



Krauses Half Dozen

Mama and her six "Little Helpers". I think these pictures were taken by Soph Anderson the summer he worked for us in about 1921 or 1922, while Dad was on his trip to New York. This is the only picture we have of our dog, Teddy. A few weeks after this picture was taken, he was killed by a car on the Old Whitefish Road, (Only it was The Whitefish Road at that time.) near Gustav Stach's Place. Teddy had the bad habit of running after and barking at cars. He'd jump, snarl and bark at the front wheels as if he wanted to bite them. Somehow, he always managed to keep from getting run over. Gustav had been at our house to help with the chores. When he walked the mile back to his house, Teddy followed him. There was nothing unusual about this, Gustav often visited us and Teddy would accompany him to his place and then come bouncing home. It was all part of the game and it gave him a chance to chase a few gophers on the way! As they approached the Old Whitefish Road, a car was coming from the north. Teddy could not resist his favorite sport. Gustav called him but Teddy "didn't hear". The driver must have been plenty annoyed. Gustav said the car swerved as if to hit our dog on purpose. Gustav buried him in our field near the road and we never saw our Teddy again! That must have been the third of July because, I remember Gustav wanted to take us to the Fourth of July celebration and Fireworks in Kalispell the next day but we kids chose to weed the garden on the Cady Place instead where we watered the plants with our tears that day.

When Dad came home from New York, he must have taken the night bus from Kalispell. He walked in from the mailbox, about three fourths of a mile. He was afraid Teddy would bark so he took his shoes off.

He didn't want to disturb any of us. AND Teddy never barked because he had met with his fatal accident just a few days before Dad got home.

Teddy was part collie, a beautiful golden color with a bob tail which made him look like a little TEDDY BEAR when we got him from the Bauers when he was just a puppy - and so he became OUR TEDDY! No other dog we ever had took the place in our hearts that Teddy did. He was about eight years old when we lost him.

The big tree in the background was an enormous fir that stood on top of the hill just west of the house. Back of us, hidden in the brush was a woven-wire fence that was supposed to keep the hogs from roaming all over the place. It was a battle of wits trying to keep those animals contained INSIDE their pasture area. To the right was the red frame granary. (See article on Our Granaries.) To the left was the old tool shed and directly behind that was our sandhill sand pile. Remember the roads and who knows whatever else we built there in our natural "sandbox". Below, in front of us, is the road that went through our yard, out past behind the granaries, through the hog pasture to the county road. (It was a crossroad that connected with the LaSalle Road on the east and the Old Whitefish Road on the west. That cross road was the north boundary of our Farm all the way from the Old Whitefish Road to the Whitefish River. Later, Dad bought the Cady Place - 160 acres - just across the county road, to the north of our Home Place.) In front of us, just a short distance down the hill, was our house. (See picture of Our House.) In winters we used to coast down that hill and Mama helped us build sledding tracks, make snow men or build snow forts. (See pictures of snow scenes.) No matter how hard Mama worked, she always found ways and means to help provide fun activities or make games out of work.

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This hill could tell many a tale. One fall the threshing machine crew decided to go THROUGH the yard, as a short cut, up the hill in front of the house and on over to the Cady Place. THEY GOT STUCK! This was the Tetrault Outfit - Dolphous, Frank and Dan. Frank is Ray's father, and Dolphus and Dan are Ray's uncles, I believe. That big steam engine really impressed us kids. This day it steamed and hissed and puffed but it couldn't get up that little sand hill. It was pretty embarrassing for Dan Tetrault who was the engineer. They were about ready to give up and back down again when someone noticed that the tall part of the separator had gotten caught in the telephone wires. They backed just a few feet, released the wires and the proud engine took its undamaged threshing equipment to the next customer (farmer). When they first started through the yard, within ten feet of the house, we kids were very excited but when it looked like they were going to be stuck there forever, we became very frightened! They NEVER moved their rig through the yard again. The next day Dad tightened the sagging wires.

It's amazing how important that little stretch of road was, including that little sandhill. The water boy for the threshing machine used it when hauling water from the Whitefish River to the steam engine. Every year Gerta, Erna and I fell in love with the water boy as we peeked through the kitchen curtains watching him go by! - Wanting to be seen and yet hiding, always hoping that just once he would glance our way. Wonder what he thought!

Bruno said, "Mother was on her knees (in one of the pictures) - which she probably was a lot of the time with six children to raise and all the hard work she did."

Johanna E. Siegel
June, 1979

KRAUSES HALF DOZEN

Mama and her six "Little Helpers". I think these pictures were taken by Soph Anderson the summer he worked for us in about 1922, while Dad was on a trip to New York. This is the only picture that I know of of our dog Teddy. A few weeks after this picture was taken he was killed by a car on the Old Whitefish Road, near Gustav Stach's place. Teddy had a bad habit of running after and barking at cars, but he always managed to stay out of the way of the wheels. Teddy had followed Gustav to the Road. Gustav said the car that hit our Teddy had swerved as if to hit him on purpose. Gustav buried him and we never saw our Teddy again. That must have been the third of July because I remember Gustav wanted to take us to the Fourth of July celebration in Kalispell but we kids chose to weed the garden on the Cady Place instead where we watered the plants with our tears that day.

When Dad came home from New York, he must have ridden the bus at night from Kalispell. He walked in from the mail box and was afraid Teddy would bark so he took his shoes off. He didn't want to disturb any of us. And Teddy never barked because he had met with the fatal accident just a few days before Dad got home.

Teddy was part collie, golden color, had a bob tail which made him look like a little Teddy Bear and so he became "Our Teddy" and was a wonderful playmate. No other dog we ever had could take the place in our hearts that Teddy did. We had gotten him as a small puppy and he was about eight years old when we lost him.

The big tree in the background was an enormous fir tree that stood on top of the hill just west of the house. Just back of us,

hidden in the brush is a woven-wire fence that was supposed to keep the hogs from roaming all over the place. To the right in the picture is the red frame granary which can be seen on page . To the left was the old toolshed and directly behind that was our sand-hill sandpile. Remember the roads and who knows whatever else we built there? Below us is the road that went through our yard, out past behind the granaries, through the hog pasture, to the crossroad Dad helped build (The road between the Old Whitefish Road and the LaSalle Road.) and on to the Cady Place. In the winters we used to coast down that hill in front of the house. One time the threshing machine men decided to go through the yard, up the hill in front of the house and on over to the Cady Place. They got stuck! This must have been Dolphus Tetrault's outfit, a BIG steam engine (that really impressed us kids), that steamed and hissed and puffed but couldn't get up that little sand hill. It was pretty embarrassing for Dan Tetrault, the engineer. They were about ready to give up when someone noticed that the tall part of the separator had gotten caught in the telephone wires. They backed up, released the wires and the proud engine took its undamaged thresher to the next customer (farmer) to thresh his grain for him. The next day Dad tightened the sagging telephone wires. It's amazing how important that little road was. The water boy for the threshing machine used it hauling water for the steam engine - from the Whitefish River. Every year we fell in love with the water boy as we stood in the kitchen window watching him go by!

Bruno said, "Mother was on her knees in the picture - which she probably was alot of the time with six children to raise and all the hard work she did."