REMEMBRANCES OF TEANAWAY

By: Gertrude Jaderlund

This is a true episode about Brack Peterson's great-grandmother Gertrude Jaderlund and her little lamb Lily when she lived in the Teanaway valley.

When Brack Peterson's great-grandmother was seven years old, she lived with her Swedish parents, John and Anna Lindberg, three brothers and three sisters on a small farm in the beautiful Teanaway valley. On this farm was an orchard with a few apple, pear and plum trees, plus a small acreage of meadow land. Great-grandmother's mother was a small person in stature, but very strong and sturdy. She always planted and tended a productive garden, raised chickens, milked the cow, churned butter, sewed the children's clothes, even had a shoe last and repaired the children's shoes. Even though she was busy from morning until night, she would manage to squeeze in a few minutes, when she would plant a few flowers near the front of the house. It was said about her that if she planted an ordinary weed it would turn into a beautiful flower.

Even though our meager lives wasn't in any way compared to the Rockefellers, she always made our home comfortable and the home of content.

While great grandmother Anna did her chores, great-grandfather John would take care of the animals. In the summer he would gather hay from the field and store it in the barn for feed for the animals during the winter months. During the summer there was always feed in the meadow land for the animals. In the fall, he would harness
his horses to the wagon and head for the woods where he cut wood which he kept stored in the shed for the family's fuel during the long winter months.

Many interesting and happy incidents happened on this farm, great grandmother recollects. One thing that always came to her mind was when an old fiesty rooster that they had, got her brother down and was pecking him on the head. Mother saw this and grabbing the broom and came running out of the house. She ran to where the rooster was on top of her son and she beat the old fiesty rooster to death. This was the one and only rooster or chicken that she ever killed but he had gotten her dander up so she finished the old fiesty rooster.

In the summer during school vacation, great-grandmother's two older brothers, with their improvised plain fish hooks and fishing line and poles made out of willow branches, would go up the streams and fish for rainbow trout and eastern brook which were plentiful in those days. At times, her brothers would snare a rabbit and then we would have rabbit stew with added vegetables from the garden. With the fish and rabbits now and then, it would help suffice the fresh meat problem. At other times, we would have, especially on Sundays, a chicken dinner. While living in the Teanaway valley the children had all of two or more miles to walk to school. For the winter, their father built a sturdy sled for them to ride on when the snow was deep. The horses would pull the sled over the snow and the children would sing songs on their way to school in the mornings and their way home after school. They would wait
in the schoolhouse for their father to come and get them for their trip home.

One of these mornings, great grandmother said that when the children were getting ready for school this particular morning, her brother Bror grabbed a five pound of lard instead of his lunch pail, but the rest of the children shared theirs with him so he didn't go hungry.

The winter of the big snow in 1916, the snow came belting down steadily and before a person realized it, there was twelve feet of snow on the ground. This was when the children could not make it to school. The snow was so deep even the horses could not get through it.

In getting up the morning of 1916 of the big snow, on opening the kitchen door, snow came rolling in, clean across the kitchen floor. On this morning a problem arose. How were the children going to get to the outhouse and back which was about 100 feet from the house near the orchard. There was no indoor plumbing in those days. Great great grandfather with his inventive mind said, "I will solve this problem." He struggled through the deep snow to the barn and came back with a long rope. He tied one end of the rope to a post on the porch and dragging the rest of the rope behind him, he got to the outhouse where he tied the other end of the rope to the handle of the outhouse door. In this way, when nature made her call, the children would be safe holding on to the rope while going to and back from the outhouse.

Great great grandfather John would struggle through the snow daily to the barn and the chicken coup to feed the animals and the
chickens. The family was fortunate to have milk, cream and butter that great-great-grandmother churned by hand in her small wooden churn. The chickens and eggs helped also to fill out the food for the family, plus the vegetables and apples which had been stored in the root cellar that great-great-grandfather had made. This long winter the children thought that they practically lived on apples. Great-great-grandmother fixed apples in every which way that she could think of so that they wouldn't get tired of eating apples. Baked apples, applesauce, raw apples and such. In this 1916 winter, great-great-grandfather, John, travelled over the Teanaway Ridge on his snow shoes into Cle Elum to purchase flour and sugar which he hotted back to the Teanaway on his back.

One fall, a few weeks before Christmas, great-great-grandfather, on putting on warm clothing and getting his axe and snow shoes out, headed towards the woods. The children got excited as they knew that he was going to get their Christmas tree. They waited patiently, looking out the window now and then and on seeing great-great-grandfather come out of the woods carrying a tree over his shoulder. The children got so excited and jumped up and down.

Getting the Christmas tree was great-great-grandfather's job which he enjoyed doing, especially on seeing the excited faces of the children on coming home with the tree. This was a special tree which he had spotted during one of his treks in the woods during the summer. It was a beautiful tree with three small symmetrical trunks, like a fork, such as this \( \mathcal{J} \).
The children all got busy making decorations for the tree while great-great-grandmother made flour paste out of water and flour for the chains. The children cut out strips of paper of all colors from old magazines. Even the black and white paper chains from newspapers were pretty. The children would string cranberries and popcorn which some once in a while would find the children’s mouths.

Great-great-grandfather wasn’t one to be left out of all of this merriment, so he got his tin snips from the barn and cut out bells and stars and other shaped ornaments out of tin cans which sparkled on the tree.

Great-great-grandmother had walnut shells that she had saved during the summer when baking. Instead of breaking the shells, she would pry them open with a knife, being careful to keep the half shells intact. Then she would take these shells and paste them together with a string hanging out in order to hang them on the Christmas tree. They made pretty ornaments.

When the tree was decorated, the children would stand back and with smiles on their faces and even tears in their eyes, would say, “Isn’t this the most beautiful tree in all the world?” They then would join hands, bow their heads and sing, “Oh Christmas tree, oh Christmas tree, how lovely are your branches.”

The Lindberg family has always been a close family and would join together in anything being done or going on.

Christmas Eve after the children were snuggled in their beds, and after saying their prayers and when sound asleep they dreamed about what would be under the Christmas tree when they got up on Christmas morning. When everything was quiet, great-great-grandmother
would quietly go to her bedroom and get out the presents that she had gotten for the children during the summer months on her few trips into Cle Elum whenever she would get a ride with one of the kind neighbors. These she had stashed away back of her closet, away from the children. She worked silently not to awaken any of the children. She wrapped these gifts in whatever bright paper that she had accumulated during the summer months and placed them fondly under the beautiful tree.

Especially early Christmas morning, the children arose early, rubbing their eyes and saying to one another, "Let's get downstairs to see what is under the Christmas tree for us." There, under the tree were brightly wrapped gifts, one for each of the children. What merriment went on for some time was a sight to see.

This Christmas, great-grandma Gertrude got a beautiful doll with a glass head, brown curly hair and eyes that opened and closed when laid down. Not long after Christmas, her brother Carl, started playing with her doll and when he dropped it and broke it's head, great-grandmother cried for weeks and was so angry with her brother. She said to him, "You are a boy and shouldn't be playing with dolls."

One summer, great-grandma Gertrude had trouble with a tooth. One of her baby teeth would not come out. Instead, it turned sideways in her gums and was poking her cheek. This was causing her permanent molar not to come in straight, so great-great-grandpa said that he would take her in to Cle Elum to see a dentist. The next day they started out walking for Cle Elum. Just after they passed the small school house where the children attended school, a beat up old pickup truck stopped by them and asked them
if they were going to Cle Elum and if so, he would give them a lift. They gingerly climbed into the pickup sitting next to this man. On arriving in Cle Elum, he left them off on the corner by the dentist's office. "If you are ready to go back home by four o'clock, you can ride back with me. I'll drop by then for you," he said and drove off down the street. Great-great-grandfather John, stayed with great-grandma while the dentist pulled the baby tooth out so the molar could come in straight. After this, he took great-grandma into a saloon where he had a schnapps, a drink which he enjoyed now and then. He bought her a pop and to this day she remembers what a beautiful red color this bottle of strawberry pop was. They did not linger long in the saloon as they wanted to be sure to get back to the corner by the dentist's office and not miss their ride home. The man arrived exactly at four o'clock and so they headed back to Teanaway. When they came to a fork in the road, the man stopped the truck. He said that great-great-grampa had told him that they lived on the road called the north fork. The man said that he lived in the west fork. After thanking the kind man for his generosity, he drove away, waving his hand as he disappeared around the bend in the road. Great-great-grandfather looked down at great-grandma and said, "Now, that is what I call a good Samaritan." Then they headed up the north fork for home and was great-grandma happy when they came around a curve in the road and saw the house. By this time, she was pretty tired after the long ride to and from Cle Elum and her stint at the dentist.
In the spring, the sheepherders would leave the Yakima valley with their flock of sheep and head up towards the Teanaway valley and then on up into the higher country where the sheep would graze all summer. On one of these trips, this only sheep herder would stop at the Lindberg farm where great-grandmother lived. He would let his sheep rest here and bed down in the meadow. After the sheep were bedded down, this Basque sheepherder, originally from Spain, would come up to the house and chat with her father. Great-grandmother would set an extra plate on the dinner table for Jose, this sheepherder, so that he could enjoy a delicious home cooked meal which he relished with gusto.

After the dishes were cleared away, the children gathered around the sheepherder with wide staring eyes and listened intently to the tall stories that Jose told, mostly which were far from being authentic, until their eyes started to droop and it was bedtime.

Great-great-grandfather John would take Jose out to the barn, showed him where he could sleep for the night in the hayloft which was much more comfortable than the ground on which he was used to sleeping on under the starry skies.

While great-great-grandfather and the sheepherder went to the barn, the children washed up and got ready for bed. Then great-great-grandmother would get out her well-worn Bible and read a couple of chapters to the children. She was a very religious person and always taught the children right from wrong, then they would scamper up the steps, kneeling down by their beds, would say their own prayers. Great-grandma remembers her prayer and to this day says her childhood prayer on retiring for the night.
Her prayer is like this, "Mathew, Mark, Luke and John, guard the bed that I lay on, four corners to my bed, four angels 'round my head, one to watch, one to pray, and two to bear my soul away."

The next morning while the sheepherder was doing some work in the barn, curious great-grandmother went to see what he was doing. Standing in the open barn door, Jose said to her, "Get out of the doorway. You are in the light and I can't see what I am doing." Great-grandmother didn't say a word but trotted back to the house where she asked her mother to light the lantern for Jose. Great-grandmother asked her curiously why Jose would want the lantern lit when it was broad daylight out, but she lit the lantern and handed it back to her. Great-grandmother then took the lantern and went quickly back to the barn where Jose was busy at his work. She handed him the lantern and asked him, "Now can you see?"

Later that day as the sheepherder was preparing to gather his sheep together, Jose came to great-grandmother, telling her about this little lamb that was the runt of the flock and wasn't able to keep up with the rest of the sheep. These runt lambs were called bumer lambs. Jose asked great-grandmother if she would like to have this little lamb as her very own. she excitedly said that she would like to have it very much. She acquired it with wide eyes and open arms which became her pet and it would follow her here and there wherever she went. If it wandered away a little too far to suit great-grandmother, all she would have to do was call "Lily, come back here." Lily would come trotting back. She spent many happy hours with her pet lamb, Lily.
In the fall the sheepherders would head down from the high country with their sheep to the Yakima valley for the winter grazing. Jose would stop at the Lindberg farm on his way down. He would ask great-grandmother Jaderlund how her little lamb was and when he saw in what good condition the lamb was, he was pleased and told her that she did a real good job in keeping it's wool so soft and white. She told him that she brushed and combed Lily every day.

One day when Lily was out in the meadow, a coyote came slinking out of the woods and headed straight for Lily, thinking that this would be a good festive dinner for him, but smart little Lily thought differently. She ran quickly and stood protectively under the cow's stomach while looking smugly at the coyote. The coyote knew that there was no chance for him to get Lily as she stayed protected under the cow's stomach, so it went slowly back to the woods. After this, whenever Lily saw the coyote come out of the woods, she would head for the protection of the cow's stomach.

During the summer months, once in a while, great-grandmother and her older sister Donnie, would walk up the valley for a few miles to the next neighbors. Here, an English couple lived. They said that their names were Lord and Lady Brockbank. Lady Brockbank would serve them tea and English cookies. They had two of the most beautiful Collie dogs which she treated almost like children as this was their children as they had none of their own. She would comb and brush their coat which would shine. Then one day they left the Teanaway valley and went back to England. Why they ever came to the Teanaway valley and went back to England, no one ever knew.
Great-grandmother has so many memories of the family life in the Teanaway valley that it would fill a book.

The moral of this story is to show how God protects the weaker ones, such as little Lily, the lamb that great-grandmother loved.

Great-grandmother and her family are proud to be American citizens, but also, are very proud of their Swedish heritage.