



Frederick Ferdinand Bertouli Denstedt  
 Born Nov. 21, 1859  
 Colhe, 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.