

## PART ELEVEN

### *ŪSU LEUT VO YAGADA* INDEX

BY 1980 MY TIME AND CORRESPONDENCE WITH AUNT EVELYN REICH AND COUSIN BILL SCHEIRMAN AND ATTENDANCE AT AHSGR CONVENTIONS HAD INTRODUCED ME TO GALAXY OF FRIENDS AND RELATIVES FROM ALL ACROSS THE CONTINENT WHO SHARED MY INTERESTS IN OUR PEOPLE'S HERITAGE. I HAD SEEN AHSGR VILLAGE NEWSLETTERS AT STATE AND NATIONAL CONVENTIONS AND THOUGHT WE HAD SUFFICIENT UNPUBLISHED MATERIAL TO SHARE IN SUCH A VENUE. THE REMARKABLE STORY OF FREDERICH LUST'S SUMMER 1979 QUEST TO FIND HIS RELATIVES IN ENDICOTT AFTER ENDURING THE TRAUMA OF RELOCATION FROM THE VOLGA TO SIBERIA IN THE 1940S AND HIS TESTIMONY OF OVERCOMING FAITH SEEMED AN APPROPRIATE STORY FOR THE LEAD ISSUE. WE SET UP SHOP IN OUR KITCHEN AND THE KIDS WHERE LOIS AND WHOEVER ELSE HAPPENED UPON US WERE PRESSED INTO SERVICE TO STAPLE, FOLD, AND MAIL. AFTER FOUR YEARS, *ŪSU LEUT VO YAGADA* ("OUR PEOPLE FROM YAGADA: A FAMILY FORUM UNITING ALL INTERESTED IN YAGODNAYA POLYANA AND ITS DAUGHTER COLONIES") PASSED INTO THE CAPABLE EDITORIAL HANDS OF BILL SCHEIRMAN AND SINCE THEN TO THE INCREDIBLE TROIKA OF KRIS BALL (DODGE CITY, KS), PATRICE MILLER (SAN RAMON, CA), AND ELIZABETH MEYER (SAN JOSE, CA). I OWE IT TO THESE THREE SPECIAL PERSONS FOR INTRODUCING SON KARL TO AHSGR AS THEY SERVED AS HIS HOST AND GUIDE AT A SOCIETY CONVENTION IN CALIFORNIA SEVERAL YEARS AGO. I AM PLEASED THAT OUR SMALL NEWSLETTER HAS GONE ON TO BECOME LONGEST CONTINUOUSLY PUBLISHED ONE OF ITS KIND IN THE SOCIETY.

#### Volume 1, Number 1 (1980)

Frederich Lust of Russia Visits Endicott, Washington (Part I)  
Yagodnaya Polyana Family Name List  
How Yagodnaya Polyana was Started (Part I), by Wilhelm Würz

#### Vol. 1, No. 2

Frederick Lust of Russia Visits Endicott, Washington (II)  
Initial Yagodnaya Polyana Map  
How Yagodnaya Polyana was Founded (II)

#### Vol. 1, No. 3

Holiday Season  
How Yagodnaya Polyana was Founded (III)  
Subscriber Distribution  
Tribute to Pioneers

#### Vol. 2, No. 1 (1981)

Story of Oshkosh  
Spokane Schmick Reunion  
How Yagodnaya Polyana was Founded (IV)  
Peter B. Scheuerman Family History

#### Vol. 2, No. 2

- Legend of Little York, by Susan Yungman  
Anna Weitz of Colfax, Washington  
The Germans on the Volga, by Georg Kromm (I)
- Vol. 3, No. 1 (1982)  
Yagodnaya Polyana Map  
The Germans on the Volga (II)  
Weitz Recipes  
Parochial Certificate
- Vol. 3, No. 2  
Letters from the Volga, by Pauline Coulter  
The Germans on the Volga (III)  
William Scheirman  
Yagodnaya Polyana Map
- Vol. 4, No. 1 (1983)  
Schoental, Kansas  
Maryland Schmick Reunion  
Peter Brack Autobiography  
Robert Lust Letter
- Vol. 4, No. 2  
Story of Preston, Maryland, by Richard Scheuerman  
The Volga German Farm Year, by Richard Scheuerman
- Vol. 5, No. 1 (1984)  
John Kleweno—Yagodnaya Polyana to Kansas  
The John Kleweno Family  
Russian German Dialects, by W. Keel  
Yagodnaya Polyana and Its Colonies
- Vol. 5, No. 2  
Immigration from Hesse, by Karl Esselborn (I)  
Yagodnaya Polyana Dialect  
Yagodnaya Polyana Wolf Story in Dialect
- Vol. 6, No. 1 (1985)  
A Visit to Hesse, by M. Kaye  
Wilhelm Scheuerman in Yagodnaya Polyana, by Barry Lust  
Wilhelm Scheuerman Letters
- Vol. 6, No. 2  
The Yagodnaya Polyana Colony in Argentina, by Elizabeth Scheuerman  
Aunt Katherina of Siberia, F. Hoynoski  
Yagodnaya Polyana Wolf Story in Dialect (II)

Vol. 7, No. 1 (1986)

Little Russia in Portland, by Pauline S. Coulter  
Early Years in America  
A Sampling of Old Hessen German (I), by Roy Kaiser and Alfred Poffenroth  
The Singing Farmer, Terry Scheuerman  
Present-day Germans in Russia  
Poffenroth Reunion

Vol. 7, No. 2

Emigration from Hesse (II)  
Notes on Yagodnaya Polyana and Its Colonies  
Sampling Old Hessen German (II)  
Baltimore Memories, by W. B. Lust

Vol. 8, No. 1 (1987)

Living Yagoders at 100  
The Village of Yagodnaya Polyana in 1894, by Gonyasinsky  
Yagodnaya Polyana Then and Now, by A. Bishel  
Yagader Families of Oshkosh, Wisconsin (I)

Vol. 8, No. 2

Map of Saratov Area  
Emigration from Hesse (III)  
A History of the Drummer Dove (Argentina), by R. Kornschuh Bierig (I)  
Yagoder Families of Oshkosh, Wisconsin (II)

Vol. 9, No. 1 (1988)

A Glimpse in the Past (Hesse)  
David Scheirman  
1000 Years of Christianity (in Russia)  
More Living Yagoders  
Legend of Sophia  
Our Family, by K. Dippel Hardy (I)  
A History of the Drummer Dove (II)

Vol. 9, No. 2

I Grew Up in Yagodnaya Polyana, by J. Fuchs  
Emigration from Hesse (IV)  
Our Family, by K. Dippel Hardy (II)

Vol. 10, No. 1 (1989)

The Kromms of Yagodnaya Polyana, by G. Kromm  
Soviet Germans

Vol. 10, No. 2

- Letters from Russia to Kansas and Washington, 1870s-1880s (I)  
 Yagodnaya Polyana People in Oshkosh, Wisconsin  
 Memories of Neu Yagodnaya, by R. Kornshuh Bierig  
 Palouse Colony, Washington (Schierman) Reunion  
 LaCrosse, Wisconsin Scheuerman Reunion
- Vol. 11, No. 1 (1990)  
 My Relatives in Russia, by Elsie Unterschultz  
 Letters from Russia to Kansas and Washington (II)  
 Schmick Search  
 Immigrants to Germany, 1990  
 Mary Leinweber at 100
- Vol. 11, No. 2  
 Saratov Today, by Richard Scheuerman  
 Letters from Russia to Kansas and Washington (III)  
 Seventh-Day Adventists in Alberta, by Roy Kaiser
- Vol. 12, No. 1 (1991) *Special Edition*  
 To Yagodnaya Polyana at Last, by Richard Scheuerman  
 Letters from Russia and Kansas (IV)
- Vol. 12, No. 2  
 A Trip to Yagodnaya Polyana, by Lee McGuire  
 Yagodnaya Polyana People in Oshkosh, Wisconsin  
 Rudy Family Reunion
- Vol. 13, No. 1 (1992)  
 Siberian Relief, by Richard Scheuerman  
 Ancestral Visit to Klevenow, by M. Kleweno  
 Russian German Celebration in Calgary, by Roy Kaiser  
 Genealogy Research in Hesse
- Vol. 13, No. 2  
 Our Visit to Yagodnaya Polyana, by Eva Litzenberger Baldaree  
 The Klavano Family, by H. Elaine Engel  
 The Poffenroths in Beet Fields, by Alfred Poffenroth  
 New Russian German University in Saratov  
 Volga German Family Records
- Vol. 14, No. 1 (1993)  
 Maria Hein Visit, by Esther Luft  
 Letters from Yagodnaya Polyana, 1927-1993, by Alfred Poffenroth
- Vol. 14, No. 2  
 Visiting Yagodnaya Polyana, Schoental, and Russian Cities, by William L. Scheirman

- Pan-Germanism in Argentina, by R. Kornschuh Bierig  
Barth or Baht, by Eva Litzenberger Baldaree
- Vol. 15, No. 1 (1994)  
A Short Visit to Yagodnaya Polyana, by Jack Leonard  
A Visit to Saratov, by R.Fink  
Ninety Years, by Dianne Kniss  
Russian German Celebrations in Calgary
- Vol. 15, No. 2  
Visiting the Volga Region, by Ken Hartung  
Revisiting Yagodnaya Polyana, but Eva Litzenberger Baldaree  
A Visit to Pobotschnoye, by Lyle Ochs  
A History of Ebenezer Lutheran Church, Sheboygan, Wisconsin  
The Lydia, Kansas Lutheran Church  
Yagodnaya Polyana Publicity in Germany
- Vol. 16, No. 1 (1995)  
The Yagodnaya Polyana Experience, by Ray Weitz  
The Russian Alphabet  
A Visit to Hesse (Schotten)  
Letters from Russia in the 1930s, by K. Knack  
Frederich Lust Follow-up, by Robert Smick
- Vol. 16, No. 2  
Our Visit to Yagodnaya Polyana, by Diana Dobson  
The Early History of Yagodnaya Polyana, by E. B. Rusho
- Vol. 17, No. 1 (1996)  
A Visit to Neu Straub (Skatovka), by Lillian Larwig  
Precious Freight Under the Mattress, by V. Schmidt  
Litzenbergers/Litzenbergs  
A Visit to Yagodnaya Polyana, by Elsie Cowling
- Vol. 17, No. 2
- Vol. 18, No 1 (1997)  
Visiting the Volga German Colonies, by Rodney Fink and Jim Loudon  
Rudy Family History, by Henry Rudy  
My Scheuerman Family (I), by L. Scheuerman  
Technical Aid to Russia
- Vol. 18, No. 2  
On to Oregon, by Dorothy Blackmore  
The Cornelius (Oregon) Cemetery, by Barry Lust

The Story of the Volga German People, by Johann Kromm  
My Scheuerman Family (II), by Leo Scheuerman  
The Famine in Russia, 1919-1923

Vol. 19, No. 1 (1998)

What Happened to Yagodnaya Polyana, by Alwina Meiber (edited by Elizabeth Meyer)

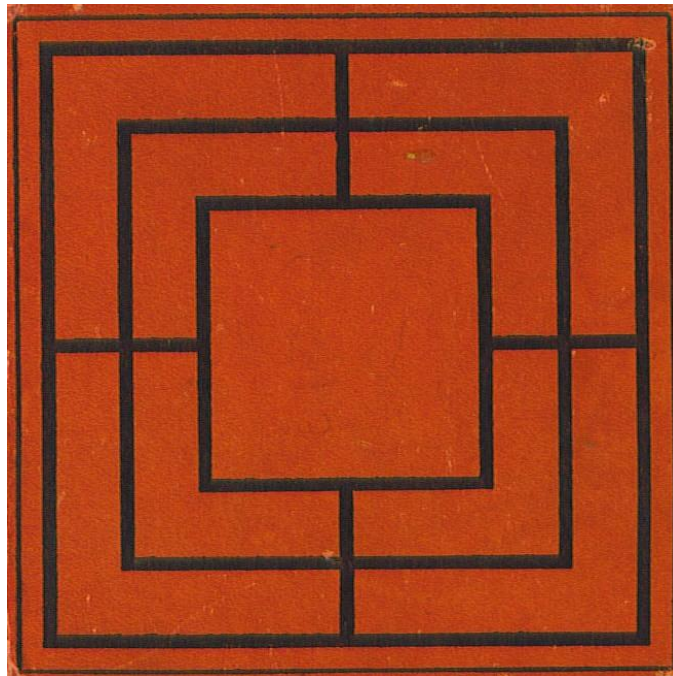
Vol. 19, No. 2

Vol. 20, No. 1 (1998)

A Visit to Yagodnaya Polyana in 1999, by Kristen Ball  
Saga of a Yagodnaya Polyana Family, by Irina Holstein  
Our Family Life in Kazakhstan and Germany, by Rosa Scheuerman Brungart  
Remaining Living Yagoders, by Ruth Dippel DeLuca  
Daughter Colonies of Yagodnaya Polyana and Pobochnoye, by Laurin Wilhelm  
and W. L. Scheirman

Vol. 20, No. 2

A Visit with Johannes and Hilda Schmick and Family, by Robert Smick  
Alexander Pfaffenroth Delivers Religious Literature to Siberia  
Pastor Scheierman of Saratov  
Litzenberger Family Book



MILL GAME BOARD BROUGHT FROM RUSSIA BY ALEC REICH (1906)

## PART TWELVE

### FOLK AND FAMILY MUSIC

#### I. VOLGA GERMAN *VOLKSLIEDER*

Lois's and my great good fortune was to meet so many remarkable individuals from our ancestral villages of Yagodnaya Polyana and Norka (from which the Kildows hailed) at the annual conventions of the American Historical Society of Germans from Russia. One of the most special of these persons who entered our lives in the 1970's was Catherine "Kedda" Luft, of Sheyboygan, Wisconsin. Kedda had been a childhood playmate of Great Grandma (Katherine) Morasch in Russia but the two had become separated when their parents immigrated to different destinations in America. Kedda remembered them playing together at the large washing pool near the village church. She was blessed with a prodigious memory and vibrant Christian faith that was evidenced immediately to anyone in her presence. She simply exuded the joy of Jesus in her life. In spite of any wants from formal education, Kedda had long since committed to memory all 150 Psalms and the words of Christ in their entirety from the Gospels.

For many years Kedda's children had encouraged their mother to write down her extensive memories of life in Russia in that bygone age of tsars and Tartar tribes. For some reason she would never consent to do so and they hoped I might join in trying to persuade her to record some memories that she could related so well orally. Thus began an extensive correspondence with Kedda covering a wide range of topics on history, family, and faith. Her every letter opened with a Psalm of rejoicing which she wrote in phonetic English. Her preferred mode of communication was in "Yagader Schweze" (Yagoda Talk)—that unique remnant dialect of our people of interest to linguists as a window into medieval Hesse, Germany. Eventually Kedda began work in earnest writing entirely in this language that was translated into English by her remarkable daughters, Esther and Miriam. Her story is titled "The Garden of My Youth," and is to my mind the most eloquent expression ever penned of our people's experience in Russia. I included this important work in the book *Return to Berry Meadow*.

Kedda often sang to us both songs from her beloved *Volgagesangbuch*—the one without any notes, as well as folksongs of our people. She told how men and women would sing in all manner of setting from winter evening get-togethers to harvest time when workers would gather in two rows to flail the grain to the rhythm of such songs as these that follow. We heard many others at Northwest AHSGR gatherings where we danced to the music of Portland's Billy Staerkel Band and listened spellbound to Ray Stala's hammered dulcimer music that seemed to come from another world, as it probably did.

#### ***Oh Susanna! Wunderschöne Anna! (Oh Susanna! Wonderful Anna!)***

*The lyrics are a clever play on the German words; text and translation by Timothy and Rosalinda Kloberdanz.*

Chorus:

*Oh Susanna! Wunderschöne Anna!  
Ist das Leben noch so schön.*

*Oh Susanna! Wunderschöne Anna!  
Is das Leben noch so schön.*

*Alle Jahr ein Kind, Alle Jahr ein Kind;  
Bis es fünfundzwanzig sind!*

*Alle Räder rollen, Alle Räder rollen;*

Oh Susanna! Wonderful Anna!  
Life is still so beautiful.

Oh Susanna! Wonderful Anna!  
Life is still so beautiful.

Every year a child, every year a child;  
Until there are twenty-five!

All the wheels are rolling, all the....

*Nur der eine Kunrad nicht!*  
*Alle Säck, de reissen, Alle Saäck, die reissen;*  
*Nur der eine Isaak nicht!*  
*Alle Köpfe denken, Alle Köpfe denken;*  
*Nur der eine Jakob nicht!*  
*Alle Hähne krähen, Alle Hähne krähen;*  
*Nur der eine Johann nicht!*

All except for Konrad! [*Rad*=”wheel”]  
 All the sacks are tearing, all the....  
 All except for Isaac! [*Saak*=”sack”]  
 All the heads are thinking, all the....  
 All except for Jakob! [*Kopf*=”head”]  
 All the roosters are crowing, all the....  
 All except for Johann! [*Hahn*=”rooster”]

### **Volga German Sprichwörter (Proverbs)**

*Rost frisst Eisen; Sorge den Menschen.* (Rust devours iron; worries devour people.)  
*Ein guter Name is besser als Silber und Gold.* (A good name is better than silver or gold.)  
*Eine Ehe ohne Kinder ist eine Welt ohne Sonne.* (A marriage without children is like the world without the sun.)  
*Der Brei werd net so haass gesse, wie r gkocht is.* (Food is not eaten as hot as it is cooked—Things never turn out as badly as they seem.)  
*Liewer a Stick Brot im Sack wie a Feddr uffm Hut.* (Better to have a piece of bread in your pocket than a feather in your hat.)  
*Morgen, morgen, nur net heide, sagen alle faulen Leide.* (Tomorrow, tomorrow, no today; that’s what the lazy ones say.)  
*Drham is dhram, hinnerem Owe is nochmoul drham.* (Home is home, and behind the stove is home even more.)  
*Wann Gicklche un Hinklche zammescharre, gibt’s n grouse Haufe.* (Whenever roosters and hens scratch [i.e., work] together, you’ll find a big heap.)  
*Die junge Hinkel lieje die Aajer, die aale Kih gewa die Butter.* (Young hens give the Eggs, but old cows give the butter.)  
*Kopi mache Ruwl.* (Small coins add up to rubles.)

### **Mama, Mama, da drauss, da steht ein Knabe (Mama, Mama, There Is a Young Man Outside)**

*This song seems especially appropriate to include given Kedda’s nickname. The story goes that when she was young a suitor came to call on her at home. As I recall he was a Russian which must have made matter especially difficult. He was so nervous, that when he arrived at the front gate, he was met by Herr Luft who asked why he had come. The timid young fellow struggled to say “Katherine,” but the best he could do was to stammer, “Ked-da, Ked-da....” By this Kedda was known to all her friends for the rest of her life both in Russia and America.*

“Mama, Mama,  
 Da drauss, da steht ein Knabe.  
 Den möcht ich gern, den möcht ich gern,  
 Zu einem Manne haben.  
 Denn der ist so schön von Angesicht.  
 Ei, seht Her mal, ei seht Her mal,  
 Wie hübsch der Knabe ist!”

“Mama, Mama,  
 There is a young man outside.  
 I’d like to have him, I’d like to have him  
 As a loving husband.  
 For he is so handsome and divine,  
 Oh, look at him, just look at him,  
 What a fine young man he is!”

“Ach Tochter, ach Tochter,  
 Lass du den Knabe stehen!  
 Er wird dir ja, er wird dir ja,  
 Nach deiner Her’ geschehen.  
 Denn ein Kuss, der ist schlimmer als die Pest.

“Oh daughter, sweet daughter,  
 Leave that fine young man be!  
 If you do not, if you do not,  
 It will cost your honor, you see.  
 Because a kiss is worse than plague.



*Du stirbst daran, du stirbst daran,  
Wenn du dich küssen lässt!”*

*“Ach Mutter, ach Mutter,  
Ehr wärt schon längst gestorben  
An einem Kuss, an einem Kuss,  
Den Her Eich habt erworben.  
Denn ich hab schon oft mitzugeschaut,  
Wie der Herr Papa die Frau Mama,  
Besoffen hat geküsst.”*

*“Ach Tochter, ach Tochter,  
Dafür hast du den Segen.  
Kehr’ in die Welt, kehr’ in de Welt,  
Kehr’ alle deine Wegen!  
Ei, und vermähle dich, und vermähle dich,  
Und mach so wie der Herr Papa,  
der Herr Papa und ich!”*

You’ll die from it, you’ll die from it,  
If you let him kiss your lips.”

“Oh mother, dear mother,  
You would have died so long ago  
From just one kiss, from just one kiss,  
That you yourself received.  
Because I’ve seen how very often  
My dear father kissed you, dear mother,  
After he’s had a drink”

“Oh daughter, sweet daughter,  
For that you have my blessing.  
Go into the world, go into the world,  
Go wherever fate may take you!  
Yes, and multiply, and multiply,  
Just like your dear father,  
your dear father and I!”

**“Mamma Sez”** by Pete Koch

*In addition to seeing such good friends as Kedda Luft, Emma Schwabenland Haynes, Art and Cleo Flegel, Dad and Aunt Evelyn’s teacher Maria Trupp, and others at the annual AHSGR conventions around the country, Lois and I developed a special friendship with Pete Koch, a native of Frank, Russia, who had immigrated as a young man to Portland, Oregon. Trying to keep a straight face while visiting with Pete was an exercise in futility. Any conversation with him eventually turned to laughter as he led you down some path with a play on words or story-turned-joke. He was a handsome old fellow with black eyebrows and dark complexion framing those devious eyes that always sparkled with the knowledge of some untold humorous tale—a sort of German-Russian Jonathan Winters. At one gathering he addressed the large assembly, as many as thousand convened for these events, by reading the following letter that he had just “discovered” in an old trunk in the attic of his Portland home.*

*(The following glossary may be helpful to better understand the letter. Mist: manure; Die Leit: the people; spiel lumpe: dish rag; Knovlack: garlic; stinkcat: skunk; Breastrag: from Brust Lappe, overcoat; Kruez: Cross; Spieling: literally “playing,” but also means visiting; Maul: mouth; Rut lauf: literally “red walk,” or soreness; “Stendling mitant any knatz:” lumber without any knots; Button: fog; durch fall: to fall through.)*

November 12, 1914

Dear friends,

We your happy letter received have, with great gladness. We often on you thought have this last year. Mamma sez, now you down sit and right away a long letter write to you. You see after being in America about 2 years, I can already English write. Now that the crops is in, we back to school again go. Ach you should some of the kids hear when they English talk. The teacher asked John Saverwein what mist was, he said manure. She asked one girl to give a sentence with the word delight. She said die Leit who no like me can go grass grow. You should see the lunches we to school bring, mostly Rye pread and sausage.

One day someone left the spiel lumpe in my dinner bucket. Teacher wanted to know what made our sausage so good. I said we put in Knovlack. One boy said, our Papa makes our pigs laugh by tickling them first with the butcher knife to make them happy before butchering so the meat won't turn sour. Mamma sez, to tell your mamma. Her heart in her belly hurt her, to hear about your papa and the stinkcat in the cellar. And him having to burn his pretty Breastrag. His sack watch chain allways so pretty looked on his Breastrag.

Mamma sez, tell Evilsweje that our Papa also a cold got watering in the garden last summer. One night it shot him in the Cross. He no out of bed could up get. So now, Momma had to help him his pants on a pullinn and his coat on a puttinn. Then he goes playing with the neighbors. Mamma sez, she some Medicine Plaster got from an Old Women who makes it. She takes Goose fat, onions, Knovlack, Chicken and Cow powder and a cuckoo or sparrow egg. Mamma no cuckoo or sparrow could find so she a turkey egg took because it is speckled too. And it all upmixed and on Papa's Cross rubbed. He like a bear growled.

Mamma sez, hold your Maul, that's to put all the pain and Red walk out of your Cross. Now Papa allright again and his clothes on pullinn can. You know we have 11 children in our family. Last month an Offtaker came to our house to take us off. Mamma sez, How much they cost? He said They are \$10 a dozen. Mamma sez, Come next year and I'll have a dozen. Mamma sez, don't forget our new animals. Our cow made a little calf. Mamma got 5 little geeses and 20 ducks. Mamma set 10 Glucks and Bried out over 100 little chicks, so we have plenty of Chicken and Noodle soup this winter.

Last week Pappa Mamma scared made. You see he upcalled the Misterlumberyardman and asked him, Misterlumberyardman do you have any 2 x 4 Stendling mitant any knatz? I right away in come and you pay. So he to town went and a real heavy belly button up came, so we couldn't even see the privy outside. And Mamma home sat and had the Death Shirt on making thoughts. But the horses their way came home found. We still good health have. Some time Papa have trouble with his chair walk and always one of the younger ones have the durch fall so we keep things agoing at our house.

Your cousin,  
Lizzie Saueramper

## II. RUSSIAN FOLK *PYESNY*

Although our *Russlanddeutschen* ancestors lived in Yagodnaja Polyana (Ягодная Поляна: Berry Meadow) and other Volga villages that were inhabited almost entirely by their German kinsmen, these villages were islands in a sea of Slavic peoples. Some customs and linguistic influences of the larger Russian culture were evident in their experiences and our people's distinctive Hessian dialect, itself a remarkable remnant of 17<sup>th</sup> century European life, became flavored with numerous Russian words like *спичка* (*spichka*: match), *арбуза* (*arbuza*: watermelon), *вирст* (*verst*: kilometer), and *нушник* (*nushnik*: outhouse). (I believe there is strong evidence that their distinctive greeting, *adyea*, likely from the French *adieu*, is rooted in the exile to Berry Meadow of several prisoners of war from Napoleon's ill-fated campaign into Russia in 1812, as this is uncommon among other groups of Germans from Russia.) In any event, some of our people adapted Russian musical instruments like the accordion and balalaika to their folk music traditions and we were treated to a stirring rendition of these tunes during our tours with Journey Travel to Jagodnaja Poljana in the 1990s. I can never forget the noisome and festive images of Colfax's Don and June Schmick, the Fox brothers from Calgary, Gary Schneidmiller, cousin Bill Scheirman, and most everyone dancing with the ladies in Berry Meadow's school main hall to the feverish tempo of "Karobuchka" ("The Pedlar's Song"). Perhaps the abundant supply of vodka had something to do with all the levity evidenced by the usually restrained Americans. The small crystal salt dish we have was presented to us with a loaf of black rye bread day in the traditional Russian expression of welcome on that special day. I believe Maria Scheuermann stepped forward from the crowd to present it to us, and we later dined extravagantly in her and husband Victor's simple home.

My first real exposure to Russian folk songs, or *narodnye pyesny*, was as a member of the DLI Russian Choir in Monterey, California where Lois and I lived during my Air Force enlistment from 1974 to 1975. Grandpa Scheuerman came down to visit there and we all greatly enjoyed the music of our family's former homeland. In the recent past nephew Jared Wolfe has also sung as an army recruit in this unusual musical group that performs throughout the Monterey Peninsula featuring an eclectic blend of Russian folk and liturgical Orthodox music. Most of the former are real "toe-tappers"-lively melodies and delightful lyrics. Some of our favorites appear below with English transliterations. Even conversational Russian is both sibilant and poetic as the inflections reflected in nouns and their modifiers often impart a natural sense of rhythm and rhyme.

### ***The Birchtree in the Field (Снуме, Орлы Боевые)***

*Vo polye beryoza stoyala, vo polye kudryavaya stoyala.*

*Looly, looly stoyala, looly, looly stoyala.*

In the field a lonely birchtree standeth; who will break a little twiglet from it?

Looly, looly, there it's standing, looly, looly, there it's standing.

Chorus:

*Ta-ri ba-ri ras-to-ba-ri, snye-gee bye-li vy-pa-da-lee, o-khotnich-ki vy-yez-zha-lee,*

*Zlykh sobak svoikh spooka-lit, krasny dyvku espy-ga-le.*

*Ты, dyevetsa, [shout:] stoi, stoi, stoi, stoi;*

*Krasavetsa sa nami pyesni poi, poi, poi.*

*Chuveal, chuveal, navel (moi chuveal),*

*Yeshchy chudo pyervo chudo, (chudo pyervo chudo),*

*Yeshchy chudo pyervo chudo, (chudo rodina moyal)*

Tari bari rastobari, white snow has fallen, hunters have set out,  
Released their fierce hounds, and frightened a young girl.  
Hey, girl, [*shout:*] wait, wait, wait, wait, and join the chorus!  
Let' sing of our wonderful homeland.

From the white branch now I cut three twiglets; from the twiglets I will make three  
whistles.

Looly, looly, who will break it? Looly, looly who will break it?

From a branch I make a balalaika, balalaika, serenading my sweetheart.  
Looly, looly, who will break it? Looly, looly, who will break it?

### ***The Pedlar's Song (Песня Коробейника)***

*About the closest we can come today to a pedlar's experience is seeing the Schwan Man enter the driveway and come inside with his or her catalogue of frozen goodies awaiting our purchase in the truck. In my youth our farm home was visited at least once a year by the suitcase-laden Fuller Brush Man, the kindly gray-haired Minnesota Woolen Mills Lady, who would spread out her colorful assembly of yarns and clothing for Mother's inspection, the Raleigh Man who supplied our need for spices, extracts, and ointments. In our people's Volga homeland, Russian pedlars were a common and welcome sight, at least to the children, since they enlivened the village routine for a few hours and represented contact with the outside world. One of the most popular Russian folksongs, "Korobushka," is great fun to sing and hear with its lively beat and a balalaika accompaniment.*

*Ekh, polnym polna moya korobushka,  
Yes ee cetyets ee parcha.  
Pozhalei, dusha moya zasnobyshka,  
Molodyets kovo plyecha.*

Oh, my basket is so heavy and so full  
Of the silk brocade and velvet that I must pull.  
Pity my aching shoulders; but then who cares?  
Please let me lower my bag and display my wares.

*Vydu, vydu b roxh vysokuyu,  
Tam doe nochki procizhu,  
Kak zavizhu svoyu chernukuyu  
Bcyo tovary razlozhu.*

I often wander through the golden rye  
And remain till night has darkened the sky.  
The treasures of my basket will I unfold  
Only to my beloved so proud, so cold.

*Tsyeny sam plateel nye maly'ye  
Nye torguisya, ne skupis!  
Podstavlyai ka gubki aly'ye  
Blizhye k molodtsu sadees.*

Oh, don't haggle, the price I paid was high,  
Just give me your lips, come closer and don't be shy.

***Sleep, Battle Eagles (Спите, Орлы Боевые)*** by K. Olenin

*This is a song from World War I when Russia's fortunes turned so badly in the war against Germany. The tsar's troops were poorly supplied and defeats at the front contributed to the unrest that toppled the monarchy in the 1917 Bolshevik Revolution. Doubtless we had relatives in these struggles as many of our people served in the Russian army from the 1870s with most of the Volga Germans remaining loyal to the tsar. The "battle eagles" are the double-headed eagle image that symbolized imperial Russian rule across incredibly vast domains from east to west. They can be seen on the large copper coin from the time of Tsarina Catherine the Great in our family's possession.*

Sleep, my Battle Eagles, with souls, unruffled,  
Convoke the heroes' sleep, earned of glory in eternal peace.

Oh, how long the hard suffering for the Fatherland so dear;  
And long the roar of cannon thundering your groans in anguish too clear.

Forgotten the past upheavals; unrest and hardships,  
As the earth-tomb accepts the broad formations at last.

### III. GERMAN FESTIVAL HYMNS

As youngsters my classmate-cousin Ann Schierman Stoner and I were sometimes asked to sing for the German service at Trinity in Endicott that was held two hours earlier than the main English service at 11:00 a.m. Our "reward" for doing so was being able to skip the later service after Sunday School and spend the hour next door with Aunt Lizzie and Aunt Mae or some other elder who never failed to share an ample supply of freshly made doughnuts or other delicacy. At these services I first began to appreciate the beauty of *Usu Leut's* native tongue, which sounded as strange to my young ears as seeing their peculiar custom of dividing the congregation along the aisle into men and women. No one could tell me why this was done other than it being a tradition from the Old Country so I suppose it may have been passed down from late medieval Germany since there is nothing Russian about doing so. Their tattered leather-bound heirloom songbooks were also refuges from Russia as all bore a Moscow or Dorpat copyright page indicating its place of publication that was written in Cyrillic. Our grandparents' generation worshipped in song according to the liturgical church year and the songs that follow reflect Biblical events associated with these seasons. The first selection, "*Gott ist die Liebe*" ("God is Love"), might well be considered the Volga German's anthem, for it was sung throughout the year and is sung to this day wherever our people have lived—Germany, Russia, Argentina, and America. I can still hear the deep bass tones thundered by the men beneath the plaintive wails sung by the women to this sacred Passion hymn. The translation is a rather free one.

***Gott Ist die Liebe (God Is Love)***

*Gott ist die Liebe, lasst mich erloesen; Gott ist die Liebe, er liebt auch mich.*

Chorus:

*Drum sag' ich noch einmal: Gott ist die Leibe, Gott ist die Liebe, er liebt auch mich.*

God loves me dearly, gives me salvation; God loves me dearly, loves even me.

Chorus:

Now I say once again: God loves me dearly, God loves me dearly, Loves even me.

*Ich lag in Banden der schnoeden Suende; ich lag in Banden und tonnt' nicht loss.*  
I was in bondage, sin, death, and darkness; God's love was working to make me free.

*Er sandte Jesum, den treuen Heiland; Er sande Jesum und macht' mich los.*  
He sent forth Jesus, that true Redeemer; He sent forth Jesus and set me free.

*Jesus, mein Heiland, gab sich zum Opfer; Jesus, mein Heiland, buesst' meine Schuld.*  
Jesus, my Savior, Himself did offer; Jesus, my Savior, paid all I owed.

*Dich vill ich preisen, du ew'ge Leibe; Dich vill ich loben, so lang ich bin.*  
Now I praise Thee, oh dearest Savior; now will I praise Thee, all through my life.

For Christmas:

***O Du Froehliche (Oh Thou Holiest)***

*O du froehliche, O du selige Gnadenbringen de Weihnachtszeit*  
*Welt ging verloren, Christ ward geboren, Freue, o freue dich o Christenheit.*

O Thou holiest, O thou happiest Grace abounding, blest Christmastide.  
Earth's hopes awaken, Christ life hath taken, Laud Him, O laud Him on every side.

### **“First Gifts”**

As was the custom in our youth, the opening of Christmas presents followed a prescribed sequence. Sometimes a special gift awaited us on Christmas morning amidst all the crumpled wrapping paper and ribbons that were strewed around the tree or stuffed into boxes from the “main event” on Christmas Eve. That long awaited time, however, was preceded by the obligatory stop at Grandpa Scheuerman's house after the Christmas program where all his children and grandchildren gathered to critique the program and watch Grandpa open his birthday and Christmas presents. The church Christmas pageant and candlelight service was always held on Christmas Eve so we always had to get dressed in our finest clothes late that afternoon and brave snowy country roads to take our places in this grand annual affair that featured the perennial children's manager scene. Invariably the preschool cherubs' rendition of Away in the Manger was the highlight of the pageant unless someone fainted in the middle of the performance under the hot lights. Since many of the Nativity characters were dressed in light or white robes, a notable spectacle in the program that drew lots of “oohs” and “ahs” from parents and grandparents was the colored spotlight wheel in the balcony that was turned at regular intervals by George Bernhart.

But the first Christmas gifts opened every year by each boy and girl of the church were those distributed in the parish house in small brown paper bags following the Christmas program. Since the contents never changed from year to year, we all knew what awaited us inside but that did not diminish the excitement over receiving the sack and swiftly exploring the contents. Invariably we discovered an orange with a medley of peanuts, acorns, and other nuts. This was such customary feature of our holiday fare that I grew up thinking that such a gift was routinely handed out at all churches, or at least most others of our denomination. Only as an adult when seeing the experiences at other churches including Lutheran did I find that this custom was rare to the point of possible uniqueness among our people. Leigh Anna chose to explore the matter as part of a report she did as a senior in high school on Old World religious traditions. She found evidence that the presenting of oranges and nuts at Christmas was actually rooted in the practices

of ancient pre-Christian Teutonic sun worshippers who celebrated the death and rebirth of the sun during the evening of the winter solstice on December 22. For obvious reasons an orange, a rare commodity in pre-fifth century Germany, represented the sun while nuts signified the vitality of coming new life.

Of course there is probably no way today to verify the actual provenance of our distinctive “first gift” tradition, but as a boy I asked some of our elders what they remembered about Christmastime in the Old Country. Mollie Bafus remembered the wolves that boldly attacked sleighs on isolated roads across the frozen steppe, Conrad Blumenschein recounted the terrifying visits of the *Pelznickle*, a kind of bogeyman, to their homes on Christmas Eve, and the later coming of the *Christkind*, or veiled Christ Child. Catherine Luft recalled the festively decorated interior of the church and the weddings that often took place during that holiday week. Although few gifts were exchanged, most of these folks did remember one other tradition—how children were delighted each year to receive a bag filled with fruit and nuts.

### ***Stille Nacht, Heil’ge Nacht (Silent Night, Holy Night)***

*Stille Nacht, Heil’ge Nacht, Alles schlaeft, einsam wacht,  
Nur das heilige Eltern-paar, Das im Stalle zu Bethlehem war,  
Bei dem himmlischen Kind, Bei dem himmlischen Kind.*

Silent Night, Holy Night, all is calm, all is bright,  
Round yon virgin mother and Child, Holy Infant so tender and mild,  
Sleep in heavenly peace, Sleep in heavenly peace.

### **“Teasel Trees and Christmas Cards”**

The first week of December, our grandfather, Karl Scheuerman, would make his annual pilgrimage to the cold upstairs of his Endicott home and carefully bring down two fragile relics that had graced his living room throughout our childhood during the holidays. One was a cone-shaped teasel tree painted green that wasn’t much taller than the ornament crowning most Christmas trees, while the other was a pyramid of some twenty tuna cans painted gold and inhabited by rows of pink glass bulbs. These two simple creations were set up with the same loving care with which they were made and we kids treated them like museum pieces. Janice, Clifford, Carol, and I would gather at Grandpa’s one night each week that time of year to trade news about the basketball team and classwork for his special menu of hot buttered and sugared rice and a hearty bowl of hot schnitzel soup, his unique blend of dried fruit with cream that belied its description by satisfying our teenage appetites. The recipe had come with his parents from the steppes of Russia nearly a century earlier.

Grandpa Scheuerman served as a kind of patriarch in a role that extended far beyond our immediate family. During those evenings we would study the dozens of Christmas cards that had come to him from all across America—Poffenroths in California, Foxes in Alberta, Lautenschlagers in Wisconsin, Scheirmans in Kansas, Hellbaums in Wyoming, and from many other people and places which we had never heard of. He framed the enormous double-door entry to the living room with these cards by taping them to the cream-colored enamel of the doorframe. By Christmas not an inch of woodwork was visible as dazzling expressions of “Season’s Greetings” papered the entry area and reported on the clan’s welfare far and wide. The mere mention of any name would elicit from Grandpa a patient explanation about how they were related and some special incident that tied them to his memory.

Since Grandpa had sons and daughters living in Endicott, Lacrosse, and St. John, the entire family would gather in his spacious white house on Christmas Day for a time of feasting and fellowship. The grand noon meal commenced with grace from Grandpa’s lips and he often

offered the psalm that ended, “Thou openest thy liberal hand and satisfieth the need of every living thing.” The dinner was never complete until he was served with a piece of his favorite gooseberry pie, unsweetened, and homemade ice cream. At that time we all joined in rousing chorus of “Happy Birthday,” since Christmas Day was also Grandpa Scheuerman’s birthday (and his sister Mae’s). Somehow it seemed fitting that on such a special occasion God blessed our family with his enduring presence.

For Lent:

***Ruehmen Will Ich Mich Alleine (In the Cross of Christ I Glory)***

*Ruehmen will ich mich alleine, Deines Kreuzes, Jesu Christ,  
Das vom ew’gen Sonnen scheine, Deines Heils umflossen ist.  
Wenn des Lebens Strum und Wellen, All mein Hoffen mir geknickt,  
Will ich unters Kreuz mich stellen, Wo dein Friede mich erquickt;  
Will ich unters Kreuz mich stellen, Wo dein Friede mich erquickt.*

In the cross of Christ I glory, tow’ring o’er the wrecks of time;  
All the light of sacred story, gathers round its head sublime.  
When the woes of life o’er take me, hopes deceived, and fears annoy,  
Never shall the cross forsake me; Lo! It glows with peace and joy!  
Never shall the cross forsake me; Lo! It glows with peace and joy!

For Easter:

***Ich Weiss, Dass Mein Erloeser Lebt! (I Know that My Redeemer Lives)***

*Ich weiss, dass mein Erloeser lebt! Mein Herze drob in Wonne schwebt.  
Er lebt, er lebt, vom Tod erwacht! Erstanden von des Grabes Nacht;  
Erstanden von des Grabes Nacht.*

I know that my Redeemer lives! What comfort this sweet sentence gives!  
He lives, He lives who once was dead, He lives, my ever-living Head;  
He lives, my ever-living Head.

For Ascension Sunday:

***Erstanden ist der Herr vom Tod (The Lord is Risen from the Dead)***

by George F. Handel

*Erstanden is der Herr vom Tod, Zu Gottes Herrlichkeit erhoelt.  
Umsonst hat Ihm das Grab gedroht, Ihm, der zurueck zum Batergeht.  
Schon ist ihm sein Triumph bereit, Und jauchzend singt der Engel Chor,  
Macht Gottes Sohne hoch und weit, Das glanzumstrahlte Himmelsthor!*

Our Lord is risen from the dead, and gone to realms of joy on high;  
The pow’rs of hell are captive led, dragged to the portals of the sky.  
Thee His triumphal chariot waits, and angels chant the solemn lay:  
Lift up your heads, ye heav’nly gates! Ye everlasting doors, give way!



### **“More Precious with Every Year”**

When our Grandpa Scheuerman’s older sister, Mae Poffenroth Geier, passed away in the late fall of 1972, our community lost one of its last Russian-born pioneer residents. (I believe the last was actually Katie Morasch who passed away in 1999). She had been born nearly eighty-five years earlier in Yagodnaya Polyana, Russia and we always enjoyed visiting in her small home on “the other side of the tracks” where she lived in her latter years with Aunt Lizzie Repp with a woodstove kitchen that ever smelled of wonderful culinary delights. Aunt Mae was a tough woman whose life had known many hardships and she was blessed with a memory so clear about distant events that whenever I would ask about a particular date, she could instantly respond. (We arrived in America on April 27, 1888; came to Endicott from Kansas on March 7, 1891.) I always felt a special kinship with the Geier-Poffenroth family. I greatly looked forward to the annual visits to Endicott of her son, Elmer, and his family from Palo Alto, California, and her son Harold has played bass professionally at popular night spots in Spokane for decades. Daughter Dorie Looney is a gifted artist while Mary Poffenroth is a writer. At Aunt Mae’s funeral service in 1972, Pastor Schnaible shared a memorable homily about her and the remarkable lives hers represented in leaving the Old World and confronting recurrent challenges to make a life in the New. I remember his message well though it was delivered about thirty years to the day as I recount these lines; it was the era of Vietnam, flag burnings, and public scandals. Here is what he said:

*“We are gathered here today to pay respects to our slowly vanishing pioneers. They are becoming more precious with every passing year, for their number is becoming increasingly small. They were a unique generation—a good many of them having come from the old homeland or, if not, they were born here of parents who had come across the seas. They are unique in that they were at the frontiers when our country was still young. They were the ones who turned the first sod in these fertile hills. And it was done with primitive equipment. They knew of no tractors or combines. The work was done by hand. Their homes were simple. They knew of no conveniences, the old cook stove was the rule of the day and the washboard the automatic kind. Travel was slow—only at the speed of a horse or the train. Large families were the rule, not the exception.”*

*“They were unique also in another way—they had a great love for their new country. The flag was a symbol of the nation and was to be honored and respected. Coming from foreign lands they breathed the free and easy air in this land of liberty. Their patriotism was uniquely interwoven with their love for God and their church. Wherever they went their church went with them. Their hymnbooks and Bibles are still in use today though tattered and torn. So different from this generation who, when they leave home, seldom or few bother about looking up a church. This background gave them a firm faith in the Triune God.”*

### **IV. COUNTRY WESTERN “SONGS OF LONG AGO”**

For an unknown period probably stretching from the 1920s through the 1940s, the *Spokesman-Review* frequently ran a music column titled “Songs of Long Ago.” Dad kept a vast collection of these, all carefully cut from the paper and pinned into an tattered blue notebook, *The Spiral*, on the top of which is written in black ink, “Lorraine Scheuerman—History.” Therefore, these songs may have first been assembled by Dad’s younger sister since there is also evidence at the end of the notebook of additional tunes in Aunt Lorraine’s handwriting. (Also a clever mnemonic device to help remember the presidents: “Washington and Jeff made many a joke Van Buren Hit Tyler Polk Taylor. Fierce Pierce backed Lincoln. Johnson Grant Hays good advice concerning Harrison’s clever machinery. Roosevelt took Wilson home. Coolidge had Raspberries to Eat.”)

Whoever was responsible for this collection, it contains the songs we most associate with Dad. They invariably contain more verses than amendments to the Constitution even though each one reformulates with different words a similar story in most every song. Simply put, "I lost my girl (or guy) and now I'm really, really sad." Most of these selections are cowboy tunes filled with the heroic sorrow of love bereft, a sort of *Sturm und Drang* meets the Old West. Dad knew countless numbers of these in all their versed glory and whether at home or on the road somewhere would never hesitate to break out into a chorus from one that led to our hearing the whole tearful tale one more time. These impromptu concerts always brought smiles and laughter to both performer and audience. At home they might be rendered with accompaniment or interlude on his guitar, mandolin, or Hohner harmonica, all of which he played by ear.

A customary setting for these memorable experiences was the long drive out of the field from the Foley place some miles northwest of Colfax. Dad picked up the lease on almost 700 acres of prime grainland there in the mid 60's but the place was inaccessible by any highway or gravel road. We had to drive over a mile through an immense draw of dust and ruts so deep that the turquoise Dodge Mom used to deliver harvest meals shimmied all the way in to camp as the frame hit the soft ground with threats of becoming high-centered. After Mom endured these daring daily harvest assaults loaded down with complete three-course hot meals for a couple years, Dad decided we should eat at a severely weatherbeaten barn located at the entrance to the dirt road where the only challenge we knew was dodging pigeon bombings.

For years brother Don and I were awoken early on school-year Saturday mornings and during summer to make the long drive to the Foley Place for a day's work in the fields. At the end of a long, hot harvest day we would all pile in one wheat truck, either the red Chevy or black Ford, and head to the Thera elevator with the last load and then continue on home over scenic Lee Road but long after sundown. With the day's labor behind us, more truckloads of plump kernels delivered, and momentary break as we lumbered along the long drive home, Dad's clear bass voice would suddenly pierce the air with...

### ***The Old Apple Tree in the Orchard***

Oh! The old apple tree in the orchard, lives in my memory,  
'Cause it reminds me of my pappy, he was handsome, young, and happy  
When he planted the old apple tree.

Then one day pappy took Widder Norton, out on a jamboree.  
And when he took her home at sun-up, brother Norton raised his gun up  
And he chased pappy up in the tree.

When the neighbors came after my pappy, up in the tree was he.  
The neighbors took a rope and strung him, by the neck and then they hung him  
To the branch of the old apple tree.

Now my poor pappy lies in the orchard, out of his misery.  
They put the apples in a basket, chopped the tree down for a casket,  
And my poor pappy's gone with the tree.

Say goodbye, say goodbye, say goodbye to the old apple tree.  
If my pappy had a-knowed it, he'd be sorry that he growed it,  
'Cause he died on the old apple tree.

*This tune was so familiar to us in childhood that I think we looked at our old apple tree behind the house with some trepidation.*

### ***The Strawberry Roan***

I'm a-layin' around, just spending muh time; out of a job an' ain't holdin' a dime.  
When a feller steps up, an sez, "I suppose, that you're uh bronk fighter by the looks  
of your clothes."

"Yuh figures me right, I'm a good one, I claim; do you happen tuh have any bad ones to tame?"  
He sez he's got one, uh bad un tuh buck; an' fur throwin' good riders he's had lots uh luck.

He sez that this pony has never been rode; that the boys that gets on 'im is bound tuh get throwed.  
Well, I gets all excited an' asked what he pays; tuh ride this old pony uh couple uh days.

He offers uh ten-spot, sez I, "I'm your man; 'cause the bronk never lived that I couldn't fan,  
The hoss never lived nor never drew breath; that I couldn't ride till he's starved plum to death."

"I don't like tuh brag, but I got this tuh day; that I ain't been piled for many uh day."  
Sez he, "Get yure saddle, I'll give yuh uh chance;" so I gets in his buckboard an' drifts tuh his ranch.

I stays until mornin' an' right after chuck; I steps out tuh see if that outlaw kin buck.  
Down in the hoss corral, standin' alone; was this caballo, uh strawberry roan.

His laigs is all spavined an' he's got pigeon toes; little pig eyes an uh big roman nose,  
Little pin ears that touch at the tip; an uh big double square branded on his hip.

Yew-necked an' old, with uh long lower jaw; I kin see with one eye he's uh reg'lar outlaw.  
I puts on muh spurs—I'm sure feelin' fine; turns up muh hat and picks up muh twine.

I throws that look on 'im, an well I know then; that before he gets rode I'll sure earn muh ten,  
I gets muh blinds on him, an' it sure was a fight; next comes muh saddle—I screwed it down tight.

An' then I piles on 'im, an' raises the blind; I'm right in his middle tuh see 'im unwind;  
Well, he bows his old neck, an' I guess he unwound; for he seemed tuh quit living down there  
on the ground.

He goes up t'ward the east and comes down t'ward the west; tuh stay in his middle I'm  
doin' muh best.  
He sure is frog walkin' he heaves uh big sigh; he only lacks wings tuh be on the fly.

He turns his old belly right up toward the sun, he sure is uh sun-fishin' son of a gun;  
He's the worst bucker I've seen on the range; he can turn on uh nickel an' give yuh some change.

While he's uh buckin' he squeals like a shoat; I tell yuh that pony has sure got muh goat;  
I claim that no foolin' that bronk could sure step; I'm still in his middle and buildin' a rep.

He hits on all fours, an' suns up his side; I don't see how he keeps from sheddin' his hide.  
I loses muh stirrup an' also muh hat; I'm grabbin' the leather an' blind as uh bat.

With a phenomenal jump he goes up on high; an' I'm setting on nothin' way up in the sky;  
An' then I turns over, I comes back to earth; An' lights in tuh cussin' the day of h is birth.

Then I knows that they's hosses I ain't able tuh ride; some of 'em livin'—they haven't all died.  
But I bets all muh money they ain't no man alive; Kin stay with that bronk when he takes that high dive.

## V. MEMORIAL HYMNS

I began singing for funerals in the area when in my teens and was understandably reluctant for the obvious reasons and because I had come to know so many elders in the community whose “home-goings” were commemorated at these gatherings. Anyone who grows up with a large family of several generations finds death no stranger even in youth. My first clear recollection of someone’s passing was that of our Grandma Scheuerman about 1961. She was unwell most all the time I knew her and I always regarded Grandpa as someone with an especially dedicated spirit for the care he constantly gave her at home and for his self-reliance. I remember Grandma lying unconscious on a small bed in the main room of their house with Grandpa and my parents and all the aunts and uncles gathered around in hushed sadness. I was about ten at the time and Clifford and I were just coming up the porch steps when a tearful Aunt Lorraine came out and told us to go down to the store and get a treat so we would not be a bother around the house. We understood that Grandma was dying and later that day she passed away. A day or two later Dad took us up to Bruning’s Funeral Home in Colfax to view the body and he must have read my childhood curiosity. He told me it would be alright to touch her cold hand which I did and it was at that point I remember being truly sad at her passing. Years later when Grandpa Scheuerman passed away, I was old enough to deeply mourn his loss as Grandpa had a most special relationship of affection with all the members of his family. I was attending summer school at PLU near Tacoma when he died suddenly in late June, 1975. All of us gathered back home and I recall going to Bruning’s with the Reiches. He looked peaceful and handsome as ever but his loss was felt so keenly that no one could muster the strength to say a word. Finally, Phyllis whispered aloud, “That’s not Grandpa.” It seemed to say it all since to be in Grandpa’s living presence was to know such love and joy and kindness as in not of this world.

For years my grandfather and dad sang at funerals and I came to consider this service a kind of special ministry, especially after so many individuals would come up after some church event and ask that a certain song be shared at their funeral. Invariably Joyce Lust would play for these, later sometimes Lois did as well. I swear that Joyce had more sheet music in her home than most music stores and only on extremely rare occasions was it necessary to find music elsewhere on short notice. The only time I can recall that happened is when Marlo Ochs had asked that “I’ll Fly Away” be sung at his funeral. The tune is country gospel and was not be found anywhere. I don’t remember how we finally located one on such short notice but a lovable and God-fearing cowboy like Marlo deserved his song if anybody ever did so by the appointed hour we were hitched and saddled. One of the first services I remember singing for was David Schmick’s, elderly brother of our dear friend Clara Litzenberger. David had been blind and deaf almost since birth and from our youth my friends and I feared him as the few times we would see him in public he would make strange noises and sometimes flail his hands. As children we had a dim conception of mental retardation and knew of its occurrence in some persons our age but to see someone so old behaving as David did was somewhat frightening.

Clara Litzenberger took a special interest in my life as a teenager as we were related (her Grandfather Adam and my Great Grandfather Henry Scheuerman were brothers) and shared an abiding interest in music and our heritage. Through occasional Sunday afternoon visits to Clara and Ed, I came to know David in an entirely different light. He was tragically imprisoned in a body that could feel but not see or hear. His story was both sad and inspiring. As an infant he had a high fever for many days that caused his condition. Yet he had lived normally long enough to know the touch and sound of his parents, and in later years his father, Adam Schmick, would never been seen in town without David in tow. To let him run free he sometimes tied a long rope around his waist and as they walked through town most folks came to fully accept him. After Adam died the family could not bear to place him in an institution and the responsibility for his

care fell to his younger sister, Clara, who had been living elsewhere. She returned to Endicott where she and Ed cared for David until his passing in 1969. Ed was a remarkable musician in his own right who played the bones, sang, and did amazing rope tricks for us kids that was a legacy from the years he spent on the Pantages circuit and other vaudeville venues throughout the West since the Twenties.

Clara was an unusually intelligent woman—well read, a talented vocalist, and good businesswoman. She introduced me to the writings of Kahil Gibran and shared many aspects our people’s musical heritage from Germany and Russia with me. (I have written more of this special person’s influence in my life in *Return to Berry Meadow*.) She was a prolific writer and sent me dozens of letters of encouragement in my youth from her homes in Endicott and Arizona, where she and Ed spent their summers. When David passed away, I was asked to sing in his honor, “Precious Lord Take My Hand.” Some others appear below with the date of their memorial service; the name of each one evokes a special memory. By far the most requested songs on these occasions have been “How Great Thou Art” and another Stuart Hamblen tune, “Until Then.” Hamblen was a favorite composer of Grandpa Scheuerman and I had occasion in the summer of 1971 to meet him in Oakland, California and tell him of our family’s regard for his work. He wrote a special note to my grandfather.

***My Jesus I Love Thee*** by William Featherstone

*I rather favor singing songs of grandeur and victory at funerals like “My Jesus I Love Thee” and Isaac Watts’ immortal “When I Survey the Wondrous Cross” rather than customary dirge-like hymns. (British literary critic Matthew Arnold considered “Wondrous Cross” one of the four greatest hymns in the English language.) Few convey more expression of victory over death than the following song Clara Litzenberger asked to have for her memorial service. She had everything arranged ahead of time down to the Old and New Testament verse selections and advised me to do the same. I haven’t got around to it yet, but always fine reflective solace in the words of Psalm 90: “Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations....”*

My Jesus, I love Thee; I know thou art mine; for Thee all the follies of sin I resign.  
My gracious Redeemer, my Savior art thou: If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus ‘tis now.

I’ll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death; and praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me  
breath;

And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow: If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus tis now.  
In mansions of glory and endless delight; I’ll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;  
I’ll sing with the glittering crown upon my brow: If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus ‘tis now.

David Schmick, March 14, 1969  
 Henry Weitz, July 23, 1970  
 Alex "Grandpa" Reich, September 2, 1971  
 Katie Lust, December 31, 1971  
 Anna Schierman, March 9, 1972  
 Ernie Lust, July 11, 1972  
 Aunt Mae Geier, November 25, 1972  
 Marie Benner, June 8, 1973  
 Anna Marie Schmick, August 27, 1974  
 Kate Litzenberger, November 7, 1975  
 Aunt Una Mae Scheuerman, July 29, 1977  
 Aunt Helen Garrett, November 3, 1977  
 Raymond Schmick, August 28, 1978  
 Aunt Lizzie Repp, March 17, 1979  
 Otto Hose, June 11, 1979  
 George Blumenschein, September 4, 1979  
 Clara Litzenberger, October 39, 1979  
 Wally Geier, November 16, 1979  
 Aunt Mary C. Morasch, November 6, 1980  
 Bernice Bafus, June 11, 1982  
 Aunt Lena Honstead, October 18, 1985  
 Emma Weitz, July 23, 1987  
 Julius Yenny, September 11, 1989  
 Byron Schmick, January 19, 1990  
 Harry Schneidmiller, May 17, 1990  
 Alex Repp, August 7, 1991  
 Matilda Morasch, November 20, 1991  
 Harold Knott, December 6, 1991  
 William Schmick, May 26, 1992  
 Carl Repp, June 26, 1992  
 Adam V. Morasch, November 17, 1993  
 Pansy Repp, February 2, 1994  
 Forrest Garrett, March 4, 1994  
 Waldo Schierman, May 31, 1994  
 Shari Terrell Thornton, October 2, 1995  
 Elizabeth Scheuerman, November 29, 1995  
 Marlo Ochs, September 23, 1996  
 Jane Luft, September 18, 1996  
 Clara Morasch, March 21, 1997  
 Anna Kleweno, July 9, 1997  
 Helen Repp, May 12, 1998  
 Irene Smick, June 25, 1998  
 Phillip Smick, August 18, 1998  
 Aunt Wilma Schierman, February 1, 1999  
 Gwen Garrett, December 27, 1999  
 Alma McGuire, April 8, 2000  
 Clifford Cook, July 22, 2000  
 Harry "Luke" Benner, September 26, 2000  
 Beulah Miller, December 7, 1999  
 Wayne Lust, January 5, 1999  
 Pastor Charlie Smith, July 20, 2002  
 Ruth Benner, October 3, 2002  
 Mildred Repp, April 23, 2003  
 Ted Repp, November 25, 2003  
 Evelyn Reich, January 24, 2009

*Precious Lord Take My Hand*  
*The Old Rugged Cross*  
*How Great Thou Art*  
*Precious Lord Take Hand*  
*Hold Thou My Hand*  
*Abide With Me*  
*Faith of Our Fathers*  
*Sunrise Tomorrow*  
*In the Garden*  
*Beyond the Sunset*  
*The Lord's Prayer*  
*Nearer My God to Thee*  
*Safe in the Arms of Jesus*  
*How Great Thou Art*  
*Just a Closer Walk with Thee*  
*Softly and Tenderly*  
*My Jesus I Love Thee*  
*Until Then*  
*What a Friend We Have in Jesus*  
*Just a Closer Walk with Thee*  
*Abide with Me*  
*Gott ist die Liebe*  
*The Green, Green Grass of Home*  
*Because He Lives*  
*How Great Thou Art*  
*Because He Lives*  
*My Jesus I Love Thee*  
*My Hope is Built*  
*Until Then*  
*My Jesus I Love Thee*  
*The Old Rugged Cross*  
*Amazing Grace*  
*On Eagle's Wings*  
*Amazing Grace*  
*Love Can Build a Bridge*  
*The Wind Beneath My Wings*  
*His Eye is on the Sparrow*  
*Rock of Ages*  
*Beautiful Savior*  
*Amazing Grace*  
*My Jesus I Love Thee*  
*Just a Closer Walk with Thee*  
*Just a Closer Walk with Thee*  
*The Lord's Prayer*  
*Precious Lord, Take My Hand*  
*Until Then*  
*One Eagle's Wings*  
*My God and I*  
*How Great Thou Art*  
*On Eagle's Wings*  
*Psalm 40 (reading)*  
*Nearer My God to Thee*  
*Amazing Grace*  
*Day by Day*  
*Gott Ist Die Liebe*

***My God and I*** by Austris A. Wihtol (popularized by The Latvian Singers)  
*For Luke Benner*

My God and I go in the field together; we walk and talk as good friends should and do.  
We clasp our hands, our voices ring with laughter; my God and I walk through the meadow's hue.  
We clasp our hands, our voices ring with laughter; my God and I walk through the meadow's hue.  
He tells me of the years that went before me, when heavenly plans were made for me to be.  
When all was but a dream of dim conception; to come to life, earth's verdant glory see.  
When all was but a dream of dim conception; to come to life, earth's verdant glory see.

My God and I will go for aye together. We'll walk and talk as good friends should and do.  
This earth will pass, and with it common trifles, but God and I will go unendingly.  
This earth will pass, and with it common trifles, but God and I will go unendingly.

***Until Then*** by Stuart Hamblen  
*For Grandpa Karl Scheuerman*

My heart can sing, when I pause to remember	This weary world, with all its toil and struggle
A heartache here is but a stepping stone.	May take its toll of misery and strife.
Along a trail, that's winding always upward,	The soul of man is like a waiting falcon,
This troubled world is not my final home.	When it's released, it's destined for the skies.

Chorus:

But until then, my heart will go on singing,  
Until then with joy I'll carry on.  
Until the day my eyes behold the city,  
Until the day God calls me home.

***How Great Thou Art*** by Stuart Hine

*This familiar Swedish hymn written in Rev. Carl Boberg about 1886 arrived in America via Russia after it was translated into that nation's language by the great evangelical preacher, Ivan Prokhanoff. Known as the "Martin Luther of Russia," Prokhanoff arranged for its publication in 1927 and it soon came to attention of an British missionary in Ukraine, Stuart Hine, who translated it into English. It remains a popular hymn in congregations in Scandinavia, Russia, and America.*

Oh Lord, my God, when I in awesome wonder	When Christ shall come, with shout of acclamation,
Consider all the worlds thy hands have made.	And take me home, what joy shall fill my heart.
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder,	Then I shall bow in humble adoration,
Thy power divine the universe displays.	And there proclaim, my God how great Thou art!

Chorus:

Then sings my soul, my Savior unto Thee,  
How great Thou art, how great Thou art.  
Then sings my soul, my Savior unto Thee,  
How great Thou art, how great Thou art.

## PART THIRTEEN

### TRADITIONAL FAMILY RECIPES

Many favorite recipes of our people can be gleaned from the pages of Endicott's famous *Book of Favorite Recipes* (1965), its sequel, *What's Cooking Around Endicott* (1969), the "Scheuerman Family Reunion Cookbook" compiled by cousin Phyllis Reich Kreins, the files of Lois and her sister Claudia Weitz, and Anna Beidel Weitz's rare *A Volga German Epicure*. The first two works were published by the Endicott Educational Association and have become valued collectors' items passed down from mothers to daughters. Each contains a "German Specialties" section but reading any page brings to mind fond memories of the special women known to us all as family and friends and whose names appear next to the recipes they contributed in order to raise funds through cookbook sales for band uniforms and other student activities. Their efforts certainly paid off as the Endicott Band looked as sharp as any big city entry back in those days on parade from the Whitman County Fairgrounds to Spokane's Lilac Parade. Phyllis's culinary compendium is a gem and resulted from her untiring efforts to collect recipes from all branches of the allied Scheuerman-Morasch-Lautenschlager-Reich-Low-Cook clan and includes such hilarious treasures as "Uncle Karl Lewis's Fried Potatoes," which we can all see him making in our mind's eye. The Endicott cookbooks are identified as ECB I or II, Phyllis's is SFC, Lois and Claudia's are LC, and Anna Weitz's delightful booklet, based on conversations she had with our pioneering women ancestors from Russia in the 1950s, is VGE. In it she observes that measurements among the old German women were *ungafir*, or approximate: "It was a '*knipsi*' (pinch) of this, a '*gapsha*' (handful) of that, a '*klaschizzelchaful*' (little bowlful)." This all brings to mind the unofficial Scheuerman Family Reunion motto, once emblazoned on our commemorative shirts beneath a stiffly posed portrait of the Grandpa Karl clan: *Rippe sin weit, haut dehnt sich!* It's an old saying in Volga Deutch meaning, "The ribs are wide, the skin will stretch!"

**SFC: Beef Stew** (This was the signature Sunday dinner at our extended family weekly gathering at Grandpa Scheuerman's after church. I see it does not include the parsnips he always had; perhaps those were prepared on the side for him since some of the kids probably complained about them.)

3 lbs. lean stew meat (beef) 4 or 5 medium potatoes

1 cup diced celery 2 cups carrots

2 cups carrots 2 medium onions, diced

Mix 1 can tomato soup with 1 Tbsp. sugar, 2 Tbsp. tapioca, ½ can of water.

Put meat in bottom of roaster, salt, and pepper. Add celery, onion, carrots, spuds, and season again.

Pour soup mixture over top and bake at 250 degrees for 5 to 6 hours without removing the cover.

**LC: Rye Bread** (Mrs. Adam P. "Grandma" Morasch)

Dissolve 2 pkgs. yeast in a bowl with ¼ c. warm water. Add 2 c. potato water or 2 c. water and 1 c. mashed potatoes. (If using potatoes, I heat water to warm, add potatoes, then strain into yeast.) Add 1 tsp. salt, 3 ½ tsp. sugar, 4 c. flour. This makes sponge. Let raise, whip down and let raise again. To sponge add 2 c. flour (white), 1 ½ to 2 c. rye flour, enough to make thick dough. Let raise 1 hour. Separate with wet hands. Pat out air and shape into a loaf, wetting hands. Place in greased and heavily floured pie or cake pan to raise again, 20 minutes. Makes 2 loaves. Bake 30 minutes. Take and brush top of loaves with shortening. Bake 30 minutes more. When done, remove and wet top of loaf with water on your hand and place on rack and cover with dish towel. Use a 400 degree oven.





AUNT MILLIE LAUTENSCHLAGER GIVING DAD A HAND KILLING CHICKENS AT THE RANCH, C. 1950. DAD'S GARDEN BEHIND THE HOUSE; IT WAS ALWAYS ENORMOUS. ALFALFA FIELD AND ORCHARD FURTHER BEYOND WITH APPLE, PEAR, AND APRICOT TREES.



**LC: Homemade Noodles** (Mrs. Adam P. Morasch)

2 c. unsifted flour (this means a glass measuring cup up to the top and not on the 1 c. mark)

4 whole eggs

Knead well (this is very important). Cut into 4 pieces and roll out paper thin. Place on towel till partially dry (like chamois skin). Fold and cut thin, allow to dry. To use as a casserole, brown in butter bread crumbs. Then take a kettle large enough with boiling water in it. Add salt. Boil noodles but do not over boil (this is important). Drain water off. Melt ½ lb. butter, add to boiled noodles. Mix well, add browned crumbs. Keep warm till ready to serve.

**How Grandpa (Karl) Scheuerman Cooked a Turkey**

Fill turkey with dressing and wrap in aluminum foil. Put in roaster, cover about 10:30 p.m. and put in oven at 210 degrees.

Leave in oven all night. Don't look until 1 hour before dinner.

Can be browned under broiler a few minutes; dinner about 2:00 p.m.



EDWIN AND AUNT EVELYN REICH OPERATING ON A TURKEY AT GRANDPA SCHEUERMAN'S IN ENDICOTT, C. 1960.

**SFC: Wurst (Pork Sausage)**

1 hand of casing per 100-125 pounds of meat

For every 100 pounds of meat:

5 toes garlic, crushed and added to 1 cup of water

1 ¾ pounds of salt (2 4/5 cups)

3 oz. pepper (13 ½ Tbsp.)

Smoke approximately 3 hours with damp or green apple wood. (I can attest from personal experience that Uncle Ray also added one can of beer to this mix.)

**ECB I: Potato Sausage** (Wilma Schierman [Grandma Morasch's sister, Ann Stoner's mother])

2 lb. hamburger 4 lb. ground up potatoes

2 lb. fresh ground pork ½ ground onion

2 level Tbs. salt garlic salt

Mix together well, if mixture feels too dry, add water till medium thin. (A lot depends on potatoes, some are more watery than others.) This may be stuffed using approximately ½ lb. casing for this recipe, or you

may use as a casserole. Bake for 1 hour at 350 degrees. This sausage may be made up and frozen unbaked, bring it out and bake immediately for 1 ½ hours at 350 degrees. This can be made with all hamburger and no pork if you wish. (Some may want to add more salt and pepper.)

**ECB I: Gahocktas** (Mary Reich [Aunt Evelyn's sister-in-law, wife of Vic Reich])

2 c. ground leftover meat    6 c. ground raw potatoes  
2 c. water    1 large onion, cut fine  
2 or 3 Tbs. oil or other shortening

Put shortening in frying pan, add rest of ingredients. Bake in 350 degree oven till potatoes are done, about 1 hour. Leftover gravy may also be added. This dish may be varied by adding more or less potatoes, meat or water.

**Grandpa Scheuerman's Sore Throat Cure:** Equal parts of lemon juice, honey, and whiskey; 1 teaspoon per dose.

**LC: Suesspleena** ("Sweet Pancakes") (This is Lois's from her Grandma Morasch which I have slightly modified in creating the only thing she trusts me with in the kitchen.)

4 eggs    3 cups milk  
2 cups flour    1 Tbs. sugar  
1 tsp. vanilla

Beat eggs and add stir in milk and sugar. Slowly add flour to avoid lumps. Add vanilla if desired. Fry on a large round skillet.



A FAVORITE SHOT OF MY WIFE, LOIS, PROBABLY TAKEN AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE ABOUT 1960. UNCLE JACK MADER IS HOLDING SUSIE; LEO AND DANNY MORASCH ARE TO THE LEFT.

**ECB II: Baked Ham and Noodle Casserole** (Clara Litzenberger [Granddaughter of Adam Scheuerman, brother of Great Grandpa Henry B. Scheuerman])

½ lb. raw ham, ground    ½ lb. American cheese  
1 green pepper    2 pkgs. cooked noodles  
1 c. mushrooms    1 c. tomato soup

Run ham, cheese, and green pepper through food chopper. Cook noodles in boiling salted water until tender and drain. Add all ingredients to meat mixture and pour into baking dish. Bake 1 hour at 325 degrees.

**Swiss Steak** (Mom. This was a favorite family staple in our Scheuerman household.)

1 ½ lbs. round steak, about ¾ inch thick  
¼ cup flour                      2 Tbsp. shortening  
½ cup salt                        1 can (10 ¾ oz.) condensed vegetable soup  
generous dash of pepper    ½ cup soup can of water  
1 cup sliced onions

Combine flour and seasonings. Pound into steak with meat hammer or edge of heavy saucer. In large skillet brown steak in shortening and pour off fat. Add remaining ingredients. Cover, cook over low heat 1 hour 15 minutes or until tender. Stir now and then. 4 servings.

**ECB I: Schnitzel Sopa (Fruit Soup)** (Anna Kleweno [neighbor and neice of Grandpa Karl Scheuerman])

2 qt. water                      ½ c. sugar  
1 c. dried apples              1 c. raisins or currants  
½ cup dried apricots        ½ c. dried prunes  
1 c. cream                      2 Tbsp. flour (scant)

Add fruits to water, bring just to boil and then turn on simmer for at least 2 ½ hours or until fruit is tender, can add flour more water if needed. Just before you serve it, mix sugar and flour well. Add to the cup of cream and blend into fruit mixture. Remove from heat, after cream mixture has been added. This is good served with potato sausage.

(Note that Norwegian versions of this recipe are very similar but often substitute up to two cups of orange juice and 1/3 cup brandy and 1/3 cup of wine for that much of the water, some huckleberries for the raisins and/or cherries, and add 1/3 cup minute tapioca for thickening. Scandinavians serve this soup either hot or cold. In honor of Grandma Peterson, the spirits must be cherry brandy and huckleberry riesling!)

**Kraut Sopa (Sauerkraut Soup)**

January 18, 1974

Dear Lois and Dick (463 Watson, Monterey, California),

Got your letter today. So had to look up the Kraut Soup recipes in the books. They are made considerably different than mine. I use spare-ribs our country spare-ribs are a lot meatier. Anyway, I cover them with water. (Depending on how much soup you want, add more water.) Simmer for a couple hours. With salt and pepper to taste. Then I add about 3 large potatoes cubed and about 1 pint to 1 quart of sauerkraut. I have never used boughten kraut and it is pretty sour. So maybe you should wash it in cold water a couple of times and then add that to the ribs. Then continue to cook till potatoes are done. I notice the recipes in the book call for onion and milk or cream. But that doesn't sound good to me. Maybe it is though. Don's mother always made it the way I make it now. Also, have you ever made kraut kuga? If you ever make rolls you could use that dough or Hot Roll Mix is good too and roll it thin like tarts. I brown some bacon pieces and add some onion and then adds some chopped cabbage. Just leave it in the pan till it looks wilted. Then cool and make your kuga. (Quite a little cabbage cause it wilts down.) I think I use about 1/3 head to about 3 slices of bacon. And it made about 1 dozen kugan. Just enough bacon to taste...

Love from All,  
Mother

...Edwin and Kären left for Germany today. Something with her job. They are thinking of moving to Boise this summer. He would be transferred.

**ECB II: Salaud Sopa (Lettuce Soup)** (Elizabeth Blumenschein. Dad craved this soup in summertime.)

Shred 3 quarts cleaned leaf lettuce. Put into 4 quart kettle. Beat 4 eggs with fork, add 1 pt. sour cream and pour over lettuce. Crisp in skillet about 4 slices of bacon, cubed and pour over lettuce. Pour 3 cups water into skillet and add 1/3 cup vinegar and let come to boil over lettuce. Put kettle on simmer, let heat to almost boiling. Stir occasionally. To have a smooth creamy liquid, do not boil as boiling will curdle it. Add salt and pepper to taste (also more vinegar if more tart taste is wanted.) Serve with boiled potatoes.

**VGE: Gashita Sopa (Barley Soup)** (Another of Dad's favorites)

1 cup pearl barley            1 tsp. salt  
1 bay leaf                    4 whole allspice  
2 qts. water

Boil slowly until barley is almost done. Then add 4 small potatoes, cubed, and cook until both potatoes and barley are tender. In the meantime, dice and fry 4 strips of bacon until crisp. Add bacon and drippings to the soup. Add a bit of sweet or sour cream just before serving. Makes 4 generous servings.

**VGE: Linse Suppe (Lentil Soup)**

Wash a 1-pound packages of lentils. Heat lentils, 5 cups of water, 2-16 ounce cans tomatoes, 2 bay leaves, 1 Tbsp. sal, ¼ tsp. pepper to boiling. Reduce heat and had 1 large ham hock. Cover cook 30 minutes. Meanwhile fry 8 bacon slices, cut up, slightly limp. Spoon all but 1 Tbsp. fat from skillet. Add 1 cup each of chopped carrots, celery, and 1 medium onion to bacon. Cook 15 minutes, stir occasionally. Add to lentils and cook 30 minutes or till lentils are done.

**KK: Gadovel Suppe (Potato Soup)** (This was a favorite recipe of philanthropist Mollie Reifschneider of Downey, California, who became a special friend to us following our acquaintance at the San Francisco AHSGR Convention.)

3 or 4 medium potatoes diced            enough water to cover  
1 tsp. minced onion or 1 small onion   ½ bay leaf  
1 egg slightly beaten                    ¼ cup half and half  
salt and pepper to taste            (Mom added minced fried bacon—RDS)

Boil potatoes, onion, and seasonings in water till tender, add slightly beaten egg slowly to soup. Cool another minute to two and add half and half or thin cream. Ready to serve.

**KK: Pflanze Suppe (Vegetable Soup)** (Rachel Amen. The Amen family was among the founders of AHSGR who became our good friends in the 1970s. Rumor had it that the character of Hans "Potato" Brumbaugh in James Michener's novel *Centennial* was based upon the life of Rachel's father, H. J. Amen.)

2 tsp. salt                    ½ tsp. pepper            4 diced carrots  
4 potatoes cut in small pieces            2 Tbsp. barley  
2 cups shredded cabbage                    2 Tbsp. split green peas  
2 Tbsp. yellow split peas                    1 Tbsp. lentils

Add 1 cup celery diced and 3 ½ cups canned tomatoes cut up if liked

Take soup bone with meat and put in 4 cups of water. Add the above ingredients. Cook slowly for 4 hours. Serve with rye bread.

**KK: German Navy Bean Soup** (Katherine Uhrich)

2 or 3 ham hocks or fresh pork hocks  
1 ½ qts. water  
1 cup navy or Great Northern beans

Wash and soak beans over night. Add to ham hocks, add salt if needed. Dice 2 stalks celery and leaves, 1 carrot diced, 1 small red beet diced, 2 medium potatoes diced, 1 medium onion diced. Add 1 hour before serving soup. Simmer soup about 4 to 5 hours. Serve with rye bread.

**KK: Kirsche Suppe (Cherry Soup)**

1 pint tart cherries, washed and pitted            1 qt. water  
salt to taste            1 Tbsp. sugar

Boil together 5 minutes. Add ½ cup sweet cream. Serves 4. Good served with boiled whole potatoes and bacon fried with onions.

**KK: Schuda Suppe (Green Bean Soup)** (Mary Reich)

1 qt. fresh or 303 canned green beans      1 ½ quarts water  
3 med. Potatoes    2 large onions      2 cubed carrots  
1 bay leaf      salt and pepper to taste

Place all ingredients in 3 or 4 qt. kettle and boil until done about 1 hour on medium heat. Just before serving add ¼ cube of butter browned with ½ cup heavy sour cream and ¼ tsp. allspice. Add 1 Tbsp. vinegar to taste if preferred. Heat through and serve immediately. Serves 5.

**German Split Pea Soup** (Evelyn Reich)

1 ham hock      2 quarts water  
1 ½ cups green split peas  
1 garlic clove      1 medium onion  
1 cup celery diced    1 cup carrots diced  
¼ tsp. pepper      ¼ tsp. marjoram  
salt to taste

Cover peas with water and soak over night. Drain and add 2 qts. water, ham hock, onion and seasoning. Bring to boil, cover and simmer 2 hours. Stir occasionally. Remove bone, and cut off any meat bits. Return to soup and add remaining ingredients. Cook slowly 45 minutes more. Serves 8.

**Russian Borsch (Beet and Vegetable Soup)** (Peter Deyneka, Jr. Peter and Anita Deyneka were our most special friends in Wheaton, Illinois; Peter and his father, Peter “Dynamite,” a native of Belarus, were frequent guests in our home.)

3 lbs. chuck roast with bone  
2 qts cold water  
½ cup onion, diced      ½ small cabbage head, shredded  
½ cup celery with a few leaves      ½ cup carrots, grated  
1 cup raw potatoes, cubed      1 can (20 oz.) beets, cut into shoestrings  
1 can (20 oz.) tomatoes with juice, diced      ¼ tsp. salt  
1 bay leaf      ¼ tsp. pepper  
2 tsp. sugar      1 tsp. dill weed  
1 Tbs. parsley, minced      3 Tsp. lemon juice  
hardboiled egg whites, sliced      sour cream

Put chuck in water with sugar and spices and boil for two hours. Remove meat and cut into small pieces to be added to soup later. Add cabbage, carrots, and potatoes to liquid and boil until vegetables are tender. Add lemon juice, beets, tomatoes, sliced egg whites, and onion. Heat thoroughly but serve without further boiling as beet color will soon fade. Place a dollop of sour cream on top of each serving with a few crushed parsley or celery leaves. Flavors deepen the second day. Serves 8 to 10.

Place all ingredients into a large kettle and boil gently for about 2 hours. Remove hock, chop up meat and return to soup, plus salt and pepper to taste. Just before serving add a tablespoon of sour cream to each bowlful.

**Fish Chowder** (Aunt Evelyn)

1 lb. fish fillets      2 cups boiling water  
2 cups diced (1/2 inch) pared potatoes  
1 tsp. salt      ¼ tsp. pepper  
4 slices bacon      1 large onion, coarsely diced  
1 pint light cream

Gently boil fish in a kettle with water, potatoes, salt, and pepper until fish and potatoes are cooked—15 to 20 minutes. Break up fish into spoon-size pieces. Meanwhile cook bacon in skillet; remove. Add onion to bacon drippings and cook until golden brown. Add to chowder kettle with cream. Reheat but do not boil. Crumble bacon and add. Makes about 2 quarts.

### **Noodle Soup**

For homemade noodles:

2 cups unsifted flour            4 whole eggs

*Knead well—very important. Cut into 4 pieces and roll out paper thin. Place on towel till partially dry (like chamois skin). Fold and cut thin, allow to dry. Take a kettle large enough with boiling water in it. Add salt. Boil noodles but important to not over boil. Drain water off. Melt ½ lb. butter, add to boiled noodles. Mix well, add browned crumbs if preferred. Keep warm until ready to serve.*

For soup:

2 ½ cups homemade noodles            1 T. butter or margarine (optional)

Or 1 pkg. fine noodles            salt and pepper to taste

2 or 3 cups milk

*Cook the desired amount of noodles in a sufficient amount of water and cover. When cooked, add 2 or 3 cups of milk depending on desired soup consistency. Heat for serving. Add 1 tablespoon butter or margarine, with salt and pepper to taste.*

### **Hanneman's Käse (Hanneman's Cheese)**

*Mix 1 teaspoon soda into 3 cups of dry cottage cheese and let set 2 hours. Add 2 beaten eggs, Place in a black skillet or heavy aluminum skillet over a medium low heat, and stir constantly. Cook until it becomes a gold creamy mixture. Pour into a well buttered glass dish and cool.*

### **Galupsha (Stuffed Cabbage Rolls) Mrs. Henry Kromm**

*Separate and remove leaves from a large head of cabbage and put them in a kettle of hot water until limp enough to wrap around hamburger balls. For hamburger balls: Mix well together 1 pound hamburger (may use pork sausage), ½ cup rice, 1 tsp. salt, 1/8 tsp. pepper*

*Form this mixture into balls about the size of a small orange. Wrap the limp cabbage leaves around these balls. Lay them over cabbage parts in a large kettle. Pour over them the following mixture: 1 can tomatoes, 2 cups tomato (or V8) juice, 2 tbsp. vinegar, minced onion, and salt to taste*

*Bring to boil, the simmer slowly for four hours. These may be put in dutch oven or heavy roaster and baked in oven for 2 hours at 325, or may be put in slow crock pot. Cook slow to absorb flavors. Better warmed over the next day, so make plenty.*

### **ECB II: Kraut Kucha (Aunt Mae Geier)**

7 cups flour            1 large cabbage head  
1 pkg. yeast            1 large onion  
2 Tbsp. sugar            salt and pepper to taste  
½ tsp. salt            ½ cup shortening  
2 cups warm water or milk

*(Aunt Evelyn makes this wonderful recipe with small bit of bacon wrapped inside the kuchen.)*

*Cut up cabbage, add salt and onion, pepper, a little water to steam in kettle with 1 Tbsp. bacon grease for 20 minutes. Let cool. Soak yeast in warm water until foamy. Add flour, sugar, salt, shortening to warm water. Make a soft dough. Let raise till light in warm place 2 hours or more, roll out. Cut into squares and put 1 large spoonful of the cooked cabbage into squares, pinch ends together. Let raise for 20 to 30 minutes in flat pans. Bake in moderate oven ½ hour or until brown.*

### **ECB I: Orange Rolls (Aunt Mae Geier made these famous in our family.)**

4 cups flour            2 grated orange rinds            ½ cup sugar            ½ cup margarine  
2 cups potato water            1 cup brown sugar            1 square margarine            1 package yeast

*Boil 1 medium potato, mash when done and cool. Soak yeast in ½ cup warm water with 1 tablespoon sugar. Add ½ of flour to potato water. Let raise 1 hour till foamy. Add rest of flour, sugar, salt,*

margarine. Let raise till light, 2 hours. Roll out dough, spread with brown sugar, grated orange rind, and 1 square margarine. Roll up like cinnamon rolls. Cut slices and put in pans. Let raise 1 hour. Bake in moderate oven. Put plenty of butter in bottom of pans to make a glaze on the rolls. When cool, make frosting and spread over rolls. Makes 15.

**VGE: Dessert Kucha-- Abens (apple) and Kirshe (cherry)**

Prepare basic Kucha dough but the fruit and sugar are substituted for the onion and seasonings. Reevel Kucha is just the dough base on top of which a topping is spread made with 1 cup flour, ½ cup sugar, and 1 cube melted butter. This is rolled back and forth gently between hands until coarse, crumbly balls are formed which are sprinkled on the dough just before making. (Grandpa Scheuerman's neighbor, Rev. Edwin Gutjahr's wife, regularly supplied us with a Kucha, usually Reevel, when we had special family gatherings.)

**VGE: Klees**

Mix 2 cups of flour, a pinch of salt and a level teaspoon of baking powder. Now gradually add enough water to make a soft pliable dough. With more flour, roll and knead, shaping mass into two rolls. With a scissors or sharp knife, cut off little oblong portions about the size of half of your little finger, in half a large kettleful of rapidly-boiling water, salted. Boil 20 minutes, pour into colander and drain. May be garnished in several ways (eggs, fruit, etc.)

(For basic Klees), fry in generous amounts of butter or margarine until golden brown, or add a slightly beaten egg or two and fry until eggs are well set. Chunks of potatoes and onion may be cooked with the Klees and then butter-fried after drained. We like to serve cold watermelon with fried Klees or sour watermelon chunks.

**VGE: Filled Klees-- Abens (apple), Madda (cottage-cheese), Kirshe (cherry)**

Mix 2 ½ cups of unsifted flour, 3 eggs (slightly beaten), then gradually add enough water (about ¾ cup) to bind, for a not too firm slightly sticky dough. Knead dough on floured board. Roll out to about 1/8 inch thick. Cut into about 4 inch squares, then put a heaping tablespoon of filling in each square. Bring opposite corners to center top, pinch shut and pinch-close the 4 seams very securely. Drop into salted, boiling water and cook slowly until done—about 25 minutes. Lift out Klees into a deep earthenware or heat-proof bowl and pour seasoned, warmed light cream over them. To prepare the fillings:

Strawberry—diced, sugared fresh berries, drained and a bit of flour added to absorb the moisture.

Cherry—semi-sweets or sweet varieties are good, sugared and floured. I find the best brands of canned cherry pie-fillers just rights.

Cottage-cheese—1 ½ cups dry cottage cheese (if too soft, add a few dry bread crumbs), ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon of grated onion, 1 egg. Mix well and follow filling and cooking procedures already given.

All filled Klees should be topped with butter-browned bread cubes; and to the cottage-cheese ones, fried, crisp bacon, crumbled over, further improves them.

**LC: Russian Tea (Katie Repp [Al Weitz's aunt in Farmington])**

2 cups Tang	½ cup instant tea
1 ¼ cup sugar	1 tsp cinnamon
½ tsp. cloves	1 tbs. ground lemon peel
1 tsp. ground orange peel	

Combine ingredients and store in a tightly covered jar. To serve, add one tablespoon of mix to each cup of boiling water. (Then drink till the tummy aches.)





YES, SUSAN (MADER) DELWO, IT'S READY.

***SFC: Grandma Scheuerman's Raisin Cake***

1 lb. (3 cups) raisins	4 cups water
1 ½ cups sugar	½ cup butter
2 eggs, beaten	3 ½ cups flour
2 Tbls. cocoa	½ tsp. allspice
½ tsp. cloves	1 tsp. cinnamon
2 tsp. soda dissolved in 1 cup raisin juice	
1 cup nuts	

*Boil raisins twenty minutes in the 4 cups of water and set aside to cool. Mix ingredients and add drained raisins and salt last.*

***LC: Washington Nut Pie (Grandma Elizabeth Weitz)***

3 eggs	1 cup corn syrup
1 cup nuts	½ cup sugar
4 Tbsp. butter	¼ tsp. salt
1 tsp. vanilla	

*Cook at 450 degrees for 10 minutes, then at 375 degrees for 30 minutes. For larger filling add a little milk and flour.*

**ECB I: Old Fashioned Sugar Cookies** (Mrs. Adam P. Morasch)

1 1/3 c. shortening                      2 2/3 c. sugar  
4 eggs                                      5 tsp. baking powder  
1 1/2 tsp. soda                              1 c. milk  
8 c. flour (sifted)                      1 tsp. vanilla

Cream shortening and sugar. Add eggs, add baking powder, soda, vanilla, milk, and part of flour (about 5-6 c. of it). I keep my flour separate and I keep adding till it feels like it will roll out nice and cut; at times I find I don't use the full 8 cups. When I feel it handles nice, then I roll it out, cut with cookie cutter. Bake 300-325 degrees 10 to 15 minutes.

**Mollie's Krebble** (Mollie Bafus. A most special dessert we always awaited after our church potlucks.)

1/2 cube butter or margarine      3 Tbsp. sugar  
4 eggs beaten                              1/2 pint sour cream  
1/4 pint sweet cream                      2 level tsp. baking powder  
4 heaping cups of flour—if dough is too soft add more  
1/2 tsp. soda                                      1/2 tsp. salt

Cream butter or margarine and add beaten eggs, cream. Add sour cream and sweet cream and beat well. Add baking powder, soda, and salt into flour, sift, add to cream mixture. Mix well by hand. Roll out as you would do for doughnuts. Cut into squares, cut two slits, twist, and fry in deep oil until golden color.

**Plum and Peach Conserve** (Mom)

3 c. purple plums                              6 c. sugar  
3 c. peaches (mashed)                      2 medium oranges (juice)

Combine ingredients. Cook 25 minutes or until desired consistency. Pour into jars.

**Apple Butter** (Mom)

9 cups applesauce  
4 1/2 cups sugar  
1/2 tsp. Allspice  
1 1/2 tsp. cinnamon

Cook slowly about 2 hours.

**Venison Swiss Steak** (Mom)

2 1/2 lbs. venison steak, cut in half      butter or margarine  
1 envelope dry onion mix (soup)      2 small bay leaves  
2 tsp. spaghetti sauce seasonings      salt and pepper  
1 cup Burgundy or Vin Rouge              1 8-ounce can tomato sauce

Dredge meat in flour. Melt butter in heavy skillet; brown meat over medium heat. Add soup mix, spaghetti sauce seasoning, bay leaves, salt and pepper. Pour over wine and tomato sauce. Simmer, cover 30 to 45 minutes or until tender. If sauce seems too thick, add a little more wine. Bake in oven 200 degrees for 4 hours. Makes 4 to 5 servings.



THE HUNTERS RETURN WITH A FOUR-POINT BUCK AND A GREAT STORY. KEVIN MISNER, CLIFFORD COOK, AND RICHARD AT THE RANCH NEAR ENDICOTT, C. 1970.

### Uncle Karl Lewis's Fried Potatoes

Spend a happy afternoon in the tavern. When you get home, peel potatoes, put pan on burner. Put Crisco in. Turn burner on "high." Start to grate potatoes, scratch finger. Go to bathroom and apply first aid. When you return to kitchen the Crisco will be burning. Take pan outside. Then let family go to town and eat.

#### *LC: Old Fashioned Dill Pickles (Delores Mader)*

2 ½ lbs. small pickling cucumbers (approx. 30 cukes, 3-4")  
 4 large dill heads (4" diameter)      4-6 garlic cloves, peeled and cut in half  
 12 black peppercorns                      1 tsp. whole allspice  
 1 dry bay leaf                                4 small dried red hot chiles (optional)

*Wash cukes, pick off any blossoms and drain. Put dill in bottom of clean gallon jar. Make a layer of cukes, standing them on end—should be about half-way up jar, put some of the seasonings in. Make another layer of dill and layer of cukes, seasonings. Top with dill head. Heat 2 quarts of water with ¼ cup of table salt, bring it to a boil. Pour over cukes and seal jar. Place in a cool place (60-70 degrees.) Let them set and process for 7 days. They will seep some while working.*

#### *SFC: Schwada Mahga (Stuffed Smoked Pork Belly) (Evelyn Reich)*

20 lbs. of pork                                5 ½ oz. salt  
 3 small garlic toes                        1 oz. pepper  
 cloth bags

*Mix ingredients. Stuff 6 inches inside, 12 inches long and 13 inches wide (finish size: 6" x 12"). Stuff and cook (boil) three hours and smoke. Fold in half and sew one end in the side.*



SNAKE RIVER STURGEON FISHERS: LEO MORASCH, JACK MADER,  
GLENN MORASCH, DAN MORASCH; C. 1965.

**Dad (Karl) Scheuerman's Smoked Salmon** (Evelyn Reich)

After filleting fish, cut in desired pieces. Put layer of rock salt on bottom of pan and lay fish skin side up and layer salt, fish, salt, fish, salt; ending with salt layer. Leave in salt overnight. Drain and cover with clear water and set overnight in clear water. Remove from water and drain somewhat. Put in smoker to smoke. He smoked from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m. on low heat, or two hours on high heat. He used apple wood to smoke.

**ECB II: Tuna Buns** (Debra [from Mary] Scheuerman. This recipe and the one that follows supplied thousands of hungry teen appetites over the years at weekly Luther League and Wednesday night Youth Bible Studies. Spam for Lutherans is like manna in the wilderness.)

1 can tuna                      1 egg (hard boiled)  
¼ c. onions (fine)              ¼ c. cheese (grated)  
¼ c. sweet pickles mayonnaise (enough to moisten)

Spread on wiener or hamburger buns. Wrap in foil. Bake 15 minutes at 350 degrees.

**ECB II: Filled (Spam) Buns** (Ruth Hergert)

Chop and mix the following:

1 (12 oz.) can lunch meat (or Spam)    1/3 green onions  
½ lb. sharp cheese                      1 small jar pimento-stuffed olives  
2 eggs (hard boiled)

Blend in 3 tablespoons mayonnaise and ½ cup chili sauce. Fill hot dog buns and wrap in aluminum foil. Heat in oven at 400 degrees 15 minutes.

**LC: Holiday Tom and Jerry** (Helen Garrett [Grandma Morasch's sister])

12 eggs                      2 pkgs. powdered sugar  
2 tsp. salt                      1 ¼ tsp. cream of tartar

Separate the yolks from the whites and put in separate bowls. Beat yolks until lemon in color and add 1 lb. powdered sugar and 1 tsp. salt. Beat egg whites until quite dry, then add 1 lb. powdered sugar, 1 tsp. salt, and 1 ¼ tsp. cream of tartar. Gradually fold yolks into whites and put in Tupperware until needed. For your mixture use ½ jigger rum to ½ jigger brandy or some prefer whiskey to brandy. I have even mixed the 3 together. Add 2 Tbs. batter to a jigger of mixture, stir, then add heated milk to fill cup. Sprinkle nutmeg on top.



DAD (DON SCHEUERMAN), MARVIN HERGERT, AND ALAN SWENT CREATING THEIR OWN KIND OF PUNCH, PROBABLY A JAYCEE AFFAIR AT THE WINONA GRANGE, C. 1955.

**ECB II: Reception Punch** (*Clara Morasch [Great Grandpa Karl's niece, daughter of Aunt Mae Geier]*) Lois remembers that this was served at our wedding—and countless others.)

1 (46 oz.) can unsweetened pineapple juice      1 (12 oz.) frozen limeade concentrate

2 (12 oz.) cans frozen lemonade concentrate      3 (12 oz.) cans cold water

2 qt. lemon-lime carbonated beverage

Yellow food coloring (use the amt. for the desired shade.)

*Mix juices and water to blend well ahead of time; add the artificial coloring. Chill. At serving time, add ice block and 2 quarts lemon-lime carbonated beverage. 50 punch cups.*



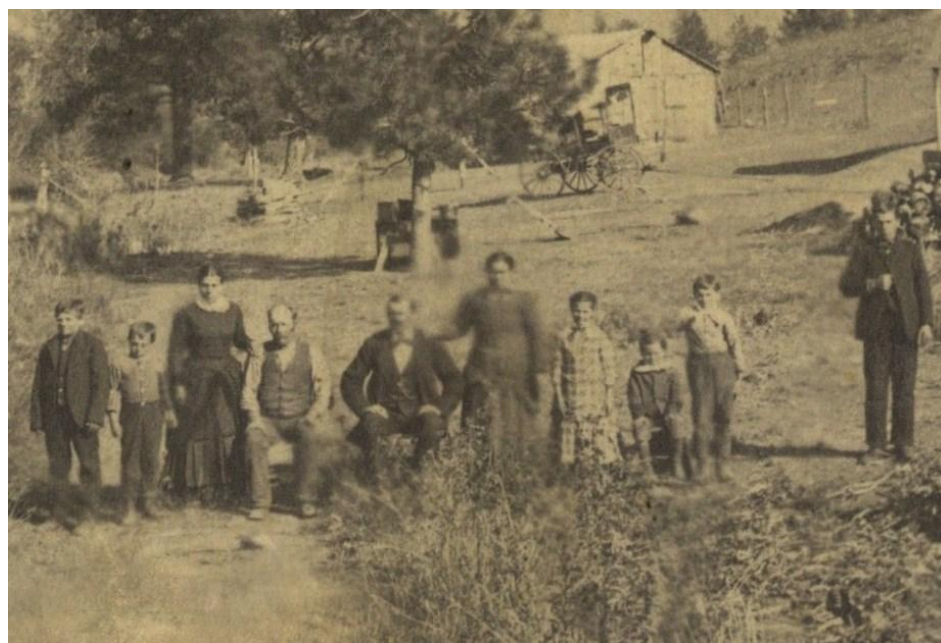
MY FAVORITE COOK IN HER "OFFICE."

## PART FOURTEEN

### PHOTOGRAPHS AND DOCUMENT FACSIMILES (IN PROGRESS)



HENRY AND MARY REPP AND HENRY AND ANNA LITZENBERGER FAMILIES  
PALOUSE RIVER RANCH, C. 1885



INSET: JOHN, HENRY, MARY & HENRY REPP; HENRY & ANNA, SOPHIE,  
GEORGE, CONRAD, AND JOHN LITZENBERGER