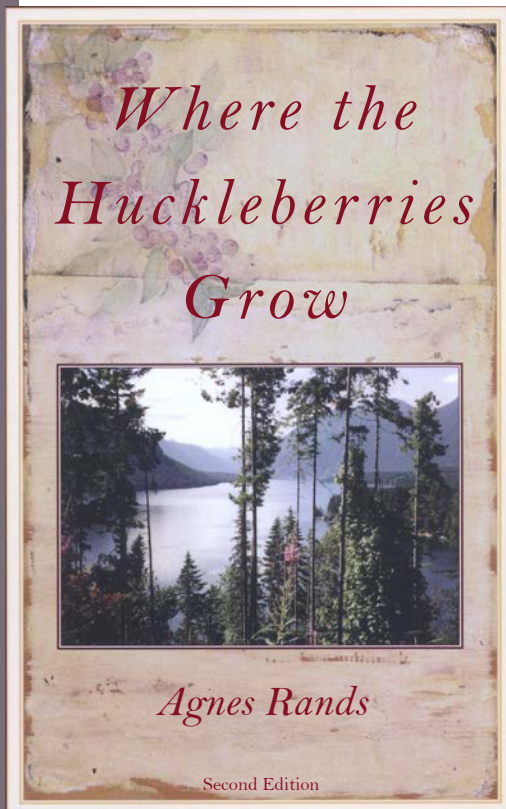


Where the Huckleberries Grow



Linden Press

455 Alexander Loop #345

Eugene, Oregon 97401

About the book

In 1912, teenage sisters Tilda and Ida leave their father and their indentured farm in Finland and immigrate to Portland, Oregon. Here in a bustling city with a large Scandinavian population, they find the good life America promised. Yet, when Tilda marries Charlie, a handsome Swede Finn logger, she moves into a remote logging camp in the Olympic Mountains and finds herself indentured to a life even more severe than the one she left.

Logging methods are primitive and camp life is harsh. Forest fires and accidents plague the logging community. Still, with optimism and spirit, these families—primarily Scandinavian immigrants—find ways to enjoy life. This book is about these years—the

good times and the bad times. It ends in 1939, when Charlie takes his family and leaves the woods for a less-strenuous occupation.



Published by Linden Press in 2014, this second edition includes photos of early logging operations as well as the family. Linden Press also published a second edition of the sequel to **Where the Huckleberries Grow**, titled **Even Seagulls Cry**, in 2014.

To Place an Order

Enter “Where the Huckleberries Grow” or “Even Seagulls Cry” in the search box at:

www.lulu.com/shop

About the author

Agnes Rands was born in Shelton, Washington, and lived with her family in logging camps until she was in sixth grade, when they moved to Anacortes, Washington.



She graduated from high school in 1946 and from Linfield College, McMinnville, Oregon, in 1949. Agnes taught secondary school English and writing in schools in Parkrose & Eugene, Oregon, until 1986, when she and her husband retired at Black Butte Ranch, Oregon. Today she makes her home in Eugene, Oregon.

What readers say

I was raised in a logging camp in Oregon. The stories and descriptions in your book brought back so many memories of my childhood . . . the fires in and around the camps, the speeders, the relocation of the camps and how the houses were moved and the terrible feeling when the whistles blew indicating an accident . . . Thanks for the memories.

—Allan Petersdorf,
retired superintendent
of schools, Monterey &
Danville, California

I picked up your book and couldn't put it down. I was there in the logging camps with your family. I smelled the new growth in the spring, felt the terror with the six whistle blows and the agony of logging accidents . . .

—Tamara Grove, retired
president, HG Business
Centers, Bellevue,
Washington

