man with a nickname like "Scabby" is entitled to an explanation. George W. Smith was a shrewd and successful merchant and sheepman. With his partner, Leon W. Curtis, he owned a big sheep ranch at Grand Dalles. Because his sheep were afflicted with perennial scab, Camas cattlemen were quick to turn his misfortune to their advantage.

But to get back to our story. Glenwood was not anti-religious. They turned to the church in their hours of greatest spiritual need. But inbetween times, like Americans elsewhere, they tried to make ends meet by working seven days a week instead of six or using Sunday for a well-earned holiday. Most of them lost the habit of going to church.

(to be continued)

— 30 SUN 30 —

Shorter

Bumper to bumper Mother's Day traffic near Woodburn last Sunday afternoon shortened the DeSoto sedan of I. A. DeBois. Tailing him was R. W. Laird of Longview who failed to notice the

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GLENWOOD A CENTER FOR SPORTSMEN

Glenwood, known to old timers as the Camas Prairie Valley, is located in the heart of the famous Mt. Adams area in Northwestern Klickitat County. The town of Glenwood, a thriving, prosperous little community, is 36 miles from Goldendale, Klickitat County seat, and 35 miles from White Salmon and Bingen, located on the Columbia River that forms the boundary line between Washington and Oregon. Glenwood, in its true sense, is far from being a recreational center where sportsmen headquarters, despite the fact that within a few minutes one can be in the heart of the beautiful Mt. Adams area and its many scenic wonders that attract thousands each year.

Our valley, in one way, depends upon tourist trade for its support. Farming, dairying, livestock and lumber have brought wealth to the people in their pioneer community. True, however, we do have some of the best big game hunting to be found in the Northwest, in the adjacent foothills that surround our beautiful valley. Many lakes and streams in the area make it an ideal place for the angler.

The possibility of making Glenwood a recreational center, which would provide an additional source of income, has never been developed. The time will come, in the not too distant future, when Glenwood will be a popular spot for sportsmen and vacationers in the summer and fall.

Our greatest source of income is cattle raising, with thousands of head shipped each year. We are the largest cattle raising community in Klickitat County.

In the spring the cattle are turned out on the low ranges, and as summer progresses they graze towards the slopes of Mt. Adams. The abundance of grass always available makes them top quality on any market. Grazing supervision and care of the stock is handled by the Mt. Adams Cattlemen's Association.

The principal farm crop marketed is oats, which is in great demand to feed the cattle during the winter months. Practically all farms in Glenwood Valley are irrigated. The water for irrigation is supplied by the Hell-Roaring Company, owned and operated by the farmers.

Dairying also provides an income source to the valley that has helped make it one of the richest communities in the Northwest.

The main attraction of the community is the rodeo held about the middle of June each year. It is composed entirely of business men, farmers and stock men of the community.

An up-to-date rodeo ground is located just outside of town, with Mt. Adams towering in the background. There is no better place to bring back memories of by-gone days than in this area.

The rodeo is an annual event and we cordially extend an invitation for all to attend.

JIM SHEPARD FED NEW YORK DINERS

Jim Shepard used to have a business that few in the county know much about, that of obtaining one of the nation's most prized delicacies, caviar.

When he was a boy of about 15 he started fishing on a small scale. At first, he bought fish from the Indians, acting as agent to sell them to a market. Later, he started fishing for himself, and worked up until he had two large fish wheels in the Columbia, near Cascade Locks.

He also had snag lines, which were lines with large hooks about a foot apart. At one time, he heard a report from Vancouver that there had been an enormous sturgeon there, which had broken their snag lines and ran away with them. Other fishermen, fur-

He moved from his ranch to Stevenson, where he stayed four years before coming to Goldendale in 1906. "I came up for a visit, and have been visiting ever since," he chuckled. Here he had not settled down to any one business, but had done a mixture of many types of work. He always managed to find time for a bit of trout fishing.

"I haven't fished for two years because of my health, except in December when I went after whitefish down at the Leidl place," said the 77-year old follower of Isaac Walton, who found fishing not only a business, but a lifetime hobby.

PIONEERS TELL MORE STORIES

Following is a continuation of the Pioneer Meeting stories by Laura Parrott of Glenwood. The meetings held in that town told many interesting stories.

The stories are being gathered in Klickitat County to preserve the doings of our early pioneers, and later are made into a book form.

Go on with the reading.

Harry Ladiges came to Camas Prairie when he was 8 years old. It was in 1885 and I think that the way which he happened to come is quite interesting. Shouldn't that be included in his story too? asked Mrs. Henry Ladiges of President Conboy one Sunday.

"That makes me think of the first time I saw Henry," reminisced Pete. "He was dressed up like a regular dude and had on knee britches and a tailored coat. Oh, he was a regular little dandy while we fellows wore homemade jeans or what ever we were fortunate enough to own. We all went down to see him just as soon as we heard there was a new-comer in town, the same as we had all gone over to the Tams place to see Jebe when he came and word went around of the queer way he wore his hair cut short to his head all over."

I remember the summer George Gilmer was 20 and I was 16," contributed Bert Dymond during a lull in the conversation Sunday afternoon. That brought forth the following from Mr. Conboy who was in his element as a story teller. "There was a lady teaching school at Fulda near the Dymonds. She was Miss Northrup. This day Mr. and Mrs. Dymond were away and Bert was home alone. The "school marm" knocked at the door and Bert, who was a terribly bashful fellow, skipped under the bed. She started around the house to look in the only window the cabin had, but before she got there Bert slipped out the window and was gone from sight."

"You haven't that quite right Pete," reported Bert. "I was washing dishes at the time she knocked and was ashamed to have anyone see me doing that, besides being timid about meeting people. I admit I skipped out the window but it was when she first knocked. And too, Mrs. Dymond was with the teacher." "Yes, I remember when he went out of the window when I came in to get the mail," added Mrs. Dymond who was then Mattie Murray.

"That story you sent to the paper about Irma Ross being a fast runner was wrong and you got me in bad," said Peter Conboy to the writer. "She wasn't the one at all. It was her sister Sophia who could run like a deer. Sophia was the oldest of the Troh girls and must have been six years old when she came here with her parents in 1878. She and her brother Peter were the only ones to survive the siege of diphtheria that wiped out the rest of the children in the family. That was in 1881 and Irma (Mrs. Ross) wasn't born until after that. Sophia was, I believe, the fastest runner I ever saw."

caught fire, destroying most of the coffee and tea aboard. The fire was extinguished, and the boat made one of the fastest crossings ever made at that time, 5 days and 19 hours. This was in the 1880's.

In Kansas he farmed and worked on the railroad. There he bought some land, but after he learned he would have to haul water over 30 miles he let it go. He was kidded a lot because he did not know how to milk a cow, but he explained that in Sweden the women did that job, and the men didn't even bother to learn.

Hilding came to Portland in 1887, where he married Bertha Olson, whom he had met through a Swedish Society.

In 1889 he did some work in the Glenwood Valley and liked it so well he filed for a homestead. On his first trip there, when he found that the stage fare from Goldendale to Glenwood was \$12, he decided he would rather walk, making the trip in a day and a half. He landed there with \$2.50, a crosscut saw and an axe. When he arrived, several families were living in the valley. Among them were those of Pete Hoult, H. M. Trainer, K. A. and Frank Shaw, and a Burke family.

Hilding helped start the Hell Roaring irrigation project. Both Mr. and Mrs. Hilding cleared 160 acres of land for themselves as well as other land. During this time, the Hildings did not live steadily in the valley. Rather, when a ship would come in to Portland to be unloaded, he would go down there to make a little money. It was for that reason that he swam the river, for he was afraid he would miss his unloading job. During the time, he also did commercial fishing with Jim Shepard of Goldendale.

Through the years the Hildings improved their standard of living and had one of the nicest homes in the Glenwood Valley. He also held a large block of leases in the Mt. Adams region and ran several hundred head of cattle.

He never went back to Sweden, and said he had no desire to go. His wife, however, did go back and he sent money to his parents and three sisters. The girls subsequently came to America to live, two of them settling in this county.

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He also had snag lines, which were lines with large hooks about a foot apart. At one time, he heard a report from Vancouver that there had been an enormous sturgeon there, which had broken their snag lines and ran away with them. Other fishermen, further up the river, had the same experience, so Jim decided to catch the unruly fish. He set out extra heavy snag lines and laid in wait.

Lands Big Sturgeon

Sure enough, that night they landed the 550 pound sturgeon, taking 111 pounds of eggs from it. They took the eggs to Cascade Locks and shipped them to New York by express, where they were soon served in the city's most fashionable restaurants as caviar.

Shepard made one dollar per pound for his caviar. His largest single shipment was a 1500 pound barrel of the eggs. Not only did he fish for sturgeon, but also for salmon. On the Fourth of July in 1894 he shipped \$1000 worth of fish. For about a year he and Gus Hilding, who lived at Glenwood, were partners with their fish wheel.

In 1900 the legislature put a stop to wheel fishing and snag lining, and Jim found himself out of business. He turned his hand at working on a river steamer, but quit to buy a stump farm near Vancouver, which he grubbed.

For several years he hauled dried prunes from the packing house to the train.

Loads First Train

"We loaded the first carload ever on the railroad on this side of the river in 1907. The tracks hadn't been finished, but a work train came in the siding, and we loaded a car with dried prunes". He has watched with interest, the development and construction of the railroads and highways along the Columbia.

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Another day he told this one on grandfather Albert Markgraf. "There was to be a dance in the Bowen and Bertschi hall. I was over at old man Markgraf's and he wanted me to go to the dance with him. I discouraged him thinking he had had a bit too much to appear in public. Then he wanted to ride a big grey horse he had gotten from Jake Howe. The horse had never been ridden and was a big one. "No don't do that, the horse will kill you." After a while I went home and got ready for the dance. At the last of the dance, who should show up but Albert Markgraf, riding his big grey horse. He came in and stood around awhile until he noticed Jake Howe. Mr. Howe always dressed nicely and this night had on a good black suit, white shirt and tie. Mr. Markgraf eyed him and said, "Maybe you got four bits, Vot?"

GUS HILDING RELATES ADVENTURES

Because he could not get transportation from Glenwood to White Salmon many years ago, Gus Hilding walked. Then, when he arrived at the river he found the ferry in the middle making its last run, Hilding took his clothes off, tied them to his back, and swam the river.

That one incident describes the courage and fortitude of Gus Hilding, long a resident of Glenwood.

He left Sweden for America when he was 17, his fare from Sweden to Kansas having cost but \$55.

He recalls, on that trip, an incident when part of the boat

a little money. It was for that reason that he swam the river, for he was afraid he would miss his unloading job. During the time, he also did commercial fishing with Jim Shepard of Goldendale.

Through the years the Hildings improved their standard of living and had one of the nicest homes in the Glenwood Valley. He also held a large block of leases in the Mt. Adams region and ran several hundred head of cattle.

He never went back to Sweden, and said he had no desire to go. His wife, however, did go back and he sent money to his parents and three sisters. The girls subsequently came to America to live, two of them settling in this county.

Herman Schultz's Life Story Recalls 1848 Revolt

The Sentinel begins publication next week of a book the author thought would never have a reader and one which, according to the preface, he wrote only for his own amusement.

his eventual settling in Klickitat county.

Preface

Although I know full well that I am no writer, and do not have the faintest idea of becoming one, I shall still try in a very humble way to put down the happenings of the past as truthfully as possible. That is, as far as my memory allows.

I have a number of reasons for this. One is that when a man works for a mere existence he might as well use what little time is left over to use his mental and physical power for something useful, instead of wasting his time.

I do not feel that my writing will be of any use to humanity, or the world at large, but hope that it will be of some use for myself. It keeps my own mind occupied, and in this way I do not have to spend lonely evenings in saloons, or walk my legs off in the public parks, and what is even worse hang around the homes of friends and bore them to death with idle talk. Another reason is, that in the last few months I have spent \$122.22, most of it frittered it away, so it is high

time that I settle down to something a little more educational for myself.

Another reason is that some of my friends have often asked that I write down my life history. I suppose they think that later on I may turn the writing over to them, so that they may satisfy their idle curiosity, and make critical remarks about my work. I am writing this for my own pleasure only, and a hope that it will help a little in increasing my own knowledge, therefore, I do not allow another one to criticize my work as long as this book remains in my possession. If at any time it should fall into the hands of friends, or some stranger should poke his nose into these pages, I want them to know that the writer was just a very common worker, who according to the present day social and labor conditions is not able to work himself up to much greater heights.

For one in my position it takes a good deal of self confidence or perhaps I should say boldness, or better still, just a lot of nerve, to try to write about the past forty odd years of my life. I have

a few pairs of old diaries, which I had while traveling, but mostly I will have to write from memory. I am not trying to write a world-history, but only the story of my life, so I do not have to worry about historical events or changes that have gone on during my life.

So I can call out happily as Ulrich Von Hutten, "I have tried."

As I have no readers, I do not have to worry about grammatical errors, of which there will be plenty; therefore I shall place myself under the protection and privilege of most Berliners (Berlin the Metropolis of Intelligence?) At least I will write somewhat so it will be readable. And now "Corruption go thy way."

Chicago, 2 August, 1881.

HERMAN SCHULTZ.

I was born on August the 4th, 1842 in Berlin, on the Rosenthaler street, which at that time was still considered a part of Voigtland. The Voigtlanders had about the same reputation in Berlin, as the Bellevillers in Paris, or the Bridgeporters in Chicago.

ago, and many remarks have been made about them. According to the custom of the times, I was led into the Temple, where without my consent, the ceremony of baptism was conferred upon me. They told me later that this was performed in the Sophien church, and a shoemaker-master by the name of Heil was my God parent, and to prepare me for Heaven I was given four very nice common names.

Although I was the last child of my parents, I cannot say that I was ever coddled in any way; rather just the opposite seemed to be the case. My brother, Albert, who was several years older than I received a lot less punishment, lickings, than I ever did. If I really was so much more horny than he, or if he was so much better, I never could understand. Anyway I never begged off from punishment.

From my early childhood I cannot remember, only what was told to me. Nevertheless I must have had an awful thirst for knowledge. One morning after watching the children go by the window on their way to school, I felt very lonesome and wander-

led out to the kitchen where my mother was very busy washing. I pestered her a lot and asked if I couldn't go to school. In desperation she said "Go to the Devil." I was much encouraged by this remark, so hunted up a broken slate, and a piece of slate pencil and followed some of the children into the school room. I sat down with the rest of the children, and a great quiet came over the room, as they all waited for the teacher to call the room to order. It was too quiet for me and I started to howl, "I want to get out, I want to get out."

All the questions of the teacher, as to who I was, where I lived and who my parents were only made me howl louder. The teacher finally had two youngsters who knew where I lived, take me home. This was the first time that my mother knew I was gone and that her young sprout had left for school.

Prices Were High

My memory goes back to the year 1847. My parents lived on Niederwall Street at the time, where my father had a small Turnershop, and a small store

(Continued on Page 3)

Sentinel To Run Autobiography Of Glenwood Pioneer

The Sentinel begins publication next week of a book the author thought would never have a reader and one which, according to the preface, he wrote only for his own amusement.

The work, which will appear in The Sentinel for the next several months in weekly installments, was started in Chicago in 1881 by Herman Schultz, former Glenwood resident, when he was about 40 years old.

The author was born in Berlin in 1842 and came to Glenwood in 1884. He died there in April 1915, after homesteading for many years on the site which is now the new J. Neils mill pond and intermittently following the locksmith trade at Portland and at Glenwood.

The autobiography, composed in German, was translated and typed for publication by Mrs. Ernest Seibold of Goldendale, a task which is still in progress.

The early sections of the life story of the old German pioneer recall the revolt of the masses in Germany which occurred about 1848 when he was a youngster.

The later phases will deal with his emigration to America and his eventual settling in Klickitat county.

Goldendale Sentinel - 1-22-53

1-53 Goldendale

Herman Schultz, Glenwood Pioneer, Recalls Uprising

(Continued from Page 1)

connected with it. In this year they had what was called a Potato War. The vegetable crop had been very scarce that year, but the farmers at the market charged the people some very outrageous prices for their products. The housewives who had to go to market became enraged at the high prices and started trouble. They threw the baskets of potatoes around and threw the butter in the face of the farmers. Many farmers were lucky to get away with their stuff without serious injury. I remember, real well, that one day mother came home from market with an empty basket. She had been way back in the line so was not able to get any food. We did not suffer too much, but it was so very hard on those poor people who had little money on hand to buy anything in advance.

I was told that the prices were very high, perhaps as bad as they are today. It would have been better if they had taken their five billion and helped the poor. The Berliners must have been pretty well wrought up, so that the military was called out. I remember seeing the soldiers in their long shabby black coats, and the foot high helmets, who spent night and day at the market. They looked out like some huge ghosts. I did not understand what they were called out for and had my childish glee and watched the long rows of guns set up like tents and the large number of drums set up like pyramids. They were stationed to avoid riots. One evening as father and us two boys went to street market, we

were nearly overridden by the curassiers, who seemed to be having a wonderful time riding around. They seemed to think they were on maneuvers. Maybe they thought we wanted to start a riot.

At this time I had my first serious accident. One afternoon I was sitting on the street-dam, or bridge, playing when the master Lademan came racing out of Green Street and over the bridge. The buggy passed over my ankles and they carried me home unconscious. When I awoke later on I was in my bed and the room seemed to be filled with people, among them several bearded Gendarmes, who seemed to be making notes of something. According to the doctor there were no bones broken, as he said my bones were still too soft to break, but I was kept in bed for some time. The nice thing about being in bed was that I received hot chocolate and rolls or zwieback every morning at the expense of the baker Lademan.

Sent To Kindergarten

I guess this accident must have been responsible for my parents to send me to a nursery or Kindergarten, in order to keep me off the street and be under supervision the greater part of the day. I do think that these schools are a very good thing for people in congested districts where children have no place to play, and they do get to be disciplined early and get to be able to get along with others. These play rooms were sponsored by the rich women of Berlin, who were so terribly bored with nothing to do, and the Queen Elisa, wife of Fr. Wilhelm IV, was at

the head of it. Naturally we were taught religion and the way to get to heaven. We prayed what the teacher told us, even though we had no idea what it all meant, but I guess it did not do us any harm to learn about Jesus "The lamb who washed us white as the snow," etc.

The study for the afternoon was practical, we prayed, then sang several songs, then prayed again, then we were told to lie down on the floor, cross our arms to act as pillows, and were supposed to go to sleep. As one cannot command sleep, there was always a lot of mischief going on. We played all kinds of pranks when we were not watched, such as spitting in each others eyes, pinching, or we laughed, finally it would end in scratching and crying. If the teacher caught some one he led him by the ear and put him with his face to a corner of the room and he had to stay there until the sleep hour was over.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, we all went down into a garden which was in back of the house. It was quite a large place and had some apricot and other fruit trees, and a large grape arbor. It also had some bars for turning and other play things. Here we could roll around and run around and enjoy ourselves, but we were always more or less pretty careful.

There were also girls in the school, who were always tumbling around and getting in our way, but I do not remember that we ever had any trouble with them, although we did not seem to play with them. There was only once that one caused me some trouble, and a lot of noise and that was a modern tattle tale, such as were later very popular in the history of the country to act as spies.

I had picked a green grape, and laughingly showed it to a scholar sitting near me, then someone reported it quickly to the teacher who was sitting in the arbor. Then all hell broke loose. The teacher ordered that I be brought before him and then a red constable grabbed me and carried me before the teacher. I do not know what punishment was meted out to me, as I was so badly frightened by all the commotion that I did not remember anything.

When I first started school I was terribly frightened. My father took me by the hand and we started out each morning. In bad weather he carried me on his back. The school was on Green St. As long as father was with me I would cling to him and start crying and would keep it up for some time after he left.

Finally when I saw that no one paid attention I began to realize that there was no use crying and became used to it and later I enjoyed going to school very much.

Recalls Christmas Party

My first Christmas party that I remember was in 1847, and I think this is about the only one we had. On the day before Christmas (Christmas Eve) we went to school as usual, but when we arrived we were not allowed to enter the school room but were put into the house of the teacher "Vater Reinsch" where we were all crowded into his living room.

After a long time our room was opened up and we were ready to rush in, but at the door we were so awed at the sight prepared by the teacher and his good wife, that we crept to our seats very quietly.

The sight before us was so wonderful that we never uttered a sound. The curtains at the windows were drawn. In the middle of the room stood a large Christmas tree with many candles and beautiful decorations which please the heart of a child. There were long tables with white cloths which had many presents on them.

A committee of well-dressed women, such as many of us had never seen, seemed to have charge of things. After we had sung several songs and prayed, each row was called up and we went to the front where each had to say a little verse of some kind. Then one of the ladies would tie a little cotton sack with goodies around our neck and we also received a little wooden drum or a tin horn and the girls received small barrel organs which had small dolls on them that danced like crazy when the thing was wound up.

After receiving our gifts and we tried out our musical instruments. There was such a racket that it would crush stones and drive the elders crazy as we started for home. We even broke a pane of glass in the large door in the hall. Among the presents we each received a good linen shirt.

The next morning we had our Christmas giving at home. Everything had been kept so secret that I knew nothing about it. When the tree was lit and all the gifts spread out on the table, mother came to wake us. She even carried me to the table so I could see all the gifts better and then she asked me which I would like the best.

It was very hard to decide, but finally I saw a cute little box which seemed to fascinate me and I asked for it. Mother took it and pressed a button and a very cute clown jumped up. It was a jack in the box and as I had never seen one before I was quite thrilled with it. I also got another drum so now I had plenty of stuff to make noise with.

As I took the drums and beat them with all my might, the noise was terrific, so the parents took them away from me and put them up very high on a shelf where I could not reach them. I

never even had the chance to break one of them.

Dumped In Snowbank

I also received a sled which my father had built. After dinner my brother took me on the sled. At first he went along very nicely but after had had left the house I guess he began to realize that he would have all the work of pulling me and I was too small to pull him, so he figured he would get no good out of it. He became very careless and raced along over humps in the cobble stones and around corners like a wild man. At last he succeeded in dumping me out in a deep snow bank from which I came up bloody and howling. When we arrived at home we both got a sound thrashing. To this day I still cannot figure out why I had to get it, too.

Another present I received which did not give me much pleasure was an A.B.C. Primer or picture book, which every child in Berlin seemed to receive at this time. On Sundays after father had had his after dinner nap he would give me the book and I was supposed to read the verses. I soon learned the verses from memory, but if he pointed to certain letters and wanted me to say what they were I would not know them and he would be pretty disgusted with me and scold a lot.

Trouble Starts

Now the happy year of 1848 has arrived. This year has not been happy though and has been much maligned by all the people and all parties. I do not think Germany was so wrong, but it shows that the German Michel, has for the first time in history come out of his lethargic sleep and has become thoroughly aroused to the tyranny and is showing his lions claws. Hope it does not give up and put its night cap on again over its ears and forget all that has happened. It seems he sleeps again, but it is a sleep of unrest and worry. The oppressors know that this is not a sound sleep and are trying to keep the folk satisfied. But the new generation has learned from past history they will receive the fruits of victory. The time is right and the tyrants will have their eyes opened and will realize what fools they have been. Their time is drawing to an end and every day brings victory nearer. The February Revolution in Paris did much to influence the German philistines. One remembers the long promised words of the Princes regarding the lands of the peasants, which they forgot. They began quietly with petitions, and folk gatherings. The ball started rolling and everywhere trouble started.

The fall of Metternicht, March 13, brought the poor Fr. Wilhelm IV. completely out of his house. He realized the old saying "No horse or rider can make the troops together in Berlin and this irritated the people more and more and caused battles between the folk and Military, so that many of the folk were wounded also quite a few were killed. The height of the rebellion was on March the 18th, (Saturday) Large masses of people gathered before the Press. (Continued next week)

MY LIFE An Autobiography

Written in German by Herman Schultz
Glenwood Pioneer (1842-1915)
Translated by Mrs. Ernest Seibold, Goldendale

My first trip was to the port to see what time the steamer would leave. I then went to see the florist Hanssen to whom my brother had referred me. He had a large tree-farm here. I told him my circumstances, and he advised me to spend the night with him, which I was very glad to do.

Saturday noon, I rode back to Hamburg, and had them take me aboard the St. Olaf, where I gave the captain the Norwegian letter from my brother. He told me to come back to the ship by nine o'clock that night.

I felt relieved after this order was over, but still felt worried that before the ship left dock, it would be searched. I wandered around aimlessly for hours. I let the waterfront and looked around some, but was not in a mood to view the beautiful sights of Hamburg.

I was on board early. I watched the arrival and going

and the pilot and sailor, went to their bunks. I was left alone on deck. I was not able to lay down to sleep, but found a shelter behind the galley for a while, but it was too cold to stay down very long, so I had to keep moving.

I tried to rest on a couple of wet sacks, but this did not work either. I had very few provisions. My money was so low that all I could buy was a loaf of dark bread, and a small bottle of schnapps. The schnapps, was really like rat poison.

I felt hungry, so looked for my bread. I had put it between two large water casks, but now I could not find it. A cabin boy had seen it and put it away, so it would not get wet. Tired, hungry and freezing, I awaited the morning.

At daybreak there was stirring again. The fog had lifted by sun up. The anchors were lifted again and we steamed along the Elbe again. The passengers came on deck later, and walked around. I felt very timid, so withdrew as much as possible, so as not to get in conversation with anyone. I had found my bread, broke off a piece and hid behind the cabin and ate it. It was quite a chore, as it was so dry.

Pilot Dropped

I had heard no talk but Norwegian, as I could not talk it or understand it, I kept to myself. There was a great commotion on board, and a sailor informed me that "en prinhisk Orlogsmann" was passing and raced to hoist the flag. I was very frightened, as I saw the Prussian Cannon boat and was sure they would come aboard and search the ship.

We passed Kruckshaven about noon, and I took out my schnapps flask and raised it and drank a last farewell to my Fatherland, in very poor Hamburg, whisky. We soon reached the pilot ship and stood by. A small boat neared us, and as I could not or would not ask anyone, I was sure they were a search party again.

As I saw our pilot lower a rope and let himself down into the boat, I breathed easier again. I now began to feel more secure. It was St. Johannes Day, the sun beamed down upon us. I felt all alone with my thoughts and watched the black smoke from the stack go way off in the distance and curl along the water.

I thought back at some of the good times I had had, drinking with friends in the beer garden, and visiting. I was very thirsty and walked back and forth on deck looking for some sort of

water fountain or pump. I was too bashful to ask anyone. I looked through all my pockets and found a few silver and copper coins, an English 3 pence piece, a Russian 10 Kopeck, a Swedish 10 Öre, a French Sou, and several others. I had these coins in my hand and held them out to the cabin boy with the only word "beer"? He took all the coins and returned with a bottle which held two small glasses. Even though I knew I had more than overpaid for this small bottle, I felt that in all my life it had never tasted better than on this St. Johannes Day in the year of 1866, on board the St. Olaf.

Even though I kept to myself and tried to keep away from people, I had made a few friends without knowing about it. Two women who sat at their cabin, had been watching me all morning. It made me mad as I saw them watching me and I was not able to break off another piece of bread.

At last they must have come to the conclusion that I was a deserter, who had lost all his nerve, as I had not been at the table in the morning or at noon. During the afternoon, one of the waiters appeared on deck with a large platter containing bread, butter, cheese, ham, tea, sugar etc., and put it down before me, on a chest and made me eat.

I was very much embarrassed, as I had not ordered anything, and refused to touch the delicious platter. The waiter made further signs, so I turned to a passenger for help, who spoke to the waiter and informed me that the two ladies had sent it.

My pride was almost getting the upper hand, as I did not like to receive alms from strangers, but the things looked so good and my hunger was so great, that I soon cleaned up the platter.

Toward evening, I asked the captain if I might sleep in the machine room overnight. He told me to look in the cabin, where I would find several empty beds. I was so worn, that I stretched out on one and was soon fast asleep.

As I came on deck I received a hearty breakfast, which I soon devoured without making any qualms about it. When the ladies came on deck later, I expressed my thanks to them. They were on their return to their home at Christiansna. We talked for awhile, as they both spoke German. They sent me my dinner also.

At noon we saw a blue gray

streak on the horizon. It was Norway. During the afternoon, we neared it and could see the huge rocks extending out into the sea, then we passed the island of Oxø with its many lighthouses, and on boulders in the middle of the sea, there was a large fortress.

We arrived at Christiansand, harbor around in the afternoon. I did not have a cent to my name, so I had no way of paying for my going ashore. I looked longingly for my brother, who was to meet me here. The two ladies, who had taken such an interest in me before, sent a small boy, who had come aboard to see if he could find my brother and tell him I was aboard.

I watched all the boats coming in, but did not see my brother. I was angry and worried and just about at the point of tears. One of the ladies came over to me and said they would send a messenger, and I could go right in the next boat and squeezed a silver dollar in my hand that I might pay the boat man.

She instructed the boy not to speak to me, as I could not understand him anyway. Thank-fully I shook her hand, and climbed into the boat. When we landed the boy ran ahead of me and showed me the way. As we went down the street I saw my brother hurrying toward the harbor. He had not seen me, so I called to him. He seemed glad to see me and greeted me. Happily we walked to his place, where I was received in a friendly manner.

This ended my adventure, and Germany had lost a hero. I had lost the Fatherland, but had gained the World. A change that I have never regretted. My brother had been in Christian-sand for a number of years and seemed to be comfortably settled. His wife was a Norwegian, and as I was later to find out a per-fect house dragon.

Enjoyed The Silence
At first everything was friend-ly. As I could not talk to my sister-in-law, we got along very well. During my two weeks stay at this place, I enjoyed myself a lot. Took in the sights, mostly on foot. We wandered out into the country, and when we were very tired, we stopped at a farm house and had a big bowl of clabber milk.

This was the time of the year when there was hardly any snow. I could not fall asleep very well, for instance at two or three o'clock in the morning, one could read the finest print with-out any extra light. There were about a dozen German families living in the city besides my brother, and all seemed to be in very good circumstances.

The war in Germany interest-ed the people very much, so many evenings at my brother's home they gathered and dis-cussed the situation, while they drank their beer or toddy. Noone believed that Prussia would win, and none wanted them to.

I liked this town, but some-how, I did not think I wanted to work here, as I wanted to get away and look around more. At the beginning of July, I took the steamer Nordsternen to Bergen. Metnikseveestad in

and we could look through the open portholes. The cannon balls were lined along the wall. They were very large, about 10 or 12 inches in diameter.

We next went down to the guard room. Everything looked very neat and clean. The walls were covered with guns and axes. There was a long table and several benches.

We then went to the machine room. There were lathes and all manner of repair material here. Our guide explained everything very nicely, but we could not understand him. There was a frigate with the Monitor, which fired the salutes for it when they came into the harbor. The cannons of the Ericson, would have left any whole window panes in the town. We gave our guide a few schilling tip and thanked him. We then went back to our ship, and were ready to leave again.

I spent another miserable night on deck. The next morning we steamed into the harbor of Bergen. It was still very dark, but I wanted to get to land. A number of other passengers had the same idea, so we hired a boat to take us ashore.

The houses were all locked up, yet and no lights were visible. I stumbled along and did fall several times on the uneven pavement. It was up hill going. I had gone about a mile when I came to a church where I stopped.

My brother had given me an address of a Berlin Landman, which I remembered. "Carl Vogel, ho Sneekmeister Olson i Strandgaen, narved tydske Kinker." This was all the Nor-wegian that I had learned. I stood in the middle of the street and waited. The rain came down in torrents. I was soon wet to the skin, but had no place to go for shelter.

I heard a clapping noise as though someone might be coming along on wooden shoes. The noise came closer and I saw through the darkness that he was a strapped "landsoldier". He had his coat thrown over his knapsack and he looked like a hugh huncheback.

Sign Language Used
I asked him the way to the address I had. The fellow could not understand, so let me stand there. I waited another 15 minutes, when another small group of soldiers came along. No doubt a patrol. I stepped out into the middle of the street, so they could see me, and asked them again. They could not under-stand about Sneeker Olson. A girl came out of a house, and one of the soldiers told her that I was looking for some Vogel. She understood at once that I was a "Tydsker". She knew Mr. Vogel and also where he lived, so she directed me.

I waited for awhile and finally the house door opened, and an old man appeared. I introduced myself and was led into the bed-room. I was soaked to the skin. My extra shirts were all wet too. He helped out with some clothes. Then we had breakfast, and went to the city to see Consul Krohne, the main owner of "Bergen, Metnikseveestad in

which was about 1½ Norwegian miles from town. I was intro-duced to the foreman, but of course could not understand a word he said. I was told to come to work the next day. We also found a small inn near the place, where I could stay. We went back to the city.

Bergen is a very pretty city, surrounded by high mountains. The harbor is large so that ships from all nations of the world can land there. The city is very old, and was recorded in the middle ages the port for "hansa" who came there to make slaves of the people, but I guess they finally freed themselves by warring against him. A part of the city is still called "Tydske Byeg-gen".

The herring trade is good here, but the rain is bad. They figure about nine months of rain. With-in an hour one may have three heavy showers and sunshine. We hunted up several country-men that afternoon, and then I left for my boarding house.

These were terrible times that I now went through. Noone understood me or I them. The foreman made signs telling me what to do but these were often misunderstood. The workers around me could not talk to me. They tried very hard, and seem-ed to be very anxious to be help-ful. In order to learn the langu-age I bought a dictionary. I spent every spare moment read-ing this, had it at the table when-ever I ate and studied at night.

I acquired a girl friend at this time. One of the hired girls that worked here sure did go for me, and really bothered me a lot. I was glad when the landlady fired her several weeks later.

The language was not too hard to learn. I studied whenever I could, read the papers, and what-ever I could get a hold of, so that I could get along pretty well after several months. This sur-

McCardell Goes To Kihn Session

H. H. McCardell left Thursday to attend the fifth annual meeting of The Western Kihn Club held at Boise, Idaho May 15 a 16. It is expected that about 20 members will be in attendan from Arizona, California, Or-gon, Washington, Idaho and Montana.

Discussion will center arou season and conditioning forest products. A tour of t Boise-Payette Lumber Compan plant at Emmett, Idaho, is on t program, McCardell stated.

My co-workers ve-ri- The war situation in German was of great interest to me. I looked in all the papers, and h to use my dictionary a lot translate it.

The meals did not suit n very well. There was too mu fish, not enough meat. We r other times. It was a breakfast around me could not talk to m. They tried very hard, and seem-ed to be very anxious to be help-ful. In order to learn the langu-age I bought a dictionary. I spent every spare moment read-ing this, had it at the table when-ever I ate and studied at night.

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Springtime is nesting time. Fo your new nest, see—Larsen, 193—

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My first trip was to the port to see what time the steamer would leave. I then went to see the florist Harmsen to whom my brother had referred me. He had a large tree-farm here. I told him my circumstances, and he advised me to spend the night with him, which I was very glad to do.

Saturday noon, I rode back to Hamburg, and had them take me aboard the St. Olaf, where I gave the captain the Norwegian letter from my brother. He told me to come back to the ship by nine o'clock that night.

I felt relieved after this order was over, but still felt worried that before the ship left dock, it would be searched. I wandered around aimlessly for hours. I left the waterfront and looked around some, but was not in a mood to view the beautiful sights of Hamburg.

I was on board early. I watched the arrival and going

out of the big ships on the Elbe River. It was the first time I had seen large passenger vessels. I saw a large American ship leave and then, I worried again that the police would board our ship now for inspection.

We were ready at last. The anchor was hoisted, and slowly we steamed out of the harbor. It was dark so we could see nothing more than the lanterns on the ships and the lights on the shore.

Things became quiet on deck, and all we could hear were the commands by the officers and the answers. We could hear the machinery clanking as we moved along. Most of the passengers had gone to their cabins, and also the officers. I stayed on deck in order to make the trip as cheaply as possible. It soon got very cold here, as a cold southeast wind drove a fine rain and the fog seemed to get denser.

After about two hours of travel the anchor was let down again,

and the pilot and sailor, went to their bunks. I was left alone on deck. I was not able to lay down to sleep, but found a shelter behind the galley for a while, but it was too cold to stay down very long, so I had to keep moving.

I tried to rest on a couple of wet sacks, but this did not work either. I had very few provisions. My money was so low that all I could buy was a loaf of dark bread, and a small bottle of schnapps. The schnapps, was really like rat poison.

I felt hungry, so looked for my bread. I had put it between two large water casks, but now I could not find it. A cabin boy had seen it and put it away, so it would not get wet. Tired, hungry and freezing, I awaited the morning.

At daybreak there was stirring again. The fog had lifted by sun up. The anchors were lifted again and we steamed along the Elbe again. The passengers came on deck later, and walked around. I felt very timid, so withdrew as much as possible, so as not to get in conversation with anyone. I had found my bread, broke off a piece and hid behind the cabin and ate it. It was quite a chore, as it was so dry.

Pilot Dropped

I had heard no talk but Norwegian, as I could not talk it or understand it, I kept to myself. There was a great commotion on board, and a sailor informed me that "en prahsisk Ortogsmand" was passing and raced to hoist the flag. I was very frightened, as I saw the Prussian Cannon boat and was sure they would come aboard and search the ship.

We passed Kruckshaven about noon, and I took out my schnapps flask and raised it and drank a last farewell to my Fatherland, in very poor Hamburg whisky. We soon reached the pilot ship and stood by. A small boat neared us, and as I could not or would not ask anyone, I was sure they were a search party again.

As I saw our pilot lower a rope and let himself down into the boat, I breathed easier again. I now began to feel more secure. It was St. Johannes Day, the sun beamed down upon us. I felt all alone with my thoughts and watched the black smoke from the stack go way off in the distance and curl along the water.

I thought back at some of the good times I had had, drinking with friends in the beer garden and visiting. I was very thirsty and walked back and forth on deck looking for some sort of

water fountain or pump. I was too bashful to ask anyone.

I looked through all my pockets and found a few silver and copper coins, an English 3 pence piece, a Russian 10 Kopeck, a Swedish 10 Cerestueck, French Sous and several others. I had these coins in my hand and held them out to the cabin boy with the only word "beer"? He took all the coins and returned with a bottle which held two small glasses. Even though I knew I had more than overpaid for this small bottle, I felt that in all my life it had never tasted better than on this St. Johannes Day in the year of 1866, on board the St. Olaf.

Even though I kept to myself and tried to keep away from people, I had made a few friends without knowing about it. Two women who sat at their cabin, had been watching me all morning. It made me mad as I saw them watching me and I was not able to break off another piece of bread.

At last they must have come to the conclusion that I was a deserter, who had lost all his nerve, as I had not been at the table in the morning or at noon. During the afternoon, one of the waiters appeared on deck with a large platter containing bread, butter, cheese, ham, tea, sugar etc., and put it down before me, on a chest and made me eat.

I was very much embarrassed, as I had not ordered anything and refused to touch the delicious platter. The waiter made further signs, so I turned to a passenger for help, who spoke to the waiter and informed me that the two ladies had sent it.

My pride was almost getting the upper hand, as I did not like to receive alms from strangers, but the things looked so good and my hunger was so great, that I soon cleaned up the platter.

Toward evening, I asked the captain if I might sleep in the machine room overnight. He told me to look in the cabin, where I would find several empty beds. I was so worn, that I stretched out on one and was soon fast asleep.

As I came on deck I received a hearty breakfast, which I soon devoured without making any qualms about it. When the ladies came on deck later, I expressed my thanks to them. They were on their return to their home at Christiana. We talked for awhile, as they both spoke German. They sent me my dinner also.

At noon we saw a blue gray

streak on the horizon. It was Norway. During the afternoon, we neared it and could see the huge rocks extending out into the sea, then we passed the island of Oxoe with its many lighthouses, and on boulders in the middle of the sea, there was a large fortress.

We arrived at Christiansand, harbor around in the afternoon. I did not have a cent to my name, so I had no way of paying for my going ashore. I looked longingly for my brother, who was to meet me here. The two ladies, who had taken such an interest in me before, sent a small boy, who had come aboard to see if he could find my brother and tell him I was aboard.

I watched all the boats coming in, but did not see my brother. I was angry and worried and just about at the point of tears. One of the ladies came over to me and said they would send a messenger, and I could go right in the next boat and squeezed a silver dollar in my hand that I might pay the boat man.

She instructed the boy not to speak to me, as I could not understand him anyway. Thankfully I shook her hand, and climbed into the boat. When we landed the boy ran ahead of me and showed me the way. As we went down the street I saw my brother hurrying toward the harbor. He had not seen me, so I called to him. He seemed glad to see me and greeted me. Happily we walked to his place, where I was received in a friendly manner.

This ended my adventure, and Germany had lost a hero. I had lost the Fatherland, but had gained the World. A change that I have never regretted. My brother had been in Christiansand for a number of years and seemed to be comfortably settled. His wife was a Norwegian, and as I was later to find out a perfect house dragon.

Enjoyed The Silence

At first everything was friendly. As I could not talk to my sister-in-law, we got along very well. During my two weeks stay at this place, I enjoyed myself a lot. Took in the sights, mostly on foot. We wandered out into the country, and when we were very tired, we stopped at a farm house and had a big bowl of clabber milk.

This was the time of the year when there was hardly any night. I could not fall asleep very well, for instance at two or three o'clock in the morning, one could read the finest print without any extra light. There were about a dozen German families living in the city besides my brother, and all seemed to be in very good circumstances.

The war in Germany interested the people very much, so many evenings at my brother's home they gathered and discussed the situation, while they drank their beer or toddy. Noone believed that Prussia would win, and noone wanted them to.

I liked this town, but somehow, I did not think I wanted to work here, as I wanted to get away and look around more. At the beginning of July, I took the steamer Nordsternen to Bergen. As the fare was so much cheaper I went as a deck-passenger. I thought the weather would be better. The passage was along the narrow Fjords with the cliffs looming on either side.

I was lucky not to get seasick. A woman lay on some chests on deck and she was very sick all night. Sometimes the waves came over the deck, and the foam would hit us. I could not sleep and was only too glad when daybreak came.

The next day the sky was clear. We always stayed close to the shore line, but keeping away from the many islands. Sometimes we met the small fishing boats, which were often manned by women or young boys.

The small villages did not interest me very much. The houses, were all small framed houses painted white, some nestled between the cliffs and others were built high on the cliffs. We stopped at Stavanger in the afternoon. This is a very old city, and is known on account of the hering industry.

Our ship was loading freight, so we would be stopped her for a while. Another passenger and I got a boat to take us to the Swedish "Monitor John Ericson", which lay at anchor. An officer met us as we climbed up and greeted us as if we were royalty. He called to a tall young sailor to show us around.

We went to the tower, where the large cannons were stationed,

and we could open portholes, were lined all were very large inches in dia

We next went guard room. very neat and were covered axes. There were several benches

We then went room. There was manner of re Our guide ex very nicely, understand b frigate with fired the sal came into cannons of not have left panes in the guide a few thanked him. to our ship, leave again.

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MY LIFE An Autobiography

Written in German by Herman Schultz
Glenwood Pioneer (1842-1915)
Translated by Mrs. Ernest Seibold, Goldendale

There was a Ferdinand Tietisch, who became my real pal. We sat next to each other in class. Often during religious instruction we would whisper together. We soon became the greatest buddies in school, but not until we had beat one another up then our bond was sealed and no one could separate us. We kept this up as long as we attended the Reitschlag school. We often received our beatings together when we were caught and this bound us closer together.

One morning our instructor was teaching us Bible history. Ferdinand and I were whispering about politics. We were both Democrats, so we felt we had to have about something. At dinner I suddenly popped up with "The King is a Swine-hund." My friend thought the same. A boy in front of us, who heard us, reported us to the teacher and repeated the words out loud so all could hear. The teacher, a Mr. Bruesch, called us both up front and we had to

hold out our hands and he gave us several lashings across our fingers with the hickory stick. In this way our les majesty was righted. We got busy on our way home and tackled the fellow who talked on us and gave him a severe beating up.

In spite of the strict way we were kept at home we were still able to get into the awfulest messes. My brother always took the initiative when some vile deed was to be perpetrated and always seemed to think of something good. One afternoon mother sent us to the Commissary to buy a loaf of "Commis Brod", bread put out by the army. This was a dark coarse bread which we liked very much. The soldiers sold it and then had the money for buying white bread or some rolls, or things they liked best.

We went to the barracks "Garde De Corps" on Charlotte Street. When we arrived and looked around no one was in sight. We looked into the rooms all along the hall but not a soul was around. Looking into one of the rooms my brother noticed a loaf of the bread on top of one of the lockers where the soldiers stored their things. He had me stand by the door and grabbed a stool and climbed up, taking the bread and we marched out with it without seeing a soul anywhere.

The soldiers must have been called out suddenly for inspection or something. We spent the money we were to pay for the bread on grapes. I only hope it did not go too hard on the young soldier who lost the bread.

Moves
At the end of 1849-50 we moved from our place to a rather nice neighborhood, Unter De Linden

No. 20. Father at this time had the idea he would go into his business again. Mother was to inherit some money and this was to be used to start the venture.

At the beginning of summer mother went to Oederburg to see about the money. I was to go with her and for a whole week before the event I was elated and told all my school friends about it.

Mother had the satchel packed and a handful of paper soldiers for me to play with on the way. I also received some new clothes for the occasion, black velvet trousers, a dark green cloth shirt and a bright blue cape that had a tassel on it. It was Saturday when we started out. At that time there was no train to Freinvalde, so we rode with a man who delivered produce to the city. We stopped in a large inn on King Street, where the man kept the team. We ate and then it took several hours while the horses were being fed and later harnesses were again. I was very restless and excited and ran out of the guest room, or lobby, every little while to go into the yard where the wagons were. Running around among the greased wagon wheels another would run out after me and scold so I wouldn't get my new clothes all messed up.

At last the horses were harnessed and we left the city by the large King Gate. I looked around at the fine new green fields and asked many questions, but these were entirely ignored, as my mother and the farmer were in eager conversation about other matters and paid no attention to me. At last I kept still and just enjoyed the scenery.

At Weisensee the town boys were just enjoying a battle with the boys from the neighboring town. They were hiding behind a wall, well armed with clubs and stones. Their clubs were big enough to kill an ordinary steer. They were all grown fellows. We did not see the other boys entering the town to start the battle, as we drove slowly through the town, making no stops. The sameness of the country side

made me tired and I soon fell fast asleep.

In the town of Werneuchen we stopped at an inn for supper and to spend the night. The inn was filled, so we had to sleep on the floor of the guest-stube (dining room). Straw mattresses were prepared for us. Sunday morning we started out early. The trip from here on seemed uninteresting. It was somewhat hilly and the trees were mostly of the pine variety. The people did not seem very civilized to me. About a half mile from Freinvalde we stopped at an inn for breakfast and to water the horses. I did not want to go into the coffee room as there was a huge stove built in of clay and I was afraid of it. It seemed like a mountain of dirt to me.

After breakfast we started out for Freinvalde, which looked very romantic, as the town nestled among wooded hills and was proudly referred to by the Berniers as the "Markische Schweiz." Markish Swiss. Very soon we reached the Oder River, which was at flood stage, houses stood in water and some places only small tree tops showed above the water. The water came to the edge of the dam, or dike, over which we had to drive. I was in great terror whenever a wagon came toward us and we had to pass by. Thinking that we would be pushed off the high dam into the swollen stream below us. Finally mother put her hands over my eyes every time we had to pass a team.

Visited Relatives
About noon we arrived at the village of Old Reet where we got off at the home of some of mother's relatives. The house looked very neat and homely and I felt good. I did not like it when meal time came as I was not allowed to sit at the table with the grown folks as we had done at home. The children were served by themselves at a small table. I felt as we were being neglected and my playmates spoke only low German, which I was not able to

understand very well, so I felt lost.

Later we went into the village where all the children were playing. I was asked to join in the play but it seemed too crude to me. They played a game, "watch out for the black man." Whoever was the black man stuck his hand in the mud and ran after the others to tag them. I knew this was no game for me, so I stood on the side lines and watched.

We stayed at this place several days while mother was looking after the matter of the inheritance. These were lonely days for me, as I did not seem to fit in with the others. This ended suddenly, as one evening just at dusk my mother came in and a heavy quarrel started between her and the lady we stayed with. Mother was very angry and ordered me to get ready to leave at once. She packed her things and we started out on foot.

I don't know how far we walked before we came to a mill. Mother knew the owner so we spent the night there. Next morning we started out again. There seemed to be no stage or any way to travel, so we just had to walk. By noon we had reached Wrietzer where mother had friends. Whatever caused our sudden departure I never knew, but something must have gone wrong about the inheritance business and the folks acted like a bunch of wild animals snarling at each other at parting. If there was no inheritance law or such things how much better it would be—then brothers and sisters might be able to live peaceably together instead of becoming such enemies.

While mother visited with her friend over afternoon coffee I stole away and found a neighbor boy and we went strolling around the town. We were just on our way to the Guard Place when a heavy thunder storm came up, so we had to return home.

The next morning we left by a sort of bus, as the rail line did not extend to this town as yet. The trip was lonesome. There was another old lady as a passenger

in the coach and a young man, who decided to sit up in front with the driver. Mother and the lady did not seem to carry on much conversation and soon both of them fell asleep.

It had been raining hard all day and we had kept the windows closed but after mother went to sleep I opened one and sat there watching the lovely green scenery go by. I was soaking wet and woke mother and my mind wandered toward home. I had not had a very good time on this trip, but still I hated to see it end, as I would have to go back to school again and get into regular routine again. We arrived home late one afternoon.

My brother had made good use of our absence. Father was away most of the day, so it seemed he invited a bunch of school mates in and they played theater and must have done some real shooting. The house was a mess—dishes had been broken and some of the bed clothing had been scorched with something and the neighbors made complaints about the things that had happened while mother and I were gone.

Parents Get Sick
Several days after our return father took very sick and was in bed several weeks and when he was able to get out again his place at the distillery was taken, so he had no job. Then to climax it mother took very sick and was in bed a long time. This took every bit of our little savings and I guess we were in terribly poor circumstances.

Mother's sickness grew worse and one night she was delirious and wanted to get up and run away and father and my brother had all they could do to hold her. The doctor ordered "Russian Baths." Well for people in our shape this was impossible. My brother had to leave school and become an errand boy for some firm. I felt sort of contented, as now I had all of his play things.

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Mother always did try to keep me clean and warm, but I did resent the patched clothes that I had to wear when I saw my other school mates looking so much better. I was still very young, but I soon began to realize that nothing could be done about it. I still felt very proud and resented any remarks. I was small but rather chunky and now instead of being bashful, I became a sort of bully and started fights very easily. I had my two pals Tietisch and Otto Pieper, who were also tough to help me.

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All the anguish of March 18th was forgotten, all was "One King, one Volk, one Heart, one Soul." Well, I guess, there was many a Katzenjammer for those who returned from the festival. Our teacher, Herr Reischlag, had at first made arrangements for his class to go and had two large cotton flags made of black and white. Don't know what happened that we did not go. For one thing each child was to have five silver Groschen for the train trip. Maybe he felt he would rather stay home, so we celebrated in school. The flags were crossed on the wall. We sang a lot of patriotic songs, and then he tried to tell us about the glories of the battle and how much better it was that the Swedes and Prussians had won instead of the terrible Frenchmen.

As he had been in the battle we listened to everything with a sort of awe. A heavy thunder storm came up and the rain started coming in the room. One of the boys wanted to close the window and he was just in the glory of the battle, so he yelled at the boy, "You D Ox, let the window open. This was just the kind of weather we had when we marched to the cemetery Wall 40 years ago to meet the enemy. Did we flinch? No, we met them head on until we saw the whites of their eyes, and then we used our bayonets to beat out their brains." Such wonderful battle stories

we had to hear many times and all the glory was pointed out. This was to strengthen our minds and our ways and prepare us for the glories to come.

This summer father had a job at the docks loading ships. He was struck by a fallen mast and was seriously wounded. I was just coming home from school with a handful of paper soldiers in my hand when a cab drove up and they carried my father out and into the house. I had to run to Montigue to get my brother, as they did not expect him to live. When we came in all breathless, the house was full of people. The doctor ordered father taken to the hospital, so some went to get a stretcher and father was packed on it, groaning terribly. Mother went along to the hospital. I sat at the window crying and watched the sad procession going down the street. I wished that I was not on this old earth at all.

Father had very good care at the hospital, but he had been hurt pretty bad. Some ribs broken and other injuries, so he had to lay all taped up and very still for many weeks. He came out of this better than they had ever expected, so our fear of starvation was over.

(To Be Continued)

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We moved several times during the next year and finally had a place near the Chestnut Forest, or Park, where I enjoyed tumbling around and playing. We were also near the soldiers barracks, where there was always excitement. In the morning when the soldiers started out for duty I would get my school bag and march along gaily to the tune of the regiment music as far as Crown Street, where I had to stop for school. Here I had to take up the studies the good city fathers prepared for us to look to "God, King and Fatherland," so we had a lot of religious instruction. Had to learn a lot of church songs, Bible versus catechism, some Brandenburg history, which was deeply impressed upon us. Then in the first class we were taught geometry and drawing. In August of 1853 they cele-

brated the 40th anniversary of the battle of "Gross-Berren" with a lot of pomp, and of course the Berlin people had to come running to help celebrate the victory which their King had won, not what they had lost. Flags and emblems were everywhere, all the industries were closed and great parades were started. They rode by train to the battle field at Gross-Berren, where they stood in the dust and heat to listen to great speakers praise their King.

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we had to hear all the glory w. This was to stren and our ways an the glories to com

This summer f at the docks loa was struck by a was seriously w just coming hom with a handful c in my hand wher and they carried and into the hou to Montigue to as they did no live. When we c less, the house w The doctor order to the hospital, s get a stretcher packed on it, g Mother went al pital. I sat at th ing and watche sion going down felt so alone an wished that I w earth at all.

Father had ve the hospital, bu hurt pretty bad. en and other inj to lay all taped for many weeks. this better than t pected, so our fe was over.

(To Be C

MY LIFE

An Autobiography

Written in German by Herman Schultz
Glenwood Pioneer (1842-1916)
Translated by Mrs. Ernest Seibold, Goldendale

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I went to the bookkeeper and complained about the very low wages, and he told me to cheer up, that I might get more later. This put me on the spot. I did not have enough to leave, so all I could do was stay and try to save all I could. I had to pay my brother for money loaned from Hamburg to Bergen, and he had given me some spending money too. I needed money for tobacco both to smoke and chew. Everything was much higher than in Germany. A bottle of beer cost 1/2 mark, and I should save on this.

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I slept all day and did not go to work the next day either, so got caught up a little on rest. I began to feel a little more like a human again.

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Our noon hour of rest was broken, so I went home on my own time to rest and take care of my eye. To let our master know how much we loved him, the foremen went around with lists and collected, so they could buy a silver steam machine.

It would have to be made at the silversmiths. All the poor devils, most of whom were married and could hardly make ends meet as it was, eagerly signed the list. Only a Swede and I did some grumbling. Then it was quiet for a few days and they found out they needed more money, so they had the nerve to come around again.

On the day of the birthday, all the workers of the factory assembled on the Frederickstjerke, which was a small hill at the entrance to the city. We then marched with the Norwegian flag, and a band to his house. A delegation went into the house and presented the gift, the rest stood outside and sang the National Anthem, "Hvor herligt er mit Føderland", several lines were as follows, Your work resembles us of all worry, You furnish us our Daily Bread.

Then all the workers were allowed to come into the house and receive a real handshake, a glass of wine and a piece of cake. I did not partake of this but started for home. I stopped in a little beer hall and thought I would drown my anger. Shortly after some of the workers stopped in also for a night cap. They were praising Her

Krohne, and what a wonderful person he was to give them work. I became riled up and told them that the old man had not built the factory so they could have work, but to enrich himself and anytime he was not making a good profit they could go. They were shocked at what I said. They got so made that I was afraid I would get a good beating, so I left.

Several weeks later my words came true. There was no new work going on, only repairs, so a lot of men were laid off. This put them in dire want. Many had come from Christiania, as they could earn a few shillings more. The winter was coming and there was no place to turn to for work. The past few months I had not worked inside the plant, but two comrades and I worked on the Quay on a Colossal Crane. It was the largest in Norway (1867). The heavy castings came from Newcastle, England.

On account of the rain we had built us a large tent of sails and worked under this. It was slow work and there were many very heavy parts to lift. We did not work too hard, we were on our own and we could see the foreman coming before he saw us. We had started this in the spring and had worked on it all summer, and would now be able to erect it soon, if the foundation was ready for it, which was not the case. The shock came. I was laid off on account of shortage of work. I had not saved much for the future, as I was busy paying off debts.

I thought I would go back to Christiansand. I was not very anxious to, as I noticed from his letters that he was not very friendly toward me, as I had not paid him back yet what I owed him. I thought I would stop at a work shop at Saxevas, a short distance up the Fjord to look for work, but had no luck.

On account of the bad weather I had to wait over a week before I could get a steamer out, then the Nordstjernen came down from the North. It was very dark when I left my boarding place early one morning. The folks hated to see me go and it was almost as hard as taking leave of my mother.

The woman even walked along with me for a short distance, and this seemed to make it harder yet to part. We promised to write, which we did. I brought my trunk down the night before and it sure was some long walk. It was still dark when I reached the port. I hired a boat to take me out, the ship was anchored about a mile out, so it took a lot of heavy rowing to make it, as the waves were very high. I had a very queer feeling as we went on in the dark, the sea foaming around us. The red and green lights of the ships at anchor was all the light we could see, and it was quiet except for the roaring of waves. I don't think I ever had a feeling quite like that before or since.

After arriving on the boat, I tried to huddle near the smoke stack, as the northeast wind was very cold. As day finally dawned the people came up on deck and

was after four on Saturday, and no liquor was sold from four Saturday until four Monday morning. I spent the night on deck, but had a better time than before, as I visited with people and it was not raining.

We arrived at Christiansand Sunday night. I was sorry I had to go to my brother's. I was not able to find work for several weeks, and I had not paid my former debts, so I was not very welcome. My sister-in-law was a terrible scold. My brother was hardly in the door, she started scolding. She was so stingy, that she did not cook enough to eat. My brother spent most of his time outside the place to avoid her harsh voice.

I was happy when at last I got a job. My brother was quite a prominent person, so he got a job for me at "Oddernes Mek-anisk Værkstad". I received a few shillings more than at Bergen. I hunted a boarding place, as I did not want to embarrass my brother any more than I could help.

I found a place with a ship's carpenter. Several other fellows stayed here. There was too much drinking going on, so I did not stay very long. Shortly before Christmas, the steamer "Rembrandt" came into our port. It had been badly damaged and needed a complete overhaul. We worked through a number of nights, as the ship was supposed to leave before Christmas.

As I understood the machine work best, I worked mostly on board ship and also acted as interpreter. One night we had worked late again and around five in the morning, a comrade and I went on shore to try to get something to eat, and to lay down by the steam boiler in the workshop for an hour's rest. We returned around six and came to the bridge when we

found the heavy swells had overturned our boat. It had been fastened with a tow line to the ship. It was so dark one could not see their hand before their eyes.

We went out on the bridge which was built a ways into the sea. The wind howled and sea roared; the waves covered us with foam from head to toe. All was quiet on board ship. I started hollering "Rembrandt Ho!" for a long time. Finally the cook heard us.

He let down another boat and pulled himself over to the bridge, on the tow line. He reached the bridge and pulled himself up on a plank. My friend had just stepped into the boat and I had one foot down, when a huge wave hit and drove the boat forward. The cook could not hold onto the plank and he went overboard. There was no oar, so I could do nothing. They both seemed to disappear. They both there yelling for help, but no one heard.

There was only a barge anchored near the shore, it was fastened with iron chains. Just as the boat touched the chains, a huge wave straightened out the chain, the boat struck it and was thrown about ten feet into the air. Both men were thrown head first into the sea. I could hear them for awhile, then all was still.

I kept up yelling all the time. I tried to pull up planks to throw into the water, but could not budge them. At last my call was answered and a boat was lowered. It was still pitch dark.

Men Overboard

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but I had them look for the They found them. The hanging onto the chain. They bouncing up and down waves. They were aboard the ship and after time were restored by quantities of schnapps. My league was able to go b work after several hours. I was just luck that I did no the boat, as there would been no one to call for he we would all three drowned.

As time went on, I became like the city better. I became acquainted and could choose companions. I steered from the heavy drinker joined a group of young who were very pleasant, me and they seemed to me.

We received a wage in the spring, which angered all. Several of us got to all and talked over the matter did not know what to do at We could not quit, as non had money enough on h travel. We finally decided t some notes printed and pu around in the workshop, the workers to come to a at a given place, to disc matter.

(To be continued)

Springtime is near, and you

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Written in German by Herman Schultz
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On Sundays I would take a

long walk and come home and write letters or read and try to study "Norsk". That fall, I left my boarding place, as it was not very satisfactory. Sometimes breakfast would not be ready and I would have to leave without eating. The landlady did nothing herself, and expected her help to take care of everything.

I moved in with an Ole Johanson: the man worked in a workshop not far from where I did. My board was only 8 marks, but we had to sleep three in a bed, and the host and his wife slept in the same room. The people were Quakers, but in spite of that they were nice and very honest.

The man tried to improve himself through reading. He did not care for my kind of books, but read mostly books of a religious nature. Even though I had told them I had no use for any kind of religious stuff, they still liked me and trusted me. We talked quite a lot, it helped me improve myself in the language to have some one to visit with.

The long winter evenings arrived, and I spent them reading, writing or drawing, and I started to learn English. I had to work overtime a lot now, for with the storms on this rocky

coast many ships had trouble and needed repair. For awhile we worked every night until eleven o'clock. Then I would be so tired, that I often fell asleep at the table while eating my supper.

We often had our lights on in the shop until eleven in the mornings and at two in the afternoon, we had to light them again. Christmas time was near and I was hoping that I would get two days off and would rest a good deal of the time.

Christmas Eve, the foreman called me and told me to work the whole night and part of the forenoon on Christmas day. A Spanish ship in the harbor had some broken machinery that needed immediate repairs.

We did not work between Christmas and New Years, as the shop machinery needed to be repaired. I was called in again to help with this work. Working day and night as we were doing now, made one wonder if they were still human or just some work ox. I worked all night New Year's Eve came home at five in the morning for coffee. I stretched out on the floor and was so sound asleep, that my landlady could not awaken me at six when I was supposed to be back, so she let me sleep.

Slept All Day

I slept all day and did not go to work the next day either, so got caught up a little on rest. I began to feel a little more like a human again.

My wages were increased to 6 marks per day after New Years. This was fine as I could finally pay some of my debts. I sent for my trunk, and bought some badly needed work clothes. I walked into town quite often in the evening and came home quite drunk several times. My work companions were all rough fellows, so this made them respect me more, but it hurt my landlady very much, and she tried very hard to save me for the Lord.

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talked to my people of the injustice to the workers. I had the honor of firing three old cannons to salute the ship. My heart was in my mouth practically, as I was afraid these old rusty things would burst. They were loaded with a large hammer like affair. The ship was called "Thor". It travelled between Bergen and Hamburg, and later went on to Havre, France.

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Parting Again

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It was still dark when I reached the port. I hired a boat to take me out, the ship was anchored about a mile out, so it took a lot of heavy rowing to make it, as the waves were very high. I had a very queer feeling as we went on in the dark, the sea foaming around us. The red and green lights of the ships at anchor was all the light we could see, and it was quiet except for the roaring of waves. I don't think I ever had a feeling quite like that before or since.

After arriving on the boat, I tried to huddle near the smoke stack, as the northeast wind was very cold. As day finally dawned the people came up on deck and things became lively. The great horns blew and were re-echoed four times from the mountain side.

At last the anchors were lifted and the ship was underway. The machines roared. I did not pay much attention to the people on deck at first, as my thoughts were back to Bergen. Later I noticed it was a real ugly bunch. Some women prisoners, who were being taken to Christiania by the police, some mutineers from Pomerania, Sweden, Spain were also going before the ship board. A few Laplanders, who looked very dumb and were very dirty. There was a five piece band on board also. The better people did not seem to come on deck, only the poor devils.

We stopped at Stavanger and I went on shore to buy some Schnapps. I had no luck, as it

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The Wellenbrocks Were Among Hardy Pioneers Of The Camas Prairie Area

By Mrs. T. Bolt

Editor's Note: Following is a brief history of the Wellenbrock family, pioneer residents of Glenwood, who settled there on April 20, 1880. The family held a reunion at the Glenwood Grange hall recently with 71 family members and friends enjoying the day.

Anton and Louise Wellenbrock brought their family of two boys, Ernest and Harry to the Camas Prairie on April 20, 1880.

Anton Wellenbrock was a brick and stone mason by trade, also an iron worker and had never milked a cow. They had originally migrated to the U.S. from Germany in 1865 and landed at New York and went to Cincinnati, Ohio where he worked in an iron mill until a strike was called.

Not wishing to be called "scab" he went to Pittsburgh and got another job in a rolling mill. Then another strike, so he took his family and went to Norfolk, Va., where he followed brick laying. After a time there were more strikes, so they were on the move again and went to Cleveland, Ohio, where he worked in a rolling mill.

After several years there was a strike, so he went to Topeka, Kansas, and another brick laying job. Another strike, so he left his brick laying job, took up a Prairie Claim and started his first farming. The grasshopper proceeded to eat his first crop so he tried for a second crop and a prairie fire took that crop as well as their home.

By this time the railroad was built across the continent, so they took the train for San Francisco where again he went to work as a brick layer. After a short time a strike was called so he was again out of a job.

In looking through a German newspaper he saw an article written by H. F. Troh telling of the wonderful timber and horse studs in the Camas Prairie.

Interested by the article he took his family and came by ocean vessel to Portland and by river boat up the Columbia to Bingen. They were met there by Mr. Troh who hauled them to the Camas Prairie.

They spent their first night at Chris Epsen's place. He was a bachelor homesteader who lived on what we now call the Bowman Place.

A man by the name of William Wise had built a cabin on a claim but was ready to give it up, so he sold his interest to them for \$20. That became the Wellenbrock homestead and has remained the property of the family ever since, almost 70 years.

After establishing a home here Mr. Wellenbrock used to make frequent trips to The Dalles to find work to support the family.

Epsen In Trouble

It was while he was on one of these trips before 1884 that Mrs. Wellenbrock one night heard some one calling. At first she thought it was Indians but soon she became convinced that it was some one calling for help. Near home she found Mr. Epsen who had been thrown from a horse and had broken his leg. She brought him some blankets and then went on fast to the Henningsen place where Frank Lyle now lives for help. The next day a man was sent to get the nearest doctor, who was at Hood River. On the following day Mr. Epsen was loaded into a wagon and they started out to meet the doctor. They met somewhere near Gilmer and the doctor ordered that he be taken to the

hospital where the leg had to be amputated.

On still another one of Mr. Wellenbrock's trips to The Dalles in 1890 the oldest daughter, Bertha, got lost on the way home from school. The little seven-year-old girl was lost all night and the next day. She was found on the hill one mile back of the Borde place now known as the Young place. Most of the country side joined in the hunt for the girl, and when she was found at about 4 p.m. a shot signal was fired to let the searchers know she was found.

Frank Frasier was then dispatched to go by horseback and notify the mother that Bertha had been found and was O.K. He took her dinner pail along as evidence that the girl was found. In 1905 Frank Frasier and Bertha Wellenbrock were married.

At the time Wellenbrocks arrived the neighbors were Trohs, Kelleys, Ladiges, Henningsen, Tam, Shaws, Bergs, Frasier, Conboys, Wrights, Stump, Chapmans, Joe DeVine and Chris Epsen.

Anton Wellenbrock died in May, 1897 leaving his wife and 7 children the oldest about 18; youngest 5 years.

In the fall of 1898 Louise Wellenbrock took the family by horse and wagon to the Yakima Valley to pick hops for Wilson and Herkes. This became an annual trip for 7 successive years and was the means of supporting the family.

In 1900 Mrs. Wellenbrock married Wenzel Louse Borde and a few years later they moved to a small acreage and house near Glenwood.

Louise W. Borde died September 8, 1919. The surviving children are Harry, Robert and George Wellenbrock of Glenwood, Bertha Frasier of Yakima, Louise McKinney of Chico, Calif., Annie Avery of Portland. There were 17 children, most of them died in infancy.

GLENWOOD BUILT LOG BLOCKHOUSE AS PROTECTION AGAINST INDIANS

Chapter I of Cody Chapman's autobiography described the family's trip from White Salmon to Glenwood in 1871. Chapter II told of an angry squaw, making butter by the ton and bent on murder, and pioneers hauling it to market. This installment recalls the threat of war with the Indians and building a community blockhouse on Camas Prairie.

III

The names and places that I have spoke of has been changed. Horse Hed Springs is where Pleas and View school house is now. Falls is called Husum.

After the hauling was over, gather up the beef cattle & byers would come from The Dalles & lump them off, pay in cash, no checks, mostly in gold. The men would help the byers as far as Grand Dalles and then come home, get redy for winter.

The winters wore bad. Snow. Never less than 3 feet and up to 7 feet some winters. In 1879, or about, was the Indian scare. They had their war dance at Pana(ka)nick. Lies South East of Cammas Perrie, seperated by a long chane of mountains running North & South.

The Indians desided at the dance to build a big fire on top of this mountain & if the smoke went up strate (there) would be no war with the people of the valley. And if the smoke smuged down they would have war. Father was kept warned by a old Indian doctor, Homilk was his name. Made his home with us till he was killed.

Blockhouse

For protection against the Indians in 1879, people of Cammas Perry all went to gather and built a log building about 18 x 20. On the inside, chink and mudded cracks. And another (story) right over it, 4 feet larg-er, of logs. (They) closed up the holes by muding and chinking and filled between with dirt as heigh as the eves.

For protection wimon & children would stay in side of the building, mostly knights. The men would guard the out side. Had a sadle horse tied out in the woods a mile or so. If the Indians got to strong they would have one man get to the hors and notify Vancouver Berax for the soldiers.

This lasted several days. And the Indians quieted down. This building was built on the L. D. Stump place.

Bingen Buzzards

The Indian Docter Homilk made his home at the Chapman ranch, spring of 1882. Went to Silo (Celilo) to fish for salmon — to be gone one week.

We were looking for him back after the week expired. Some of his Indian friends and white friends seas a spotted horse on the Berdoin mountain running loose on the range with a saddle on. Noah Chapman new the hors. Then every one was on the look out for the Indian Docter.

He was found a week or 10 days latter. Noticing busersds flying around the place where he was found. Went looking there and smelt something was dead and found he had been killed. Throw-en over the bluff and lodged on an oak limb.

Doctor's Medicine

The people of Bingen at that time mistrusted to Indian brothers had done it by the name of Sam and Frank Letia, Indian name. They were arested and taken before Thedoar Sucksdorf. He was Justis of the Pice at Bingen. For lack of evidence, they wore set free.

Noah Chapman was Justis of Pice at Camas Perrie and was no tified from the Indian Agency, Cimcoe, Yakima co., to have Sam, Frank and their mother corne over to the Indian Agency. They wore taken over there and was asked about the killing of the Docter Harmilk Indian and was crossquestioned.

And the mother of the too boys pled guilty. She said she killed & threw him over the bluff because he had doctored some of her people and killed them. And that was their believe. Among all of the Indians there wore nothing more done about it.

(To be continued)

CAMAS PRAIRIE

● A history of the Glenwood area
BY JOSIE TROH

Mrs. Josie Troh, early day resident of Glenwood now living at Naches, several years ago wrote an account of pioneer times in the Camas Prairie, which will be run as a weekly Sentinel feature. In the introduction to her work, Mrs. Troh comments: "My hobby has been saving clippings and pioneer stories and other news of the past. This is interesting to me, and I think others should find it interesting. You may find your name in it if you are from Glenwood, Goldendale, Troutlake, Lyle or White Salmon."

Topics to be related in Josie's chronicle include Mrs. Stump's first Fourth Of July in Camas Prairie and the Indian scare; Suksdorf's account of Indian wars; clippings by Mrs. Elmer about Troutlake Valley; the history of Horseshoe Bend; pioneer pieces about Grange No. 94; and many others. Watch for them each week.

Camas Prairie is a beautiful valley surrounded by hills and the beautiful Mt. Adams in the background about 15 miles distant. There is a large lake from one end of the valley to the other, a distance of several miles. When the settlers first came, this lake was blue with wild camas, so they named it Camas Lake, the valley being called Camas Prairie.

Indians would come and dig camas roots for food, making heap good muckimuck (lots of good food). The large lake was also covered with wild grass which was cut for hay when the water would go down in the

summer, then an abundance of pasture for cattle until winter. Camas Prairie is in Klickitat County, being on the west side of the big Klickitat River.

Some of the surrounding places are called West Klickitat, while Goldendale and others on the east side are called East Klickitat. Some of the first settlers in Camas Prairie were Jo Devine and E. A. Bancroft, and a fellow named Fresby and one named Peeler. They came and trapped there in 1872.

Then later there were located from the upper to the lower end of the valley, Stumps, Linards, Jim Byran, Suksdorfs, then

Chapmans, Conboys, Kelleys, Clines, Staacks, Murrays, and Holms. Then came the Mires, Kreps, Dimonds, Trohs, Restorffs, Jebies, Wellenbrocks, Bordies, Platts, Markgrafs, Barkers, Hallsley and Sam Cole, Gilmors, Kuhnhausens, and so on.

It seemed that after a few settlers came, word got out what a fine country it was, that others just kept coming like bees to follow the leader. There was quite a German colony came after Mr. Wellenbrock, who lived down the outlet of this lake, had written to some socialist paper telling about the prairie.

The Trohs were already there. Then came around 15 more families near the same time, being the Celisers, Restorffs, Tams, Ladiges, Jebes Shultzes Colton, back, Fellers, Brodes, and Kuhnhausens. All became American citizens and took up homesteads, and most of them made good friends and neighbors. In the early 90's German settlement around and in Camas Prairie was about 35 families.

Before this time a small town was started, in the beautiful grove of pine timber near the Prairie which was named Glenwood. It soon grew to be quite a town of pioneering. First a store with a dance hall upstairs belonging to folks by the name of Adam and Hinkle. It later belonged to Bowen and Bertschi, and a post office Mrs. Saw had in her house, for a while. The place now belongs to Henry Trout.

They got mail once a week then, and it was brought out from White Salmon by horseback, there were no telephones, radios, cars, electricity. The roads were like cow trails, winding here and there and over steep hills. Folks went afoot, horse-back, or with a wagon and team and no speed limit.

Yes and they had a small school house made of logs. The children had to walk, and some of them for several miles. They had no buses nor hot lunches and school was held for only three months of the year the first years. Even so some of the pupils would have to stay home now and then to work. Their help was needed to build a home and clear land.

Most of the houses were made of logs, the roofs being of home made shakes. Then a sawmill was put in, so lumber could be gotten. I think the mill was owned by a fellow named John Goodman. Later others took it over. This mill was above the little town of Glenwood.

By then Glenwood had begun to grow quite a bit. There were more lumber houses, two churches, more stores, a better school and hotels. Like other places it had a fire now and then, to keep it from growing too rapidly. Later there were two hotels, a drug store, a movie hall, a big dance hall and other buildings.

At the upper end of the valley there was a post-office named Laurel, a sawmill and a little store. By then we had daily mail delivery.

Some of the first settlers took up their homesteads up on the hill toward Lyle, the place being called Panakanic, but the people came to Camas Prairie to trade and for school. Among them were Restorffs, Renners, Markgrafs, Jebes, and Ernest Kuhn-

hausens, who all moved down in the prairie later.

In later years a drainage district was formed and the lake was drained by digging a canal drainage ditch. With the lake drained they thought they could raise more tame hay; but some of it didn't work out like they expected. With the high assessments on the drainage district and other expenses, several settlers lost their land.

After the lake was drained, the land became too dry. There were two creeks. Bird and Fraser, that came down from Mt. Adams into the valley, but there always were some water hogs, so there were water fights and law suits among the settlers.

In later years, the Hell Roaring ditch district was formed. This cost a lot of money and a lot of hard work but they finally got it so everyone has lots of water even after the creeks go low. It is called the Hell Roaring Ditch because it is taken from a creek or river by that name which comes from Mt. Adams.

Folks who wonder why the name would really know if they were to go to the top of the canyon and hear it roaring. The company has now taken some of the Big Muddy, another Mt. Adams stream which comes from a glacier. It is very muddy during warm weather, so muddy that it makes the Klickitat River muddy where the stream enters the river. Where it runs into the river you can see a stream of muddy water and a stream of clear water for a long way before it mixes.

Camas Prairie industry was mostly raising cattle and hay, with an abundance of outside range for herds of cattle in the summer time. Then the sheep men began bringing in their droves of sheep by the thousands every summer as a free pitchin for all before going on to the foothills of Mt. Adams. When they moved on the grass was gone from the Camas Prairie range right up to the settlers' fence corners.

Over a hundred thousand sheep came from Klickitat County and perhaps another fifty thousand crossed the Columbia River at The Dalles. One firm by the name of Kerr and Buckley of Grass Valley, brought in over 10,000 sheep every spring.

The settlers could see that at this rate their outside range was suddenly disappearing, and that something should be done about it. They and the sheep men had quite a bit of trouble for a while, with a few fights and burn-outs. No blood was shed, though, and things were changed when Uncle Sam took over the National Forest land.

Peace Restored

Now the cattlemen and the sheepmen each have their own range and reserve during certain times of the summer. The sheepmen were wonderful help to the stores, hotels, and dances. They would come in with great strings of pack horses, and pack their provisions out to their camps, usually stopping over at the hotels for a meal or overnight. Some got their summer homes in the little town of Glenwood.

There was a small school-house built on the other side of

the Conboy farm and Hingsons, now known as Markgraf place or Frank Lyle's. This school was for some reason called the German school. Later it became the Fulda District. There was a dance hall near there, called the German hall. They used to get together for picnics and dances and would usually have a keg of beer or so.

I went there several times when a young girl, but I didn't like the beer, which anyone could help themselves to in those days. But I really had a good time, in fact I went with some of the German boys so much that my father teased me, calling me a dutchman. I did finally marry a nice dear German at that, although he had never been in Germany. This school was moved and the hall was torn down later.

The first settlers claimed to have had some trouble with Indians, but in my days they were all friendly.

In about 1896 G. W. Smith, a sheep man from Grand Dalles, built a large building just the other side of the Grange Hall where Butch Bleiler has a home now. The Smith building was sold to Ed Snipes and has been burned down some time, too.

Smiths put in a store, hotel, dance hall and a bowling alley which was something new for Glenwood. I worked for them at their hotel the winter of 1898 and 99 for the big sum of \$2.50 a week. While I was there George Wellenbrock, a young lad then, worked there at odd jobs and setting up pins in the bowling alley till after midnight for his board and 50 cents a week. George is a prosperous farmer at Camas Prairie.

Among other settlers in the prairie that I remember were the Barkers, Bells, Hadleys, Chockerns, Andrews and a fellow named Frinchev.

The Camas Prairie and Vicinity Pioneer Organization is the oldest in Klickitat county, being organized in the year 1901 in Glenwood. The meetings usually were held there but have been held at Troutlake, Husum, Lyle Bingen and White Salmon, in west Klickitat county.

With a membership of over 300 in 1937, the officers at that time were; president, Peter Conboy; secretary, Mrs. O. P. Kreps; treasurer, Mrs. B. C. Dymond (Mattie Staack). Mrs. Shaw was our first secretary, I believe, and now George Gilmer is our oldest living pioneer. He has been living with his son Johnnie Gilmer near White Salmon the last few years.

I remember our first meetings were held upstairs in the Bowan and Bertschi Hall, then later in the new August Kuhnhausen hall, and the large crowds and good times we had then. Both our meetings in June were a big picnic or sometimes a barbecue.

John Wyers and others would call for the dance. We danced square dances of all kinds. Our New Year's meetings had programs of dialogs, and song readings with several members telling some of their pioneer experiences.

(To Be Continued)

The one and only serious take is to

CAMAS PRAIRIE

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AN UNUSUAL BEAR STORY

One Wednesday, years ago, Mrs. R. V. Feller of Glenwood, discovered a bear in her front yard, a good-sized black fellow about two years old. Mr. Bear was eagerly prowling about looking for a dinner on some particularly toothsome honey, for the Fellers maintained quite an apiary, and there was plenty of honey in the vicinity. Did Mrs. Feller scream for help, faint away, or do any of the several things that might be expected under the circumstances? She did not! She practically shooed Bruin into the open road, when she gave chase after him, throwing stones at him every time he attempted to turn off into the tall oat fields on either side of the road. She did scream, however, for someone came with a gun. One neighbor, who had a 22-calibre rifle, could not be prevailed upon to take a shot at the bear, as it was thought too dangerous to attempt, owing to the light weapon, which might only infuriate his bearship.

Mrs. Feller drove the bear in front of her, down the road for a half mile, before he ran into the oat field and disappeared. Mrs. Feller was a pioneer of that section and very well known, was 60 years old. Her disapproval of a prowling bear was novel to say the least, displaying a courage very unusual as well as a hearty contempt for what the bear might have done. The incident occurred about noon, and she said later that it was her idea to drive the animal toward her son-in-law's place — Brooks Livingston—so he could take a shot at it.

COYOTE VS. VENISON

This episode occurred when the first game warden in Klickitat County was a dinner guest during the closed season for deer hunting at the hunting lodge resort on Outlook Creek owned by Vinzens Borde. Other guests were Sir Thomas Balfour, British Lord from London, and his son, young Tom. The Balfours owned property near Lyle at the time. The son had taken his father to the

Borde hunting lodge so that the old gentleman could enjoy a feast of good American venison. Mr. Borde had obligingly killed a fine buck for his distinguished guest.

The game warden arrived, with a friend, just before the repast was ready to be served. Mrs. Borde was a little dubious about serving venison out of season to a game warden. Young Tom Balfour reassured her by saying, "It's all right. Put it on the table. He won't give a damn."

When the game warden was seated he found himself facing a steaming roast of piping hot venison, garnished with stuffing, spiced from an old world recipe and immersed in brown pan gravy.

When the game warden passed his plate, the host said, "Would you like some meat, Mr. Game Warden?"

"What kind of meat is that Mr. Borde?" "It's coyote" was the host's prompt reply. Mrs. Borde standing in her kitchen door seemed relieved when the game warden said "all right, I am especially fond of coyote."

The joke was not entirely on the warden. When Robert Ballou, the game warden, offered some criticism about affairs of state in England, Lord Balfour at once lapsed into good old fashioned Cockney lingo saying that no bloomin' blasted yankee game warden; what could not tell perfectly good deer meat from coyote, could tell him anything about running the British Government

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THE HISTORY OF TROUTLAKE VALLEY

This history of the Troutlake valley was written in 1935 by Mrs. A. Elmer Sr. for the Woman's Club meeting of March 19 that year. It originally appeared in the White Salmon Enterprise of March 29, 1935.

According to what I have heard, and from my own knowledge, Troutlake Valley has been settled some 55 or more years. The first real settler that was in here was a man by the name of Peter Stoller, with his big family consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Stoller, 5 daughters and 3 sons, who were partly grown up when they moved in here. They came over from Camas Prairie, having lived in Gilmer Valley for some time, then in Camas Prairie for probably a number of years, then finally came over in Troutlake. They came across the hills some on horseback, some afoot, and brought several head of cattle and also some horses. When they came over to this valley they found to their horror that the river was so swollen from early spring rains and melting snow, and as there were no bridges, they had to stay on the other side and camp out until the water went down so they could cross.

They took up a homestead where now stands the Guler Hotel. There was meadow all around, that grew a great deal of wild grass at that time to feed their cattle, but when winter came they had to feed them on the wild hay which they had cut all by hand but that winter most of the cattle died. They also starved to raise wheat and rye to make their own flour for bread and also to use for coffee. They had their own milk and eggs and trout and game were plentiful, so they lived on these things. What they had they were happy with and contented to love and live in a real true country.

The Stollers were supposed to be the only settlers in here for 3 years. No neighbors and no outside communication.

The next settler that came in then I think was a man by the name of William Stadelman, who later married Maggie Stoller, the oldest daughter. Then came C. A. Pearson and Claus and Charlie, who later married a Stoller daughter, Susie.

There was also another settler by the name of Finney who also married a Stoller girl. She later was killed by a falling tree. The Finney homestead was near the hill in back of the D. H. Allaway farm. Stadelman homesteaded the place that is now the John H. Hall place. Charlie Pearson located where he is still living.

A John Peterson took up his homestead where the Peterson place is now. There was also a man, a Frenchman, who lived on what is now the Cutting place. The Guler ranch was homesteaded by a woman, Mrs. Wagner. There was also a man, a bachelor, on what is now the Welty place, by the name of John Barricker. A man also lived back of the lake by the name of Dan Keggi. Mr. Elbert, a bachelor owned the Fred Woods place.

Two men, both bachelors, lived on what is now the Skipton place. Mr. Johnson and Mrs. Covington. Kettenberg homesteaded near Stadelman, what is now Martha Huffman's place. A bachelor by the name of Allison lived where John Perry's place is now. A young couple by the name of Junker were on what is the Wineberger place. Then across the river was the Eggert family with 2 sons, who each had a homestead.

Mr. and Mrs. Chris Guler lived in Bear Valley also another brother lived there. Also the Winegartners. They had no real bridge across the deep White Salmon river, so had to go down the hill and cross over on a log. They had to pack their household goods across on this log, their wagons and all they brought in they packed up the hill on the other side, that must have been a hard climb.

Then Joseph Aerni came in with a large family and a sick wife in 1887. The wife later died here. The Coate Bros. Came in also Harvey Byrnett. He homesteaded on what is now called the Sam Burdett place.

Rufus and Charlie Byrnett came at the same time. Rufus homesteaded the place what is now the Coffin place or Madge-land ranch. The Coate Bros. located where they are still living.

very nice. The house on the Sam Burdett place was the nicest in the valley at the time. All that could be done with the timber that stood on their homestead was to cut the trees down, saw them up into logs roll them up in a pile and burn them, though the stumps still were left to be taken care of, but they didn't worry about them, they sowed grass seed, barley, wheat and such between the stumps, cut it by hand and soon had enough hay to feed a few head of cattle in the winter. Barns were made of poles and shakes. They kept on clearing land until they had some little fields clean.

Sold Butter

You may think and I may think on what did these people live? Some may have had some worry, some didn't, but they made it a go. Soon as they had a few cows, they made butter, and it was put down in 100-lb. butter barrels and in the fall was sold. Mostly to Portland. Their only transportation being by boat.

They raised their own meat, their own vegetables and what ever else they needed and were contented. There were but a few pole bridges across the rivers and creeks. People traveled mostly by horse back at that time, so they could just ride through the rivers most of the time. I only remember of seeing 2 pole bridges, one down by Allaway's corner, crossing the White Salmon river, another up here, a little above where town is now, crossing over Trout Creek over on the Guler ranch. This also was the only way for Mr. Byrnett to get to his homestead. There was no bridge where the town bridge is now and no road going north. As the homesteaders were scattered all over, one here and one there, it would have been impossible to build roads and bridges, for everyone. They simply had to see now they could get in and out.

Most settlers of course, would settle where there was good water for the houses. We took up a homestead in the fall of 1890 up in lower Trout Lake Valley, part of what is now the Otto Voight place and part the Warner place. We built a 10x12 log house and lived there awhile, then both my husband and I went to work for Mr. and Mrs. Harve Byrnett. In the mean while a neighbor that already had a whole section of land took our land away from us, because we didn't live on it. In the fall of 1891 one year after we came here, we went back east again.

There were no stores here at that time. No church, no school house, but one little 2x4 log house on what is now the Cutting place. There were only 6 or 7 children. A. M. Flannigan, from Goldendale was the teacher.

The first person we met was Harve Byrnett. We came out from White Salmon with him as he happened to be down there. Mr. and Mrs. Byrnett were the parents of Mrs. Will Coate who is still one of Trout Lake's residents. I remember well, as we came along Bald Mountain, Frank Coate came down with an oxen team on his way to White Salmon, probably to get their winter's supply. We had quite a time to pass on the road where there was hardly room for one rig. It was a good thing the oxen were gentle animals. Another thing I remember was joy riding with an ox team and a lumber wagon going up to the Ice Caves one Sunday. The Byrnetts, the Coates, two more Coate brothers, Roger and Webb Coate, that were out west for a visit. I think Frank Coate was the driver; going up to the Ice Caves was a slow drive, but coming back, you should have seen those oxen. That was great fun at that time, but would be slow traveling nowadays.

One other party we met the day coming in here was Susie Stoller and Charlie Pearson riding on horseback to White Salmon to get married.

No Daily Mail

There was no daily mail, I think it was brought in twice or three times a week. It was brought from White Salmon up to Gilmer and by horseback from Gilmer to Troutlake in the summer time, in the winter time on snow shoes. Charlie Pearson was the post master for what little mail that came in. White Salmon was the only place where people could get their most necessary supplies, there being only one store in White Salmon at (Continued On Page 12)

went down to the river where they could cross. They took up a homestead where now stands the Guler Hotel. There was meadow all around, that grew a great deal of wild grass at that time to feed their cattle, but when winter came they had to feed them on the wild hay which they had cut all by hand but that winter most of the cattle died. They also started to raise wheat and rye to make their own flour for bread and also to use for coffee. They had their own milk and eggs and trout and game were plentiful, so they lived on these things. What they had they were happy with and contented to love and live in a real true country.

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In 1888 my brother Peter Schmid and his cousin Jack Schmid came in here. My brother located at the lake, his cousin up in the timber. There was no work to get in here at that time as there were no mills of any kind and almost no roads of any sort. There was only one road, outgoing to White Salmon, what is now called the saw dust road. People all built log houses. Some of them without any lumber, some

they could just ride through the rivers most of the time. I only remember of seeing 2 pole bridges, one down by Allaway's corner, crossing the White Salmon river, another up here, a little above where town is now, crossing over Trout Creek over on the Guler ranch. This also was the only way for Mr. Byrkett to get to his homestead. There was no bridge where the town bridge is now and no road going north. As the homesteaders were scattered all over, one here and one there, it would have been impossible to build roads and bridges, for everyone. They simply had to see how they could get in and out.

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(Continued On Page 12)

Story of Camas Prairie Settlement Told

The following historical account of the early settlement of the Camas Prairie, or Glenwood country, was given contemporaneously as a part of the program at the Glenwood session of the county historical society July 16. Miss Kreps spoke entirely from memory on what she had been told as a child by her mother and others.

By Jayne Kreps

"Grandfather (Peter Conboy) and three other Irishmen came into this valley in 1872 over the old Indian trail from White Salmon and from the summit overlooking the valley selected his homestead. He saw a lake and said 'There's where I'm going to stake out my claim.' Each of the other men with him picked theirs from that spot on the mountain between our valley and Gilmer valley.

Grandfather staked out his claim and laid the foundation (of his cabin) and then he went back to Portland, where he had come from, for supplies. When he came back here to stay the winter he found another man there. He had taken the foundation and chipped the name off (Grandfather had written his name, Peter Conboy, on the logs) and jumped the claim.

Well, after a little conversation, Grandfather convinced him that the claim was his. He picked up the chips, and pieced them together to show that he had written his name thereon. So the man said 'Okay, it's yours' and moved on.

Grandfather and his son, Peter, who was 8 or 10 at the time, stayed there the first winter. Grandmother came out from Portland with the rest of the family, an older brother, John E., and two little girls, Maggie and Katie, the next year, coming in by Indian pack train over the old Indian trail. Maggie married Oliver Kreps who came to Camas Prairie in 1883. Grandmother brought her furniture upriver by boat and stored it in, I believe, the old Joslin barn at Bingen. The furniture couldn't be brought out by pack train and eventually was sold or in some way disposed of; they never did get it to the homestead.

In coming out over the old Oakridge trail, the story goes Grandmother was wearing a nice hat, but left it hanging in a tree, because the tree limbs hung so low. It didn't get to the homestead either!

Grandfather Conboy was in ill health and passed away in '75. Grandmother thought she couldn't stay, but with the help of a homesteader named Frazier, who helped the boys, they decided they could stay on. Grandmother proved up on the homestead and became the first permanent settler. The Noah Chapmans also had come into the valley, shortly after Grandfather arrived.

Our valley at that time was known as Camas Prairie. In the spring of the year the camas bloomed and blowed and was a pretty blue, just as when the Indians came by the thousands to dig it in the summer-time. Mother used to tell us they would camp by the hundreds around the spring on the homestead. Our valley was the Indian playground. We still have a lot of that natural prairie ground where the camas blooms each spring.

This area around Glenwood was all a pine thicket at that time, I've been told.

Among the early settlers the Leonard Stumps were prominent, the William Barkers, W. K. Coles, the Kellys—five or maybe six families—all were here in the late 70s.

The first school district was District No. 10, formed in '76. Its boundaries were the Columbia river on the south and the goes that before Grandfather Conboy passed away he went to Goldendale, by way of White Salmon, by boat to Lyle, (I think he walked the last part of the trip) to inquire about the land grant bill which had just been put through for territorial use.

Fulda was the first post office and it was located somewhere in the vicinity of the school house. Just when Glenwood post office was established I don't know. Laurel post office was established in 1908. I think it was out west of where Laurel now is, about two miles on the Hurspool homestead.

White Salmon river on the

west, the Klickitat river on the east and 'as far north as Camas Prairie and civilization went.' The first schoolhouse was over close to what is now the Diamond ranch in an old log cabin. There is a log cabin on that road yet and the schoolhouse was close to the J. N. Cole homestead. That was old District 10. The next school district formed, according to the records, was the Lyle district, and I think that was about 1878. Of course, before that, in the county there were others; District No. 1 was at Dallesport (Rockland).

As to how much of a lake Conboy lake was, it had water

enough that there were boats and canoes on it. On Grandmother's deed there was a meander line, and later after the lake had been drained, that meander line was definitely established. The lake, I think, was drained somewhere between 1911 and 1913.

We used to have two hotels in the town of Glenwood. One was run by Mrs. Charles Schultz (Eva Fellers' grandmother) and the other by Mrs. J. O. Shaw. Mr. Shaw had the first sawmill and he and Allie, I think, the first store.

The first threshing machine, was brought into the valley by Fete Orteig down by Gilmer Valley.

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Pioneer Glenwood family had active and interesting history

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Edit. note: The following family history was prepared for presentation at a Wellenbrock reunion several years ago, by R. R. Wellenbrock. It is printed here in the hope of stimulating preparation of other family histories, for inclusion in the collection of the Klickitat County Historical Society.

Wellenbrock history

Anton and Louise Wellenbrock brought their family of two boys, Ernest and Harry, to the Camas Prairie on April 20, 1880. Anton Wellenbrock was a brick and stone mason by trade, also an iron worker and prior to that time he had never milked a cow.

They had originally migrated to the United States from Germany in 1865. They landed at New York, then went to Cincinnati, Ohio where he worked

in an iron mill until a strike was called. Not wishing to be called a "scab", he went to Pittsburgh and got another job in a rolling mill. Then another strike occurred, so he took his family and went to Norfolk, Va. where he followed brick laying.

After a time there were more strikes, so they were on the move again and went to Cleveland, Ohio where he worked in a rolling mill. After several years there was a strike, so he went to Topeka, Kan. and another brick laying job. More labor trouble developed, so he left his brick laying, took up a prairie claim and started his first farming. The grasshoppers proceeded to eat his first crop, so he tried for a second crop and a prairie fire took that crop as well as their home.

By this time the railroad was

built across the continent so they took the train for San Francisco where again he went to work as a brick layer. After a short time a strike was called so he was out of a job.

In looking through a German newspaper, he saw an article written by H. F. Troh telling of the wonderful timber and homesteads in the Camas Prairie. Interested by the article, he took his family and came by ocean vessel to Portland and by river boat up the Columbia to Bingen. They were met there by Mr. Troh who hauled them to the Camas Prairie.

They spent their first night at Chris Epsen's place. He was a bachelor homesteader who lived on what we now call the Bowman Place.

A man by the name of William Wise had built a cabin on a claim, but was ready to give it up, so he sold his interest to them for \$20. That became the Wellenbrock homestead and has remained the property of the family ever since, almost 70 years.

After establishing a home here, Mr. Wellenbrock used to make frequent trips to The Dalles to find work to support the family.

It was while he was on one of these trips before 1884 that Mrs. Wellenbrock one night heard someone calling. At first she thought it was Indians, but soon she became convinced that it was someone calling for help. Near home she found Mr. Epsen who had been thrown from a horse and had broken his leg. She brought him some blankets and then went on foot to the Henningsen place, where Frank Lyle now lives, for help. The next day a man was sent to get the nearest doctor who was at Hood River. On the following day Mr. Epsen was loaded into a wagon and they started out to meet the doctor. They met somewhere near Gilmer and the doctor ordered that he be taken to the hospital where the leg had to be amputated.

On still another one of Mr. Wellenbrock's trips to The Dalles in 1890, the oldest daughter, Bertha, got lost on the way home from school. The little 7-year-old girl was lost all night and the next day. She was found on the hill about one mile back of the Borde place, what we know as the Young place. Most of the countryside joined in the hunt for the girl, and when she was found at about 4 p.m. a shot signal was fired to let the searchers know she was found. Frank Frasier was then dispatched to go by horseback and notify the mother that the girl had been found and was all o.k. He took her dinner pail along as evidence that the girl was found. In 1905 Frank Frasier and Bertha Wellenbrock were united in marriage.

At the time Wellenbrocks arrived the neighbors were Trohs, Kelleys, Ladiges, Henningsens, Tams, Shaws, Bergs, Frasers, Conboys, Wrights, Stumps, Joe Devine, Chapmans and Chris Epsen.

Anton Wellenbrock died in May 1897 leaving his wife and seven children, the oldest about 18 years and the youngest five years.

In the fall of 1898 Louise Wellenbrock took the family by horse and wagon to the Yakima Valley to pick hops for Wilsons and Herkes. This became an annual trip for seven successive years and was the principal means of supporting the family.

In 1900 Mrs. Wellenbrock married Wenzel Louse Borde and a few years later they moved to a small acreage and house near Glenwood.

Louise Wellenbrock Borde died September 8, 1919. The surviving children are George, Glenwood; Bertha and Robert, Goldendale; Louise McKinny, Chico, Calif.; and Annie Avery of White Salmon. There were 17 children, but most of them died in infancy.