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OREGON MENNONITE HISTORICAL AND GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY

OUR HERITAGE OF MUSIC

by Mary K. Oyer

This article is modified from a presentation given by Mary Oyer at the semiannual meeting of the Oregon Mennonite Historical and Genealogical Society, April 6, 2008. In preparation for the talk, she had requested that congregations in the area send her a list of their ten favorite songs. This is the "list" to which she refers in the article. HWB stands for the 1992 Hymnal: a Worship Book used for the congregational singing at this event.

"The chart" refers to the chart on page 6.

I am happy to be here for many reasons. One is that I know so many of you, even if I did not immediately recognize your face or remember your name. I am also glad to come to a historical society. I remember about 25 or 30 years ago when, in the circles I worked, some people were saying that history is irrelevant.; it is only the NOW that's important. This group does not feel that way, I'm sure. We need our historical perspective urgently. In terms of hymns, we need to remember the traditions and continuities that have sustained us through generations. But we need to be aware also of the new songs that appear. What do they bring that we need? So I am happy to address this group that knows history's importance.

As we pointed out, some of you have helped to collect the names of 80 hymns Since there were quite a few duplicates of favorites, 46 different songs remained. We won't sing all of them, but I want to sing primarily hymns that are important to you in Oregon. They are different from the songs I collected for Kalispell, and they are different from my Indiana church. Each congregation has its own sound pool — that group of songs that matter greatly, that comfort and nourish its people; the songs we return to again and again because they sustain us. I would like to put them into historical perspective by using the chart given below.

The chart begins at the bottom. We will look first at the European sources of our Mennonite singing culture, then at what happens when we come to America. What changes, and why? I have listed the hymnals we have used, though we never sing every hymn in a hymn book. Some churches may sing only 40 or 50 a year; others perhaps several hundred. There are hymns that are probably never used by any group. That being said, looking at the available books seems to me the most helpful approach.

If you turn the chart on the side, you will find other kinds of information. The number of hymns in each book is interesting, but the organization of the books' contents is even more so. For example, the one Anglican book, *Hymns Ancient and Modern,* 1861, established a pattern for liturgical churches. The first half of the hymnal is organized around the church year, beginning with Advent. The last half of General Hymns could be arranged in various ways for a liturgical church. Although the Amish are the only Anabaptist liturgical group (following a prescribed plan for the year, with a Register, or Lectionary), it seems to group hymns in the order they were taken into the *Ausbund*.

A number of the hymnals are organized around what might be called a creedal or theological plan, starting with God the Father, Christ the Son, the Holy Spirit. The church, the scriptures, the Christian life. Many of us grew up with that kind of book, in the *Church Hymnal* and the *Mennonite Hymnal,* but earlier hymnals had other plans, and the HWB we are using here is organized around acts of worship in a fairly logical order. It seems more functional than theological, though it does say something about how we order our worship.

There is a time line for the use of shape notes because for the "Old Mennonites" (Swiss-South German background, usually immigrating in the 17th to early 19th centuries) this teaching method for reading music may be one reason why we still value singing hymns in four part, unaccompanied. The General Conference Mennonites have in some areas used cyphers, or numbers, for that purpose.

At the bottom are types of music we will examine as we sing. This shows you the chronology. It is linear, but you may use it in other ways.

The *Ausbund* is most famous of the Anabaptist hymn books of the 16th century. There were many in various parts of Europe, but the *Ausbund* is the one used continuously since 1564. The

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FALL MEETING

October 19, 2008, 2:30 p.m.
Western Mennonite Church
9045 Wallace Rd. NW, Salem, Oregon

Welcome ……..…….…….. Rick Troyer
Announcements
Introduction or speaker …….. Ray Kauffman
"Plucking Mystic Chords of Memory"….....…. John Sharp
Closing Song and Prayer

Welcome to one and all

Amish still publish and use the second edition of 1582.

Let's look at HWB 33 "O Gott Vater, wir loben dich." This is one of the latest songs to be added to the book, early in the 17th century, but it may be the most important — certainly the most familiar. It is a praise hymn, the "Lobsang." Its four stanzas are translated at HWB 32. It is the second hymn sung in every service including weddings. One stanza takes about 5 minutes to sing, making nearly 20 minutes for the entire hymn. We will sing just a few phrases of it. I will lead the first syllable, unless there is a male leader here who will volunteer. A woman never leads in an Amish service.

Scholars tell us that the melody for this "Lobsang" came from Martin Luther's hymn, "Aus tiefer Not" (Psalm 130. "Out of the Depths") which didn't take long to sing! But what happened? Over the centuries as the group sang very slowly they could not hold the same note. The theory is that they wavered a little and finally the wavers became part of the song — decorations on each note. So, as in all oral music changes are gradual but inevitable. The Amish intend to keep the tradition: the words (recorded in the *Ausbund)* and the number in the book remain the same, but the music has moved rather far from its 16th century Lutheran source.

Today a song is led by a male who sings the notes of the first syllable of each phrase. The congregation sings with him for the rest of the phrase. There is no regular beat to guide the non-Amish hymn singer. One simply listens and tries to feel the shape of the phrase. It is a wonderful experience to try to join them. I have often taken students to Glenn Bontrager's home to sing with his family and friends around the table. I feel rather mesmerized by the intensity and concentration I sense there. They must be aware of their ancestors and their carrying on a sacred tradition. I once asked Mr. Bontrager why they sing so slowly. He answered, "Is it slow?" revealing my ego-centric question!

Praise songs were prominent in the *Ausbund,* but Swiss and South German Anabaptists also sang martyr songs because so many of .their leaders, male and female, were killed for their faith. A number of hymns were composed by prisoners in the dungeons at Passau, Germany, on the Danube, from 1537-1540. Would you look at HWB 535 "Who Now Would Follow Christ," an anonymous martyr hymn of 27 stanzas. It tells the story of Anabaptist Georg Wagner, who was imprisoned and killed in 1527. David Augsburger reduced the 27 stanzas to three, for 20th century use. They give us a a good idea of the usual themes of martyr hymns: discipleship, following after Christ, and dying daily. We did not choose an easy tune. We decided on this one because it came from the same decade in which the *Ausbund* was first published, and its character proves to be suitable for the text.

Look at HWB 407, "We are People of God's Peace." The text comes from the Dutch leader, Menno Simons, who didn't suffer the persecution that the Swiss and South Germans experienced. It appeared with this music in the Mennonite World Conference songbook in 1990. The poetic meter and musical rhythm are typical of the hymns our ancestors would have heard around them. The congregation, like Lutheran and Calvinist congregations of the 16th century would not have sung parts, but their church melodies would have had lively and vigorous rhythms.

Anabaptists produced other hymn books, but the *Ausbund* is the most famous and enduring. The only extant copy of the first edition, 1564, is in the Mennonite Historical Library in Goshen, Indiana.

Now we move to the Mennonites who immigrated to America beginning in the late 17th century, They first sang in German and produced two German hymnals. Moving up on the chart you find *Die kleine Harfe der Kinder Zion,* published by the Franconia Conference in 1803 and *Eine unpartheyisches Gesangbuch* from Lancaster Conference, 1804. Though they lived near each other, they could not agree on making a hymnal together. One reason must have been their consideration of *Ausbund* hymns. There were only three in the 1803 book but 63 in 1804. The Lancaster people maintained continuity with their past. Both hymnals began with the French Psalms of Calvin's movement, translated into German, followed by German hymns all of which had varied poetic meters.

HWB 500 "As the Hart With Eager Yearning," a metrical version of Psalm 42, is rhythmically difficult for the song leader but not for the congregation. The French Academy at that time read poetry quantitatively rather than qualitatively, that is, they lengthen important syllables rather than accenting them as we do in English. The Mennonites, especially in Franconia, sang that interesting rhythm. One of your churches chose "Comfort, comfort, 0 my People" to be sung with this tune. HWB 176.

HWB 37 "Praise to the Lord, the Almighty," the choice of one of your congregations, is a German chorale used by these Mennonites in eastern Pennsylvania. The material index shows that it has the longest first line in the book: 14. 14.4.7.8. (See the poetic meter immediately below the title) It's interesting because you take a long breath at the beginning and repeat it; the three shorter phrases increase the excitement of the hymn to the end. That was the earliest kind of Mennonite singing in the New World.

Many of our ancestors who came to America in the 18th century, sang these hymns. But as soon as they moved to English in the first few decades of the 19th century, they had to find a different kind of song. It must have been a drastic change for them,

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rather like the Catholics faced in the 1960s when it was decreed in Rome that they use their vernacular language rather than Latin and sing in their own musical styles. What was most helpful was the singing school movement that Joseph Funk of Virginia brought to Mennonites in the eastern USA. His English-language book, *Genuine Church Music* of 1832 which made use of the meters from England and Scotland, was much less varied than the French and German poetry and music. Their Psalm singing consisted primarily of three meters:

8.6.8.6. Common meter "O God, Our Help in Ages Past"
8.8.8.8 Long meter "Praise God From Whom All Blessings"
6.6.8.6. Short meter "O Bless the Lord, My Soul"

Each of these could be doubled, as 8. 6. 8. 6. D, and there were three other meters used occasionally; but the expressive range was limited. Funk organized his singing school book by meters. Incidentally, poetic meters vary from one language to another also outside of Europe. The Japanese, for example, much prefer 7. 7. 7. 7. or 7. 5. 7. 5. to the common meter tunes they borrowed from the West.

The singing schools introduced Mennonites to a number of folk tunes which probably originated in Great Britain and settled in the Appalachian Mountains in America: tunes like AMAZING GRACE, FOUNDATION, and TENDER THOUGHT. They came into the hymnals of the mid-20th century and enriched the emotional content of hymn singing. Singing schools also encouraged congregations to learn to read music and to sing parts with confidence.

In 1847 Mennonite published *A Selection of Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs*. It was the first Mennonite hymnal in English, but only the words were printed. The editors recommended using the tunes of *Genuine Church Music,* which by mid-century was renamed *Harmonia Sacra*. So if you wanted to read the music, you had to carry the book of tunes as well as book of texts. One hymn that carried over to later books was "Awake My Soul in Joyful Lays" and "Sing My Great Redeemers Praise", It was a Sunday School song, typically more repetitious than European hymns. For the next 25 years hundreds of Sunday School books were published and borrowed by Mennonites.

Although several good American authors emerged, the Englishman, Isaac Watts, was by far the most important to American Christians. Mennonites were no exception. The historian, John Ruth, suggested that Mennonites might have chosen Watts because he was a dissenter from the state Church of England (Anglican). He was a member of the Congregationalists who did not follow the idea that the King is head of the church. Charles Wesley was important to Mennonites also. Coming a generation later than Watts, he brought a more evangelical emphasis to hymns. While Watts saw God as ruler of the whole of creation ("Were the whole realm of nature mine"), Wesley often was more personal ("Jesus, Lover of my Soul"). The 1927 *Church Hymnal* had over 50 hymns; Wesley, 32. We still have Watts and Wesley in our 1992 book, but the number of both is diminished. The language is no longer easy to catch for people born after 1950 or so. It belongs to the King James Version of the Bible and to Shakespeare's time.

Between this 1847 hymnal and the next one Mennonites published, 1890, some interesting events took place. Mennonites began to come from Russia, settling in the USA and Canada. They continued to sing in German for a time, as had the earlier immigrants. Many of them joined the General Conference Mennonite Church, which had emerged in the 1860s. One Sunday School song of 1864, HWB 606 "O Have You Not Heard of the Beautiful Stream" was published in *Sabbath School Gems*. It was used also in camp meetings of the time in America. It was soon taken to Germany by Baptist missionaries and translated into German and eventually reached the Mennonites in Russia. It was especially appealing to German-speaking Mennonites. Its water imagery is strong: healing, cleansing, baptizing. The German version was so strong that the 1990 Mennonite World Conference treated it as a German hymn and retranslated it into English.

Another really wonderful Sunday School hymn is HWB 580 "My Life flows On." Song leaders will notice that the rhythm is unusual. Ken Nafziger, the music editor of the hymnal, arranged it in the way he heard Pete Seeger sing it, so it is not as regular as it first appeared. (It has no time signature.) It sounds somewhat like a Gospel song; it also sounds like a folk song. One Quaker song book claims its origin among Quakers in North Carolina. It was written as a Sunday School song, but it reaches a wide audience.

In this period the Gospel Song emerged. Around 1875 these songs grew rather naturally out of the Sunday School style. Some of them developed in Dwight L. Moody's evangelistic meetings through his musician, Ira Sankey. Their acquaintance with the popular music of Chicago influenced contributed to the character of the new music. Stanzas usually ended with a summarizing refrain. Their poetic meter was often long lines in dactylic or anapestic treatment of accents. This moved them along more rapidly than earlier English hymns. Harmonies were fairly simple and repetitive. HWB 332 "Blessed Assurance" was typical. For some reason Mennonites did not pick these up for the 1890 books, but by the early 20th century they were increasingly excited about them. They are still alive and well today. On all the lists from eight people at least one Gospel Song was included; some lists were entirely Gospel Songs.

In 1890 *Hymns and Tunes* appeared, so named because text and music were joined on the same page for the first time. (It was an innovation of *Hymns Ancient and Modern* 1861 in England.) It was unusual also because so many texts and tunes were written by Mennonites. Although it wasn't well documented for sources, I found about 33 texts and 17 tunes were probably Mennonite in origin. One was "Follow the Path of Jesus," which I see many of you know. It certainly used an Anabaptist theme, but we left it out of the 1969 *Mennonite Hymnal*. It seemed to the Hymnal Committee too simplistic musically. The soprano melody never moved beyond five adjacent notes; the bass had only two. I am sad now that we omitted it because people loved it anyway, and it is still in the memories of the older of us here.

HWB 651 "1 Owe the Lord a Morning Song" was written by Amos Herr, a Lancaster County Mennonite minister. The hymnal indicates that the tune was "By Comm." but the the 1969 committee could not imagine a committee managing to write the music for a hymn! It has managed to survive well for over 100 years. Many Mennonites know it from memory.

In 1890 the General Conference Mennonites produced a Gennan hymn book, *Gesangbuch mit Noten*. Like the 1890 *Hymns and Tunes* this book combined texts and music, as the title tells us. The big difference between the books was in meter, The German book had 109 different poetic meters; the English had the 3 Psalm tune meters plus 11 others. There were some Sunday School songs, but almost no Gospel songs. There were

folk-like songs and Lutheran chorales with simple henneries and rhythms.

In 1894 the General Conference Mennonites decided they wanted a book that was more like the mainline churches of the USA, so they took one called *A Blending of Many Voices,* omitted two songs on infant baptism and called it *Mennonite Hymns: a Blending of Many Voices*. Here they moved into English and adopted a hymnal from other Protestants. I marvel at the fact that by 1969 the two Mennonite groups could work together with pleasure, considering our differences in the 1890s!

The 1902 *Church and Sunday School Hymnal* is still in print, but don't sing the mission hymns in it, please! They are really startling. What they say about us as a colonial people I find sad. I did not realize it in my early years. I remember liking "From Greenland's Icy Mountains" but only gradually came to realize the arrogance in:

"O we, whose souls are lighted with wisdom from high,
Can we to those benighted; the lamp of light deny?"

Gospel songs were accepted gladly by this time. In my congregation we were taught that they were inferior to other hymns, especially German chorales. So I lived for some time with a prejudice against them — actually until I worked on the committee through the 1960s, helping compile the *Mennonite Hymnal*. One learns in working on a hymnal that people have widely differing favorites — songs that nourish their spiritual life.

In 1927 two hymnals were created, each of which had some problems. The General Conference Mennonites published the *Mennonite Hymn Book,* organized around the church year. Its German roots were quite clear with its strong collection of chorales. The congregations were not ready for it, and it was replaced quickly, by 1940, with a new *Mennonite Hymnary,* edited by Lester Hostetler. He chose quite a different plan. He made six books within the hymnal. One was a collection of Gospel Songs. He separated them from other hymns in a section of their own. Further sections or books consisted of Psalms, children's music, German chorales placed in the order of the church year. It was an excellent book, for which he made the first handbook for a Mennonite hymnal, 1949. Congregations accepted it happily.

The *Church Hymnal* of 1927, (Mennonite Church) was edited by S.F. Coffman and J. D. Brunk, who had 25 years of experience in hymnal compiling. They had edited the *Church and Sunday School Hymnal,* 1902. with its supplement of 1911. They compiled a book of Gospel Song types, called *Life Songs* around 1916.. They were open to many styles of music and had a good idea of what would be good for the church. Unfortunately a self-appointed committee gathered together (without the two editors) to examine the contents just before its publication. They believed the book needed more Gospel Songs and decreed that there should be 150 songs with refrains. Coffman and Brunk were astonished and discouraged but altered their original plans, weakening the book, I believe. It meant that in the joint project in the 1960s of the two largest Mennonite groups came to the table with books of uneven quality.

Fortunately, the chairman of the 1969 *Mennonite Hymnal* project, Vernon Neufeld, wisely asked the committee to work by consensus. None of us could look back on our work and say, "I did not want that hymn!" We all were prepared to support whatever we included. (This is in contrast to the later work on HWB 1992, for which we had a large working committee that called for voting — a more contentious approach. However the good thing about this latest book is that both the Church of the Brethren and the Mennonites claim the hymnal as their own! The Holy Spirit was at work.)

The 1960s in North America brought changes that influenced making hymnals. Language was beginning to change in the versions of the Bible. This, too, was a contentious subject. The use of the words "ye," "thee," and "thou" was shifting to "you." It wasn't as large an issue as gender and racist language of the '70s and '80s, but it threatened our traditions.

Cross-cultural hymns began to appear in mainline hymnals. Our committee struggled with questions of how we could honestly sing something outside of our own sound pool. We finally found six Asian hymns that seemed manageable. African songs seemed too difficult. By HWB 1992 we had close to 60 hymns that would classify as world music.

For the *Mennonite Hymnal* 1969 we took a more scholarly approach than in any previous book. The *Church Hymnal* and earlier compilations were constructed by cutting out a hymn we wanted from another hymnal and pasting it in the dummy. If it included an Amen, it was used in the Mennonite book. Whatever documentation about sources appeared in the hymnal from which we borrowed was used in ours. In the 1960s we looked for the original form of each hymn and tune and evaluated its value for us. This led to richer understandings of our heritage of hymns. We searched for Anabaptist hymns that would be useful in the 20th century, made translations and found suitable music. Because the Mennonite Church still rejected the use of instruments in worship, the '69 book was basically four-part a cappella in style.

Two new Mennonite tunes in 1969 which your congregations like very much were FAITH, by Harold Moyer (HWB 506 "I Sought the Lord") and UNION, by Randy Zercher (HWB 411 "I Bind my Heart this Tide"). Let's look at the latter. We had this text on our list of possibilities, but the tune was dull. So Randy Zercher wrote this one. In those days it was clear to composers that they could not honestly compose in the style of J. S. Bach or Lowell Mason, but they had to write for the present time. You notice that Randy's hymn does not end on doh in the bass. We were afraid this would be distressing for our congregations because we had nothing like that in earlier hymnals. So we added an "Amen" that returns to 'do'. Today it is not a problem musically to end without the Amen.

Harold Moyer, who wrote the music for "I Bind my Heart this Tide," in reflecting on composing for four-part a cappella singing, said it was easier for him to compose a symphony than to write a sing-able hymn in contemporary style. I am very grateful for composers who search for contemporary ways for us to sing hymns today.

I could go on and on. But I would like to hear your questions.

[End of the formal presentation]

Two of the Questions following the Talk {The specific questions were not clear on the recording, so I depended strongly on the transcript of my answers.]

1. Concerning hymns projected on a screen
'Off the wall music'

This approach to singing hymns is growing among Mennonites. Because it is often uncomfortable for me, I have been trying to understand why. In the past I used terms such as "off the wall," but their negative connotation kept me from a fair and balanced thinking, and it led me to use a more neutral term — "projected

hymns." Now I want to ask questions like, "Why do people value them? How do these hymns feed the congregational spirit?"

At the outset the good posture they encourage is positive. It is far better than slumping over a hymnal. But a larger issue is that the music is oral rather than written. Normally the screen displays the words only; the music is learned by ear. My generation learned to read notes, often as soon as we could read words. In addition, congregations held singing schools or made times for learning to read music. For us singing without musical notes is unsettling and unrewarding, just as trying to read notes must be for people who function orally. I realized by trying to learn music in Africa that I am very weak in trying to capture notes orally; in contrast an oral musician is quick, often catching the right sound on one hearing.

The text of the new music can be quite repetitious, which elevates the importance of the music. I grew up with hymns that carried much explicit theology; they were wordy, or the kind of poetry that requires time for reflection. Projected music leans toward immediacy of emotional expressiveness, which could enrich our worship.

The type of music differs, also. Often it's primarily melody with little variation in harmony. Mennonites tend to enjoy the richness of four parts. That is not characteristic of the newer styles. Many congregations could sing both old and new styles well.

I personally enjoyed the expansion of musical styles in the 1960's, when Mennonites began to accept the guitar (perhaps because it was possible for amateurs to play?) along with piano and even organ. But the transition to the "wired" generations is difficult for me. And I feel that we are not singing the traditional hymns with the kind of energy and vitality that they embody; too often they are dull. We are adjusting more fully to the popular culture, which seems to want more speed and volume, at the expense of reflection and quietness. We need musical vehicles for lament as well as joy.

I am sympathetic to using the popular culture. A church that proposes to be "missional" must value the cultural world of those it wants to "missionize." At the same time, to reject the traditions of the past is to impoverish our worship life. Most people
will not like every kind of music available in these times; but for the sake of the whole group, openness and diversity are essential. We need both the traditional and the new.

2. Concerning the Place of World Music — Cross-cultural Music — in Mennonite Worship.

There are people who think, as I did in my youth, that only classical music is right for worship. But that was at a time when music of other cultures was unusual and seemed esoteric. The wealth of technological means for hearing cross-cultural song has brought change. A teacher in Indiana now must have a course in World Music in order to get a teaching license.

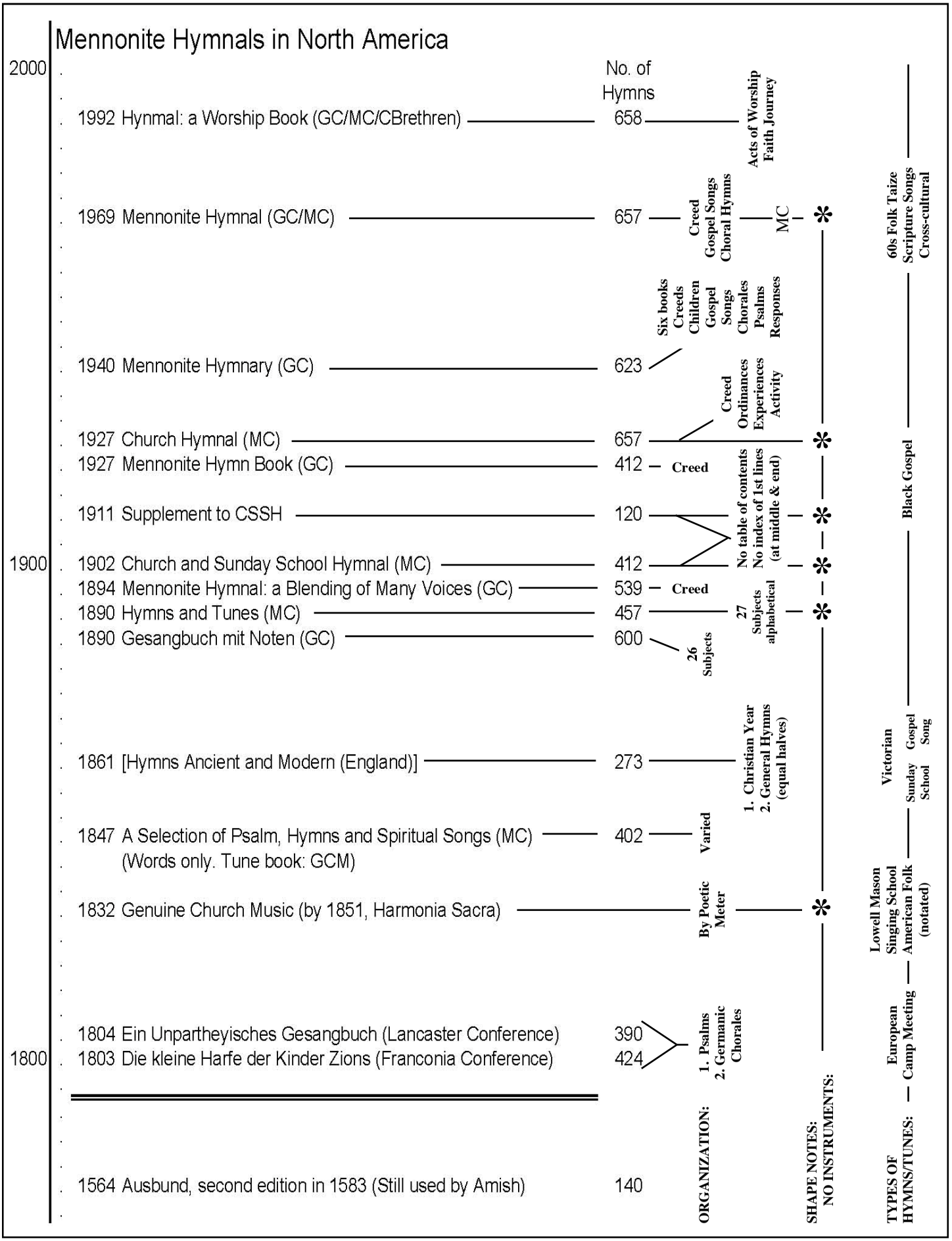
When I first visited African countries in 1969 church music was almost entirely Western except in the Independent Churches (now called African Initiated Churches). Only four years earlier the Vatican Council announced that a congregation was to use its native language rather than Latin and to sing in its own musical style in worship. It took some time for indigenous music to emerge, but by 1972 I heard a Tanzanian Mennonite church experimenting with percussive sounds. At present, singing with instruments and dancing have become normal modes for worship. The Mennonite World Conference in Zimbabwe in 2003 had the whole congregation singing and moving to the sound of local instruments. They were using the sounds of their own familiar sound pools.

It is not easy to know how to sing these unfamiliar styles. It might be helpful to generalize (though generalizations often oversimplify) about the differences in the sound pools among areas of the world: the West (Europe and North America), Africa, and Asia, in particular. The West has focused on chords, on the harmonic structure of music, since Renaissance times. Whether consciously or not, we value the movement between tense and relaxed, resolving clusters of sound. Much of our hearing is vertical, from high to low. Just a look at the four-part hymns in our hymnals makes clear the blocks of chords moving along, usually every syllable at the same time in all the parts (see HWB 407, for example). This means that rhythm is less important than harmony and melody. So it was natural several generations ago for Protestants to take four part singing to their chosen mission fields. I suppose that learning the local music did not seem important to them at the time.

Africans find their musical energy in rhythm, not harmony. They can sing harmonies, but their chords often slide in parallel movement, with little clash and resolution. Drums and shakers are usually necessary to their sound pools. The percussion instruments play the more difficult parts, but the congregation is capable of far more complex rhythms that most Western churches can manage. Dance and clapping are often present. At the Mennonite World Conference in India, 1997, the choir from Zaire could not understand why the congregation just sat to sing instead of moving and dancing. They were up in the aisles. Africans tend to believe that if we don't dance, the Holy Spirit doesn't come. It's a symbol of the whole person — body and spirit — surrendering to God. Because much church music exists orally, without books, the form of a hymn emerges as a solo with congregational response — a response that is the same each time. Variety comes in the soloist's changing text.

I am only beginning to understand the uniqueness of Asian music. (And it is especially hard to generalize about an area with about 58% of the world's people!) I taught between 1999 and 2004 at a Presbyterian college and seminary in Taiwan with a minister/musician/hymnologist (I-to Loh), who collected and published a book of around 300 hymns from 20 Asian countries *(Sound the Bamboo)*. He pointed out the predominance of melody over harmony and rhythm in most Asian hymns. Melodies are decorated with slides and ornaments (*Sing the Story* — 67) and frequently use two or more notes per syllable over a wide range. There are many subtleties of pitches and scales in these countries. A melody may be sung over an unchanging drone. If several parts are used, they often are arranged in independent lines rather than in vertical chords. As he collected hymns I-to Loh realized that Asian voice parts are not based on triads (like do-mi-sol), which form the basis for most Western hymns. Instead, composers avoid the peaceful sound of a triad on the important words or beats of a hymn, as we expect in the West. In singing both Asian and African hymns a piano or organ tends to be the wrong sound. A lighter instrument, like an acoustic guitar, is often better.

It is difficult to move very far out of one's sound pool; a congregation must be intentional about trying. But it can be a richly rewarding experience to learn to know our worldwide family through singing their hymns. I wish you well as you explore!


Mennonite Hymnals in North America
2000
1900
1800
No. of Hymns
1992 Hymnal: a Worship Book (GC/MC/CBrethren) 658
1969 Mennonite Hymnal (GC/MC) 657
1940 Mennonite Hymnary (GC) 623
1927 Church Hymnal (MC) 657
1927 Mennonite Hymn Book (GC) 412
1911 Supplement to CSSH 120
1902 Church and Sunday School Hymnal (MC) 412
1894 Mennonite Hymnal: a Blending of Many Voices (GC) 539
1890 Hymns and Tunes (MC) 457
1890 Gesangbuch mit Noten (GC) 600
1861 [Hymns Ancient and Modern (England)] 273
1847 A Selection of Psalm, Hymns and Spiritual Songs (MC) 402
(Words only. Tune book: GCM)
1832 Genuine Church Music (by 1851, Harmonia Sacra)
1804 Ein Unpartheyisches Gesangbuch (Lancaster Conference) 390
1803 Die kleine Harfe der Kinder Zions (Franconia Conference) 424
1564 Ausbund, second edition in 1583 (Still used by Amish) 140
Acts of Worship
Faith Journey
Creed
Gospel Songs
Choral Hymns
MC
Six books
Creeds
Children
Gospel Songs
Chorales
Psalms
Responses
Creed
Ordinances
Experiences
Activity
Creed
No table of contents
No index of 1st lines (at middle & end)
Creed
27 Subjects alphabetical
26 Subjects
1. Christian Year
2. General Hymns (equal halves)
Varied
By Poetic Meter
1. Psalms
2. Germanic Chorales
ORGANIZATION:
SHAPE NOTES:
NO INSTRUMENTS:
TYPES OF HYMNS/TUNES:
European
Camp Meeting
Lowell Mason
Singing School
American Folk
(notated)
Victorian
Sunday School
Gospel Song
Black Gospel
60s Folk Taize
Scripture Songs
Cross-cultural

FROM OREGON TO KANSAS IN A MODEL T

by Marcus Lind (1908-1995)

The following story is slightly edited from the tape made of a presentation given by Marcus to a Senior Christian Fellowship meeting February 8, 1983 at Plainview Mennonite Church. Marcus gave the same presentation a number of times, including using it for chapel at Western Mennonite School. To the basic facts of the story he would add or delete sideline items of interest to fit his audience.

(Italics from this point by editor)

This is one talk that I feel apologetic about; I do it under compulsion. I bring my Bible to the pulpit as a matter of habit and this is a talk where I don't need my Bible. I'm glad to meet with you young people. You are the young people of my generation so I think I'll always think of us as being young people.

Back in the days of old I can remember when we used to go with the horses and the surrey to church. We had eight miles to church. It was very much of a celebration that we had when my father bought the first car for the family; that was a Model T, a 1917 Model T. In those days that was the prevailing vehicle; that is, after the horses got more off the road. You used the car in the summertime, then you switched to horses in the wintertime. We thought the time never would come that we would use the automobile the year round, but things have changed since then, especially the condition of the roads.

In 1928 I was to go to Hesston (*Marcus would have been nearing 20 years of age*) my brother, Lloyd, had given it up. He had plans, great plans, of going there but matrimony entered in so he changed completely and urged me to go. I had no means of transportation and things were very, very tight. It was just on the edge of the depression and things were getting that way more all the time. Lloyd, who was kind of mechanically minded, said, "There's that old Model T back there in the barnyard. The engine in it is good yet. Why don't you take that and go to Hesston?" That started me up, really. In those days you could find the Model T everywhere. Parts and things, you'd find them in the barnyard, you'd find them along the road; it was just amazing how you could find parts for the Model T. Then, before World War II, the Japanese came in and gathered up the scrap iron and they shot it back at us during the war. That's when the Model T and all the different parts disappeared.

But in 1928 there was still lots of parts. This car was lying back in the barnyard and like Lloyd said, it had a pretty good engine in it yet, so we began to rig it up. We had already sawed part of it off because we were going to make sort of a pickup out of it. It didn't have a back seat. It had kind of a frame on the back part and still had the front seat in it, part of the windshield, and we worked on it. We got new tires. They used 30 x 3.5 tires in the back and 30 x 3 in the front. We got four new tires at $4.50 each. Tires at that time were guaranteed 5000 miles but very seldom would they make that much.

We got this thing rigged up so it would run. One important feature about it was that for the back where there was no seat we found a rather thick auto cushion from some other car; I don't know what it was. We put that on and then we built kind of a fence around it so we wouldn't fall out. That's the way, then, that we started out for Hesston. There were four of us: Clarence Brenneman, Raymond Wilson, David Peachey and I who started out for Hesston in that Model T.

First, of course, we went to Portland (*from the Albany area*). That was the way across the mountains at that time, Portland and then east. On the way to Portland things began to happen already. We started out fairly well. We gathered our things up. I had told the boys that we didn't have very much room, just that platform; one suitcase was the limit; they should send their other things. It's one thing to say it, another thing to enforce it. One of the boys had just about everything he owned and he lost part of his things on the road, some being things he had from his mother who had died. There were those things that weren't very nice.

We started out for Portland and got up to New Era and the road was blocked. They were doing some excavating there to put the highway through and that area, as you know, is very hilly. At New Era we had to go up a steep hill to get into Oregon City (*This would likely have been South End Road which is still a steep hill off OR 99E with sharp corners and a steep canyon on one side*). Going up that steep hill we got just about three quarters up and the rear end went out in this Model T. A Model T had three foot pedals and it had a hand brake that never worked. The three foot pedals weren't too good on that Model T; the bands weren't the best, but when the rear end goes out, you don't have anything! So we started backwards down. There was a steep place like a precipice on the one side and the wall of the mountain on the other side. It was rock. What to do? When we started backwards, if we would have had our heads together, we could have jumped out and everybody taken hold and we could have held it. But we weren't very used to it yet! By the time we got to Hesston we knew how to handle things like that.

So, we started down the mountain backwards. Before we got to going very fast, we pulled it over into the rock wall and I thought it would mash a wheel but it had those new tires on and instead it hit the rock wall and bounced off and didn't hurt anything. There we were though; couldn't go up and without any brakes or anything. There we were. This was Labor Day in 1928 (*September 3, 1928*). On Labor Day, you know, there are a lot of people on the road that aren't very responsible and one of them came along. He was driving a Reo touring car, coming up the mountain and he saw we were in difficulty. He was intoxicated enough to be very friendly so he stopped. He said, "Boys, you are in trouble; you can't make it. I'll help you out." He had a chain, so we let him hook on with his chain and he pulled us up the mountain.

We got up toward Oregon City, and if you know Oregon City, you know it's just a little different. I don't know a town in the United States like Oregon City where you go on the sidewalk, then you go up an elevator to go down the sidewalk. It isn't every town like that and with some very steep places. So we came to this steep place in Oregon City going down the other way (*South End Road runs along the bluff above the community of Canema which OR 99E goes through, and comes right down onto High Street at S. 2nd Street. For years after our family came to the area in 1952 an old service station stood at S. 1st Street. This may have been the station where the travelers changed the rear axel in the Model T. Marcus passed through about 6 years before the tunnel on OR 99E*). He was pulling us with a chain with his Reo car and we had nothing to hold ours back. We hailed him and he stopped up there on the crest. He had a bumper on his car. Of course we didn't have anything like that on our Model T. He said to just let our wheel come up against his bumper and it will hold it back alright. We tried that and our wheel didn't go three rounds until the smoke was rolling.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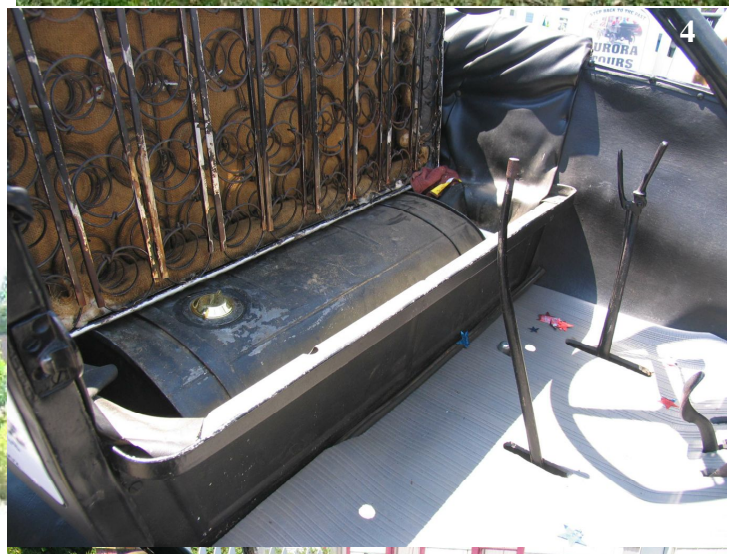
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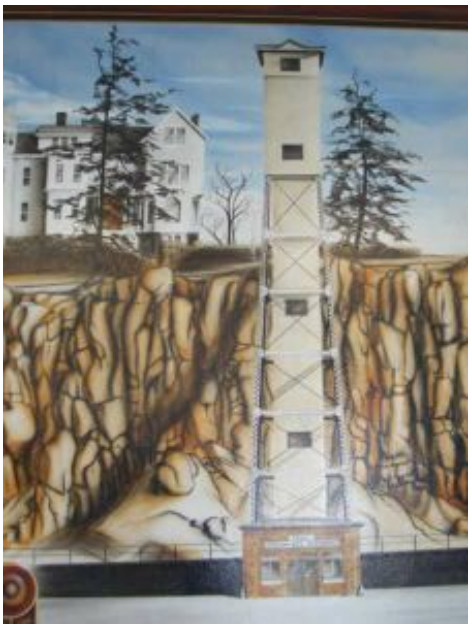
I miss Raymond Wilson. I admired him. He was a baseball player and he was long-legged. I was at the wheel and I held back. He said to try it, we've got to do something. Ray got up on the hood of that Model T. On the Reo was a spare tire. In those days the cars didn't have trunks. The Reo had a spare tire and with his long legs, Raymond braced himself, held on to the radiator of the Model T, stiffened his legs and held it back from the Reo and we went all the way down the hill that way. We made it safe to the bottom.

We still didn't know what to do. The fellow in the Reo said there's a service station down the road. All right. So he took us and we got to the service station. The manager there was in just as bad shape as the fellow that was driving the Reo. This was Labor Day. We told him the rear end had gone out of the car and right along the side — I can still see it — he had a whole assembly of a Model T, a whole rear end and the wheels and everything.



A drawing of the first Oregon City Elevator to which Marcus refers.

"What do you want for it?"

"You fellows can't put that on ..." He began to dicker.

Raymond told him, "We've done it before."

"Oh," he said, "You've done it before? You say you've done it before? You can do it!"

We took that for our motto from there on: "We've done it before; we can do it."

We pulled up there to the side and pulled our car apart. The handful of gears and things that fell out of ours; we knew that it was done. We took the whole assembly out from the universal joint and on back, then changed the wheels and put his rear end in there. We were all day getting that done, but we got it done. And you know, he charged us $2. A dollar was a dollar in those days! For the exchange, ours for his, it was $2.

Then it was evening and we decided we can go to the Portland Mission and stay there overnight. We knew that would be all right. So we found our way through Portland, but when we hit the city of Portland we had a problem. One thing that Model T did NOT have was a muffler. It let itself be known as we went through Portland. Raymond said, "If we get stopped, fellows, you let me do the talking."

It wasn't very long until we got stopped. That officer I'll never forget. He really used language on us. He said the thing sounded like a rock crusher going through town. We didn't argue with him on that. But Raymond said, "Listen, Mr. We are just going through and if we can just get through **..."**

He said, "GET OUT OF TOWN!" We went on to 737 Savier Street. That's the number at that time where the mission was. We found our way up there to the mission. At that time Brother Allen Good was the superintendent of the mission. Brother Allen was just a little different from other people, just different, that's all, but very accommodating. "Yes, Yes," he said, "Boys, you can stay all night." But usually there was something attached to it with Brother Good. He said we could stay all night, but we were concerned. How were we going to get this thing out of town without a muffler? We had been stopped once.

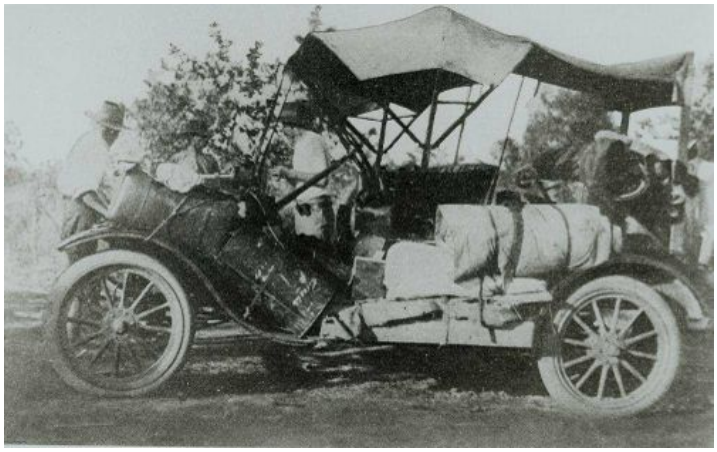
You know, when we were going over to the place where we were to sleep, there was a muffler laying right along a big board fence! A Ford muffler was round; this was rectangular but that doesn't matter. You can always fasten it on with a little wire. And we had some wire; sure! We got to work and fastened that on and you'd be surprised at the different voice that Model T had after it had that muffler on. That solved that problem.

There were some strings attached, just staying there overnight. The next morning Brother Good said, "Here are the Biery boys; they want to go to Idaho." Well, we were loaded. But you know, just two more; there's always room for more in a Model T! They had a lot of baggage and until we had everything loaded on and two boys yet, that thing was piled up. Of course, WE'VE DONE IT BEFORE: WE CAN DO IT. With our family of boys, we knew how to load a Model T.

We started out then for Idaho. At that time the Columbia River Highway was the only way to get across the mountains and it was the old-fashioned road where it had all those curves. I had never been over it but I had heard about it, this wonderful scenery, the Columbia River Highway. Ray said, "I'll do the driving and you can just sit back there on the board fence and watch and enjoy it." One thing about it, most of the time we were all busy on that thing. The fenders weren't fastened very well and once in awhile one would drop down on the wheel and we'd have to pick it up. We had a nail it went over. If you hit a bump, it would go down again. I was back there in the back and I never enjoyed the Columbia River Highway any better. I could just see out, with nothing to hinder at all.

We got to Idaho and unloaded a part of our human cargo at Nampa and some other things along with it. They had all their things with them. Then we went on into eastern Idaho. When we hardly knew what to do anymore and it got toward evening and somebody would ask what we are going to do now, Ray would always say, "Let's go on." I liked that. So we kept on, but when it came night, you know a Model T Ford didn't have a battery. It had headlights but usually they didn't work. It had a taillight and that never worked. The taillight was kerosene and you'd light it and when you hit a bump, it would go out, ours especially. It just didn't have lights. But Raymond said, "I've got that 7-cell flashlight. We can go along. We can do it." So, we kept going right through the night. We were in Idaho and went on east and then we got to the point where the gasoline was so low we had to stop for the rest of the night.

We were hungry. We hadn't been in a restaurant. We pulled to the side. It was dark and we huddled up as best we could and stopped the rest of the night. In the morning, we were four hungry boys, and hadn't we parked right beside a big watermelon - it wasn't a patch, it was a field of watermelons! Well, what are you going to do? Hungry. There it is , plenty of food. We were good Christian boys, too, but it just wasn't any time until Clarence was out and across the fence there. Grandmother had taught him how to thump watermelons and he picked out a real good one and **we ate watermelon**. We didn't find any owner there, but still I'd like to pay that fellow, if I knew where we



While not a photo of the 'Lind' travelers this picture gives a good idea of the ingenuity and efficiency of travelers using the Model T

were, for that watermelon. Anyhow, we ate watermelon. My, how good it tasted!

Then we went on and it got stormy as we got to the Wyoming line. I remember going across the Wyoming line. We got to a place where it was a tough place. You could see it was tough and again there was intoxication. It was a hangover from Labor Day. Here this fellow was so accommodating. He said, "You poor fellows" (it was beginning to rain, cold rain in Wyoming) "to go out in a night like this. You can stay here all night."

As we were just putting up there in this place, another fellow came in. He was the manager and said, "Boys, you can't do this. My boss comes home, he will be a mad hornet. You can't do this."

Well, what shall we do? Raymond said, "Let's go on," so we went on into the night. It was raining and then it began to snow and somewhere, I still don't know where it happened, the windshield was knocked out. It was partly in when we left home, but it was all gone and I tell you, **that was miserable** when you had no windshield and facing that kind of wind and rain and snow altogether, out there in Wyoming.

In those days nothing was paved in Wyoming that I ever struck. It wasn't even gravel surfaced. When it rained, it was mud. When it dried off they ran the maintainer over it and it got pretty nice and smooth, easy going. But it was raining — that mud got slippery. So we kept going in the mud into Wyoming. Again we went until it was too dark and then we didn't have enough fuel to keep going. We stopped and there was a generator going for the town that kept going thump, thump, thump, a diesel generator. We spent the night there, kind of a miserable night. Next morning we went on again. I didn't finish about those headlights. When you couldn't have a battery for headlights, they hooked onto the magneto. The magneto made light alright, but if you would race your motor it would burn out the bulbs. That would happen a number of times nightly with that Model T. Anyhow, we didn't have lights and then the rain and the snow and then the mud.

Over in Wyoming there is a little town called Sage. Every time I've gone through Sage I have to think about that night in Sage, I'll never forget it; it was the most miserable night of all. It was raining harder and snowing and again we got so low on gasoline that we had to stop there at Sage. There was a service station that had a canopy but it had no sides, just a place that we could pull under. The station was closed for the night. It was dark. We fellows huddled together, but it wasn't enough. I had an overcoat on but the rest of them forgot the covers and Clarence said, "My toes are so cold, I don't know about this."

I said, "Well, Clarence, take off your shoes and bundle some of this around it and you'll be alright." Then I got a laughing spell. I can't quite explain it folks, kind of a nervous condition. Anyhow, I just got to laughing. I had no place to go, just to stand out there all night. Then I looked around and there was a covered wagon, an old covered wagon. I thought, well, I can take a blanket and crawl in there and stretch out. So I went into this covered wagon and there I found a man! Oh, that scared me, because the kind of a fellow, you know, that sleeps in a covered wagon out in Wyoming usually sleeps with a revolver under his pillow. When I saw him, I got out of there in a hurry. I kept walking around and here I found the train depot. It was lit up on the inside. Just a little dump of a place but the telegraph man was in there. He was busy at his telegraph. So I went in and here he had one of those old-fashioned pot belly stoves burning coal and it was red hot. So cozy in there. I went back to the other fellows and said, "Say, fellows, there's a place down there at the depot. If we could persuade him to let us in, that would be the place to stay."

We went back and talked to that fellow and you know what he told us? He said, "I can't let you in here." That's one time, if I had been a senior citizen, I would have talked a little differently. For him to turn us out into that blizzard — and we told him we were just some young fellows going back to college and if he would let us in there, we wouldn't do anything. He said he wouldn't let us in there and that was it. He turned us out into that blizzard when he had all that coziness. I told him we would stoke his fire and everything if he would let us in, but he didn't. If I had been like I am now, we would have told him, "Listen, fellow, you are not going to turn us out into this blizzard; you can call the sheriff if you want to, but you are not going to turn us out." But he did and there we were. So I spent the night just kind of walking around. When finally morning came and the owner of that service station opened up we pulled up the cushion on the seat. Under the seat was the gas tank in a Model T and we filled up with gasoline (*Page 8, picture 4*). Then we cranked and cranked and cranked. You know, a Model T never had a starter. We boys used to argue, if we'd ever get so lazy that we would ever had to have a self-starter in a car... We couldn't imagine such a thing! Anyhow, we cranked and it wouldn't start. Here came this fellow that had been sleeping in the covered wagon. That fellow was just a ball of muscle and he said, "Let me take that crank," and he got ahold of that crank and Oh! it just spun and the thing coughed a little bit and took off. Then we went down the road. We had to keep up a certain amount of momentum or in that mud you would really get stuck. Then our vehicle proved to be quite a thing. There were buses on that road and there were big Buicks and one thing or another and they made the ruts, but we had this high frame and 30-inch tires and we could go along when the other people would hang up in the mud; it was amazing how we went through. We were going along and I'll never forget, we hit one rut so hard that David Peachey said that his side went down and never did come back up again. That's the way it was, and then that muffler that we put on in Portland came off in Wyoming. We didn't even stop but it began to cough again and we knew things were going down: from then on.

The roads got so bad that they were blockaded. You couldn't go on the road anymore. It didn't matter; it was better if you didn't. So

we took off across the prairie; that's what all the cars had to do. It wasn't marked yet. We took off across the prairie and we could tell after all that we weren't on the main travel artery. We were lost out there on the prairie. There was a fellow following us with a "Chevy 6" the first sixes were just coming out. They were following us and they kind of bawled us out for traveling in a thing like that. We came to kind of a barnyard and there was a steep place that we just couldn't get up with our Model T and he came along in that Chevy and went right up and kept going. It was the wrong way but he kept going. We wound around and finally came out in a big cornfield and at the end of the field we found our way back to the highway. It was still kind of bad to get on that highway because it was in awful shape. We got on the highway, then we came to a place where a bus was really swamped down. The driver stopped us and he kind of looked at us as if he envied us. He was really stuck. He asked us when we got to the next town to go to a certain place and tell them to send the wrecker out to pull them out of this mud. We took his message to the town. It was evening when we got in there to stay for the night and we reported them. Then, way late, here these people came in on the bus and they were tired. We just beat them in that deal. Anyhow, we got in.

A Model T had what we called a wishbone. The real name of it was radius rod. The springs were in crosswise and this radius rod held them in the front end so that they wouldn't buckle. We got into one town and at a stop street, when we stopped, there was kind of a clanging noise and a fellow on the sidewalk began to bawl us out. The radius rod, the wishbone, was breaking. When that thing goes, there isn't much left; your wheels just buckle. "Is there a Ford garage in town?" Yes, there was a Ford garage in town so we pulled around and found our way to that Ford garage and when we were up on the floor and turning around, here the wheel came off. I mean, the felloe came off the spokes in the wheel (Page 8, picture 1 and 2). Model Ts and most of the cars had wooden spokes in wheels in those days and they got loose in the summer so you would have to tighten them up. We had shimmed them up before we left home, but through that rain and one thing and another and then drying out, on the end of the spokes it was so worn out that the whole felloe came off the tire and the rim came off as we were turning around in the garage. We finished just going on the spokes. Now what shall we do? He fixed our radius rods, just took a couple of bolts and put them in there, but for a wheel? He said he'd sell us a wheel so we bought a brand new wheel that was pretty good.

We were going day and night and I carried the purse. I told the boys that I had to have $15 out of this trip and they had to pay before they got on. Each one of them gave me $15 and I had it in my purse. We got to a place where we wanted gas and I could not find my purse. I just couldn't find it. I hunted and hunted. Here in this overcoat I had an inside pocket I didn't know was there, but evidently with that laughing spell and everything and going day and night, I had somehow put that purse in the inside pocket, and I found it. Until then we were trying to get to a telephone to call back and maybe we'd find it at a place where we had stopped. Anyhow, we found it and then we could go on. But that's just one of the many incidents in this trip that was worthy of talking about.

When we got into Nebraska it was still raining. We got on a stretch that was called the Painted Desert. We decided that when we got over into Nebraska to try to put up for the night. In Sidney, Nebraska, we found a place where again it was $2 to get a nice warm place in a cottage with room and beds that way. That's where Raymond left us. He went back east. He was going to a Presbyterian school and we went down south from Nebraska into Kansas to Hesston where we were going.

By the way, there's one part I should have told you about. When we got into Portland, on the take off, one of the boys said we ought to tell people what this is all about with a vehicle like this. So we found a can of paint and along the back board of the thing put BOUND FOR KANSAS. NO JOKING. That identified us.

So here this vehicle came, down out of Nebraska toward Kansas and then the weather got warm. The rain was over. On a Model T, if you had to stop, the right pedal was the brake. Maybe it worked. If your right pedal didn't work, you hit the left one. That was the low and it didn't have anything in between, just the low and the high. The middle one was the reverse but you had to hit the other one part way when you hit the middle one to reverse, but if you had to stop in a hurry, you hit anyone of the three. When we got south of Sidney, Nebraska, going down into Kansas, we just absolutely did not have any brake left and we didn't have any low left, but you could coast the thing along and get started on high.

I told the boys this is alright until we come to a hill and then I don't know what we'll do. And sure enough, in Kansas, mind you, we came to one hill that was steep enough that we couldn't go up in high. So we stopped right there in the road, but we still had a little band in the reverse. So we pushed it around and got it into reverse and went up the hill in reverse. That's a little bit of a problem. When you go in reverse, do you go on the right side of the road or on the Left? We went on the right side of the road in reverse and we made it up the hill all right in reverse. Then we got turned around and got started in high and got going again. We didn't go so fast.

By the way, there was one of these fellows, I better not tell you his name. Raymond and I decided that between us we would kind of do the driving because he had a little reputation. After we got to Hesston, they gave him a nickname and his nickname was Speed. This vehicle wasn't a vehicle for speed. Between us we kept going along steady until we got down into Kansas and I'll never forget when Clarence said, "Look up there, do you see that?" And way down there across the way I saw a building that had a green gable on it and that was Hesston; that was the first time I had seen it. Green Gables stuck out above the other buildings at that time. We came into Hesston with our Model T. We were quite popular with that Model T.

When we went to the dining hall to eat, they served meals at Hesston, but not the kind that we needed. We had been without proper eating for some time and we had good appetites anyway so we got kind of a reputation until we got filled up a little bit.

Then I met with an accident. I had a severe brain injury, hit with a baseball, and I spent part of the winter up in Iowa. The doctor finally said that I should go home and layoff for a year on the studying. I went back to Hesston and there was this old Model T. I had backed it into Roy Troyer's back yard and it could stand there alright, but I was to get a ticket and go home on the train. What to do with the Model T? One of the students from Iowa, Jerry Gingerich, suggested we get it to running and then we'd have an auction sale for the Model T. That was an idea. We got Zeke Hershberger — he was a cartoonist, believe me — and he drew a picture of the Model T the way it stood and we put that on the bulletin board. It was back there in the Troyer's back yard and it had been snowing and raining and I

said that we can't start the thing. Jerry said, "Oh, we can start it." So he got at it there. Where the dash is supposed to be, the Model T had a coil box. It had four coils there, one for each cylinder. By this time those coils had been wet and so swelled up, but finally we got them pried out of the box and Jerry took them in to the stove and dried them out. Then he took some corn cobs, soaked them in gasoline and made a little fire in the coil box to dry it. He got the coils back in, cranked it, and sure enough, the thing ran. That's a Model T for you!

We drove it over to school and Gid Yoder was the auctioneer. If you knew Gid, it makes it a little better. He had some funny stories to tell, like auctioneers usually do. He auctioned it off and it brought twelve dollars and a half. Up the way was a Ford garage and Dutch King was in charge of that. He said, "I'd bring a lot of my Model Ts down there if I could get twelve and a half out of them like you did yours." I think it was through the sympathy of the students. I had a pair of chains and held them up so they kept bidding until it reached $12.50. Those chains were worth half that much.

When the thing was being auctioned off, one fellow came along with an idea. He said, "Why don't we buy this and have it for a school car?" When that word got out, it kind of worried the faculty a little bit. Somebody bought it. I came home then and lived happily ever after.

PICTURES by Editor

The reading of "FROM OREGON TO KANSAS IN A MODEL T" by Marcus Lind revealed some gaps in my knowledge of Model T's and just what is a felloe? Fortunately we received information there was to be a wheelwright at the Aurora Colony Museum with a 'ring of fire on Aurora Colony Day, August 9th.

In mid-July I stopped at the Aurora Colony Museum and learned the wheelwright's name was Lonny Johnson a wheelwright of ten years and a veteran of more than 7 pairs of wheels.

I told Mr. Johnson what I was planning and that I knew nothing about building a wheel. Lonny very graciously and patiently explained:

1. Always put the softer wood inside the harder wood.
2. Created a dish to the wheel.
3. You need toe-in to the wheels of a hand cart just like you need a little toe-in to the wheels of an automobile.
4. The felloe of a wheel.
5. The tyer.
6. The use of a traveler.
7. The ring of fire.

The same day I met Lonny Johnson I met Dave Foster of Aurora Tours. Dave gives tours of old Aurora Colony places in his 1923 Model T and very graciously shared with me his knowledge of Model T Fords and his knowledge of Aurora history.

Page 8, Picture 1: Dave still runs wood wheels on his Model T and explained to me that when Ford changed from hard rubber tires to pneumatic tires a hole was drilled through the tyer and the felloe to accommodate the valve stem of the tube.

Page 8, Picture 2: A wheel built by Lonny Johnson with a section of felloe missing. Mr. Johnson later explained to an audience how the felloe is installed before finishing the ring of fire and installation of the tyer.

Page 8, Picture 3: Dave Foster displays a friendly smile and his 1923 Model T.

Page 8, Picture 4: Dave lifted the seat and asked if I wanted to take a picture of the tank. He explained that if you drove up a steep hill going forward, the car would run out of gas and would stop because the engine had no fuel pump and was gravity fed to the engine.

Page 8, Picture 5: I tried to take a picture of the pedal configuration to go with Marcus' description of them. Marcus' 1917 apparently had no two speed rear axle, as he does not mention it, so the long lever in the center floor would not have been in his.

Page 9, Picture 6: Lonny Johnson displays the wheel he as built and begins the final steps.

Page 9, Picture 7: After explaining the history and use of the traveler, Lonny used it to measure the outside circumference

Lonny enlists help to install the last section of felloe

of the wheel and the inside circumference of the tyer. The tyer is of a smaller diameter. Just the way he wants it.

Page 9, Picture 8: With tongs at ready Lonny and helpers await the tyer to reach the proper temperature in the ring of fire.

Page 9, Picture 9: The tyer which is now about ½ inch bigger then the felloe and drops into place.

Page 9, Picture 10: Cool water is poured onto the felloe and tyer to keep the felloe from burning and to shrink the tyer.

Page 9, Picture 11: The last step is the test. Lonny bounces the wheel on the ground 3 or 4 times and pronounces it guaranteed.

Lonny displays the traveler and explains it's use

1917 FORD FACTS

ENGINE SERIAL NUMBERS: 1,614,517 to 2,449,179 calendar year. 1,362,814 to 2,113,501 approx. fiscal and model year.
MODEL YEAR DATES: August 1916 to August 1917.
BODY TYPES: Touring, Runabout, Coupelet (two, perhaps three, types), Sedan, Town Car and Chassis. Note: "1917" trucks were "1918" models built in Calendar year 1917.
MAJOR MODEL YEAR FEATURES: Body was similar to 1916 but fenders were crowned and curved. Radiator shell was now black. Hood was larger eliminating the "step" at the cowl. Hood clash strips now metal, replacing the earlier painted wood type. Set the general style used until 1926 models. Brass trim was eliminated and replaced with nickel or zinc plating.

Three couplets appeared in the 1917 line. The first was similar to the 1916, with the folding top, except for the new hood and fender styling. The second was a "hardtop" coupe with removable door pillars, similar in style to the earlier, and having a leather-covered solid top. The leather covering included the rear section and top quarter panels, giving the car a "soft top" look. This type was superseded by the "1918" style before the end of calendar 1917. The third type was similar to the second except that just the top (roof) was in leatherette; the sides and rear panels were metal.

New engine pan with wider front area and a new cylinder head (so-called "high" head) were the major engine modifications.

The hood and radiator were all new, setting the pattern for all future Model T's. The radiator was now a separate unit, covered with a black-painted shell. The hood was larger and more rounded, blending better with the cowl section.

COLORS: All cars were painted black, with black fenders.
UPHOLSTERY: Imitation leather in the open cars. The pattern was a stitched vertical pleat design on both seat bottoms and backs. Side and door panels now cardboard with imitation leather-like trim welting. Closed car upholstery was the same as the 1916's.
FENDERS: Curved and crowned, setting the standard used until the 1926 models, and on the trucks until the end of Model T production.
SPLASH APRON: Now smoothly taper from front to rear, with no bulge at the rear.
RUNNING BOARDS: Unchanged from previous year.
HOOD: Steel, of new rounded design. Hold down clamps had two "ears" and were of forged steel. Handles were pressed steel.

Lonny sets the fire lit in the forge behind him

Building up the fire (top) and
Pouring on the wood after the tyer is in the ring. (lower)

Clash strip was now metal, replacing the wood used previously.
DASHBOARD (Firewall): Wood, fitted outside the front cowl, hidden by the metal cowl trim strip.
CHASSIS: Same as 1916. Painted black.
STEERING COLUMN ASSEMBLY: Pressed steel, black painted, quadrant, Nickel-plated spark and throttle levers, with flattened metal ends. Gear case was brass but nickel plated, one piece assembly. Wheel was 15" outside diameter, wood, and painted black. The wheel spider was iron and painted black. Horn button remained on the top of the steering column, as in the previous models.
FRONT AXLE: Same as the 1916 cars. Brass oilers were used only on the spring shackles. During the year all cars used the non-tapered springs in the front.
REAR AXLE: Same as 1916.
DRIVESHAFT HOUSING: Pinion bearing spool was a casting and was held by studs and nuts, the studs being enclosed (not visible) in the housing. Integral front housing for universal joint assembly.
REAR RADIUS AND BRAKE RODS: Brake rods had forged ends. Brake rod support brackets were of the type which go out and wrap down around the rods but were of a reinforced (stronger) design, which continued until the end of Model T production in 1927. Radius rods were of pressed steel with split

Beth gets a chance to test the tyer for proper temperature (top) before Lonny pronounces it ready for installation (lower)

ends (no forged rear fork).

WHEELS: Used 30 by 3 tires in front; 30 by 3-1/2 in the rear. Front wheels used ball bearings. Hub caps had "Ford" in script letters. "Made in USA" on all caps.

SPRINGS: Tapered-leaf at the rear, and non-tapered in front. "Figure eight" style shackles used but without oilers in the front, and were later replaced with "L" shaped shackles of an assembled design. Oilers were now pressed into the front springs but remain a part of the rear shackles as in previous cars.

RADIATOR: Supplied by Ford. Shell had the Ford script pressed into the upper part. "Made in USA" was stamped in below the Ford script. Filler neck was nickel plated. The shell was painted black.

ENGINE: No major changes from 1916 except for an enlarged "high" head with greater water capacity.

ENGINE PAN: "Three dip" with wider front "snout" which would accommodate the larger fan pulley that didn't appear until 1920.

OIL FILLER CAP: The mushroom-shaped cap, made of steel, with three flutes, as used in later 1916.

ENGINE CRANK: The plain steel sleeve type as used in 1916.

ENGINE FAN: Driven by a leather belt from a pulley at the front of the engine. The fan hub is cast iron, with the blades riveted in place. Adjustment was by means of a bolt/nut arrangement located on the right side of the front plate and bearing against a boss on the mounting end of the fan bracket. The fan bracket (arm) was now longer and straight. Early models had a fan shroud but this was apparently discontinued during the year.

MANIFOLDS: Exhaust pipe flared at the manifold and was held in place with the brass nut but with no packing. Intake was cast iron.

CARBURETORS: Kingston Model L2, or Holley Model G.

CARBURETOR STOVE: Several designs, all of which rose vertically at the rear of the carburetor and mated with the exhaust manifold at the rear area.

MUFFLER: Cast iron ends, mounted with brackets integral with the end castings. The three long bolts that held the muffler end plates together were replaced with a single bolt through the center of the muffler. Brackets were stubbier than previous types. No exhaust pipe extension. The asbestos wrap was discontinued early in the calendar year 1917.

FUEL TANK: Cylindrical, under the front seat. Mounting brackets clamped to the tank. Outlet was between the center and the right side, between the frame rails. Sedans used the square tank under the driver's seat.

TRANSMISSION: Three-pedal standard-design. Pedals were of the plain type. Transmission cover was cast iron. Tapered inspection door, held with six screws. The door was a plain metal plate with no script.

COIL BOX ASSEMBLY: Ford. The box had a tapered top to enable the coils to be changed in the limited space created by the new cowl. The box lid was now an assembly of three pieces. Brass-top coils were replaced with the plain wood type (top of the coils were painted black) and with a Ford-designed composition-cased coil.

LAMPS: Magneto powered electric type. Black steel rims. Side and tail lamps were similar to 1916.

HORN: Magneto powered electric.

WINDSHIELD: Upright, with top section that folded to the rear. Frame was riveted to the mounting brackets initially, then was modified and bolted to the brackets. Painted black.

TOP: (Open cars). Top color was black on all open cars. Unchanged from 1916.

SPEEDOMETER: No longer standard equipment.

TURTLE DECK (on Runabout): Similar in style to the 1915. Handles were painted black.

Time to loosen the holding fixture after the tyer is installed

Alex gets comfortable in the driver's seat

Model T Controls

A. Transmission Neutral — Parking Brake Lever
B. High Gear — Neutral — Low Gear Pedal
C. Reverse Gear Pedal
D. Brake Pedal
E. Two Speed Rear Axle Shift Lever (if Ruckstell 2 speed rear axle is installed)
F. Battery — Magneto Ignition Switch
G. Throttle Lever and Quadrant
H. Advance — Retard Lever (opposite G behind wheel)