

Hello, again for the second annual Yoder Remembrance Book.  
Hope you enjoy it as much as I.

Thanks to all who helped.

A note; I wrote most of this as given to me so that it will keep the "flavor" of the writer. In some I took the liberty to add periods and capitals. J.S., for example had long paragraphs which typed as written would have been very hard to read. In confusing situations I may also have corrected the spelling.

Also, I have used ( ) around first or last names or to clarify an area. Example; Alzada (Montana). If I couldn't figure it out I left it blank to allow you to fill it in. This was done the 1st time a name appears and not afterwards unless there was a confusing situation like Albert Yoder and Albert Eyman. Albert Yoder was mentioned 1st so Albert Eyman is identified when he is mentioned.

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The following contributed by Ruth Yoder Steininger - letters from Jonathan S. Yoder to his son, Ralph E. Yoder and letters from Ralph's brothers and sisters telling of the death of his Father. It also includes the obits and the sales notice for the auction.

RETURN IN 10 DAYS TO  
**J. S. YODER**  
R. F. D. NO. 2  
HUBBARD, OREGON



*Mr R. E. Yoder*

*Graham*

*Mont*

*C - Godperson Bros*

Barred Plymouth Rocks

J. S. YODER  
Fancy Apples

Box 53, Route No. 2

Hubbard, Ore. May 10, 1914

Dear Son: Your letter from the Homestead reached me in due time, and were glad to learn that you were still among the living. It had been quite a long time between that letter and the card from Alzada. ( Montana ) The weather here has been quite favorable for farm work and there have been strenuous times on the ranch. Albert (Yoder) got done sowing a week ago and the grain is all up. That wheat from the graded seed is sure something fine so even and thrifty. We put in three days the first of the week spreading fertilizer. We had Billy Roberts to help load and the way the loads went out wasn't slow. We got the big pile by the barn away and the old straw stack in the grove with several loads from the clover seed stack. Then Albert planted corn for (Max) Hill and Aaron. (Yoder) After that he began plowing corn ground, the field where the clover was last year. A week ago yesterday Walter ( Yoder ) and I were in Hubbard where we met Uncle ( Manasses ) Hersheberger who invited us out to dinner so we had of Aunt Anna's best - instead of a lunch at the counter. We found Aunt very well situated. She can work all she wants to and no one to say her nay. Walter began work on Albert's barn last Monday and is getting along quite well, he sent with me yesterday for a dozen carpenter's pencils, and according to that it should go up with a rush. We found where the letter belonged that I had sent to Anna ( Yoder? ). Enos Yoder lives in the Kauffman neighborhood and the letter was for his wife. They are newlyweds and Palmer (mailman - ) didn't know her name. Last Thursday Anna Theil's Father was buried at Rock Creek. (Cemetery) Asthma with other complications carried him off. The same day, J.K. Hart broke his leg. Friend and he were hauling logs when the accident happened. Gilbert Wyland came back from a trip to St. Peter, Mont. and Flossie Bower came with him. Gib says he wouldn't mind having some of the land around that is already taken up but he don't think much of what is left. In one thing they are ahead of you, he says they have plenty of good spring water. Idyn's <sup>(Bower)</sup> have water piped all through the house from a spring near by. Aaron is still wrestling with the shingles and at the rate he is going it will take him the rest of the month to work up all the wood there is in sight. Our fruit prospects are good. You



ought to see the walnut trees. There was plenty of pollen and I never seen the like for miles. We have been having goose berry pie for a week & Edna (Conrad Yoder) expects to can here this week. I am still sending eggs to Perry (Yoder), he writes me that John Sterling (Yoder) is growing and that Wilda and June (Yoder) get along the best kind.

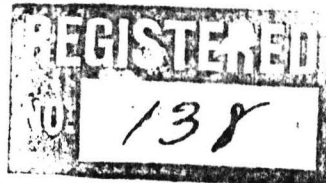
We have the cows on the clover yet. So they give lots of milk and cream. I feed the calves all they want and have about 50 lbs. of Cream per week to sell. It's too bad that you couldn't take some of this vinegar along. Now the barrel has sprung a leak and I hardly know what to do to save it. I tried to sell some in Canby but couldn't. Albert is getting some use out of the Harley Davidson in going to and from the barn. Johnny ( Munson ) has his ups and downs with his machine. On May 2" he rode to the Champoeg Picnic got caught in a rain storm, pushed his machine to shelter and walked home. x

Father

(J.S. Yoder)

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RETURN IN 10 DAYS TO  
J. S. YODER  
R. F. D. NO. 2  
HUBBARD, OREGON



Feb. 4, 1915

RETURN RECEIPT REQUESTED

Mr Ralph E. Yoder  
Graham  
Montana

(C - Gottfredson Bros)

Feb. 4, 1915

Dear Son: being in Canby today I got your bank account straightened up and enclose herewith \$39.60, the amount due you at the bank and Aaron sends you \$6.39 for the stove you left upstairs. He says if that isn't right you can write him and he will make it right. I seen Mr. ( ) Brown about the over-charge on the freight on the fruit, and he said he would look it up again, but remarked that the papers should have been taken care of better.

We are having real Oregon weather now, rain and mud but yesterday afternoon we had something out of the ordinary, a hail storm accompanied by thunder and lightning. I suppose you will see all about the R.R. blow-out at Molalla in the Pioneer (Newspaper), I will add that our Station furnished 34 passengers for the train that evening. I tell you it's a great thing- step on the car here in the morning, go to Portland and back the same evening, hardly miss a meal. There is protracted meeting at the church this week, and one evening Mamie ( Widstrand) sang a solo, Fred ( Eyman ) playing the accompaniment. By the way, Fred was complaining about not hearing a word from you. I suppose you heard how he run a cross cut saw tooth into his leg near the knee, that happened early in the fall and laid him up for more than a month, about ten days ago in stepping over a log he opened the same wound again on a sharp knot.

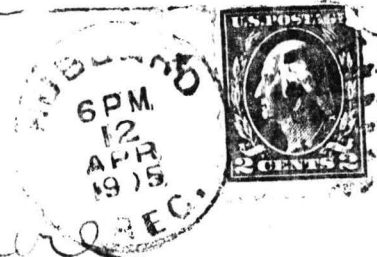
Today I sold the three head of fat cattle, the best steer at \$60. and the other two a steer and a heifer at \$45. each. Albert and the boys - Ott ( Owen ) and Orin ( Geiger ) - were cleaning up the town site today. Albert and I are intending to put up a store building and Mr. ( Louie ) Wrolstad of Wrolstad and Erickson, of Barlow, intends to put in the stock. We thought we would rather do that than to sell the land.

Perry and June expect to come out on Saturday evenings train. The apple market is looking up a little. I had a few boxes in canby today at 90 cents to \$1.00 per box. I still have some Missing Link Paynes Seedling and Romaniteo.

As ever, your well wishing Father.

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RETURN IN 10 DAYS TO  
**J. S. YODER**  
R. F. D. NO. 2  
HUBBARD, OREGON



*Clipping in here*

*Mr Ralph E. Yoder*

*Graham*

*Mont*

*Save of Post-Redeem Bonds*

April 11, 1915

Dear Children: Ralph's two letters came in the same mail, one dated the 7th and one the 21st, both mailed the same day. They found me busy picking up brush in the orchard. I had almost despaired getting the trees pruned, but at last struck Aaron Kammer and he soon had the orchard looking like a cyclone had struck it and all I had to do was to pick up the brush. He sure understands his business, with a rainbow saw in one hand and a hand clipper in the other. He goes through a tree like a squirrel seeming to see everything that needs a cutting away and what to leave. Says he would rather trim trees any day than plow. He charged 15 cents and 20 cents per tree and boarded himself, which I thought quite reasonable. Our prospect for fruit is good, the trees are a mass of bloom from peaches down to apples and so far it seems as though everything has escaped the rains and the frosts.

The other week the Bitney sisters ( ) were visiting at John J's (Yoder) and Nellie (Yoder - Mrs. John J.) brought them to the house to see the place and pick some violets. It is handy for the Woodburn people to come to Yoder now as the Silverton train

makes connection with the new line and passengers need not wait.

The store building is looming up. There are six of them working on it, and Mr. ( Andrew ) Cleve keeps them moving. We expect to wire the building so we can put in electric lights at any time. They have them in Molalla, furnished by the new Railway Company. Did you hear about Bert Bower's getting burned by coming in contact with a live wire? It happened at Dundee where he was working for the S.P. Perry writes me that he was still in the hospital in a dangerous condition. Walter came in on us Thursday and is going to work on John Watson's barn this week. He says he left them all well in the east except Earle ( ) - Edna's (Edna was daughter of Christopher Yoder) husband who has cancer of the stomach and is not expected to live.

I am glad to know that your cows got through the winter. They will fill up now when grass comes and forget all about what they had to go through. Albert and I wintered our calves the easiest of any time yet. We built a shed at the old straw stack that we blew over the fence out of the orchard field the other year. It and the east field are in clover so we turned them loose there Sat., now and then carried water to them during the frost days and let them russell. They are in fine shape and the clover is gaining on them.

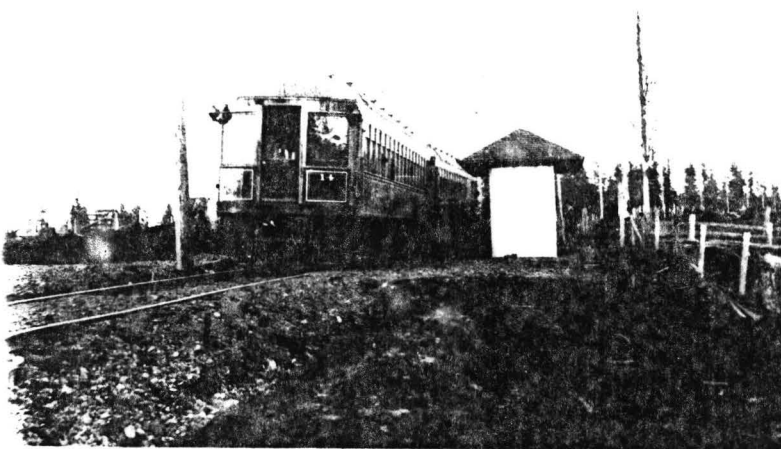
I tied up the Logan Berries a month or more ago and they are too far along to send plants even if I had saved any. I will mail you a few Evergreen roots with this letter but I am afraid they won't amount to much, at least that was Mr. ( ) Hoyt's experience in Missouri. The vines would freeze in the winter, I should think Strawberries would be more of an asset. I reset those Oregon in the garden last fall and you should see how fine they look. If you want some plants in the after part of the summer don't fail to write. That Red heifer that lost her calf last year has a fine calf now and is a good milker and good and gentle. I turned the Guerensey's calf with her. She was bothered with caked bag and kicked like a mule but it don't seem to hurt the calf any. Aaron started the Shingle machinery last Tuesday. Chas. Taylor at the edger. Alfred Olson, Arthur Mestagh and Claude (Yoder) are the remainder of the force. Johnnie Munson left him and in the face of "Rocky Gap - ride-Oregon - Gone Dry" went over to Donald where he and Fred Johnson rented a hop yard. Did you get the apples I sent - by Parcel Post? If so, please write, for I would like

to know how they got through.

I have 38 little chicks. Many are going out of the chicken business. Eggs are only 18 cents and feed is scarce and high. I have been selling a good many of mine for setting at 2 cents each. Then I still send to Perry's about once a week and three doz. to an other man once a month.

As ever, your well wishing Father

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Train at Yoder Station, 1915  
Original - Emerson Yoder  
Negative - Diana Yoder



Close-up of J.S. Yoder  
Original taken 1901-3  
Original - Emerson Yoder  
Negative - Diana Yoder

Ralph Yoder and sister,  
Nellie Yoder (Eyman)

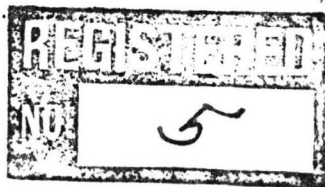
Original picture; Ruth Yoder  
Steininger

Negative; Diana Yoder



After 10 days, return to

*J. S. Yoder*  
HUBBARD, OREGON.



July 11, 1915

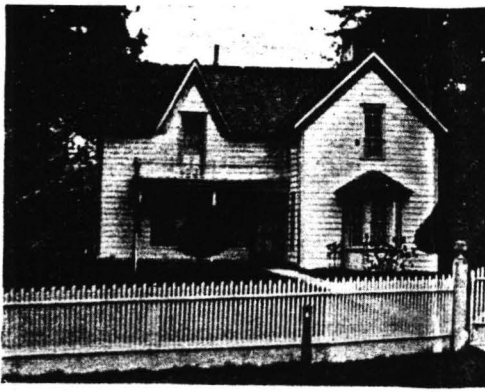
RETURN RECEIPT REQUESTED

*Mr Ralph E. Yoder*

*Graham*

*(Care of Gotfredson Bros) Montana*





BOX 53, ROUTE No. 2

# J. S. YODER

FANCY APPLES

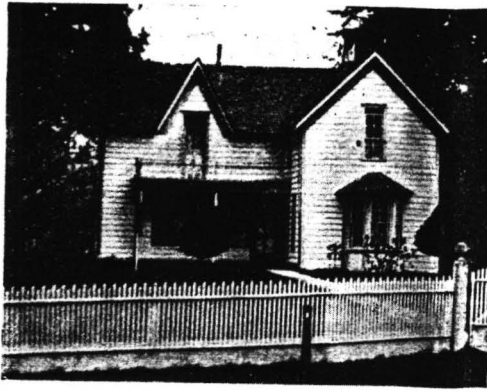
HUBBARD, ORE. JUL 11 1915

191

Dear Son: I reciev'd your letter dated July 3<sup>rd</sup> and will try and reply. No I don't think any letters were lost - I simply didn't write. Your former letter reached me just after the fire and I didn't know how things would go. How much the store building would cost - me, what we would do about - rebuilding and so on. Now the store is running and although I am out - or in - for \$2000, or more I know where I am at. So I enclose \$100. in bills and a note for you and Anna to sign and return to me. You must know times are close here too, and a hundred dollars means more to me now than three hundred did a year or two ago.

Aaron hasn't done much towards rebuilding the mill. He got a planer from Carl Damm near Maeksburg to plane up most of the lumber that was saved from the fire, now he has taken it home and gone to Gladstone to camp for two weeks at Chatagua. He thought he would get the frame sawed before Albert wants the Engine to thresh with

but he will have to get a move on as the crops  
are coming on fast. Albert went to Portland last  
week for Cylinder teeth and a new belt-guide  
Walter repaired some at the pans and put new  
lining in the Cylinder Cap. Albert will have  
completion in thrashing this year. Carl Letter bought  
John Cole's old Separator to hitch with his  
13. H. P. Engine and he will sweep the neighborhood  
I suppose. I suppose Albert wrote you that the  
three inch tire wagon burned in the Mill fire  
So I sent to Montgomery Ward for material to  
fill out the Irons again, and Walter and  
Ott worked at it and have it all ready to  
put together, using the old irons all but new  
spindles. Now Walter is at Hood River building  
an apple house for Perry and his partners  
but will be back again next week. We haven't  
made any hay yet. The east field is in timothy  
and is a fine crop. and the orchard field is in  
clover but we pastured it late and then clip-  
ped it so it is not ready to cut yet. many  
have tried to make hay but the weather is



BOX 53, ROUTE No. 2

J. S. YODER

FANCY APPLES

2

HUBBARD, ORE.

191

most - to rainy and I don't - know that I ever seen such a rainy July there have been but - few sunshiny days since the first - of the month. Our fruit crop is good there will be more Italian Prunes than last year and as many if not - more apples. Everybody has gone Auto Crazy the last additions are Alex Taylor and Gib Wyland. They came after S. O. Owen he got an old machine - by mortgaging his farm - from Harry Bair and he a regular speed maniac. I don't know whether you use coal oil to start fire with but if you do I should advise you to quit it. Perhaps you seen in the Pioneer about - Mrs Amdahl being burned to death by trying to start a fire in the wash stove with coal oil. It was a sad taking off, leaving those three girls of 14 years and under at a time when they needed a Mother's care and advice more than at any other times. Mr. Amdahl too had his hands burned so they had to take him to the hospital for treatment. - Uncle Gideon Lantz died too the other week from senility and old age he was nearly 85 yrs.

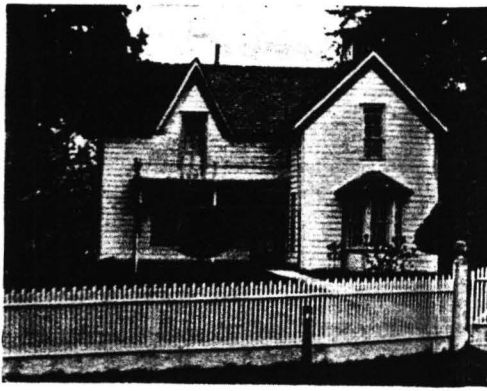
Fred Lantz and several Molallaites went to Lake County and took up Homesteads, So Porter and Walt and Jim Watson Dick Lampman and Fritz Siler struck out too. But neither of these last found anything worth going to. Some said they would give 10 acres of land around here for all the Country they seen that was open for homestead.

Louis are rebuilding their house making a regular bungalow out of it with a couple of sleep sheds in the roof. Oscar Samness and Mr Eckerson of Canby are doing the work. Albert Eyeman are to begin on their new house this week. Andy Cleve is the main Carpenter. Fred Eyeman cut his foot while getting out Electric poles. Jull from Barlow has bought several Carloads at the Station here. We have the name of furnishing more traffic from here than any place this side of Molalla.

Kellie was over at Albert's last Thursday and done some trading at the New Department Store. She is coming again this week. The Blackberries are ripe and the vines are loaded.

As ever your well wishing Father





BOX 53, ROUTE NO. 2

J. S. YODER

FANCY APPLES

3

HUBBARD, ORE. JUL 16 1915 191

I delayed mailing this letter as I had to go to Oregon City to draw on my reserve fund having used nearly all the money I had in the Canby Bank and the lumber bill still unpaid, which will be between four and five hundred dollars. While at Oregon City I took a run to Gladstone to hear the lectures and Ciricillo's Italian Band, and while there the train carrying the Liberty Bell from Philadelphia to the Fair at San Francisco stopped for five minutes at the S.P. Station outside the Chagaca grounds, the managers gave all who wished to see it ~~Re~~ enter checks so nearly every one went out to see the Historic Bell. Yesterday morning 17 passengers got on at the Station here, and the Company ran an Owl Train so those that wanted to could stay for the evening session at Gladstone. 26 got off here in the night. Our Merchant has been appointed Station Agent - so we don't need to pay on the train any more, I tell you

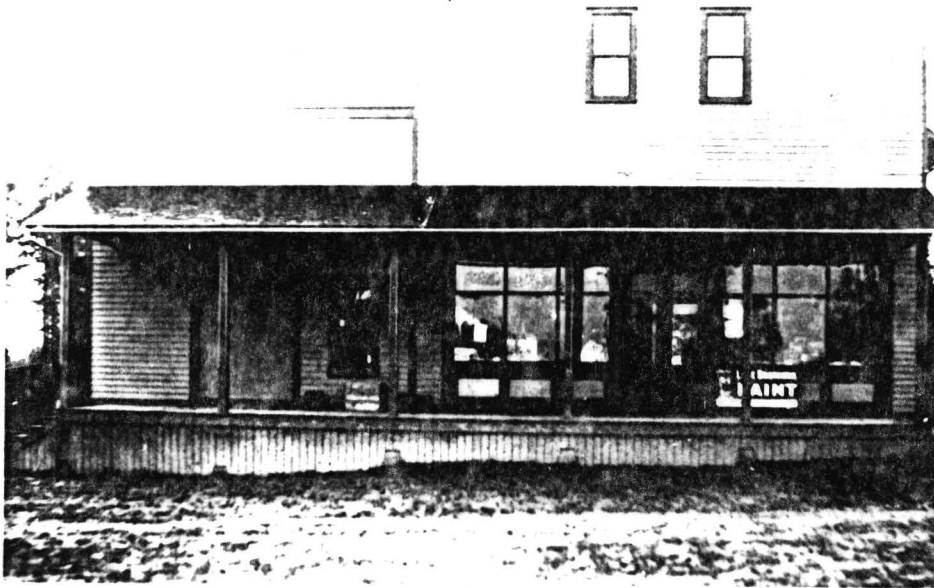
its beginning to be a business place, The next will be a Community Ware House where farmers can store produce and send out by the carload.

We can truthfully say "We never seen the like in Oregon," I mean the weather there has been but-very little sunshine so far this month, if it didnt-rain it was cloudy, it has been spitting rain all morning, there is an immense amount of hay spoiled grain is ripening and one don't know what to do if it is cut- it will rot in the shock, Potatoes are growing nicely but- corn is not doing so well. But- I must close and get this in the mail  
Father



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Yoder Store  
Original - Emerson Yoder  
Negative - Diana Yoder



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E.S. Yoder



Mr Ralph E. Yoder  
Boise  
Montana

Dec. 28, 1915

Dear Son: Your two letters came in the same mail and I was glad to hear from you again, also glad that you received the package of dried fruit. It isn't much but will help out a little. You must give Nellie (Mrs. John J. Yoder) credit for the silver prunes. She said she had a note in the package so Nellie, J. (John J. Yoder) and I in putting up the package thought they were marked.

You are surely "some farmers" to have 500 bushels of corn in one year by what you write. You must be in a ideal cattle country, the more so as every thing seems to grow so well.

Well, they still "Marry and are given in marriage". But, perhaps you have heard that Carl Sether and Inga Loe and Elmer Widstrand and Miss ( Matilda ) Sandeen have concluded to go in double harness. Carl is living upstairs at home and Elmer has built a house between the School House and Leon Cochran's.

I was invited to Mr. (Frederick ) Eyman's for my Christmas dinner and that is "nuff Said". They had to set the table across lots in order to make room for a part of the children and grandchildren. Then the prospective bride and groom were there also for Fred (Eyman) and Mamie (Widstrand) expect to work in double harness after tomorrow evening. Fred was complaining that he had not heard a word from you since you left. Billy Roberts sold his place to an Oregon City man and the last we heard of him he was in California and was not getting any better. Nellie J's (Mrs. John J. Yoder) and their Stepmother are living in the house.

No, I am not milking any now - the cows are both dry - So I have a little time to run around.

I made a trip to Portland and one to where Jim ( Watson ) live, 5 miles N. W. of Salem, at the last minute he got a good farm there but it is most too big for him - about 200 acres of plow land. There are 320 acres in the farm, which he gets for 500 dollars rent a year and can have it for five years.

I had a good crop of good apples and have sold 160 boxes at an aveage of 70 cents net per box. I still have between 50 and 60 boxes of mostly Baldwins, and about 600 lbs. of dried ones. Have the dryer full now. I raised 20 bu. of Buckwheat on the ground that Otto and Owen grubbed for me last winter. I had it made into flour and about sold all of it at 4 cents per lb. There is lots of grubbing being done this winter but I don't expect to have much taken out.

Today we hung up three hogs for Albert. He is going to furnish Mr. ( ) Nolan in Arizona with meat this year. I didn't slaughter any but sold on foot at Molalla at 6.25 per cut weight. Delivered them Thanksgiving day, weight 255. Had plenty of corn to fatten with. Mr. ( ) Nolan wrote me that Auntie Belle ( ) was married again and living in California.

It's too bad that you haven't a Montgomery Shotgun like mine. You could keep yourselves in meat where game is so plenty. Yes I was glad for the clipping about the Funk ? . I seen Isaac Funk - the one they put up the monument for - driving 40 yoke of cattle to a wagon on which were two men splitting rails, in (Abraham) Lincoln's first campaign for the Presidency. Wash. Henry - the oldest man at the picnic was running a Blacksmith and Wagon Shop at Twingrove when I was a boy at home. I talked with him when ma and I were back there in 1894. I had seen notices of J.W. Zook's death and I had no idea that he was so well known, the Evening Telegram had a notice like the one you sent and it seems he was noticed from Coast to Coast. I knew him from boyhood and we grew up in the same Church and Community together. We had a very nice fall to gather crops in, the rains didn't begin until the 1st of November but from that time on it has been raining almost constantly. Yesterday it turned colder and snowed a little and tonight the ground is freezing. There has been a lot of plowing done but very little seeding. The store and Warehouse are doing a lot of business. All trains stop at Yoder. Something they don't do at all the stations marked on the time tables. Walter is intending to leave us, going back to Idaho. We thought he would start a Shop at the Station but he claims he has no funds. Aaron is getting along very slow with rebuilding the Mill, but has a roof up now to work under. Johnny Munson is working for him again. As ever, Your well wishing Father.

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After Five Day Return To  
**J. S. YODER**  
 Hubbard - Oregon  
 Route 2



OCT. 8, 1916

*Mr Ralph E. Yoder*  
*Bozys*  
*Montana*

Hubbard, Oregon

Oct. 8, 1916

Dear Son; Your letter of Sept. 23rd came to here a week ago and found me well and busy drying Prunes. Now, about your order for fruit. I have the Prunes ready and think to send them this week as I see there are a 125 lbs. of them, they will get there in time for you to get them this fall and will cost no more freight than if the apples were with them. That will give you something "To Chaw on" during the winter and if you don't get the apples until spring, they will taste good then. I haven't dried any apples yet but expect to fill the dryer tomorrow or next day. They are the green drop apples and will not be as good as I want to send to you. We have had another one of these cases; "Never seen the like in Oregon" in a regular freeze last Wednesday morning. Mercury stood at 23 degrees above and caught the Corn in hard roasting ear. As we had not saved any out for seed, I think that will be a Scarce Article next spring. So there was nothing to do but fill Silos and that is what we have been doing since Wednesday afternoon, but the weather is still dry and frosty and the

corn is drying up fast. The walnuts and grapes are spoiled, too, even the late peaches on the hillside are turned from the freeze.

The boys got through threshing last Tuesday. Had a very good run of 20 days. The grain turned out well - wheat from 17 to 42 bu. - barley 40 to 60 - and Oats 40 to 80 bu. Oren is helping Albert run the Silage Cutter. He has sobered up quite a bit since booze is harder to get. Aaron has a roof on the Mill and has been Sawing some with a 13 H. P. Pitts that he got from a man that had put in a Mill on Rahl's land near Elliott's. The potato crop is good this year and the price is good, too. Maurice Gottwald is digging his and hauling from the field to the warehouse for one dollar per cut weight. Harry Ritt refused to take that for his Crop but I think that when we get to digging and can get one cent per pound we will haul direct to the Station.

I suppose you got the Copy of the Telegram I sent you with the account of the ( Lee ) Fish Family's accident. It seems the family is fortunate this year. The first of last week while Lee was returning from Douglas Co. with a hunting party, their auto got away for them on a hill near Roseburg and Lee in jumping out struck on his head and Friday Walt Watson told me he was still in the Roseburg Hospital with Concussions of the brain. The others Staid in the Machine until it struck a Telephone pole turned over and spilled them all in a heap unhurt.

I put in a day at the State Fair the last week in September. The County displays were good. Coos County carried off first prize, Dairy products and all that goes with it and the finest Gravenstein Apples I ever seen. I never new that they grew so large and so pretty. Altogether it was a good fair. Jim and Rosa (Yoder Watson) and their family were there the same day. They will stay on the farm west of Salem another year, they are Just getting fairly started as they had nothing to begin with and he raised near to 1000 bu. of grain, a good garden and lots of potatoes and hay. I will write again and send you the Shipping receipt number that will have to be sent to Nel's (Gotfredson) at Belle Fourche, S.D.

As ever, Your well wishing

Father

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After Five Day Return To  
**J. S. YODER**  
 Hubbard - Oregon  
 Route 2

Oct. 15, 1916



*Mr Ralph E. Yoder  
 Boyes  
 Montana*

Hubbard, Oregon Oct. 15, 1916

Dear Son: Your letter of Oct. 3rd came in time for me to send the box of prunes to Nisland (South Dakota) so I took it to Canby and am mailing the Shipping receipt to Nel's at Fruitdale. Along with this letter. I thought best to send the Prunes so that if every - thing goes as it shall, you should get them for winter use. And shall I keep the amount of apples as per list and send them later? You can write me what to do as I don't expect to sell the dried apples before New Year's. The Prunes Come at 7 cents per lb. or 125 lbs. at \$8.75. Now, about the contents of the box. I put each ones Prunes in a separate sack with a tag attached so you will have no trouble in dividing them. I put in the Black Walnuts as requested, wrapping each one in paper for I thought they might get mushy. Aaron thought we could risk a few Quinces as they are not apt to freeze as rot. Albert put in the Filberts from his own bushes. I would liked to put in



more English Walnuts but the bulk of the Crop froze, off the trees. And the first droppings are not so well filled. I wanted to put in more Pumpkin Sweet Apple "Snitz" but the box was full. I had to use the screw to press the top down.

The weather still Continues dry, with either fog or frost in the morning. Everybody is either making "Sauer Kraut" - called Ensilage for short - or digging potatoes, farmers that had no Silos put one up if they could get the lumber. Albert put one up yesterday that we expect to fill up tomorrow, he had to go to Twillinger Mill on Milk Creek for the lumber. The boys filled one for Gulick (Olson) yesterday. J. Munson run the Engine, while Oren fed the cutter. Gulick hauled his lumber from Giger Bro's. above Scotts Mills. Potato digging is on in earnest. The Crop is good and the price is better. They are offering \$1.00 to \$1.15 per cut weight right from the field to the Station. Gib Wyland hired a man with a digger and had help, enough to pick up 900 bu. in one day. Albert and I haven't dug any yet, but will get at it as soon as his Silo is filled. We expect a Car load of Garnets and were offered \$1.05 for them yesterday. Not only were the walnuts frozen on the trees but we are afraid the new growth is injured so there will be none next year. I noticed the ends of the Grapevines are killed and I didn't get a good bunch of grapes. they were all frozen before they were ripe. I have been picking apples the past week. It is rather slow work for me alone. But farmers are paying \$2.50 per day for picking up potatoes and apples won't afford such prices. I had better shake them down and dry them. I had some with me to Canby but when I asked \$1.00 for first class, 4 tier Baldwins, I couldn't sell them; Waxen, Jonathan, and Pumpkin Sweets at 75 cents bu. I shall keep them in the house awhile and see what I shall see. Lee Fish is able to be around again. He was here this morning looking for a calf. He says he has no recollection of how he got hurt or what happened and at times his mind is quite a blank. The other Fishes are at home. The girl goes about the house on crutches and the Mrs. sits up part of the time.

Fred Eyman's have built a wood shed on his land near Will Leach's and Fred works in Fisher's Saw Mill. Abe Stauffer has rented a farm joining the one Jim and Rosa live on west of Salem. Maurice Gottwald has moved onto Will Yoder's place, while Will and Jennie (Reagan Yoder),

with the two little girls (Ada, Beatrice) will spend the winter in Californina for the benefit of Beatrice's health.

As ever your well wishing  
Father

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RETURN IN 10 DAYS TO  
**J. S. YODER**  
R. F. D. NO. 2  
HUBBARD, OREGON



*Mr Ralph E. Yoder  
Graham  
Montana*

*@ of Soffredson Bro)*

Hubbard, Oregon Oct. 24, 1915

Dear Son: Your letters of Sept. 26 & Oct. 1st Came in due time and I was glad to hear that you were getting along So well. It sure must be a great help to have the lumber for I know how it was in the early days in Missouri, when we had to haul lumber from Pierce City, thirty miles over the roughest kind of rocky road and pay \$30. per 1000 for the Commonest kind of boards. The apple season is on again. We have picked over 200 boxes and have all the varieities to pick yet. I have nice, clean apples but the market seems rather slow. I have

shipped a few to Portland but they sold for 75 cents and when freight - Commission and box is paid out of that, there is not much left. I have dried some of the culls, Etta (Wyland Yoder) and Claude helping me and we fill the dryer in 3.5 to 4 hours. Etta is very quick in spreading the slices on the ridales. The boys had a good run threshing, booking between 8 & \$900. They never got rained on once. In fact, it didn't rain any until about 10 days ago and even now the ground is not wet enough to plow. Albert was in Portland yesterday and bought a riding plow of "Saw Buck & Sears". He got a Bradley Square Corner the same that we had in Missouri. Yes, I got the letter from Anna (Gotfredson Yoder ) thanking me for the Christmas Gift - I don't know what it will be about gifts this year. The "Old Man's" bank account is down to a small figure. The Store building cost me more than I had expected. The Mill burning caused us to go elsewhere for a lot of the inside finish. Then the farmers around built a Cooperative Warehouse at the Station and I helped out on that. I have not for money loaned, all plastered over with interest payments, but no one seems to be in a financial condition to pay the principle. The Electric Line is sure a great convenience. They now run 4 trains each way daily, two of which run through to Portland. Yesterday three carloads of Portland business men went on an excursion to Mt. Angel and stopped a few minutes at the Station. I treated them to a box of apples and had a top box load of our corn hauled along side of the track, which was something new to many of them who had never seen a wagon load of corn. Our corn surely was fine. It seems slow in the starting last speing but the late fall helped it out. Walter has been working in the Warehouse which is about completed. He still talks shop and makes rather frequent visits to Oregon City. Miss Reed is not teaching this winter.

The whooping cough has been going the rounds here. Nellie's (Yoder Eyman) baby (Lucia) has had it pretty bad, but is getting better. A Miss ( ) Strong is teaching here this winter, this being her second term here. She seems to be getting along alright. One of Geo. Brockhart boys ( Wesley ), Earl Owen, Clarence Hansen, Joe Olson, Mr. Jacobson's boy ( Roy ), one of the Wrolstad's boys ( Sanford ), Florence Hart and Irene Williams get on the train in the morning for Molalla attending High School there. They get through in time for

the 4 o'clock train which brings them home again. Stella Criswell goes to her school at the Samson in the same way, getting on at Bush and off at Hitchman. There Hilda Eyman and Hannah Kylo (\*\*) and Hoakum Kylo's daughter ( Gertrude ) get on for Molalla and at Ogle the oldest Hirely girl ( Inez ) joins the group. There are also several from Monitor and Harding?, The Company lets them ride from here for 6 cents and Correspondingly from the other Stations approximately a cent a mile. Stella told me the other evening; "It beats riding the pony way yonder,"

But it is bed time, As ever your well wishing,

Father

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\* July 27th, 1988; Hilda Eyman Jackson said that Hannah Kylo never attended High School....

After Five Day Return To  
J. S. YODER  
Hubbard - Oregon  
Route 2

Letter.  
He died while  
in Portland

Mr R. E. Yoder  
Boyer  
Montana



Hubbard, Oregon Route 2

Dec. 15, 1916

Dear Son: I would like to know whether you still want the dried apples you ordered with the prunes last fall? I am done drying and want to

sell right after New Years. So as soon as you can let me know and I will keep the amount - 125 # back and ship whenever it is most convenient for you. I don't know what the price will be for sure, but about - 7 ¢. I still have a good many green apples. I haven't shipped any to Portland as the City seems to be full of Apples at all times. I have sold bxs. of Jonathan to the different train crews in the W. V. and S. at \$1.00 per delivered at the Station. Canby is still a good market for me. I had some in yesterday at \$1.00 and extra large size at \$1.25 and have some engaged to deliver after New Year's. I shipped Some to Oregon City at \$1.00 less the freight only. So I think I will get rid of all of them. They are keeping extra well. We are having regular Oregon winter weather, foggy nights and mornings and Cloudy afternoons, in fact we hardly know what the sun looks like. It has been Shining so little of late. Albert has been plowing for a week and I sowed the Calf pasture to rye this afternoon.

Aaron is Sawing some with the Gaar Scott and building as he gets time. I think he will have a Mill again if you give him time enough. I had a letter from Walter M. last week. He writes from Chilly, Idaho and it has the right name as he said it was 14 below 0 while he was writing. Says he was out deer hunting and frosted his fingers, his nose and his cheeks, but he don't mind that as he got a five point Buck when "Meat is out of sight" financially. With this I mail you are one of Mr. Wrolstad's Calenders. He keeps forging right ahead. We expect to put in Balconies between Christmas and New Year's. He says he must have more room for goods.

Well, they are married and given in marriage. The last was Kitty Scott's daughter ( Della ) to a young fellow, ( ) Wagner by name from the same neighborhood. Johnny Munson's Sister ( Hilda ) is to married next week and Mabel Giger about the Same time. Mabel gets one of the Conrad boys ( Lester ) from Troutdale.

I expect to spend Christmas with Perry's and New Year's with Jim's. I had a letter from Rosa telling how much better they were getting along than last year. Said Jim had 20 acres of wheat growing and was Still growing wheat than there is around here all put together and more than there is in any one field between here and Canby.

Many are going wild on potatoes. Some buyers are contracting next years Crop at \$1.00 per cut weight. Just now there seems to be

a lull in the market. Some sold Garnets @ \$1.55 per cut weight and Burbanks at \$1.75. Just a short time ago Albert and I sold a little too soon and got \$1.35 for Garnets, the only kind we raised. Don't forget and write about the Apples for last year I kept them too long and had hard work to sell them. Also let me know whether the prunes arrived and in what shape.

As ever Your well wishing,

Father

\*\*\*\*\*



J.Y. Yoder equipment - Garscot Steam engine - bought and delivered the day of Aaron Yoder/Edna Conrad marriage. Aaron stayed until he saw it run and then took off to get married. Story from Emerson Yoder on Nov. 1987-Original picture in possession of Hilda Eyman Jackson- Negative in possession of Don Blatchford or Hilda Jackson. Negative also in possession of Diana Yoder.



983-E main  
Portland  
Ore

Perry Yoder  
Tells of their  
father's  
death,



Mr Ralph E Yoder

Boyes,  
Mont.

#### DIED AT NIECE'S HOME

Old Resident of Clackamas, Native of Pennsylvania, Passes.

J. S. Yoder, aged 72, died at the home of his niece, Mrs. H. E. Rix, 728 Lexington avenue, this morning. He had resided on his farm at Yoder station, Clackamas county, for the past 35 years and was an active member of the Congregational church. Mr. Yoder was born in Juniata, Pa. He is survived by six sons, L. B., J. J., Aaron, Perry, Ralph and Albert G. Yoder. Two daughters are Mrs. Jane Martin and Mrs. Albert Eyman. Three brothers are L. O., I. H. and C. C. Yoder, and a sister is Mrs. Swartz. The body will be forwarded to Yoder station Wednesday morning by Walter C. Kenworthy, 1532 East Thirteenth street.

Funeral services for J. S. Yoder, a resident of Oregon for the past 27 years, and the man for whom the town of Yoder was named, was buried last Thursday. The services were held in the Congregational Church at his late home and were conducted by Rev. F. C. Butler. Mr. Yoder was well known in Clackamas County and many were the floral offerings that decked his grave. He had been engaged in farming and sawmill work since coming to this state in 1881 from Illinois. He is survived by six sons and two daughters.  
METHODIST PASTORS TO MEET

Jan. 15, 1917

Dear Ralph and Anna -

You know already, I suppose, how our dear Father was taken from us so suddenly and how unexpected it was for his happy Christmas visit to end so sadly.

I tell you it is hard for us here to realize that all is over with him on this earth, but we have the comfort of knowing that he is in a better land, and has a reward for his good deeds while with us.

I may be able to tell about as much of his last illness as any one since he was with us and later I was with him at Jennie Rix's a greater portion of the two weeks he was there.

On Dec. 22 - he made a long cold drive to Hubbard and back with a load of sand & tile for use about the place. He came home utterly exhausted and at Edna's he almost collapsed but the boys helped him to the old home where Bert (Albert) & Eva stayed with him. And on Sat. at 1 o'clock he felt real well and came on to Portland where I met him & took him out to the house about 6 P. M. That night he complained of rheumatism and on Sun. he stayed in a chair almost all the time and we had our tree that P. M. as I had to work on Christmas day. So on Christmas day he thot to go home early as our Christmas was over and he wanted to get ready to spend New Year's day with Rosa & family out from Salem.

But Christmas day found him so sore in his left knee & ankle that he could not get down the steps alone and Bernadotte (Yoder, Mrs. Perry) persuaded him to wait until I came at eleven from my P. O. work and I saw at once he was real ill so we had him lie down and I called a Dr. who said he had a very high fever and that another Dr. would come back with him at 6 P. M. They came and decided at once that it was a case of "knee infection" or blood poison and that his case was serious and that he must be in the hands of a good nurse and must have attention at once.

Just after the doctors left who should call in but Jennie & her mother (Rebecca Lantz Yoder) and Arthur Yoder (Yoder - Jennie's bro.) all not knowing father was sick and just expecting to visit him a few minutes. Well it was fathers wish for many years that when it came necessary for him to have the care of a nurse he wanted Jennie if

such a thing was possible. So right there they agreed he should be moved to her house and the Drs. agreed to come there and do what they could. On Tues. Dec. 26 we moved him out there to Sellwood to Jennie's home at 728 Lexington Ave., and there just two week to a day on Jan. 9 - '17 at 10:20 A. M. he passed away. All of us children came to see him while he was there with the exception of you and Nell Eyeman. And many others of his nieces, nephews, Sister & bro. & friends all came to do what they could and Aaron quit work at home and I took a vacation from my work and together with Jennie we waited on him.

All of our labors were of no avail, but we did everything in our power to make his last days as easy for him as we could.

Father never gave a hint that he thot it was his last illness and we did not have the heart to tell him for fear he would feel worse over it. He was clear in his mind up to very near the last hour and at no time did he play the baby, I tell you Ralph, he died like he worked, hard and resolute. He was not in pain at any time it seems and he just gradually burned up like from the fever poison that was in his blood. There was an abscess on his left knee and later one came on his hip near the spine both of which the Drs. opened to prevent their gathering. We all feel that it was a God send that he did not get to go aboard the train on Christmas day since we learned he had a fever of 103 degrees on that day and he would have been in great pain without the prompt services of a Dr.

I felt very bad to think Father never had rested in all his life but he would never be contented while doing nothing so he rounded out a busy life by being active to the end.

We were very sorry to think of you so far away and you were the only one of the children who was not at his funeral.

Nell could leave her baby girl long enough to go to the church.

On Wed. morn. I brot the body up from Portland and placed it in the front room of the old home where kind neighbors watched until Thurs. P.M. & 2 o'clock. There was a long procession and a good great crowd at the church. In fact there was not room for all inside. Rev. F. C. Butler gave a fine short sermon and the singers from around there sang the simple songs and we 5 boys with Claude Yoder were the pall bearers. So while the bright winter sun helped to cheer us we made our way to our homes with kind thots in our hearts for the good, true father that he was.

After the funeral I stayed out a day and us boys and the girls decided that John. J. would be our administrator and that he should act at once in the matter of selling some green apples and the chickens. But there are many things about the place that one hates to give up and I for one hate to see the real estate pass into the hands of strangers. We hope to arrange a sort of a holding C. where by some of us could keep the larger portion of the place and run it for a year or so as a renting proposition. We also think we would like to see Rosa get a title to a part of it, say some of that back 40 that adjoins Mr. ( Fred Sr. ) Watson.

A rough estimate put the values at \$16,000. total. About a \$1000. in cash & about \$2000. in notes. I even hate to think of a public auction to sell off the personal property and as for what little there is in the house of furniture & bedding. I'd be willing for Rose & Nell to do with it as they liked.

We are all well here and have had over two week's of sunny frosty weather, very unusual for Ore. We also read of the cold weather out your way and hope you can take care every thing alright and that you find time some frosty day to write us a few lines and tell about the homesteaders life.

Wishing you good luck all thru the year and hoping you may make it big some day & I realize you are doing a big thing by being out there.

Our babies are babies no more it seems and they keep us on the jump to wait on them.

Mrs. ( ) Reed is here all winter and the children do fine by her. She has two grown girls at home and decided she'd like to see her grandchildren and her daughter.

Now don't wait to long to write I may find some progress with a write-up that I can send you.

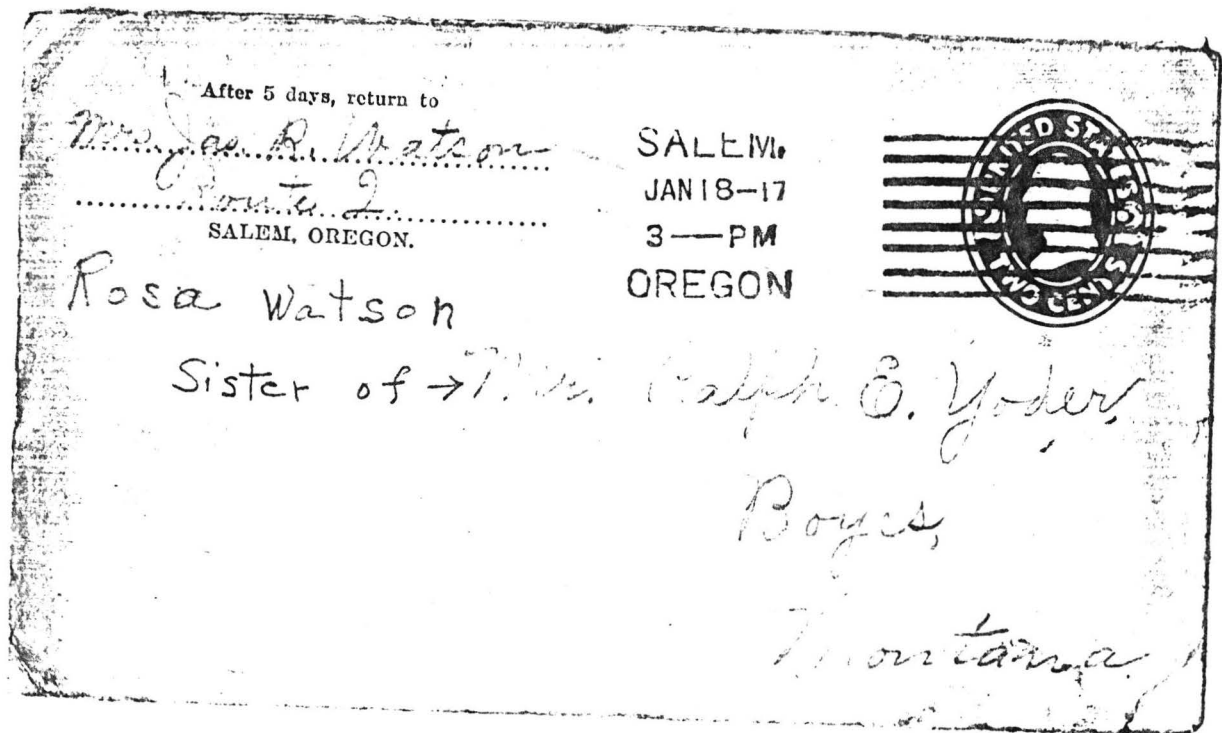
With love to You & Yours,

I am your bro.

Perry

Carrier #177

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Route 2  
Salem, Oregon  
January 17, 1917

Dear Ralph and Anna;

Of course, you know by this time that Father passed away on the 9th of this month. And I can't tell you how sad we all feel about it, as it was so sudden. I went to see him after he had been sick almost two weeks, and staid over night where he was, with Jennie. then I came home on Sunday the 7 and on Tues. I got the word that he was no more. So on Thursd. the 11th I went down home and staid till saturday the 13th.

It doesn't seem true that he isn't on the old place anymore. It seems too sad, But guess his life work was ended. We will all miss him, and those that are near home will miss him the most. Maybe some one has written you ere this, but I didn't for certain. I guess J.J. will let you know about the estate as we put him in for the administrator.

While I was down I visited mostly will (with) Nell. She has a very nice little baby girl and her two other children are very jolly and

bright. Roberta is a big and healthy, Albert (Eyman) calls her his boy, the other, Lucia is more like a doll, such bright little eyes.

Our baby was two last September so she is getting be quite large. Is a regular papa girl. While I was away I left all the children at home with Jim. Hazel was chief cook. She will be 13 in July, so is a good sized girl already. Can keep house first rate. She and Edith are quite a help to me.

We have been butchering the last week. Dressed three fat hogs for our own use. They made a nice lot of lard, and sausage, and liver worst, and souse . I also made up several gallon of mincemeat to can for summer.

Had a nice lot of apples of our this year and they kept fine. Also several varieties of pears. Some are good to eat now yet.

We are getting a fairly good start in stock again, and will get all the ground out to grain and hay this year. Had a fair crop last year, but didn't have half the place in crop. Am going to try my luck with Turkeys and Geese this year, have a nice lot of chickens from last year, but they don't lay very good right now. Also have one duck and three drakes, they belong to Edith from her grandmother.

We are having frosty weather for almost a week, hope it don't get any colder, as it's so hard to keep the old shack warm.

Jim had a fellow cut 10 cord of green Fir for this spring and summer. Guess I'll have to burn some of it before long. and I don't enjoy the thought of it very much.

The children are around the stand too this evening playing checkers, reading and writing. Don't know if you can read this jiggly scribbling or not.

Five are going to school this winter and are learning to read well.

I'm writing to tell you I have sent you a three years subscription to Successful Farming, and that it is to begin with the January copy. I sent it some time ago, but got a letter from them asking if I had your town address right, and discovered I had spelled it wrong so am sending correct address and guess you will get it alright.

let us hear from you sometime -

From sister, Rosa

With Love to you Both.

From: Ralph Yoder

Ralph had heard of his  
father's death.



Mrs. Albert Eymann

Aurora,  
P.F.D. Oregon.

Sun. Jan. 28, ' 17

Dear Sister Nell:

the sad news of Father's death reached me last Jan. 20 and dear, it is so hard to bear, I can think of nothing else, and it's very lonesome indeed; I had always fought down the homesickness with the thought that perhaps he could come out and make us a visit, soon or else he could be spared until we came back to Ore. The disappointment is greater than I can tell you, and being so sudden I can't realize the truth even yet. the letters from Albert (Yoder) all reached us at the same time, so we weren't in any way prepared for the sad news; you have our sympathy, dear, for I don't suppose you got to see him during his sickness.

Try and be brave dear, you were a good daughter to him and I know he was proud of you, as we all are. Write us when you can, for these are lonesome days out here in the middle of the wilds. I hope you and Anna Lou (Nell's baby) are getting along fine, until we hear different we will think she was named after Anna. With love, Ralph E.

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Agnes Yoder  
 Originals; Emerson  
 Yoder, Ruth Steininger  
 Negative; Diana Yoder



Ralph E. Yoder, Montana  
 Original; Emerson Yoder  
 Negative; Diana Yoder

After 10 days, return to  
*A. G. Yoder*  
 R. R. No. 2,  
 HUBBARD, OREGON.  
 A. G. Yoder  
 1912

*Mr. R. E. Yoder*  
*Boyer*  
*Montana*



Hubbard, Oregon

Feb. 4, 1916 (1917)

My Dear brother;

I received your letter of Jan. 7 last Thursday and was very glad to hear from you, but sorry you hadn't received our letter yet.

Well, this has been one long lonesome month. I am still doing the Chores at the home place and will farm it for another summer.

Jay was appointed Administrator, and will have a sale the 13th of this month so as to get rid of the Cattle, horses and farm machinery. We decided not to sell any of the house hold goods. I for one hate to see a sale on the place but it seem it is about all that can be done.

It seems to me it will be pretty hard to divide up the land just the way it lies for there is so little of it that faces the road.

When you write I wish you would give your opinion of the thing.

Anna was sure a brave woman while you were gone, and to have the nerve to dispatch a big lynx, and pull the hide off, too. Wife and I spent this Sunday at Shakespeares. ( ), he is working on another grub patch this winter, as the big crop of high priced potatoes gives him new energy.

Spuds are still going up in price, the best burbanks selling at \$1.50 per box.

I wouldn't be surprised if the spud business will be over-did this Summer as every one is potato wild.

You asked about Jay's Car, it is a Chevolet, five passenger. No, I haven't the Auto fever as yet.

Grant (Yoder) and family didn't make the trip home this winter, I heard yesterday that he bought another quarter section of land this fall, he made quite a stake on wheat and got the land at Eleven dollars per acre.

I suppose you heard of Joe Ben being married and that his wife died about a month ago, and left him with a little baby. Yes, he had been holding a position at O. A. C., but I don't know what he will do now. It sure seems a pity such things must happen.

I hope you can send us some pictures of the ranch.

Well, this is about all for this time. Now, if there is any thing you want done, or any suggestions you have to make about the home

place, just write then and I will do all I can.

As Ever Your brother,

Bert  
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# ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE!

I will sell at Public Auction on the farm of the late J. S. Yoder, at the Yoder saw mill 5 miles west of Molalla, 3-8 of a mile north of Yoder on the W. V. S. R. R., on

## THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1917

The following personal property, to-wit:

### HORSES

- 1 Mare, weight 1400, 21 years old
- 1 Mare, weight 1200, 21 years old
- 1 Mare, weight 900, 21 years old
- 1 Horse, weight 1300, 7 years old

### CATTLE

- 1 Cow, giving milk
- 1 Cow with calf
- 8 Heifers, fat, 2 years old
- 2 Calves

### GRAIN

- 75 bushels of Oats
- 20 bushels of Wheat
- 50 bushels Barley and Oats mixed
- 25 pounds Timothy Seed
- 150 pounds of Clover Seed
- 5 tons of Hay

### FARM IMPLEMENTS

- One Binder
- One Mower and Windrower
- One Rake

### FARM IMPLEMENTS

- One Manure Spreader
- One Walking Cultivator
- One Disk, 14 disks
- One Corn Planter
- One Fetzer Grain Drill
- One Sucker State Drill
- One Grass Seeder
- One Wagon, 3 inch tire
- One Wagon, 2 inch tire
- One Saddle and Bridle
- One Spraying outfit
- One Ditching Plow
- One Fanning Mill
- One Seed Grader
- One Sickle Grinder
- One Scraper
- One Platform Scales, cap. 600
- One Gaar Scott Engine, 16 H. P.
- One Garr Scott Separator, 28x49
- One Water Tank
- One 4-H. Steam Engine, without boiler
- One 4-section Harrow

### TERMS:

All sums of \$10 or under, cash. All sums of more than \$10 a credit of 9 months will be given with interest at 6 per cent per annum, on bankable notes. A discount of 5 per cent will be given on sums of more than \$10 if paid in cash. Terms on the threshing outfit are one-half payable in 9 months, one-half payable in 21 months, at 6 per cent interest.

LUNCH ON THE GROUND

M. H. HOSTETLER, Auctioneer.  
BANK OF CANBY, Clerk.

J. J. YODER, Administrator

MOLALLA PIONEER PRINT

J. S. Yoder home at  
Yoder, Oregon in  
winter.

Original; Ruth Steininger  
Negative; Diana Yoder



From J. S. Yoder.  
Molalla, Or.

John S. Yoder  
Molalla, Or.  
1911



Mr. R. E. Yoder  
Boyes  
Mont.

Mr R.E. Yoder.  
Boyes Mont.

McLalla Oregon

Feb. 18, 1917.

Dear Bros - I received your letter some time ago but have been on the jump most of the time since that only now I find time to write a few lines.

The sale is over with and the most of the property is taken away except that which Aaron Albert and I bought. Albert kept the spray pump and some of the grain, Aaron bought the old plow that came from Mo. and the big disk and the H.H. Steam engine. I got the fanning mill.

Sue and Poll were sold together and brought \$104. the big bay 64 and Maude \$50. but in settling the buyer of Maude beat us down \$10. which was not so bad after all.

The Threshing outfit sold for \$800 to the Lucht Bros. and I think it sold for all it was worth. we had offered it on two years time but they will pay half cash and half this fall which is better for us.

The cow stock sold well too, as you will see. 2 yr heifers. 1-<sup>#</sup>46 - 1-<sup>#</sup>52. 1-<sup>#</sup>54. 1-<sup>#</sup>55 - 1 cow 55 - 1 cow & month old calf 57. 1 cow. giving milk <sup>#</sup>41.

The only article that we sold out of the house was the range which sold for 6<sup>=</sup> and I think it brought all it is worth.

Next Thurs. the 22<sup>nd</sup>. we are going to meet with Nell and discuss plans for dividing the property not sold. but the more I think of it the more I think that the best way will be to turn ~~every~~ thing to Cash and divide that. If we should let Rosa have her share all in land it would leave the rest of the place almost unsalable as she wanted the buildings and as much land as her share would amount to.

I tried to get Jennie Rio to put in a claim for her help while Father was sick at her house but she refused so I think that after we get a division of the money we should each give her <sup>35</sup>6<sup>=</sup>



which would make a gift of \$50. for her. also I am going to try and get the others willing to give her The Rocker which we gave to Father since she is rather short on chairs.

I wish you were close enough to have some of the Spy apples as they are a slow sale and I fear some will spoil.

I am getting some tile laid this winter as G.D. and I went together and put 1000 6 in through his field to the creek so I can run my 4 in into them.

Kellie and I planted some lettuce last week but right away the weather turned cold and there is no sign of it coming up.

Say the woods are fast being cut into cord wood and piling and ship knees. Rebekah's George has been working all winter getting such things off of his place and near Makal. There is a mill sawing knees. George is sawing his with his drag-saw.

George Ackerson is here from Mont.  
on a visit and has got Garrett in the  
notion to go back with him and be  
a "Honyocker" They are going near to  
Iden Bower's

George bought some Red Clover seed  
and is going to give it a trial out  
there but I think if he can raise  
alfalfa he is foolish to try clover.

George Brockart and Swabauer sold  
their burbank spuds at \$2. per bu.  
which is the record price so far.

Nellie wonders if you ever saw  
a picture of our house and if you have  
none she would like to send one.

From your Brother J. J. Yoder.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON  
FOR THE COUNTY OF CLACKAMAS

In the matter of the Estate of )  
Jonathan S. Yoder, Deceased )  
)

Comes now John J. Yoder, the duly appointed and acting administrator of the aforesaid estate and reports to the court that immediately upon his appointment as administrator he gave bond and took the oath of office and thereupon gave notice to creditors to file their claims, as required by law, and that six months for filing claims against said estate expired July 26, 1917. That he has had an appraisement made of the property of said estate, showing real property of the appraised value of \$8000.00 and personal property of the appraised value of \$ . , including cash on hand, amounting to the sum of \$1093.21. That the sum appraised as cash on hand includes a certificate of deposit for \$500.00 on the Bank of Oregon City, which was counted as cash in the appraisement, and was not otherwise listed, and the actual cash was only \$554.89.

That he made the following collections on account of said estate, to-wit:-

Cash on hand and in bank	\$593.21
Certificate of deposit	500.00
Interest on same	20.00
Note of J.B. Hein	100.00
Interest on same	2.00
Note of M. Gottwald	200.00
Interest on same	1.00
Rent from store 1/1/17-7/1/17	
	100.00
$\frac{1}{2}$ Rent of farm for year	112.50
Albert Eyman, payt on bill	<u>25.00</u>
Total	1653.63
Sale of personal property	<u>2191.18</u>
Total collections	3844.81

That the sale of personal property above mentioned was made after an order of this court duly made and entered. That the administrator has sale notes on hand, due October 15, 1917, amounting to

the face value of \$174.31.

That claims to the amount of \$475.90 have been filed and paid as follows:

Voucher 1.	Filing fees	\$20.00
"	2. Appraisers	3.00
"	3. Undertaker	75.00
"	4. Drs. Holden & Moran	42.50
"	5. Store carpenter work	47.62
"	6. Advertising Sale of	
	Personal Property	8.70
"	7. Administrator expense	5.00
"	8. Medicine & Supplies	6.30
"	9. Taxes	102.73
"	10. Mrs. Jennie Rix	
	nursing diseased	50.00
"	11. Store insurance	25.00
"	12. Legal Advice	50.00
"	13. Tombstone	35.00
"	14. Personal Expense	5.05
Total		<u>\$475.90</u>

That there is a net balance of cash on hand of \$3368.91.

That the heirs owe the estate on notes the sum of \$1390.40, which they are ready to allow on a distribution of funds on hand, as follows:

A. G. Yoder, note	\$400.00
Accrued interest	25.33
L. B. Yoder, note	100.00
Accrued interest	2.88
L. B. Yoder, note	50.00
Accrued interest	1.96
O. P. Yoder, note	500.00
Accrued interest	15.17
Rosa Watson, note	75.00
Accrued interest	8.31
Rosa Watson, note	100.00
Accrued interest	6.59
R.E. Yoder, note	100.00
Accrued interest	5.16

Total \$1390.40

That there is a total, including cash and said notes of \$4759.31.

That the estate is not ready for final settlement, but this administrator knows of no other claims, except the expenses of administration, and he believes he can safely make a distribution of \$575.00 to each of the eight heirs of said deceased at this time, including said notes due from the heirs. The eight heirs entitled to such distribution, all of legal age, are as follows, to-wit:

1. L. B. Yoder, Hubbard, Ore.
2. J. J. Yoder, Molalla, Ore.
3. Aaron L. Yoder, Hubbard, Ore.
4. O. P. Yoder, Letter Carrier 126, Portland, Ore.
5. R. E. Yoder, Boyes, Montana
6. A. G. Yoder, Hubbard, Ore.
7. Rosa B. Watson, R. D. 3, Salem, Ore.
8. Nell Eyman, Aurora, Ore.

Wherefore, he asks the court for an order approving his administration thus far and authorizing him to make a distribution of \$575.00 to each of the heirs of said deceased, and that he continue the administration of said estate.

(Sq.) J. J. Yoder  
Administrator

Filed August 9th, 1917

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IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON  
FOR THE COUNTY OF CLACKAMAS ss

In the Matter of the Estate of )  
Jonathan S. Yoder, Deceased ) FINAL REPORT

Comes now J. J. Yoder, the duly appointed, qualified and acting Administrator of Estate of Jonathan S. yoder, deceased, and states to the court that the said Estate has been fully administered and is now ready for Final Settlement. That all notes, accounts and claims due and owing to said Estate have been collected in full and all personal property of said Estate has been disposed of and proceeds accounted for, and all claims against said Estate

known to Administrator have been paid in full. Fourteen vouchers have been heretofore filed showing payment of claims, amounting to \$475.90 at time of filing his semi-annual report in August 1917. At that date there was on hand, including sums due the Estate from the heirs which they were ready to allow from any amount distributed to them \$4759.31. That under authority of the court a distribution was made to each of the eight heirs of said Estate of \$575.00 amounting to \$4600.00 as follows:

L. B. Yoder	\$575.00
J. J. Yoder	575.00
Aaron L. Yoder	575.00
O. P. Yoder	575.00
R. E. Yoder	575.00
A. G. Yoder	575.00
Rosa B. Watson	575.00
Nell Eyman	<u>575.00</u>
Total	\$4600.00

Leaving a balance on hand of \$159.31.

That since said date this Administrator has collected sums which with the said balance on hand makes a total of \$1574.20 as follows:

Balance on hand	\$159.31	
Aug. 21/17 L. B. Yoder sale a/c	\$ 5.25	
21/17 A. G. Yoder sale a/c	46.00	
21/17 A. G. Yoder note	119.00	
Oct. 19/17 H. C. Olsen sale note	<u>66.50</u>	
Carried forward	\$396.06	
Oct. 19/17 Int. on H. C. Olsen note		\$ 2.99
Nov. 1/17 J. T. Fisher on sale note		41.02
1/17 L. G. Wrolstad rent		50.00
3/17 Mr. Kyniston sale of note & int.		41.01
7/17 Rent of Dwelling House 6 mo.		37.50
7/17 Sale of Linoleum		1.00
9/17 Rent of land		112.50
9/17 A. F. Hostetler, Sale note		31.67
9/17 Sale of hose		.25
Jan. 3/18 Sale of linoleum		.50
5/18 H. P. Goss note		100.00



Jan. 5/18 Interest on same	\$ 26.00
18/18 Sale of stove	3.00
22/18 Rent of store	50.00
25/18 H. P. Goss note	300.00
25/18 Interest on same	3.95
Apr. 15/18 Rent on store	50.00
July 1/18 Rent of land	112.50
10/18 Sale of ship knees	14.25
Aug. 1/18 Rent of store	50.00
Oct. 4/18 House rent	37.50
10/18 Rent of land	112.50
Total	<u>\$1574.20</u>

That he has disbursed in addition to said \$4600.00 and paid claims and expenses due including expenses of administration necessary to close said Estate from said Estate as follows: -

		Voucher No.
Aug. 21/17 Notary fees	2.00	15
Oct. 18/17 Difference in check	5.00	16
Dec. 11/17 Insurance on house & barn	2.40	17
Jan. 19/18 Distributed to 8 heirs \$90.00 each	720.00	18
19/18 A. L. Yoder Lumber repair of store	56.60	19
Mar. 16/18 $\frac{1}{2}$ Taxes 1917	46.97	20
May 10/18 Insurance on store	25.00	21
11/18 Distributed to 8 heirs \$40.00 each	320.00	22
June 1/18 Last half taxes 1917	46.98	23
Sep. 5/18 Surveying lands of estate	54.00	24
5/18 Boarding surveyors	10.00	25
Feb. 24/19 Taxes 1918	135.83	26
27/19 Recording Partition Deeds & stamps	13.20	27
27/19 Publishing Notice to Creditors	5.00	28
27/19 J. J. Yoder, Expenses	15.00	29
27/19 Attorney's Fees	<u>100.00</u>	30
Total	\$1557.98	

That after the aforesaid disbursements there will be a balance on hand of about \$16.22 for contingencies or final distribution. That the property of said Estate being now collected, so far as known to affiant, and approximately disbursed, said Estate is now ready for final settlement.

Wherefore affiant prays the court to fix a day for the hearing of this his final report and that at said hearing said report be approved if found correct, and upon his filing receipts from the heirs for sums distributed to them he be discharged and his bond exonerated.

(Signed) C. H. Dye

Attorney for Estate

March 5, 1919

\*\*\*\*Added later to the will in ink; Since this report was made A.L. Yoder paid \$100.00 for Mill machinery and the use of Mill Site.

\*\*\*

ADDITION TO ABOVE: (Will was a copy made by Roberta Eyman Daniels which fit in well with letters...)

Also....

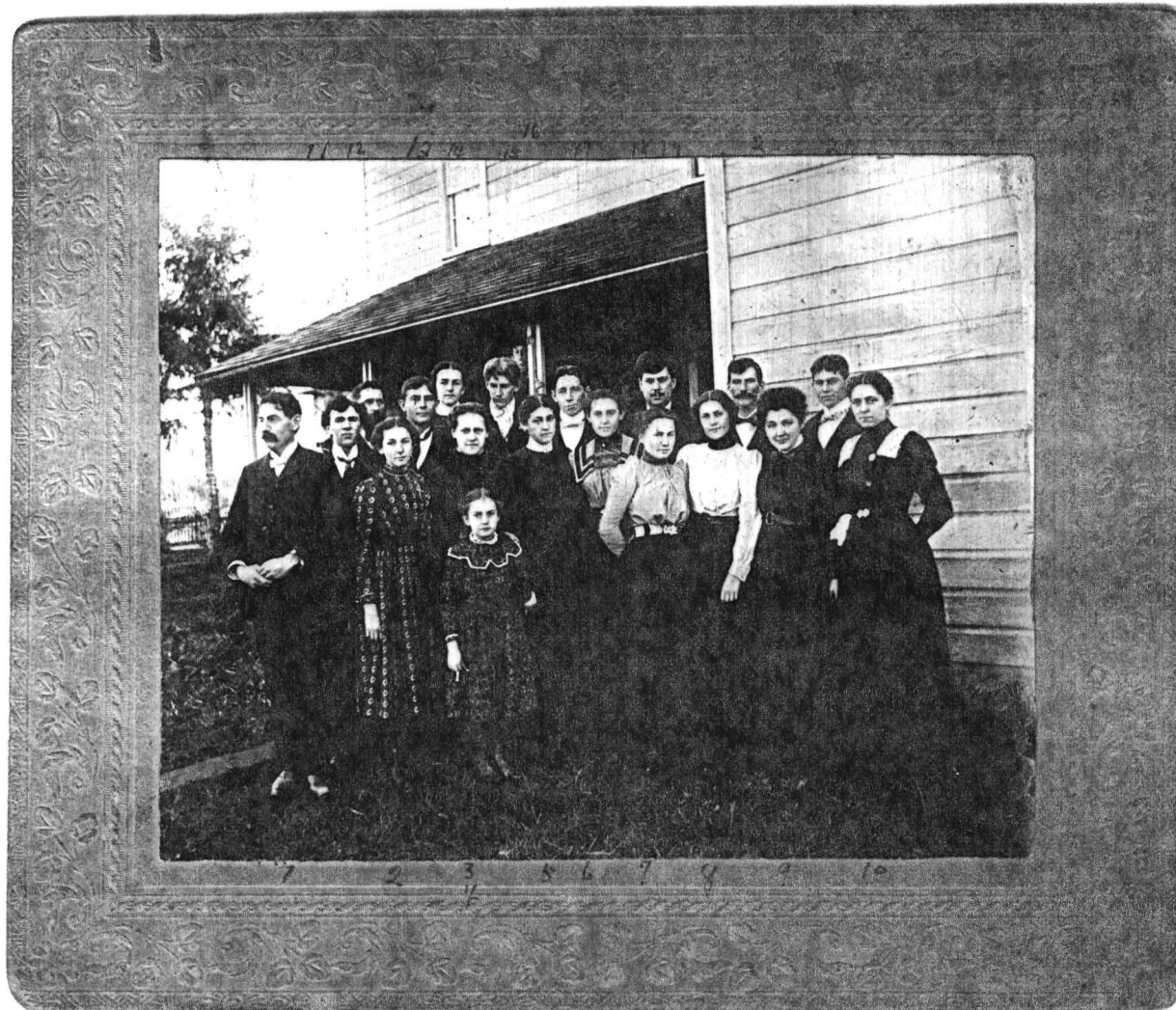
August 10, 1988

I, Ruth Anna Yoder Steininger, am the daughter of Ralph Emerson Yoder and Anna May Gotfredson Yoder. My mother was a school teacher from Belle Fourche, South Dakota and she had some friends who lived near Woodburn, Oregon. She came out to visit them in 1910 and they persuaded her to stay here and teach. She taught the Rural Dell and also the Evergreen School children at Yoder during the years 1910 through 1912. That is how she got acquainted with my father. She had already filed on a donation land claim near Boyes, Montana so that is why they went to Montana after they were married on December 31, 1913. My father also filed a claim joining hers, making them 1240 acres altogether.

I have the original letters written by Jonathan S. Yoder to my parents, the Ralph Yoders, after they moved from Yoder, Oregon to their claim near Boyes, Montana in the early spring of 1914. I gave these letters to Diana Yoder to be printed in the Yoder Clan Remembrance Book, as I thought they were a very interesting and detailed description of the early days in Yoder, Oregon

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The following page is a picture loaned by Roberta Eyman Daniels and Lucia Eyman Schuebel which belonged to their mother, Nell Yoder Eyman. Emerson Yoder also has a print, Diana Yoder has a negative.



Bottom Row

1. John J. Yoder
2. Maude Yoder (Peck)
3. Lottie Schwartz (Kirchem)
4. Elsie Yoder
5. Mabel Schwartz (Goss)
6. Anna Yoder (Watson)
7. Miss McHaffie
8. Bertha Yoder (Rittenour)
9. Hattie Yoder (Hein)
10. Rosa Yoder (Watson)

Top Row

11. Mr. Parimin
12. Uncle Lee Yoder
13. Henry Yoder
14. Ida Yoder (Robarts)
15. Ralph E. Yoder
16. Grant Yoder
17. Perry Yoder
18. Aunt Benie Yoder
19. Wesley Yoder
20. Laurence Hein
21. Aaron Yoder

Remembering Aunt Eva Yoder

By Lucia Schuebel and Roberta Daniels

Eva Yoder, our special Aunt, was the daughter of the pioneer Sconce family. She married Albert Grant Yoder, youngest son of Jonathan S. Yoder.

We, as young girls growing up in the quiet countryside in the 1920's and 30's knew little of the outside world. Aunt Eva enjoyed young people and at that time had no children of her own. She brought a light gaiety into our lives that we will cherish forever.

Aunt Eva excelled at cooking, baking, sewing, crocheting, knitting and needle work. She was musical; played the piano and organ and sang. She taught us to dance and play cards and went to card parties and dances with us.

Roberta remembers accompanying Aunt Eva, Uncle Bert, Aunt Anna and Uncle Ralph and Cousin, Ruth Yoder (now Steininger) to Portland to visit the Meier & Frank Co., Santa Claus and to do pre-Christmas shopping. Of course we could not discuss the authenticity of Santa in front of Ruth, a true believer. As to the shopping, Roberta's \$2.00 shopping money went for a dandy pair of patent leather slippers for herself.

Another early Christmas time our memory is of the annual trip to Portland with the Albert Yoders, Ralph Yoders and our family for lunch and a matinee. Lunch was a wonderful full-course Blue Plate Special for about 35¢. The show was usually a Will Rogers thriller with extensive vaudeville, often Fanchon and Marco's lovely chorus girls kicking in rhythm and various other acts. We were bug-eyed.

When a pageant was produced at the County Fair or Molalla, Aunt Eva furnished transportation to practice and helped make prairie costumes and we all acted in the grand event.

At grade school program time (1-room Rural Dell School), Aunt Eva often played for the singing and coached the singers. She arranged for her friend in Portland, an electioneer, to help students deliver their recitations with style and feeling.

Another recollection is of going to Portland when Aunt Eva shopped for a new dress. She had a helpful saleslady and tried on several lovely gowns. She selected a \$50.00 black crepe-backed satin. Tres chic. Roberta remembers Aunt Eva checking the dress inside and out saying, "I'm a seamstress and know how garments should be made."

Aunt Eva kept up with fashion and was one of the first in Yoder to bob her hair and have a permanent. She gave us vanity boxes and an acquaintance with lip stick and nail polish. And something more...a glimpse of the world outside Yoder.

\*\*\*\*\*

It was the summer of 1982 when I rode my bike without training wheels. It was kinda funny because I rode it for awhile. Then all of the sudden I fell down and gave myself a scar that I still have today.

That same summer at my kindergarten graduation (at the home of Virginia Yoder ) we were all down at the woods and I tripped on the grass and cut myself pretty bad on some tin roof. Then when I got back they bandaged it all up.

By Joe Yoder, son of Jim

Note; Virginia Yoder was his teacher and the classes were still held at the little white building behing Rural Dell. Rural Dell's Kindergarten came in 1986 to the main building.

\*\*\*\*\*

Uncle Perry

I remember Uncle Perry's cherry orchard. I suppose that, at times, picking the cherries was only a by-product of the yearly social event, and I am sure that Uncle Perry gave a sigh of relief when the harvest was over and his great nieces and nephews were once again out of his cherry orchard.

We usually rode to the orchard with Uncle Perry in Grandaddy (Albert) Eyman's dark green 1940's vintage Dodge. The Dodge was quite the car in it's day, sporting a fine array of knobs and dials on the dash, and Uncle Perry, at the wheel, was quite interesting or quite an experience depending on the passenger's outlook. Uncle Perry was well versed in who was who, who lived where, who did what, and who was related to whom every inch of the way. I found this information all very interesting.

While out in the orchard...everybody was busy picking, picking, picking while I was busy picking, picking, picking and eating, eating and eating. I have always liked the sour taste of pie cherries.

A couple of "out in the orchard" stories that stand out in my memory.....

One was when cousin, Barbara (Daniels) decided to do a little branch changing "Tarzen style" and so with the proper holler and a great leap to the next branch, she split our small tree right down the middle. The other event happened on the last day of picking one year. Uncle Perry had a small house on his property which always seemed fascinating, so when cousin Joel (Daniels) and I believe cousin Tom (Daniels) were checking out things inside, Barbara and I decided to lock the door from the outside. The Boys, thinking that we were only holding the door closed, took a mighty run and both hit the door at the same time. Well, the door did come open...doorjamb and all. Cousin Terry (Daniels) was dispatched immediately back to the orchard to give the "Uncle Perry is coming" signal. We quickly found hammer and nails and had everything ship-shape before Uncle Perry weighed out the last person.

Uncle Perry was a very special person. Who, but Uncle Perry, could share his birthday with the groundhog, wash his face with so much vigor and sound (Ripcha), resemble "Mr. Moon" after his face surgery, quote a poem at the drop of a hat (or letter perhaps), and have the nieces and nephews, who were always hungry and yet who always enjoyed listening to "I remember when stories".

Uncle Perry is truly missed.

Diane Schuebel - Kindall

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Fri. 28th (1871) Father planted his Sanford corn today; the first he planted this year.

Sat, 29th. Mother is very careful with her young poultry. (more so than necessary, I sometimes think). She selected a nice grassy spot, in the orchard, to set her duck coop. Then with boards she made a tight pen around it. The young ducks are so easily lost, when the grass is tall, so she pens them up, for a few weeks, with plenty of food and fresh water, and they grow amazingly.

From Mahala's Journal 1871-1876. Mahala was the invalid daughter of Elias Yoder. She blessed us with memories from her daily exchanges and told us of happenings, weddings and deaths.

\*\*\*\*\*



Grandmother Nellie:

The most important "Yoder" in my life has been my Grandmother, Nellie Beatrice (Yoder) Eyman. She has influenced me through all of the big and little things that she taught me over the years. In addition to living next door to her, I stayed with her while I finished my senior summer in college and for three years after that.

Not many days go by without being reminded of some saying of hers or some way she had with maintaining her home. For example, she was very particular about the way that towels were to be folded for the linen cupboard. They were folded lengthwise in thirds and once across. The towel was placed on the shelf so that the fold faced the front. This way you didn't get the ends of two towels when you only wanted one. She also had a definite preference for the way carrots and pickles were sliced. She liked them quartered lengthwise so they wouldn't bend like thinly sliced ones would.

Grandma also had sayings that come back to me. Two referred to her appearance. She said she looked "schrecklich" which I took as German (or Pennsylvania Dutch) for dishevelled. Other times she said she looked like the "wreck of the Hesperis" which refers to a shipwreck in a well-known poem.

When something would roll off of the counter and fall on the floor she (half-jokingly) said "inanimate objects had minds of their own." Or she would talk to the object and say "well, fall on the floor, if that's what you want."

I learned a lot about gardening from being around Grandma and Uncle Perry Yoder. Things like how to spade, prune, or put in a vegetable garden. I learned the names of many native plants and trees. Grandma had a favorite shovel with a small blade making it easier for a lady to use. Later on she found a special hoe with a long handle (which I have now). The head had a narrow blade with two flat prongs on the top.

A beautiful wisteria grew at the corner of the house and bloomed every spring. One year Grandma cut a long blossom, put it in a fruit jar and took it to the flower show in Canby for decoration. It ended up winning the Grand Champion ribbon.

The most important things that we learned growing up around Grandma were not from what she said but from what she did and how she lived: she was very positive about life, she saw only the nice things in people and she was always cheerful and pleasant to be around.

In the early 1950's, Grandfather dug a basement. The dirt was wheelbarrowed to a spot about 50 feet north of the house. This became the "hill". Grandma said that it was "virgin" soil because it hadn't been farmed and because of this, native evergreens like cedar and fir came up from nowhere. We would help her prune and thin out trees growing too close to each other. At one point a berry row was strung up along the hill on which wild black berries grew. I don't think anyone planted them, just trained up what grew there naturally.

Grandma knew a lot of poetry and quotations by heart and loved to recite them to us. I remember that on weekend mornings when she thought I should get up she would stand at the doorway to the stairs and say something like "Up, up Lucy! The sun is up and we are up too!" I can't remember it exactly (a mental block!). Anyway, this remembered line from a story was her gentle reminder that one shouldn't sleep the day away.

One day we were shocked when she took one of our bicycles and showed us that she knew how to ride. We thought that she would have forgotten how and that anyway she was too old (she was probably in her 60's). I can still see us there with our mouths hanging open as she pedalled down the driveway.

A lot of people tried to teach us manners, but I think Grandma succeeded best. From her we learned to set a table properly, use silverware and napkins, pass food around the table and so on. Not that we weren't supposed to do the same thing at home, but it was different at Grandmother's.

It's my recollection that the Grandchildren were well behaved while around her. She never raised her voice or got angry. I can remember being mortified when I reached for something when I shouldn't have and Grandma snapped the back of my hand with her finger. Wow, I'd never do that again!

We grew up with so many great aunts and uncles, who we of course referred to as "aunt so-and-so" or "uncle so-and-so". We saw most of the Yoder aunts and uncle at church and around Yoder. Their names from two generations back sounded old fashioned to me: Aunts Rose, Edna, Eva, Etta, Anna and Uncles Perry, Aaron, Louie, Albert, Ralph, and Jim. You could tell from the way that Grandma talked about her brothers that she really enjoyed the attention that they showed their little sister. "Brother Bert" or "Brother Ralph" were always doing things, making things for her or taking her places.

I remember Aunt Rose (Yoder) Watson coming for visits and we would talk to her so she could read our lips or write to her on a note pad. During the Fourth of July one year, I remember her being startled when firecrackers went off. I couldn't figure out how she could "hear" them. Aunt Rose had a very soft and high pitched voice and we would have to stand near to hear her.

Grandma had fond memories of growing up with her cousin Rebeckah Christenson who we would see at least once every year at the Yoder reunion in Silverton. When we arrived at the picnic, she would ask us kids "Have you et yet". I guess she liked the sound of that phrase but we didn't know what "et" meant.

-- Tom Daniels, July 1988.

Index to Deeds - Indirect, Clackamas County, Ore. at Oregon City.  
1904 - 1910..

Yoder	-	Grantee	Grantor
March 9, 1904		H. J.	Ritter, John
Dec. 22		Clyde E.	Redides(?), Peter
Apr. 19, 1905		E. H.	Sconce, W. S.
"		E. H.	" , Alice
"		Ethel	" , W. S.
"		"	" , Alice
June 27, 1905		David	Zimmerman, D.
"		"	" , E.
"		Judith R.	" , D.
"		"	" , E.
Aug. 4, 1905		Ezra S.	Hondrick, Moses
"		"	" , D.
"		Salina M.	" , Moses
"		Salina M.	" , D.
Oct. 10, 1905		L. D.	Samson, W. W. H.
"		"	" , J. E.
Nov. 27, 1906		Simon D.	Fleener, V. R.
"		"	" , Emma
Feb. 19, 1907		Levi D.	Yoder, R. L.
"		"	" , Harriet
"		"	" , A. E.
"		"	" , Rebecca
"		"	" , J. L.
"		"	" , R. L.
March 4, 1907		John J.	" , Harriet
"		"	" , A. E.
"		"	" , Rebecca
"		"	" , J. L.
"		"	" , J. S.
Oct. 19, 1907		A. L.	Noe, Sophia E.
Jan. 25, 1908		Nancy	" , "
"		S. C.	" , J. E.
"		Nancy	" , "
"		"	" , "
"		S. C.	" , "
"		"	" , "

Feb. 28, 1908	S. J.	Shauback, Sam'l.
"	"	" , E.
July 1, 1908	Catherine	Yoder, Levi
Aug. 4, 1908	D. C.	Miller, Ella
"	"	" , O. I. (may be O. T. )
"	"	" , Ella
"	"	" , O. I.
Aug. 6, 1908	Albert G.	Wormdel, Euier
Dec. 26, 1908	Phoebe	Yoder, Moses
"	"	" , M.
Oct. 3, 1910	Amos	" , Sarah A.
Oct. 5, 1910	J. W.	Jack, M. J.

Note; there is more information on each of these pages for those who care to have it. I thought the names the most important here.  
Submitted by Diana Yoder.

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Christmas was the most exciting time of year. First came the Sears and Montgomery Ward catalogs, with pages of elegant and unattainable Mime Alexander dolls. At school ( Yoder School ) we drew names for a gift exchange and started practicing for the program.

After Thanksgiving and the Fairy Tale Parade in Portland, we could listen to Santa Claus and the Cinnamon Bear on the radio every afternoon. (Why was it fun to hear other kid's letters to Santa? Why didn't we ever write any ourselves?)

Mother was busy making Christmas candy - fudge, divinity, dipped chocolates, Italian creams, and orange coconut balls - and stashing them away. One year she was also decorating the dollhouse our father had built. (Father; Ray A. Miettunenn; Mother; Doris Robarts) It was sometimes a rush to hide the evidence before Judy (Meittenen) and I came home from school, but we never suspected.

The last day or two before the program, we opened the folding doors between the two rooms, put up the stage, and brought in a big tree. There were a few "bought" ornaments, but we made a lot: paper chains, snowflakes, Santa heads made from spools. Once I think the

teachers whipped up soap flake "snow". the burlap apron of the stage was festooned with cedar boughs, and big, red, tissue paper bells hung in the doorway between the two class rooms.

School programs were all pretty much alike. The little kids recited short poems and sang something like "Frosty the Snowman". Two big girls sang "Star of the East", and the Big Room put on a play. I remember Stanley Watson in the role of a grandfather... Marilyn Miller singing "white Christmas" while pretending to address cards.

Once a rhythm band played triangles, wood blocks, tambourines, etc., and there was a flag drill with red crepe paper capes and hats. When the ( ) Wolfer family moved to Yoder, they knocked our socks off with their gospel quartet.

The finale was always a Nativity scene: real straw, a big star, and appropriate carols. The shepherds wore burlap and the Magi, bathrobes: one always used the pink brocade Kimono our father had bought in San Francisco.

One year the teacher tried to vary the format by having the boys sing "O Little Town of Bethlehem" while girls dressed as angels did some artistic pantomime. Not a success: they hardly squeaked out a note.

When I was an 8th grader Mrs.( ) Whitmore decided I should be Mary (in a blue blanket) because I could sit still the longest. I would have preferred being an angel in cheese cloth and silver tinsel rope.

And finally, Santa. If one was too old to "believe", it was still a challenge to guess who was behind the beard. Late one night, not long before Christmas, I saw Daddy cleaning his high black boots and knew in a moment he must be St. Nick.

Besides the gift exchange, every child got a mesh stocking or bag containing an orange, a popcorn ball, a candy cane, mixed nuts and hard candies. The teachers received many hankies, boxes of homemade candy or note paper, and bottles of hand lotion.

Was this the last night before vacation? who cleaned up, took down the stage, and returned the desks to their proper order? That part hasn't stuck in my memory. The school Christmas program was over for another year, but there was still a lot of holiday excitement to come.

Christmas by Muriel Miettunen van Veen

## Yoder Memories - By Emerson Yoder Age 73

July 23, 1988

School from fall of 1928 to Graduation 1932

As I was never too much of a student I didn't get as much from 4 years of school as I should have. As this is called memories, it will be a few high points and some low ones of my high school time.

I went to school before buses were used so we paid a neighbor for transportation. As I remember, the school paid about \$4.00 per month and we generally paid about \$5.00. I got a ride with Roy Watson for 2 years. He drove a Model T Ford Sedan and was a very dependable driver, always on time. When I was a junior there were more going so Beulah Watson and I took turns driving a week at a time and took 3 or 4 extra. That worked real good. When I was a senior there were too many so Beulah and I both drove and she hauled girls and I hauled the boys. The roads were rough and before school was out it got pretty dusty. At that time we didn't worry about insurance on the passengers but we were lucky and never had any serious accidents.

We naturally missed a lot by not going on buses but when cars came from all over the districts you soon knew who rode with who, etc. During the first 2 years when riding with Ray, there was waiting time after school while he practiced football so as quite a few other cars were doing the same thing you soon got acquainted with those waiting for a ride home. One big event I remember during the waiting time was to be able to walk down town to Kirk's Vanity and get A 5¢ candy bar once in awhile.

Most of our riding to school was a good time. Gas was about 20¢ and so was wages for those that could get work. Ray got some of his gas at Holman and Albright on the southwest corner of the Molalla cross roads. We got most of ours in the years that I drove at L. G. Wrolstad's store at Yoder.

As I was not an outstanding student I suppose the getting to and from school was maybe more exciting than some of the studies. So much for transportation before buses!

As I entered my freshman year, the school (Molalla) seemed so big. I didn't know if I would ever find all the rooms.



The main interest for me was Agriculture class and baseball. I did okay in Math. but English and some other classes were a real struggle.

About the first person I got acquainted with, that wasn't from Yoder, was Don Steininger and we met in Ag class. I enjoyed Ag. and of course if we had a home project that was good for more credit so some way I got a grade sow from George Dozier for my project. As usual keeping records was more work than feeding and caring for the pigs. One thing I remember about my project was my sow was about to farrow and I didn't have a pen ready yet so worked on a Sat. right until late and got her in and by next day there was a litter of pigs. I used pigs for a project for the 3 years I took Ag. the F.F.A. was organized the year I started so I was a charter member at Molalla. I have had some pigs ever since. I had a couple before high school so have had a few for over 60 years. According to the annals, F.F.A. must have been organized in the fall of 1929 and the first year was called the Jr. farm Bureau.

In the fall of '28 Harold Reed was principal and his wife was my Algebra teacher. She surely had a lot of patience to try and get it over to a class of freshmen.

I remember English class as being very hard for me and I never did learn it. One memory of High School, when it was small, was at last of school. Different classes would have after school picnics at the end of the year. I also remember having to take 25¢ each to cover the refreshment cost. Some couldn't bring that much money so a teacher would help out. Times were pretty slow at that time but we probably had as much fun going to a park, or the river for 25¢ as a class of today going to Portland or the coast or Disneyland. Everybody was short of money so as I remember, we didn't feel poor. Freshman year was over so quick I hardly woke up to the fact I had been to school another year.

As Ray stayed for baseball I practiced, too, but was not good enough to get to play any until my junior year.

My sophomore year was rather uneventful except my main memory. I got typhoid fever and was in the hospital from right after Thanksgiving until New Year's Day, 1930. We had been on an Ag. field trip and drank water from an old well just east of Blackman's

Corner. Another couple of boys were sick, too, as I remember. When I went back to school I could only finish about 3 classes. After the sickness I began to grow and by ball season I was able to practice. With help from my family I kept up my pig project so got credits for that. A good memory was the Ag. class had a banquet and my father went with me to it.

As I said before, when I entered my Jr. year I drove and took the boys so we could stay for sports and cause less waiting.

In F. F. A. we got to go to Rainier for a week-end of contests etc. I remember I won the tool identification contest and got a 2 lb. sack of Ladino clover which I never did get planted so after 57 years I threw it away. We had a fun time and my father (Aaron L. Yoder) let me drive the Dodge sedan and take a load of boys. As I remember, we must have went on a Fri. and came home Sat. afternoon. We slept, or that is spent, the night on the gym floor. As far as classes in my Jr. year I think one on the most useful for everyday life was a term class of Math. called Higher Arithmetic. For my life I learned more than all the algebra and geometry. My teacher was Helen Hughs, a very good teacher.

Of course, the big event of Jr. year I got on the regular baseball team playing center field. The coach said if you can hit the ball, which I seldom did, he would find a place for me to play. As I was rather slow, I was put as far from the action as possible. Ralph Holeman and I tied for running the bases the slowest. Baseball season brought many fond memories. Times were real slow in '31 and we had about 3 bats. I remember the coach stopping to buy a bat on the way to a game and we all used the same 2 or 3 bats. Each player didn't have a bat like now. There were some exciting games like when our little school beat Salem in a practice game. I remember I made a good hit that day. I never did get a home run but was able to get a 3 base hit a couple of times. I was slow but really had fun trying. I remember I begged my folks to come to see me play and they came and we played Silverton but barely got started and the rain poured. I think it was the only time they came. We played some pretty hard schools like West Linn and Oregon City and Milwaukie. Another memory of baseball was when we played Canby and they had Al Lein for their pitcher and our best

players would fan the air. I never got a hit off him. He went on as quite a professional player. One memory of Canby baseball I must include, was when we played over near the city water tank and center field put me clear to the street. I think maybe the only good catch I ever made was that day. Some Canby hitter sent a fly ball out to me and I ran back to the edge of the field where it dropped down to the street and I jumped and made the catch.

Another memory I have of Jr. year was when graduation came. The juniors helped set up the riders on the stage to put chairs on. This made the back row about 4 feet high. Mrs. ( ) Ridings was our advisor helping so she asked me to put a strip on the top row to put chairs against. Anyway, in the excitement I forgot to get a strip on. As graduation was in process I thought of it, so couldn't really enjoy the program for fear of someone falling off the top. They got down to giving out honors and Bob Avison stood up in the back row and sat down again and didn't move his chair. I was really relieved when the class stood up to march out. Between F. F. A. and baseball and some after school picnics my junior year was a lot of fun but at the same time I was too backward to enjoy it fully.

Senior year rolled around so quick to start in fall of '31. Seems my memories of the Senior year are different anyway. There was no F. F. A. anymore. One bad memory was I took Chemistry and really had a struggle to get through on nearly failing grades. I don't think I got further with chemical names than water, salt and sugar. Not sure of them anymore. We were supposed to do experiments and if we didn't get done we were to do them after school. My partner was not interested in baseball and it seemed that was when he wanted to do chemistry. (During my baseball practice). Of course I couldn't miss baseball for anything as unimportant as chemistry.

Senior year brought more excitement going to basketball games.

I tried a little football practice in my Sr. year but really didn't care for the game, but did play some on a second team. Always seemed so bruising for the amount of play.

By the time I got to my senior year I did get acquainted with more people so made lifelong friends. My memory of senior year

seem few for so many things went on. I remember going to most of the ball games and plays and picnics. All of a sudden it was graduation and after 4 years I don't suppose I learned enough to get out of the 8th grade today.

Really, the outstanding memory of graduation was at practice. It ended I had to march alone but at the last moment Eugene Barth wouldn't take part so I got to move to the front and march with Bethel Daugherty. Eugene has lived near Marquam all his life and I have never seen him since school time. I tried to get him to come to our 50th reunion but he wouldn't.

Graduation was different then as far as being honored by the family etc. There were no after graduation parties. We did all get gifts and felt pretty important, though.

One memory that stands out was when we were in line after graduation. I was close to Laura Chindgren and her uncle Herman gave her a \$20.00 bill when he shook her hand. It was like now when people give a graduate a gift of a car.

Well, this is a little of what I did in high school.

Had a good time and lots of good memories but always felt I could hardly keep up with the average.

Emerson Yoder

P.S.

A few other memories of school would include that we took our lunch to school as there was no lunch served at school as today.

They heated with a wood fired boiler and hauling wood in with a wheelbarrow was used for discipline.

One high light of senior year was skip day where the class went for a picnic over on Yamhill River. Our class advisors were included. Some boys rowed the boat out into the Willamette and had trouble getting back but no one was injured. I still have a picture of that great day at the Park.

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Below submitted by Kevin Yoder, age 9.

July 25, 1988; this year I got to go to camp. It was fun because I got to go swimming.

July 26, 1988; I got to go logging, it was fun. I got to help a lot.

July 27, 1988; I remember when I was 8 years old. We had a swimming pool. It was small and it was fun.

I remember when I was 7 years old. I got to ride the three wheeler. I got to ride the motorcycle with my dad.

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#### CHERRY PICKING - INDIAN GRAVE

Cherry picking time at Emerson Yoder's. About 1965 or so. In the back corner of the cherry orchard was a huge Oak tree. One summer an "Indian Grave" appeared near the oak tree. A complete job, oblong mound of dirt, circled with river rock stones. I know that I, at 10 or so, was impressed and a bit scared. However I would guess that Jim Yoder, Jim Daniels & a few others probably have the complete story on the "Indian Grave". Cherry picking wasn't dull that summer.

#### 4th OF JULY

As a child, the 4th of July has always meant a parade in Molalla, a picnic at the "Neuman Place", & sparklers at Mom and Dad's. (Dorothy and Russell). Dad would make ice cream the night of the 3rd and pack it with ice overnight. The morning of the 4th we'd go to Molalla to watch the parade. A lunch time picnic would be held at the Neuman Place up in the Molalla hills. The picnic spot is perfect; grassy area, swings between two trees, picnic tables and an out-house over yonder. The food was always great; real fried chicken, potato salad, berry pie and homemade ice cream. In the evening we'd gather at Mom and Dad's to light sparklers. We'd race to see who would circle the house before their sparklers fizzled.

Cherry picking & 4th of July by Mary Yoder Bickers

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I was born March 4, 1918 in a log cabin near Boyes, Montana. It was hard to make a living then from raising cattle and farming so my mother taught school. I went to school to her my first 3 years of school. After living there for 13 years, my father was getting homesick for Oregon and family, so in August 1927 my parents and I moved back to Yoder, Oregon. They bought Aunt Kate Yoder's (Ada and Mary Yoder's grandmother) house, across from the old Evergreen School House.

I graduated from the 8th grade at Yoder School in 1931. I went to Molalla High School and graduated from there in 1935. I went right on to summer school at Oregon Normal School at Monmouth and graduated from there in 1937. That fall I taught my first year of school at Clarkes and then I taught 3 years at Dryland School (Now it is consolidated with Rural Dell School).

While teaching my 3rd year at Dryland I was married to Donald Steininger of Molalla on December 22, 1940. We lived on a farm near Molalla where I helped Don raise farm products; cattle, sheep, and turkeys. I loved farm life and to have horses to ride with my children. My daughter, Patricia Ann (now Mrs. Rodney Bullard) was born October 23, 1942 and my son, Rodney Ray was born December 21, 1952.

My father, Ralph Yoder, died October 20, 1936, soon after they bought the Fred Schuknecht place, where I now live. My mother, Anna Gotfredson Yoder, died April 7, 1975 after living there alone for 39 years with the exception of 4 years that I was still at home. They are both buried in Smyrna Cemetery at Yoder.

During the summer of 1976, Don and I moved from our farm in Molalla to my mother's place in Yoder to retire and raise a few sheep. Don died November 5, 1982 from a heart attack and is also buried at Smyrna Cemetery.

So I live alone in my mothers large home, with both of my children and their families living next door to me.

By Ruth Yoder Steininger August 10, 1988

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Boyes, Mont.

Dear Sister Nell:

March 10, '18

I have a wonderful, tiny bit of news to tell you and knowing that you are interested, I'll write you the details instead of sending a card, as is usually done in such cases;

I can hardly keep my feet on the ground these days, and my condition is hard to describe, but with a little time and attention I think I'll pull thru alright;

Ruth Anna arrived Mar. 4, (1918) 11:50 A.M. and seems to like her surrounding fine; Of course we gave her a royal welcome and are doing all we can to make life pleasant for her. She and Anna seem to be doing very well and I'm indeed glad that we have been favored so kindly. Ruth weighs 6#, and is 20½ in. long; rather a small package, but there is plenty of room for growth in this country.

I had planned to take Anna down to Mother "G's", but later on she decided she would rather stay here if she could get the necessary help. I rode 60 or 70 miles getting in touch with a Dr. then I rode out to find a nurse. It took about 40 miles of riding to get her rounded up, but she's a good one, and we got along quite well with out the help of a Dr.

The big bird arrived a little ahead of time, and there was no time to call the Dr. The nurse is a widow of 64, holding down a claim 12 miles west of us.

When the time came to get her, the roads weren't fit to drive over so we made the trip horseback. Ruth is having a bath now, and I hear her sweet soprano once in a while. So far she has a fine disposition and seems very strong and bright; when are you coming to see her? She has visitors almost every day. Anna says she has chin and mouth like yours, nose like mine, and a good shapely head like her own! So who should worry! And we hope she will have long wavy, brown hair like Carrie's (Gotfredson). Why shouldn't she be something choice with so much good material to choose from? Anna named her Ruth, and I added the middle name, so we both have our choice. I had planned to call the boy Howard Jonathan, so as to have Father's name, but that will have to come later. I hear Teddy barking, so I guess Ruth is going to have another visitor. Chris G. (Gotfredson) just rode up to have his first look at the little wonder. How is Anna Lue (Eyman)? Does she walk yet? Louie's (Gotfredson) boy can't

travel yet, without his walker, but he's growing fast and looks fine.

I would have written you sooner but there has been no chance to mail a letter the past week. Carrie said the dried fruit arrived at Nisland Feb. 12, and they will mail it to us soon. We are glad to know it will be here soon.

Carrie had promised to be with us this mo. but she hasn't been well this winter, and the stage drive is a hard one in the winter time, so she will be out later. X May add a line later, dinner is now ready.

Monday 4 A. M.

Well, our little wonder is a wk. old today, she seems to be thriving, and has a fine disposition. Anna is having a good rest, our nurse is very competent, I think, and we were indeed lucky to get her. Her son and family are living on her dairy at present, he has a girl about Anna Lou's age, and she is very smart and cute. Chris is going to the P. O. tomorrow, I have the stork cards ready to mail.

Louie's are expecting an increase in their family about Mar. 19. The cattle have done well so far. The ground has been bare nearly all winter. Will tell you all about the new cupboard and wood box next time I write. Write us when you find time, your letters are always enjoyed.

With love and all good wishes,  
Ralph and Anna

Above is a copy of a letter in posession of Ruth Yoder Steininger....

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From April 9, 1982 to November 27, 1986

By Catherine M. Johnson, "Adopted Yoder Memories"

I had my interview with Roberta (Eyman) and Donald Daniels, Lucia (Eyman) Scheubel and Steven Eyman on April 9th, 1982. This interview concerned my caring for their mother, Nell B. (Yoder) Eyman. I moved into Nell's house April 16th and shared the upstairs with Miss Angie Rogentine, who was going to college at

the time.

I was hired to help Nell as she had fallen and had a hairline crack in her right hand, with a cast to her elbow.

I put in a garden for us and learned what goes on on a farm; sheep, steers, fruit trees, nut trees and grape vines. Real good food!

Nell had a real nice Amerarillis plant which blossomed for Easter time. Also Nell and I would take a ride into Portland about 3 or 4 times a year to see Aunt Maude Johnson Eyman Davidson, a real nice English lady.

We also participated in our church's activities. Our church, Smyrna United Church of Christ at Yoder, has a group they call Ladies Fellowship. In it the ladies of the church have a secret pal club if they wish to participate. They draw secret pals and "share" with them all year and find out later who their benefactor is.

In May of 1982 my Lady Friend, Evelyn Coleman and I took Nellie up to Silverton to the Silver Creek Falls State Park for a picnic. This was a Memorial Day week-end. Nellie's children went to Sacramento, California at this time of year together to hear Dixie land music.

I cleaned outdoors at Mrs. Eyman's including the flower beds. That spring her brother-in-law, Edwin Eyman, brought up a passion flower for Nell! That was when Edwin still drove his pick-up.

On July 4, 1982 the families came home for a big picnic and to go to the Molalla Buckeroo Days. The July 10th week-end was the Flying Farmers Breakfast which they hold at Mulino every year, at the Mulino Airport. Nell and I went in my white and blue 1965 Chevy Stationwagon that I had. Nell had a flag flying on her porch.

In August of 1982 we went with Roberta and Donald to the Yoder Reunion Picnic. There were over 100 relatives attending. Angela Yoder (daughter of Vernon and Mary (Kraxberger) Yoder) was the youngest present, Nellie the oldest. We had a long, hot summer and in August Dorothy and Steven Eyman had a Family 45th Anniversary Party for Roberta and Donald Daniels. We enjoyed the day with a picnic and champagne and family gifts.

I had a cat come there whom I named Midnight, he was neutered so stayed close. He enjoyed Nell's front porch railings and teasing

Nell by walking in front of her walker. He also cried for food when we ate on the side porch.

On September 1982 I had a vacation at Roads End (Lincoln City, Oregon beach) for 3 days. I enjoyed it with my friend, Mrs. E. Coleman and her dog, Pumpkin. The weather was rain. The next week-end Evelyn came out and picked filberts and walnuts with me.

Then in October Richard and Judy Daniels (Nell's grandson and wife) had a Halloween party down at the hay barn which was fun. Nell enjoyed their company.

When I raked the front lawn, the Daniels' steers loved the fresh cut grass to eat. Also corn husks.

We always had a turkey pot luck at Yoder at the church and then I went to my friend, Evelyn's, for dinner as Nell's children had dinner with her.

Nell, and her daughters Lucia and Roberta, would often attend church together with me at the Smyrna United Church of Christ. Nellie's family (The Yoders) helped build the church in 1891. We went to many a potluck there and Ladies Aid meetings, plus many other events that were related to the church.

In December Evelyn and her dog, Pumpkin went to California for 3 months.

Also in December the Smyrna Stitch club puts together baskets for the shut-ins and ill in the neighborhoods.

I enjoyed Christmas at the Donald Daniels' open house and brunch that year. Nell enjoyed the church young folks who came to sing Christmas carols at her home as they had other years. 22 great grandchildren's stockings hung on the fireplace that year.

On January 1st, 1983 it was Nell's 97th birthday which she enjoyed with an open house.

Around the 16th of January, 1983 Roberta and Donald Daniels packed up their travel trailer and headed for Imperial Spa for a 3 months vacation. I watched their house while they were gone and son, Jim came and fed the cows. One night I saw lights looking around their place. Steven Eyman came to investigate and could find nothing around. Next afternoon I took in the mail and checked the front door as the Oregonian dealer had left a sticker there in the door handle. What a surprise! That must have been the light!

Can't be too careful in the country. All was well!

I remember that Joel Daniels had a taffy pull for Nell and and the families about that time, too.

The Edwin Eyman family had a 90th birthday celebration and family reunion for Edwin on the 28th of July, 1984.

I learned a lot about Oregon history concerning the Yoders, Needy Telephone and mail, the Aurora Colony, Tillamook Cheese, the big Tillamook Burn and how important the wood industry is to the Oregon economy.

I enjoyed working and meeting all of Nell's family. They were warm and kind. I'd like to take this opportunity to thank you all for the Love and Gifts given. Thank you for letting me enjoy and share in the wonderful Yoder family at Yoder, Oregon.

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In the 1880's the Yoders caught the "Oregon Fever" and one by one the brothers succumbed to the lure of the new country. Their sister, Mary Yoder Schwartz had gone on ahead with her family and settled where Emerson Yoder now lives. She thus joined some of the Lantz families who were nearby and also in the Bear Creek district.

Only Ike and Kit (Christopher) remained behind of the family of the brothers and sister.

John P. Yoder and Ike Yoder had graduated from Normal School at Normal, near Bloomington - now one city, and the tiny Normal School is now Illinois State University with 21,000 students.

"Aunt Mary" Lantz, Rebecca Lantz Yoder's sister also came to Bear Creek with her husband, Milo. Jonathan and Lee Yoder married their own step-sisters. It must have been a close-knit community. The Asa Yoder family also came, he an uncle to the other Yoders.

For some explanations one may read the printings that some of the family has entitled "The Yoders in Oregon". Also "Aunt Mahala's Diary" written by the invalid sister that remained in and died in Illinois before Elias Yoder's family moved to Missouri. (She is a sister to John P., Lee and Jonathan Yoder).

Following excerpts and full letters from John P. Yoder to some of his brothers. Sent by Ellen Christenson Lindholm along with

above introduction;

From a letter to Ike Yoder, also a teacher, Marseilles, Illinois  
..Only an excerpt enclosed...

March 4, 1888

Lee and I have agreed to buy a quartersection of land in Oregon and if the title can be made good, shall probably buy another 120 acre tract.

I don't know whether shall ever go there or not. We probably shall, if we can quit teaching before we get too poor to pay our passage there. Lee expects to go as soon as he can sell out. I think Jonathan too, will soon catch the fever.

I see no reason why you should not succeed with the school at Lexington. I don't believe you'll find it any harder work or requiring any more skill to manage than the smaller schools you have already taught. I should try for it if I were you, but I doubt whether you will find the change of any benefit financially. The only school in which we ever saved any money was at Danvers where I earned something at my trade during vacation.

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Marseilles, Ill. Aug. 10, '88

Dear brother (Jonathan in Missouri?)

We were very glad to get your letter of the 29th as it gave us a great deal of information in regard to our prospective home which of course was interesting to us. We feel real impatient to get there. Lee has just written that he has sent the money to pay off the balance on our 80 which will leave us in debt to him about fifty dollars which we can send to him at any time. That will make our 80 clear of debt. We still have a little money out in dribs which if we can gather it in would go part way toward paying for another 80. (You see we are just like the rest; when we get a little we are made hungry for more). I have written to Mary asking about the 80 that corners on ours on the southeast. She had marked it as for sale at \$10. per acre, and says it is partly cleared. Did you notice the piece when you were there? If so what do you think one might safely offer for it?



In your letter you gave a very satisfactory account of the various crops and the various industries by which one may live out there, but you say nothing about stock raising. It seems to me that is one is to do more than merely make a living it must be in that line. Now what did you notice in regard to that? What facilities have they there for pasturing and feeding? Is the market for livestock good? I can see plainly how one might make a good living out of the truck that can be sold to canning factories and c., but it seems hard to believe one can make much money without having corn to market. Maybe a sucker can be weaned from that idea after a time but it seems now as though something should take its place as a staple crop.

I wonder if experiments have been made with different varieties of corn to the satisfaction of all. Mr. H. R. Adams, one of the corn-sheller men is now in Mexico and he has sent home samples of Mexican corn which seems to have some of the qualities that would recommend it to the Oregon climate.

How are the canning factories situated? And how numerous are they? What do they can?

I should be glad to get your advice about the land I spoke of, for if all goes well I think we can buy another piece.

Lee told me of his unlucky accident with his colts. I suppose for one thing he expects to leave his wire fences behind when he goes to Oregon.

It is too soon yet to ask questions about moving and it is barely possible that if we do not move next summer I may run out during vacation.

But there are still many things I'd like to ask about. Such as; How is the general surface of the land in that neighborhood? Is it level or hilly? How does it compare in that respect with our old neighborhood in Dry Grove, or with the Fry settlement? Or with the hills along Rock Creek?

How are the roads to the towns along the Willamette? Are they level or hilly? And do they get very muddy during the rainy season? What is the color of the soil?

Mary has marked parts of our land as clear. I take it to be low land. If so, are these lowlands deep ravines or level grades? Will they require ditching to make them cultivable? Do you think no

kinds of hardwood would grow after the pine forests have been cleared away? I am told that in Michigan that Beech and Maple spring spontaneously after the pine is removed.

I have asked you the many questions because I know Mary has so many letters to write, and because I am anxious to get your judgement on many of the points.

This leaves us all well.

Your affectionate

Brother

J. P. Y.

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Needy, Oregon

Aug. 10, 1893

Dear Ike,

I've been wanting to write to you ever so long but it just seemed impossible to get at it.

Until this week we were living around among the neighbors and there was always so much to talk about and so little opportunity to write that I kept saying wait till we get to living alone and then I'd write to everyone in turn. But even when we began housekeeping there was still too much to do, and though we moved in Monday this, Thursday, evening finds me beginning my first letter.

We are living in Jonathan's tenant house, and find it very comfortable and convenient, though it has but two rooms - one upstairs and one down.

It is now over three weeks since we came here, and we have had time to look about us a little and form some impression of the country. The climate at this time of the year is simply superb. The days are pretty warm and one can sweat right royally when it is under hard work in the sunshine, but the heat is not so stifling as in Ill., and the nights are always cool. One comfort, unless a very heavy one, is not enough for cover and one awakes refreshed and rested in a way that is astonishing to one who has experience for the first time.

Our appetites too - well if the neighbors were not so good to bring us things to eat, I'm sure I don't know what we should do. I'm sure we cannot help growing fatter. Little Rebekah looked at

herself in the glass the other day. "Why," she said, "It looks just as though I had ? cheeks puffed out all the time".

I am working at our new house just as fast as I can, but there are so many things to do besides that I don't seem to make much headway. I have all the frame stuff on the ground, and all the pillars built, but have just made a little beginning at framing. I have begun a more pretentious house than I should have undertaken under other circumstances, but in this climate where we have the siding and the roof on, we can move in and I can then finish it up as I get time.

The folks all joined in and made a bee to cut and haul logs to the mill, the boys cost nothing as we have more logs than we know what to do with. The sawing costs \$3.00 per m. ft. and this I can pay in work next summer, so that really I can make a few dollars go a long ways. I have a beautiful lot of lumber. My finishing lumber is racked up and is seasoning as fast as it can. When I get time I'll send you a plan of the house and explain how I intend to finish it.

I was right sorry to leave Ill. without paying you a visit, but it just seemed as though we could not do it. We needed and still need every dollar we could possibly scrape together to get here and live on till we can raise our own living. We had to sell our house in Marseilles so cheap that we just had to save at every corner.

You do not know how glad I am now - in fact how glad we all are - that you made us that very pleasant visit last summer.

You said something about trying to pay off our note so as to get us our feet a little better, but I think I have arranged for everything we must have without that. If it is not just a convenient as not, let it go.

Next July I shall have to pay about \$140.00 on our insurance policies and I see as yet no way of meeting that. So if you can raise enough to lift the note here it will just suit. Write me about it, and when I know that I can depend on it by that time I'll rest easy about the policies.

This is no place for making money by farming, as yet. All I expect to do is by much hard work make our little farm more valuable. In the meantime by keeping a little stock and by planting

as fast as I get the land cleared we can make a living and meet our necessary payments, so that, if we may have reasonably good fortune we may be quite comfortably situated by and by.

Dot (Ellen says this was his name for Rebecca Lantz Yoder, as she was so small) wishes me to tell you how glad we were for Anna's ( Mc Gavick<sup>Yoder</sup> ) letter and that she will answer it soon. I suppose she will have to take a larger part than heretofore of the correspondence, for I am working so hard it makes my fingers stiff.

I did not get my letter finished before bed time last night, so must write some more this Friday morning.

I want to tell you how good all the people are to the newcomers. We are just living on the top of the pile, and are all just as happy as we can be, but busy - you have no idea how much there is to do and how much of must be done before the rainy season sets in. They tell us that unless we get a wood shed up with plenty of dry wood in it to last through the rainy season, life will hardly be worth living, so we are watching every corner to make preparations for that. Then there was a little patch of hay to make, there is a well to dig and by and by potatoes to dig, and all the arrangements to make for the winter. Arthur (A. Elias Y.) takes hold of the work like a little man. The rest of the family are busy at one thing or another and by and by will go out picking hops.

But I must close by telling you we are all well.

much love to you all.

John

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Needy, Or., Nov. 12, 1893

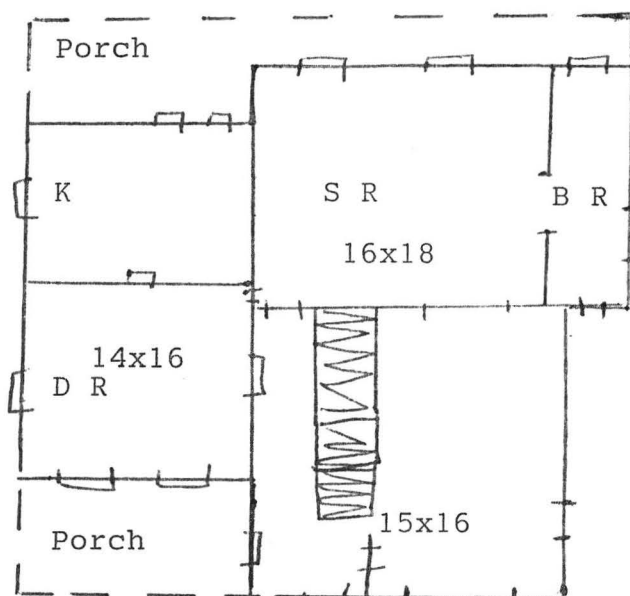
Dear Ike,

I know it is a long time I recieved your last letter and that I should have answered it much sooner, but I can only urge the one old excuse, want of time. First, while we lived in Jonathan's house, we had everything so bunched up in the one room downstairs that it was a bother to begin to writing at all, then when we got into our own house it was so far from finished that I could not keep from working evenings as long as I thought I ought to keep out of bed and in the morning you know it must be as long as the work-bench stands in the dining room and the only way upstairs is by a ladder. Sundays,

too, we either have company or go visiting among the relatives so that weeks and even months are apt to slip by without being able to touch pen or pencil to paper.

As you see we are living in our new house, but it is still far from finished. Arthur and I have done all the work on it so far except two days that cousin, Will ( Yoder ) helped on the foundation and half a day that Jonathan helped at shingling. Let me give you a diagram of the house.

It is two story throughout. You see we have began a pretty good sized house but I thought it the best plan to begin what we shall want when it is finished. Of course, we might have it much nearer finished if there were not so much else to do. We have sown two acres of oats and want to sow two more of cheat. That will be the extent of our winter crop this year. We have five acres of good clover for hay and with a few days work we can clear up a truck patch for potatoes, cabbage, roots and things next year.



The rains set in so early this year that all our plans were interfered with. First a good shower about the first of September, a least a month earlier than anybody expected, then came another shower, then it rained for three days in succession, then after a few days of pleasant weather we were treated to a solid week of rain. By that time the ground was well soaked and the prospect for fall plowing and sowing was rather blue. But a few days of sunshine work wonders in this country and people are used to drizzle. One of the worst things connected with the early rains is that many potatoes rotted in the ground. We got ours at 25¢ per bus. and paid for most of them in work. We have about fifty bushels laid in for winter. We also got 90 bushels of apples, a load of turnips and a load of carrots. So you can see we are pretty well supplied with eatables. We bought sixty-five bushels of wheat in threshing time,

but have been using of that since. Of course, we do not expect to eat all this. We shall dry enough of the apples to pay for the whole and leave us thirty or forty bushels for winter use. The other things - wheat, roots, etc. we shall divide between ourselves and the stock. We have two cows and three pigs, one cow is part Jersey and will make a good milker. We are also fattening two of the pigs - the other is a young brood sow. We also have about 52 chickens, young and old, so you can see we shall need quite a bit of feed to carry us through.

There seems to be no end to the work, but we all have good health and appetites, so we ought not complain.

We are planning to have a gathering of the relatives at our house for Thanksgiving dinner. We count up over fifty here. How I wish you could all be with us too.

With much love to all,

Your brother,

John P.

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Needy, Oregon

Dictated to Hattie (Yoder, re; Potts) April 14, 1894

Dear Brother, Ike,

I had been thinking of writing to you when your letter reached us. It found me flat on my back. Four weeks ago I took a cold from working in the wet and sleet. It settled in my side and gave me a severe pain that interfered with my breathing. This was on Monday night, on Tuesday I worked all day grubbing stumps though it went pretty hard. On Tuesday night the pain was so severe that I couldn't sleep. On Wednesday I knew I was pretty sick, but I thought I simply could not take to my bed. So I kept on working what I could all that week. On Sunday I thought I could rest and recuperate, but instead I found that when Monday came I was unable to be out. It will be four weeks tomorrow since I first took cold and three weeks since I had to go to bed. I am sitting up this forenoon but my eyes are so weak I can neither read nor write. I expect to be up and doing light work in a few days. I should have called my trouble pneumonia (lung-fever) but the doctor calls it malarial typhoid.



I am taking heaps of doctor's stuffs and am feeling well today so that I had to get out of bed.

The same day that I was taken sick Jonathan's Louis offered to come and work for me saying he was out of a job and I should pay him just what I please and when I please. I eagerly accepted his offer thinking what a lot of work we should get done together in a few weeks. But instead of that he and Arthur have to work alone. They have worked faithfully and our work is not lagging as much as it otherwise would. Still, I can see how much more we might have accomplished if I had been able to go out with them and say, "Come, boys". I suppose in fact I worked a little too hard but really I've always found work here such a pleasure that it is hard to keep from over doing. Then there always seems to be so many things that must be done. Of course, it is necessary to get some land open so as to raise food for ourselves and fodder for the stock. This spring they tell us is uncommonly late. The rainfall during the winter has been the greatest since any records have been kept in the state. There is still considerably snow on foot in the lower mountain ranges, and until that is melted down we cannot expect permanent warm weather. We were sorry to hear that you were disappointed in your expectations of an early spring. We hope it may turn out better than you anticipated when you wrote. We cannot say that we were disappointed here for we had no reason to expect anything but a late season. There have been some weeks of fine weather and most people have their early potatoes and early gardens planted, but the intervals of dry weather have been too short to enable farmers to do much field work. People here begin to sow in the fall and keep it up whenever the weather will permit till their sowing is finished. Last fall it rained so early that very little of the seeding was done. Then it rained so continuously that nothing could be done through the winter. Still, people are not discouraged for they say they keep on sowing and planting till the middle of June and still expect a crop. We had no ground ready for early potatoes but we have a patch ready for late potatoes on which we expect to raise fruit that will discount the stories which old "Oregonians" tell.

I suppose we have told you before of the big pine tree that stood near our house. We were a little afraid of it because it was dead

and had a large hole burned in one side. So during the holidays the boys in the neighborhood sawed it down. Of course it was too big to handle. No wagon in the neighborhood could haul the logs and no sawmill could saw them for it was 187 feet long and nearly 6 ft. across the stump. Just imagine what a lot of timber there was in it. But with us the only problem was, how to get rid of it most easily. We hauled up some of the best of the limbs for firewood and the other day Louis and Arthur bored it with the ship auger and burned it up. The way this is done is to bore holes at intervals of ten or fifteen feet down from the top down to the heart, then bore corresponding holes in the sides to intersect these. Then drop some live coals down from the top. Blow then with a hand bellows till they begin to blaze. Then you have nothing to do but wait - the fire will do the rest. Some times it will only burn the tree into sections and then go out but ours was a good burn and burnt to ashes from end to end. It is on this line of ashes that they tell us we may expect to raise the big potatoes. If you've been burning stumps you've probably learned that the right way is to get a fire in the center of it. Bore down from the top as deep as you wish then stick a hazel rod down for a guide and bore in the side till you intersect this, then drop some hardwood coals down from the top and blow them into a blaze. At first I thought it necessary to drop some kindling on the coals but I soon found this to be a hindrance rather than a help. Our big fine stump rained out before it was consumed but my! What a big homing mill it would make if such a thing were needed nowadays. As it is we shall have to pile trash into it and start it again.

We had 230 fruit trees to plant this spring. We have only a little over half of them planted. The weather has been so unfavorable and we could not set them out. But after another day or two of nice weather we will be able to set out the rest. This will make us over 300 trees in our orchard and when they come into bearing we shall literally revel in fruit. Trees bear very early in this country, so we shall not have to wait very many years. The trees we had planted three years ago, many are blooming freely this spring and we intend to let them bear enough to give us a taste of the fruit, but when our 150 prune trees come to bearing

that we want you to visit us and get a "real regular mess". Oregon Prunes are too luscious to be described. They must be tasted in order to be appreciated. We shall not shall be able to set out any berries this year because we could get no ground ready in time but we do not expect to lack for we can get plenty to pick on shares when the time comes.

The rest of the family are all well. Dot is teaching the Needy school. She gets \$40.00 a month and boards at home. She gets Louis' horse and cart just for their keep so her travelling expenses are very light. All the friends in the neighborhood are as well as usual. All are anxious to hurry up the spring work. We shall be glad to hear from you again soon.

With love to all

As ever, your brother,

John.

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1966, Wash. D. C.

Dear Ellen (Christenson Lindholm)

Whenever I hear of your finding some of the old family belongings like the letters from my father and Uncle Ike, I am so more glad that you have them, for I know you will care for them more than almost anyone else in the family. We came to Illinois in July 1893 - arrived here on July 17, 1893. I think we came on the Union Pacific, it may have been the Northern Pacific, came through the northern states. I remember our stopping at Spokane, do not remember all the details too well. After reaching Portland we went on, by train, to Hubbard, where Uncle Jonathan met us, and took us for dinner to the home of Mr. ( ) Parker, the minister of Smyrna Church, whose home was at Hubbard. He was pastor of three Congregational churches in the district, Smyrna, Elliot Prairie and Hubbard. I remember that Mother, thought it was a great imposition on Mrs. Parker to have us descend upon her, but she evidently used to having things done that way. After dinner Uncle Jonathan drove us out to Yoder - he had a large sort of hack, all the Yoders used it when they needed to take folks anywhere. When we got to his house all the relatives were gathered there to greet us and we

had a grand picnic supper, after which we were sorted out for the night with the various aunts and uncles. I remember that I went to Uncle Lee's house, to be with Bertha (Bess)( Yoder ). We went to live in a small house built by Iddo Hein. Just about where Aaron's house was later on, we lived there until Father got our house in shape so we could live in it.

Both Father and Mother were so interested in getting the new home established - they both worked so very hard, and before a year was up Father's health, which was not too good, broke down completely and he died on June 1, 1894. I just don't know how Mother ever survived - she was quite a bit younger than Father - he had always sort of brought her up as if she was one of the children, and to be left alone that way, in almost a strange surrounding, with us four children to look after was a terrible tragedy. She was only 35, and had always been cared for as if she were one of us. I wonder now how she ever managed to keep on living. For a couple of years she taught school at Needy, driving there and back and coming home at night to care for the family. And realize now, which I didn't at the time how desperately lonely she was. I was the only one who went to the Yoder school - Jane and Arthur were beyond it, they were in High School when we left Illinois. Do you remember that many years after Father's death, when Mother was staying with your family while you lived at Hitchman, she filled an old trunk she had with a lot of her belongings and had your father bury it somewhere on the place. I never knew just what she put in it, think possibly there were letters etc., I know there were things you might have valued a bit.

I'd like to keep on writing, but I am afraid I have gone on too long already. We went to the doctor yesterday and he assures me my eye is doing well, but says I just have to be patient - at my age things seem to heal slowly. I hope he knows what he is talking about.

Thank you again for being so good as to write me so faithfully. I can't tell you how much I enjoy your letters. I hope it won't be too long before I can write more often--

With such lots of love from both Georgie  
and me,

Aunt Harriet ...see following..

Added note by Ellen Lindholm; April 1988

After the 2 years of teaching at Needy, Rebecca moved the family to Forest Grove, Oregon so that the three older children could attend Pacific University. She ran a student boarding house to support them all. Later she and Rebekah, the youngest, and Jane lived in Oakland, California while Jane took her nurses's training.

Later all returned to the Portland area.

(Note by Diana; Jane is Jennie who later married Mr. Rix - see index for more about her when she cared for Jonathan S. Yoder).

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Talk with Ellen by phone August 16, 1988; John Plank Yoder's new home stood beside where Hazel Taylor's home stands today. It may have been torn down when that home was built - it faced Kropf road, too.

Ellen's mother, Rebekah Yoder Christenson, used to go down and play with Aunt Nell Yoder (now Eyman) in Nell's yard before there was grass. Apparently one time they had just returned from a funeral so they decided to give their dolls a proper burial and so did so, only to return a few days later unable to locate their dolls now buried under dirt and mud which looked like all the rest of the yard.

Another bit; Nell Yoder, Rebekah Yoder, Maude Yoder (Uncle Lee's), Nan Schwartz (later Robbins), and Lottie Schwartz (later Kirchem) were all about the same age and played together, soon becoming known as "The Foolish Five". Even after they were married and had families of their own they continued to correspond and visit with each other. Ellen remembers picnics with all their families many years after the "5" had grown.

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#### Grandma Etta (Wyland) Yoder

My Grandma was a good cook. As a little girl, ages 5-10 years (1954-1959) while visiting my grandma Yoder, she would let me help her make wonderful foods. She would fill the stove with wood and we

would commence baking. Usually rolled cookies, rock cookies or pies for desert. Many days she would make homemade noodles, I can still remember how delicious they were.

I would always get a supply of noodles to take home and I tended to horde all of them to myself. Every holiday dinner at her house we would have homemade noodles. After a morning of baking, grandma would take a nap. I would fry wet paper towels on the wood stove like pancakes (this she was not aware of).

#### Grandma Yoder's

#### Rock Cookies

1½ C. Brown Sugar	1 tsp. Cinnamon
1 C. Melted Butter	1 tsp. Soda in 2 Tb. Water
3 C. flour	1 C. Raisins
3 Eggs	1 C. Chopped Walnuts

Bake at 350 degrees for 12 minutes...(They do harden into Rocks!)

Sherry (Yoder) Skiles

August, 1988

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#### MEMORIES

By: Angela Bullard & Sandra Bullard Mahar

As we were growing up we did many things with our grandparents. When we started building our house in Yoder, we were lucky to build it right next door to our great-grandma's (Anna Gotfredson Yoder) house. So, while our parents were building the house we spent many hours over at Grandma Anna's. Since she couldn't take care of herself, my Grandma (Ruth Yoder Steininger) would come over and take care of her and us, too. As we sat on Grandma Anna's lap, she taught us to play checkers. She was a pretty good checker player and would seem to win quite often. When we weren't playing checkers, we would watch soap operas together, and she'd read story books to us. We also liked to raid grandma Anna's refrigerator, but when the housekeeper came it was a different story.

We don't have many memories of our Great-Grandma, because



we were only ages 6 and 8 when she passed away in 1975.

With our Grandma Ruth and Grandpa Don (Steininger) living in the Molalla Steininger place, we would go over to their place during the summer for picnics and many other things. There was one time when we had a birthday picnic for me. Everyone came from all over. Grandma Ruth had this old yard swing that we would always love to swing on and have pictures taken. The place was really nice in the summer. Grandma Ruth's favorite flower was a Gladiola. She had glads in her garden and glads around the house. It made the place look beautiful. Our Grandma Ruth had a horse named Cherry. He was a black and white pinto. Our Grandma would help us up on top of him and lead us around the yard. We helped Grandma and Grandpa around the farm many times. There were days when we went out in the old pick-up and herded the sheep into the barn. Their dog, named Sox, would go out with us. When Grandpa Don brought up a load of hay, we would climb up to the loft and watch the hay come up the elevator. Then we'd try to lift bales together, but couldn't do it. We were too little. So we sat and watched instead. There were many times we would have Christmas at the old Molalla place. After we opened our presents we played with them together. We always had lots of fun and laughter in that old place.

There are some memories of Grandpa Don that we remember. His favorite hobbies were hunting and fishing. He told us a story about a deer he had killed, and showed us the 4-point antlers that he had mounted on his wall. He would also hunt pheasants, and we would watch him pluck the feathers from them. Many times, when he went fishing, we went, too. He's the one who taught us to fish, and helped us take the fish off the hook.

When Grandpa and Grandma moved into our Great-Grandma Anna's house, we were so happy, because we were right next to them and could visit anytime. We would spend many week-ends over there in her upstairs rooms. There were nights we would eat popcorn and watch old-time movies of us, our parents and other relatives. We would also watch Hee Haw and The Lawrence Welk Show together, because they were our Grandfather's favorite shows. We would help Grandma make cookies. There were times in the fall we would all gather together and make fresh homemade apple cider.

Even though Grandpa Don has passed away now, Grandma keeps on

going like a spring chick. She loves to take people places and go herself. She has picnics and fixes big meals many times. Now that we are all grown up, there are still times when I stay overnite; and sometimes Sandra and her husband, John, will stay, too, and then go to church together in the morning.

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By Diana Yoder;

Many of you know that Jim and I grow Christmas trees. I guess one can say that I am the chief "leg man" as I seem to do most of the walking over those acres of trees, a lot of it spraying. Sometimes we have the children weed right at a small seedling so that I don't have to spray as close...for their future memory I asked them their thoughts after the only day they had weeded this year, August, 1988.

Jamie; I like weeding Christmas trees because we usually get to do or have something afterwards. I don't like weeding the trees because it hurts my hands. And it hurts my back. And it is boring. (Age 10).

Kevin; It is ok. It is not that bad. I hate weeding sometimes. (Age 9).

Joe; I would like to try spraying. It looks fun. Weeding is ok, but it is a lot of hard work. I work only a little a day. (Age 11).

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#### WHEN NELLIE YODER EYMAN DROVE THE CAR by Steven Eyman

Like many families of the 1920's our family went from the horse and buggy to the automobile age. Our parents, Albert Eyman and Nellie Yoder, were married in 1912, and until 1924 our only means of transportation was a horse and buggy or when all the family went we had a hack and used the team to pull it.

In 1920 our parents purchased a thirty acre piece of property from one of the Hiltons. This land was covered with medium sized old growth douglas fir timber. My father decided the most money

could be made by cutting it into cordwood and shipping the wood to Portland on the electric Willamette Valley Southern train. Apparently he dealt mainly with one wood dealer and in 1924 he traded cord wood for a 1921 Dodge Touring car that the wood dealer owned. Dad, of course, learned to drive and the hack was gone! Mother probably took some lessons from my father but to my knowledge only drove solo once.

My sister, Roberta, was quick to learn and when she was 15 she was driving everywhere. It must have been 1928 when Roberta and Lucia wanted to go with our cousins, Ellen and Bud Christenson, to pick hops at Marquam. I was only seven and just rode along as a passenger and observer. Roberta drove us to Christenson's house which was about  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile south of Rural Dell School (in 1988) at what was Hitchman's Station. There she turned around the car. I got in the back seat and stood holding on the lap robe bar. Mother got behind the wheel and with a terrific jerk we were off! We sailed down past Grandma Eyman's (Frederick and Rosetta Eyman), around the turn at Henry Kyllö's and successfully made the turn into our driveway. Ker-chung! Mother got it stopped along the side of our house and breathing a sigh of relief, we got out. To my knowledge she never got behind the wheel again.

Mother always told us how much she enjoyed riding bicycles, also about driving a single horse and buggy, but I think she felt the mental strain of driving the car wasn't worth it.

I'm sorry I didn't discuss the selling of the old growth cord wood with father in more depth. He did tell me he received \$6.00 per cord in Portland. I know he paid about \$1.00 per cord for cutting, then they had to haul it, a cord at a time, about two miles to Hitchman Station where they stacked it until fall when they would order railroad cars. They then had to reload the wood onto wagons and then onto the railroad cars to ship to Portland. With all the work involved, I don't believe that father retained much money from the \$6.00 per cord. I do know that in the 1930's that wood sold even cheaper than the \$6.00.

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When I was a little boy I stayed with my Grandma Anna Yoder

quite often when my parents went on fishing trips. As I grew older I went on many fishing trips with my parents. So fishing has become one of my favorite sports. I now enjoy taking my own son, Joseph, on fishing trips.

My Grandmother had a 1941 Chev Coupe and I rode with her many times when I would stay with her overnite. When I became 16, she wasn't driving her car anymore so she gave it to me. I drove it quite awhile before I got a better one. I am keeping her old Chevy for an antique car.

When I was 11 years old (1964) my grandmother, my mother, Ruth Yoder Steininger, and I went on the train to Syracuse, New York to visit my sister and brother-in-law, Patricia and Rod Bullard. While I was there I came down with the German Measles. Grandma stayed with me on my worst day while mom, Patricia and Rod were out having fun. The next day we had a hotel reservation in New York City, as we were going to the World's Fair. I was still broke out with measles, so they powdered my face, pulled my cap down, and put on a jacket (It was a hot day, too) and away we went on the bus for New York City and The World's Fair. Grandma was 81 years young and I guess she stood it better than me. Anyway, I got over the measles and we all had a good time. We also went to Washington D. C. and rented a car while there.

My Grandma was real spry and game for anything until about the age of 85 when she came down with arthritis. I stayed with her a lot of the time in her declining years. She passed away in 1975 and I really miss my Grandma a lot.

Memories of my Grandma Anna Gotfredson Yoder,

By Rodney Steininger

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With the County Fair (Clackamas County) coming up, I remember getting ready each year for the big event. My mother, Virginia Wilson Yoder, helped us get our sewing, canning, cooking, knitting, etc. ready, while my father, Emerson Yoder, always took time to help get the animals ready to take.

At the time I was thrilled to have the help but never thought it was any big sacrifice. I can see now that it was really a big

effort on their part.

We learned so much from the 4-H and our leaders and parents.

I had a registered heifer one year. I was so proud of her. I never got first but had fun. I got Grand Champion Dairy Judge one year - I'm sure that was luck.

It only seems right that the Clackamas County fair would be a big part of my life as I was born during the fair. Probably it was the only year that mom wasn't very involved in some way.

Dorothy Yoder was our sewing leader. I guess it's obvious that she did a good job. She taught me to love sewing. Virginia Yoder was our cooking teacher. I'm sure a lot of the neighbors remember having warm muffins each evening as I practiced my demonstration and blue ribbon exhibits.

Harriet Wilson taught knitting and I took canning as an individual.

My memories of 4-H are all so good - of a big family. I think once a part of the 4-H family, always a part of 4-H.

Twyla M. (Yoder) Blatchford

1988

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When Lorraine (Jackson) was 2½ years old, and Eloise (Jackson) a newborn, on July 26, 1927, electricity reached our house. It only went to the end of South Schneider Road (the east end). Rural Dell didn't get it for another 2 years following us.

We had just one light bulb, hanging from the end of the cord, in each room. For 3 years that's the way it was. It was the beginning of the depression so we did without fixtures.

Our first electrical appliance was a washing machine but that was a couple of years after the electricity came.

Mr. Ed Potter, our neighbor, kept us in battery powered radios before the electric came.

In the summer of 1915 the railroad came in. Gertrude Kylo and I rode the train to Molalla High School in the fall.

I graduated after 3 years of High School with 12 students in my class.

The school was 3 rooms and sat where the Commercial Bank sits now. At 12:15 everyday, for 3 years, the younger students would

have choir and I played piano for them. I played for school assemblies and most functions at school.

Hilda Eyman Jackson

August 1988 as told to Twyla Blatchford

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Mama, Daddy, Rose and I drove all day to Lynden, Washington. I'm so excited to see the engines. (Summer 1987).

We met Grandma and Grandpa Yoder at the Campground.

There were so many tractors and engines. I took a hay ride.

I was in a watermelon eating contest but ate so slow and enjoyed my melon. Also, I took part in finding candy in the straw stack.

The tractor pull was loud.

Grandma and I went in a paddle boat in the pond.

Grandma and Grandpa had the camper.

We had so much fun.

Eldon Yoder Blatchford

August 1988 as told to Twyla Blatchford

Age 5

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Chautauqua Versus Early Yoder Mill...by Nolan Yoder

My father's Mill burned in early 1915. This in turn caused a big change for the planned summer's work.

My uncle Bert, Aaron's brother, had charge of operating their father's (Jonathan Yoder) threshing machine for fall threshing. They needed a competent engineer for the Garr-Scott Machine. So since the mill was inoperable, my father accepted the job very willingly. This job gave my father a chance for more leisure time.

Chautauqua, sponsored by the Ellison White traveling group, was being held in Gladstone, Oregon. There was planned entertainment of Shakespearian plays, lectures, a baseball game every afternoon, and on Sundays preaching by the loud and forceful Billy Sunday!



The grounds were filled with rows of tent homes. Many local Yoder families camped for the two weeks. Much socializing was done.

My uncle John McCormick, Aunt Lilly (McCormick) and little cousin, Avis (McCormick) lived in nearby Parkplace. They hosted my parents, me and little brother, Emerson for the two weeks.

Almost every day I, Nolan, would enjoy exploring and getting lost. I had been informed if lost to go up on the big stage and announce my name loudly - "I am Nolan Yoder" - Then my father would come proudly and claim his snoopy little boy.

My grandfather, Jonathan Yoder wasn't pleased that his son, Aaron attended to his entertainment before rebuilding the Mill - as some of his letters written to son, Ralph who lived in Boyes, Montana, shows. \*\*\* See page 8 of this book for Jonathan's letter.

As I now see, my father's lackadaisical vacation being a planning time for rebuilding his second Mill.

The piling for this Mill was driven by a pile driver using 2 horses to raise and lower the hammer. The following spring the Mill was in operation with no roof or top structure. Again, the Yoder Mill was sawing lumber.

Three Mills have burned on the same setting. The third Mill burned in the fall of 1934. At that time I was married and employed in Portland at the Brong Machine Shop, as a machinist.

The Mill lay in ashes until the spring of 1936, when my father asked me to quit my job and join him as a partner in rebuilding a Mill. Together we worked for nearly two years - Helen (Wilson Yoder) and I borrowed money to match dollar for dollar that was spent.

We started sawing using a borrowed steam traction engine for power - very little roof over the main parts. The planer was mounted on an old wagon and powered by a second steam traction engine. A long belt extended to the feed Chopper using the same power as the planer.

Again in September 1938 the Yoder Mill was ready to serve customers by owners, Father & Son, Aaron and Nolan Yoder. 1988 marks fifty years and a much improved establishment.

MEMORY TIDBITS OF MY GRANDMOTHER,ANNA YODER

By: Patricia Steininger Bullard

In 1947 when I was about five years old, I remember going to the Eby School with grandma a few times. It was a one-room school where she was teaching at that time. The school room seemed huge and awesome. I sat at a big desk behind a big, eighth-grade boy. At first, it was kind of scary. At graduation time that school year, she wanted me to be a flower girl, along with Caroline Pretzel Burton, because there was not another little girl in the class that was her size or near her age.

I remember when I was a little girl and went to stay overnite with grandma, I always had so much fun. She would do a lot of things with me like go places, visit people, play games, teach me how to do things, etc. I liked to explore her room upstairs, look in old trunks, and look at things in her closets and bookcases. It was fun to explore in the barn and pick-up fruit and nuts in the orchard. When my folks would drive up to come and get me, I would always hide away somewhere until Mom would find me. Sometimes it would kind of frustrate her, especially if she was in a hurry. Looking back on it now, I can see why.

I remember I was learning to drive at about age 14, I would ask or perhaps beg, her if I could sit close to her and steer the car while she had control of the speed. Mom had let me do it with her many times, so she gave in. She had an old, dark blue 1941 Chevy Coupe and I thought it was an antique then! It is still sitting in her barn to this day! After I was good at steering she let me control the speed. Finally, I turned 15 and got my permit. That was a wonderful day for me, because I was tired of not being able to sit completely behind the wheel.

In the summer of 1958, Grandma and I took a trip to South Dakota. We went by train on the Empire Builder. It was my first ride on the train. I thought the train was great fun, especially sitting up in the dome car. Also walking in between the cars was an interesting thing to do. It was interesting to watch the different and beautiful terrain pass quickly before our eyes. We took our own lunch for the first day, but the second day we got to eat in the dining car.

I could hardly wait until the second day! Eating out was a luxury back then, especially on a train. I had my portable radio along...I couldn't miss a day of listening to Rock ' N Roll music and especially Elvis Presley. We visited all of grandma's relatives. They were all real nice people, and they all showed us a great time. One couple had a girl that was close to my age, so we had a fun time together. It was very hot at the time, and so we went swimming, rollerskated, walked, talked, listened to the radio, and played records. We stayed back there three weeks. The third week I got kind of bored and homesick. I missed my horses, boyfriend, and parents...probably in that order!

Whenever I needed a costume of some kind or something out of the ordinary made, she was always the one that seemed to have the time, or the only one that made time, to make it. She enjoyed sewing more than my mother. I especially remember one costume she made --- my Oregon Centennial dress in 1959. She made it out of a red print dress of mine by adding a solid red ruffle with white eyelet lace to the bottom of it. She also added a big, red collar around the neck. To make it look like an authentic old-fashioned pioneer dress she made a bonnet with the big, wide brim around it to match the dress. I was really happy with the way the outfit turned out, and loved to wear it. I saved that outfit and my girls, Sandy and Angie, both had occasions to wear it. They had a great time wearing it also. Grandma would also help me with some of my 4-H sewing projects whenever the going got rough. She helped teach me many things.

We built a new home on an acre and a half of grandma's land in 1972. She enjoyed watching our house being built and having us close by during her last three years of life. I have many more memories of grandma, but these were some of the ones I remember most. She was a very inspiring, loving, and generous grandmother.

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#### Rubber boots and Hats and Snowshoes

It has occurred to me that our life does run by what we are wearing. Not a hat wearer myself, unless I have to, I can tell whether it is time for a Yoder Reunion or time to go to Yoder Mill

(7:00 a.m.) by watching my father-in-law, Russell Yoder. There is the new hard hat for the mill - the old favorite went by the wayside last winter when he ran over it with the mill tractor as he mowed the sheep pasture. Afraid the tin wasn't worth saving.

The Yoder Reunion - Let's Make Ice Cream Hat is more casual with a nice brim on it for shade in case the sun comes out. It ususally is coordinated with more casual slacks and shirt, too. It also is usually used in the "classic" blue stationwagon, a family favorite.

As to rubber boots, I have never worn knee boots as much as the last three years. I mow, spray Christmas trees and sometimes drive skidder often in the mud. Jim wears them a good share of the time. In fact, the first time I saw him in April 1985, when I went for a job interview, was on his front porch putting on his rubber boots with a young boy (Joe and Kevin) on either side. Surprisingly he was younger than his voice sounded over the telephone. I was probably a surprise also, for I think he expected a "gorilla". I had been in construction for 13 years, being a roofer and remodeler and oftentimes people misjudged me for that because I was a girl. At that time I was licensed as one of the few Oregon General Contractors and doing remodeling in the Woodburn-Hubbard area, but I needed a break and a change. Anyway, we had two mutual friends, Floyd Herigstad and Orville Krebs. Jim knew them from the mill and Smyrna church and I from construction. I called Orville and asked about this Jim Yoder - who was he? How is he? etc. He said he thought he was okay, so I decided to meet him. I didn't get Floyd, Jim got hold of neither and I think was surprised that I would check him out.

Soon I was working for Jim and becoming friends, and learning about a new world of logging, Christmas trees and timber sales.

Jim has a wonderful ability to talk and meet new people, which I am proud of and many people envy. He is lucky. But he also has the ability to get himself into tough situations. God forbid that you are tagging along...

November 20th, 1985 found Jim and I on our way to Jim's Forest Service Sale, Octipi near High Rock. The idea was to bring home the large Franklin skidder so that it wouldn't be snowed in all year.

We loaded the International pick-up on the trailer, hooked on the trailer to the logging truck and we were off about 9:30. We told Russell we'd be back easily by 3:30 when the kids would be home from school but would he please check and make sure in case we were a few minutes late.

The plan was that we would use the pick-up to drive the rest of the way to the skidder after we hit snow and then Jim would drive the loaded truck and trailer home and me the pick-up.

My first indication of trouble was when we hit snow at Colton!

Now, my mind said, and I believe my mouth also said, "We've already hit snow, there must be a lot above Ripplebrook! I can't drive in that." "Hey, no problem", Jim said. "It won't be bad!" Who was I to argue?

Anyway - have you ever drove the road from Colton to Estacada? And then up and beyond the Ripplebrook Forest Station? It is, as an understatement, a little crooked, a little steep, a little narrow and if nothing else, real close to the Clackamas River. But who was I to argue?

It snowed all the way from Colton.

Needless to say we never made it close to the sale. Actually we were 21 miles below it when we stopped at the Fish Creek turn-out, parked the truck and trailer and unloaded the pick-up. Because we were going to be back soon we left the truck radio on, as Jim always does when he leaves the truck for a short time. It makes burglars think that you are there somewhere.

We continued up the mountain and stopped at the Ripplebrook Station and talked to the guys and gals there. told them what we were doing and that we'd see them about 2:00 p.m.

On the road again we met Don Crawford who needed a lift to his camp and pick-up as his equipment had got stuck in the snow. We gave him a lift, asked about the road conditions above him and learned that no one had plowed above him.

Got as far as we could go about noon. By that, I mean the snow was as high as the pick-up cab doors. Jim had borrowed snowshoes and so he said "Wait here and read your book. I'll be back in about one hour". It was about 4 miles to hike.

However, no one told Jim that the snowshoes wouldn't work well in wet snow. I believe, as I watched out of the pick-up, that he was lifting more snow with those shoes than he was on top of.

Within minutes he was back to the pick-up to remove the shoes. I said I'd go, too. Our supplies, when I think about it were crazy. He carried a can of starter fluid in case the skidder wouldn't start and I carried my camera and a thermos of water. (The thermos is smart as one shouldn't eat the snow and get colder inside). But, remember, we were going to be back in an hour.

The first hour wasn't too bad, but it wasn't close to the pick-up. Instead it probably took the first four hours to go the first three miles. No one knows, unless they have been there, how indiscriminating snow can be, or how tiring. At first we took turns being the first in line to dig the walking trail. It started out as only car door height. By the time Jim got to the skidder it was hip high on him, he being about six foot tall. This was at 8:00 at night. It took the remaining time from 4:00 to get the last mile finished.

Scared? No, at least I wasn't. God was with us in that no snowstorm came. Some snow fell but it was light. Sound? There were none but us. No cars, no planes, nothing. Also, no footprints, just white and quiet. Actually, it was peaceful and now I see why people die in cold, snowy conditions. It would have been so easy to lay down and sleep. For awhile we did sit down but soon realized that it was getting harder and harder to get up.

Yes, it was night and was dark. We did have a full moon, though, and white snow. Jim finally had to go on by himself and leave me, as I was too tired to make much progress and the snow was so deep. Jim yelled back frequently for me to answer and I promised not to sit down. (I also heard a lot of swearing by Jim).

After a time I heard the skidder start. Someone had stolen the battery so we had a new one, and of course, the starter fluid. Within a few minutes I could hear the skidder and soon he was there to pick me up. As I started to get on I noticed a fire under the hood! The darn thing was on fire! It had no headlights and Jim had done well following his walking trail back to me, but hadn't noticed that he still had the brake on. Quickly we threw



snow and he turned off the skidder. My heart sunk a little as I silently worried that it wouldn't start again. It did, however, and Jim and I drove towards the pick-up. Shortly he ran it into the deep side ditch and we rode the bank until we were able to pull out.

About 8:45 we got to the pick-up - we hadn't eaten so went to get our peanut butter and jelly sandwich (one) and our pint of peaches. We also had four pieces of candy. But, the doors were froze shut! Jim used a small propane tank he had in the back and thawed the key lock and we got in. Peanut butter never tasted so good.

Well, we still had 21 miles to go and no headlights on the skidder. I elected to follow Jim in the pick-up driving the skidder and following his tail lights. This worked real well and I drove the 17 miles to the ranger station where we called Jim's parents, Russell and Dorothy Yoder. I guess they had started to wonder what to do - had thought about coming up with blanklets and all but where would they go? They had talked to cousin, Paul Eyman who said we had probably gone off a cliff somewhere and would be impossible to find. "Yes, we were okay - yes, we'd be home soon." The kids; Joe, Jamie and Kevin were in their own beds and Dorothy would stay at the house 'till we got there. Jim bladed the snow in the parking lot and wrote the date, time and J. J. Yoder in one area so that they knew we were fine.

We traded jobs and Jim drove the last four miles to the truck and trailer. It was sure surprising how many people were out at that time of night, especially with snow there.

We got to Fish Creek, and by gosh, black ice had fallen there! Jim tried time and again to load the skidder and finally did, even with the ice.

It was starting to dawn on me how crazy this was. We still had the drive

along the river to Estacada...

Down we went. Jim was "flying" and I was "crawling", or so Jim thought. Once he stopped to see where I was. In a few words, more or less, he said, "Where were you?" I said I was just taking my time in a few words, more or less and that I intended to continue to do so, which I did.

The promise was a good dinner at the Safari Club in Estacada. Well, I'll tell you that there is nothing at Estacada, Oregon, U.S.A. at 12:01 in the morning! It is dead - especially with snow falling. We parked the truck and trailer and found an all night Short Stop Store, or something, and wolfed down orange juice, day-old doughnuts and a sandwich. Boy, was it good! Almost rivaled the peanut butter sandwich.

Anyway, I finally realized how cold I was for I could then feel myself thawing out - my feet were soaked, my socks and bottoms of my clothes wet. My snowboots had leaked. It was at Estacada in the store that I had warmed up enough to notice the chattering teeth and wet feet. Here I rolled up my pants, took off the snowsuit and socks and boots and slipped on my tennis shoes with no socks. Oh, so much better.

We got back to the truck and said, "Let's go home!"

Ever heard of Springwater Hill? I'm afraid it is a rather high, steep hill between Colton and Estacada. Jim said at Estacada that the road would get better and just follow him. You don't need 4-wheel drive. (How was he to know that it had snowed all day, for the first time that year, at Yoder and Molalla, too. After all, we had been gone all day, remember?)

When I reached the top of Springwater Hill I came upon Jim with all his lights on, putting on his chains. He asked how I was doing and how was the 4-wheel drive? 4-wheel drive? You told me I didn't need it! What? (He said ever so politely...hm???). Put on the 4-wheel drive!!!!

On again - it snowed all the way. Every town I thought it would be clear but there was no school the next day due to the snow, so that tells you

how it was.

We got to the house at about 3:00 a. m. - almost 18 hours after we left and almost 12 hours later than we had thought. Dorothy met us and oh, how good her hug.

By the way, my legs have never been so tired as the next day. Every muscle and every tendon was sore.

What a memory. But surprisingly not as bad as you might think. Don't ask me why I wasn't afraid.

By Diana Yoder (Proudly Mrs. Jim Yoder)

\*\*\*\*\*

Log Loading as I Have Seen or Have Seen in Old Snapshots.....

We were on a trip to California sometime in the mid-1950's when we brought the mischevious crane home. This crane was equipped with a (wood) boom and end hooks were used to land logs.

This machine required two people, one in the crane and one on the ground as a hook-setter.

I remember the most spectacular hook-setter for Yoder Mill was Donald Daniels, as he would ride the end hooks off the loaded truck to the ground. This was some time around the late 1950's.

In mid 1962 the Yoder Mill bought a tractor-forklift, most commonly known as the 340 - lift. This machine worked real well on small mid-sized logs requiring only one operator.

In 1970 the Mill bought a brand new self-loader and installed it on their truck. This was quite a machine. One person could load and haul a lot of logs in one day. This is the loader I got my first loading experience on.

In 1974, June 1st, I bought my first used log truck with a self-loader. Since then I've owned 3 different trucks and 3 different loaders.

I think my record for loading and hauling logs to a sawmill was 10

loads in one day, sometime in the late 1970's to the Johnson Brothers Sawmill in Silverton, Oregon. 10 loads would be equivalent to about 30,000 Board Feet of logs.

Story submitted by,

James J. Yoder,

Yoder, Oregon

\*\*\*\*\*

A grandmother is a Lady  
 Who has no Little Children of her own.  
 She likes other people's.  
 A grandfather is a man grandmother.  
 Grandmothers don't have to do anything...  
 Except be there.  
 They are old  
 So they shouldn't play hard or run.  
 It is enough  
 If they drive us to the market  
 And have a lot of dimes ready.  
 When they take us for walks,  
 They slow down past things  
 Like pretty leaves and caterpillars.  
 They never say "hurry up".  
 Usually grandmothers are fat  
 But not too fat to tie your shoes.  
 They wear glasses, and funny underwear.  
 Grandmothers don't have to be smart  
 Only answer questions like...  
 "Why isn't God married?" and  
 "How come dogs chase cats?",  
 When they read to us they don't skip  
 Or mind if we ask for the same story over again,  
 Everybody should try to have a grandmother  
 Because they are the only grown-ups  
 Who have time.

My father, Louis B. Yoder, was the oldest son of Jonathan S. Yoder, being born in September 1867 in Illinois. He married my mother, Etta May Wyland in 1896.

Etta was born in Oregon. Her mother, Josephine Donaldson (Later Wyland) was born in 1850 and at age 2, accompanied her mother, Grizzilla ( ) Donaldson, 1822-1896, and father, William Donaldson across the plains in 1852 to Oregon. They came by ox team over the hills by Mt. Hood. According to the Oregon Donation Claim Book in possession of Diana Yoder, Vol. 2, Number 4834 William was born in 1812 in Bedford County, Tennessee and arrived in Oregon on the 25th of November 1853, having secured his claim Dec. 20, 1852. His first wife was Mary Ann whom he married the 22nd of August 1831 at New Madrid County, Missouri. He married his second wife, Grizzilla/Grezella Ann, on August 1847 in Iowa. The affidavit was signed by Jacob Roop, Francis Maret and Robert H. Sconce.

Louis and Etta had three children;

1. Claude Yoder was born 19 October 1898 near Yoder, Oregon and married Betty Wells. He died the 12th of February 1977. Claude had three boys, Gilbert, Robert and Keith.
2. A, Agnes Yoder, was born on the 16th of July 1904 and later married William Lamont Moore. William was born December 12th, 1901 at County Antrim in Ireland. His family came to the United States in 1910, first to New Jersey. They moved to Oregon in 1912. William died September 28th, 1972 here, in Yoder. I still live in Yoder, attending Ladies Aid and local church functions.
3. Glen Elton Yoder was born December 31st, 1912 and married in 1944 at Yuma, Arizona to Lydia Gregg, who still lives in Yoder. He died the 13th of February 1973. They had two daughters, Glenda (now Mrs. Larry Sano) and Sherry (now Mrs. Dale Skiles), who are both raising their families in Yoder, too.

August 1988

Agnes Yoder Moore, Yoder, Oregon

\*\*\*\*\*

I remember when I first came to Yoder. It was in 1985. My mom (Diana Yoder) came to do housework for Jim Yoder. I was in the first grade at North Marion then.

My mom asked me if I wanted to play T - Ball that summer. I didn't know if there would be any other girls. So one day we went to watch one of the

practices. There was one other girl and her name was Mary Hannon. So I was in T - Ball!

I remember when I was in a commercial (1985). I had just got back from T - Ball and we were at Yoder Store. The commercial was for Chevrolet Pick-ups. That is where I met Melissa Skiles. Later on we became best friends.

"1985" by Jamie Roberts/Yoder

\*\*\*\*\*

We left Thursday morning (August 18th, 1988) to go on a Deschutes River trip. All the people that went were; Philip Sano, Leonard Sano, Melissa and Sarah Skiles, Catherine Deumling, me and Dale Skiles, as our guide.

I saw three animals I have not seen before. I saw a mink, a rattel snake and a otter. My favorite rapid was White Horse. It got it's name because a white horse was washed up on a little island in the middle of the rapids.

We couldn't go on the whole thing like we did last year. We had too many people and too much stuff to go on Box Car. It is a big drop-off. Dale and Leonard went fishing the most. Dale caught one of our suppers. Us kids fixed salads and rolls and other stuff for meals.

When we were on the river me and the girls got sunburned on our legs. At nights it wasn't very cold. I had a warm sleeping bag. The girls all shared a tent and the two boys shared one. Dale had one to himself. The second night us girls couldn't get our tent up. It was very windy. First the front fell down, then the back. Then the whole thing fell down. Finally we got it up and went to bed.

There were little trees that we were supposed to water by the campsites that people had planted. We watered some of them.

We had to bail a lot, because our boat was getting real full of water on some of the rapids.

The last day we went to one of the places where you put in or take out the raft. We took out and a lady brought the van to us. We loaded up our stuff and left for home on Saturday.

The End.

Jamie Roberts/Yoder

\*\*\*\*\*

Old family saying - Sometimes the best part of a family tree lays in the roots.....



The card reads: Remembering you on your Birthday and wishing every happiness today and always.

January 1, 1984 in a card from Emerson Yoder to Nellie Yoder Eyman, Emerson remembers;

Some of the things I remember about going to visit Aunt Nell. I was rather young when first going to visit. The girls (Nell's daughters) and I would play upstairs in the house where no walls were on yet. We ran between the studdings. I remember the big team in the barn - Fred's (Eyman Jr) horses. Going over to Nell's at threshing day for I don't remember what for, but Nell and Mrs. Dreher were busy cooking supper. I remember playing with the pump forge in the shop and breaking the belt and I was so afraid I had really had a bad breakdown. I remember going down to Bear Creek to swim and I was deathly afraid of water and still am. But the girls swam like a bunch of fish. I remember eating wild blackberry pie of berries gathered in a stump area. I remember the Sam Eyman's girls always were so bashful and reading a book. I remember working a few days at the grub patch and potato digging and silo filling and always the wonderful dinner. (Main part of day for me). I remember Anna Lou and I going places when neither had another friend. I remember Steven growing from a small boy and to a big man and in between we had some great hiking trips. Always good food sent from Aunt Nell to feed us hungry boys.

One of the reasons we went to visit was it was rather a special place for my father to go visit his sister.

I have many good memories of visiting at Aunt Nell's.

I have just touched a few of them.

Emerson.

\*\*\*\*\*

August 21, 1988

This year I went on the Deschutes River with my dad, Dale Skiles, my sister Sarah and her friend Katherine Deumling and my friend Jamie (Roberts) Yoder and my cousins Philip and Leonard Sano.

We went down the river in a raft. We stayed there for 3 days and 2 nights. We got wet a lot and sometimes we would walk in the water. One of our favorite rapids was Whitehorse, it was two miles long. We didn't get to go down Boxcar because we were too heavy. But we had a lot of fun.

by Melissa Skiles

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Corrections

Page 29 - should be holding Co.  
Page 26 - obit, newspaper made an error. There was no Jane Martin. It should be  
Rosa Yoder Watson  
Page 22 - 2nd to last paragraph. Should be spring.  
Page 25 - J. Y. Yoder, should be J. S. Yoder equipment.

Please tell me of bad mistakes - incorrect name association, etc.

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*thank  
you*

