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NEWSLETTER

PACIFIC NORTHWEST MENNONITE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

THE MILLER FAMILY IN OREGON

(Continued from OMHGS Newsletter February 2009)

Summary of previously published information

Obed came to Oregon with his parents, Isaac and Elizabeth (Byers) Miller, in 1880 when he about 11 years old. He had born near Arthur, Illinois. July 27, 1869.

Ella Yoder was the youngest child of Abraham and Fannie (Kurtz) Yoder. She was born November 4, 1878 at Garden City, Missouri. In 1893 Ella and her mother came to Oregon to visit Ella's siblings who were already living in the Hubbard area: Delila, Mrs. Amos Troyer, and brothers Levi and Israel and wife, Josephine.*

Following this trip, the Abraham Yoder family moved to Oregon. There is a discrepancy concerning the year when they moved. Omar gives it as August 1894. Abraham's obituary says August 1897 (Herald of Truth, January 28, 1904); Fannie's obituary says 1895 (Gospel Herald, July 10, 1913). It seems fairly obvious that the 1897 date is in error since Obed and Ella were married June 6, 1897.

There is no solid information about how or when Obed and Ella met nor of their courtship. They were married by her brother-in-law, Amos P. Troyer, a minister of the newly established Zion AM congregation. Ella would have been 18; Obed, nearing 28. It is assumed that Ella had been baptized in Missouri and was likely a member of the Sycamore Grove AM congregation. Obed had not become a member of the Amish church. He was baptized in a small creek near the location of the first meeting house built by the Zion folks in 1894; date of baptism was December 19, 1895. Joseph Schlegel of Nebraska in charge.

After their marriage. Ella and Obed lived with his parents for a time in the house by the sawmill-tile factory complex.** According to accounts kept by Ella. in the following year they set up housekeeping for themselves. A cook stove and other household goods were bought.

*Ella's diary of this trip is given in the February 2009 OMHGS Newsletter.

**The Isaac S. Miller story appears in the March 1994 OMHGS newsletter.

The New House

After their marriage, Obed, with the help of his father-in-law, Abe Yoder, built a new house for his family a bit west of his parents' home on present-day Miller Road. [This house still stands and is presently owned and occupied by Leon and Wanda Rohrer-Heyerly.]

You entered the front door of the house from the north; straight ahead was the downstairs bedroom. To the left was a door opening into the kitchen and further on, to the far right was a door to the stairs leading to the unfinished upstairs room. Inside the kitchen and to the right was the woodbox for the cook stove. Just ahead and beyond it was the laundry sink. The sink had no drain but above were shelves and drawers and doors were below. Sometime later, at his mother's request, Omar added some small drawers to the right under the first shelf for salt, etc.

The back door of the kitchen led to the back porch and to the cellar. Before the door there was a pantry to the left. This pantry held many interesting items which, sometimes when parents were not at home, were very thoroughly examined by Omar!

The table where the family (as well as hired help and company) ate was in the north part of the kitchen. There was no dining room. A telephone was on the west wall with the list of people with telephones beside it. Telephone rings were indicated by long and short dashes — no numbers!

Family worship was conducted in the open space between the table and stove. Family worship consisted of Bible reading and prayer by Obed. Both Ella and any girl working for the family quite frequently threw their aprons over their head for a 'covering'. When visiting evangelists were overnight guests, they would read the Scripture and lead in prayer.

In those days there were others who sometimes were overnight guests. One was a crippled man who had to 'walk' on his knees. He traveled through the area at seemingly regular intervals. He appeared to be a devout person. Among family heirlooms is a small thick book of Methodist Hymns, without music, in which the name of this man, Holcomb, is stamped. Ella heard in later years that he had taken his own life.

FALL MEETING

September 20, 2009, 2:30 p.m.

Salem Mennonite Church

1045 Candlewood Drive NE

Salem Oregon

Welcome

Announcements

Devotion ----- Al Lind

Former Mennonite Church at Indian Cove, Idaho ----- Ivan Snyder

Others will share interesting stories

Closing Song and Prayer

Welcome to one and all

There were other travelers, salesmen and junk buyers as well as some people who were not welcome to stay overnight, such as the Gypsy bands with their colorful dress and strange ways who also went through the area occasionally. They had a reputation of stealing and most children were very much afraid of them. Also feared by the children, but generally respected and harmless, were the Native Americans who would go into the Cascade Mountains to pick huckleberries and then go back to their reservations.

The cellar of the house was one of the interesting places to be enjoyed, especially in the summer when the outdoors was so hot and the cellar seemed to be so cool. Obed was often seen coming in from some work sweaty and hot. His favorite drink was the cool homemade butter-milk.

There were other cool drinks: vinegar punch made of vinegar, spices and sugar in cool water, for usually there was no ice. But some of the homes could boast of a spring-house where cool fresh water from a natural running spring was let run through the room. The house of Obed's parents had such a pantry just off the basement kitchen. One other drink is recalled: oatmeal flakes soaked in cool water until the richness of the oats filled the water. This drink could be with or without sugar.

Of course the cellar was storage for the canned fruits, butter and homemade cheese; and it was the place where the shallow tin pans of milk were cooled for skimming off the cream, some of which would be dipped into a small bowl for family use. The rest went to the sour crock for churning. At one time Obed and Ella had a cold water separator, a double can arrangement with the inside 'tank' fastened inside the larger tank which was filled with cold water. When the cream was sufficiently raised, a faucet was opened at the bottom and the milk drained until only cream was left. Then the cream could be drained into another container. The folks also had a hand-powered sepa-

erator, a Sharpless, the one with the long small-diameter bowl without disks. In later years, they had a DeLaval, which had the short bowl with disks.

One of the delightful places for a boy was the carpenter shop above the woodshed. It was reached by a stairs from the porch behind the kitchen. Along the west wall was the bench. At the left end of the bench was a vise, a heavy wood piece hinged at the floor and operated by a steel screw at the top. Above the bench on shelves were the planes and various other tools.

Before the folks moved away from this place, Obed built a concrete water tank in the north end of the shop. The water was pumped into it by a hydraulic ram, from a spring down near the 'crick', and supplied water for the kitchen. There were two rams, one a bit larger than the other. These also pumped water for the livestock into a trough near the barn. Those rams were a wonderment to a boy and afforded mechanical experience to at least one, not only in taking them apart and putting back together again, but in adjusting the up and down motion of the valve from a rapid chatter with little water spilling to a slow movement when much water had to run before it came fast enough for the surge that would lift a little water toward the tank. But there was a certain tone of the 'chug' that said it was doing its best!

In the woodshed just below the carpenter shop there was also some experience to help boys grow up. It is not recalled by any of us boys of actually having been punished in the woodshed, but a good part of growing up was to learn to work. It was the daily chore for a boy to carry enough wood to fill the double woodbox. This box was built into the wall so that from the woodshed side a lid was lifted up to drop in the wood which could then be gotten by lifting a lid on the inside to get the wood as needed for the stoves. One side was for the kitchen stove, the other for the heater.

From the back porch down some steps to the north of the cellar a path went alongside the cellar out through a gate and past the brooder house to the well, a brick-lined 'shallow' well. This was under roof, open to the north. To the south there was a room of some kind. Water was gotten from the well by way of bucket, rope and pulley.

From the wellhouse a path led to the smokehouse a bit farther east of the well. Following butchering time, it hung full of hams, bacon sides and sausage. These home-cured meats exuded an appetizing aroma. This building was sometimes a place for hiding Easter eggs.

Between these two buildings and the road to the north there was an orchard of cherries, prunes and pears. A well-designed and well-built fruit dryer stood next to the road.

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Some custom drying was done; and here one of the taste delights of the farm was enjoyed, the juicy half-dried sweet state of the warm fruit.

East of this small fruit orchard was the larger garden, or truck patch. This included some strawberries, a few canberries and the larger vegetables for which there was not room in the smaller garden. The early things like lettuce, radishes, etc., were grown in the small garden on the south side of the brooder house, just a little east of the woodshed. This was a spaded plot and was put in very fine condition and planted neatly and well. Flat boards were laid down on which to walk when planting; paths were left for walking between the several plats. Lettuce was planted on the depression left where a board of proper width had been pressed down and then taken away.

One of the features of this small garden was two bird houses mounted on top of separate posts, about 12 to 15 feet higher than the fence posts. Each spring Bluebirds raised their brood in these houses. Above one of the houses a weather vane was built with a wooden 'clapper' on the end of the shaft that made a variable clicking sound as the wind drove the propeller at different speeds. This sound lingered long in the memory of the boys. Around this small garden was a high poultry netting fence.

Going out the gate between the small garden and the woodshed, to the left, which was facing east, was the barnyard. The first building to the left, just beyond the small garden, was the chicken house, then some wild blackcap bushes which brought when in season a flavor delight, and a rather large fir tree by the berry bushes.

The chicken house was another place for learning: gathering the eggs and cleaning and spraying the roosts. There was enticing the hens with artificial eggs to lay real ones; getting eggs away from cross 'biddies' who wanted to set for hatching; and the delight of little chicks peeping out when the hatching season arrived.

There was also a time when the chicks were hatched in an incubator. The incubator and brooder were heated with kerosene lamps. The controls were automatic but required watching; eggs were turned by hand. One of the interesting things was to watch the chicks run in and out under the nice green notched curtain of the brooder. This curtain helped to conserve the heat of the brooder. Behind the brooder and incubator was floor space for the chicks to run and grow.

The hog house was built of logs and not wind-tight but good shelter for the pigs. The feeding alley was a walkway next to the cow barn. A door led from this to the feed alley in the cow barn. Next to the door was a grain box and at the other end was the hay drop from the hayloft above.

The cows came in from the yard which was between the cow barn and the horse stable. A fence and gate from the woods controlled the cows and horses. Hay was stored in both barns, but the horse barn was the larger of the two and also had a straw shed behind it. A lean-to roof on the

east side provided shelter and a place where the livestock could pick at the straw through the racks placed along the side. Under the lean-to on the south side there was room to store some of the farm machinery.

This larger barn had a driveway through the middle. In haying time the wagon load of hay was driven into this driveway and the hay unloaded. The empty wagon was then taken on through and back to the field for another load. Horse stalls were on the north side; granaries, on the south side. On the side of the cow barn toward the lane from the house was a silo.

The gate to the big orchard was from the corner of the hog house north alongside the truck patch and to the road just east of the fruit dryer. This apple orchard must have been one of the better ones in the neighborhood. Grass for hay was grown between the tree rows. The trees were well trimmed and even in that day, some spraying was necessary. There were many kinds of apples: early June or summer apples, Gravensteins, Spitzenberger and others. There were a few trees of very late apples, so dark they seemed almost black. Some apples were sold, some dried, some 'schnitzed' for making apple butter in the big outdoor copper kettle.

Apple butter making was an event; everybody helped. Sometimes, perhaps most times, others came in to help. Stirring with the big long-handled wooden paddle was important and turns were taken because the job took some hours. First the cider was heated, then sliced apples were added. More stirring. As the delightful aroma became more pleasing and the bubbling mixture, thicker and thicker, the stirring had to be more and more expertly done. At some point, spice was added. And after a time, when the testing was done to see when the butter was just right, everyone was eager to see just how good it came out. Testing was done by taking a small amount out with a dipper or large spoon and putting it into a saucer to cool. When it thickened, or jelled, just right, the fire was pulled away from the kettle and the apple butter was dipped into crocks.

More Growing-up Memories

Threshing time was exciting for little boys, work for the grown-ups. The threshing in Obed's neighborhood was done by several threshers, but the one doing Obed's threshing was Sam Miller and his father. Sam's father was a kindly bearded man and lived on the place just east of Obed's farm, atop the hill west of the tile factory. After custom grinding was no longer done at the Isaac Miller sawmill, Sam Miller and his father ground and rolled grain at their place. A cousin, Fred Yoder, and Omar usually visited at each other's places when the threshing was being done.

One of the exciting things was the teasing we got from Sam Miller. His Case steam engine had two whistles, one a high steamboat whistle; the other, a tiny little one. We

were rather scared of his blowing the big one, and of course he delighted to see us run when we thought he was going to pull the wire to the big one. Another fascinating part of the operation was watching the skillful way in which the threshing machine was moved through narrow gates, past close spaces between buildings, and then set just right so the big drive belt would run just exactly where it should and not flip off when starting the machine for threshing. Once in a while it would slip off, especially if stopped when the thresher was full of grain and straw. And of course there were all the gadgets on both engine and the threshing machine to watch and figure out how they worked and what each one did.

There were other harvesting chores and work: weeding and cultivating; picking berries, other fruit and cherries; shocking up the hay in its season and setting up the bundles of grain dropped by the binder at the grain harvest. Obed had one of the early patches of loganberries. He planted an orchard of English walnuts, but these did not come into bearing before the family moved to Idaho.

The woods behind the barn and the 'crick' had an interesting and useful part in the farm life. The little 'crick' was also known as The Branch and ended in Rock Creek not far from the tile factory. On the hill beyond the 'crick' were big fir trees for wood, cedar trees for posts, little evergreens for Christmas time, and hazelnut trees for nuts and switches and sometimes fishing poles. And some other large fir trees just south and down the hill from the barn was a restful place. Large root burls made comfortable seats, and the creek just below murmuring pleasantly on its way, all helped to soothe and bring peace and quiet.

Sometimes blue jays (Stellers) and the squirrels added their chatter. Along the creek, in the woods along the fences were the bushes, plants, flowers, fungi and moss and skunk cabbage; some of these beautiful, some strange, but all interesting.

The life of the boys also included play, in those early days no doubt more play than work. First there was the tricycle. This was ridden forth and back on the lane which in the early times came in from the road alongside the prune orchard and went between the cellar and the brooder house, past the little garden and then out to the barn. It was an all-steel tricycle and one of the results of riding too fast was some skinned ankle bones, but no serious effect is recalled. There was also the little four-wheeled handcar, propelled with the hands and guided with the feet.

In the long summer evenings there were the hide-and-seek type of playing, such as 'Indians'. We learned some of the star constellations. We watched the 'northern lights', and one time the reflected lights of Portland were lit up unusually bright when the Ladd & Bush Bank building burned down.

There were school days. We attended Whiskey Hill School. The name of this school came from the fact that in a small gulch just west of the school house there had been

a whiskey still. When the Miller boys attended Whiskey Hill School some of the brick structure of the still remained.

Throughout the year we went to Sunday school and church. Among Omar's first memories was riding on Obed's bicycle, that is on the handle bars of the bike. In those days most roads had a path for walking and bicycling. And this was one way to church.

Then there were the times when the family went by carriage. One episode of this began when Harry Wests and Obeds met at the corner and went side-by-side part of the way. This led to some bantering which resulted in the two men growing beards. After some time there was more bantering as to who would keep the beard longest. Omar recalls a Sunday morning when his father stood by the mirror and shaved off his beard. And then, when the two carriages met on the way to church, Harry had also shaved off his beard. Omar never understood nor found out how they both came to shave their beards the same morning.

Fun Times and Fun Places

Rock Creek. the 'crick', was not very large but it had enough water to furnish power for the sawmill and float logs into the mill pond just below the open piling bridge which crossed the creek at the foot of a rather steep hill just east of the tile factory. A 'millrace' led water and floated logs from the west end of the dam (a hundred feet below where the bridge crossed) to the mill about a thousand feet to the north. The 'crick' was also for fishing and swimming and some boating.

The fishing hole most used by the factory folks was above the bridge and around the bend, reached by a path just east and south from the old plant. There were catfish (possibly mud-cats) and suckers. Below the dam and just east of the sawmill, a shallow sloping 'beach' crawdads were caught and coming from the clean water of that day, were an enjoyable bit of eating.

The swimming hole was just below the dam where the overflow from the spillway of the dam washed out the soil. sand and gravel to make a hole deep enough for diving from the east bank. This swimming place was used not only by the factory family and workers. but also by some of the people living nearby. Sometimes on Sunday afternoons Omar and the Emmert boys, Jess and Floyd, swam here.

One of the excitements at the swimming hole and the surrounding area was an occasional hornet or yellow jacket nest. There was some daring among the boys to see who could stir up, or excite, the hornets and yellow jackets and still get away without getting stung! One hornet nest was on an oak tree just east of the cider mill. Sticks or rocks were thrown in the direction of the nest and when one saw bees coming (or thought they were), he would run and drop in a shallow ditch just about the right distance to let the hornet fly by overhead--usually!!.

One place of interest, not only for the boys, but grown-ups as well, was the log pond between the bridge and the dam. There were turtles on the logs and beavers in the water. Often the turtles would stay on the logs sunning themselves until someone intentionally made a move or noise to scare them. With the beavers, it was different. They were more alert, but sometimes one could watch them for quite awhile before something scared them. They would slap their tails in a warning and everyone would dive under water.

And there was the boat which Grandpa Miller had hewn out of a cedar log. In the first days that Obeds lived in the big house, the boat was kept tied to the bank just above where the big bridge crossed the creek. This boat was nearly round and great care was necessary to keep from rolling over. No incident is remembered when anyone of Obed's family fell from it into the water. The boat was used, at least one time, to set a fish trap a little way up the creek. The last known use of the boat was as a stock watering trough at the lower side of the old sidehill barn.

The Tile Factory

When Obed first bought the tile factory (1909) the family lived in tents by the plant during the tile making season. During these summer months the family lived in tents north of the old tile drying shed. At one time one tent served as a kitchen, another for sleeping. Later a room was built just inside the drying shed for a kitchen. It was the usual thing for some of the hired help to eat with the family. When Obeds moved into the big house up the lane north of the plant, some of the men also stayed as boarders.

The tile-making machinery, the burning kiln and all that went on was of considerable interest to the older boys. In those early days the clay for making the tile was dug and hauled in the cool of the forenoon. The tile or brick were then made in the afternoon. The clay was hauled by wagon and team; the wagons were the high-wheeled kind and had a dump bed mounted so that it could be tilted and the clay dumped into the clay bin beside the tile machine. This dumping had to be done up high enough so the clay would have room to slide down into the bin. The approach to this roofed-over dumping place was made of plank so laid that the sides of the plank formed ridges so that the horses could hold their footing to get the heavy load up the ramp. The ramp going down the other side was planks laid flat.

The dump beds were flat with open ends at the sides so that when the 2x4 under the edge was removed the bed could tilt and the clay slide down into the bin. At the clay pit the men used shovels and a special spade, narrow and long, to dig the clay and load it on the wagon. All spades and shovels were kept in shiny clean condition. After scraping and washing off the clay and holding them under a hot steam and water jet from the steam engine, they were

oiled and hung on a rack.

One episode in connection with this daily chore of cleaning the shovels and spades was when one of the men got pushed into the water where he was washing his long spade. Just a ways back from the engine shed a plank had been laid across the branch, the little creek from the west, and here the shovels and spades were washed. Dan Gingerich, who later married Dora (Obed's sister), was stooped over while washing his long spade. This proved to be too much of a temptation for one of the boys and a push landed Dan in the water. That boy was Paul!

The old Case engine that powered the tile and brick machine was selfpropelled but had no clutch in the fly-wheel; a gear had to be moved into place and then carefully started by the steam throttle. During the time Obed operated the tile factory the engine was used only for belt power until replaced by another engine.

It was the chore of Omar for a time to start the fire in the engine to get up steam in time for tile making at one o'clock. The first part of the chore was to clean the flues, after which the fire was kindled and watched so that hopefully steam would be up in time for the starting time. From some of the men Omar was given much information how to run and keep a steam engine in good running condition and operating safely.

For awhile there was considerable difficulty in keeping up the steam pressure when the pulling was unusually hard. But when Lester Andrews came on the job he kept the steam right up to where full power was gotten. He had worked on a railroad and knew more about firing than those who had run only steam engines for threshing. His method was just the reverse of what was being done. Instead of waiting until the steam was down to fire up, he put in wood when the steam pressure was up. Then by the time the cooling effect of the new wood was bringing the pressure down, the fire was getting hot again and so steam was held at a more even pressure. Incidentally, Lester was a six-foot red head.

The tile-making machine powered by the steam engine was located beside the clay bin which had been filled from the dump wagons which had come in on the overhead platform. From a belt wheel, through a set of large gears, power was applied to the auger which mixed and pressed the clay through the tile or brick "dies" onto the cutting table. As the tile were pushed along on the rollers the operator of the cutter raised a hinged 'stop' at the end of the rollers and when the tile reached the stop, three wires were pulled down through the tile, thus cutting three tile which were then loaded on the strong two-wheeled barrow by one of the two haulers. The cutting rack which had moved along during the cutting was brought back toward the machine and the operation was repeated. The count of the number of tile made was kept on a peg board on the wall, a peg being moved to the next hole for each load.

The newly made tile were taken into the drying shed

and placed on latticed shelves where they were dried under controlled ventilation, without artificial heat or fans, which sometimes brought problems when weather conditions in the Willamette Valley were unsuitable for drying tile to the correct dryness for 'burning' in the kiln.

The 'burning' of tile in those early days was a rather slow process. The fuel used was 4-foot cordwood. Getting this wood was one of the things of considerable interest to boys. The felling of the big fir trees was a high point of excitement. The drag saw, a gasoline engine and saw mounted on a sled which was pulled along by a winch, was operated by one man. Cutting the wood was a good job for those months when the factory was shut down.

When the firing of the kiln was first started, a small fire was kept going in the lower hole of the fire box which later was the draft for the hot firing through the upper larger door. The four-foot wood was used for the slow heat by pushing the pieces into the draft hole as they were burned away, slowly at first, then faster until the 'water smoke' (white vapor) decreased to the point indicating the kiln was ready for the greater heat. Firing was then continued in the fire box proper and increased gradually until the fire was roaring hot and tile and brick inside the kiln were glowing white-hot. Then everything was closed up tight and the cooling carefully controlled for best results. Burning time may have been three days to get out the water-smoke and two days for the high firing; then the opening the following Monday.

When the kiln was cool enough, the mud-mortared bricks in the entrance were removed, allowing more cool-

ing until the men could get the tile and brick out. Sometimes Omar helped unload the kiln by sliding the tile down a trough placed to take off the top tiers.

When the kiln had been filled, the entrance through which the filling and emptying was down was sealed up with brick and smeared air-tight with clay mud. In order to watch the burning progress, near the bottom of the 'door' a brick was so placed that it could be pulled out to permit looking in to see how the 'burning' was coming along. Sometimes those pulling out this brick would lay it down and when stooping to look in the hole would carelessly put their hand on the brick. Ouch! The brick was hot! Both Paul and Omar had this experience!

Another time Omar was tending the starting fire, which left a lot of time for whittling or other pursuits. One day when he was pounding on something he had on one of the sills at the edge of the kiln shed, something thudded on his back. For a bit he was stunned and puzzled as to what had happened. A look around showed that no one was near, and seemingly no one had thrown anything. After a bit he noticed a piece of brick on the ground which had not been there before. So he looked up to the timber above and crawled up to where he could see. He decided that his pounding had caused the piece of brick to fall from where it had been laying. No one knows how long. Other pieces still there were knocked down. No more of that! Next time it might land on someone's head! Note: Obed didn't own the tile factory very long. He had purchased it in 1909 and sold it in sometime in 1911 to Daniel D. Hostetler who operated it for many years.



Meet the Boys

This is not part of Omar's narrative so far but it seems appropriate to briefly introduce the family of Obed and Ella.

Omar, the oldest, was born March 28, 1899 and wrote the above story of his parents.

A second son, Alvin, was born and died October 19, 1901.

Paul Willis was born May 15, 1903. Nathan arrived December 17, 1905, followed by Ralph January 17, 1910 and Harold May 18, 1912. All were born while the family was living on what is now known as Miller Road where the house built by Obed is located close to the sawmill complex and tile factory.

This narrative was written by Omar G. Miller for his family and is reprinted with permission of his family. It is his story with very minor editing in a few places and has been prepared for publishing by Margaret Shetler, Archivist for the Pacific Northwest Mennonite Historical Society.

PICTURES

(Facing Page) Clay is loaded by power shovel on a truck that will take it to the Needy Brick and Tile Factory of the Hubbard community, Frank Lais is operating the shovel.

(Below) Thousands of finished tile are stacked in the yard ready to be hauled away by farmers' trucks. Many farmers were using tile to drain their land.

A reply to the comment that Levi J. Miller missed a generation in the six-generation genealogy he prepared in 1951.

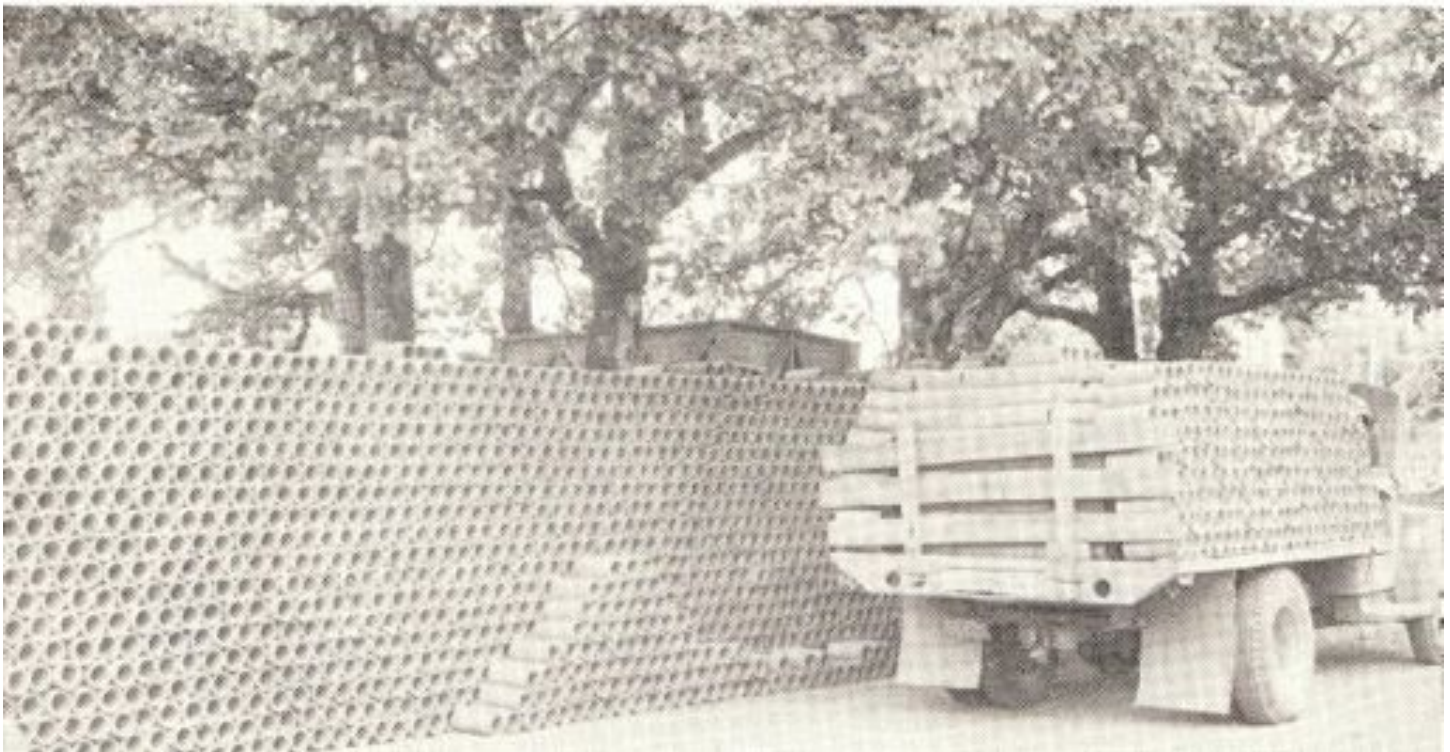
It is correct; he did. Perhaps he didn't know; or perhaps it was just an oversight. Fifty some years ago when he wrote his little booklet, he didn't have access to the resources available to us today.

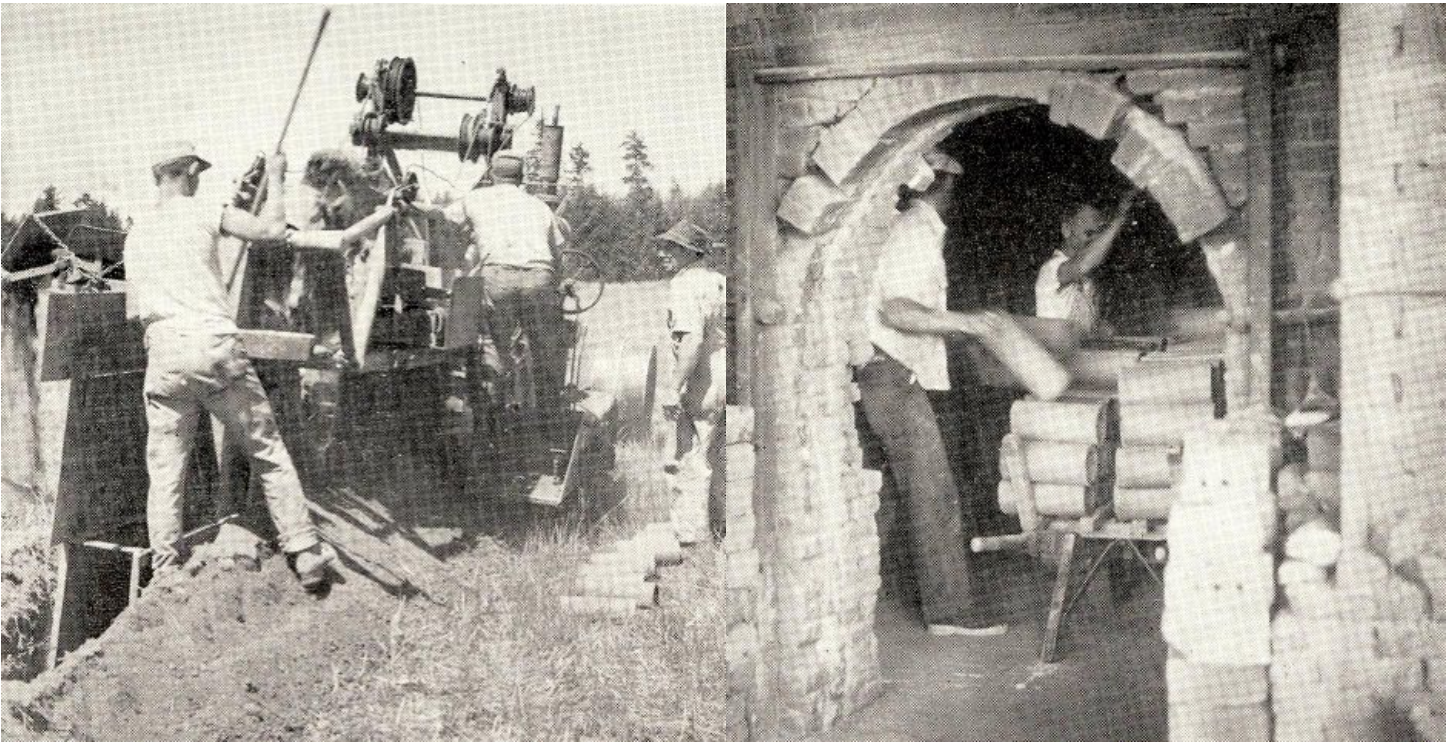
Following is a brief recounting of the genealogy of Levi J. Miller taken from J. Virgil Miller's "Anniversary History of the Family of John "Hannes" Miller (ca1730-1798)" c1998, published by Masthof Press.

1. John Miller, Sr. ca. 1730 - 1798
2. Joseph Miller (ca.1762 - before 1850) fifth son of John Miller. His second wife was Barbara Bontrager. Their third child was:
3. Joseph J. Miller (15 NOV 1808 - 12 OCT 1877) m. Elizabeth Yoder 12 JULY 1812 - 1881)
4. Joseph Miller (21 JULY 1839 - 12 SEP 1911) m. Christina Kaufman (12 MAY 1839 - 2 JUL 1904)
5. Levi J. Miller (4 APR 1867 - 6 JUN 1952) m. Martha (Mattie) Zook (8 OCT 1868 - 14 SEP 1944)

It appears that Levi J. omitted the first of the three Josephs.

Thank you Daniel Hochstetler, Editor (H/H/H Family Newsletter) and Margaret Shetler, Archivist (PNMHS Archives)





(Above Left) Ditch digging is an industry, in itself. Needy Brick and Tile have, dug over 400,000 feet of ditch in one year. In this picture Ed Hooley is operating the machine and Roy Hooley is laying the tile. Edward Kenagy is standing at the right.

(Above Right) After the tile are made and carefully dried they are placed in the kiln where temperature of 1800 to 2500 degrees F. bakes them. This is a scene at the Needy Factory.

(Below) Fresh tile are taken from the machine at the Hubbard Clay Works, Samuel Hostetler is removing the tile.

