

Baertlein, Elizabeth HENRY -

Henry & Baertlein Family History

Written January 1998

Edited & Typed by Dean Bones February 2023

Elizabeth HENRY Baertlein b. 30-July-1907 d. 23 January 2003

Elizabeth sent a number of stories about her Henry and Baertlein families to the Nestucca Valley Middle School Heritage Project in the early 2000s. As the stories each overlapped the others I have edited and combined those stories into this 1 story. Dean Bones db

On the day Ben Henry and Elma McClane were married, July 30, 1907, I was born. I was a little late for their wedding, but it was the same day and in the same house as my grandparents, Charles and Helen McClane. Ben was my dad's brother and Elma was my mom's sister. Dr. Morris, the family doctor, took care of us.

McClane family history goes back to 1634 when family sailed from England to America. They finally settled and established the town of Hartford, Connecticut. As Methodist missionaries they started from the East Coast and went around South America and north to the Columbia River and then the Willamette River to the Salem Mission in 1838 - 1839. They built the First Methodist Church in Salem. My grandparents and my mother were born in Salem. My great-grandfather, John McClane, came overland in 1843 and became the Indian agent at Grand Ronde for 3 years. Then he established the first post office in Salem, Oregon.

The Henry family came to Portland from Minnesota in 1866. In 1904 they homesteaded a timber claim that President Teddy Roosevelt opened to homesteaders. They had to improve and live on it for 7 years before they could sell to a timber company. The post office was Pitner in Tillamook County over the line. Later when the road was built they cut off the Henry home and left standing the back half of the homestead.

My father, Robert Henry and my mother, Audrey MCCLANE Henry married in April 1906. I remember a few things from those very early days like throwing my pup into the Salmon River, splashing Grandpa's water pails as he carried them in for wash days, and also losing my fingernail. I was told that my mother sang me to sleep, and my father jingled the folks on the 10 party telephone line so that others could hear Mother sing long before radio days. They enjoyed her songs while I slept.

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In 1911 my father sold his timber claim after 7 years of work building, planting and running a freight line from the end of the railroad at Sheridan to the homesteaders. And our living room was the country store. He sold for \$12,500.00.

We moved to Sheridan, and all of us except baby Claude spent the summer and fall getting over typhoid fever. When the money came from the homestead we bought a ranch in the Bellevue area between McMinnville and Salem in 1913. I remember the first day of school. When the teacher asked me what my name was I said, "They gave me a name I cannot say." It was a one-room school. There was a boy and me from the 1st - 7th grades and 3 boys 16 - 18 years old.

In the meantime I had lost 3 of my brothers, and the family sold that ranch. We moved back to our house in Sheridan. Father had a chance to get his property together, and we traded for a ranch between Newberg and St. Paul above the flood area. My grandmother bought me a horse to ride the 5 miles to St. Paul where the Holy Name sisters taught. I picked berries and hops to buy my saddle, martingales, bridle, etc. I got my 8th grade diploma by mail from Marion County, Salem, Oregon.

Our next home was on what is now called Resort Drive south of Cloverdale. I was a 15 year old kid and needed that horse to get to Cloverdale and school. In March 1923 the horse and I had covered the 80 or more miles from St. Paul to Cloverdale with one overnight stop at the livery stable in Sheridan and at an old neighbor's home across the street from our old Sheridan home. It was rain from Dolph, dark down Three Rivers Highway to Hebo and black in Cloverdale. A new neighbor with a coal oil lamp over his head told me, "Only two more houses, and you'll find your family."

The next morning I found a place in Charlie Ray's barn for the horse, and the old Cloverdale High School had a new Sophomore. It was quite a jump from saying, "Yes Sister" and "No, Sister." Men and women let me stammer and learn the hard way.

Cloverdale had all 12 grades in 1 building. Boys could play basketball. Teachers' names fail me. Our senior year we graduated in 1925 with 11 students. Roy Redberg drove the Oretown students, and someone from Upper Nestucca River territory brought the ones from the Blaine area. I rode 4 miles horseback. A new portion of Highway 101 was being built by way of Clear Creek as a shortcut

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bypassing the old Jenck Road. Heavy equipment was cutting through the little hill. There was a state law that workers had to close down equipment and help a horse get through. The horse and I didn't know about the law, and 3 men couldn't stop us. The horse fought with both front feet.

I plunged into 4-H with a boys' calf club. The state director, Seymour, asked me to take the club to a radio so that he could talk from Corvallis to members all over the state at the same time. There were no radios until I found one at Clyde Hudson's. Clyde's mother, father, uncle and brothers, Webster and Bill, entertained us for the evening.

My brother went to the fair the 1st year. The first night he got lost. When Dave Kennedy counted noses at his home he went back to the barn and found my brother asleep with his arms around his calf.

The 2nd year an aunt, my 2 brothers and I had a tent next to a board fence and the railroad tracks. I won \$80.00 with the 6 head of Jerseys we took. The boys had a great time, my aunt enjoyed the fair, and I braided tails until they turned off the lights.

The next 4-H project was Farm Accounting. I joined with 10 boys. I demonstrated about raising a 2 year-old heifer at the fair, at the State Fair in Salem and at the International fair. I won a scholarship to 4-H summer school. Later it was reported that I was the only girl to win west of Ohio.

I graduated from the old Cloverdale High School in 1925. Mr. Bailey, the principal, talked my father into sending me to Oregon State Agricultural College. He explained that all the districts in South Tillamook County will have to consolidate and build a new high school, they will have a Home Economics Department and that I should be ready. The planning at home went on. The bond issue was turned down until the next year.

I got the contract to build a Home Economics Department before my college graduation in June 1929. That summer I worked in the old Neskowin Hotel learning to cook hotel style. I also bought 2 treadle sewing machines at \$42.00 apiece and 3 electric sewing machines for \$50.00 apiece. We settled in the old Cloverdale Grade School building between the 5th grade classroom and the girls' restroom. I was the 1st girl to finish a 4 year college course with a B.S.

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degree that had graduated from Cloverdale High School. 32 students signed up for Home Economics, and we started sewing. We were a bit crowded.

The students were so busy sewing their blouses that they didn't notice that they were growing faster than their sewing. FFA classes were in the old Grange Hall downtown. The FFA instructor started a night class for the men in the neighborhood, and I started an art class for the ladies. It was really fun. We had the first FFA banquet.

My boyfriend, Gorden Baertlein, decided that it was time to marry. We married on Thanksgiving day of 1930. The school board and the new principal decided after that to get rid of all married teachers. They wouldn't give me another contract even though all of them were married! But they couldn't take my 4 years of college and two of teaching away from me. I still have it as this date that I am writing, January 25, 1998.

Gorden had rented a ranch. As soon as this contract was finished we moved to the Werschkul Ranch to rent from Grandpa and Grandma Werschkul. Then they were gone their oldest son, Oscar, took over the ranch. We started with 39 cows on 210 acres in the flood lowlands. We loved to work with the Werschkuls and for them.

In the early 50s their son, Ralph, divorced, and we soon bought the ex-wife's third of the ranch. In the early 60s Oscar died after a car accident. His will included \$1000.00 dollars to our children and the rest to his brother, Bill Werschkull. And after Bill's death the three grandchildren would get the remainder of the estate. Then the trouble started. Bill was a banker and knew nothing about cows, ranches or how to handle a renter and part owner. With the help of appraisers and lawyers we sold our share in May 1968. Gorden retired at age 69 to a new home that our son, Joe, and daughter-in-law, Hazel, built for us.

Our son, George, was born in 1932, Jim in 1935, John in 1939, Joe in 1942 and Ann in 1946. George joined the Army and later spent 20 years driving nearly 2 million miles for TriMet in the Portland area. Jim is in Reno. He had 2 years at Gonzaga university, a couple of years in ROTC and 4 years in the Navy in the south Pacific. John took 2 years of Reserve while finishing high school and 4 years in the navy mostly in the P.I. Joe was too young for service. He had a wife and 2 children when he tried to join. He went to Eugene to learn carpentry. He became a 1st apprentice in Eugene, in Springfield and also first in a Portland

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contest. He was sent to British Columbia to try for the Western States honor. Then he built our retirement home and dozens of other homes and barns before turning to logging. Ann finished at Nestucca. She had written Headlight-Herald articles since 1962. She married her school friend, Dennis Albritton, and joined him in the Air Force. They soon worked in Salem where Dennis worked in Roth's stores until his death on July 2nd 1996. Ann is going to Chemeketa College in Salem and working toward the Ministry.

We plunged into peeling chittum bark and picking Hood River apples. But then Gorden's Alzheimers took over, and I had to get a new aortic heart valve in open heart surgery in 1992. I lost Gorden at the age of 95 on July 4, 1994.

I need to mention that 4 of my 5 brothers died early as they were hemophiliac and bled to death. I have 1 brother who is 87 and 1 sister who is 13 years younger than I am. Brother Jim put himself through Linfield College, joined the Navy and came out as a technician in open heart surgery and research.

Life has been busy - Cub Scouts, Boy Scouts, school games, letters from the Army, Navy, & Air Force and keeping up with children, grandchildren and the great-grandchildren. It's taken 90 years to get this far. In 1964 I started writing for the Headlight-Herald on a regular basis and have continued with the "Fencepost". I write about community items, schools, churches and whatever comes in. And many people do many helpful things for me.