



# OMHGS Newsletter

OREGON MENNONITE HISTORICAL AND GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY  
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## Norman Arthur Lind

by Cliff Lind

### GROWING UP

John Philip Lind, the grandfather of N.A. Lind, and his wife, Elizabeth Whitesell Lind, had 17 children. Fourteen grew to adulthood, seven of them boys and seven girls. Jacob Lawrence was their ninth child. He was born September 29, 1849 at Nazareth, Pennsylvania. He joined some of his other family members to move to the Akron, Ohio area in the early 1870's. There Jacob Lawrence met Maggie Zeigler Boyer, a widow with two children. They married in 1872 when Jacob was 23 years old. Jacob and Maggie bought a 50-acre farm south of Wadsworth, Ohio. Here they raised their family of five children. The named their fourth child Norman Arthur, who was born January 15, 1881.

Jacob Lawrence grew up in the Moravian Church, where he learned to value Sunday schools. He joined the Mennonite Church after the 1872 Funk-Wisler split that occurred in Indiana over issues including Sunday schools. This split influenced the Mennonite community in the Wadsworth area and resulted in irregular church attendance for the Lind family. Jacob made it possible for his children to attend the General Conference Mennonite Sunday school northwest of Wadsworth.

Norman Arthur (N.A.) was a sickly child. This caused him to miss much of his elementary schooling. He became quite discouraged in high school and became a high school drop-out. His father, Jacob, rented additional land with the expectation that his son would farm with him. N.A. was not interested in farming. He was fascinated with machinery and wanted to train as a machinist, but this did not work out for him. His parents encouraged more education and N.A. decided to attend Elkhart Institute during the

fall and winter of 1899-1900 when he was 18 years old. There he learned to know and like a student by the name of Sarah Flohr.

Jacob was concerned that N.A. learn a trade. He had learned the carpentry trade and viewed this as a future for N.A. While N.A. was in school in Elkhart, his father arranged for him to work with a carpenter, Jesse Good. N.A. left the institute in March before the session ended because Good needed his help. He was introduced to the carpentry trade while employed by Good, but he never felt he was taught very much. Work became scarce during the summer and he took a job with the Rittman Salt Works. Later he worked with William Koppelberger and David Hundsberger, contractors who he said were rough and profane, but taught him more about carpentry than anyone else.

Several times during his teen years, he was told by teachers and church leaders that some day he would be a preacher. He had a fascination for public speaking and would go to secret places to practice speaking to imaginary audiences. At age 14, he made a decision to follow Christ and join the church. In his later teen years his Christian conviction faded, but not entirely.

The Bethel Mennonite Church discussed ordination in 1900 to provide preacher Kreider some assistance. N.A. did not want to be a candidate in this ordination. He fled the country. His oldest brother, John, had a carpentry business in Birmingham, Alabama. N.A. arrived in Birmingham in September and worked for his brother nearly two years. He lived with the gnawing conviction that he had run away from God. In August of 1902, he became very ill with typhoid fever and was taken to the St. Vincent Hospital in Birmingham. He was troubled about his spiritual welfare and, in a conscious moment, prayed, "Lord, if it is your will that I preach the gospel and you spare me, I am willing to go back to Medina County, Ohio."

When he was released from the hospital, he went home.

During his long recovery when he was not permitted to do heavy work, he decided to return to Elkhart Institute, now moved to Goshen, to attend a special Bible term. When he returned home he took a job at the Wadsworth Planing Mill and earned \$1.25 a day. He also enrolled in a correspondence course in "Carpentry and Contracting" through the Scranton Correspondence School. On October 11, 1903 at the Bethel Mennonite Church, N.A. was ordained at the age of 22. He attended another Short Bible Term at Goshen College a couple of months after his ordination.

N.A. wanted to visit his father's birthplace in the Nazareth, Pennsylvania community after he was ordained. But more than that he wanted to stop in the Leetonia area, some 65 miles east of Wadsworth, on his way to Pennsylvania, to visit Sarah Flohr. At the time she was working for her older sister in nearby New Waterford. His stop in New Waterford resulted in their engagement. Then he proceeded on east and visited the Franconia area before visiting his father's boyhood community at Nazareth. On his return home, he visited the Lancaster and Belleville communities in Pennsylvania. Then he stopped in the Leetonia community, where he and Sarah were married on November 22, 1904, at the Blosser home.

Jacob Lawrence bought the 160-acre John Coleman farm east of Seville in the spring of 1904. N.A.'s youngest brother, Monroe, joined his father in managing this larger operation. N.A. and Sarah moved onto the 160-acre Coleman farm to join his brother, Monroe, in farming. Their parents, Jacob and Maggie, who also lived on the farm home, at that time made an extended trip to the west coast. On April 15, 1906, N.A. and Sarah's first child was stillborn. They had the sad experience of burying Dayton Flohr in the cemetery on Mennonite Hill.

In the fall of 1906, N.A. and Sarah considered moving to a new location. The Herald of Truth carried reports of a new colony forming in Plainview, Texas. N.A. made a trip to the panhandle of Texas to look at the are. He returned home with a good report and they

decided to leave Wadsworth and become part of the new farming community in Texas. The Bethel Church opposed their leaving, so they dropped the idea.

Near the end of 1906, N.A.'s parents returned from the west and decided to move back to the Coleman farm. N.A. now needed to relocate and took employment with the Wadsworth Lumber Company for a short time. He and Monroe dissolved the Lind Brothers operation on the farm and N.A. sold his part.

About this time, an elderly Swiss church member, Gottlieb Haueter, encouraged N.A. and Sarah to locate closer to the Bethel Church and offered to help with a financial loan to make it possible. They bought the Elmer Leatherman 50-acre farm and immediately sold off 21 of the acres to Mr. Baker. N.A. and Sarah moved to the 29 acres on March 11 to establish their first home.

The move was none too soon. Their second child, Lloyd, was born May 15, 1907, their first living child. It was on this little farm also that the next four sons were born: Marcus, Ivan, Zenas, and Norman Jr. Zenas had health problems and died at 14 months on September 17, 1913.

N.A. and Sarah felt the need for a larger farm with the four growing boys. Even though they had greatly improved the little 29-acre farm, they could little more than pay the interest on their loan. N.A. learned of a 114-acre farm in the Montville Township area priced at \$4,200.00. This Montville farm was considered to be a run-down farm. But while walking over the land with Henry Stauffer, N.A. remarked, "Stauffer, when a man can hang his hat on weeds higher than your head it's not the poorest land in the world." Some church members felt that it was too far from the church. After more consideration, they bought the farm for \$3,700.00. The family moved from the 29-acre farm to the Montville farm on March 11, 1915.

In the three years N.A. and Sarah lived on the 114 acres, they made the land produce abundantly. Sarah, however, was experiencing poor health. The doctors advised them to find a dry climate. For her benefit they made the decision to move west. In the spring of 1918 they sold the Montville farm in

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preparation to move west.

### MOVING WEST

N.A. preached his last sermon at the Bethel Church on Sunday, June 30, 1918. The farm was sold. Items they wanted to keep were stored. The trailer was packed and hitched to the 1917 Model T Ford. On the morning of July 4, the family of six told their parents, brother and friends goodbye and began their long trek west. They "Mennonited" their way as far as they could find Mennonites. In two days, traveling on mostly dirt and gravel roads, they reached Goshen. There they stayed with the Dan Hoover family.

Thursday afternoon they reached Chicago Heights on Chicago's southern edge. Here the road forked. The road sign pointing north said Canada. The arrow pointing west said California. N.A. pulled the Ford to the side of the road where they sat to make a decision. Four young boys sat in the back listening to their parents discuss which way to go. N.A. had investigated farming possibilities in Saskatchewan. They were uncertain how Sarah would fare in the cold Canadian climate. They decided to follow the arrow pointing west to California and go at least as far as La Junta, Colorado, where Sarah could be examined for tuberculosis. By night time, they reached Joliet and slept in a barn on newly-made hay.

They crossed the Mississippi at Muscaline and headed for Kalona, Iowa. They stopped at Sanford Yoders' for the night. The Yoder family had sickness and Sanford was not home. Mrs. Yoder pointed them a half mile down the road to the Will Gingerich home. Here they stayed the night.

Tuesday morning N.A. walked back to the Yoder farm and offered to help with their chores. Mrs. Yoder suggested he round up the cows from the pasture. N.A. went for the cows, but the bull in the pasture was determined to protect the herd from any stranger. The bull charged at N.A., who dashed behind a stump. He made a run for the fence and landed in the corn field just as the bull crashed into the fence. To make his way back to the barn, he must cross a section of pasture. The bull spotted him and charged again. N.A. sprinted and somehow made it over the gate just as the bull struck the gate. The sick Yoder boy heard the commotion, got dressed, and with the horse got the cows to the barn.

Wednesday morning they traveled the dirt roads to Des Moines. N.A. expected to find that land in Iowa. But he said, "The roads, all dirt, were good

but hardly would our trailer reach the crown of a hill until the front wheels of our Ford would be going down the other side."

They crossed the Missouri River into Nebraska and stopped at Milford over Sunday, July 14. Over the weekend, Nebraska got a much-needed rain. N.A. was advised to lay over until the dirt roads dried. But he wanted to press on, and did. The mud rolled between the wheels and fenders until the engine played out. Again and again they would dig the mud from the fenders and charge ahead again. By noon they had covered only a few miles and ran the Ford out of gas. They tried to buy gas from a German farm family. World War I was raging in Europe and the German family had been treated roughly by neighbors and thought N.A. meant more trouble. When N.A. spoke to them in German, their suspicion eased. The German mother became very emotional when she told how they suffered because of their German heritage. N.A. did not have to be persuaded to lay over until the road dried.

At La Junta, they stayed a week. Tests showed that Sarah did not have tuberculosis. Doctors here also advised them to find a dry climate for her health. N.A. and Sarah both had sisters living in Los Angeles. Now California became their destination. Going north they stopped at Limon, Colorado for a Sunday and were invited to make Limon their home. But they pushed on to Denver. The high elevation there did not agree with either of them.

N.A. planned to travel the Lincoln Highway north of Denver and through Wyoming. Travelers from the west reported poor roads and encouraged them to cross the Rocky Mountains on the Ute Pass west of Colorado Springs. N.A. paid attention, headed south for Colorado Springs and began the climb into the Rockies. The scenery was spectacular. The air was pure. But the grade was too much for the Ford with trailer and they burned out a rod in the engine near Woodland Park. They pitched their tent and stayed over Sunday while the car got repaired. N.A. preached at a Union Sunday School and was invited to stay and be their preacher.

Monday morning they were off again with the repaired engine only to lose a rod again near Florissant, less than 25 miles on their way. N.A. decided to sell the Ford with the agreement that the buyer return them to Colorado Springs. There they bought train tickets, got the trailer on the train and traveled the Santa Fe line to Los Angeles. N.A. needed to find work to support the family. North, in Bakersfield, he got a job in the Southern Pacific

Railroad shop. He rented a house, to his surprise not far from the Mennonite Brethren Church. They settled in Bakersfield for a year. And in Bakersfield Millard was born.

#### OREGON BECOMES HOME

N.A. made a scouting trip to Oregon, Montana and Idaho in the spring of 1919 to find a place to live. He chose Oregon and bought a 56-acre farm, including animals, poor though they were, and farm equipment of little value. The farm was located north of Albany and referred to as the Dever farm. They moved to the farm on July 14. Sarah was greatly disappointed when she saw the poor quality of the house. N.A. was taken back by the poor crops. So great was their disappointment that N.A. suggested they refuse the place and lose their \$250.00 down payment. Sarah refused this idea.

In this small house they lived through one of Oregon's coldest winters. On January 5, 1920, during the extreme cold, their twin boys, Wilbert and Gilbert, were born. They grew to a family of nine with an inadequate house and an unproductive farm. Quietly they decided to list the small farm for sale and hope for a quick buyer. In March they had a buyer and after living on the Dever farm little more than nine months, they prepared to move again.

N.A. and Sarah chose to attend Albany Mennonite Church. At the June Pacific Coast Conference in Creston, Montana, N.A. was received as a member and his ministerial credentials were recognized. Individuals of the Albany Mennonite Church invited him to attend there. He wrote, however, some 20 years later, that "I had quite erred in coming to Albany without having had an invitation from the congregation in an official way." He also referred to some "delicate local problems" at Albany. On June 5, about one year after the move to Oregon, N.A. was ordained bishop. This ordination took place without using the customary lot. The departure from using the lot may have caused some resentment in the congregation.

The Lind family attended Albany Mennonite Church for 20 years. N.A. served as one of the pastors and as bishop. He was also assigned bishop responsibilities for the Idaho churches. During the later years as pastor and bishop he took a strict position on the dress question. At Albany, he ruled that women would not be eligible for communion if they wore short sleeves. Later he recognized his error and had the courage in December of '39 to make a confession to

the congregation about his ruling. He wrote, "I made a confession for my having insisted that only those willing to comply with the requirement of sleeves should commune . . ."

As one of Albany's pastors, it was important that he find a home within easy distance of the church. Rentals for a family of nine were not easy to find. N.A. and Sarah bought the 10-acre Captain Wood place on Queen Avenue on the southern edge of Albany. On this small tract, they planted three acres of loganberries. During the five years they lived on this 10 acres, Lloyd began to work at the Hamilton Department Store. Marcus was in charge of the berries. N.A. took a job at the Southern Pacific Railroad shop in Albany. After five years the 10 acres felt too small. N.A. also wanted to be self-employed and a larger farm would offer that for him.

Tripp Realty showed N.A. and Sarah 130 acres east of Albany and not far from the Sam Eicher farm. This was known as the Jacob Roth farm. N.A. moved his family to this farm sometime in 1925. The little house was more depressing for Sarah than the inadequate house on the Dever place. It was much too small for the family. Marcus, Ivan, Norman Jr. and perhaps Millard slept in a lean-to that had been a wood shed. Lloyd slept in the barn or in the yard as long as they occupied this farm. N.A. made improvements to the farm buildings. He began building a respectable herd of cattle. But the house was far too small for the family. Before the end of four years N.A. would move the family again.

#### 255-ACRE SIMON FARM

The S. G. Simon farm of 255 acres was located about six miles south of Albany beside the Calapooia River. Its owner was in financial trouble and moving toward foreclosure. Realtor J. Fred Brawley arranged a complicated plan for N.A. and Sarah to buy the farm. On July 2, 1929, they moved into a house plenty large for the family of nine.

The family settled into the routine of farming and choring. For many years they sold cream to the Imperial Restaurant in Albany. The soil was productive, but the economical climate of the nation was not good. It was not a good time to purchase a large farm.

Four months after they moved to the Simon farm the Great Depression hit. The New York Stock exchange lost 40 percent. Hundreds of factories closed. Thousands of people lost their jobs. Many families lost their homes. N.A. and Sarah were not

able to make their mortgage payments. Their Simon farm went into foreclosure in 1933.

Hawkins and Roberts, the mortgage holders, arranged for N.A. and Sarah to remain on the farm on a rental basis. One third of the crop was for Hawkins and Roberts. During the harvest of 1934, N.A. loaded the wagon with grain. With the team he hauled the load to Plainview, where it was put on a rail car to be shipped to Hawkins and Roberts in Salem.

N.A. carried on with his pastoral and bishop duties in spite of the discouraging farm situation. His bishop responsibilities required frequent long trips from home. Farm chores were left to Sarah and the boys, at this time Millard, Wilbert and Gilbert. On a return trip from Los Angeles by train he had the conductor stop the passenger train in the small community of Shedd. There he got off and walked the four miles home.

#### 200-ACRE CHURCHILL FARM

Returning from an auction in September of 1936, N.A. and Sarah stopped to look at the 200-acre Churchill farm that was for sale. They liked it. The farm buildings were adequate. The large two-story house was wonderful. The farm was about three miles from the Simon farm and not far from Plainview.

N.A. was acquainted with William Glasser, a successful farmer, who married Vesta Bebb, a former member of the Albany Mennonite Church. He asked William to look at the farm to see if he thought it was worth the \$10,000.00 price. William reported back that it was priced right.

N.A. told William he had no money to buy a farm. Would he, William, buy it? They worked out a deal in which William bought the farm with \$7,000.00. N.A. was to come up with \$3,000.00. A land sales contract was drafted for the \$7,000.00 at five and a half percent interest. The family moved to the newly-purchased Churchill farm on September 29, about two weeks after the transaction.

N.A. continued to make frequent trips to attend to his bishop duties, regional and General Conferences, and to visit CPS camps. During their years on the Churchill farm, N.A. was away from home more than 225 days with his church work. After the boys left home, Sarah had the chores to attend to alone when he was away.

The years '39 and '40 were hard years. Gilbert had a serious accident on Peterson Butte that nearly cost his life. Sarah had not been feeling well during the summer and was diagnosed with cancer. She

entered the Emanuel Hospital in Portland for radiation treatment. The treatment was not successful and was followed with colon surgery. She was away from home 42 days with her health problem. N.A. recognized the growing dissatisfaction with his ministry at the Albany church. In the spring of 1940, he submitted his resignation to the church. Two weeks after his release, they attended Fairview Mennonite Church for a morning service. Wilbert and Gilbert applied for membership at Fairview, but "they were refused because of the Albany troubles."

N.A. and Sarah became acutely aware that they were losing their help to manage the farm. In 1938, Millard left home for Hesston College. Now the twins were about to leave. In 1940 Gilbert took a job in Portland. Wilbert left for Hesston. On Monday, September 2 of 1940, N.A. wrote in his diary, "It is a Labor day long to be remembered for his leaving us this evening for Hesston. It is our last boy to leave home and Mother and I will be alone. How we can get along I do not know. But we are willing Wilbert shall go to school . . . Mother and I took him to Dan Steckley's after supper. We returned home at about 9:30 saddened at being alone." Lloyd continued to help with the farming, but much had to be hired out. The next couple of years Ira Beckler, Harry Birkey and George Ruckert were hired to assist.

It was on July 14, 1940, that the fellowship in the Sweet Home community organized as the Sweet Home Mennonite Church. N.A. and Sarah participated in this service. Forty-two persons signed as charter members.

N.A. and Sarah had many long drives from their Churchill home to serve as the first pastor of the Sweet Home church. Some members of the church began to urge them to move closer to the church. They were now alone on the 200-acre farm. The farm work was becoming more than they could manage. During this time of loneliness and stress, they had a surprise visit by neighbor Herman Moritz. N.A. wrote of this visit, "Was it God's way of answering prayer to send Herman Moritz to us? And he asked whether we would sell the farm. I simply asked for time till Monday to give him an answer." The answer was no. They remained on the farm for a couple more years. Finally in the fall of 1943 they made the decision to leave the Churchill farm and move to the Sweet Home community.

HOME IN SWEET HOME  
The Emmert Brothers worked out a deal

with N.A. and Sarah by which they held the mortgage on a 113-acre tract known as the Arendt place. With this arrangement, N.A. and Sarah were able to buy it as their first home in the Sweet Home community. There was lots of cleaning and repairing to do on the Arendt place in preparation for the move. N.A. wrote, "The Arendt house and barn are in awful shape. So also the fences. We could easily get very discouraged with our change." On November 18, 1943, they moved from the Churchill house to the Sweet Home community.

Nearly one year after their move, N.A. made a 58-day trip by Greyhound Bus to visit the CPS camps and to visit family in the east. His first stop was LaPine in central Oregon. From there he went to Belton, Montana, where Margaret Shetler met him to show him to the camp. Sarah was alone on the Arendt place tending the chores. Returning home, his bus rear-ended a farm truck near La Grande, Oregon, left the road and stopped on top of a smashed woodshed. Only the driver was hurt.

Several of N.A.'s sons encouraged him to write his life's story. He obeyed and began his handwritten and unfinished autobiography on October 9, 1944, when he was 63 years old. From that manuscript I gleaned some of the information for this paper.

N.A. and Sarah lived on the Arendt place a year and a half when they bought the 10-acre Rogers place. This tract was along Highway 20 and across the tracks, not far from their Arendt property. The house was somewhat better. But the hillside land was not the best for two 64-year-old people. N.A. planted a patch of cane berries on the 10 acres.

N.A. got into some speculative land buying and selling. He sold the Arendt place to Ed Hooley. He bought a 34-acre Thurston tract across the Santiam River which he cleaned up and sold to a Mr. Barnes. He bought a 28-acre Sharinghousen property near the river which Archie Kauffman considered buying, but which Howard King bought. He had a 160-acre tract of timber east of Foster that he sold to a retired army general for a handsome profit. He and Sarah also bought three small rental properties in Sweet Home that provided them little income and lots of work and worry.

In the fall of 1948, Sarah made a trip to Idaho to help her daughter-in-law. While home alone, N.A. bought the novel, Gone With the Wind. After he read it he wrote, "I would never recommend the book. Much profanity abounds. Never a real scriptural encouragement . . . It leaves Scarlett, the leading character, an unchanged, spoiled, disappointed

character. The most one can do is to try not to be so extreme, so vain, and so unprincipled as Scarlett was. May the Lord help me."

N.A. was growing weary at age 70. In the spring of 1951, he asked to be released from all official church responsibilities. The congregation granted this request subject to conference approval. The conference did not approve. He said, "I had so hoped for favorable action to this, but shall now try to yield as faithfully as I can to this decision" Four years later, at age 74, he preached the morning sermon on February 13. At the end of the sermon, he presented the congregation with a written request for release as pastor and bishop. At this request, his 50 years of pastoral work and 34 years of bishop duties came to an end.

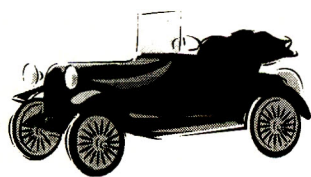
With all of the burdens in life, N.A. did seek out pleasant experiences. On April 8, 1961, when he was 80, he went to the sporting goods store in Sweet Home and bought his first fishing outfit for \$1.74. Later he returned to the store for more "fishing tackle and some extras. A bargain at \$5.00," he wrote. That evening he went fishing on the Santiam River, a good trout stream. And he wrote, "Caught nothing."

Sarah was 83 when she died in 1963 in their new Milburn house, which was later sold to Marvin and Mabel Emmert. N.A. spent his final days in the Albany Mennonite Home which he helped to plan in the early '40's. He died in 1968 at the age of 87. N.A. and Sarah left behind their foot prints in many Mennonite communities. We trust the church is stronger because of the paths they walked.

Following the above presentation, opportunity was given for responses from the audience. Two folks from the Sweet Home congregation had been asked for their remembrances. Others from the audience then responded without previous preparation. Some of the remembrances included Sarah's sense of humor; an overall deep appreciation for the ministry of N.A. Lind; and a reminder that in spite of criticisms that have been leveled, he and his family have made a tremendous contribution and given many years of service to the Mennonite Church. Among the seven sons were four who were ordained ministers and one who served as a lay pastor; four were teachers; and the two who did not fit either of these categories served in their individual congregations and the conference in places of responsibility.



Norman Arthur (N.A.) and Sarah (Flohr) Lind, taken in 1962 in conjunction with the family reunion held July 27-29.



## The Trip West by Lloyd Lind

*In 1982 Lloyd Lind, the oldest of the Lind sons, wrote his remembrances of the family's trip west in 1918. He was 11 years old at the time. Lloyd's story gives many more details than the preceding story by Cliff Lind, Lloyd's oldest son, and is the eyewitness account of a pre-teen boy.*



The big day for the trip west was July 2, 1918. The 1917 Ford Model T touring car with a seven-foot factory-built trailer had been serviced and loaded for the event.

Prior to our leaving, several things took place that I will include in this history. (1) Selling the farm located about 4 1/2 miles southeast of Medina, Ohio. Because of Mother's illness (bronchial some thought), the doctor had advised Father that he must get her out of the Ohio climate. Go west. He listed the 113-acre farm with a realtor in Akron, about 15 miles east of us. There was no buyer response for a long time. This was during World War I. Finally in April 1918, the realtor brought out a German couple to see the farm. He soon drew Father aside and told him not to mention any farm price. He told Father that he had listed the farm at such a low figure that people supposed it to be a worthless place, so he on his own had nearly doubled the price, and this couple with one son about seven are much interested. In May they returned and bought the farm with all the livestock, horses, cattle, pigs and chickens, and farm equipment. The corn had been planted and was up; when we boys learned the farm was sold, there was no more corn hoeing, and we spent an hour or so every day down at Rocky River, a small stream. There I learned to swim.

(2) On Memorial Day there was a Lind reunion at Uncle Monroe Lind's farm near Wadsworth. Because of our leaving, there was a large turnout of uncles, aunts and cousins. The day was nice and a number of long tables were arranged in the yard under the large trees. One thing I remember well. One table was set up for the boys



and a waitress was assigned to us. We had been playing heartily and at meal time we could drink a lot of water, so she was kept busy replenishing our glasses. This was fun for us so we drank lots of water to keep her busy. When we could hold no more, someone suggested that we pour it in the grass under the table. We were careful that she wouldn't see us dump it. She couldn't understand why we were so thirsty. Finally, after about a dozen trips with the large pitcher, she saw a boy dump his glass, and that ended that.

(3) Sale day. There was a half-day sale of household goods, furniture, some utensils, and some hand and garden tools. Father, being a minister, was well-known and there was quite a turnout of church people from other communities. After the sale, we stayed with Uncle Monroes until our departure. Carpenter tools, dishes, some utensils, clothing and bedding were packed in boxes for shipping later.



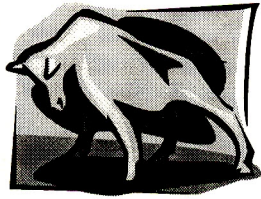
The day for departure came. There were Father and Mother, Lloyd, 11; Marcus, 9; Ivan, 7, and Norman Jr., 4. After a hearty breakfast we left Uncle Monroe's and drove to Jake Freys on a farm near Archbold, Ohio. Next day we drove to Goshen, Indiana, to Dan Hoovers, former neighbors of ours. We were well on our way the third day of our trip, on July 4th, when BANG, a trailer tire blew out. Well, to change tires in those days was a major operation. Ford wheels then were wooden-spoked with non-demountable clincher rims. It meant going under the back seat, getting the screw jack and tire irons and going to work. The car tires were two sizes, rear 30 x 3 1/2, and front 30 x 3. The trailer had front car wheels and tires. A cousin of Father's at Akron who had a tire business had provided us with a complete set of spare tires and some tubes. After changing tires and hand pumping to 60 lbs. Pressure, we were on our way again.

It was several days before we arrived in Kalona, Iowa. Here our destination was the home of



Sanford C. Yoder, an old acquaintance. Arriving there, we were informed by his wife that Sanford was away in Bible conference work, and that their son was in bed sick. She suggested that we go down the road to the Will Gingerich home where she assured us that we would be welcome.

Several things of interest took place during this stop. (1) Father decided to go back to the Yoders and help Sis. Yoder do the chores. His first task was to go to the pasture and bring in the milk cattle. He was nearing the herd when he heard a loud bellow. The large Holstein bull had spotted him and decided that no stranger was going to meddle with his harem. Father saw him charging, ran for the fence and leaped it just as the bull hit it with a crash. Father thought first that the bull had come through, but the fence held him. Since Father was in a corn field, he ducked low, went around, and approached the cattle from another angle. The bull had his eye pealed, let out another bellow, and charged again with his tail in the air. Being closer to the fence, Father cleared it again in ample time, but the bull was master of the situation. The Yoder son was aware of what was going on and knew that there was only one way to handle the bull when he got on a rampage: that was with a saddled horse and a bull whip. Even though sick, he dressed himself warmly, went to the barn where Father helped him saddle the horse, and he got the bull in the barn and into a box stall where he stayed for the duration of Father's services there.

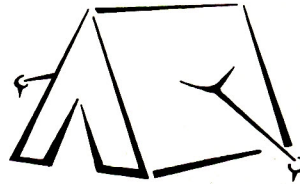


To my recollection, it was at the Gingerich farm where I first saw a farm tractor. It was a Waterloo Boy with two cylinders, a forerunner of the John Deere line.

(2) Another event: across the road from the house and not too far through a cornfield was a large creek. There were several Gingerich boys about our age and it wasn't long till we decided that a good swim in July would feel good. In spite of the good idea of cooling off, we soon learned that Iowa creeks ran slowly, the water was riley and the bottom of the creek was gooey mud. After the swim we were ready for a bath to get clean. Several years ago I met one of those Gingerich boys and he well remembered our visit to their place.

The day came when we needed to travel on. Those occasional stopovers served several purposes. Mother, being in ill health, got a change from the strain of traveling, and it gave opportunity to wash our clothes and to keep us in a respectable condition.

It may be hard for this present generation to comprehend traveling circumstance of sixty years ago [80 now]. Nearly all cars were open touring cars. Main highway roads were graveled. On that entire trip we had about 20 miles of brick pavement in Indiana or Illinois, and that on only one side of the road. On most side roads there was no gravel. There were no service stations in those days. Gasoline was purchased from pumps at the curb in front of garages in the cities, hand-cranked, and with stops for one, two, three, four or five gallons at a throw. As we got farther west, we sometimes drove into an alley where gas was pumped from a barrel with a one-gallon pump. Rest rooms? Nothing of the kind. While we were in corn country, it was a corn field. Farther west the open prairie had to serve. This was in the years when people were just



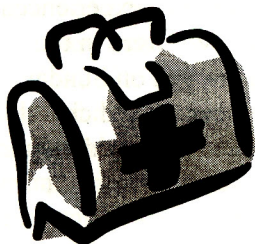
beginning to travel. All travelers carried their tents, cookware and bedding. Twelve by sixteen-foot cabins began to appear several years later.

Our next stopover was at Milford, Nebraska. Here, I remember, we stayed with people by the name of Steckley. There were two houses, one for the grandparents, the other for the younger generation. Here three things stand out in my memory. (1) We were received by the grandparents and the beds we boys slept in had feather ticks, and were they ever hot in that Nebraska July climate! We sweated all night and needed to be called only once when morning came. (2) The younger family had several boys about our age and it wasn't long till we learned that there was a creek not too far away and we boys experienced the same swimming as in Iowa. (3) We were in the East Fairview Mennonite community and on Sunday we attended church there. I remember the old church had the pulpit on the side which seemed so odd to me. That evening there was a double wedding, I do not remember their names.

During our stay at Milford the folks took a side trip of one day south into Kansas, where Father

had a cousin living. That night there was a heavy rain. The next morning Father said we would drive back to Milford. His cousin said, "No, you must wait at least till after noon; better yet, leave tomorrow morning." But Father was insistent and said that with chains he could make it fine. But he didn't know what Kansas mud was. He soon found out. The mud rolled up on those narrow Ford tires like rolling up a snowball in soft snow. He would back up and go forward again till the wheels wouldn't turn, then we would get out and chip the mud out with the tire irons. This happened many times till finally we ran out of gas. Father then admitted, "If only I had listened to my cousin. He knew Kansas mud much better than I." He walked to a farmhouse about half a mile ahead and, sure enough, they had some gas. He brought three gallons, which would surely get us to a corner store several miles ahead. We continued making very slow progress and before we quite reached the store, the gas tank was empty again. Father walked to the store for more gas and inquired whether there was a place near where we could spend the night. The lady said she would provide us beds, supper and breakfast in her home adjoining the store. That took care of our lodging problems. The roads dried enough so that the next afternoon we took off for Milford, having learned several lessons in the school of experience.

We left Milford and traveled on west, following a marked route called O L D (Omaha, Lincoln and Denver). The weather was hot and we boys got very thirsty. This part of Nebraska was flat, open grass country and seldom did we see any buildings. Suddenly we spied an iron pump a hundred or so yards from the road. There we stopped to quench our thirst. We soon had nice clear, cool water flowing and when one of the boys took his first swallow, he nearly gagged. He wondered, "Is something dead in the well?" After Father tasted it, he said it was strong alkali water. Anyway, we boys remained thirsty a while longer.



Our parents still had no definite destination in mind. It was at this point that they decided to go south to La Junta, Colorado, where at that time there was a tuberculosis sanitarium. There they would have the doctors examine

Mother to see if she might have tuberculosis.

This decision changed our course and we journeyed south. There were no road maps in those days. There were, however, the porcelain Goodrich road signs at most intersections that pointed the way to the various towns and gave the mileage to the tenth of a mile. Our route took us through Burlington and Kit Carson to La Junta. At the sanitarium, the doctors found no evidence of tuberculosis in Mother. We stayed there several days. It was wheat harvest and Father helped with the threshing. We boys entertained ourselves.

One incident I remember well. We always went barefoot in summer, and Colorado had a weed called sandburs that crept on the ground and produced a small bur that was hard as bone and sharp as a nail. It was hard to see them and they were very unpleasant for barefoot boys. Another incident: there was a large round stock watering trough out by the barn and we boys found relief from the heat by taking a dip in this trough. Allen Erbs, who were administrators of the farm related with the sanitarium, had a boy in their home, possibly seven years old, and of course he followed us boys. On one of those refreshing occasions he fell into the trough, clothes and all, and floundered around a little while till we got him out. He went to the house dripping wet, and I guess his mother formed her opinion of those Lind boys.

After several days' stay in La Junta, we resumed our travel again and our next stop was at Limon where Father learned there was a small Mennonite settlement. Here we stayed over Sunday with the group of believers and I remember so well the school house with backless benches where they worshipped.

The next day, Monday, we got a late start for our journey and our destination was Denver. It was somewhere in this area that we got our first faint glimpse of the Rocky Mountains and we boys, being



used to the heavy skies and short distance of vision of the east, could not understand why we should drive for ours and not get to those mountains. You must remember that 15 to 20 m.p.h. was a good traveling speed for a Model T and

trailer on the country roads of those early days. Even in the early '20s in Oregon, the rural speed limit

on the few paved roads that existed was 30 m.p.h., and the motorcycle mounted police watched drivers quite closely. Another incident to slow our progress was getting stuck in sand when crossing a dry river bed. It must have been an hour or more till we finally got out of that situation. With our late morning start and the delay in the riverbed, it was well after dark when we finally reached Denver and located the large, city-maintained public campgrounds. This camp, as I remember it, bordered a lake and may have been ten acres in size. It was laid out in streets, the lots were adequate for parking a car and putting up a tent, and there was a water faucet at every fourth lot corner. The camping fee was 25 cents per day. We were car No. 242 for that day.

We remained at this park several days and Father did a lot of inquiring, both from local people, and from eastern-bound travelers who had crossed the mountains and the western deserts. He was strongly advised to go to Colorado Springs and to go west from there. After several days in Denver, we went south to Colorado Springs, where we again camped several days. Here Father again made inquiry as to traveling conditions west. We also did some sight-seeing such as driving through the Garden of the Gods park, etc.

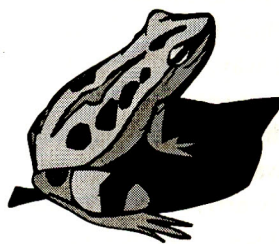
Our day for departure arrived and we again headed west. This, of course, was much more exciting for us boys. We were now in the Rocky Mountains. Pulling our trailer necessitated much more traveling in low gear with the Model T, and progress was slower. Several miles before we reached the village of Florissant, possibly 40 miles from Colorado Springs, the engine began to clatter like everything. Father stopped and opened the car hood. Soon a car came along with several young men who stopped to see what our trouble was. In those days, most young people were very helpful and accommodating. When Father started the motor at their request, they immediately recognized that a connecting rod bearing was burned out. We were towed by a helpful traveler into Florissant, where there was a small repair shop. The mechanic received us kindly but said he could not start working on the motor until the next morning because of other unfinished work. Father found a convenient place to pitch the tent, where we spent the night.

The next day, with Father's limited help, a new connecting rod was installed by early afternoon

and we joyfully set out again. We had gone only a few miles when the same clattering noise came from the engine. This experience was most discouraging to Father. It wasn't long until a car came along with two men who said they were mechanics. Listening to the motor running, they said a connecting rod bearing was burned out. After listening to Father's story of the former burned-out bearing, and this one so soon after, they said an oil line carrying oil to the front bearing must be clogged and that the motor would need to come out to fix it. I don't remember how we were towed into Lake George, the next small village, but we got there. Here there was another small repair shop where the mechanic was very cooperative. This repair job necessitated our staying here several days. Father asked the mechanic where would be an ideal place to pitch the tent. He was slow to answer — he was thinking. He looked the family over. Finally he answered, "My wife and family are gone for several weeks' visit and I am tired of my own cooking. You can live in my house right over there, and if I can eat my meals with you, I will furnish all the grub."

This proposition was accepted.

We boys spent out time at the river nearby.



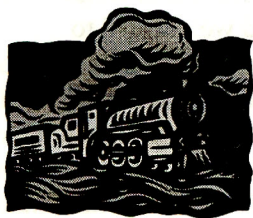
There were lots of frogs there and we decided to catch frogs and have a meal of frog legs. We had to clean them so we cut out the legs which was all we used, and Mother fried them. She didn't like this too well

because the muscles in the legs twitched so in the frying pan.

During our stay-over at Lake George, Sunday came around. Father asked the man if there was a church there. He pointed to a small building and said, "There is where the American Sunday School Union meets. That's all that's in this town." So there is where we went to church. As I recall there were only some women and a few children in attendance besides our family. When they found out Father was a preacher, they insisted that he should preach a sermon. After the service the women gathered around Father and thanked him for the message with varying remarks and comments. One lady remarked that she had not heard a sermon in many years. A boy about twelve said he never heard a sermon before. They begged the folks to settle in that community and Father be their preacher.

During this time, Father and Mother did some serious thinking and planning, unknown to us boys. They decided to sell the car if they could and go on west by train. The car trouble, the responsibility and strain of traveling, plus the high altitude, had unnerved Father to the place he lost confidence in his driving. Monday afternoon the car motor was assembled and ready to run. It was then that Father told the mechanic of their change of plans. He asked Father what his price was on the Ford. When told, he said he thought he could have a buyer for it before evening. He went to the phone and called a man who came soon and a deal was made. Included in the deal was the agreement that the new owner would take us back to Colorado Springs. That ended our travel by car, which was a disappointment to me.

In Colorado Springs, Father disassembled the trailer, packed the wheels, axles, spring and tongue in the box with the tent and other camp equipment and crated it for shipment. Colorado Springs was not on a main railroad line, so we sent by train to Pueblo, where the Santa Fe line went through. As we traveled through New Mexico and



Arizona, it was interesting to see the small Indian villages along the way, the first Indians we had ever seen. Mothers and children would stand in rows to watch the train go by. We finally arrived in Los Angeles and were met by Uncle

Willard Esh, husband of Father's sister, Augusta, who took us to their home.

After several days in Los Angeles, we traveled on to our next destination, Terra Bella, where there was a small Mennonite settlement. It was our parents' intent to see how Mother's bronchial ailment would respond to the warm climate of California. Also, it was Father's intent to continue farming for a livelihood, but the method of farming in that part of the state, with its irrigation and high cost of electric power, did not appeal to him. He took the train (no buses in those days) and returned to Bakersfield, a fairly large city in those days, to see if he could find employment. He was familiar with carpentry, having worked at the trade in his single days. This being during the time of World War I,

he found employment immediately at the Southern Pacific car shops where they built freight cars. The remainder of that day he spent finding a house to rent. There were a number of houses for rent in that part of the city, but when the owners were informed that there were four boys in the family, they gave a flat "no." Although he was quite discouraged, toward evening he passed another house with a "for rent" sign and the address for inquiries. He walked the several blocks, expecting to receive the same response. An elderly lady answered his knock and he told his mission. "But," he said, "I must inform you that we have four boys in the family."

"Well," she answered him, "they must have a home, too, mustn't they?" So toward the close of the day he had found a home.

As I remember, the car shops were so desperately in need of help that they would not give him time to go back for the family, so he telephoned for Mother and we boys to return by train, the railroad having issued passes for us.

The season by now was late August and school was to start soon. We boys attended the Williams school six or eight blocks distant. Adjoining our house was a vacant lot owned by our landlord and this our folks rented in the spring for \$1.50 per month for a garden, so we boys did have some employment. The heat with plenty of water made that sandy soil produce immensely and we sold some vegetables to neighbors. This, then, was our home till July 1919, when we moved to Albany, Oregon.



## In Memorium

Matilda (Tillie) Mishler Hamilton, widow of Walter Hamilton, resident of Sheridan, Oregon, died in August 2000. Tillie was a faithful member of OMHGS since 1990 and attended the meetings whenever possible. Several of her family have been involved with the society in different ways at different times.



# Celebrations

by Margaret Shetler

The weekend of September 29 to October 1, 2000, saw people gathering at Drift Creek Camp, located in the Coast Range mountains east of Lincoln City, Oregon, to participate in the celebrations of 40 years of camping ministry to Oregon Mennonites. Part of the over-all celebration was the release of a history book, Spirit Roots, edited by Larry and Mary Jane Brenneman, which, by word and with many pictures, documents the story of Drift Creek Camp from its beginnings in 1960 to 2000.

Two Mennonite congregations in the Pacific Northwest celebrated milestones since our last Newsletter.

The **Tangent Mennonite Church** was organized August 9, 1950. On Sunday, October 8, 2000, the congregation celebrated 50 years of God's faithfulness to them by a recounting of memories and a song fest. Their history committee has published an excellent book which is available for purchase. The spring meeting of OMHGS will be held at the Tangent church and will feature the history of the congregation and a presentation about the Melvin Shrock family. Melvin was a minister and active in the congregation from its beginnings, and although no longer able to be an active participant, his interest in and concern for the congregation continued until his death in 1997.

November 10-12, 2000, was the time set aside to celebrate 100 years of ministry by the **Menno Mennonite Church**, located about halfway between Moses Lake and Ritzville, Washington. They, too, published an excellent history of the congregation.

The present Menno Mennonite Church is the end result of the blending of several small groups of Mennonites with varying European backgrounds who worshipped separately when they first settled in Adams County, Washington. Most were affiliated with

the General Conference Mennonite Church. Several families of Russian Mennonite background who had been living near Eugene, Oregon, migrated to Adams County in 1899 and called their community Menno. It is in this community that the church is located today.

A group of families from Freeman, South Dakota, had settled near the small town of Ruff. In 1910, the families at Ruff, in conjunction with small groups at Tiflis and Wheeler, organized the Salem Mennonite Church and joined the Pacific District Conference of the General Conference Mennonite Church, of which the Menno Church was already a member. The Salem congregation disbanded, starting in 1934, because of depressed economic conditions. The last service was held in 1937. Remaining members joined Menno.



The above three history books are available for purchase.

Spirit Roots, compiled by Larry and Mary Jane Eby, published 2000, is available from Drift Creek Camp, P.O. Box 1110, Lincoln City, OR 97367. A donation of \$20.00 is suggested to the camp to help fund continued improvements.

Lengthen the Cords, Strengthen the Stakes, c. 2000, compiled by Jason Schrock and published by the Tangent Mennonite Church History Committee, is available from the church, 32905 Old Church Road, Tangent, OR 97389, for \$18.00, hard cover, or \$10.00, soft cover.

Menno Mennonite Church Centennial History Book, edited by Bill Dyck and published in 2000, is available from Menno Mennonite Church, 1378 North Damon Road, Ritzville, WA 99869. Cost is \$20.00

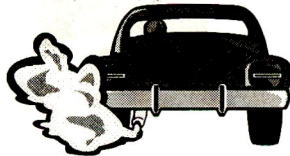
I'm sure an additional two to three dollars would be appreciated for mail orders.

Likewise, the centennial history of the Nampa (Idaho) Mennonite Church, Roots Out of Dry Ground, c. 2000, by Lois Janzen Preheim, \$18.00, is still available from First Mennonite Church, 1220 5th Street N., Nampa, ID 83687.

A copy of these four books may be found in our OMHGS library.

## Back Newsletters Available

Complete sets of back issues of the OMHGS Newsletter have been made up and are available for \$35.00 postpaid for a set. This includes all issues from 1988 through the year 2000. We especially encourage church libraries or pastors to purchase a set. These newsletters will provide you with an overall picture of the activities of OMHGS and a wealth of information about various congregations and individual families that have been active in the conference over the years. Orders may be addressed to OMHGS, 9045 Wallace Road N.W., Salem, OR 97304. Checks should be made payable to OMHGS.



## Travel Memories by Suzanne Roth

As I typed the articles for this newsletter, I found myself with an intermingling of thoughts — about old and new.

The articles about N.A. and Sarah Lind's road trip west especially took me back to when I was a young girl of grade school age and my parents often made road trips in the west. There were similarities and differences between my family's trips and that of the Linds.

Some differences were between the timing of the trips, and the means of conveyance. The family trips I most vividly remember took place in the 1950s, where the Lind's trip was during World War I. The vehicles were obviously of a different vintage. Also, by the time my family traveled, there were gas stations, although they didn't exactly abound in the desert stretches of Utah, Idaho and Nevada, where we traveled for the most part.

Similarities were in the long expanses traveled and the often difficult distances between sources of gasoline. Rest rooms were sometimes

nonexistent when needed in our case, as well. And we, too, found family and friends to stay with as often as we could.

My family — my mother, father, younger brother and younger sister (another one was to be born later) and I — lived in Logan, Utah, a northern Utah town, at the time. Our common paths were west across the Nevada desert to Stockton, California, to visit my maternal grandparents, or northwest, to southern Idaho, to visit my mother's sister and her family or my great-grandmother in the Burley-Rupert area.

Either way, there wasn't much in the way of scenery. At least, in the Nevada desert, my bother and sister and I could watch tumbleweeds roll across the desert floor. I don't think there was even that much of interest as we traveled into Idaho, except for some craggy hills quite far off, away from the road.

The unquestioned high spots of our trips were the too-few encounters with Burma Shave signs. Consisting of a couple of words per sign, with several signs in all forming a phrase or phrases when read in order, they were invariably clever and funny. One of my favorites was, "Is your . . . Nose cold . . . and wet? . . . You lucky . . . Dog! . . . Burma Shave."

We often experienced car trouble, as well. Our 1952 Plymouth quite often threw some small part or another. Sometimes my father was able to jury-rig a fix. Other times, he wound up walking for a few miles before a kind soul picked him up and took him to get assistance.

I think it's remarkable the way Lloyd Lind remembered so many amusing and interesting events from the family's trip west, made when he was at such a young age. Now I wish I could remember more about the car trips I made with my family in the '50s; previously, the memories had mostly been so unpleasant that I had tried to forget them!

I also think it was a very loving thing for the Lind family to make such a major move for the wife and mother's, Sarah's, health. I'm sure it was what the Lord wanted for their life, as well, but not everyone is open to listening to the Lord when it comes to tearing up roots and replanting them so far away.

There were not such altruistic reasons for my family's road trips, but it occurred to me for the first time as I wrote this that my father had shown a quiet kind of love and understanding in making them, where he might not have been expected to understand

because his family pretty much lived near us in Logan. My mother's family lived farther away and we had to make more of an effort to see them, but I don't recall that bothering my father and he, in fact, seemed to enjoy the trips. He would get a kick out of using his aircraft navigator skills in calculating our ETA (Estimated Time of Arrival) and then we would always see how we had done in our estimating when we checked our ATA, (Actual Time of Arrival).

I also hadn't previously thought that my memories of childhood road trips might be of interest to others at a later time, but typing these articles made me contemplate the possibility that family members coming later on might enjoy them.

Here is where — as mentioned at the beginning of this article — thoughts of both old and new events converge. I have a new little grandson, Alex, 2 1/2 weeks old, and I had to wonder what he would think of my family's travels in the '50s if he were to read about them later on in his life. And what about the travel experiences he will have as a child? Will he one day, when he is a grandparent himself, be writing about the rather-archaic means of travel employed in the early years of the 21st century?

What seems so ordinary and even unpleasant to us at one point of our life can appear extraordinary and worth remembering later on. How nice that N.A. and Lloyd Lind left us their memories, and that Cliff Lind helped compile them for us to read. I hope to at least somewhat follow these excellent examples, and have taken one first step, in writing a little bit about my own childhood traveling memories in my journal. I will continue to do so as more memories surface.

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