



Frederick Ferdinand Bertouli Denstedt
 Born Nov. 21, 1859
 Gothe, Germany
 Died Sept 18, 1943
 Married March 27, 1898
 Burns, Oregon



Ida Mae Lampkin Denstedt
 Born Oct. 18, 1879
 Sheridan, Illinois
 Died June 18, 1941
 Married March 27, 1898
 Burns, Oregon



Gladys Denstedt, Della Ausmus
 Ida and Fred Denstedt on their
 way to Oklahoma in 1924.

A BIG ADVENTURE

By Margaret L. Trainer

The ropes had been untied and hauled aboard. Small ripples of water grew into ever widening circles as the distance became wider between the boat and the shore.

Fred, a stocky, young, dark-haired German lad stood at the ship's rails and waved to his mother, father and older brother until they were only dots on the shore line. He was 24 years old, and thrilled that at last his dream was coming true. He was actually on his way to a new way of life in a new world. Adventure and determination surged in his veins, but he also felt a touch of apprehension. It was a big step to leave his home and family so far behind, however, youth and adventure urged him on to new horizons.

Fred began to think he never would see land again. The trip across the ocean took almost a month and when at last he saw the Statue of Liberty, holding the torch in her hand, welcoming people from all lands to the shores of America, it was a pleasant sight indeed.

The quiet village of Coberg in Germany was far different from the hustle and bustle of New York City. Before he left Germany he had read in the papers about the John Day Country in eastern Oregon and how land could be had free, just by living on it and making certain improvements over a specified time period. This was Fred's dream, and it didn't take him long to find a train for Chicago. He was elated to find he had money for the train ticket and enough left to live on for awhile. He had been saving every bit he could from his army allowance.

Seated on the train, Fred watched the changing scenery with great interest. So this was America! Fred was glad he was through with his obligation to his native country. The time in the army had passed, sometimes not as fast as Fred wished, because he was anxious to be on with his plans for life. As he thought about those days now, he was glad he had been assigned such a good position. Being an orderly for the lieutenant had been interesting. The lieutenant did feel quite important, but he saw in Fred both diligence and efficiency which he admired and rewarded by small kindnesses. The lieutenant's boots were always polished until they shone. Fred kept everything neat and orderly. His superior's clothes were laid out clean and fresh each morning and the ones he had worn during the day were always picked up after he was in bed at night.

Fred liked to take care of the lieutenant's horses best of all. It was a pleasant task to see that they were well fed and watered every day. They were beautiful animals and Fred found pleasure in brushing them until their coats gleamed. He trimmed and groomed their manes and tails. With great care Fred polished the saddles until they glistened in the sunlight.

Fred felt it had been an honor to have such a good job, and he took pride in his work. He was glad he did not have to train with the guns and cannons, like most of the young men. But that was all in the past! He was in America at last! He could hardly believe it wasn't still a dream.

In Chicago he quickly found a job but it was hard not being able to speak

English. It didn't take long to learn enough words to get what he needed; however, it seemed easier to understand what other people were saying than to find the right words to say. Fred diligently practiced his new language and read English papers until he could speak, read and write English almost as well as his native language.

In the spring of 1884 Fred boarded the train again. Now he had enough money to go all the way to Western Oregon.

Fred was surprised to see how fertile the Willamette Valley was, but it was already populated with bustling cities and spreading farms. His heart was set on Eastern Oregon.

He found a job in Salem, again carefully saving his money.

"The stage is leaving for Prineville and John Day next week. They have room for two more passengers, shall we go?" a friend informed him one day.

"I've got enough money, my job is about over, I think I'll be on my way." Fred replied. He packed his belongings and bought a ticket all the way to John Day. It took several days. The stage stopped in Prineville which was the hub of Eastern Oregon at that time, before continuing on to John Day.

Fred liked the John Day country. It had been the scene of intensive gold mining about 40 years previously, but now the mines were almost all gone.

Fred was pleased to find a job on a large ranch owned by Herman Oliver. He was glad to learn everything he could about farming in America because it would be helpful on his future homestead.

"I need someone to take charge of irrigating the fields," the boss said to Fred one day.

"I would like to learn how." Fred replied eagerly. "If you will take the time to show me how you want it done, I'll be glad to take over the responsibility."

Fred enjoyed turning the water in the ditches and he was elated to find when he turned it off the next day, in a few hours he could gather nice large trout by just picking them up as the water receded.. The cook was glad to get the fish. He kept the ranch supplied with all the fish they could eat.

Most of the land for homesteading was in Harney Valley and Fred was anxious to get to the end of the rainbow, so after working for awhile around John Day, he again felt the urge to move on.

"I sure like that bay mare," Fred approached the boss one day. "Suppose you would sell her to me? I want to find a place to call my own."

"Well," the boss replied, "I could spare a horse or two. Do you think she's worth \$50?"

Fred reached into his pocket and handed the boss a \$50 bill.

"She's yours," the boss said, "and good luck."

Fred rode his horse to Harney Valley (which was still a part of Grant County at that time) and was pleased to find 160 acres of good land that had a slough running through it to provide water for irrigating the fields. Rye grass grew taller than a man's head and that would make good feed for the horses. The rest of the land had tall sagebrush which meant it would also grow good crops if it was cleared and planted. Fred decided this was the end of the rainbow. He would homestead on this land and claim it for his own.

It was a lot of work for a single, young man of 26 but he set to work building fence. He got acquainted by helping the neighbors and they in turn lent a helping hand to him. There was an added bonus of a good home-cooked meal once in awhile. Batching was already getting old.

The days passed rapidly. First there was a barn to build for the animals. When the animals were taken care of, Fred turned his attention to his own needs. He built a small three room cabin and planted a garden. He bought a few cows and traded work for some chickens and geese. The geese reminded him of his boyhood days in Germany.

Winter was coming and it took all the daylight hours to get enough food stored up for the animals and himself. He could burn sagebrush he had cleared from the land to keep warm during the winter months.

Fred loved this new country and the freedoms it provided. The winter evenings provided time to read American history and study the Constitution. He was anxious to become an American citizen as soon as possible.

October 29, 1889 was an exciting day for Fred. He had been in the United States now for 6 years, his homestead was providing him a living and life was great. Today he was going to be sworn in as a citizen of the United States of America. He had passed all the tests and requirements and now he would pledge his loyalty to his new country. The feeling of pride and commitment Fred experienced as he vowed always to be true and serve the United States of America, sent shivers through his body. When he put his hand over his heart and said the Pledge of Allegiance to the flag he could feel his heart beating, it seemed in unison, as the band played the Star Spangled Banner. It was not quite a month before his 30th birthday, he felt he could never have a better birthday present than a citizenship in the United States.

But just two years later, on November 2, 1891, Fred received a large document in the mail, signed by President Benjamin Harrison saying the 160 acres he had filed a homestead on was deeded in his name. In just 19 days he would be 32 years old. What a wonderful birthday present to realize that this farm now belonged to him and was really his own piece of this world.

By now Fred had several teams of horses to work the land and haul supplies. One never could tell when one horse would turn up lame or sick and if one team got tired, a fresh team could finish the job. There were a few milk cows, pigs, chickens and geese.

Fred was busy and he didn't mind being a bachelor, but sometimes it was a bit lonesome. Single girls were few in those frontier days. One day the neighbor told Fred about a young girl that had come west from Illinois with her folks. They were going on to Huntington, Oregon, to take the train back to

Illinois but they didn't have enough money for tickets for the whole family. The daughter, Ida, had found a job with some people in the valley and she was planning to earn enough money to join her family in Oklahoma.

Fred had everything he needed, citizenship in a free country, 160 acres of land, plenty of livestock and a home, but he needed a wife and a cook! He turned 38 in November and during those winter months he found time to court the young lady from Illinois. She was happy with Fred's friendship for she too found this strange land to be lonesome. As winter turned to spring, their love for each other blossomed and on March 27, 1898 Ida May Lampkin became Mrs. Fred Denstedt.

A neighbor helped her make her wedding dress and a simple home wedding united their lives.

The small home Fred had built took on a new face when Ida began to clean and fix and add a feminine touch. Fred like the cozy new appearance of his home and the warm meals prepared by Ida, but when she hung curtains at the windows it was almost too much. He liked to see out those windows at what was going on about the farm and the curtains seemed to hinder his view. He took them down, but Ida put them back up. He found he had married a woman with as much determination as he had. After a great deal of discussion, the curtains stayed. Ida insisted Fred could have his way with things pertaining to the farm but the house was under her jurisdiction.

A couple of years after their marriage they were both happy at the birth of their first baby, a fine, healthy son they named Charles. Two years later they were excitedly expecting a second child. Ida secretly hoped it would be a girl since they already had a boy.

That January 13th morning was clear and the snow crackled and crunched as Fred saddled his horse to make a fast ride into town to summon the doctor. It didn't take long for the doctor to grab his black bag and together they were off on the return trip.

The doctor hurried into the house while Fred took both horses to the barn where he unsaddled them and threw them a few pitchforks full of hay. Quickly Fred broke the ice in the water trough for the second time that day and hurried inside the house.

The doctor had wasted no time in getting things ready. It was really good to find such a plentiful supply of warm water on hand. Most of the time this was the doctor's major concern, but Fred had bought a large "Home Comfort" cook stove for Ida when they were married and it had a reservoir on the side which held about 12 gallons of water. Any time there was a fire in the stove there was plenty of hot water in the reservoir. One of the first chores each morning was to fill the container with water.

It wasn't long until the doctor came out and announced there was a tiny new baby girl in the house. Ida was so happy. This baby would be her special little helper. Gladys, was the name Fred and Ida chose for this little bundle of joy.

As Charly and Gladys grew and filled the little house with childish laughter, it seemed the walls were bulging. Already Ida was expecting another baby and Fred knew they needed more room. He set about early that spring of 1905 to

build a larger house, one that would serve his growing family the rest of their days.

A two story house with a large porch to sit on during hot summer evenings, and a place to store some dry wood during the winter would be what they needed, Fred decided. He would make one bedroom downstairs with the kitchen and living room and there would be three bedrooms upstairs for the children.

Fred set about gathering the materials and he hired the construction done as he was busy with the spring work in the fields. It was a happy day when everything was finished and the family moved into their new home about the middle of June.

Several years later Fred gathered large stones from the nearby hills to build a stone cellar to keep the garden produce and some purchased produce for the long winter months when fresh produce was unavailable. The little homstead was quite self-sufficient in providing the needs of the Denstedt family.

A HARD DECISION

Chapter 2

The sagebrush seemed to stretch out endlessly as Fred urged his horse forward. He had left his homestead in the valley when the sun was just beginning to peep over the horizon and now it was nearing mid-day.

The sagebrush of the foothills began to be dotted with a sprinkling of pine and juniper trees. The horse and his rider followed the creek as it wound its way into the mountains. Around a corner Fred spied Grandma Bowen's place and he knew the end of his journey was in sight.

Grandma Bowen, as she was known to everyone in the valley, lived alone and her place could hardly be called a home it seemed to Fred. He had immigrated from Germany almost twelve years ago and filed on a piece of property owned by the government with the agreement that the land would be deeded in his name if he lived on it for 3 years and made certain improvements. He had built a nice two story house for his growing family. And growing it was! This was the reason for his visit to Grandma Bowen today. Ida was about to give birth to their third child and someone was needed to care for her and the new one, and also the other two children for a few weeks.

Grandma Bowen lived half way up the hillside. Rock and dirt had been dug away from the hill to make one room, the front wall with a window and door was made from logs cut from the nearby forest. This seemed like a cave with a front door, but it was warm and dry and Grandma Bowen was happy to have shelter from the heat and cold. Winter in Harney Valley could be especially cold with temperatures dipping to 60° below zero at times.

As Fred hesitantly approached the door and knocked, he was surprised to see a small garden area where the sagebrush had been laboriously grubbed away with a hoe. He knew that a lot of hard work had gone into that small plot to make it

usable to grow some food, and what a treat the fresh vegetables would be since they could not be purchased at the few stores in town. Most people living this far from town rarely made more than three or four trips a year for supplies.

Grandma Bowen opened the door in response to Fred's urgent knock and cordially welcomed him to come into her home. As his eyes gradually adjusted to the dim light in the room, he could see a bed, a small wooden table and a chair were the only furnishings in the room, besides the wood cookstove which served both to cook the food and heat the room in winter. He noted, with relief, there was a neatness about the place that made it seem a bit homey.

"Suppose you could come take care of my wife and little ones for a couple of weeks?" Fred wasted no time stating his business.

"Wa--ll, Now---, I don't see anything to keep me here, saving the squirrels and chipmunks, and I reckon they can take care o' themselves fer a few weeks." Grandma replied, rather eagerly thinking of how nice it would be to pick up a few extra dollars to buy sugar, flour, and beans to fill in with the few vegetables she could grow in her small garden spot.

"Jest take me a bit to grab my few things and saddle my horse, and I'll ride along with you." she continued.

Ida was glad to see the two as they walked into the kitchen just as she was setting the evening meal on the table. The warm and hearty vegetable stew and corn bread tasted especially good to Grandma Bowen and she was glad to enjoy such comfortable surroundings, even for a few weeks.

The wee baby was born the next morning. This had meant another hour of riding for Fred during the night to summon the doctor. The robust baby boy wasn't tiny. He weighed a whopping 10 pounds at birth and had a lusty cry.

"Nothing wrong with this boy," the doctor pronounced after thoroughly checking him over.

About a week later Baby Walter seemed to be crying more and more and Ida noticed Grandma Bowen seemed to be busy washing more diapers than usual. Since his birth Grandma Bowen had been taking almost complete care of little Walter so Ida now began to wonder what was wrong.

"Is anything wrong with little Walter?" she ventured one morning.

"Oh, jest seems to be a touch of diarrhea," Grandma replied. "But I been a givin' him some tea and crackers. He should snap out of it any day now I reckon."

In spite of Grandma's confidence, Ida began to resume the responsibilities of taking care of her family again. She was alarmed at how the baby seemed to be just soft flesh over tiny bones and she realized how serious it was when she could not get the baby to take any nourishment at all.

"We've just got to take baby Walter to the doctor," she told Fred when he came in from the field to eat his noon meal.

"Is he really that bad?" Fred sounded alarmed.

"Looks to me like he is even smaller than when he was born, he must be losing weight," Ida replied, "and I can't get him to take any nourishment at all today," she continued.

"I'll hitch up the team and we'll take him to the doctor this afternoon. We can't take any chances with such a tiny one." Fred responded. "Are you sure you feel up to the trip?"

"Oh, yes! I'm so glad you can take us right away, I'm really concerned about him." Ida felt relieved as she answered gratefully.

The trip to town took nearly an hour and everyone was tired and dusty after the bumpy ride. They tied the horses in front of the doctor's office and were glad to find the doctor was not out on a call and could see them before long.

When the doctor called them into his office, Ida handed him the small bundle. The doctor seemed surprised as he looked at the tiny wasted face.

"Whatever is wrong with this fine baby boy I left just a week or two ago?" he inquired.

"Walter has been having diarrhea and I didn't realize how bad until yesterday. Grandma Bowen has been caring for him and she told me she had fed him some crackers and tea, which I don't approve, but now I can't get him to take any nourishment," Ida explained.

The doctor weighed him on his scales and was concerned to see the baby had lost nearly 4 pounds since birth. After examining his little body he looked up and said, "His condition is serious. I wish we had a hospital where we could care for him and I could see him every day, but since we don't, we have got to find a way to get some fluids down this baby. He is already dehydrated," the doctor sounded worried. "For nourishment beat up an egg white and see if he will swallow small amounts every half hour. If he absolutely refuses to swallow it, put a drop or two of whiskey in it. I've seen it work before," advised the doctor.

Ida was startled, give her baby whiskey! She determined she would not! But when Walter would not take the egg white and he lay so listless and pale she asked Fred to see if their neighbor had any liquor and if he would share a few drops for their baby.

When Ida mixed a drop into the egg white and then put a drop or two on Walter's tongue, she was pleased to see him swallow but she was also concerned because she knew the whiskey was not good for a tiny baby. However, she reasoned, maybe a few drops would not hurt until the baby could gain a little strength and get on the road to recovery. Walter seemed to like the mixture and with each feeding took it more eagerly.

In a few days he was looking much better and Ida decided to omit the whiskey and just feed the beaten egg white. Baby Walter refused to take the egg white each time Ida offered it and after 12 hours and the baby had taken no nourishment she again added a drop of whiskey. Ida was both glad and sad, as she watched her tiny baby slowly swallow drop after drop. She was glad he was taking some fluid but alarmed that he would not swallow it without the whiskey.

That night as Walter slept, Ida agonized in her bed. What should she do? Should she continue to feed her baby the whiskey and risk having him become addicted to strong drink in his innocence? Or should she take the chance of letting him die from lack of fluids?

After many hours of praying and tossing Ida's decision was made. She would rather have him die than raise an alcoholic!

The next day Ida vainly tried to get Walter to swallow some of the mixture without the strong drink. She was in tears by evening. Walter had refused all attempts she had made. The baby cried all night but Ida remained firm in her decision to not harm him by giving something she knew could have disastrous results later in life.

The next morning Ida and Fred decided they would take the baby to the doctor once more and see if there was anything more at all that he could do to save the life of their precious wee one.

The other two children, Charley, aged 5 and Gladys, $3\frac{1}{2}$, were bundled up. Fred harnessed the team and hitched them to the wagon and they all cuddled together under the heavy quilts to keep warm in the chilly morning air.

When the doctor again looked at the baby he sadly shook his head.

"Isn't there anything more you can do?" Ida earnestly implored, hoping against hope the doctor would offer some words of encouragement. "I just can't give him any more whiskey and risk raising an alcoholic."

"Only thing I know," the doctor hesitatingly replied, "is that there seems to be something healing about the mountain air, among the juniper and pine trees. If you could take him to the mountains for a month or six weeks, it just might help. I wish I could offer more hope, but I'm afraid there is nothing more I can do." he regretfully concluded.

On the way home Ida and Fred talked over the situation and decided the next day Fred would take the family to the mountains where they had some friends, the Hibbards. They were quite sure the Hibbards would make them welcome. Fred would have to return the next day to care for the livestock but he knew his family would be in good hands staying with these friends. Any inconvenience would be worthwhile, if only the baby's life could be saved.

Early the next morning the family packed a few belongings and climbed into the wagon as the sun came peeking over the hill to begin the new day.

It was late afternoon when they finally arrived at the small log cabin in the mountains. After leaving the flat level valley the climb up the mountain road had been steep and bumpy and the rocky road had tired and slowed the horses and left everyone feeling really glad to get out and stretch their legs.

Two boys were playing in front of the cabin and even though they didn't have much company it didn't take long before Charley and Gladys were running and playing with Lloyd and Duane. The Hibbard boys were a bit older than Charley and Gladys but it didn't seem to matter as they played a lively game of hide and seek.

Lloyd, who was 8 and the oldest of the two was deaf and because he could not hear he had never learned to talk, so he communicated in his own sign language. Ida was surprised at the attention he gave the baby. He wanted to hold him and play with him. When the baby went to sleep and was placed in the baby buggy, Lloyd would sit for hours with his back against the buggy entertaining himself with a book. When Walter awoke and began to cry, Lloyd could sense the vibrations with his body and immediately he would jump up and try to attend to the baby's needs.

Ida was pleased to have his help and it gave her more time to help with the house work and care for the other children.

The crisp mountain air seemed to sharpen everyone's appetite, and even baby Walter began swallowing spoonfuls of water and a few ounces of milk a few times a day. Gradually he was taking more and the diarrhea which had been such a problem was gone. The two families enjoyed each others company. Life on the homestead was lonely and the fellowship seemed very pleasant. The children especially enjoyed playing together.

Lloyd spent a lot of time with the baby, but Duane who was about 6 years old, enjoyed playing with Charley and Gladys.

Gladys had a baby doll that was her constant companion. She took it to bed with her and never wanted to be far away from it all day long, whatever she was doing. The doll had a tin head and a cloth body. When the doll was moved there was a tinkling sound like something rolling around inside the doll's head.

Duane was very curious about the noise and became very anxious to find out just what was causing it. Gladys had never seemed to notice the rattle, but Duane could not stand the suspense of not knowing what made that funny noise.

"Let's find out what is inside the doll's head," Duane suggested one day.

"NO! My baby's O'K," insisted Gladys.

"Oh, come on. Let's see what is inside the doll's head. Wouldn't it be fun to find out what is making that funny noise?" Duane urged.

"NO! NO!" Gladys repeated emphatically, as she hugged her baby close to her.

"Look," Duane persisted, "We can lay the baby doll's head here on the chopping block and it will take just a minute to find out what makes that funny noise."

"We--ll, O'K," Gladys finally relented. She really admired Duane as he was nearly 3 years older and she thought he knew a great deal.

"Now, you just hold the doll right here," Duane was glad he had at last won Gladys's consent. She held her baby doll on the chopping block and with a great big blow from the hammer Duane held with both his hands, the doll's head flattened and broke at the seam--out rolled a tiny piece of solder.

Gladys was shocked to see her baby's face all smashed and she began to cry as she grabbed the remains and ran to find her mama.

"Ple-ase, ple-ase--fix my dolly," Gladys begged between sobs.

"Why, Gladys, whatever happened?" Ida questioned in dismay as she viewed the crumpled remains of her little girl's most cherished possession.

"Duane, Duane," was all Gladys could say.

It was sometime later that Ida learned the whole story and it took a long time to convince Gladys her little dolly could not be fixed.

"I'll make you another dolly out of cloth, and it won't have a noise in it's head and the head won't get all smashed," Ida comforted her little girl as she planned how she could make a cloth doll.

Lloyd and Duane slept in the attic of the log cabin so Ida and the children could have their bedroom downstairs. One evening the children had gone to bed early and Ida sat visiting with the Hibbards in the lamplight when all of a sudden a mountain storm came up and rain began to fall by the bucketfuls.

Ida marveled as she saw Lloyd come running down the stairs and rush straight for the door. He stuck his head outside and surprise and relief showed in his face as he felt the rain on his skin.

"Apparently, he can feel the vibrations of the rain on the roof, and since he can neither hear or talk it is his way of finding out exactly what is going on," his mother explained. Satisfied, Lloyd shut the door and went back to bed.

"It must be a lonely, difficult world he lives in," mused Ida.

"It is a blessing how God has given him a sixth sense," his mother replied. "It never ceases to amaze me what he comes up with to compensate for his handicap and sometimes he senses things I am not even aware of," she continued.

In about a month Walter was eating well, and gaining weight. His face had a healthy pink glow and his little cheeks were full. He was so much better! Ida sent a letter to town for Fred, telling him to come after them as soon as he could get away. Fred was jubilant! It had been lonely without his family. To be sure he had been busy, but nights were lonely, and he missed his wife's good meals.

Arrangements were soon made and Fred was on his way to bring his family home. Ida was glad to see him and so were Charley and Gladys. It didn't take them long to gather their belongings in anticipation of the trip home.

"Here's a little money to help out on the expenses of feeding my family," Fred offered as they prepared to leave early the next morning.

"Oh, no!" Mr. Hibbard strongly objected. "It was just a pleasure to have their company. That is what friends and neighbors are for, to help each other in times of need. Don't take away the blessing of sharing what God has so graciously given us," he insisted.

"We can never repay such kindness," Fred gratefully replied, but if ever there is anything we can do for you, please let us know."

As Fred drove the team homeward, gratefulness to God welled up in his heart

to have the pleasure of living in a country where everyone was so willing and happy to do things for each other. He remembered life in Germany where people were not able to help each other so freely. Frontier life was filled with discouragements and much loneliness but the willingness of everyone to help each other made up for the hardships.

That night as Fred and Ida gathered their little family about them in their own home, they thanked God that He had so graciously saved their baby's life and provided for their needs.

Ida was so thankful she had remained firm in her decision not to give her baby harmful substance. She knew in her heart that God had rewarded her determination to give Walter every chance to grow to manhood with a sound mind and body.

A TIME TO LEARN

Chapter 3

Ida shook her head in dismay as she viewed the tracks across her freshly scrubbed floor. Would she ever be able to get those boys to wipe their feet before coming into the house!

It was a lot of work to pump the water, heat it on the wood cookstove and wash the clothes for her family. Each piece had to be scrubbed by hand on the wash board. After rinsing, wringing out the water with her hands and hanging them on the line to dry, Ida had used the rinse water to scrub her floors, and now--just look at those tracks!

She had just sat down to rest a bit when Walter burst through the door. "Oh, Mama, guess what!" But Ida did not have to guess. She knew! The smell almost knocked her over.

"Walter! What in the world! Get out of this house this very minute."

Walter backed out the door as Ida continued. "I'll get you some clean clothes, you wash at the pump and change your clothes in the barn. Take a shovel and bury those clothes you have on, don't bring them near this house." She gathered his clean clothes, set them outside and closed the door behind him.

I wonder what in the world that boy has been up to now, she mused as she turned to wipe up the tracks. She remembered the hard time she had with him when he was a baby, but now he had grown up to be such a dominate and independent child.

Both Charley and Gladys were more gentle and easier to handle but Walter was so lively and full of mischief. It kept both Ida and Fred busy trying to keep him in line.

She didn't have much time to think because soon Walter was back. He still had

a strong odor with him and Ida knew it would linger about for days. "Whatever were you doing with the skunks?" Ida questioned.

"Well, you see, Mama, I was checking my traps and there was this one caught just by the foot. He was cute and I was going to let him go but he got me just as I let him go! Whew! Burned my eyes and nose. I could hardly breath!"

"Well, whatever you do, please leave those little creatures alone after this." Ida sternly warned.

"Yes, Mama--I'm sure I will." Walter obediently agreed.

Ida sighed as she wondered what next those energetic boys would be up to.

Ida was just beginning the preparations for the noon meal a few days later when she was surprised to hear a commotion outside. She stepped to the door to see what was going on and she heard shouts of glee mingled with the noise of squealing pigs and scurrying sounds. She rushed in the direction of the haystack which Fred had stacked, wagon load at a time, with his pitch fork, and was startled to see all three children gleefully sliding down the haystack and landing on the backs of the animals that had crawled through the fence and were sleeping at the foot of the stack after eating all they could hold.

It was quite a sight as the pigs awoke with a start and jumped up to run with a child riding wildly on his back for a short distance before falling to the ground. A smile played on her lips as she called out, "Children, get those animals away from the haystack and fix the fence," with all the firmness she could muster.

"Aw, Mama, don't ruin our fun!" Walter begged. "This is the most fun we have had in ages."

"That may be, but you could hurt yourselves or the animals and just look at what a mess you are making of that haystack your papa worked so hard on to protect it from the rain. Now you have holes all over it and the rain will spoil the hay. Reluctantly the children climbed down and began to repair the fence.

Gladys was the only girl and with three brothers it was quite natural that she learned to play the games the boys liked. She had to be quite a tomboy.

During the summer there was always a hired man or two to cook for besides travelers from the far end of the county that stopped to rest and water their horses on their way to or from town. Everyone was always welcomed to share a meal. It was Gladys's duty to help in the kitchen and do the dishes.

Time seemed to drag as she heard her brothers talking and laughing outside, while she struggled through the seemingly endless pile of dirty dishes. The boys ran in and out of the house to tease or distract her in some way until she would grab a pan of water and chase them out of the house.

Not to be outdone by a girl, they pumped water from the pump and coaxed her out of the house onto the porch where they returned the challenge. Now a full-fledged water fight was on while the dishes stood, waiting to be done. It was late in the afternoon before the boys grew tired of that sport and wandered off to new adventures.

Gladys looked in dismay at the pile of dirty dishes and pots and pans still

waiting to be done. Suddenly a bright idea popped into her head. Quickly she gathered them all up and placed them in the oven of the wood cookstove. She wiped the table and the cupboards, put away the dish cloth and made a hasty exit from the house.

Somehow she didn't have much fun playing that afternoon.

Ida thought how happy she was to have such a good daughter to help her as she noticed how tidy the kitchen looked when she came in to begin the evening meal. She quickly stirred up some corn bread and as she opened the oven door, she was shocked at the sight of all those dirty dishes! "Gladys, come here," her voice sounded urgent. Gladys knew her folly had been discovered.

"Yes, Mama," she tried to sound innocent but there was a quiver in her voice.

"Gladys, you know this is not right. You will have to do these dishes, along with the supper dishes before you go to bed tonight."

Long after everyone else was in bed, Gladys was still washing dishes by lamp light. When she finished the last one she knew she would never leave any work undone because it only had to be done later and at a more inconvenient time.

Gladys was surprised at how much more time she had to play and how much more fun it was when her work was all done first, and to this day when you eat at her house her efficient hands have the dishes all done before the last bite has hit the bottom of your stomach.

A LOT OF SAURKRAUT

Chapter 4

Fred planted a large garden to help out with feeding the family. In this isolated place one could not buy fresh fruit and vegetables at the store even when they did go into town, which was only a few times a year.

Each homesteader was quite self-sufficient in providing for their own needs. They would stock up on flour, dried vegetables and fruits and beans about once a year and otherwise the food had to be grown on their own farms.

All vegetables didn't grow well in Harney Valley because there were so many cool night and frost almost every month during the summer. Potatoes grew well and so did cabbage, carrots, beets and turnips. All could be stored in the stone cellar Fred had made.

Fred had learned to love saurkraut when he was a boy in Germany, and he found it a good way to use the nice solid heads of cabbage that grew in his garden.

It was a lot of work. He used 50 gallon wooden barrels to pack the shredded cabbage, all the time gently pushing the cabbage down with a large wooden block on the end of a long stick. A certain amount of salt had to be added each time and it was very important to get just the right proportion of salt to the cabbage.

It was about time to harvest the cabbage. "If you will heat some water while I take care of the animals we'll polish up our wooden barrels and get things ready to make the saurkraut, the cabbages are ready." Fred told Ida early one morning.

"I'll be glad to," Ida replied, thinking of the long winter months ahead and how nice it would be to have something so handy to make the meals more tasty. Fred even liked saurkraut for breakfast. As soon as Fred left the house, Ida pumped several buckets of water and put them on the cookstove to heat. "Please, boys, bring in a little extra wood for the fire today. I'm going to need it!"

"Sure, Mama," Charley, almost 7 was the oldest and Ida knew she could depend on him. Soon the children were off to play and Ida and Fred scrubbed and rinsed the big wooden barrels until they looked and smelled as clean as the forest after a rain.

Fred took a long sharp knife and went to the garden to cut the large firm heads of cabbage. Ida went to get the large slicer they would use to shred the cabbage and the large wooden block to pack it.

Fred rounded a corner with a wheelbarrow full of cabbages and stopped dead in his tracks, he couldn't believe his eyes. There was Gladys, just able to see over the top of the barrel, jumping up and down and squealing with delight. "Gladys, whatever are you doing in there?" Fred exclaimed when he managed to catch his breath and he rushed forward to grab her out of the barrel. He turned her over his knee and was about to administer a sound spanking when Walter, not quite three yet, dashed between his legs, nearly upsetting the both of them.

"Don't! Don't touch her. Let her go or I'll get you" he loudly demanded.

Fred was a bit amused by this show of brotherly love and even though he felt punishment was well deserved he let her go. "All right, this time," he conceded as he let Gladys go. "But you just all be sure never to do such a thing again."

The children solemnly promised they would never forget and hurried off to play in the barn, out of sight and they hoped out of mind of their parents.

It was a lot of work to clean the barrel again but Fred considered it all in a day's work. He was so thankful for his family and the privilege he had of raising them in a free land. He remembered times in his native land that were not so happy and he wanted to teach his children to be loyal to this great country that offered so much freedom.

A QUIET TIME

Chapter

Summer on the homestead, everyone was busy from daylight to dark. Besides the daily chores of taking care of the animals, tending the garden, planting and harvesting the crops, time must be found to go to the hills and get the winter supply of wood.

The women had extra work, preserving what food they could for the long winter months.

Winter brought extra work. The livestock had to have more feed and wood had to be chopped and carried in to keep the house warm now besides the fuel for the cookstove. But the sun went down early and when it got dark work came to a halt. This was a favorite time for the children.

And so it was one cold evening after supper as they were enjoying the warmth and fellowship of their home that Gladys crawled up on Fred's knee and begged. "Papa, tell us what life was like when you were a boy in Germany." Fred put down the paper he was reading and ran his hand through his little girl's dark wavy hair. She was his special joy. She had such a sweet loving disposition. There never seemed to be a dull moment when she was around for she had an abundance of energy.

"As you well know," Fred began as everyone settled a little deeper into their chairs, I am proud to be an American, and I want you always to be proud of the fact that you are too. I was born on November 21, 1859, in Coburg, Germany. My parents gave me the name Fredrick Ferdinand Bertouli Denstedt. Coburg was just a small village and most of the people who lived in the village owned land around the village where they went to farm during the day."

"Each family had a small flock of geese and it was the responsibility of the village boys to take turns herding the geese a week at a time. I remember when it was my turn, I started out of our yard with our geese and as I passed the houses

along the street the people would open their gates and their flock would join in the procession. So it went up and down each block until I had a large flock following me. I took them to a field outside the village where they ate all day and in the evening I would bring them back to the village and as I passed each house the flock that belonged there would turn in until I had my own flock left when I reached home."

Once a year everyone took all the geese they could spare to market. It was a long ways and for several days before they intended to leave they would make the geese walk through warm tar and sand and in this way build up quite a 'sole' on the bottoms of their feet to keep them from getting sore on the long trip to town. Before going to market they forced the geese to eat more than they could hold. They did this by pushing food down the goose's long neck and tying a string around the neck above the food so the goose couldn't spit out the food. As soon as it had digested in a few hours they would repeat the process. It seems cruel to me now but every pound of meat meant more money and the people needed every cent they could possibly

get to buy even the barest necessities. The people there have many uses for goose fat. They use it in a lot of ways. They even spread it on their bread like we do our butter."

"Life was hard and if one family was able to save a bit the rulers took it away for themselves. All the young men had to spend at least two years in the army so when I was 18 I spent my time. I saw and experienced so many injustices that I made plans as soon as I had fulfilled my obligation to my native land I was determined to come to America where I read that life was so different and there were so many opportunities."

"My mother spun some threads out of flax and made me some heavy linen shirts. She packed a translation of the New Testament by Martin Luther in my bag and I was off on the trip that would change my life."

"I was just 24 years old when I said good-bye to my mother and father and my brother and sisters. I knew I would never see them again, but I wanted so much to live and raise my family where they could be free to live by their beliefs. Where they would not be oppressed by the rich and where there were opportunities to get ahead in life."

"The trip across the ocean took at least a month. I began to really wonder if I would ever see land again. It was a great day when I first saw the Statue of Liberty, holding out her torch in welcome to people coming from many countries across that great ocean. I remember it was a gray day when I stepped off the ship onto solid ground. It sure did feel good. New York was a big place and I didn't know English but I was determined to change that as quickly as possible."

"I wanted to come west and I soon found a train to Chicago. I got a job, worked hard and studied so I could take the test to become an American citizen. It was worth it all and on October 29, 1889 I was so proud to be pronounced a citizen of the United States of America. This is a great country and I don't want you ever to forget it. Do everything you can to keep the freedom of speech and worship that we enjoy."

Gladys knew the story was about to end and they would all be sent off to bed. Not quite ready to go she asked, "But Papa, tell us, how did you get way out here from Chicago and how did you meet mother?"

"That will have to wait for another time," Fred promised as he looked at the large clock on the table. It is time for bed now. Remember, "Early to bed and early to rise, makes all children healthy, wealthy, and wise."

A BIG SCARE

Chapter 6

Horses were very important on the homestead. A gentle, dependable team were

very valuable. Ground was prepared and planted with a team of two or four horses, depending on the size of the job at hand.

Prince, Bill, Snip and Pete worked well together as a team to pull the equipment for the field work. Fred knew he could get in a good day's work with these four horses.

While Ida was preparing breakfast one morning, Fred went out to feed the horses. They would be through eating when he was finished with his breakfast and ready to go to work. This morning he was sorry to see that Snip was lame. He had hoped to get most of the harrowing done the next few days so the grain could be planted in plenty of time to mature. Now he would have to use Dan in Strip's place and Dan just did not work as well and he was a bit skiddish.

"There, there, steady now," Fred talked reassuringly to Dan as he eased him into the harness. As the team pulled the harrow out of the yard and into the field, Fred walked behind to guide them. He breathed deeply of the crisp morning air. How he savored the smell of freshly worked earth, mingling with the clean smell of spring.

Suddenly his mind was abruptly brought back to the task at hand as Dan began to jump excitedly, "Whoa, Whoa!" Fred soothingly commanded as he pulled back on the reins. Before he could calm him, the other three horses became excited and they began to run faster and faster. "Whoa, Whoa!" Fred called more urgently, but to no avail. They were running out of control and it seemed the harder he pulled on the reins, the faster they ran.

The horses made a sharp turn and Fred was thrown across the harrow and dragged some distance before the horses finally slowed down enough so he could gather himself up and get them stopped. Fred was quite badly bruised and shaken up but he continued to work until noon. He was anxious to get the work done and those horses needed to know they couldn't get away with such foolishness.

By the time dinner was over, Fred felt so stiff and sore he could hardly get up from the table. He managed to get to his chair in the living room, where he stayed all afternoon. Ida got him to bed with a lot of help and encouragement. The next morning it was all Fred could do to crawl out of bed.

"I guess the horses will get a rest today," he said at breakfast. "I just can't keep up with them today."

Ida rubbed linament on his back and legs and helped him to his chair. The day dragged by and Ida was thinking about how she was going to manage to get Fred into bed. The children had gone upstairs to get ready for bed. "I'll rub this linament on you again and maybe it will help you get to the bedroom," Ida remarked.

Upstairs, Gladys had combed her thick, long hair and there was quite a lot of hair collected in the comb. Walter came into her room with a match in his hand and before Gladys knew what was going on, he struck the match and held it by the hair on the dresser.

Immediately it blazed up and the celluloid comb and brush caught fire. "Fire, fire!" Gladys screamed at the top of her lungs.

Fred grabbed a bucketful of water and raced up the flight of stairs. Ida

followed behind still holding the linament bottle. In the mean time Walter had grabbed a blanket and smothered the fire.

"You children both know better than to play with matches, you could have burned our house down," Fred scolded as he turned to go down the stairs. "Oh! Oh! My back," he cried, "I'll never be able to get down these stairs ." He tried in vain to reach the step with his foot.

"Oh, come on," Ida urged, "you didn't have any trouble getting up them."

"Well, that was different!" Fred ruefully replied.

Ida urged and encouraged him as he painfully made his way slowly down to the bottom. It had taken only a few seconds to run up them but nearly a half hour to get down. It was a great relief to everyone, including Fred, when he managed to stretch out in his own bed.

Everyone thought it was a funny thing how he managed to get up the stairs so fast when he could hardly move.

CALAMITY COMES

Chapter 7

"Oh, Papa! can I go with you?" Leslie questioned when he saw Fred putting on his coat and hat preparing to feed the livestock.

Leslie was only 5 and usually Fred didn't take the younger children with him but this morning he was going to hitch the team to the wagon and get a load of hay from the far haystack. Leslie could ride along.

"I'll hitch up Dolly and Beauty and stop by for you," Fred consented. "Have your coat and hat on and be waiting on the porch."

"Leslie flew into his coat, grabbed his hat and mittens and was waiting long before Fred finished harnessing the team.

"Giddy-up," Fred commanded as he gave a sharp snap of the reins. The horses obediently stepped out pulling the empty wagon. "Whoa!" Fred ordered as they reached the front of the house. Leslie happily ran out and clamored on the wagon.

"Better sit down in the middle of the wagon," Fred warned. Leslie sat obediently for awhile but it was bumpy and he soon decided it would be better to sit on the edge and let his feet hang over the edge. He scooted to the edge unbeknown to Fred as he held the reins to guide Dolly and Beauty.

Suddenly Fred heard a thud and felt a bump. Startled he looked around and was shocked to see Leslie was no longer on the wagon.

"Oh, Ohh, Ohhh," Leslie wailed.

"Whoa, Whoa!" Fred called frantically. He quickly tied the reins to the wagon and ran to the back of the wagon. He was alarmed to see Leslie lying helpless behind the wagon wheel. The wheel had run over his leg close to the hip and the leg was all mangled and hung limp as Fred tried to help Leslie to his feet.

With great difficulty Fred managed to get his injured son to the house where Ida did what she could to make him comfortable until Fred could unhook the team from the hay wagon and hitch them to the hack which had seats for the trip to town to the doctor.

The doctor looked grave after he examined little Leslie's leg. "It is a bad break. We will have to operate."

Ida stayed close by Leslie while Fred returned home to care for the other children and feed the hungry animals.

"We had to put a silver plate in the boy's leg" the doctor announced after surgery. "The leg bone was crushed so badly we had to remove the splinters and put in the plate to compensate for the bone loss."

It was several weeks before Leslie was able to join the rest of the family. He had the silver plate the rest of his life. Despite the fact the doctor had to work with meager and primitive equipment compared to what doctors today have, he did a good job because Leslie's leg grew normally without a sign of a limp and never seemed to bother him.

"Be careful, you might chop your finger off," Gladys warned as Leslie was chopping sagebrush.

"Oh, Sis, why are girls always so worried," Leslie replied flippantly. "I won't cut myself."

Gladys turned and went into the house, busying herself with the many chores of the household.

"Oh! Oh! Sis, I did it!" Leslie called as he came in holding his hand.

Gladys looked up, startled to see his thumb hanging by only a piece of skin. Blood was spurting from the severed artery. Grabbing a towel Gladys shoved the thumb in place and wrapped thumb and hand tightly to stop the bleeding, then she called a neighbor. "My brother had cut his thumb off," she explained, "and I have no way to take him to the doctor."

The neighbor promptly responded and soon they were on their way to see the doctor. The trip to town took almost 2 hours but most of the bleeding had stopped by the time they got to the doctor.

"Looks like your sister did a good job of taking care of you," the doctor commented. "I think we can just sew this thumb back on and it should be as good as new."

Leslie returned home later that night with a very large bandaged hand. "I guess girls do know what they are talking about sometimes," he sheepishly admitted to his sister.

Again the doctor did a good job because Leslie was able to use his thumb in a normal way after several months.

Fred thought he had made the new house large enough, but now with 5 children there was not any room to spare. Charley, Gladys, Walter, Teddy and Leslie were all born at home and were for the most part healthy and robust.

Ida used her knowledge of home remedies to keep the family healthy. Every spring each of the children was given a big dose of Tonic which they took after a good deal of persuasion because of the bitter taste. When someone developed a cough, a mustard plaster was applied to the chest. Ida mixed a tablespoon or so of dry mustard powder with the white of an egg and spread it between two layers of cloth. Applied to the chest it soon reddened the entire area and had to be watched closely because it could blister the skin. In case there was not any mustard in the house, onions were cut up, fried and used in the same way.

When someone wasn't feeling well, Ida was on hand with the castor oil or calomel. A good dose of laxative was sure to clean out whatever was causing the problem.

But real tragedy struck the family on summer day. Teddy, who was 9 years old complained about a pain in his side. Despite all Ida's efforts, he grew worse and developed a high fever. Something had to be done! Ida persuaded Fred this was an emergency. It didn't take long to harness Snap and Bill and they were on their way to town.

The doctor examined Teddy and found indeed he had appendicitis.

"I will have to operate if his life is to be saved," the doctor reported.

"Isn't there any other way?" Ida questioned in despair.

"I'm afraid not," the doctor assured her.

Reluctantly Fred and Ida consented and the operation was performed. Everything seemed to be progressing favorably for several days after the surgery. Then for some unknown reason Teddy took a turn for the worse and despite all the doctor could do, in a few short days he lost the battle for life.

The whole family sensed a deep loss as this little boy was placed in a wooden box to await the glad sound of Jesus' voice calling him to arise on the glorious

resurrection day.

Teddy had always had a special love of the pump organ that Ida had purchased second-hand. Fred felt he had a gift of music and he now missed the little tunes that Teddy earnestly pumped from the organ.

SCHOOL DAYS

Chapter 8

The busy summer had turned to fall, the crops had been gathered in and it was time for the children to return to school.

Charley, the oldest, helped Fred on the farm, but Gladys, Leslie and Walter were anxious to see their friends at school. The children usually walked the three miles in about 45 minutes. They were often diverted along the way by some play, but they could make it in time and still not have to hurry too fast. The school room was heated by a pot-bellied wood stove in the back of the room. All grades were taught by one teacher.

"Oh, Boy! Just look at those drifts!" Leslie exclaimed one morning after a fresh snow fall. "I bet they are over my head!"

"I'll be the first to jump in that one by the corner post!" Walter challenged. There was a scramble for coats, hats and mittens. They grabbed their lunch boxes and were out the door with Gladys close at their heels, anxious to try out the first snow drifts.

"Be careful, hurry to school and don't get wet," Ida warned as the door slammed shut behind them.

Her words fell on deaf ears as the three children raced to see who would be first to jump in the big drift by the corner fence post.

Leslie was fast and landed kerplow almost sinking out of sight in the soft snow. Gladys and Walter were racing to the next drift before Leslie could clamor his way out of the drift. And so the race was on, from one drift to the next.

"What ever happened to you!" exclaimed the teacher as they arrived at school, exhausted, two hours late and soaking wet.

"The snow was so deep, it was all we could do to get here," Walter tried to sound convincing as Leslie and Gladys nodded their agreement.

"Well, I guess you better sit here by the stove and dry out." the teacher

was sympathetic as he arranged three chairs around the stove. Coats, stocking caps and mittens were hung about to dry. It took most of the day to dry out, but by the time it was time to start home they were warm and dry.

"We better not get wet, Mom will spank us," Gladys warned as they started home. Leslie and Walter knew she was right so they carefully avoided all drifts and arrived home in less than the usual 45 minutes.

The next morning it was the same story. Several days went by before the teacher's sympathy turned to exasperation. "If you come to school wet and late once more, I am going to speak to your parents."

Fred had fixed up a sleigh and decided to let the boys drive it to school. This was a lot of fun. There were some gullies to go through and the boys found great delight in giving the horses a sharp slap of the reins as they started up the bank on the far side, catching Gladys off guard and sending her sprawling in the snow. "Haw, Haw, Haw," they would laugh until their sides hurt as she picked herself up and tried to catch up with the sleigh.

"Just wait, I'll show them some fun," Gladys quietly mused to herself, but she didn't say a word.

"Let me drive the team home tonight," she begged her brothers.

"Oh, All right, Sis, If you want to," they agreed, preparing to have a quiet leisurely ride home. Everything went fine for awhile until Gladys thought they were completely relaxed.

"Giddy-up!" she commanded as she gave a sharp slap on the reins. The horses jumped forward sending Leslie and Walter sprawling in the snow.

Surprised, they picked themselves up, expecting to climb back on the sleigh, but Gladys had the horses in a fast trot and she didn't slow down until they rounded the corner into the yard at home.

Gladys unharnessed the horses and was in the house by the fire when Leslie and Walter walked in the door.

"Why didn't you wait for us?" they complained as they came in the house.

"I just thought you needed some time to think about how much fun it is to walk home." Gladys said.

"I guess we learned our lesson, Sis," Leslie was first to concede.

Gladys knew it wouldn't be long before those boys would think up some new mischeivous adventure to keep life interesting for everyone.

JACK RABBITS GALORE

Chapter 9

"I've just got to figure out a way to get rid of some of these pesky jack rabbits," Fred exclaimed at the dinner table one day. "If we don't find some way to decrease the population, there will be nothing to harvest." Fred sounded worried.

"Do you have any ideas?" Ida quieried. By now she knew her husband well enough to know he was a man of action and he was sure to have some plan in his mind.

"I have been trying to make some traps. I dug some holes and placed thin boards across part of the hole, so when the rabbit runs to the end of the board he will fall into the hole and be unable to get out until I can dispose of them, but I haven't made a dent in their numbers." Fred replied. "I think I'll call a meeting with all the neighbors and discuss the matter," Fred concluded.

The neighbors were all eager to find a solution to the problem, because they were also worried there would be no crops to harvest. If the hay stacks weren't fenced, the rabbits would eat up as high as they could reach and all the way around the stack, until the whole stack just fell down, leaving hay scattered in disarray. After some discussion they decided to try some rabbit drives. It was proposed that everyone would walk close together across a field and the rabbits would run ahead of them into a corner that was fenced with woven wire and made into a small pen. Then it would be an easy matter to use clubs to get rid of the rabbits.

The plan seemed partially successful, and seemed to gain popularity, at first, because it was a fun thing to get together for a common cause.

One Sunday there was a huge crowd gathered a few miles east of Burns and over two thousand rabbits were killed. The Paiute Indians were on hand, for here was a lot of easy food to be had for the taking. One Indian had his horse completely covered with rabbit carcasses, and it was quite a sight. The horse's head and legs were all that was recognizable as a horse. The local photographer thought this would make an interesting picture for a post card and was ready to snap the camera when the Indian saw him. Horrified, because of the bad luck that would attend having a picture taken, the Indian snatched the rabbits off his horse so fast, the photographer missed the picture.

Some enterprising people skinned the rabbits and took them to Portland to be sold for food.

The success of the rabbit drives was hampered when spring work came and most people were just so busy on their homesteads they didn't have time to get together at the same time.

The county could see the economy of the country depended upon getting rid of the rabbits so the homesteaders could survive. They decided to put a bounty on the rabbits. The county would pay 5 cents for each set of ears that was brought into the county clerk.

This seemed like a good plan because now everyone could gather rabbits at their own convenience. Enthusiasm gained momentum as people realized what a boon

this was to their meager incomes. The grocery stores in town began putting the prices of groceries in terms of ears. A dozen eggs sold for 2 pairs of ears!

The rabbits used paths and these paths would sometimes be quite close together. One man said when he was a boy he found he could set snares where the paths went under a fence. It was a chore to check his snare line twice a day and remove the rabbits and reset the snares, but he made more money from the bounty for the ears than he could by working hard in the hay fields all day.

The bounty was good business for everyone because lots of ammunition was sold, almost every one carried a gun, but it wasn't as profitable as a snare line because of the expense of the ammunition. Boys found time after their chores were done to go rabbit hunting and earn some precious spending money.

Everyone was happy with the bounty except the county clerk. It was his duty to count all those stinking ears. They were offensive because sometimes they got pretty old before they could be brought to town. Disposing of them was also a problem. It wasn't long before he ordered a proclamation that all ears had to be sacked up, 100 sets in a sack. He could tell by how full the sack was if there were the required number of ears inside the sack. If perchance it was a few short, it was worth it not to have to count them out pair at a time.

Although Fred had been instrumental in getting his neighbors interested in banding together to rid the country of rabbits, he never had time to collect much of the bounty. He was busy with his farm, but it paid off in better crops with less destruction by the rabbits.

The first three years some people practically made their living by gathering jack rabbit ears. Some of the owners of outlying stores around the county brought the ears they had traded for produce in two wagons pulled by four horses. They often stopped at the Denstedt homestead on their way to town. Everyone was made welcome and if it was near meal time they were always asked to stay and eat.

When the rabbits began to decrease in numbers the big push was over but the bounty continued for several more years and was a source of extra money when times were hard.

AS TIME PASSES

Chapter 10

There was always lots of work but everyone did his share and the homestead prospered. Fred was respected and well thought of in the community. He had led out in issues to improve the country and benefit people. He was proud to be an American and he grasped every opportunity to be of service in his new country. It offered so much freedom.

When his native country went to war with his adopted country, it pained

him deeply. Orders were sent from Washington D.C. that anyone who was a native of Germany would be under close surveillance and were not allowed to sell their crops. Rather it could be stored in granaries, but not sold, for it was feared that the money could be sent to the enemy. This created a financial burden, but Fred obediently complied all during World War I. He loved his adopted country.

Charley, the oldest of the boys took over the homestead and Fred mortgaged the land to purchase another piece and to also purchase a flour mill at the edge of Burns where he made flour from the wheat grown by the local farmers. This was in the mid 1920's.

Not many years later the country was devastated by a severe drought and the nation was in the throes of the Great Depression. Times were really hard. It was all one could do to provide a little food for the table. The Federal Land Bank foreclosed all the notes they held, then the local banker saw his opportunity and bought the land from the bank for a fraction of what the mortgage had been. Charley offered the bank the amount that was owed on the farm, but the banker refused to take it. Then the government shut down the local bank because of many such fraudulent practices, and the homestead was lost as well as the mill.

Fred was getting tired. He had worked really hard, he was crippled with rheumatism. He was about 60 years old when the two countries were at war and nearly 75 when he lost the homestead he had worked so hard to obtain and where he had raised his family.

Fred and Ida moved to town where they lived in an apartment in Walter's house. Ida died of a stroke when she was 64. After Walter got a job in the woods, Fred moved across the street to the home of a little lady, Mrs. Short. who took care of several elderly men. Her husband, Frank, owned the blacksmith shop in town which was almost obsolete because the horses were being replaced by cars and tractors. Not many needed to have horses shod. Machinery replaced the items the blacksmith had formed with his forge and anvil to aid homesteaders in farming their land.

Fred laid down the cares of this life when he was 84 years old. Like so many before him, "He lived as an alien in the land of promise, as in a foreign land...and died in faith, without receiving the promises but having seen and welcomed them from a distance...desiring a better country, that is a heavenly one, where God is not ashamed to be called their God: for he has prepared a city for them." Hebrews 11:9, 13, 16

We each have a great destiny!! "(God) created every part of me, he put me together in my mother's womb...He saw me before I was born. The days allotted to me had all been recorded in his book, before any of them ever began." Psalms 139:13,16.

Life is precious. God has given us approximately 70 years, some more, some less to perfect our characters and fulfill his plan for our lives. The choices we make each day determines how well we fulfill his plan here below, but our real destiny is in that heavenly country.

ADDENDUM:

Gladys graduated from high school in 1922. She had lost one school year due to a flu epidemic which closed all schools for a year. In 1927 she attended Walla Walla College to become a teacher. Her first teaching job was at the Sage Hen School which was then moved to Hines, Oregon. She taught there for two years. During the last half of the second year she taught in the new brick school house.

Gladys and Izola Ausmus were friends. They enjoyed riding their horses to visit each other. The Ausmus family lived at Lawen, which was some 15 miles from the Denstedt homestead. Gladys said her horse wouldn't eat the swamp hay at Lawen and neither would Izola's horse eat the Denstedt's ryegrass hay. Consequently the visiting horse had to go hungry until he got back home at the end of the day.

During the summer of 1924 Gladys drove a Model T with her parents and Izola and her mother, Della Ausmus, to Oklahoma. The trip was a great adventure for the two girls who were in their early 20's.

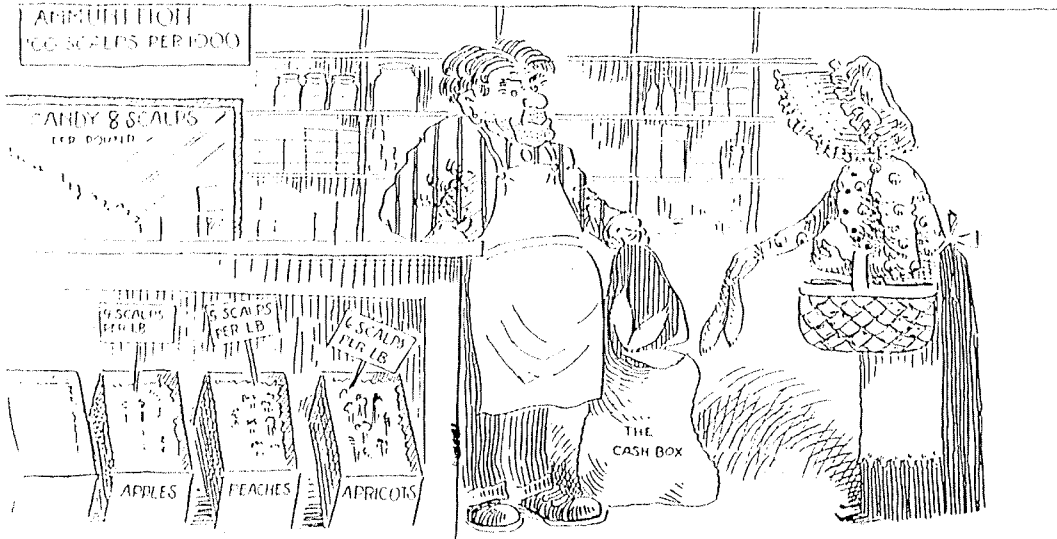
The roads were gravel, the tires were thin. Gladys changed and repaired on the spot at least 2 or 3 tires each day. Camp was set up wherever they happened to be at the end of the day.

Izola had four brothers close to Gladys' age, Ormand, Dick, Standly and Henry. Gladys was friends with all of them but it was Ormand who won her heart. He was the oldest and a veteran of the First World War.

They were married on Christmas Eve in 1929. Gladys was teaching school so they decided Christmas vacation would be a good time to start their lives together. Their first home was a small cabin near Lawen known as the Hendrick's Place. One lone silver maple tree was the yard and soon Gladys had the inside looking homey. She finished the school year by staying with her folks at the flour mill and spending the weekends with Ormand at Lawen where he was feeding cows.

It will take another whole book to tell you about all the adventures of that happy family, but for right now I just want to tell you that four little girls completed the family circle. Louise, Margaret, Donna and Arlene.

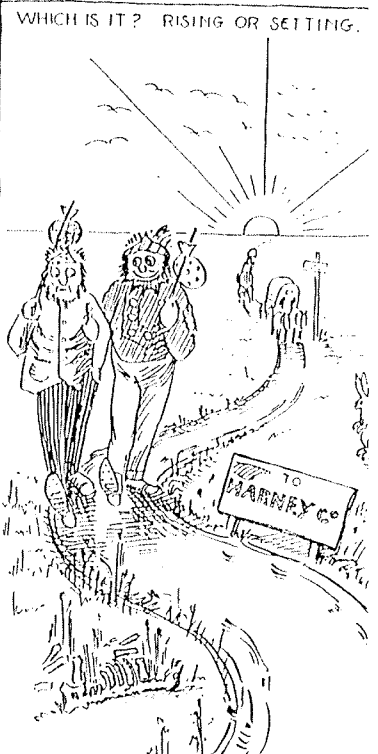
Cartoons by Ormond Ausmus



MAKING CHANGE.



THE BEST HULLERS



THE BOUFFY BRINGS THE 'BOES.