OMHGS NEWSLETTER

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OREGON MENNONITE HISTORICAL AND GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY

THE CAMPING PROGRAM OF THE PORTLAND MENNONITE MISSION

by Margaret Shetler

The first services of what we today remember as the Portland Mennonite Mission were held November 12, 1922. The work prospered and grew so that on July 27, 1924, a congregation was organized with 25 charter members. That number included Allen Good and wife Fannie who had been superintendent and matron of the mission from its beginning in 1922.

Allen Good had worked at the mission in Kansas City, Kansas, for several years in the mid-teens and was a man of vision with seemingly boundless energy and had numerous programs going fairly early in the work. He conducted one of the first summer Bible schools in the Mennonite Church and certainly the first in Oregon, in 1924. Another program he introduced to Portland and the Oregon churches was called the Children's Fresh Air Work. This kind of program was not new to churches further east. The Chicago Mission, for instance, had been sending children to the country for a number of years already. These children spent a period of time in the homes of host Mennonite families from the valley. In 1928 there were 94 fresh air children and workers.

In 1929, in addition to the children being hosted in private homes, Allen Good instituted what was one of the first, if not the first, camping program in the Mennonite Church. Camping as a mission outreach was not new; others, including the Mennonite Brethren and General Conference Mennonites, had been doing it for several years.

For the first three years, 1929, 30 and 31, the girls camped in the fir trees below the old Zion church house, and on occasion used the car sheds for sleeping purposes. Conditions at best were primitive. That first church building had neither running water nor indoor plumbing. Cooking was done on an old wood cook stove. They probably had a large tent with straw for their mattresses. Bernice (Widmer) Kauffman Yoder recently remarked as we talked a bit about those early years how generous and helpful members of the congregation were with food and other things. The first year there were 14 girls.

During those same years the boys camped on the 300-acre Erb Brothers farm on Pudding River. Their facilities were similar to the girls: two old wood cook stoves and a large tent with beds of straw covered with canvas. I came across an interesting notice regarding camping on the Erb Farm, signed by Albert D. Erb, reading as follows:

> Absolutely no smoking permitted.
> None are permitted to carry matches except the caretakers. No firecrackers to be tolerated.
> All due caution to be exercised to prevent fire hazards.
> That first year both camps lasted ten days.

Allen Good terminated his services at the Mission in April 1932. Henry Yoder, deacon of the congregation, with his wife Lydia moved into the Mission Home and he served as interim superintendent until November 1934 while continuing his employment at the nearby Casket Factory. He was unable to continue all the programming Allen Good had been overseeing, even with the help of the mission staff, so the camping program was suspended and not until 1937 was the program revived.

Glen and Fern Whitaker began serving as superintendent and matron of the Mission in June 1936. Glen had grown up in the Albany congregation. In 1937 Glen re-established the camping program. By this time a site for camp had been made available by Sam and Nellie Miller on their farm a couple miles east of Hubbard on the Pudding River. Some changes were recommended for the program that year. The camps were to be small, only 10 to 15 children at a time, one week each. Campers able to do so were to pay $2 and bring their own bedding when possible. (Before this, the Mission had furnished the bedding which they owned and maintained.) Parents were to sign that the church was not responsible for the child, I suppose in case of injury or illness. This camp did have electricity available and I believe there was also water on the premises. I didn't find any notations anywhere, but if my memory is correct, boys and girls were segregated; that is, one week it would be a boys' camp; the next week would be for the girls.

The following year, 1938, facilities were improved. There were a few new tents. Glen would have liked to have boats for use on the river, but that didn't happen. I don't know when the cook shack was built. It was a small building with a wood cookstove, cupboards for food and dishes and a place for food preparation. One side had hinged doors which could be let down and used as a serving table for food. Also that year Glen had requested and received wooden planks for seating for a camp meeting. I don't know if they had a camp meeting that year for members of congregations and others of the surrounding community as well as the campers. I do remember the one in 1939 as that was probably the first year I have memories of the camp at Sam Millers. One vivid memory is of Mildred Wolfer and Donella Hooley, sisters, singing a duet, "The Camp Meeting in the Air."

I am not aware how Sundays were handled during the earlier camps but after the camp was held at Millers, the children were

SPRING MEETING

March 19, 2006, 2:30 p.m.
Prince of Peace Community Church
7234 N.E. Arnold Avenue, Corvallis, Oregon

Chairman.. . . . . Willard Kennel
Welcome and Devotional Meditation . .. . Pastor Scott Dyer
Congregational Songs……...Wilma Nisly
History of the FIRDALE Congregation 1914-1924….. Eileen Weaver
Charter Members of FIRDALE…….Harold Weaver
Announcements, Business . . . . . Willard Kennel
Offering…….Special Song by Quartet
Closing Song and Prayer

Welcome to one and all

taken to the various local congregations, Hopewell, Zion or Bethel, for church and then hosted in homes of members for dinner and the afternoon, and taken back to the evening services. As previously, food was brought in by the surrounding congregations._ The cooks used what they were given. I recall one cook mentioning that she was having a problem being creative with all the cabbage she had received. There must have been an abundant cabbage crop that year. The Whitakers accepted a call to serve in the mission program in Los Angeles and terminated at Portland probably early in 1939 but remained in the city until fall and so helped with camp and perhaps he conducted the 8-day meeting that year.

Marcus Lind was the next superintendent and he continued and expanded the work of Glen Whitaker. I was away during the next few years, either working or attending school, so don't have memories of the camp and I didn't find many notes on the first years Marcus and Salome were there. This was also the period of World War II and during this time the complexion and composition of the Sunday school changed. Most of the children attending camp were from the Sunday school. During the war the Sunday school became about half African American children plus others who lived in the near-by housing development that had sprung up and from where they were bussed to the mission. That's a whole story unto itself. So there were more racially mixed groups in the camps.

In 1945 camp operated for one week, from Monday to Monday. Activities included hiking, chores, food, games, Bible and missionary stories, campfire services, swimming, horseback riding, crawfishing. Each camp was treated to one day when they went to Silver Falls Park and hiked around the falls and enjoyed a picnic lunch.

Marcus terminated his services in 1945 to assume the principalship of the newly established Western Mennonite School. Paul E. Yoder served in the capacity of superintendent during the next two years and continued to strengthen the program. Paul had previously been pastor of the Albany congregation where they were involved with camping programs that used the facilities at the White Branch camp on the McKenzie River in the Cascades.

In 1946 the facilities on the Miller farm were further improved. There were ten new tents, cots for sleeping and floors for the tents. That year there were two camps, one each for boys and girls. Each camp ran two weeks with a total of about 24 children plus workers in the camp.

Claud Hostetler became superintendent following Paul Yoder and continued the existing programs, including camping. A few notes and statistics from the first years of Claud's superintendency follow.

In the summer of 1950 there were 38 boys - the largest number to date. Some of the campers were from the Albany congregation. And more Negro youngsters were attending camp.

In 1951 there were 33 girls and 39 boys.

In 1952 because of crowded conditions, it seems only Portland youngsters were accepted as campers.

Nellie Miller had died in 1950 and a few years later Sam Miller sold his farm; however the new owner permitted the Mission to use the camp facilities yet for the 1954 summer camping season.

In 1955 there were only 13 campers and they went to White Branch. This didn't prove to be too successful. One factor was the distance from Portland. Another had to do with cultural differences among the campers.

In early 1956 the Portland Mission as such ceased to exist. The congregation was organized as an autonomous entity and renamed the Portland Mennonite Church. There were several reasons for the closing of the mission. Once more the demographics of the area were changing and it was becoming more industrialized. The city condemned the living quarters of the single mission workers.

Claud Hostetler continued as pastor of the congregation and the Sunday school and similar programs didn't change immediately either. One of the questions facing the new congregation was what to do about summer camp.

Our family had moved to a partially timbered, fairly large acreage in the hills above Scotts Mills in the fall of 1955. We were members of and attending the Portland Church at that time as well. The decision was made to provide a camp site on our property. Much work went into getting the site ready for camp in the summer of 1956. A summer V.S. unit with Frank Brilhart from Scottdale, Pennsylvania, was acquired. There were numerous Saturday and holiday work days involved. The cook shack from Sam Miller's place as well as the tent floors were hauled up to our place and gotten ready for use. An electric line was run down to the area and the road and driveway had to be improved and made usable, even when it rained. The first summer at least, and perhaps longer, water was hauled from our house, which was just up the road. Later, a spring below the camp was improved and a pump installed, and there was running water to the cook shack.

With the Brilharts and staff in charge, there were 17 boys arid 19 girls as campers that first year. I think the traditional day at Silver Falls Park was continued. (It wasn't quite so far from our place.) Swimming was available and enjoyed down at the swimming hole at Scotts Mills, a bit over three miles away. There was a small creek behind the camp called Alder Creek, thus the name Alder Creek Camp.

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Mention was made earlier about one of the activities being crawfishing. That is one memory I have of camp on our place. Those youngsters certainly enjoyed catching, cooking and eating crawdads, whether from our small creek or from Butte Creek, I don't remember.

In 1957 there were 22 boys and 22 girls in the two camps which ran for ten days each. Again, there was a service unit in charge.

There are a lot of things I do not remember about the camps those years. I was really not involved with the operation of the camps. I don't recall how Sundays were handled. Probably the activities of the day were made special just in the camp. Evening camfires were always a major activity at all times.

By this time, campers were able to pay a fee for the privilege of attending camp and the food was purchased rather than donated.

Again, I do not have a whole lot of data regarding camps and activities and my memory does not serve me well either. So I don't know how long the week-long or longer camps for Sunday school and Bible school children continued. In 1961 there were 24 children brought out for a weekend by the Voluntary Service unit located in northeast Portland.

In 1962 there was a weekend MYF camp and also a married couple's retreat one weekend. Again in 1963 both groups used the camp. By this time our older boys were licensed drivers and they also participated some with the MYF campers. We had an old Jeep that the boys enjoyed driving around on the place, which has some fairly steep hills on it. One evening, rather late, some of the girls wanted a Jeep ride and one of the boys was more than willing to oblige. He took them up on top of the hill one way and came back down on an extremely steep and rough road, fairly close to our house. Before coming down the hill, he warned the girls that they were not to scream because "The folks are probably in bed and you don't want to wake them up!"

1964 was the first year for camping at Drift Creek Camp and it appears that year campers from Portland went there. However, we find that in 1965 there were 47 campers at Alder Creek in three camps that ran from Wednesday through Sunday. It seems the decision to have these camps was made on rather short notice.

The old cook shack was showing its age so in 1966 the decision was made to replace it with a larger building that could serve as kitchen, dining area and a place to use in inclement weather as well as for other activities. The first third of the building was ready for use yet that summer. The statistics for that year show a total of about 60 campers which included grade school youngsters, MYFers, married couples and the MYF Cabinet.

The new building was finished in the next year or two and proved to be a real asset. In 1968 there were 60 children in five camps and questions were beginning to arise regarding the whole camping program.

In 1969 the Portland Mennonite Church relocated from the Savier Street site in northwest Portland to a different facility in southeast Portland. I had few records from that tine on to peruse, bit those I did check do not mention any kind of camping program. I suspect that 1969 was probably the last year that Portland folks used the facilities at Alder Creek Camp. Bit the camping legacy and ministry began in 1929 by Portland Mission personnel lives on today in the ministry of Drift Creek Camp.

By the mid 1970s Portland Mennonite Church had no interest in the Alder Creek site or facilities and the building that was erected has since been remodeled a couple of tines and is now lived in by a granddaughter and her family.

Is camping worthwhile? Most definitely, yes! Some of the comments one heard from some of the youngsters for whom it may have been the first tine to be so far away from the city were interesting and revealing. For instance, one boy was heard to remark that, "I didn't know so many folks lived in these woods." There was also disappointment expressed that there wasn't a store around the corner where they could buy a can of soda pop.

Resources.

Kaiffman, Jess: A Vision and a Legacy: The Story of Mennonite Camping, 1920-80. c1984, Faith and Life Press.

An unpublished history of the Portland Mennonite Church by Hope Lind. Information found in the archival holdings of the OMHGS: Claid Hostetler collection and the Portland Mennonite Mission collection.

MY FIRST TEACHING JOB

Rhoda (Fisher) Palmer

The early thirties, 1930 and 1931, were difficult years. It was hard to find a job. Many heads of families found it difficult to support their family. Few married women could obtain a position in most lines of work.

My twin sister and I had finished high school in the spring of 1929. For the fall term we entered Oregon Normal School (Now Western Oregon University) at Monmouth, Oregon. We went to school for four terms which ended in August. At that time we could teach on a limited certificate if we could find a position. We mailed dozens of applications but could not find a position.

We had borrowed money to attend school and needed to pay some on the principle. We did both find work and worked through the fall term and the last half of the winter term. We again entered school. We began practice teach in Rickreall in a three-room brick school building.

We were assigned places in the first three grades. The critic teacher did not impress me so I do not recall many details of this time. I had always wanted to be a teacher so was not frightened at facing a room full of children. Having three grades, you faced a group ranging in age from six to nine years old. There were the eager faces of the first graders who had just mastered the art of reading, math and various other experiences. The older third graders, varying in size and knowledge, gave you the impression they knew how to deal with this new bunch of inexperienced teachers.

As several days passed, we had gone through the assignments of writing lesson plans and observing the critic teacher working with the children. Before we were in the teaching mode, you were handed back a lesson plan to present to the class. You stood before the group introducing the lesson you had worked so hard to prepare. You have the eager beavers who seem to anticipate your questions before you ask them. Then there are some who are so bored they sit gazing out the window. As you try to bring these children back into the group, you can get very frustrated and lose your place in the outline of your

lesson plan.

Finally the six weeks went by and we were into the spring term of regular college. Again I began sending out applications to the schools. If they were near enough, you requested a personal interview.

My sister, Ruth, obtained a position in a country school near Albany. Near the end of the term I received a letter from a district near John Day offering me a position in their school. They said they would send the contract later. A few weeks went by and the summer term had begun. Then I received a letter from the district at John Day saying that a local girl had come to the School Board and begged so hard for the position they gave it to her. I shed many tears. It had been so wonderful to think I would have a position since I had borrowed money and needed to begin repaying it.

That summer term I had only six weeks left to complete my teaching degree. This would complete the two full years which was required to teach in the elementary grades and first year of high school. This six weeks was spent in Salem doing the last six weeks of required practice teaching. Summer school is a different situation than the regular school term. You have the group who were required to attend summer school since they needed extra help to enter the next grade. This group needed a great deal of individual help. Then you had the child who came because he/she loved school. This group needed extra work to keep them busy.

Having had some experience with lesson plans, I soon was required to teach. This was such a happy experience. Mrs. Elsie Balt was our critic teacher. She was a lovely woman who inspired children. Their eyes brightened up whenever she stood before them. She was an inspiration to me as well.

I had worked with younger children in our church so had no trouble presenting the lesson so that the younger child could understand. Mrs. Balt told Ruth and me to stay with primary grades. She said that not everyone can present material the children can understand. Of the twenty years that I taught, most of them were in first grade.

Just before the end of the term, a friend of mine received a second job offer. She had taught at Rockville, Oregon for two years and was back to summer school to get her two-year degree to teach elementary grades. The position she was first offered was on the Owyhee River. Having taught at Rockville, she knew the Watson School on the Owyhee was in a really remote area. The new position she was offered was at Westfall, Oregon. Westfall is only 40 miles from the main highway between Burns and Ontario. She knew this would be much nearer civilization than the Watson position.

She wrote her letter of resignation to the district. I sent my application and had several officials and teachers in the college write to the Watson School Board.

Meanwhile we had received our degree or diploma and moved home. Ruth and I went to a hop farm where we had picked hops several years before. we set up a small tent and began picking the next morning. We had picked hops before so knew how many it took for one hundred pounds. Hops resemble the cones grown on fir trees but are pale gray and very light and fluffy. They weigh almost nothing. When a basket four-and-a-half feet tall and three feet across the top is filled with hops, it does not weigh fifty pounds. We were paid two cents a pound. It is hard work. The vines are so rough that gloves soon wear through. Then you tape the fingers of your gloves with black tape. After having spent the time in school, this was back-breaking labor. September has very warm days. Sweat would run down your back and dust from the vines would cling to your face.

After just a few days of picking, my brother came one evening after we had gone to bed and were asleep. He had a letter for me. The school at Watson had offered me the position as teacher. They offered me a seven month contract and the salary was $100 a month, a very good salary for those days. The clerk said they wanted to begin school the second week in September and would I come on out and they would have my contract ready for me to sign.

We collected what we had earned, took down the tent and went home. I wrote to Watson accepting the position. I began to pack my belongings, trying to anticipate what I would need. My mother kept saying, "You may not be near a town" where I could purchase items I would need.

My sister and I were keeping company with brothers. My sister had the older brother as a friend. He had a new Chevrolet car, a one seater with a rumble seat. He volunteered to drive me out to Watson. My mother invited a group of my friends to party on Saturday evening for a farewell.

At midnight Ruth and Art, Ed and I and my mother started out. We followed the Columbia River to Arlington, then down to John Day and east to Vale. This was a longer route than we should have taken. Ed and I rode in the rumble seat most of the way. The wind in the Willamette Valley is different than that in the hot sandy terrain of Central and Eastern Oregon. That just cuts into your face. We finally put a light blanket over our heads most of the time.

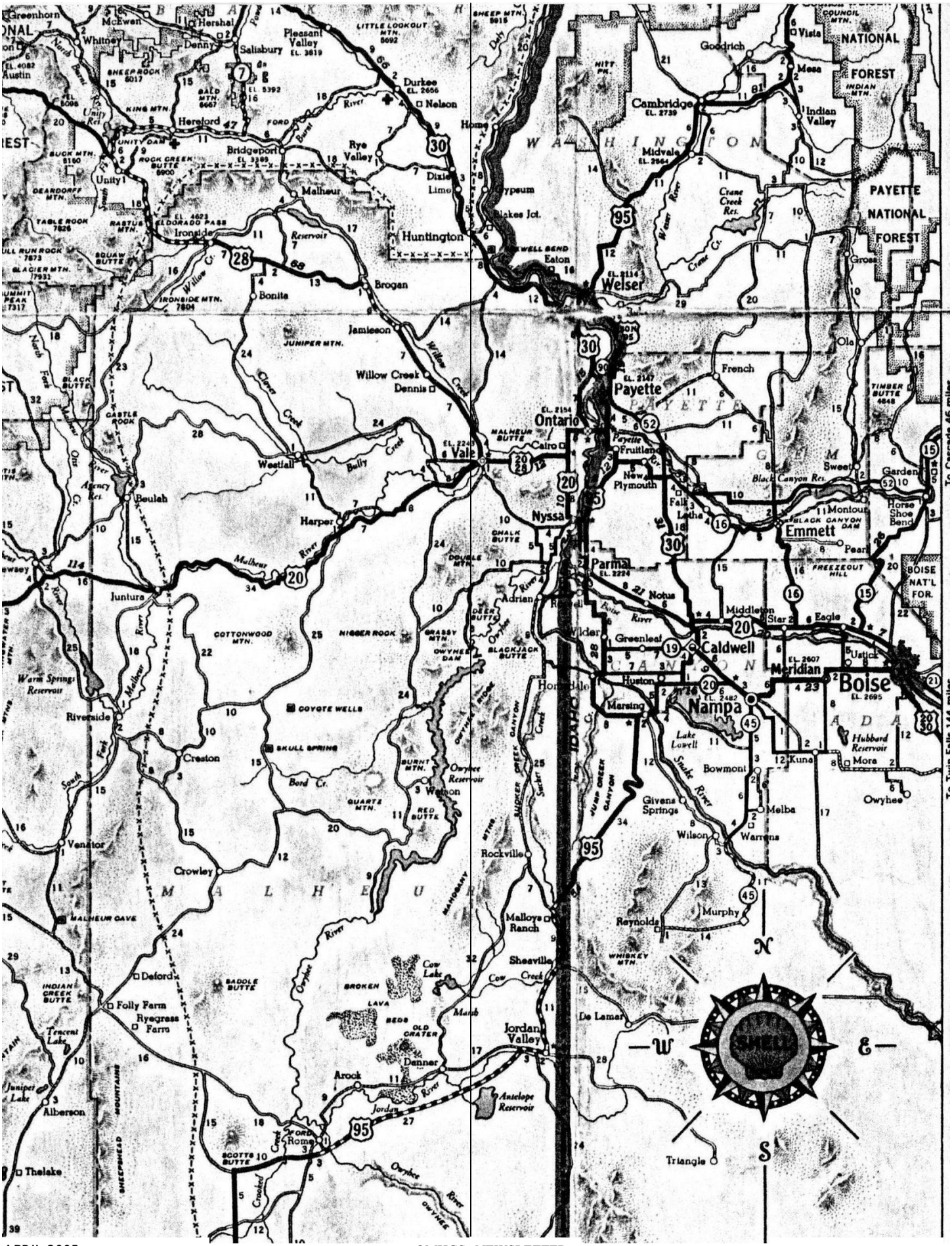
We got to Vale about four o'clock on Sunday afternoon. No one we asked seemed to know much about the way to Watson. Someone told us to go to Caldwell, Idaho and then to Rockville, Oregon. Then there was a road down a canyon to Watson. The lady, who was clerk for the Watson district, had said in her letter that I could come to Rockville by train and then take the stage to Watson.

When we got to Rockville it was just getting dark. There was a small building about 12 x 14 feet in size with an old, old gas pump beside it. An elderly man came out of the post office. I had looked out from under the blanket and asked, "Where is the train?" He said no train, came that way but there was a daily stage that came from Caldwell to Jordan Valley, Rome and points east.

We asked directions to Watson. He said, "You can't drive down the canyon at night." The road wasn't in very good condition. I said I had to be there in the morning as I was the teacher and school was to open the next morning. "Oh," he said, "They'll wait." He said I could get to Watson the next morning on the mail stage.

My family and friends needed to start home and I needed a place for the night. He said go to the Greely Ranch which was up the road. He was sure they would put me up for the night. I wondered how I could ask complete strangers to spend the night but I wanted the position so we went to the Greely Ranch. They were lovely people. She had come out from Chicago years before. He had a large hay ranch and many cattle that ran on the range in summer.

I can't describe how I felt as mother, sister and friends prepared to leave. We unloaded my boxes and suitcases. My mother gave me twenty dollars. She knew I had some money, so


Greenhorn
McEwen
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Denny
Salisbury
Pleasant Valley
Durkee
Nelson
Hereford
Bridgeport
Rye Valley
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Lime
Unity
Malheur
Ironside
Huntington
Brogan
Bonita
Jamieson
Willow Creek
Dennis
Westfall
Vale
Beulah
Harper
Juntura
Riverside
Creston
Venator
Crowley
Deford
Folly Farm
Ryegrass Farm
Alberson
Thelake
Arock
Danner
Jordan Valley
Rockville
Malloys Ranch
Sheaville
De Lamer
Reynolds
Murphy
Triangle
Wilson
Warrens
Givens Springs
Melba
Owyhee
Bowmont
Kuna
Mora
Hubbard Reservoir
Lake Lowell
Nampa
Caldwell
Meridian
Boise
Eagle
Star
Middleton
Greenleaf
Wilder
Notus
Parma
Adrian
Nyssa
Ontario
Payette
Fruitland
New Plymouth
Cairo
Ola
French
Sweet
Garden
Emmett
Montour
Horse Shoe Bend
Pearl
Cambridge
Midvale
Indian Valley
Goodrich
Vista
Mesa
Council
Gross
Welser
Eaton
Home
Oxbow
Brownlee Reservoir
Owyhee Reservoir
Warm Springs Reservoir
Agency Res.
Malheur Cave
Malheur River
Owyhee River
Snake River
Boise River
Payette River
Weiser River
Crane Creek Res.
Black Canyon Res.
Freezeout Hill
Chalk Butte
Deer Butte
Blackjack Butte
Grassy Mtn.
Owyhee Dam
Black Canyon Dam
Cottonwood Mtn.
Nigger Rock
Coyote Wells
Skull Spring
Burnt Mtn.
Quartz Mtn.
Red Butte
Broken Lava Beds
Old Crater
Cow Lake
Antelope Reservoir
Whiskey Mtn.
Mahogany Mtn.
Juniper Mtn.
Ironside Mtn.
Glacier Mtn.
Dead Ox Flat
Jump Creek Canyon
Sucker Creek Canyon
Owyhee Ridge
Indian Creek Butte
Saddle Butte
Scotts Butte
Sheepshead Mountains
Trout Creek Mtns.
Tuscarora Lake
Juniper Lake
Payette National Forest
Boise Nat'l For.
Malheur
Harney
Ada
Canyon
Payette
Gem
Washington
Idaho
Oregon
Nevada
Shell

that I would have enough to come home if the position didn't pan out. They left for Caldwell and home.

Mr. Greely had met us at the car and assured me I could spend the night. He told me to take what I needed for the night. Most of the boxes and baggage we left by the gate all night. He assured me few people traveled by there and he was sure everything would be alright. He took me to the house and introduced me to Mrs. Greely and a younger daughter. I'm sure Mrs. Greely knew how badly I felt. By this time it was time to retire for the night.

Another young woman was spending the night so I had to share a room and a bed. Her name was Goldie Johns. She talked as long as I could keep my eyes open. Such wild stories about rattlesnakes and cowboys! I was so exhausted I probably went to sleep while she talked and really slept all night.

I can't remember breakfast but I'm sure they had sourdough biscuits with ham or beef steak and gravy. Some people's sourdough biscuits were wonderful. They would be tall with a crisp golden crust and were so good with lots of butter. Other biscuits would be flat with brown spots. The brown spots were from the soda added to sweeten the sour dough. The soda must be added very carefully to preserve the brown spots.

Mornings are beautiful in Eastern Oregon. The hills were very dry so were a very light tan. But the distant hills were misty gray with the higher mountains in purple hues. The sun shone brightly and there was a gentle breeze. I was feeling much better and asked how soon I could send a letter home. They said the Watson mail stage would pick up their mail sack about 9:30 a.m. so I quickly wrote my mother a letter.

When the mail stage came it was a small dark green two-door Chevrolet. Mr. Mattingly was the driver. I asked him about a ride to Watson. He said fine but he wouldn't be able to take all my boxes but could bring them to me on Thursday which was the next mail day. Watson received mail only on Monday and Thursday. Each family had a mail sack. Sometimes it was miles from the farm house. It hung on a post along the road for the mail stage to pick up.

I was very concerned about my job as teacher. I told them I was to start that morning and that I hadn't even signed a contract. He said, "They'll wait!" The drive down Succor Creek was beautiful. It wound around through the high hills and tall cliffs. The rocky cliffs were so beautiful. They ranged in colors from orange to brown. The road followed a small creek much of the way with the road crossing the creek in several places. When the snow melted in the spring, many times the creek was so high the road was impassable.

The mail post, where the Bethels left their mail sack, was nearly two miles from their house. Mr. Mattingly drove me to the Bethel farm with all my luggage. If it hadn't been such a beautiful sunny day the surroundings would have been harder to take. The house was unpainted and was surrounded by trees, with an irrigation ditch running by the front of the house.

Mrs. Bethel had said in her correspondence to me that I could have room and board with their family. My belongings were taken into the house. I was assigned one of the two bedrooms upstairs. The walls were bare wood and there was an old iron bedstead and a couple of large boxes for a cupboard. I settled in as best I could. I was very worried about my contract. Since I was one day late, I thought they might fire me. I finally asked Mrs. Bethel about it. She said the Chairman of the School Board was out to the railroad delivering cattle that he was shipping out and that when he returned, they would give me my contract. I seemed to be the only one worried about it.

There were three children in the Bethel family: a little boy a bit over a year old and two little girls, one seven years old and one five. The older one would be in the second grade.

I don't remember much about supper that evening but I soon decided to retire for the night. Mrs. Bethel gave me a kerosene lamp with a very smoky chimney to take to my room. The stairway was so steep and narrow that I was always afraid of falling down with the kerosene lamp. My parents had electricity since I was in the third grade. We also had indoor plumbing. It was hard to adjust to these different facilities.

I tried to read after I went to bed but the light was so poor I soon gave up and tried to sleep. I must have soon fallen asleep but something awakened me. Something was biting me. Thinking it must be mosquitoes, I was sure I could kill them but there were no mosquitoes anywhere. I put out the light and tried to sleep. The bugs kept biting all night. In the morning I had white bumps half an inch across everywhere. They had even bitten me on one eyelid. I had rubbing alcohol which I kept putting onto get rid of the bumps you could see. I finally had to go down to breakfast.

As the mail stage went up the river, the driver spread word that the teacher was here. Just as we started breakfast, here came Mrs. Bethel's brother and his wife and a young brother of theirs. Kenneth, the younger brother, was two years younger than I. He put a chair up to the table beside me and began showing off.

Kenneth wore a pale orange silk shirt and Levi Strauss pants. He had cowboy boots with orange and green butterflies on the top and a gray cowboy hat with a wide brim. He had blonde wavy hair and blue eyes. Jack, the older brother, and Kenneth were going to Jordan Valley for the day. They pronounced it Jerdon Valley. Evelyn would spend the day with Mrs. Bethel. Kenneth kept talking about the pretty Basque girls in Jordan Valley. I knew nothing about the Basque nationality so thought it must be a large family of girls. The Basque people came to this country from a small country between France and Spain. They have their own form of government and their own language. Many of the men who migrated to this country had herded sheep until they had enough money to send for their families if they had been married before they left Europe.

Kenneth and Jack.` left for Jordan Valley. Mrs. Bethel hitched a team to a flatbed hay wagon. She filled some ten gallon cans with water, then gathered together brooms, a mop and cloths to wash windows and woodwork. We loaded the three children into the wagon. Evelyn and I climbed on and Mrs. Bethel took up the lines, spoke to the horses, and we took off for the schoolhouse.

The school building was about a mile and a half from the Bethel farm. We spotted the building when we were about half way there. It was a small building about 14 x 18 feet in area. It had two windows. It was made o, unpainted rough lumber and stood out in a sagebrush flat. one outhouse stood over to one side. It was in bad shape with large cracks for the wind to whistle through. There were no shade trees. There were a couple of posts to tie up a saddle horse.

We all worked at the cleaning. I washed windows and desks. There was a teacher's desk and a dozen children's desks. No library books or anything to inspire a child. I was happy I had some lovely posters and pictures in the materials I had brought

with me to brighten the room. Later I ordered cretonne material and made curtains. I also sent to the county library for books for the children to read. We had the inside fairly clean so we loaded the children and ourselves and journeyed back to the farm.

Sometime during the morning Evelyn whispered to me, "How did you sleep last night?" I answered, "Not very well. Something kept biting me." I said I couldn't find any mosquitoes. She said, "It's bedbugs." I had heard very little about them. Evelyn had taught school on the river a few years before and had encountered bedbugs. Her remedy was to mix alum with kerosene. You put this mixture in tin cans and set each leg of the bed in a can filled with the kerosene.

I examined the mattress and bedspread. I found large bugs, tiny baby ones and eggs in the tufts on the mattress and in the cracks in the bedstead. I went over each place with a paint brush dipped in the kerosene. The odor was terrible but I found I could sleep. I examined my bed each week and put the kerosene on the live bugs I found. As soon as it began to freeze and was cold enough, the bedbugs_ hibernated for the winter. There weren't so many of them in the spring but I had to keep my brush handy to keep them under control.

First Day of School

School began on Wednesday morning. I was very anxious to see my pupils. I had walked back to school the day before, taking posters and pictures for the walls. I also had picture books for smaller children.

Phyllis and I started out before 8:00 on Wednesday morning. Phyllis was eight years old and in the second grade. There was little she could tell me about school the year before.

Shortly after 8:30, three horses came galloping in. They were the Maupin children. Gracie was in the eighth grade. She rode one horse with her little sister, Pearl, on behind. Pearl was five years old. Anne, a fourth grader, and Samuel, a third grade, rode another horse. Phil, in the sixth grade, usually rode a bronco he was breaking. They were an interesting family. The father was part Indian and the mother was very blonde. They lived on a farm that had belonged to Mrs. Maupin's family. Gracie and Pearl had very dark hair and brown eyes. The other three children were blonde with blue eyes.

Later another horse appeared, carrying the two children who lived down the river. Merle Page was in the third grade and her brother, Wennie, in the first grade. The children found their desks and I handed out what books and materials were available. It was two weeks before everyone had all the textbooks they needed.

I was from a family who enjoyed singing and had sung in our church choir and in the McDowell Club at Monmouth so was able to lead the children in singing. There were no musical instruments but the children all had favorite songs and I taught them new songs. We would sing each morning.

They loved to have me read to them. Each day I spent time reading stories and books. Gracie was a very bright student. I sent to the county library for books and materials to make our class more interesting. The rest of the children did very little reading. I always kept a selection of books from the county library.

The farms along the river had very good soil and they raised wonderful gardens. The Bethels had a large watermelon patch. The last of September Mr. Bethel brought a load of watermelons to the schoolhouse. Each day we would slice a couple at our lunch time. The children and I really enjoyed them. We had to carry our drinking water from the river. Usually Phil and Sammy did this chore for me.

I was so anxious about my contract. Two weeks went by before we heard that the chairman of the Board had returned from the railroad. The railroad was in the small town of Vale, 70 miles from Watson. on Saturday morning, Mrs. Bethel saddled two horses and we started down the river. It was a beautiful day for a ride but she hadn't told me that it was 15 miles down to the Ferguson place and 15 miles back home. I was riding on such a poor saddle. The leathers holding the stirrups were so poor all the skin was rubbed off one of my shinbones.

We arrived at the Ferguson place just after noon. They all three signed the contract. Mrs. Bethel was clerk of the district. They invited us to have lunch which was coffee, sourdough biscuits and brown beans. Everyone usually had a kettle of brown beans to warm up if someone came by. If anyone stopped by, you always offered them food. They usually would have been riding quite a distance.

We had galloped and trotted our horses quite a bit and I was miserable. I kept up quite well on the way home. It was nearly dark when we got back to Bethel's so I didn't go up to the hot springs that evening. Sunday morning I went to the bathhouse and had a good hot bath. I was miserable for a few days and didn't think much of horseback riding.

I ordered some corduroy breeches and high laced boots so my shinbones had some protection for my later rides. Kenneth, Mrs. Bethel's brother, came one day and asked me about riding. I told him I hadn't had a very pleasant ride. He looked at the saddle and did some repair work on it. The stirrup leathers did not have the right twist. With the repairs made on the saddle and my new outfit, riding was more comfortable.

Gasoline was very scarce on the river so cars were not used unless it was absolutely necessary. People might bring in a couple five gallon cans of gas when they went to Vale or Rockville. Sometimes you could get the mail store to bring you five gallons of gas.

I asked Mrs. Bethel about bathing facilities the first evening I was there. She said there was a hot springs about half mile up the road where she did her washing and they did much of their bathing. I took soap, shampoo and towels and started out. I also had a few clothes to wash. I soon saw a small building with no door. Inside there was a square cement tank about four feet deep. The hot water from the spring ran into this tank. There was a pipe to drain off the continuous flow of water. This way the water. remained clean.

I usually used a metal tub they kept there for washing clothes for bathing. I would bathe, wash my hair and if I had clothes to wash, I would begin scrubbing the clothes. one day there was a large snake swimming in the tank. Mr. Bethel went up to the spring and took it out and killed it.

Each family with children in school were to furnish wood for the stove. Mr. Bethel hauled a load of lumber and willow trees. He cut up some of the wood. The rest was up to me. As it grew colder, we used more wood. The wood Mr. Bethel furnished lasted until the last of January.

When it snowed the first part of November, the Page children did not attend school. The river had become higher at the crossing and their parents felt it was too dangerous for them to cross. The second week in December, the Maupin children no longer came; they said they no longer had hay for the horses.

The snow was never as deep in the river canyons. Cattle and horses could winter in that area with no extra hay.

I had wondered about a Christmas program, but with only one pupil it was not necessary. Phyllis and I continued to walk to school each day. We stayed only until 2:30. I was afraid I couldn't get my check without being there each day.

A few days before Christmas I decided to go home for the holidays. I went to Rockville on the mail stage. I hoped I could stay with the Greelys if the stage from Jordan Valley had already gone by. We got to the Greely Ranch. Mr. Greely said he needed to go to Caldwell for business and they needed some supplies. He would go that afternoon and I could get the evening train to Portland.

We left for Caldwell about 1:00. I had a lovely dinner in the restaurant before I had to board the train. My brother met me in Portland and we were soon home with my family.

A Trip to Vale

The first of October I received a notice that the teachers' institute for Malheur County teachers would be held in Vale October 10. This was on a Friday. I wondered if I would be able to attend. I then received a note from the teacher at Rockville that another teacher was picking her up on Thursday and would be coming down to Vale. They would pick me up and then journey on to Vale.

It was about 85 miles to Vale from the Bethel place. We made the trip with no trouble. We arrived in Vale about 6:30. It was wonderful to settle in at the hotel with a bathroom and bed with no kerosene odor and no biting bugs. The meals in a restaurant were also a treat for us.

We spent a nice day Friday at the various teachers' meetings and then shopped for our long list of things we needed. Friday Nell, the one with the car, saw two old men up the street and ran after them. one was Mrs. Bethel's father, Ed Palmer. The other was Frank Pullen who was nearly as old. Nell had taught on the river two years before. Although she was several years older than Kenneth. she liked him very much and treated all the Palmers as bosom friends.

The old men invited us to supper. Ethel and I were angry at Nell but followed along. I fixed it so Ethel had to sit by Frank. She said he kept touching her leg with his knee. of course Nell captured Ed. She was very nice and ordered a bowl of soup but we each got a full meal of fried chicken. If we had to eat with them, we wanted something good.

We did not leave for Watson until early Saturday morning. The trip was hot and dusty with 80 miles of sagebrush road but we had no trouble. Nell stopped at Watson which was only a small post office building beside their house. Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. Bethel's mother, was the postmistress.

After resting there, Nell wanted to go on to the Davis Ranch to see Kenneth Palmer. Since she didn't want to use her gas, she talked Frank Pullen into taking us in his little two-door Chevrolet. We had to cross an irrigation ditch that crossed the road and his brakes got wet. We got to a large gate made of boards and could not stop and drove right through it. Most gates were made of three or four strands of barbed wire with a funny homemade latch to keep them closed.

When we got to the Davis Ranch it was so funny to watch Nell pursue Kenneth. He was embarrassed with two younger teachers looking on. The Davises had a quite comfortable home. It was old and built of river rock but they had finished the walls with wallpaper and had comfortable furniture.

They had two good blooded stallions they had bought from the government. They had lovely mares which were bred to these stallions and they sold horses to the government for the cavalry.

Each ranch had a waterwheel which put the water upon the fields. The mists from the waterwheel helped cool the air. The house was near the wheel. They had made a cooler by covering a cupboard with burlap. There was a trough on the top as large as the shelves. There were tiny holes around the edge and the water dripped down on the burlap, keeping it wet. The breeze blowing through the wet burlap kept things quite cool. They kept the milk. butter and watermelons in the cooler.

Mrs. Davis later would invite me to spend a weekend now and then. I enjoyed it very much.

We then went back to Watson, got into Nell's car and journed on to the Bethel farm where she left me. Nell and Ethel went on up to her home.

Before I left for my trip home for Christmas, I had made arrangements with the Davis family for a ride out to the river when I returned. They were spending Christmas in Ontario. We went to the river by way of Vale. In winter the ground was frozen so there was no danger of mud but we had to cross Dry Creek. Dry Creek had very little water most of the time but in the spring when the snow melted this creek ran a lot of water. Sometimes if the nights were cold enough and no snow was melting you could cross early in the morning. When we got to Dry Creek it was frozen over and we crossed on ice. We made it to Watson and on to the Bethel place.

The Bethels had taken in a cousin's child to keep for a few months. It was a boy in the third grade. I now had two pupils in school. The last of January the Maupin children came back to school again. They came in a heavy farm wagon. Since they went past the Bethel place, they always wanted me to ride with them. They drove at a very fast trot and hit every rock along the side of the road. It was very uncomfortable to ride with them. I walked to school early enough in the morning to escape the ride. In the evening I would send Phyllis and Brad with them saying I needed to do some work at school. In the spring the Owyhee River is very high for a very long time so the two Page children were unable to cross the river and did not return to school.

We ran out of wood since neither Mr. Maupin nor Mr. Page brought it. The children and I would take the wagon out and pull sagebrush and haul it to the schoolhouse. Sagebrush makes a very hot fire but does not hold a fire long unless you have brush with large trunks.

Since lumber was in short supply on the river, they built shelters of a sort for the saddle horses and a few cattle. These were posts set in the ground with limbs and split trunks of willow trees put across the top. There were many willow trees along the river. This was covered with a heavy layer of hay and manure. If it rained too long, which it seldom did, it would leak through the roof. I was amused when I made a lovely picture of a red barn with a hipped roof to present the word barn to the first grade. Little Wennie Page said, "It's a house." They had never seen a red barn. These children seldom got out to the railroad.

On the last of October the Greelys had a dance. Everyone around Watson and Rockville were invited. Whole families attended. When the children became sleepy they were put to bed. The dance would last all night so we could drive home in day-

light. You would look so awful by morning. The music was by the local people. There were fiddles, banjos and accordions. Sometimes they used records. They danced into the living room, dining room and often into the kitchen. Everyone brought food for supper at about 12:30 or 1:00 o'clock.

They had one or two dances a month. Some weekends there were card parties. Usually they played pinochle. When the ice froze on the river, they would get together and ice skate.

The Bethels always milked one or two cows. Mrs. Bethel put the milk in pans and would skim off the cream the next morning. When she had enough cream she would churn. often the cream was very sour by the time she churned. The churn was a five gallon cream can. There was a long handle with a paddle on the end. This was put into the can. You had to move the paddle up and down. The little girls and Mr. Bethel took turns. I felt sorry for the little girls and would often take their place. The butter was put in a salt brine. The butter was fine the first meal you used it but it would be left on the plate and become very rancid. I could not eat it and to this day I do not care much for butter.

When the warm spring days arrived the hills were green with grass and there were many wild flowers. It was beautiful with the tall rocky cliffs in the hills and along the river. In the orchard and irrigation ditches asparagus grew. This fresh green vegetable was wonderful after the long winter. When Mrs. Bethel quit cutting it and fixing it for supper, I would go out and cut and cook it. The cows were turned out on the new grass and the milk had such a bad taste one could not cream the asparagus. If the butter was rancid, I ate the asparagus plain.

The school year of 1931-1932 was the last year a school was held at the lower district.

In 1902 the United States Bureau of Reclamation was created. Shortly after this a dam on the Owyhee River was built that could supply water for Malheur County. Actually when the irrigation system was completed the water covered land across the Snake River around Weiser, Idaho.

Construction did not begin until 1928. However, the government had purchased the farms from the people over 50 miles up the river from the dam site. Some of the people left at that time but others leased the farms for a short period of years. By the time I was teaching, they felt this would be the last year school could be in session. They thought they would have money only for seven months of school so that was the length of my contract. However, I did teach another month as they had more money coming at that time.

This was a very good area to raise cattle. The winters along the river were milder and the cattle needed very little hay as they could feed most of the winter in the protected canyons. There were people who stayed as long as possible along the river. With the hay they could raise on thefarm land they could feed quite a few cattle. In the spring of the year many bands of sheep were taken through the area on their way to their summer range higher in the mountains. This was good feed for sheep and they stayed as long as possible, much to the cattlemen's anger.

It was two years after this spring before the dam filled to capacity. Even though the water might not come up over the fields if the river banks were high, it would stop the waterwheels so there was no water for irrigation. The Davis place was the last place where the water still could run after the early spring runoff.

Note (small print): The above story is as Rhoda wrote it for her children.

The following is a summary of events in her life following that eventful year.

After the school year closed, Rhoda returned to her family home. She taught school the following year at Whiskey Hill, having the four lower grades while Loney Yoder taught the four upper grades.

When that school year was over, Rhoda married Kenneth Palmer on June 5, 1933, and they returned to the area in Eastern Oregon where she had first taught. That fall she again taught a small one-room school under similar conditions as her first year out there. That then seems to have been the end of such schools in that area.

Sometime in 1935 Kenneth suffered a severe injury when he had a bad fall while he was dismantling an older building. They spent time with her parents while he was convalescing from that injury. It was during that time that her grandpa, Amos Troyer, died, a loss that was very hard for Rhoda.

After the birth of their first daughter, Judy, the Palmers moved to Harper and lived in the Harper-Vale area in Eastern Oregon for the next 30 or so years. Two more daughters joined the family. Rhoda was also able to finish her college work in Vale and received her degree in 1955. She had served as a substitute teacher in the Harper schools and after receiving her degree, resumed full-time teaching.

Kenneth died in 1970 following a short, sudden illness. In 1971 Rhoda moved to the Albany area where she had daughters living.

January 7, 2000, Rhoda and her twin sister, Ruth Neuschwander, celebrated their 90th birthdays with an open house in the fellowship hall of the Zion Mennonite Church, the church they had attended as children. Both were already in declining health and Rhoda died the following April 14. Ruth died November 9 of the same year. Both are buried in the Zion church cemetery.

This story is used with permission of Rhoda's daughter.

Note for the map: A later map shows a road between Rockville and Watson.

FROM GLENWOOD, IDAHO TO SALEM, OREGON IN SIX DAYS

by Margaret Shetler

The following story is written as my mother told it to me and I recorded and transcribed it. It is a story I heard often as I was growing up and decided the family needed in her own words.

This is the story of the move of Courtney and Rae Pursley and their two small children, Margaret age 2-3/4 years and Myron age 1-1/2 years from Glenwood, Idaho to Salem, Oregon in December of 1924.

The story really goes back over a month because we went to vote and that afternoon it started snowing and it snowed 18 inches, this in early November. That snow all melted and went into the ground and it was mud. But we made up our minds that we were leaving Tuesday morning. On Sunday Dad went down to the foot of the mountain where we had the truck parked and brought it home, in the mud. The next day I washed and got everything washed and dried so we would be able to go. That night it froze and snowed some more so we were traveling in probably about 6 inches of snow and frost over a foot of mud.

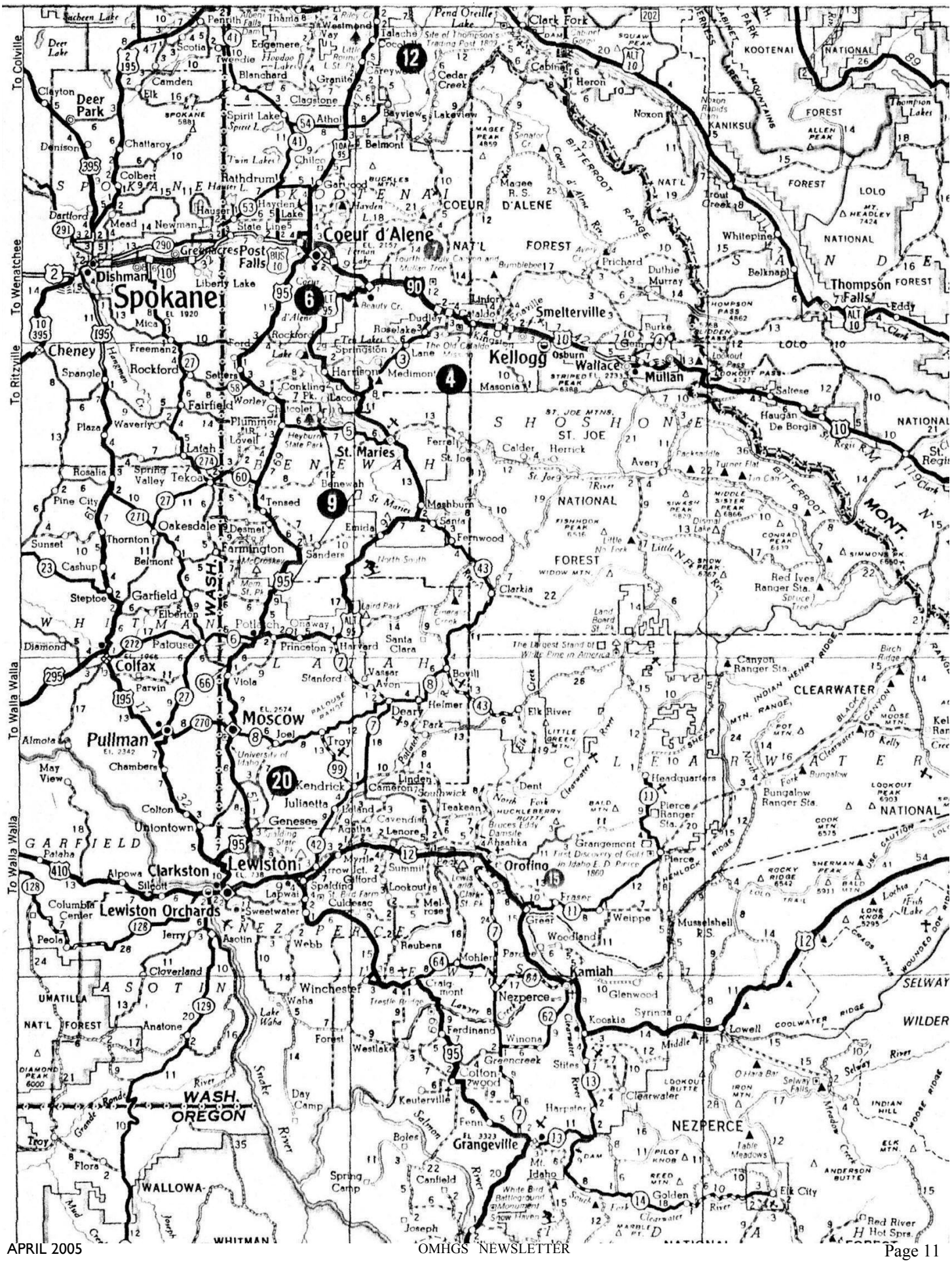
We got ready to go (Tuesday, December 16, 1924), started out, and once we were out of the gate we were on our way because it was downhill and we couldn't get back up the hill to the house. One of the neighbors went along with us with a team and sleigh and the first thing that happened after we got started was that the radiator hose blew off. They went back up to the house and found another piece of hose to put on. Fortunately, it was just the hose, not the radiator itself. So they fixed the hose and we went on down the road about a mile or so, cut out a tree across the road, and then everything was looking pretty good so the neighbor went on back with his team. The sound of the sleigh bells had hardly gotten out of range until we got stuck in the mud. But Dad had a shovel so he shoveled us out and got us started again and we headed on down the mountain. It was 11 miles to Kamiah and it took us five and a half hours to make that 11 miles. We were traveling downhill at times in compound low. And Dad worried all the way because he was so positive that we wouldn't be able to get up across the Nez Perce prairie with all of that cold. I wasn't worried. I had the feeling that we were going to get through all right. We considered all kinds of alternatives, or he did: hiring somebody to go with us with part of our load because we had a winter's supply of food and you youngsters and we also had a half-grown pup in the rig. That evening we got into Kamiah and a man from town had been across the prairie the day before and had broken road. His tires were just the size of ours so we started out very bravely the next morning. We spent the night in Kamiah.

The next day we made a little better mileage but it was really hard on Dad. It wasn't hard on me. We had a canvas curtain on the side and we were tucked in but Dad had to keep getting out to uncover the radiator so it wouldn't boil all our water away and then cover it again before it would freeze, so he was in and out of the truck and his feet were cold and wet. We didn't have antifreeze because the truck had just been sitting and we lived miles from town. Perhaps there wasn't any antifreeze in town. Anyway, we didn't have any; we went with water. The canvas was fastened on the side of the truck and we got in and out on the driver's side. Margaret sat in the middle and I held Myron on my lap.

We had dinner in Nezperce and then went on toward Culdesac which was the next stopping place. It was at the foot of the Winchester Grade. It was getting dark as we were going down the grade. We turned on the lights and we had no lights! There had been just enough traffic over the road to beat it down perfectly smooth and you couldn't see the edge of the grade as it got darker--you couldn't see whether you were on the grade or off the grade or where you were, and it was a long ways down if you got off the grade. But we kept on going and finally Dad saw a little glimmer of light up a draw alongside the road. We stopped and he went up there to see if we could get a lantern. The man had just about 20 minutes of oil left in his lantern. He was eating supper but he let Dad have the lantern and said to leave it at the store in Culdesac and he would pick it up the next day. He could manage with the light from his stove that evening. Well, we got into Culdesac and just as we got into the edge of town our lantern light flickered out. There was a garage there and in the garage was a restaurant with a coal-burning stove which was red hot and was a very, very welcome sight for us as we got out of the truck and went into the restaurant to wait. The hotel had burned down a couple of years before and had never been rebuilt. There was a fellow in the garage hanging around in the restaurant, and the restaurant woman knew that there was a house up on the hill where the lady kept school teachers and an occasional transient like we were. The fellow and Dad walked up there to see about getting a place to sleep and it happened she had a big room with two beds in it and her teachers had all gone home because it was just a little over a week before Christmas. Dad left the truck in the garage and we walked up the hill with the help of this man. We had a suitcase to carry and two youngsters and there was lots of snow on the ground. She was a great big fat woman and her husband was short and small There was really a contrast. But in the living room was a big base burner heater. It was a coal stove and up in the ceiling above this stove was a grate that allowed the heat up into the room above. And that was the room where we were going to sleep so it was nice and warm. First order of business after we were fed was to get you kids in bed and then we rested a little bit before going to bed too. This was the second day. I think we had driven about 26 miles that day, across the Nez Perce prairie which is very high. We had to climb out of the Clearwater valley up to the prairie and then down again down the Winchester Grade.

The next morning we were going to get an early start so Dad went down about 7:30 to start the truck. It was 26 degrees below zero that night. The day before we had been running between 10 and 12 below zero. The old Ford had been sitting on a concrete floor in an unheated garage. They did everything to that thing. They used a blow torch to warm up the oil and finally about 11:30 they got it started and came up the hill to get us. The lady had baked and given me some cookies for you youngsters but it was getting late. It wasn't but a few miles down to Lewiston so we went on in to Lewiston and there we got a hotel room. There was a heated garage underneath where we kept the truck. He couldn't get any antifreeze; there wasn't a radiator nearer than Spokane if we would have needed one. About half of the radiators in town were burst from the cold. So we went on with water.

The next day was a lot better, and we made a hundred miles. We got clear to Walla Walla that day and got a room in a rooming house there and food, of course. None of the roads

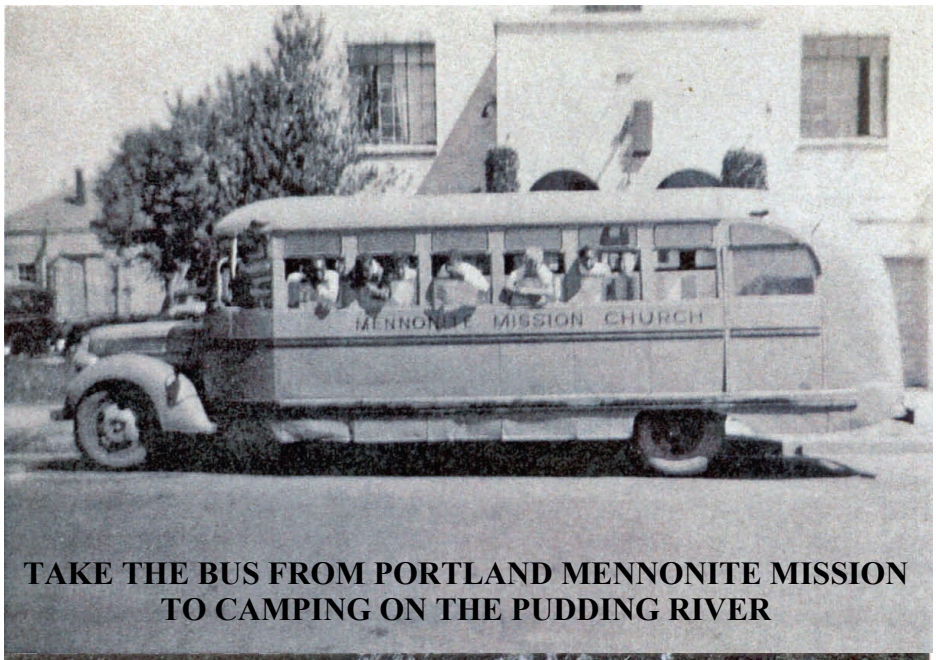


were paved then. The trip to Walla Walla was uneventful and we got out of there early the next morning and into Pendleton well before noon so we kept right on going and that afternoon about 3:30 we reached Arlington in a blinding snow storm. That was far enough for **us.** We were tired and there wasn't any place else for miles. Anyhow, we were informed when we got there that we couldn't go any farther. There hadn't been a bus up the gorge for three days and we wouldn't be able to go any farther.

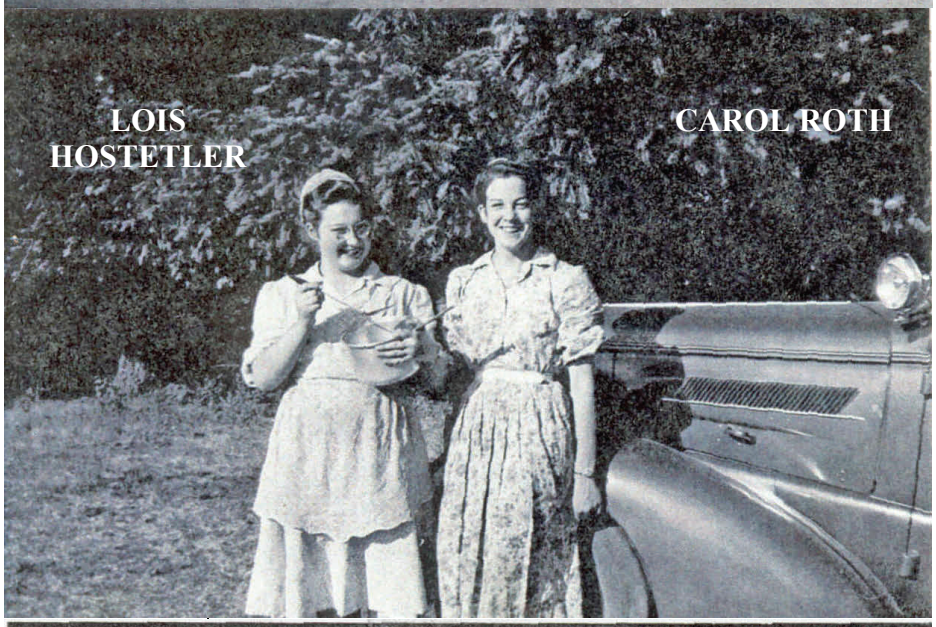
But the next morning we decided to take off. There was a salesman there who was just as anxious to get going as we were. He told Dad that he would go ahead and if he needed help we would catch up with him and so could help him. We never saw him again. We left Arlington. The highway then wasn't' along the river. It was what is now the scenic highway. We managed to make it without even chains. We always had two wheels on the bare pavement. But going up those loops to Vista House was quite a pull. Then we got into Portland and going down 82nd Street we came nearer getting stuck than we had anywhere else on the road; It was the Sunday before Christmas and everybody and his brother was out getting Christmas trees. The road was drifted and there was just one way traffic. We did get lost in Oregon City. We missed the turn to the underpass and thought that we would catch it at the next street down. We got down into what is now Publisher's Paper Mill yard so had to turn back and go under the railroad. We made the backtrack and it was getting dark as we got into Woodburn. We had to stop but it was only 17 miles more and it seemed like we could stand that. We got into Salem that night and Aunt Nelle *was* looking for a card the next day saying we had decided we couldn't come.

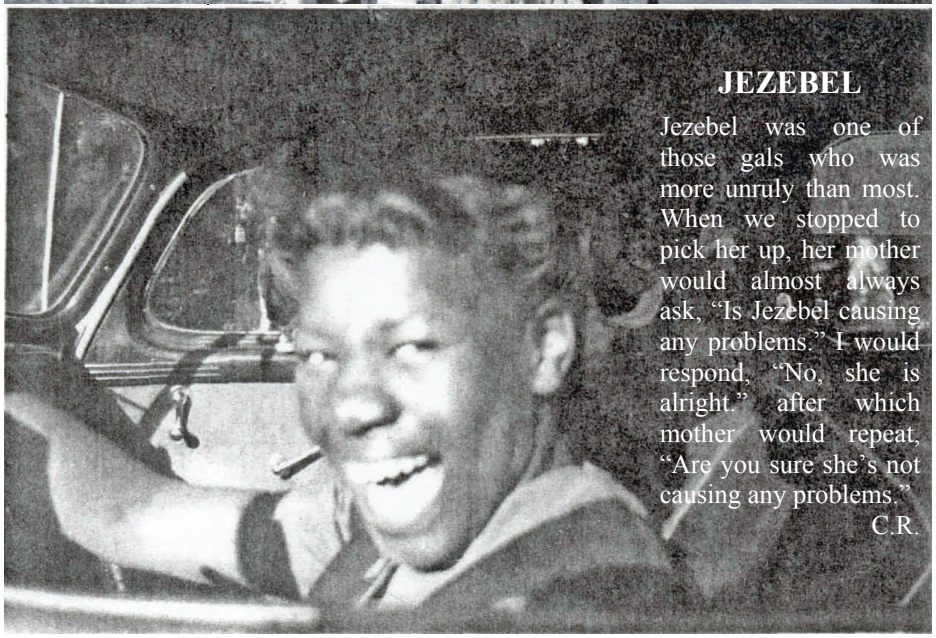
We got through. I was sick but you youngsters were all right. There was no heat in the truck. We couldn't find a heater in Lewiston. We made the whole trip without heat in the truck and with water in the radiator. We couldn't have done it if we hadn't been well bundled up and had that canvas on the side. When we got to Salem it was -2^{o} and there was 7 inches of snow on the ground. We got to Oregon the hard way. Next fall. Dad went back up with the car and he made it in a day where we had taken six.

When that snow went off the ground and there were rosebuds on the bushes and the grass was green, I never worried about rain. I think it rained every day that winter but I know that I saw the sun shine every day that winter, maybe only for a couple of minutes. But that made up for all the rest of it and I



TAKE THE BUS FROM PORTLAND MENNONITE MISSION TO CAMPING ON THE PUDDING RIVER





JEZEBEL

Jezebel was one of those gals who was more unruly than most. When we stopped to pick her up, her mother would almost always ask, "Is Jezebel causing any problems." I would respond, "No, she is alright." after which mother would repeat, "Are you sure she's not causing any problems."

C.R.

haven't complained very much about the rain.

The vehicle was a 1922 or 1923 Model T ton Ford truck.

The following story is written as my mother told it to me and I recorded and transcribed it. It is a story I heard often as I was growing up and decided the family needed in her own words.

CAMPING ON THE BANKS OF THE PUDDING RIVER

Pictures from White Branch Camp, (probably late 1950s), where a group of Mennonite young people from the Dallas area and other GC and MB churches in Oregon camped.

Photos on this page show Vivian Schellenberg on the steps of the Dining Hall and flipping pancakes.

Pictures courtesy of Vivian Schellenberg

ON THE MCKENZIE AT WHITE BRANCH CAMP