

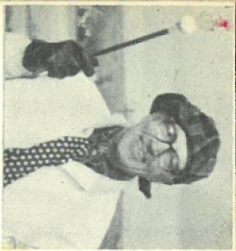
CLASSES of 1913

- CLASSES of 1913.
Ritzville High School
-----7-members-----
.....
1. Becker, Alexander (Dec)
2. Marie Cassady. (Zeyen)
3. Faucher, Joseph (Dec)
4. Hauschild, Benjamin (Dec)
5. Hauschild, Ruby (Wallace)
6. Martin, Marjorie (Weston)
7. Schragg, Lavina (Faucher)



Shroyer Book

This Book No. 1913
Made - Furnished & Donated by



Dr. E. Leroy Gilson
Mr. Mark

Dr. E. Leroy Gilson

Riverview High School - Class of 1909

DR. E. LEROY GILSON

DENTIST (Retired)

PHONE 523-4609 209 DOWNEY
/ AREA CODE (209) MODESTO, CALIF. 95354

The LUCKY Class of 1913

1913 — TIPPERARY

It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go,
It's a long way to Tipperary
To the sweetest girl I know
Good bye, Piccadilly,
Farewell Leicester Square,
It's a long, long way to Tippe-
But my heart's right there.

Miss June 1913

THE HONORED CLASS OF 1913

- | | |
|--------------------------|------------------------|
| Alexander Becker (Dec'd) | Ruby Hauschild Wallace |
| Marie Cassidy Zeyen | Marjorie Martin Weston |
| Joe Faucher (Dec'd) | Levina Schragg Faucher |
| Ben Hauschild (Dec'd) | |



Doc & Saddle Gilson



Prof. B. H. Claypool

ALEXANDER BECKER

13

DECEASED

AD
1913
P1

Signature	
Birth Day	
" Place	Jacob-
Father	
Mother	



REMEMBER THE YEAR?

It was a year that marked the close of an age of innocence. No one was aware then that time was running out, so the fun went on without concern for the future. In New York, the Palace Theater opened and soon became the pinnacle of vaudeville success. On its first bill was comedian Ed Wynn, who was described as "The Perfect Fool." Also on hand to amuse the nation were Jiggs and Maggie in their first cartoon appearance. There was a new freedom in women's fashions: Most skirts were ankle-length and loose-backed, and some women dared to venture into the ocean for a swim. With the new styles came dances like the Turkey Trot, Grizzly Bear, Fox Trot and Bunny Hug, all of which shocked moralists around the nation "because the men clutched their partners and flung them about in most suggestive ways." Trains were still the major form of transportation, and waving at them was a big event in the lives of children like these at Lindstrom, Minn. One discordant note was the introduction of income tax. However, at first it was a status symbol to be earning enough to pay it. That was the way it was back in 1912

HB-1913 p2

Alexander Becker

Dec



MARIE CASSIDY

ME
1913
RD

Mrs. William J. Zeyen - Julia, Blano - 1921

13

Signature

Brook

Place

Father

Mother



MARIE CASSIDY

Ms. 1913
p. 2

44
1913
1911

JOE[#] FAUCHER

Mrs Joe Faucher - 1913 - gas boiler Schragg

DECEASED

1913



JOE FAUCHER

50 Years Ago—¹⁹¹³
(October 29, 1908)

(The Pittsville Times)
Faucher-Helgemann force of painters went to Paha this week to spend a couple of weeks "decorating" the town.

Manager Ellis of light plant announces drop in price of electric lamps and recommends new tungsten lamps.

Spontaneous combustion blamed for fire early Monday morning in Potlatch coal yard at Lind.

Elite theater to flash election returns "on the sheet" as well as usual show next Tuesday evening.

Supplies	
Quits	
Placed	
Factor	Frank
Master	Painter

8.3 1913 p2

Joe Gauchet

Dec



Nobody knows the power of prayer,
 But somebody must be listening there
 Catch a tremble e'er the heart that calls...
 Someone who knows when a sparrow falls,
 Sprinkles lie in the power of prayer;
 Faith that can banish the soul's despair;

Hope that can shine like a holy light
 And brighten the spirit's darkest night;
 When earthly help is of no avail
 Where is one friend who will never fail;
 Just lift your eyes—the answer is there,
 For nobody knows the power of prayer;

Copyrighted and used
 by permission of
 New York Mirror

by Nick Ken

B4
1913
P1

BEN HAUSCHILD

My brother Ben B. G. graduated in 1913
came to California in 1923. Died in
Sacramento in 1943. His widow lives
at 7011 Solan Way - Citrus Heights, Calif.

Information from his sister - Ruby H. Wallace
of Santa Clara, Calif. Wallace

DECEASED
in 1943
Sacramento, Calif

13

Minnie's husband

Benjamin Basil Jackson Hauschild's
Residence

Born	July 21, 1895
Place	Osborn West of Ritzville
Father	Theodor William Hauschild's
Mother	Sarah L.
Sister	Minola (Minnie)
	Phillippy - Ritzville
Brother	Jack
"	Alvin
Brother	1907
"	1913
Brother	Ben came to Calif in 1913
Brother	Ben died in Sacramento in 1943
Address - Mrs Basil Hauschild's	Citrus Heights
701 Solan Way	California

Sis - Minna (Minnie) Teacher

Bro - Otho - Co. Engineer

Minnie Phillippay on September 11, 1968, while visiting at the home of Jo and Chet Gordon in Anchorage, Alaska.



SISTER



Minnie at the age of 19.



BENJAMIN B. HAUSCHILD

EXCERPTS from the booklet by
MINOLA HAUSCHILD PHILLIPPAY
NAMELY, "As I Remember" written
and published in 1970. A full
account will be found in the 1905
book in the John C. Hauschild
section. Ritzville High School

Roy Giffon

AS I REMEMBER

One Sunday when some of my children were visiting us, unconnected with anything that had been said, someone said, "Mom, why don't you write down some of your experiences?" We three were sitting at the long dinner table in our large kitchen where we all so often visited. Dad and the boys went into another room to find more comfortable chairs and listen to a ball game.

It was something of a surprise to me and I couldn't think of anything that had ever happened to me that could be of interest to anyone especially to young people. They insisted they would. I told them that far as I can recollect I was something of a "Topsy" — I just grew. And so far as I can think, I did just grow up; there was nothing else to do. However, after thinking it over several months, I decided to write down a few impressions and recollections that I have. I shall title this literature effort "As I Remember" and that is what it will be, purely and simply do remember. If some of the impressions that I got, or points that I remember, were not what they were meant to be, that makes difference to me. I am putting down honestly and simply as I remember them, incidents that impressed me enough to stay with me some six two or three years on to the present time. There will be no literary flourish and no doling up or glossing over. Perhaps I shall use a few of the names of people I have known, for I do not expect anyone outside of my immediate family will ever see it. For as I say, there are no particular occurrences that would keep the interest so very long.

Requiem Mass Is Said Here for Phillippay

Requiem mass was said by the Rev. Walter F. Abel in St. Agnes Interment was made at the morning for Arthur F. Phillippay, who died December 23 in Adams county Memorial hospital.

Phillippay was a long-time resident of Kahlstus and served several terms as its mayor. He was born in Lone Pine, Calif., March 7, 1878 and came to the Kahlstus area with his parents in 1886.

In 1905 he was married to Miss Minola Hauschild, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hauschild of Ritzville. Her parents donated the land on which the Ritzville city park and the high school are built.

Mrs. Phillippay survives at the home. Other survivors include two daughters, Josephine M. Gordon of Anchorage, Alaska, and Cecile Owens of Spokane, and three sons, Rodney B. Phillippay of San Carlos, Calif., Eugene A. Phillippay of Portland, Ore., and Victor Phillippay of West Covina, Calif., survive as do 13 grandchildren and nine great grandchildren.

Pallbearers were Robert Brad-dock, Joe Robbins, Wayne Campbell, Raymond Hunt, Rod-ney B. Ross and Ted Beshner. Honorary pallbearers were John Schneck, John Rice, R. C. Wat-son, Roy McCall, James Stevens, Howard Cannon and Oren Her-ron.

Interment was made at the Desert Lawn Memorial ceme-tery in Kennewick with the Danekas Funeral home of Rit-zville in charge.

BH 1913-192

Benjamin Hauschild - Dies in Sacrament to belief 1942



ST. MATTHEW 28.
 In the third day he rose again from the dead, and departed the tomb, and came to Galilee, as he had said. And he appeared first to Mary Magdalene, and to her sister, and to the other women, and said unto them, Ye have a watch: go quickly, and tell the brethren that they should flee to Galilee, and there they shall see him, as he said. Then he appeared to two of them in a boat on the sea, and they were afraid, and said, It is a specter. He said unto them, Fear not: for I am he that speak unto you. Then he sat down to eat, and he took the bread, and blessed it, and gave it to them, and they ate, and were comforted. And he said unto them, Go ye now, and tell my brethren that they should flee to Galilee, and there they shall see him, as he said. And he said unto them, I will send you forth into all the world, and ye shall be witnesses of all things. And he said unto them, Behold, I am with you, and will be with you, unto the end of the world. Amen.

CHAPTER 28.
 In the end of the sabbath, as it began to dawn, the first day of the week, an angel came down from heaven, and rolled back the stone from the door of the tomb, and sat upon it. And he said unto the women, Fear not: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which is risen. He is not here: for he is risen, as he said. Go ye now, and tell my brethren that they should flee to Galilee, and there they shall see him, as he said. Then he appeared to two of them in a boat on the sea, and they were afraid, and said, It is a specter. He said unto them, Fear not: for I am he that speak unto you. Then he sat down to eat, and he took the bread, and blessed it, and gave it to them, and they ate, and were comforted. And he said unto them, Go ye now, and tell my brethren that they should flee to Galilee, and there they shall see him, as he said. And he said unto them, I will send you forth into all the world, and ye shall be witnesses of all things. And he said unto them, Behold, I am with you, and will be with you, unto the end of the world. Amen.

ST. MARK.
 And he rose again on the third day, and appeared unto Mary Magdalene, and to her sister, and to the other women, and said unto them, Fear not: for I am he that speak unto you. Then he appeared to two of them in a boat on the sea, and they were afraid, and said, It is a specter. He said unto them, Fear not: for I am he that speak unto you. Then he sat down to eat, and he took the bread, and blessed it, and gave it to them, and they ate, and were comforted. And he said unto them, Go ye now, and tell my brethren that they should flee to Galilee, and there they shall see him, as he said. And he said unto them, I will send you forth into all the world, and ye shall be witnesses of all things. And he said unto them, Behold, I am with you, and will be with you, unto the end of the world. Amen.

He is not here: for he is risen

In the end of the sabbath, as it began to dawn, the first day of the week, an angel came down from heaven, and rolled back the stone from the door of the tomb, and sat upon it. And he said unto the women, Fear not: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which is risen. He is not here: for he is risen, as he said. Go ye now, and tell my brethren that they should flee to Galilee, and there they shall see him, as he said. Then he appeared to two of them in a boat on the sea, and they were afraid, and said, It is a specter. He said unto them, Fear not: for I am he that speak unto you. Then he sat down to eat, and he took the bread, and blessed it, and gave it to them, and they ate, and were comforted. And he said unto them, Go ye now, and tell my brethren that they should flee to Galilee, and there they shall see him, as he said. And he said unto them, I will send you forth into all the world, and ye shall be witnesses of all things. And he said unto them, Behold, I am with you, and will be with you, unto the end of the world. Amen.



Harry McChesney (1) & Arthur F. Phillippay: about 03

Bt
1913
P
3

Art was 27 when we got married. He and Harry McChesney had been buddies for years and they made quite a pair. They always looked nice and were handsome young men. Their horses were well cared for and their gear, saddles, etc. were spangled up and they, themselves, were dashing. Both were dark haired. Harry was smoother, more genteel in his actions but just as interesting. He didn't need anyone to lead him astray but Art often got credit for it. Art had a tendency to wisecrack some. Believe me, all the girls in the country knew who they were!

And so now you have the first chapter of my eighty-eight years of life, as it has come back to me in recollections. I have tried to be fair to everyone, including myself. I hope I haven't elaborated too much on some of the minor things, if so, I beg your indulgence.

"Forbei sind die Kinderspiele,
Und alles rollt vorbei,
Das Geld und die Welt und die Zeiten,
Und Glauben und Lieb und Treu."

loosely translated:
"Gone are the children playing,
And all is gone away,
The gold and our world and Time (good)
And Treasures and our Loves and the True."



Theodor William Hauschild,
father of Minnie Phillippay.

father



Sarah L. Hauschild, mother
of Mrs. Phillippay, in 1900

mother

she would ... with the wild nomad of the range. Maybe it was true for some times we saw strange mixtures in these ponies. While some never became tame some became true friend and helper of the family, particularly of the children. Such was the little mare we all grew up with and on. Her name was Bette. She was small and beautifully formed. A straight, slim body, smooth even legs; she was never poor. She was a deep orange yellow in color with black mane and tail and white face. Indeed it was the white face that put her in the category of cayuse. I have never seen a horse with her coloring. She was always gentle and trustworthy. She was never known to balk, buck or bolt. Father bought her from the Indians at Ellensburg when he came from Olympia to seek land. He rode her from there to Ritzville. Her right eye had been torn out when he bought her. This was a trick of the Indians, and some whites, to blind a pony so the man could slip up on the blind side to capture them. Old Bette never had a colt. Perhaps she had been destined to mother the six of us who lived to grow up, for we all learned to ride or drive on her or by her.

Page 10

We had another mare named Doll about her age that was sometimes teamed up with her. Bette, that was a typical cayuse. Spotted or pinto, she was big bodied with spindly legs, high pointed head with little ears that lay close to her head giving her an evil look, which she was. In harness she might pull or balk treacherous to ride and never to be caught until cornered. She was of little use except as a brood mare, for she did bring in a new colt every spring. She must have had five or six, some of which became fairly good work horses. One in particular was a large cream colored male we called Prince. He was really beautiful. He had the proud carriage and splendidly developed body of a stallion. He broke fairly to harness and never balked, but he was what was called 'glass-eyed' and did not see too well. For that reason at times he was easily startled and the first impulse was to run. In a team of several gentle horses he did his share. He died young, I believe ran through some barbed wire fences and got infection, we called it. He had a brother we called Charley that we thought was silly. Without any reason he would just take off any direction. We always kept him tied to a steady horse in a team because mostly he'd run if he could, and if he couldn't, he'd thrash around and scramble up the team.

Our horses when not at home ranged around McElroy lake. There were no fences or people living between our place and the lake. The lake furnished enough water for some cattle and horses, mostly horses. The pasture soon became too short for cattle who could not travel so far. Most of our cattle summered on lower Crab Creek. One family lived on the south side of McElroy lake; father knew them but we never saw much of them.

In those days I remember one prairie fire that came from the south over the hill toward our house and father frantically trying to plow a fire break with a nervous team and a "foot burner" plow. A foot burner was a plow that the man walked behind and tried to keep the plowshare in the ground to turn a furrow, not so easy where there was large sage brush. It turned one furrow at a time. The fire did not reach the house or the wind may have changed. But Otho and I were terrified and talked about it for

perhaps a mile and a half westerly. This 'fence' was a trench about four feet deep with the dirt thrown up on one side. I never knew what purpose it filled. The range horses wore a crossing or two over it to get to the salt "lick" a little farther back on the hillside. There was no reason for any kind of a fence, all the country for miles was open and unclaimed. Otho and I sometimes walked along in this trench to school; it took us a little out of our way but children never mind things like that. There was a graveyard between this house and town. Some people by the name of Enoch lost a baby and it was buried there. The group around the grave sang "O think Of The Home Over There." Otho and I memorized it afterwards. Later another baby was buried there that we attended, and there were several graves there. Later these graves were opened and the bodies removed to the present cemetery north of town. Paradise

We were quite small when the Wright family moved into the Ritz house until they could get settled, there were two girls and a boy a little older than we. I may have been about six. Their names were Fannie, Lillie and Homer. Lillie later became Mrs. Wm. Goodenough and has lived many years at Hatton. One day as we were walking home from school, one of the girls called us in and gave us some fresh-baked bread and grape jelly. Grape jelly always brings up a little nostalgic memory.

Going back to the earlier days of the '80's a person could file a claim on 160 acres for a homestead, 40 acres for a timber culture and 80 acres (I believe) for a pre-emption, whatever that meant. The timber culture 40 was planted to trees, usually boxelder, and I do not know how they were obtained. I know where four of these timber cultures were, and so long as the trees were cared for they grew remarkably well. But most of the owners quit cultivating them as soon as the required time was up and the land turned into the field. My folks did not have one of these timber cultures. I do not know why. Nothing came of the project in the way of

Prologue

Here we will take time out to give a pen picture of what the Ritzville country was like when we first arrived and why my parents had selected this part of the western area. They came from Kansas to the northwest hoping to find a better place to live and to acquire land. The Government offered land in the vast Kansas area to veterans after the Civil War to build up the country. A veteran and his sons and daughters could file claims; I do not know how many acres. My grandfather, Benjamin B. Jackson, two of his sons and his two daughters came from Ohio to Kansas to take up land. That is why my mother came to Kansas. She had a teacher's certificate, as did her sister, from Ohio. In Kansas is where she met my father. He had come there from Iowa for the same purpose, after graduating in Civil Engineering from a Troy, New York, College. He was born in Germany and came to the U.S. with his parents when he was four years old. His father settled in Iowa and became a wealthy landowner. In Kansas they found plenty of land and some natural conditions that were not too bad and some that were plenty bad, such as droughts, cyclones, bitterly cold winter winds, also, and not least—grasshoppers. Indeed the last named was the final straw. There were no trees, just a few willows along a stray creek, now and then. Most of the settlers used the sod which was grassy then and erected sod shanties which protected them from the weather. I just escaped being born in a sod shanty. My brother Otho was. Each settler had his cyclone cellar, a place to hasten to when a cyclone suddenly appeared.

The early summer of 1881 brought the plague of grasshoppers. Hordes and hordes of them till the sky was darkened. They left not one spear of grass or garden, even the plough handles and axe handles were pitted. The Ohio relatives decided to go back to Ohio where the rest of the families were. They decided my mother should also go back to Ohio until her pregnancy was completed, which was me. So she and Otho, a two-year old child, accompanied the family, and my father who was a Civil Engineer, joined the Government Engineers and went west into Colorado and California.

Mother met father in San Francisco; she and the two children had come on an emigrant train from Ohio. They took a boat to Vancouver, Washington, and on to Olympia where father worked in a saw mill during the winter. Both parents found the dense woods and constant rain very unpleasant and so different from the Kansas prairie that when spring came they were ready to leave. They were told that in eastern Washington was prairie land and plenty of land for stock raising. So this is why we came to eastern Washington and Ritzville. It certainly was prairie, no cyclones or grasshoppers. But there was little else. Earlier stockmen had used Squatter's rights so there was very little chance to find water holes for stock. But these things worked out in time and many stayed on and the land supported them. There were some hardships of course, some not so bad. At least there was plenty of land and that seems to be what the main desire was at that time.

B# 1913 - P 14

RUBY HAUSCHILD



April 23-1960 (Letter)
 Married Gordon Wallace in 1920
 came to Calif. in 1922. still alive & live
 in Santa Clara. Ruby & Wallace.

1550 Featherdale, Ave - Santa Clara - California

Ruby 39
 (Kaweschild) Wallace.

1550 Featherdale Ave
 1895 Santa Clara



RUBY F. HAUSCHILD

Requiem Mass Is Said Here for Phillippay

Requiem mass was said by the Rev. Walter F. Abel in St. Agnes. Inurnment was made at the morning for Arthur F. Phillippay 88, who died December 23 in Adams county Memorial hospital 1966.

Phillippay was a long - time resident of Kahlottus and served several terms as its mayor. He was born in Lone Pine, Calif., March 7, 1878 and came to the Kahlottus area with his parents in 1886.

In 1905 he was married to Miss Minola Hauschild, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Hauschild of Ritzville. Her parents donated the land on which the Ritzville city park and the high school are built.

Mrs. Phillippay survives at the home. Other survivors include two daughters, Josephine M. Gordon of Anchorage, Alaska, and Cecile Owens of Spokane. Three sons, Rodney B. Phillippay of San Carlos, Calif., Eugene A. Phillippay of Portland, Ore., and Victor Phillippay of West Covina, Calif., survive as do 13 grandchildren and nine great grandchildren.

Pallbearers were Robert Brad-doch, Joe Robbins, Wayne Campbell, Raymond Hunt, Rod-ric Ross and Ted Beshner. Hon-orary pallbearers were John Schneck, John Rice, R. C. Wat-son, Roy McCall, James Stevens, Howard Cannon and Oren Her-ron.

Inurnment was made at the Dessert Lawn Memorial ceme-tery in Kennewick with the Danekas Funeral home of Ritz-ville in charge.

Survivor Husband
 ART. PHILIPPAY

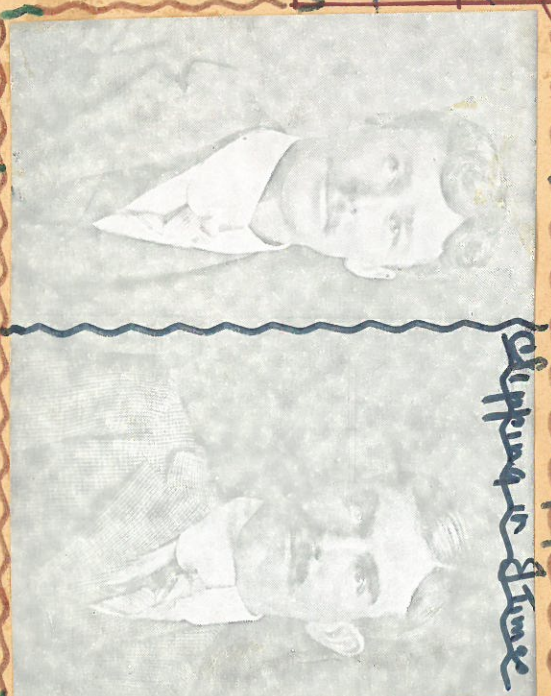
Brother Theodore W. P. Hauschild 1905
 Mother Sarah L. Hauschild
 Brother John C. Hauschild 1905
 " Thomas W. Hauschild 1907
 Sister Minnie (Minnie) Hauschild
 Brother Adolph Hauschild 1913
 " Ortho - oldest Brother
 The County Engineer of Adams County - Ill.

Harry McChesney (1) and Arthur F. Phillippay (r), about 1903.

that I was getting married because a German girl (I was German to him) my age, 24, not being married didn't speak too well for anybody. Father wanted us to have at least a home wedding but mother didn't think we needed to go through all that, so we didn't. The Germans in those days made a wedding about a three-day celebration; and of course, they wet it down (liquor) quite a bit so it was a big undertaking, and mother had no relatives to help her. So we took the train to Spokane. Otho and Gretha, his wife, Harry McChesney, my brother Jack (he was in school in busi-ness college there) were with us. There was one of the heaviest rainstorms I ever saw. We took a cab out to the minister's house whom I had known in Ritzville.

We left in the morning on the Great Northern for Seattle. Charly Barry, Art's uncle, met us in his short-legged pants. He always looked like he had picked up his clothes out of a rummage sale. But he did that on purpose; he didn't want anyone to think he had any money. You can bet he didn't appear in court like that. He was a lawyer. He wanted to show us the city. I don't know where all we went but we did take a ferry to Bremerton. I remember we had to climb 200 steps up to the town from the dock. I suppose he wanted to show us the view and at that time of year it was a foggy one.

From there we went to Vancouver and Portland. They ferried the train across the Columbia from Vancouver to Portland. We took a boat from Portland up to Celilo Falls where the Indians always fished. It is now covered up with Umatilla Dam; backwater. We took a train from there to Walla Walla and that is where we heard the house on the ranch at Snake River had burned down. It was a nice trip.



Harry McChesney - Spokane
 slipping on June

Art was 27 when we got married. He and Harry McChesney had been buddies for years and they made quite a pair. They always looked nice and were handsome young men. Their horses were well cared for and their gear, saddles, etc. were spangled up and they, themselves, were dashing. Both were dark haired. Harry was smoother, more genteel in his actions but just as interesting. He didn't need anyone to lead him astray but Art often got credit for it. Art had a tendency to wisecrack some. Believe me, all the girls in the country knew who they were!

And so now you have the first chapter of my eighty-eight years of life as it has come back to me in recollections. I have tried to be fair to everyone, including myself. I hope I haven't elaborated too much on some of the minor things, if so, I beg your indulgence.

"Forbei sind die Kinderspiele,
 Und alles rollt vorbei."
 Tnd Geld und die Welt und die Zeiten,
 Und Glauben und Lieb und Treu,"
 loosely translated:

"Gone are the children playing,
 And all is gone away,
 The gold and our world and Time (good)
 And Treasures and our Loves and the True."

Harry
 McChesney
 Brother
 of Mary
 Mc. who
 worked
 in the
 F.N. Bank
 RITZVILLE
 for
 years

Page 60

greeting, I was so pleased to get your card and the picture. You are a fine looking couple and I am happy to know you soon if only this Uncle Sam's kindness. I sent word to Ruby about your pictures and I hope you will be seeing from her soon. It isn't like her to be so serious. Time flies so swiftly just thing we know it will be less reunion time again for some. You would scarcely recognize the old home place on the hill since the "Whim" ways have cut it up so much, & been there and town.

12/11/59

I hope you and yours have a very pleasant holiday time. The one of our air living the past few away, in Alaska, plans to come, three of the others will not make it. At present our weather is wonderful - fully like spring, no snow, little fog, no high water and no fire here in our little valley. Sometime may see another story.

Best of good wishes and I hope you will soon hear from Ruby,

ART AND MINOLA PHILIPPAY

M.P.
Xmas 1959

Minnie Philippay on September 11, 1968, while visiting at the home of and Chet Gardon in Anchorage, Alaska.

EXCERPTS from the booklet by MINOLA HAUSCHILD PHILIPPAY
NAMED: "As I remember" written and published in 1970. A full account of which will be found in the 1905 Book in the John C. Hauschild section. Ritzville HS

Hoping that your
CHRISTMAS is grand
and the **NEW YEAR**
filled with happiness

1959

ART AND MINOLA PHILIPPAY



Theodor William Hauschild
father of Minnie Philippay.

Sarah I. Hauschild, mother
of Mrs. Philippay, in 1900.

perhaps a mile and a half westerly. This "fence" was a trench about four feet deep with the dirt thrown up on one side. I never knew what purpose it filled. The range horses wore a crossing or two over it to get to the salt "lick" a little farther back on the hillside. There was no reason for any kind of a fence, all the country for miles was open and unclaimed. Otho and I sometimes walked along in this trench to school; it took us a little out of our way but children never mind things like that. There was a graveyard between this house and town. Some people by the name of Enoch lost a baby and it was buried there. The group around the grave sang "O think Of The Home Over There." Otho and I memorized it afterwards. Later another baby was buried there that we attended, and there were several graves there. Later these graves were opened and the bodies removed to the present cemetery north of town.

We were quite small when the Wright family moved into the Ritz house until they could get settled, there were two girls and a boy a little older than we. I may have been about six. Their names were Hallie, Lillie and Homer. Lillie later became Mrs. Wm. Goodenough and has lived many years at Hatton. One day as we were walking home from school, one of the girls called us in and gave us some fresh-baked bread and grape jelly. Grape jelly always brings up a little nostalgic memory.

Going back to the earlier days of the '80's a person could file a claim on 160 acres for a homestead, 40 acres for a timber culture and 80 acres (I believe) for a pre-emption, whatever that meant. The timber culture 40 was planted to trees, usually boxelder, and I do not know how they were obtained. I know where four of these timber cultures were, and so long as the trees were cared for they grew remarkably well. But most of the owners quit cultivating them as soon as the required time was up and the land turned into the field. My folks did not have one of these timber cultures, I do not know why. Nothing came of the project in the way of

big dog became afflicted. The first I knew about it, I was dressing early one morning and glancing out the window I happened to notice this dog the cow corral pestering and snapping at one of the cows. I knew enough about dogs and cows to sense this was not natural behavior. So as soon I went downstairs, I told the man and he went outside and tried to call the dog off but it ran away. The next day it was found in another man's backyard snapping at hogs and its owner sent two of his boys after it. The result was that both of these boys were bitten and then someone became alarmed. By now the dog was decidedly rabid, and it was killed and its head sent away for analysis. These two boys came on to school and believe the incubation period was two weeks. And in due time they both became ill and had headaches and one was very flushed. I told the man where I lived and during this time the parents had got in touch with the proper authorities; so they took the boys to Chicago for the Pasteur treatment. They were gone several weeks and the boys were cured. A the dogs in the neighborhood were killed and all the hogs in that neighborhood became rabid. The cow also was killed; the owner wasn't sure but he didn't want to take any chances. One farmer lost a large number of chickens due to finding the dog in their pen. The whole experience was bad for everyone but could have been much worse if everyone had not cooperated so well.

RH 1913
92

Makes
and spider

Ray G. G. G.

Sister

(Quote) The Ritzville, Wash. Journal-Times, August 25, 1966. At an informal potluck dinner held in the American Legion Hall about nine people gathered for a reunion of the old Willis school district No. 5. The district was established in the early 1900's. Among the first teachers in 1903 was Miss Minnie Hauschild who taught the eight grades in one room. Miss Hauschild, now Mrs. A. F. Philippay of Kahlotus, Washington, spoke briefly to the group of her memories of some of the pupils who were

Forward

One Sunday when some of my children were visiting us, unconcerned with anything that had been said, someone said, "Mom, why don't you write down some of your experiences?" We three were sitting at the long dinner table in our large kitchen where we all so often visited. Dad and the boys went into another room to find more comfortable chairs to listen to a ball game.

It was something of a surprise to me and I couldn't think of anything that had ever happened to me that could be of interest to anyone, especially to young people. They insisted they would. I told them that as far as I can recollect I was something of a "Topsy"—— I just grew up. And so far as I can think, I did just grow up; there was nothing else to write. However, after thinking it over several months, I decided to write down a few impressions and recollections that I have. I shall title this literary effort "As I Remember" and that is what it will be, purely and simply as I do remember. If some of the impressions that I got, or points that I do remember, were not what they were meant to be, that makes no difference to me. I am putting down honestly and simply as I remember them, incidents that impressed me enough to stay with me some sixty two or three years on to the present time. There will be no literary flourish and no doling up or glossing over. Perhaps I shall use a few of the names of people I have known, for I do not expect anyone outside of my immediate family will ever see it. For as I say, there are no particular occurrences that would keep the interest so very long.

Prologue

Here we will take time out to give a pen picture of what the Ritzville country was like when we first arrived and why my parents had selected this part of the western area. They came from Kansas to the northwest, hoping to find a better place to live and to acquire land. The Government offered land in the vast Kansas area to veterans after the Civil War to build up the country. A veteran and his sons and daughters could file claims; I do not know how many acres. My grandfather, Benjamin B. Jackson, two of his sons and his two daughters came from Ohio to Kansas to take up land. That is why my mother came to Kansas. She had a teacher's certificate, as did her sister, from Ohio. In Kansas is where she met my father. He had come there from Iowa for the same purpose, after graduating in Civil Engineering from a Troy, New York, College. He was born in Germany and came to the U.S. with his parents when he was four years old. His father settled in Iowa and became a wealthy landowner. In Kansas they found plenty of land and some natural conditions that were not too bad and some that were plenty bad, such as droughts, cyclones, bitterly cold winter winds, also, and not least—grasshoppers. Indeed the last named was the final straw. There were no trees, just a few willows along a stray creek, now and then. Most of the settlers used the sod which was grassy then and erected sod shanties which protected them from the weather. I just escaped being born in a sod shanty. My brother Otho was. Each settler had his cyclone cellar, a place to hasten to when a cyclone suddenly appeared.

The early summer of 1881 brought the plague of grasshoppers. Hordes and hordes of them till the sky was darkened. They left not one spear of grass or garden, even the plough handles and axe handles were pitted. The Ohio relatives decided to go back to Ohio where the rest of the families were. They decided my mother should also go back to Ohio until her pregnancy was completed, which was me. So she and Otho, a two-year old child, accompanied the family, and my father who was a Civil Engineer, joined the Government Engineers and went west into Colorado and California.

Mother met father in San Francisco; she and the two children had come on an emigrant train from Ohio. They took a boat to Vancouver, Washington, and on to Olympia where father worked in a saw mill during the winter. Both parents found the dense woods and constant rain very unpleasant and so different from the Kansas prairie that when spring came they were ready to leave. They were told that in eastern Washington was prairie land and plenty of land for stock raising. So this is why we came to eastern Washington and Ritzville. It certainly was prairie, no cyclones or grasshoppers. But there was little else. Earlier stockmen had used Squatter's rights so there was very little chance to find water holes for stock. But these things worked out in time and many stayed on and the land supported them. There were some hardships of course, some not so bad. At least there was plenty of land and that seems to be what the main desire was at that time.

1550 HEATHERDALE • SANTA CLARA, CALIFORNIA

Dear Roy
January 18-1960.

I am certainly ashamed of myself for not writing sooner but we were gone most of October & had company - relatives - here till almost Christmas time.

I didn't mean to be rude but we are at home now and any time you & Mrs. Wilson see up the way would love to have you stop by. However Sam afraid I am not

of much help in ricketying any of the people in the picture. We lived on the ranch till 1912 & I know few people on school & then I left Ripville in 1915 so I didn't know to mdy.

Thmine sent me all the school pictures & I guess some are for you. We were up at Kahlstue last spring and we could have managed to stay a week longer would have gone to the banquet. She wants to Ripville one day

& saw some of the people I was to know! Gordon & I are planning on leaving around the first of April for a trip to West Valley, if it rains & the flowers are in bloom. Will be gone about a month I guess. It is connected with the Leonard Coats nursery here & now is the busy season & then he doesn't work much after April. His life.

Let us know when you can come. Our telephone is CR. 6-2578.

Sincerely,
Sharon



RR# 1913-914

Dr. E. S. Wilson, Dentist
Machete, Calif.
814. Fourteenth St.

From Ruby (Hansen, PS) H. Waface



MARJORIE MARTIN

13

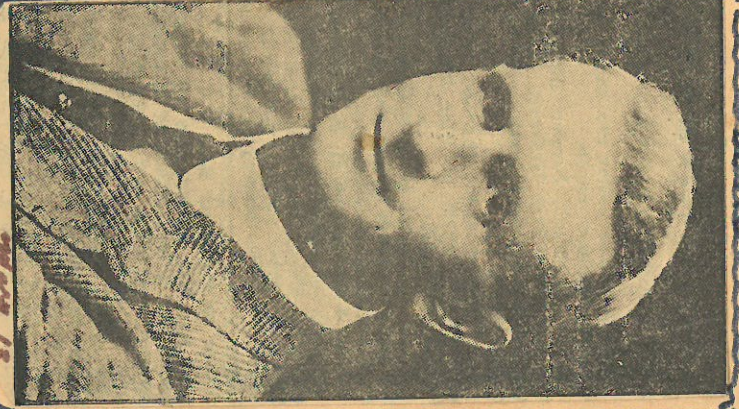
Mrs. George S. Weston - 3141-Howell Ave
 Yaredictorian - Attended Univ. of Wash - 32. July
 Geo. & Mary Edw. Gathier

Margory King Martin has been initiated into the Alpha Xi Delta Sorority at the State University. She is one of the committee for the annual banquet to be held at the Washington hotel.

Signature
 Address - 3141 Howell Ave. L. A. Calif.
 Buck Day
 "Three"

John Williams
 Arthur Harrison & Ed Jewell (Martin)
 Another Harold (Kinney) 1916
 W. Murphy Savin Inc. 11718
 Spokane & Eastern Bldg.
 Rev. E. 108. How. An-Spokane

Look on page 29-30 for description of
 history of her father. W. Harry Martin



DR. D. C. DAVENNEY
 DENTIST
 TELEPHONE 466
 OTT BLOCK

Brother-Hardy
 E 108
 How Ave
 Spokane
 5/18-1916
 W. H. Martin, Treasurer.



MARGORY KING MARTIN



1913 Model T Ford - HACK WAGON

The Pioneer National Bank

Capital : : : \$75,000.00
 Surplus : : : \$25,000.00

O. H. GREENE, President
 C. E. SHIPMAN, Vice President
 W. H. MARTIN, Cashier

Butteville, Washington

Witten copy James that by for "Heart"

MM 1913-12

"Heart"

Girls :: Number
October, 1913

Freshmen's Band of 1912-13.



List of names in 1913-1934-1943-Banquet Book

Oh, 'twas a fair maiden—
To Domestic Science went,
Oh dishes delicious,
Her mind was intent,
Her apron was tidy,
Her cap it was neat,
But the stuff that she cooked
A goat could not eat.

They used her plum pudding
To kill the rats.
Her griddle cakes might have
Been used for door mats.
And with her biscuits
They disabled the cats.

At last she made something—
A pie, so she said;
'Twas as tough as shoe leather
And as heavy as lead.
She put it away
And retired to bed.
A burglar broke in
And upon it he fed;
When she came in the morning,
The burglar was dead.

1 7 1 3 - 1 1 3

FRESHMAN ARTISTS.

We feel proud of the fact that this number of "Heart" is illustrated entirely by Freshman artists. Although this is but their first effort, we think that they make a very commendable showing.

The class game was the closing of the "football" season here. The Senior-Sophs. played and won the championship by the score of 6-4 from the Junior-Freshmen.

The Junior-Freshmen excelled and were ahead until their line was weakened by the removal of Cross (busted eyebrow), M. Thiel, wrenched shoulder, and Roggenbuck, internal suffering near the stomach (due to starvation). The opposing team was somewhat weakened when Harris fractured his knee; cap and Haupt received injuries to his foot, then, after some substitutions, the game was continued, the Senior-Sophs making good end runs and going through the other classmen's weak lines. The lineup was as follows:

Senior-Sophs.		Junior-Freshmen
H. Herring	R E	R. Lewis
W. Stoops	R T	Roggenbuck
E. Horn	R G	H. Pettijohn
A. Heineman	L G	F. Adler
J. Faucher	C	E. Neisson
F. Haupt	L T	L. Cross, V. LaFrenz
A. Morach	L E	W. Tiller
B. Hauschild	R H	B. Gilson
V. Harris (Capt.)	L H	D. Thiel (Capt.)
O. Buehler	F B	L. Gillis
C. Pettijohn	Q B	M. Thiel
Subs—A. Becker.		D. Gilson

(April 1913)

LAVINA SCHRAGG

1913
00

Mrs. Joe Staucher 1913 Pittsville 1950
Ask Laura Schragg for information on her.

13

Expenditure	
Buick Day	
" Quail	
Stamps	
Meat	



L-571 1913

**RITZVILLE HIGH SCHOOL ALUMNI
ASSOCIATION HISTORY & LIBRARY**

This LIBRARY consists of 75 books with loose-leaf sheets and according to circumstances, can be added, deleted, or altered. RITZVILLE HIGH SCHOOL graduated it's first CLASS in the year of 1905 with 13 students. There is a book for each CLASS beginning with 1905 up to and including 1980. In 1958 the school celebrated it's 50th ANNIVERSARY with a banquet at the Marcelus Grange Hall with over 500 in attendance. Our DIAMOND Jubilee will be in May of 1980 when we will celebrate our 75th year. I have no intention of carrying this history beyond that date.

Each book is 12" x 14" in size and the sheets are reinforced with scotch tape. Each SHEET contains the following information: NAME of each GRADUATE, (full name if possible), address, signature, birthday, names of husband or wife and children, their parents and dates, relatives who graduated or attended HS, school and college records, marriage, and where live and work, and any other data or information which can be gathered from newspapers, magazines, letters, interviews or from any other source possible.

I have endeavored to arrange the material in a neat and orderly fashion and the names alphabetically and chronologically when possible. I realize man mistakes have been made in placing correct data in the proper place but so many of the names are duplicated. Mr. Vic Rogel helped me immensely in the identification of families also Mrs. Mabel Burrill and Mrs. Robert Clark. (Miller) and many others too too numerous to mention. Of the faculty Mr. Lloyd (Oberst) was wonderful in his assistance.

I started this record in the month of May, the 25th of May, 1905 when I was present at the first graduation at the Old Congregational Church and obtained the signatures of the graduates on onion skin paper and you will notice that when they signed 50 years later the writing was very similar. I then DEDICATED the books to our first SUPERINTENDANT, PROFESSOR. JOHN HENRY PERKINS, who started the RHS Alumni Association that night. (Page 56 large book and Prof. Perkins work in the 1905 book.

This project has been quite expensive in that I have taken the Journal-Times (2 copies) for many years for information. Also subscribed for the Harvester and purchased 5 or 6 copies each year of the Annual, the Kernel. While visiting the banquet each year hundreds of pictures were taken and I hope placed in the proper place. To do this I took every minute of my spare time of work but I didn't mind any of these things as I enjoyed it so much and I have always been under the impression that it was worth while. That I shall never know for sure. It is my hope that the library will come to rest in the addition that Vic promoted onto the high school building and there they will repose and be available to future generations. If anyone thinks it is necessary to continue the records say on to the year 2000 or more maybe some individual who in his or her dotage has a weakness for cutting out paper dollies, saving clippings from the papers, and pasting in pretty picture books will carry on. There must be someone in the around \$500 of us who were fortunate enough to have had the opportunity to attend and gather the fruits of knowledge and experience in Ritzville High School, the finest, the best, the most excellent school on earth.

Love to you all

Roy Gilson, Class of 1909.

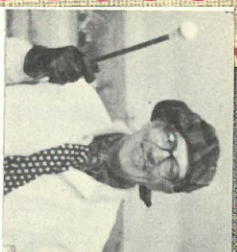


There are also 25 larger books 15" x 17" beginning with the year 1955, our 50th, which cover the ANNUAL BANQUETS AND REUNIONS, The GOLDEN "R"'S, and the honored Classes, the 50 year Class, the 25 year Class and the current Graduating Class. RG



Doc & Jaddie Gilson

The LUCKY-16955



No Mark

This Book No. 1913
 Made - Furnished & Donated by

Doc Gilson

Rialville High School - Class of 1909

DR. E. LEROY GILSON
 DENTIST (Retired)

PHONE 523-4609
 AREA CODE (209)

209 DOWNEY
 MODESTO, CALIF. 95354

Remin

Rosa Mary Cläusen-Mohr

The years have passed, they meet again;
 The joy upon each face is plain
 And good to see. How warm, how fond
 The handclasp showing friendship's bond!
 What matter the wrinkles or hair that's grey,
 If only the heart is warm and gay.
 Their eyes light up and their faces glow
 As they turn back the pages to "Long Ago,"
 Where many a loved one lives again
 In the dear loved land of "Remember When."
 As they look back on those younger days
 They choose the good; they do not gaze
 On blemished hours of hurt or pain.
 This is memory's golden gain.
 Time adds a lustre to days that have been
 When hearts return to "Remember When."

