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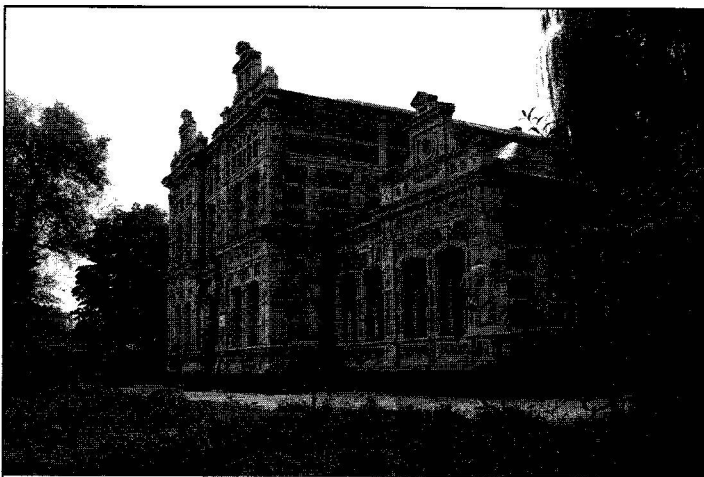
NEWSLETTER

OREGON MENNONITE HISTORICAL AND GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY

A Mennonite Pilgrimage

by Jerry Barkman

In the decades following the beginning of the Anabaptist revolution (1525) the new converts were flung out to most parts of Europe. My ancestors were Dutch and hailed from the Friesland area of the Netherlands. They, along with others, found their way to Prussia, and there settled into an uneasy existence. They were desired for being good Dutch farmers who knew how to reclaim swampy land but were despised for being heretics. During their stay in Prussia, they were exempted from military service. However, in the latter part of the 18th century, this changed and young Mennonite men were drafted into the West Prussian army.



Girls School, Rosenthal

At approximately the same time, Catherine the Great, Empress of all Russia, sent out emissaries through Europe seeking people to settle land newly acquired from the Turks. This land, known as "South Russia," is now part of the independent state of Ukraine. In 1789, the first group of Mennonites left Prussia and settled in the first Mennonite Colony known as Chortitza. They were given land and financial assistance along with an agreement that they would be exempted from military service "in perpetuity." In 1804, the second major colony, the Molotschna, was founded south and east of the Chortitza.

My great-great grandfathers on both my father's and mother's side were part of the Mennonites who settled in the Molotschna. The Barkman side settled in the Village of Rueckenaue and the Jost family settled in a village named Prangenau (which no longer exists). Over a period of 60 years, they became wealthy farmers and participated in the political affairs of the colony.

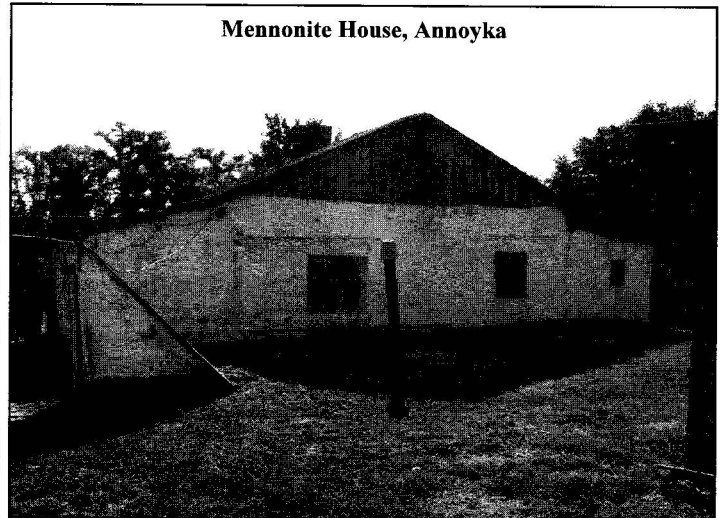
My Great Grandfather, Peter M. Barkman was the youngest of 10 children. In search of land, he and his new family moved to the Crimea and joined with other Mennonites in a village which was known as Annenfeld. Peter was part of the Kleine Gemeinde and in the Crimea was also a member of that church. Their leader, Elder Jakob A. Wiebe, engaged in an intense discussion regarding the issue of re-baptism and the result was the formation of the Krimmer Mennonite Brethren Church. In 1874, as a result of changes in the military status of the Mennonites, the Gnadenau KMB Church immigrated to Hillsboro, Kansas.

During that same year, Peter Jost, my maternal Great-Great Grandfather, immigrated to Southern Manitoba with the Kleine Gemeinde. He decided the harsh winters of Manitoba were not to his liking so in 1875 he moved his family south to Hillsboro, Kansas. So, there, the Barkmans and the Josts became involved through marriage.

As a young boy, I was privileged to know my grandfather, Jacob G. Barkman. He was born in 1879 in Annenfeld. He died on my 12th birthday in 1956. The stories of the trek from South Russia were passed down to me. I was keenly aware of why the church left the Crimea and that the principals of the Mennonites were important beliefs, not to be taken lightly.

In 2005, I became aware of the Mennonite Heritage Tour operated by Marina and Walter Unger. Each fall, the Ungers take a group of about 175 Mennonites to the Ukraine. The purpose is to visit the sites where Mennonites lived and died. A major part of the tour is the teaching of Russian Mennonite history through lectures, discussions and tours of the villages where our ancestors lived. I registered for the 2006 tour and on September 26, left the United States for the Ukraine. I was joined on

Mennonite House, Annoyka



SPRING MEETING

April 6, 2008, 2:30 p.m.

Zion Mennonite Church

6124 S. Whiskey Hill Road, Hubbard, Oregon

Welcome & Devotional Pastor Todd Lehman

Congregational Singing Don Bacher

OMHGS Building Project Bernard Showalter, President

"A Heritage of Hymns in Pacific Northwest Congregations"

- Dr. Mary K. Oyer

Professor Emerita of Music

Goshen College

Welcome to one and all

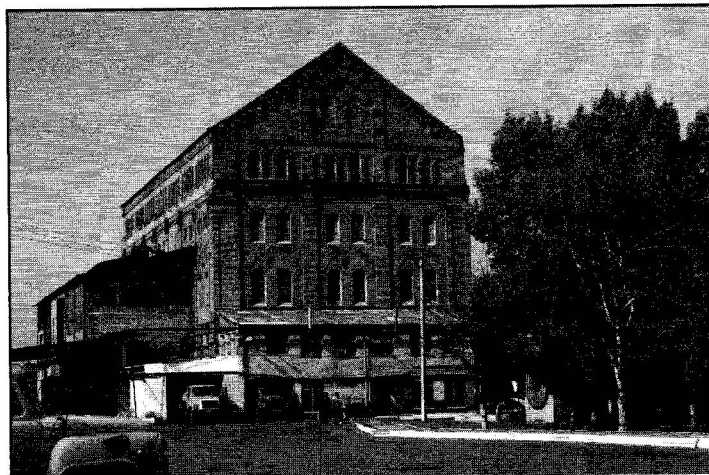
the tour by David and son Robert Jost, my cousins.

We flew through Vienna, Austria and on to Odessa, Ukraine. There, we joined the other tour participants on the Dnieper Princess. This is a tour ship owned by a Ukrainian tour company. We were to spend 2 weeks on the ship and took most of our meals on board. At various places, we took land tours via bus and taxi to see the Mennonite sites.

After several days in Odessa, we sailed across the Black Sea to Sevastopol, the major port city of the Crimea. The first day, we took a bus tour to Yalta, the site of the meetings between Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin at the end of the Second World War. The second day, about 40 of the tour members traveled by bus to several Mennonite sites.

As stated above, grandfather Barkman was born in the Village of Annenfeld, now the Ukrainian village of Annovka. We were able to visit the one Mennonite house still standing in the village. Although the occupants of the house are unknown, it is clearly a Mennonite house, similar in design and construction to other homes in the Ukraine and in Kansas. I was thrilled to stand in this village; to realize that here the Mennonites lived 130 years ago. On our way back to the ship, we visited several other villages which still had Mennonite churches and schools.

Our ship returned almost to Odessa and entered the estuary of the Dnieper River. This river is the backbone of the Ukraine, similar in its importance as the Mississippi River is to the United



Willms Mill, Halbstab

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States. Our major stay was at Zaporozhy, formerly known as Alexanderovsk. This was the major city located between the two Mennonite colonies. Our ship was docked on the east side of the river opposite Chortitza Island. This island was once owned in its entirety by Mennonites and is now a national land reserve. It is the ancestral home of the famed Zaporozhy Cossacks.

On our first day of land tours, we visited the Mennonite Church at Petershagen. This is a restored Mennonite church and is currently pastured by a Mennonite immigrant from Germany and Siberia. We continued on to Halbstab, the former administrative capital of the Molotschna. There, we visited the girls school, the boys school and viewed the Willms mill among other sites.

We were also privileged to visit the former Reimer Estate on the south edge of the Molotschna. This estate was formerly known as Ushanlee and was the pride of Johann Cornies as a model farm for the Mennonites. The estate buildings, built about 1890 show the wealth of the Mennonites. The house has about 40 rooms and it was said that marble statues of the family stood in the courtyard of the estate.

The second day, I traveled with Mr. Victor Martens and his son Victor in a private car to the Village of Rueckenau. Victor Martens, Sr. was born in this village in 1920 and had not seen the village as an adult. He left Rueckenau with his family in 1924. We began our tour at the east end of the village where the Mennonite Brethren Church is located. This church was important to the MB Church during the years leading up to World War I. We continued up the main street and found the home of a lady who remembers Victor's grandfather who died in that village. She is diabetic and blind but is a delightful lady. We had a good translator who aided in our communication with her.

I was able to locate the farmstead where great-great grandfather Martin J. Barkman lived. It is now a Ukrainian farm with no Mennonite buildings on it. Further down the street we found the main gates and fences to the farm of Victor Marten's grandfather where Victor was born. It was exciting to witness Mr. Marten's joy at finding his birthplace. I consider this to be the high-point of our trip.

Our final stop in the village was at the Mennonite cemetery. Nothing remains of the markers but we were assured that this was where Martin J. Barkman was buried along with Victor Marten's grandfather.

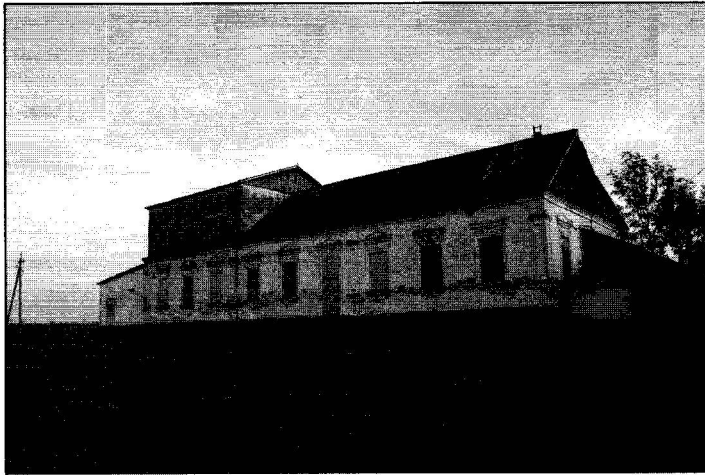
Our final day in Zaporozhy was spent touring the former villages of Rosenthal and Chortitza in the Chortitza colony. We saw the Dutch designed girls school, the teachers college, the Lepp Wollmann Factory and the Kroeger Clock Factory. We also had lunch on Chortitza Island and saw a Cossack show.

Continuing up the Dnieper River, we stopped in Dnieperpetrovsk (formerly Ekaterinslav) and toured several Mennonite sites. The highlight of this city was the Hall of Remembrance where the atrocities of the Stalin period are listed.

Our final stop was in Kiev, the capital of the Ukraine. We toured several Orthodox churches and also saw the memorial of Bara Yar, the site of the massacre of up to 100,000 Jews and others by the Nazis.

My final stop in Europe was Vienna. I spent time touring the city and hearing several Mozart concerts. I returned to Oregon on the 19th of October.

I left the Ukraine with a profound appreciation for the life of the Mennonites in South Russia. They followed their conscience to South Russia and left that place again to follow their conscience. Those who did not immigrate to the United States and Canada experienced the Russian Revolution and World War I, during which they underwent great persecution and trial. Many died from war and disease and others were exiled to Siberia. We must be thankful for the faithfulness of these Mennonites.



Mennonite Brethren Church, Rueckenau

MOSE BRENNEMAN 1881-1957

I was born on September 21, 1881, near the village of Wellesley, Ontario, Canada on the old Boshart, homestead, a rather beautiful farm, the village being part of the farm. The River Nye runs through the farm, a rather nice place for fishing and swimming for us boys while we were young.

My father's name was Samuel Brenneman and my mother was Millie Boshart Brenneman. There were 10 of us children who grew to maturity, several having died in infancy. Father and Mother were that type of the pioneers with an abiding faith in the principles of work, economy and self-reliance which enabled these pioneers to convert the forests of Waterloo County into beautiful homes. Their devotion to God and divine worship always received first consideration. This was fundamental to their lives. I will never forget how Father used to read the old family Bible, a very fluent reader. We would kneel together to worship evening and morning in real family altar fashion. And how during heavy thunderstorms he would get the family together, whether in daytime or the middle of the night, and while the lightning was flashing and the thunder roaring and sometimes the building shaking, we would kneel together in prayer and call on a Mighty Providence for protection during the storm. I thank God for the Christian heritage and in the language of the psalmist I can say, "My lines have fallen in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage."

In the year of 1896 I accepted Christ as my personal Saviour and was baptized by the late bishop Jacob Wagler and became a member of the Maple View Mennonite Church near Wellesley, Ontario.

In 1900 I moved with my parents to Milford, Nebraska. There I attended the Fairview Church and became a member of this church. In 1904 in company with my brother, C.K., we left

Milford, Nebraska on an extended western tour which took us to northwestern Canada and the Pacific Coast. We stopped at places of interest such as Calgary, Edmonton, Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, Portland and finally, Albany, Oregon, where we remained for the greater part of a year. After spending some time at Albany, Oregon, it was my good fortune to make the acquaintance of a young lady by a rather strange coincidence and both of us felt that this was quite out of the ordinary and had some special significance. The words of Jesus in the 19th chapter of Matthew, "What God has joined together," has a much wider meaning and interpretation than the marriage ceremony itself. It was the meeting through Providential circumstances of two individuals which are intended for each other, a Divine act.

In the fall of 1905 I returned to Milford, Nebraska. Orpha Mishler, my intended-to-be, later met me at Grand Island, Nebraska, and on February 23, 1906 we were married by Bishop D.G. Lapp. Eight children were born into our home, six boys and two girls. In 1909 we moved to Albany, Oregon and became members of the Twelfth Street Mennonite Church. In the following year I was elected Sunday school superintendent.

On October 10, 1912, I was called by the unanimous voice of the congregation and was ordained to the office of deacon by the late brethren, Bishops, David Hilty and J.D. Mishler. On November 17, 1915, I was again called by the voice of the congregation and ordained to be a minister of the Gospel by the late brethren, Bishops J.S. Shoemaker, S.G. Shetler and J.P. Bontrager.

With all the happy memories of gone by days, there are some not quite so pleasant. While attending the General Conference at Eureka, Illinois, with a stopover at the Iowa-Nebraska conference at Kalona, Iowa, I delivered the evening message at the conference. I had a very restless night following this message. I felt that something out of the ordinary had happened. The following morning when again assembled in the large tent I was handed a telegram relaying the sad news of the sudden death of our oldest son, Orval, aged 18 years, in an automobile-railroad collision at the very hour I delivered this message. This was a severe shock to me.

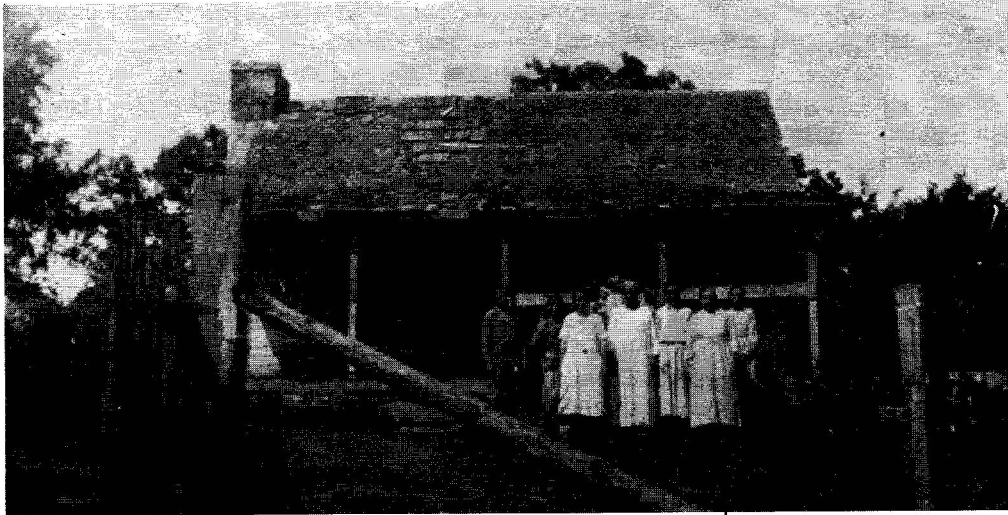
Just three months later, our youngest son, Melvin, died from an attack of appendicitis. This was so soon followed by the death in our family of our daughter, Olive, age 13, who died of a heart condition, after-effects of rheumatic fever.

I have now preached the gospel for about 40 years, at the Twelfth Street Mennonite Church and many other places. It was always my preference to heed the admonition of the Apostle Paul, "Give thyself wholly to it," which meant a constant devotion and application to this worthy task. My companion in life as we journeyed together these years and the desires of this sacred trust has in many ways so nobly assisted me to make this ministry possible. I owe a debt of gratitude to my children for the sacrifices which they have made in my behalf as a minister of the Gospel while laboring in the home congregation and many times away from home.

In conclusion, it is my fervent prayer that the Lord may bless, keep and direct you.

This was given on December 18, 1951 as part of the celebration of the 50th wedding anniversary of Mose and Orpha and has been transcribed from a recording of activities during that celebration.

Mose Brenneman died May 18, 1957, following a heart attack, age 75 years; Orpha died March 23, 1985, age 97 years.



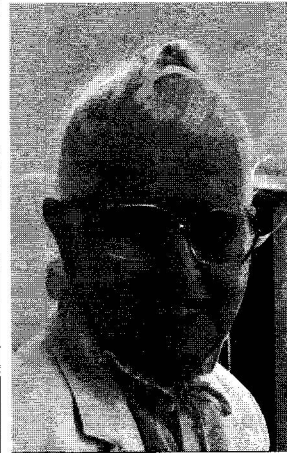
Henry Washington Magines (far left), Nora Gertrude Holcroft Magines (far right), Frances Magines Diener's father and mother. This is the Holcroft place on Coffman Bend. When the dam went in the farm was flooded. The water came to the back porch and the house was abandoned. (For information on Mennonite activity in this area read *South Central Frontiers* by Paul Erb; pages 127-138 "Evening Shade (Osage River Churches)"

Brenneman, Moses E., was born Sept. 26, 1881, to Daniel and Marie (**Boshart**) **Brenneman**, in Wellesley, Ont.; passed away May 18, 1957, after being confined two and a half weeks as a result of a heart attack; aged 75 y. 7m. 23 d. He accepted Christ as his Saviour and was baptized into the Maple View Mennonite Church near Wellesley, Ont., in 1896 by Bishop Jacob Wagler. In 1900 the Brenneman family moved to Nebraska, and four years later took an extended trip to the West. It was on this trip that Bro. Brenneman met Orpha Mae **Mishler** with whom he was united in marriage at Roseland, Nebr., on Feb. 23, 1906. They moved to Albany, Oreg., on Oct. 19, 1909, and he was ordained to the office of deacon in the Twelfth Street Church, Albany, Oreg., on March 18, 1912, by the brethren David Hilty and J. D. Misher. Three years later, on Nov. 7, 1915, he was ordained to the office of minister by the brethren J. S. Shoemaker, S. G. Shetler, and J. P. Bontrager. In the years that followed, up to the time of his death, he took an active interest in the church-wide activities and developments as well as assisting in the ministerial responsibilities of the Twelfth Street Church, now named the Albany Mennonite Church. His continual concern, his faithful counsel, and his devoted fellowship and ministry will be greatly missed by the Albany Church and the Pacific Coast Conference. He was preceded in death by 4 children, one of whom, Francis, preceded him by 3 weeks, on April 30, 1957. Surviving are his wife, 4 sons (Paul, Santa Barbara, Calif.; John, Calvin, and Edward, Albany), 14 grandchildren, 3 great-grandchildren, one brother (Dan), and one sister (Mary Kanagy) both of Albany. Funeral services at the Albany Church on May 21 were in charge of David W. Mann, assisted by C. J. Ramer, N. A. Lind, and Allen H. Erb, with burial in the Riverside Cemetery. *Gospel Herald - Volume L, Number 24 - June 11, 1957 - page 573, 574*

Brenneman, Orpha Mae, daughter of Peter and Rachel (**Miller**) **Mishler**, was born in Woodburn, Ore., Nov. 14, 1887; died at Albany, Ore., Mar. 23, 1985; aged 97 y. On Feb. 23, 1906, she was married to Moses **Brenneman**, who died on May 18, 1957. Surviving are 3 sons (Paul, Calvin, and Edward), 14 grandchildren, 31 great-grandchildren, and 9 great-great-grandchildren. She was preceded in death by 3 sons (Orval, John, and Melvin), and 2 daughters (Frances Layton, and Olive). She was a member of Albany Mennonite Church, where funeral services were held on Mar. 27, in charge of Ed Springer; interment in Riverside Cemetery. *Gospel Herald - Volume 78, Number 17 - April 23, 1985; page 294*

THE PLACES I'VE LIVED

by R. Frances Diener; 1999
Edited and corrected by the Editor



Frances, taken at her 88th birthday party

I was born July 5, 1916 at a place about 5 miles north west of Gravois Mills in Morgan County, Missouri to Henry Washington Magines and Nora Gertrude (Hollcroft) Magines. I don't seem to remember much about that place, having moved away before I was three years old. I decided that because my sister, 3 years older than me didn't go to school in this district. We moved to Grandpa Magines' and they, I think, moved to Excelsior. We lived there until after my little brother, Ray Ernest was born in 1921.

According to Paul Erb; page 131 of South Central Frontiers J. P. and Ida moved to the Soap Creek area the year Ray was born and located near Holst School where Frances and Ray would attend school.

J. Protus and Ida Brubaker continued to live on this place on Soap Creek after the death of the Brubaker parents. (Ida



The 'Gray Place' Frances revisited with a grand-son in 1987

Brubaker was one of Ray's favorite people) Frances told many times of the time Ray wanted to walk by the Brubaker place on the way home from school instead of taking the short-cut through the field. Frances and Rose couldn't persuade him so they went with him. He apparently had been treated well there and wanted to go again. Ida Brubaker sent something home with Ray to Mother. Again another day Ray did the same thing. When he got to Ida Brubaker's this time he stood around for a while and then said "Ida, I thought if you had some pie or cake or ice cream, I'd take some to mother." Ray was about six years old at this time. Frances remained good friends with J. P. and Ida and tried to visit them every time she returned to Missouri for a visit.

When we moved again, Grandpa and Grandma came back. We moved about a mile up the creek which was near the head of Soap Creek. It ran only when it rained. I started to school from there in August 1921 at Holst School with Pauline Phillips as teacher. I went about half the year and there was a change of teachers. The new teacher wouldn't let me attend because I wasn't six years old. That wasn't to my liking. Her name was Lester Pharis.

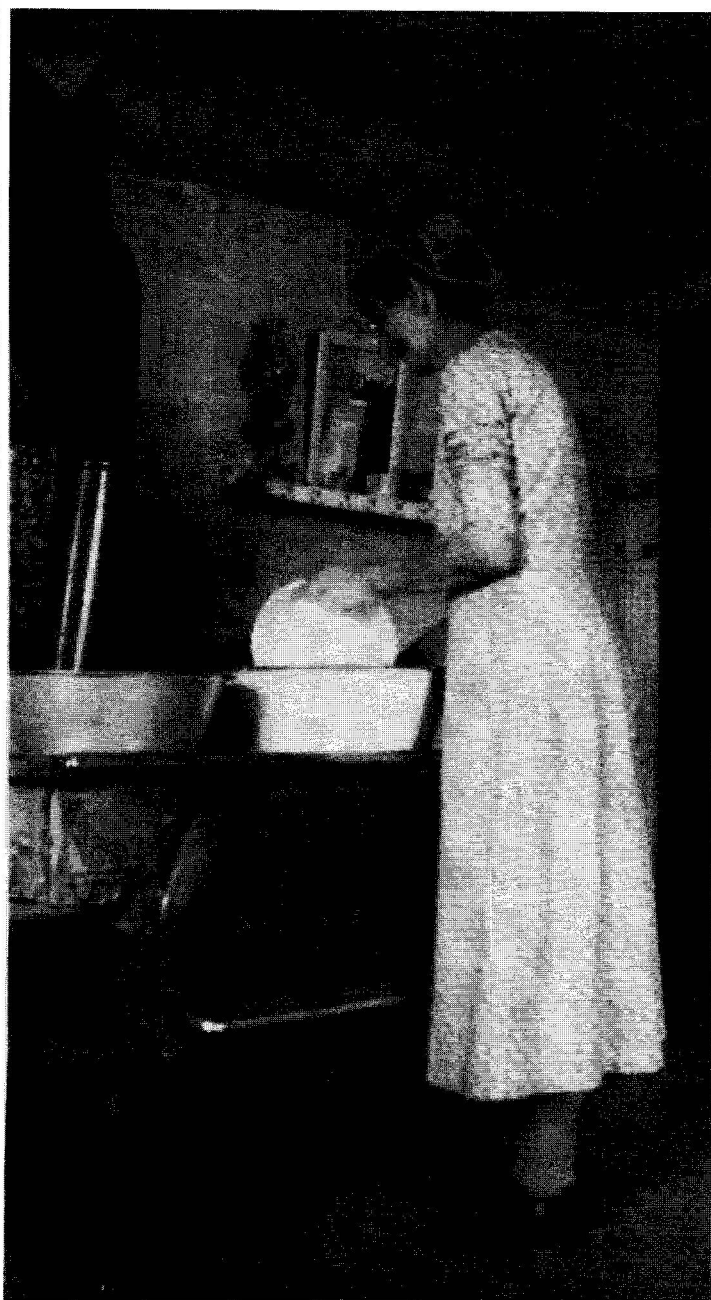
The house we moved into didn't leak rain, but snow blew through the cracks in winter and many time we would wake in the winter mornings and have snow on the beds and/or floors. Brrr!

We had public auction in the spring of 1927. We didn't leave right away so we spent about 2 or 3 months in a house belonging to Mother's cousin, Melvin Chamberlin, across the Osage River in the Coffman Bend, I believe. While there Mother, Rose and I pieced a set of blocks we named 'Crazy Star'. It was pieced from itsy bitsy pieces. That was all we had and it was too wet to work outside.

We loaded a car and a truck with 8 people (Mom, Dad, Rose, Me-Frances and Ray, Cletus, Velma-a half sister and Ralph and started to Oklahoma City where Mother's sister, Lettie and her family lived, and hopefully jobs. In the few months I was there, about all I remember of the place was that the sand was almost too hot to walk in.

I don't know if we got back to Soap Creek in time for the start of school but we started when we got back. We moved back to Grandpa and Grandma Magines' while we built a four room house nearby. Dad farmed the two places (ours and grand-

pas) while we lived there. I graduated from the eighth grade in the spring of 1931. Grandpa and Grandma sold out before the Bagnell Dam went in and moved north of Versailles. We sold out a little later but before we moved Mom and Dad traveled back and forth between Florence, building another 4 room house and Soap Creek doing chores, getting Ray in time for school and other things to numerous to mention. They got the house done and we moved the last of December 1931. The last night we were there we worked all night and some of the day. I rode on top of the load most of the way with a scared medium sized dog on my lap. I don't think I was ever so tired before or since. As soon as a bed was set up, I went to bed. When school started after Christmas vacation, Ray started school at Mt Olive. We were in another school district but because there was a big creek between us and the other school he was allowed to go to Mt Olive. While we lived there we went to Mt Olive Baptist



The kitchen at the 'Gray Place' was papered with Gospel Heralds. Mother, Nora, washing dishes at the stove.

J. P. Brubaker wrote a poem about the author's sister, Rose and gave it to her (Rose was 16 years old). Rose later wrote quite a number of poems herself some of which were published in the Gospel Herald and other periodicals and a few were set to music.

ROSE

This is not an Irish code
Whistled gaily by the road,
Just a simple little ode
To Rose Magines.

She's a lass of slim physique,
Ready tongue and nimble feet;
With a smile for all she meets
In any weather.

May her days as she grows old
Fill with deed as pure as gold,
And a radiant joy unfold
To her forever.

January 10, 1930
by J. Protus Brubaker



Sister, Rose with Frances

Church. (Frances said J. R. Shank held service in their home the Sundays he came to Florence for church).

Uncle Harry and Aunt Vonie took me somewhere south of Stover to interview for a job and before I got there I was homesick and when I heard that a man lived there who drank, that settled it and no one could change my mind. Aunt Vonie was not very happy with me. When we got to Stover, I wouldn't go back to their house and I knew only one person in Stover. I met a Star Route carrier who lived in Versailles and went to Versailles with him. I stayed all night with my Grandma's sister, Aunt Nan Cooper. The next day I went with the Star Route carrier to J. R. Shank's, a pastor I had known all my life. I was not homesick anymore. I stayed with them one month. While with them we went for Thanksgiving and on the way home we got stranded in a snow storm We spent the night in some ones living room along with another car-load of three people, a woman and two men. In the car were one man, his wife, a little boy who lived with them - my nephew and me. The three women and the boy lay crossway on the bed. The men sat up and kept fire. I'm not sure any of us slept much. The snow plow went by the next morning. We got back on the road and went on our merry way. About two weeks later I went home. A short time later neighbors and friends, Alvin and Kathleen asked if I would help them after their baby was born (it was a boy). I went there in June of 1935, stayed two years including the birth of a second child, this time a daughter. In the two years, I took time out to go to Kansas City with Rose for the Easter week-end of 1936 and let myself be talked into a job. I was so homesick. I didn't stay. I got a bus ticket and went to Syracuse, MO which was about 7 miles from home. I started walking. A neighbor came

when I was half way home and took me the rest of the way and I went back to Phillips' at \$1.00 a week plus board and room. During the last six months of 1936 I considered getting a better job and in early January of 1937 I went to La Junta, Colorado 600 miles from home at a church hospital and Sanitarium. I worked as second cook for a few months. At that time I had an attack of appendicitis and decided to have surgery and about the time I was able to go back to work, Rose wrote that Mother was very sick. I made reservation on the first train I could and afterward went and told the hospital superintendent. He was not in favor. I owed the hospital some money and I think he thought I wouldn't come back because I had been so homesick. But I went home and helped Rose during the summer. Mother got better and I went back to La Junta in the fall. I was at La Junta from January 1937 to the middle of 1940 except two or three weeks each summer. Sometime while I was at La Junta, Rose came and worked there too. We both went home to help move Mom and Dad to Versailles. Harvey, Mom's baby brother came to live with them and lend a hand. They moved to the Grey place and farmed Grey's farm (that's where the snake came to call!). Then to the Young place. Harvey went to the army. While there, Edward and I had two dates before he went to CPS in Colorado and later to the State Hospital in Farnhurst, Delaware. We moved to the Holsopple place for a few months then we went to Kansas City, Kansas where Rose was working. Harvey, Rose and I worked and paid the bills. We first (for a short time) got a little house past the end of Argentine Ave. There were no walks and it rained. We were not, by any stretch of your imagination, settled.

Edward Lee Diener and Rhoda Frances Magines Diener
September 11, 1944
Wedding Picture





Holst School, Frances is center row, left and in the 8th grade, cousin Ralph directly behind her, younger brother Ray far right in the back row.

Rose came home from work one day and said "You can never guess who I saw on Argentine Avenue." Of course I couldn't. She said "Edward Diener." I was sure she was kidding me. She finally convinced me she wasn't. What I thought or felt right then I won't write, but both survived. As soon as we could we moved to where they had streets and walks. Rose worked at the Bell Hospital in Kansas City, Kansas and I worked at St. Luke's Hospital in Kansas City, Missouri. I got \$80.00 per month and thought I was rich. In September 1944 Edward came back to Missouri and we were married the eleventh, at home on 39th St in Kansas City, Kansas. He was home a few weeks. I went to Delaware a few months later. I got a job at Kresge's Fountain and a place to live with a lady who worked in the store also. I worked there until early fall when Rose called to say she was sick and needed to go to La Junta to the sanitarium.

I went home about 2 months before Edward was released (CPS). That winter we lived in Kansas City, Kansas. Edward worked at Olsen's Dairy. In the spring we moved to the Holsopple place (Harvey got married and stayed on 39th St.). Edward went to work for Nichols Feed and Seed in Versailles, Missouri. We attended Mt. Zion Mennonite Church while we lived there. Dad died in 1948. Mr. Richards gave Marvin (born August 30, 1946), who was 18 months old, more than one coin and Marvin learned that one was one, any more than that was two, and embarrassed me lots of times. I worked a short time at the pants factory. Ron was born on July 7, 1949. In the fall of 1950, I had thyroid surgery in Jefferson City and a few weeks recovery. We lived there, worked and played until August of 1952. After discussing pros and cons forever (it seemed), we loaded up the '36 Chev with the 5 of us (Edward, Frances, Marvin, Ronald, Grandma-Nora) and all we could pack in and headed for Oregon in early August. We found a motel in Hubbard where we lived two weeks. I picked beans. There wasn't room to keep house. We found a little house (Frank Morris') and moved into it. There we lived through the winter. (at this date, January 2000, I have no idea where we slept). Marvin started school at Bethel. In the spring we moved to a little larger house about 2 miles north. We rented from Aaron Nofziger and lived there about two years. Next we moved to the big house south of the barn. We lived there 4 years where the boys drove an old 37 Plymouth car around the barn lot. We lived there about 4 years then bought the little house and moved back there in 1959. We cleaned a very, very dirty house. Edward worked nights quite a lot so it

was necessary to have a place to sleep. Since we had two noisy little boys and they were getting bigger and noisier, I think. We bought a mobile home and set it up north of the house for our bedroom. Grandma had the bedroom in the house and the boys slept in the attic.

Marvin, Ron and I picked berries and beans when we could after Ron started school. Made a little spending money. I got some jobs cleaning house in the spring of 1955. My first job was for Dr. & Mrs. Heckard in Molalla. While we were in the little house we made the pull down stair stationary and divided the attic into two rooms for the boys. We emptied the pantry and made a bathroom. The school moved from Bethel to Elliott Prairie at the beginning of the 59-60 school year. Marvin graduated from Western Mennonite School in 1964. Ann came to Western one year and graduated in 1965. Ron went to Western Mennonite for his junior year. He went on choir tour that year. He was back at Elliott Prairie for his senior year. He graduated in 1967. Beth graduated from Western Mennonite School in 1966. Marvin and Ann were married October 1967. Ron & Beth were married July 25, 1969.

Apartment on 3rd St, Canby, OR—Spring 1977— Spring 1978
 Little House on 3rd St, Canby, OR—Spring 1978—Thanksgiving 1980
 Willow Island, Canby, OR—Thanksgiving 1980 to January 2, 1985
 Sherwood Mobile Manor, Hubbard, OR—January 2, 1985—1998 when moved in with Rons
 Nekia St., Woodburn, OR—1998 to 2003 when moved to French Prairie Care Center.

I don't know what you want to know about the Pharr away place I've been. (Pharr, Texas) When Wes, with his arm in a sling and Carol on crutches met me at the McAllen Airport, I told them maybe I should get back on the plane and go somewhere else, but of course I didn't.

I didn't think to ask the size of the lot of acreage or ranch. On it there is a very large house, a large shop, a long building that housed the Powell family – Don Powell, his wife, Benny and their three children, Daniel, Eunice and Jose. Also in that building is a shower and a good sized laundry room. Four trailers and a very large house that Wes and Carol lived in. My room, while I was there, was what Carol referred to as the prophets room. It was a room divided to make room for a bed in one end and a store room in the other end. There was a missionary family there when I got there. The Powells were in Oregon. The missionary family left about a week later and the Powells got back from Oregon. A family of 7 were there 4 nights in the interest of AWANA Clubs.

'Home' after the first winter in Oregon.





The Magines family
 (back row, left to right) Rose Marguerite, Ray Ernest, Rhoda "Frances"
 (front row) Ruby Irene, Henry Washington, Nora Gertrude

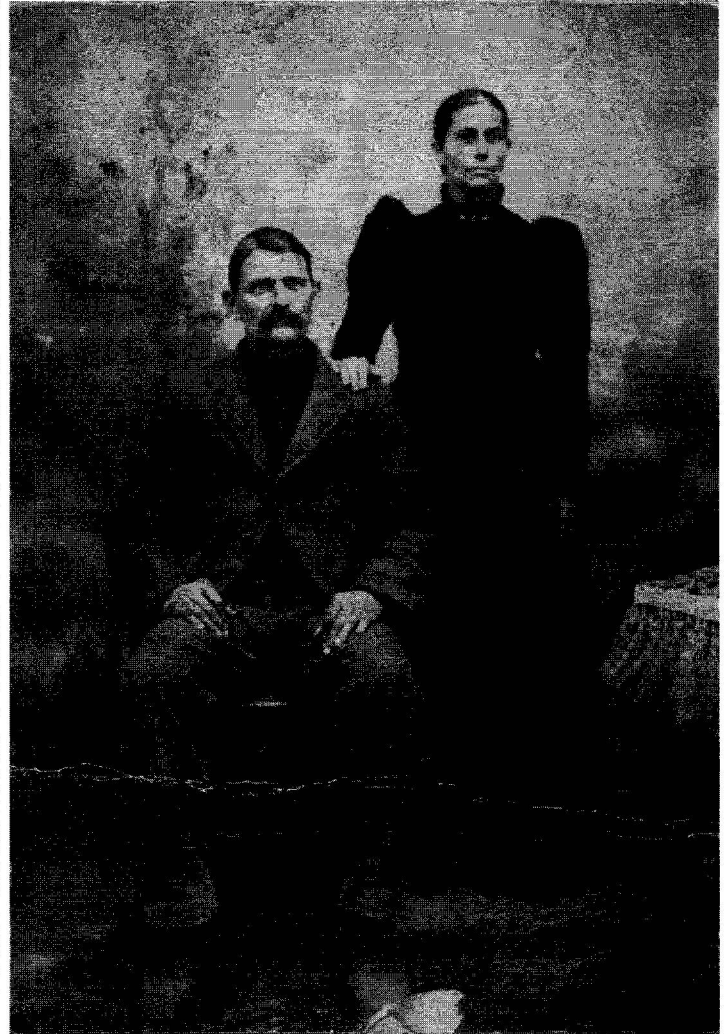
(Upper right) Joseph and Rebecca Frances (McGinnis) Magines. [McGinnis and Magines pronounced the same. Joseph changed the spelling, no one knows why and most all of his descendants have used the same spelling]. Joseph and Rebecca were the first of the McGinnis (Magines) family to join the Mennonite Church.

(Below) Tobias Bradley "Tobe" and Rhoda Jane (Solon) HOLCROFT. Tobe and Rhoda Jane were the first of the Holcroft Family to join the Mennonite Church.

Rhoda Frances was named after these two Grandmothers.



Frances at Bethel Mennonite Church, Canby, Oregon (about 1953)
 where she first attended church after arriving in Oregon.



Hochstetler/Hostetler/Hochstedler Reunion

The fifth continent-wide gathering of all spellings and branches of the descendants of the 1738 Amish Mennonite immigrant Jacob Hochstetler will meet August 1 and 2, 2008 near Goshen, Indiana.

FRIDAY EVENING: Banquet with speaker Dr. Ervin Stutzman from Virginia at the Fair Haven A.M. Church east of Goshen. The dinner (\$12.50) must be prepaid by July 1.

ALL DAY SATURDAY: Fellowship, and making connections or family trees

- Various family-related publications and materials will be available for purchase.
- Bring labeled family-related items for exhibits

FORENOON: Registration begins at 8:00 a.m., pay donation for costs, get free souvenir

- Beginning at 9:15, nine rotating seminars (research, writing, history, DNA, computers, more) and audio visuals

NOON: A catered lunch (\$7.50 adult, \$4 children under 13) must be prepaid by July 1, or bring own picnic

AFTERNOON: 2:30 p.m. program, singing, a meditation by Wayne Hochstetler, Goshen College President Jim Brenneman as speaker, a short JHFA, Inc. business report, and a look ahead after 20 years

The banquet and catered lunch must be prepaid by July 1. For details, see www.hostetler.net or contact *H/H/H Family Newsletter*, 1102 South 13th St., Goshen, IN 46526. Ph. 574-533-7819 or editor@jacobhochstetler.com