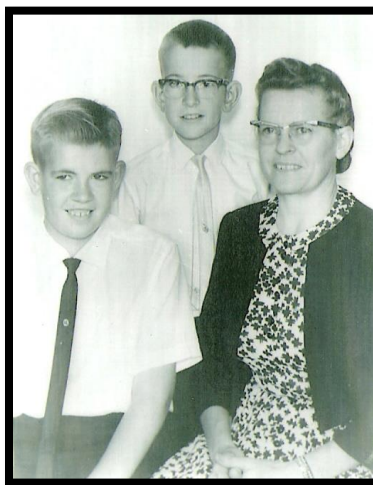




The Life of Hazel Eby (1923-2019)

Told by her granddaughter
Cynthia Sleight



For all Hazel's descendants, especially my sons Jonathan and Reuben, so they might know her better.

Preface

This is the third edition of Hazel's biography, published in November of 2019. The first edition was published in May of 2009, and copies were given to Hazel's children and grandchildren. The second edition was published in January of 2019, and copies were given to her, her sons, and the nurses who cared for her at the Mennonite Home, with the hope that the copies in her room and the nurses' office would help her show who she was to the people who cared for and visited her when she was no longer able to do so in conversation.

The main part of this book is based on an interview from 2002. Additional information has been found since then in letters Hazel and her husband, Harvey, exchanged before their marriage, items from the cedar chest where Hazel kept important mementos, and stories told to us by Hazel and her sister Ruth. The quotes have been edited for readability. Things that happened since 2002 have been written as well as we remember them.

To preserve Hazel's voice, the main text of the interview is her own words. My annotations are in italics.

Why this Project was Started

When I, Cynthia, was in third grade, my classmates and I wrote biographies of people in a nursing home near our school. That project really meant a lot to me, and I wanted to do it with my own grandmother. My mom and I got the interview questions my class had used, and we interviewed my grandmother with them the following summer. I set the project aside for years, but finished writing a biography in 2009 and gave it to Grandma for Mother's Day.

Looking back on the biography in 2018, I decided to clean up the writing and add in stories we had learned over the years. I think that it's important to tell Grandma's story, because it's part of my—and all her descendants'—heritage. I want to preserve those stories as well as I can, to honor Grandma's life and her impact on others. Now that my brother and I have children of our own, I want to be able to tell them these stories and give them a glimpse of the life their great-grandmother had—how different it was back then, and how similar it was in many ways.

A Few Brief Thanks

I would like to thank a few people for their help with this project.

Annie Disher, my sister-in-law, finished the copyediting.

Daniel Eby, my brother, supported the project from the beginning and helped proof this edition.

Helen Eby, my mom, got the questions from my teacher, transcribed the tapes the interview was recorded on, encouraged me to finally write the first edition, and reviewed later editions.

Lawrence Eby, my great-uncle and Hazel's brother-in-law, shared his memories of my grandfather Harvey. I really appreciate that, since my grandfather died before I could ever meet him.

Joanna Levy, my third-grade teacher, inspired this project. Without the project she organized in elementary school, this biography would never have been dreamed of.

Nathanael Sleight, my husband, gave me time and space to think about this and was supportive of my work.

Contents

Preface	1
Why this Project was Started	1
A Few Brief Thanks	1
Contents	3
Introduction	6
The Interview	7
Can you describe your childhood home?	7
What were your favorite family activities?	8
Did you have any chores?	8
What did you do in the summer?	8
Did you ever get into trouble or injured?	9
How did you celebrate holidays?	10
What was grade school like?	11
What was high school like?	11
What did you do after high school?	12
How did you meet your husband?	12
Where and when did you settle down and start a family?	13
What did you do after the boys left home?	14
Would you do anything differently if you could?	15
After the Interview	16
Hazel's Obituary	18
The First Version	18
The Obituary Itself	19
Appendix 1: A Few More Bits and Pieces	21
Baking	21
Crazy Cake	21
English Muffins	21
The Fair	22
School	23
Newspaper Clippings	24
Pictures	25
Appendix 2: Harvey	26
Harvey's Life, by Lawrence Eby	26
A Letter from August 1946	31
A Poem Upon His Death	33
News Records of His Death	34

A Few More Memories of His Life	35
---------------------------------------	----

Roads

Written by Rachel Field, found in Hazel's copy of Favorite Poems Old and New (ed. Helen Ferris)

A road might lead to anywhere—
 To harbor towns or quays,
 Or to a witch's pointed house
 Hidden by bristly trees.
 It might lead past the tailor's door,
 Where he sews with needle and thread,
 Or by Miss Pim the milliner's,
 With her hats for every head.
 It might be a road to a great, dark cave
 With treasure and gold piled high,
 Or a road with a mountain tied to its end,
 Blue-humped against the sky.
 Oh, a road might lead you anywhere—
 To Mexico or Maine.
 But then, it might just fool you, and—
 Lead you back home again!

Psalm 23

New Living Translation

The LORD is my shepherd; I have all that I need.
 He lets me rest in green meadows; he leads me beside peaceful
 streams. He renews my strength.
 He guides me along right paths, bringing honor to his name.
 Even when I walk through the darkest valley, I will not be afraid,
 for you are close beside me.
 Your rod and your staff protect and comfort me.
 You prepare a feast for me in the presence of my enemies.
 You honor me by anointing my head with oil. My cup overflows
 with blessings.
 Surely your goodness and unfailing love will pursue me all the
 days of my life, and I will live in the house of the LORD forever.

Introduction

Hazel Eby, my grandmother, taught me many things over the years. She taught me to embroider, quilt, and bake, but the most important thing I learned from her is love. Genuine care and concern for others is a thread that ran throughout Grandma's life, and we saw it even at the end. When she heard that her sister-in-law Mary Jane had passed away, she wanted to know how the family was doing. When her brother Irvin passed away, she again expressed concern for those left behind.

Grandma's love touched the hearts of many over the years. She cared deeply about all her children and grandchildren and always took an interest in our lives. Without even realizing it, she touched the hearts of young people at Fairview Mennonite Church, where she was a member all her life. (One young woman in the choir for the annual Christmas pageant remarked that she was a really sweet woman, and Grandma was surprised that the young woman ever noticed her.)

Grandma was an independent-minded woman. She went to high school, even though money was tight and few young people—especially girls—from her community attended high school at the time. She always liked to learn how to use new things, like typewriters and computers. She raised her boys as a single mom, working in office jobs to support them. She liked her work so much that she used to tell us she was never going to retire!

This is Grandma's story. It is told first by her, in a conversation with me from 2002, and then by me, filling in the period since then. The text is filled out with other stories I have encountered over the years, and things my mom, Helen Eby, has posted on Grandma's blog, hazelebyupdate.wordpress.com. This is the story of Grandma's life, her love, and the learning that happened along the way.

The Interview

Hazel Arlene Gerig (later Hazel Eby) was born on March 4, 1923, to Christian Conrad Gerig and Ida Ellen Boshart Gerig, and she grew up during the Great Depression. At that time, she already had a three-year-old brother, Irvin Leroy, and a one-year-old sister, Evelyn Marie. Irvin was born on August 17, 1920, and Evelyn was born on February 26, 1922. When Hazel was two years old, her sister Ruth Helen was born on February 9, 1926. When she was five, her brother Clarence Ralph joined the family on May 16, 1928. In the middle of all these new arrivals, Evelyn died of Bright's disease in 1928, shortly after she entered the first grade. The next child to join the family was Laura Belle on July 15, 1930, when Hazel was seven years old. After Laura came Norman C on November 30, 1932, and the last baby was Dean Edward, born on December 28, 1934, when Hazel was eleven years old.

The family lived on a farm off Highway 20 east of Albany, Oregon, in an area known as the Cottonwoods. It was a small community, with a dance hall, a grocery store, and a service station.

Can you describe your childhood home?

There were seven of us kids, and we lived in a little house. It had four bedrooms—two bedrooms upstairs, two bedrooms downstairs—and a living room, a kitchen, and a big pantry. We had a little porch on the front of the house and a big porch, the length of the house, on the side of the house.

Ruth told us later that they had a closet door made of unfinished wood in the room the girls shared, which the family used as a guest book. The girls made sure that guests made their way to the “guest book door” to sign their names!

We had well water, and it was good water. Everybody liked our water, and when we had it tested, it tested pure, almost sterile, so it was kind of special. We didn't think of it at the time, because kids don't think about things like that. We had a pump on the porch. We'd brush our teeth out there—we'd do everything out there. We didn't take a bath out there, but it was kind of our bathroom where we combed our hair and brushed our teeth. For a toilet, we had what we called a backhouse, a little way from the house.

We always had a dog, and we had lots of cats. Not a whole lot of them at the same time, but we always had cats and dogs. I didn't have any one special pet, but we had one kind of funny pet, it was a bantam rooster. This little chicken slept in the house—our house, not the chicken house. It slept in our house perched on the rung of a chair at night. And we had one special little dog. It was just a little dog, but it was a real cute little dog, and we liked it a lot. It would go out in the chicken house, and it would get an egg out of the nest and bring it in the house in its mouth. I don't know how it got it into its mouth out of the nest. Maybe one of us kids put it in its mouth, but it carried it to the house without breaking it!

Her best friends as a child were her cousins. We lived quite a few miles apart—it was too far to walk, anyway—and we would get together probably every week. If we didn't go to their house, they came to our house. There were two families that did this.

What were your favorite family activities?

I always liked to play softball. I still would like to if I could. What else did I like to play? We played tag and we played hide and seek, and I don't know what else we played, probably a lot of games.

When I was a kid, there were seven of us and we had our own baseball team, and one of our dogs liked to play ball with us. He used to catch the ball, and maybe it even made his teeth bleed, but he liked to catch the ball and he really did a good job. Our neighbors would come down sometimes, and sometimes some of the young fellows at church would come and play ball at our house, and Dad used to play ball with us.

They also liked to play table games as a family, especially Rook, checkers, and rummy. For many years after that, up through her eighties, she still loved to play Rook and tile rummy. At family reunions, there was always a table with people playing one or another of these games.

Did you have any chores?

I had to do my outside chores. I milked the cows, cleaned out the barn, fed the chickens, got the eggs, stacked wood in the woodshed, and split wood. At harvest time I drove the tractor, shocked the hay and the grain, and hoed the corn and the garden. There was always something to do.

When I was a kid, I specifically remember this large garden we had. We didn't have running water, as I said, and we would carry buckets of water to the different plants and water them that way. It was a tedious job, and I guess it didn't hurt us, but it wasn't a lot of fun. If I remember correctly, we always had a good garden.

During jobs in the yard, like hanging the laundry out to dry, Hazel and Ruth would trade off who was doing chores and who was making up stories from old newspaper headlines they found in a shed.

I helped to make the meals, I baked a lot of bread, I washed the dishes at the table, and I swept and scrubbed the floor. Every Saturday we scrubbed the floor and washed the windows inside and out. And what else? I sewed and made quilts, more than one, and I don't know what all I did. On the weekends, when I was in high school and in grade school, we cleaned the house and washed the windows inside and out, and we had linoleum on all the floors.

Of course we got to play. We didn't work all the time.

What did you do in the summer?

Every summer when I was old enough, I picked strawberries, raspberries, beans, and hops. We started doing that when I was in grade school. We picked strawberries at different places.

We didn't get to keep the money we made—we had to give it to our parents—but it helped us to buy our school clothes. We were able to keep ten percent of what we made—which, to someone who had never had any money, was quite a bit! I remember one particular thing I bought with my money, and that was a watch. I had always wanted a watch, so I bought a watch.

When we were done with all the picking, we would always go out to the coast. We generally went with my cousins the Roth boys and stayed a couple of days or so. We did that every year. *When the kids were younger, their mom went with them, but as they got older she stayed home. That was her vacation. Ida was a real 'home body.'*

We had a threshing machine. Generally, we had the neighbors help, and of course Dad would help the neighbors. I remember us kids going out there and watching the goings on and sitting on the sack pile. We would watch the fellows sew up the sacks, which they did real neat and real fast, and it was really interesting to watch that sack pile grow. Of course, they used the horses a lot in the harvesting. They would be hooked to a wagon and go in the field, and the men filled the wagons with bundles and threw the bundles into the threshing machine. The threshing machine would blow the straw out one end and we'd end up with a nice big straw stack, and the grain would come out a chute and the men would put up sacks to catch the grain. Today it's very different and I wouldn't think it would be near as much fun.

Summer evenings were often spent outside, and the memories remained vivid into her seventies. When asked to imagine a warm summer evening outside, she drew this picture: What do I hear? I probably heard crickets and the frogs croaking. We lived right along Highway 20 and I remember we used to lie out in the yard and Dad would lie with us and we would look at the stars come out. I remember that like it was last night.

Besides trips to the coast, Hazel and her family often went into the mountains, to what is now Cascadia State Park. They had soda water, but now they have the wells topped. We liked to go there on a Sunday, and we would take bottles. We had a bottle capper, and we'd fill maybe two dozen bottles with soda water and take them home and enjoy them for as long as they lasted. I guess we all liked soda water.

Did you ever get into trouble or injured?

I remember one thing I did. I told a lie. My folks asked me if I had gathered the eggs and I told them I had, and I hadn't. The reason I told them I had was because we had lice in the chicken house, and they would get on us and I hated that. I don't remember the outcome of that, but I think I probably got a spanking.

I remember one time when we were out visiting the Roths. As we were traveling home, Laura fell out of the car. I am not exactly sure what happened there. Somebody said the other day that we turned around and went to see the doctor in Lebanon, Dr. Irvine, but I am not sure we did. It kind of seems like we had him come out to the house. Anyway, she came out of it OK.

I remember the big huge barn door on rollers fell on Clarence, and he came out of that OK too.

Another time, Clarence swallowed a marble. Mom put her finger down his throat and pulled it out. Instead of pushing it down farther, she actually pulled it out. That was a difficult time. I even remember what we had for supper that night—potato soup.

How did you celebrate holidays?

I don't remember what we did on Thanksgiving, and on Christmas we generally didn't do very much. I even remember one Christmas when we butchered! But holidays were never a big time with us. I remember on the Fourth of July Dad always bought some firecrackers for us and sometimes we bought a skyrocket or two. That was kind of interesting. On Valentine's Day we had a big Valentine's box at school and that was an interesting event. On Mother's Day we didn't do anything. Maybe there wasn't even a Mother's Day when I was a little girl! There probably wasn't. It kind of seems like we dyed some eggs around Easter, but I can't even be sure about that.

Let me tell you about our Christmases. Today, kids are given so many things for Christmas. At our house, gifts were very sparse. I remember that Dad always bought some candy and nuts, and on the evening before Christmas, or whenever it was, we would divide them. We had seven sacks, and we would sort the nuts so that each one got the same amount, and the same with candy. And we never had any decorations up. The only Christmas trees I remember us having were what we had for our school Christmas program each year. We generally took that tree home and that was our Christmas tree.

At school we had a Christmas program, and I think we had some pretty good programs. Our teacher, Mrs. Pugh, put on some good programs—we had some plays, and we had songs. We enjoyed it a lot, and we drew names, and I don't remember what I got. One thing I remember I got was a black and white necklace, and it really was very pretty. One year our teacher gave each of the girls a little colored elephant on a chain—it was a necklace, actually—and that was pretty. I still have that today. I think a couple of the legs are broken off. Dad always went to our school program. Mom never did. She was really a stay-at-home mother. She just didn't care about things like this.

At the end of the school year we had a picnic, and we generally had a softball game with some other school in the district, and we generally did that throughout the year. We had softball games where we would go to the other school or they would come to our school and those were always great times.

We never celebrated birthdays at all. We were glad if our birthday passed and nobody thought about it, because what they did on our birthdays is they spanked us. If we were twelve, they spanked us with twelve swats! We were glad when they forgot our birthday! I don't know how old I was when I had my first birthday cake. I think I was in my twenties. We never had birthday cakes as kids.

What was grade school like?

Hazel attended Lakeview Grade School, District Number 114, in first through eighth grades. It was a one-room schoolhouse, with only one teacher for the whole school. She was taught by Blanche Gearhart in first grade, Velma Boyle in second and third grades (she skipped the second half of second grade and the first half of third grade), and Frances Pugh in fourth to eighth grades. They didn't have a principal, but they did have a county superintendent who showed up every once in a while.

Hazel doesn't remember a favorite subject from grade school, but she always enjoyed reading and spelling. In 1935 and 1936, she participated in the Oregon Children's Book League, in which, according to the certificates she received, she "read, each month of the school year, one book selected from its lists of the Oregon State Library" and filed a report with the library. In 1932, she also got a diploma for excellent spelling.

I did not like history, but I think I liked all the other subjects. I don't think I had a favorite. History was hard, and I remember I had difficulty with arithmetic. We had some homework then, not a lot, and I remember taking some arithmetic homework home. Dad helped me with that, and it was very difficult for me. I remember crying about that. It was so hard, and it just seemed like I couldn't understand what was going on.

We didn't have gym in grade school. We had recesses. We had a recess in the morning, we had a recess in the afternoon, and we had an hour for lunch.

What was high school like?

I know I really wanted to go to high school. When I went to school, we didn't have to go any farther than eighth grade. If we did, we wanted to. And I wanted to go farther, but we were kind of poor. We were raised during the Depression, and there just wasn't any money to be had. I guess I begged hard and they let me go. I'm glad I did. *At that time, the family had to pay for the school bus to high school.*

Hazel's favorite thing in high school was her studies, especially bookkeeping, followed closely by typing and shorthand. She worked hard enough on shorthand that she won a competition in that subject sponsored by the Esterbrook Pen Company. She practiced shorthand notation at home, working in an old children's story book of hers where she also colored in pictures and marked poems she memorized.

Her least favorite thing was gym. I guess the reason I didn't like gym is because my parents wouldn't let me wear shorts in gym. All the girls wore shorts, except one of the other girls from our church and me. So the teacher let us wear dresses—it had to be a special dress for gym and not something we wore to our classes. We were the only ones, and it wasn't much fun to just be a loner in the gym department.

I had never been in a school before where I went to different rooms for the different subjects. Like I said, elementary school was just a one-room schoolhouse, so the first few days in high school were kind of scary because I had never been used to anything like that.

She graduated in 1940, when she was seventeen years old. It was thanks to the fact that she had graduated from high school, that Hazel was later able to get office jobs when she had to support her family after Harvey died.

What did you do after high school?

Having a car was very important to Hazel after high school. It let her be independent and get to work on her own, as well as drive her brothers to work when they needed it. Driving was nothing new to Hazel at that age. She got started learning to drive when she was a little girl, when her dad held her on his lap and let her steer the car. When she was older, she also drove the tractor.

After I graduated from high school, I worked at different places for a while. I did housework for different ones, I worked at a cannery peeling tomatoes for a short while, and I applied to work at the court house for the tax collecting season, so I worked there through tax collecting. I enjoyed that and they wanted me to stay on, but I had found another job that I would start working at when the tax collecting was over. This other job was for a collecting agency, and this was called the ALCO Adjusting Bureau. I worked there until I was married on August 31, 1947.

In the letters she sent Harvey, Hazel tells more about her activities at that time. She sure kept busy! Here is a paragraph from a letter she sent on March 14, 1946.

“These last two weeks (or week and a half) have just been what you might call a ‘nightmare.’ More runnin’ around: parties, Valley Ball games, etc. etc.

I’m so sleepy I can hardly stay awake. They’re having another Valley Ball game Friday night, but I know someone that’s going to go to bed that night and miss the game. I went to one last week. It was the first time I played Valley Ball for about 6 years. We had our literary last night. Monday night, the literary program committee—which includes me—made out programs until about 12:00. Last Saturday morning we got up at 4:30—the folks and my two youngest brothers went to Washington to see my sister Ruth and her husband. They really made a long visit. They were back Monday night at 5:00. Ha.

Hazel’s main commitments as a young adult were at church. She was involved in the young people’s meetings (the literary she mentions above), music, and the library. She coordinated special music sometimes, which occasionally left her scrambling at the last minute to fill a part when someone got sick. She even gave a brief talk about nonresistance at the Mennonite Youth Conference in 1946.

How did you meet your husband?

Oh, it was kind of a roundabout way. My cousin Melvin Gerig was in CPS camp with Harvey during the war. In World War II, CPS (Civilian Public Service) camps were where conscientious objectors worked when they were drafted, instead of going to fight. Harvey and Melvin were at a camp in Belton, Montana, near Glacier National Park.

They came out here on furlough, and Melvin got Harvey and me together. We went out to the coast together with another couple, and I don't remember a lot that happened that day. We also had a pie social or a box social while Melvin and Harvey were here, and I took a crazy box that was wrapped up in the Sunday Funnies. Why I did such a crazy thing I don't know, but Harvey bought my box. It was the next day that we went out to the coast.

Then they went back to Camp, in Montana, and we wrote after that. And then in March of '47, Harvey came out to visit and he stayed. It was that same year that we were married on August 31st of 1947.

Hazel saved all the letters she and Harvey exchanged between February of 1946 and March of 1947. They mostly talk about their lives and activities, and sometimes Harvey talks about wanting a reliable car and to be able to drive to Oregon. Judging by their letters and what little Hazel told her children and grandchildren about Harvey, they had a good friendship before they were married and a healthy marriage for the few years Harvey was still alive.

They were married in a simple ceremony at Fairview Mennonite Church, when Hazel was twenty-four and Harvey was twenty-six. We were married in church on a Sunday night and this was not announced at all. It was just part of our Sunday night service. We each had one attendant. None of Harvey's family could be there. They were living in Michigan and they were rather poor, and none of them came out for our wedding. So Harvey chose for his best man one of his friends, Truman Beckler, and I had my sister Laura for my attendant. Those were the only attendants we had.

There were no flowers there other than the orchid corsage that Harvey gave me to wear on my wedding dress, which was a simple street-length lace dress, and we did not have a reception after the service. We did have a reception later at my parents' home, but that included just the young folks. That's the way things were done in those days. Nick Birky married us. He was the bishop of our church at that time.

After we were married, we spent our wedding night at a cabin that my boss at that time had just above Cascadia Upper Soda. We spent the night there, and then we went out to the coast and spent a short time there.

Where and when did you settle down and start a family?

We drove my '36 Chevy back to Michigan. I had never met his parents or any of his family, and we stayed back there for a year plus. During that time, Harvey worked for Bendix and I worked for Studebaker Corporation in South Bend, Indiana. I worked there long enough that we were able to buy a car at cost plus \$5.00. It was a '48 Studebaker, and I think it was a Commander. It was not the smallest one.

We drove that car out to Oregon and set up housekeeping out here. First we lived on Highway 20, at an old house. Harvey worked for Ray Jackson (our neighbor when I lived on Highway 20 as a kid), and I was pregnant with our first baby. I don't remember how long Harvey worked for him, but after a while he got work for a logging company, Willamette Industries.

Our first baby was born on September 17, 1949, and she was stillborn. We named her Marie. This was a very difficult time in our lives. We were living in Albany at that time, I think, in a little old house next to a railroad track.

And then our next child was born, and this was a little boy who weighed ten pounds and four ounces. We named him Paul Christian, and he was born on November 1, 1950.

The day before Paul's first birthday, his daddy was killed in a logging accident. Of course this changed our lives forever. *Harvey was thirty years old at that time, on October 31, 1951, and Hazel was twenty-eight. They had been married for just over four years. Hazel never remarried, remaining faithful to Harvey long after his death.*

At the time of Harvey's death, I was about two months pregnant with our next baby. He was born on May 31, 1952, and I named this baby David Harvey. He weighed eight pounds and four ounces.

At that time, I was living with my parents out in the Crabtree area, where I was having a house built on a three-quarter acre plot of land Dad had given me. They lived down quite a long lane and my house was built up by the road. I lived in this house until, I think, January of 1972 when I moved into Albany, where I am living today.

After Harvey was killed, I got a job working for my doctor in Lebanon, Dr. Frank Girod, where I did mostly bookkeeping. I also wrote the letters for the doctors, but my title was bookkeeper. I started there in May or June of 1955, and I worked there for 20 years.

What did you do after the boys left home?

I went into Voluntary Service work through the Mennonite Church (of which I was and still am a member) and I was sent to Elmira, New York, where I did a number of different things. My favorite job there was working for St. Joseph's Hospital. I also worked for County Extension Service, the YMCA, and the Red Cross. All of this—well, not all of this, but most of this—was office work, which I liked then and still do.

Years after the original interview, Hazel remembered the time she worked in the hospital this way: "I was there to help an old lady. She was a grouchy old lady! She didn't see the fun in anything, you couldn't do anything right! Then I worked in the pharmacy. That was fun!"

After she got back from Voluntary Service Hazel was 55 years old, and had a hard time finding a job. I don't know how many interviews I went on, but there were many. I finally found a job at the OSU bookstore, where I worked for a year or two, and then I started working for the Park Street Clinic doing medical transcription. That is what I am still doing today. I enjoy my work immensely. It is very interesting.

Hazel was committed to serving her local church as an adult, too. Putting her bookkeeping skills to good use, she was treasurer at Fairview well into her late seventies.

I've done a bit of travel through most of the States, and also several countries overseas. I've been to Rome and Greece, Egypt, Jordan, Israel twice, Switzerland twice, London, and the little Principality of Liechtenstein which is located on the Rhine River. I've been to Hawaii, I've been to Russia, Poland, Ukraine, and I think that's probably all, although I'm not positive. I love to travel, especially overseas travel, and I'm thankful I've had the opportunity to do this. *Her sister Laura joined her on some of this travel, and they enjoyed their time together.*

Would you do anything differently if you could?

The most important decision I made in my life was when I was thirteen, fourteen or maybe fifteen years of age, when I accepted Jesus as my Savior. This is the most important decision anyone can make in life. Eternity is forever.

I would be more patient with my boys, I would do more things with them, I would encourage them and compliment them more on the things that they have done, and I would never let a day go by without telling them that I love them.

As for my work, when I was just a girl I wanted to be a nurse. Of course that never came to be, but I am in the medical profession and I enjoy it immensely. If I were to do it over again I would probably choose just what I am doing. I love my work and look forward to going to work every day.

There was one time when I wanted to clerk in a store, be a saleslady in a store. But when I was in Voluntary Service in Elmira, New York, and I worked in the hospital, I worked for a short time in the gift shop. Actually, that was just kind of boring! Also, several years back I decided to take Friday off from work and during that time I worked at the Et Cetera Shop in Lebanon, and that was kind of boring. It wasn't that busy, and you can only straighten out the shelves so many times. So I actually got a little experience in clerking, and I got that want satisfied and found out it wasn't really something I wanted to do anyway.

So, I really don't think there's anything that I really wanted to do that I haven't done yet. I am always ready to travel, but I've been most places where I'd want to go, except I would like to go to Alaska some time. Who knows, maybe I'll still do that someday. *She actually did go to Alaska, on a cruise in 2005 or so.*

As for changes in our culture, there certainly have been a lot of changes. Some of them aren't in our culture actually, but I would like to point them out. When I first started working in a doctor's office I was using a manual typewriter, and now I don't think you could even buy a manual typewriter. Well, I graduated to an electric typewriter, which was a real change from the manual, and now I don't think they make electric typewriters anymore. We do everything by computer.

I feel like I have had a good life. I feel that God has blessed me over and over again. I have mentioned this many times. I think that God has been really good to me.

After the Interview

After this interview, Hazel continued to live in her house in Albany until she was eighty-one years old. At that point, she had major surgery and moved into Quail Run at the Mennonite Village in Albany. She hoped to be able to move back to her house, or at least into more independent quarters in the Mennonite Village, but that was not to be.

In Quail Run, Hazel enjoyed playing bingo every week and making quilts for Project Linus, an organization that provides homemade blankets to children in need. Just like when she served at Fairview and went into Voluntary Service, she wanted to get out and serve others.

Some of Hazel's childhood friends lived in Quail Run as well, and she always liked seeing them. Friends and community were always an important part of her life.

Hazel loved reading books in the library, just like she had ever since she was a child. When she moved out of Quail Run, she let the library have all the books they wanted from her collection.

Eventually, after a few falls, Hazel needed more care than Quail Run was able to provide. She moved to the Mennonite Home on January 12, 2016, where she was cared for well. The transition was hard at times, but positive all around.

Her daughter-in-law Helen Eby said this about Hazel on May 9, 2017, over a year after she moved into the Mennonite Home:

“Hazel loves spring. We go for walks with her around the Village, and she just loves to see how different the plants look each week. In the woods, there was a sea of what she called “Easter lilies” just before Easter. Last Sunday, it was full of what she called “snake flowers.” We picked a whole lot of them to take a bit of the outside back into her room.

Simple things like that make her happy. She likes to know her grandkids are well, that people ask about her... She likes to see her old friends, and her young friends too!

At this stage in her life, it was often very hard to communicate with Hazel, but she always kept the same heart. She loved to see friends and family, even if she didn't communicate clearly. She loved to get outside and see flowers. She cared deeply about other people—still wanting to be a good hostess, even though her physical abilities were reduced. She also cared deeply about what others thought of her.

Less than a month after she moved into the Mennonite Home, on February 5, 2016, Helen wrote this:

“As we spend time with Hazel, we are getting to know her better all the time.

What are we seeing in Hazel?

- A woman who is always concerned for others. She is sweet and speaks of dinners with friends and of times of fellowship with others.
- She always wants to look good and watches her appearance. She looks great!
- She is a kind and considerate person who loves to know what is going on. She does not retaliate when she does not get her way, even when she is tired.
- We see what songs she likes, what songs touch her heart. Those are the ones she sings...
- She reaches for her devotional guide, just to remember to spend time with God.

When I grow up, I want to be like Hazel!

Finally, on October 19 of 2019, Hazel passed away. All her life, she cared deeply about faith, family, friends, and learning, and she always reached out to show love. She lived to see great-grandchildren from both of her sons, and she brought joy to many. Her life was complete, and it was time to rest and rejoin her husband, Harvey, in Heaven.

Hazel's Obituary

Two versions of Hazel's obituary were written. The first draft was in June of 2018, requested by Hazel and approved by her, because she wanted to know how people would think of her after she passed. The second draft was written later, when we wanted to turn the original into a more formal obituary. Both are reproduced her.

The First Version

One day, Hazel asked Cynthia and me how we would describe her someday. She wanted to know what people would say about her. So Cynthia and I asked her what she would like us to talk about. She said this: "Who I am. What kind of life I had. What I've done. Where I've been."

I have been collecting her quotes in my journal when I visit her, so it wasn't hard.

Knowing my mother was having surgery on one of her heart valves, Hazel asked, often, "How is your mother?" She did not begrudge me the trip to go and support my mother in Argentina.

When she was not able to attend Cynthia's wedding because of her health, and we had to tell her so the next week, I heard a guttural cry: "I failed my granddaughter! I wasn't with her on her important day!"

When she heard that her cousin's son had died, she asked, "How is my cousin? How is she doing?" She didn't stop asking until she saw me walk over to her cousin's table at Ashwood II.

Her doctor, Dr. Peterson, had grandchildren. Every appointment had to end with her seeing pictures of the grandchildren, and a report on how the children were doing.

But... who was Hazel?

She was quiet, thoughtful, independent. When I was a singer at the Fairview Christmas pageant, one of the young women in the choir commented that Hazel was a really sweet woman. I told Hazel that. Hazel was surprised anyone even knew she was there, but hearing that comment made her day!

Her husband died in a logging accident on the day before Paul's first birthday, when she was two months pregnant with David. She had to raise both boys on her own. She raised them honoring Harvey's memory (David's middle name), and they grew up knowing she had had a very good marriage. They were not afraid to get married when they grew up, as some young people are today. They turned out to be excellent husbands to their wives. Hazel raised excellent husbands.

She did everything with excellence. She won prizes for her bread at the State Fair. She won a spelling award in school. She wrote Gregg's shorthand notes in story books, and she won an award for shorthand in high school. She insisted on going to high school, and she made the most

of her time there. When she had to make her own living, she was respected at work. She did bookkeeping at her office, and was trusted as the church treasurer, and was even part of the Constitution Committee at Fairview. She combined traditional home roles with workplace roles, and she did it all well.

She was thoughtful. I remember shopping for Fairview baby showers with her. I don't think she missed any when she was able to attend! She had presents for the next Fairview weddings on hand at her Quail Run home when she moved to the Mennonite Home. We are sending those to Daniel and Brenda, for their home. Hazel wanted it that way.

She loved her grandchildren. She made a twin bed quilt for every single grandchild. Those will be prized, treasured possessions.

She traveled to see us every Christmas or Thanksgiving when we were in Boston. She took turns between Kansas and Boston. When she could not travel any longer, it was our turn to visit her in Albany, and we did so joyfully.

Before that, she had travelled the world. She had traveled with friends, and with family. She attended Lawrence Eby's graduation from medical school in Michigan. She went back to Michigan often when David and Paul were young. She traveled with Bernice and Laura. She went to Israel, Eastern and Western Europe, Alaska...

However, the trip that made the greatest impact was her Voluntary Service trip when she was in her fifties. She loved to talk about that! Right after David graduated from college, she took off to do some service herself. She went to Elmira, New York, and we heard all kinds of stories of the friendships she developed there. Her friends came to Oregon to visit. Some of them are still in touch and have emailed or called to ask about her!

We didn't know much about what she had done there. However, one day, while she was at the Mennonite Home, she told us this story. "At Voluntary Service, I worked at a hospital. I was there to take care of a grouchy old lady. She didn't see the fun in anything! You couldn't do anything right! Then I worked in the pharmacy. That was fun!"

The Obituary Itself

March 4, 1923 — October 19, 2019

Hazel Arlene Eby passed away in the Mennonite Home, at 96 years old. A daughter of Christian Conrad Gerig and Ida Ellen Boshart Gerig, she grew up near Crabtree and graduated from Albany High School. She was a member of Fairview Mennonite Church all her life.

Hazel is survived by her siblings, Ruth Birky, Clarence Gerig, Laura Rhodes, Norman Gerig and Dean Gerig. She is also survived by her sons, Paul and David Eby, and their children and grandchildren.

She was preceded in death by her husband, Harvey; and her brother, Irvin.

Hazel was thoughtful. She went to nearly every baby shower that she could attend at her church. She already had presents for the next weddings when she moved out of her apartment.

Her husband died in a logging accident the day before her son Paul's first birthday, when she was two months pregnant with David. She had to raise both boys on her own. She raised them honoring Harvey's memory, and they knew they had an excellent father.

Hazel did everything with excellence. She won prizes for her bread at the State Fair. She insisted on going to high school and made the most of her time there. She loved her secretarial studies and even won an award for shorthand in high school.

When Hazel had to make her own living, she was respected at work. She did bookkeeping at her office, was trusted as the church treasurer and was even part of the church constitution committee. She combined traditional home roles with workplace roles and did it all well.

She loved her grandchildren. She made a twin quilt for every single grandchild, never missed a birthday and kept in touch as much as she could.

Hazel went to Michigan to attend her brother-in-law, Lawrence Eby's graduation from medical school, and she took her boys there numerous times to visit their father's family.

Hazel loved to travel, and the trip that made the greatest impact on her was going to Voluntary Service in her 50s. Right after David graduated from college, she went to Elmira, New York. Some of the friends she made there were still in touch when she died!

Hazel's heart for service was still there in the last years of her life. She made quilts for Project Linus, sent flowers to her nieces and nephews when her older brother died and tried to take care of guests who visited her even when she didn't have the strength.

We will remember Hazel for the love she showed us and everyone around her, as well as for her faith in God.

The funeral service will be held at 11 a.m. on Saturday, November 2 at Fairview Mennonite Church with a graveside committal following at the Fairview Mennonite Cemetery.

AAsum-Dufour Funeral Home is handling the arrangements (www.aasum-dufour.com)

Appendix 1: A Few More Bits and Pieces

Only so many stories can be told in this book, but I would like to include a few more. These are things that Hazel hung onto, as memories of past events. They tell their own stories quite well, showing many facets of her life.

Baking

Hazel loved to bake. She would even sit and read cookbooks just to relax. These are recipes that she loved and passed to the next generation.

Crazy Cake

This recipe was given to Hazel by her parents, in a ring binder cookbook they gave her for Christmas in 1943. It is an old Mennonite recipe, one her sons loved.

Put in 9x9 inch pan 2 or 3 inches deep:

- 1 ½ cups sifted flour
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. soda
- 3 Tbsp. cocoa
- ½ tsp. salt

Make 3 indentations and put in:

- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 1 Tbsp. vinegar
- 6 Tbsp. melted shortening

Pour over all:

- 1 cup cold water

Mix all together with fork, but do not beat. Bake at 350 degrees Fahrenheit for 25–30 minutes.

English Muffins

This is a recipe Hazel made and showed at the fair, given here in the format she presented it in.

Ingredients:

- 1 cup milk
- 2 Tbsp. sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- ¼ cup margarine (½ stick)
- 1 cup warm water

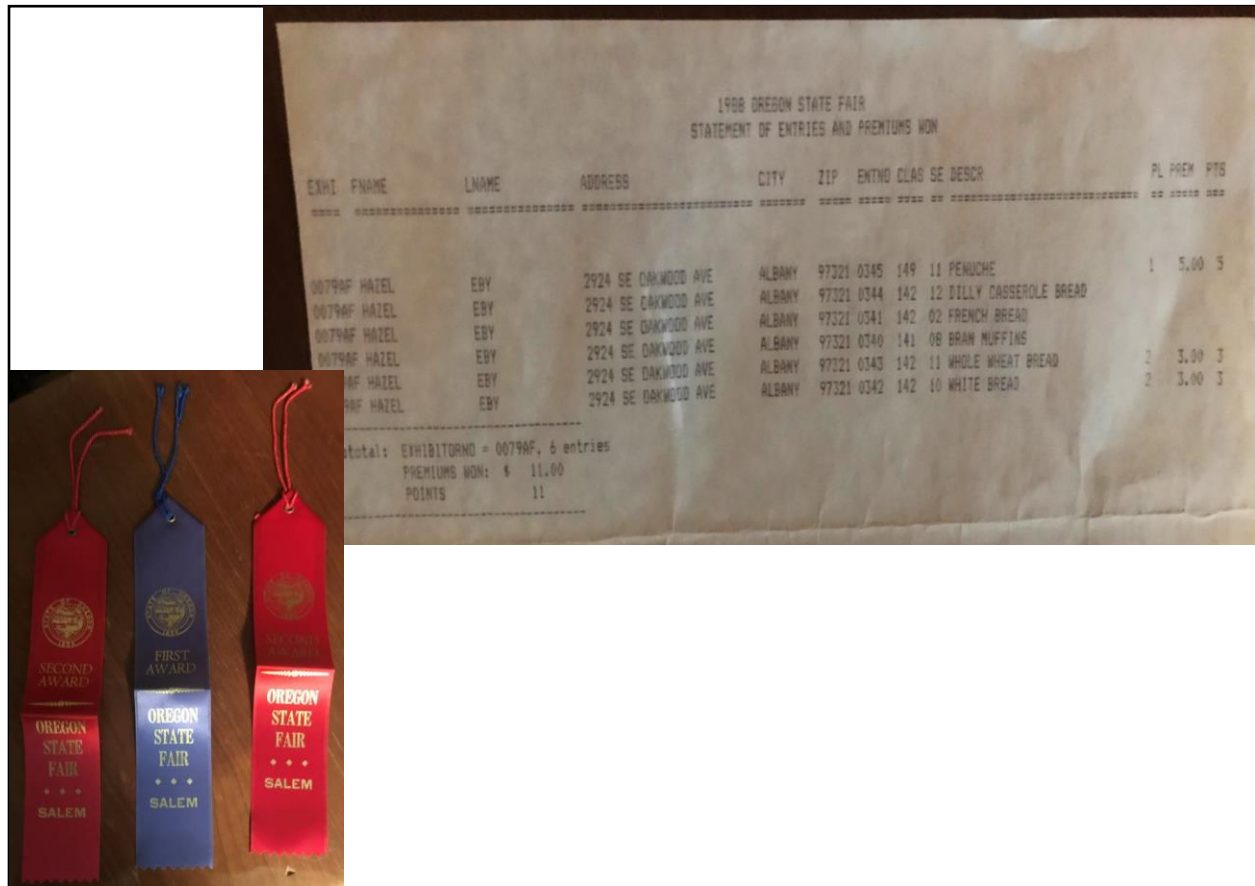
- 1 package yeast
- 5 ½ cups unsifted Bob's Red Mill Flour (about)
- Cornmeal

Scald milk. Stir in sugar, salt, and margarine. Cool to lukewarm. Sprinkle yeast into warm water in large warm bowl; stir until dissolved. Stir in lukewarm milk mixture. Add 3 cups of flour, beat until smooth. Add enough additional flour to make soft dough. Turn out onto lightly floured board; knead until smooth and elastic, about 8-10 minutes. Place in greased bowl, turning to grease top. Cover; let rise in warm place, free from draft until doubled in bulk, about 1 hour. Punch down; divide in half. On board heavily sprinkled with cornmeal, roll each piece to thickness of ½ inch. Cut into circles with 3" cookie cutter. Cover. Let rest on board 30 minutes. Carefully place on lightly greased medium hot griddle, cornmeal side down. Bake until bottom is well browned, about 10 minutes; turn and bake about 10 minutes longer.

Makes 20.

The Fair

Hazel entered baked goods at both the county fair and the state fair a number of times and won a few ribbons. Here are the records of what she entered at the state fair in 1988 and the ribbons that she received then.



School

Hazel did well in school, and she saved these diplomas and awards from elementary and high school, including awards for reading, spelling, and shorthand.



Newspaper Clippings

Hazel kept newspaper articles about her sons and other extended family members. Here are just a few of those clippings, highlighting Paul's time in Voluntary Service, an organ recital of David and Paul's, and David's academic accomplishments.

4—THE LEBANON EXPRESS, Wednesday, February 11, 1970

Mennonite volunteers receive assignments to service positions



Sharlene Kauffman

Paul Eby, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey C. Eby began a two year term of voluntary service with the Mennonite Board of Missions, Elkhart, Ind. He is serving as a male attendant at Sunshine Children's Home, Maumee, Ohio.

Maumee volunteers work at Sunshine Children's home for severely retarded children. They serve as child care workers, maintenance workers, or laundry and kitchen assistants.

Eby is a member of the Fairview Mennonite Church, Albany, and a 1968 graduate of Lebanon Union High School. Prior to his term of service, he was employed as a general laborer by Nofziger Seed Co.

Miss Sharlene Kauffman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Kauffman began a short-term voluntary service assignment. She is serving as a club worker at Mennonite Friendship Center, Portland.

Many volunteers from the Portland unit are nurse aides and orderlies in the 460 bed Good Samaritan Hospital. Others work in the Walnut Park area in clubs, visitation and youth ministries.



Paul Eby

Miss Kauffman is a member of the Lebanon Mennonite Church, and a 1966 graduate of Lebanon Union High School. She is a 1968 graduate of Hesston College, Hesston, Kan. She also attended Goshen College, Goshen, Ind., for one year.

More than 300 youth and adults stationed in 56 different locations in the United States, Canada and Puerto Rico currently serve in the Mennonite Board of Missions Voluntary Service program.

Friends Are Invited To Attend Recital

Irene Byers Music Studio, 844 16th, N. E., Salem is presenting three boys in a joint organ-piano recital Sunday, Jan. 25 at 2 p.m.

Paul Eby, age 17, a senior at Lebanon Union High School, has been studying organ with Mrs. Byers for six and one-half years. David, his brother, age 15, is a junior and played his first joint program with Ronald Hadley, last year. They are the sons of Mrs. Hazel Eby.

Ronald Hadley, 14, attends Parrish Junior High School in Salem and is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Merle Hadley, Salem.

The program includes solos at the organ and at the piano, two-piano numbers and organ-piano duos.

Those interested in hearing these young musicians are invited to attend.

LUHS Students Score High In Merit Scholarship Test

Letters of Commendation honoring them for their high performance on the 1968 National Merit Scholarship Qualifying Test have been awarded to three students at Lebanon Union High School, Principal L. F. Page has announced.

Those commended students are David H. Eby, Helen L. Hodson and Harold Lines. They are among 39,000 students in the United States who scored in the upper two percent of those who will graduate from high school in 1969. The commended students rank just below the 15,000 semi-finalists announced in September by the National Merit Scholarship Corporation.

John M. Stalnaker, president of NMSC, said: "Although commended students advance no further in the Merit Scholarship competition, their outstanding record in a nationwide program deserves public recognition. Their significant academic attainment gives promise of continued success in college."

"The commended students should be encouraged to pursue their education since their intellectual talent represents an important and much needed natural resource. Our nation will benefit from their continuing educational development."

The commended students' names are reported to other scholarship granting agencies and to the colleges they named as their first and second choices when they took the NMSQT in February, 1968. The reports include home addresses, test scores and anticipated college majors and career intentions of the commended students. NMSC encourages these students to make every effort to continue their education.

Pictures

Hazel shared these pictures for the first edition of this biography. In the first row are the backhouse at her childhood home, her 3rd or 4th grade class picture (she is the one with an X on her skirt), and her wedding picture; in the second are a family photo from her childhood, a portrait of her, her in her cap and gown, and her high school graduation picture; and in the third are Irvin and Evelyn, her childhood home, and a family photo with her sons.



Appendix 2: Harvey

Because Hazel's husband, Harvey, was an important part of her life, following are a brief history of his life written by his youngest brother, Lawrence, a letter from Harvey before he moved to Oregon, and some mementos that Hazel saved.

Harvey's Life, by Lawrence Eby

Harvey Eby was born on April 20, 1921, the third son of Jeremiah Eby and Mary Shaum Eby. John, Emerson, and Harvey had been born in the winter and spring of 1917, 1919, and 1921 and so were very close together in age. His younger siblings were Susanna (Susie), George, Clayton, and Lawrence (me), who were born in 1924, 1926, 1930, and 1934.

Harvey was the name of our grandfather Shaum, whom my brother Harvey did not resemble in body configuration or emotional behavior. He did resemble our grandfather Eby, from whom he got his middle name, Cyrus. Like Harvey, he was a lover of nature and stream fishing, although Grossdaudie Cyrus did not like hunting—an affection that Harvey had throughout his life.

As the youngest of three lively older boys, Harvey wanted to do what his older brothers did. Sometimes that brought not-so-pleasant encounters into his young life. John told of an occasion when he and Emerson were catching bees off of flowers, cupping them between their hands and shaking them to dizziness. Harvey's attempts to do the same in his smaller, chubbier palms brought disaster in the form of a bee sting.

When Harvey was born, the family was part of the Old Order, horse and buggy Mennonites. So all of the family conveyance was in the form of horse-drawn vehicles. They went to a small church house two miles from where they lived, where the language of singing and preaching was high German, a notch above the Pennsylvania German—or "Pennsylvania Dutch," to give its common name. I don't think my mother or the children understood much that was read, sung, or preached. The church was attended by our extended family, so Harvey had numerous cousins of both genders near his age.

The late 1920s had two events that radically and permanently changed the Jeremiah and Mary Eby family. The first one was a change of churches. During that decade, the English-speaking Old Mennonite Church began in the area due to the interest of some who had come from Indiana, and a preacher named Clyde Kauffman moved in as the resident pastor. They had Sunday School, the preaching was more evangelical, and they followed the general temperance movement of the day of not approving of tobacco and alcohol usage. Our parents decided that it would be best for the spiritual life of the family if they changed churches, as some of their siblings' families and others were doing.

The other thing that impacted the family was the coming of the Great Depression in 1929. I am not sure exactly how that affected the Eby family except that, in the early 1930s, we left the farm on which our family had lived for fifteen years and moved to a rental farm on the edge of Brutus, a small village three miles to the east along the railroad and highway. After a few years, we moved to another small property nearby, and in 1937 we were able to homestead an eighty-acre farm where we built and lived in a log house that was about halfway between Brutus and the farm on which we had lived before.

Harvey completed formal education through eighth grade. This was all done in two schools, a one-room school near where the first farm was and a two-room one in the small town of Brutus. Mennonite adolescents did not go beyond eighth grade in those days. Learning reading, writing, and arithmetic, with a little geography and history, was all that was thought needed for the simple rural lifestyle of the Mennonites. This was partly for economic reasons, but more because there was suspicion that higher learning exposed one to associations and knowledge that could lead one astray from Christian beliefs and behavior.

Since our small farm did not require all the manpower of growing teenage sons, all the older ones “worked out,” first on neighbors’ farms and then farther away on more prosperous farms where they lived in as the hired hands. Harvey spent a few years working for the Eppler family that had a combined grade A dairy and seed potato farm. He would stay all week, eating and sleeping there. He also worked with Dad in the woods cutting “pulp wood” for paper mills. They would take their lunch along, eating it out in the woods.

Harvey was very proud one day to say that he had lured a chickadee to come and eat from the sandwich he was holding in his mouth. A more notable event was the day he shot his first deer, a three-pronged buck. That put him in a new class of hunter, ahead of his older brothers who had only shot rabbits and grouse. It provided venison for all of us and Harvey’s first mounted trophy antlers.

Harvey had only a few dates before he left home at age twenty-one. Many of the eligible girls in the Mennonite Church were close relatives, and none of the others appealed to him. It is hard to say what would have happened had it not been for the coming of the draft associated with the Second World War, which meant every healthy young man was subject to being drafted into the armed forces. In the case of conscientious objectors, such as us Mennonites, they had to get a health or farm deferment, enter the military, or do approved civilian duty. In the fall of 1942, Harvey headed to a Civilian Public Service camp in Northern Indiana, where he stayed only a few weeks before going to Hill City, South Dakota, in the Black Hills area. He had anticipated staying there, but there was something about the unit leadership that he did not like, so he asked for a transfer.

Harvey’s next and longest stop of about two years was at Terry, Montana—near the eastern border of the state. It was from there that he wrote very frequent letters, telling about his

encounters with rattlesnakes and collecting their rattles after he had beheaded them—very exciting stories for his youngest brother. Even though the geography was not as spectacular as at Hill City or later at Glacier National Park, he seemed to enjoy himself, and I believe he changed from the naïve, in some ways, young man that had left Michigan.

During Harvey's time in Terry, our mother had major surgery and he was able to get a furlough home. The first thing I remember about that visit is that our dog Queenie, with whom he had spent a lot of time, got super excited when she heard his voice—even before she saw him.

The other notable thing during that visit had to do with me. During Mother's time in the hospital, while I was helping wash dishes, I took the teakettle off the stove to rinse the dish prior to drying and the lid slid sideways. Boiling hot steam came out, scalding my hand and arm to the point of blisters. It was very painful at the time and still with blisters when Harvey arrived. He had taken a first aid course and immediately diagnosed me as having a second-degree burn. This called for a salve called Unguentine. We got some and used it, and I healed.

I was only eight years old when Harvey left for Camp, and I was his "baby brother." That got me some special attention from him. While at Camp during the winter, he learned how to do some leather work and made billfolds. When he came home, he had one that was made especially for me. I really cherished it because it was made by my special brother and hero. But he kept asking me if I had seen everything about the billfold. So I looked more thoroughly and found that there was a built-in flap and when I lifted it, there was a dollar bill! It was a big gift at that time. I did not spend it for a long time.

Even though he seemingly liked Terry, he decided to spend the last year at the Belton, Montana, camp. The main camp was on the west side of Glacier Park, but in the summer he was on the east side doing trail maintenance. He really enjoyed the fishing, writing home one time that he was walking back to Camp with a nice fish and looked behind him to see a bobcat following, evidently drawn by the fish odor.

I have met a few men in Ohio and Oregon that knew Harvey. One of the Oregon men said they asked him why he came all the way from Michigan to Montana. Harvey replied, "I am going to shoot a deer, an elk, and a bear." They laughed, but he did do it. And some of them helped carry the elk meat out of the canyon where Harvey had shot it.

When Harvey came home from Camp, he brought along a Viewmaster with several reels of 3-D pictures. "I know that road as well as I do the one by the house," he said. Someday I wanted to see it first hand, and I did.

Harvey came home in the spring of 1946. I was twelve and Clayton was sixteen. Harvey worked for our oldest brother, John, driving his cream truck. That meant he had free time evenings and weekends. There was a small hydroelectric dam about five miles from where we lived, and the three of us would often go fishing there. Harvey had a few real fishing poles that he and Clayton would use while I had a simple stick pole and used line, leader, and hooks that Harvey furnished.

One memorable evening, with my simple gear I caught a walleye about fourteen inches long, and Clayton and Harvey got almost nothing. Our grandfather Eby who lived with us at the time thought that was pretty special and told us great stories of how he caught fish with simple gear.

One time in winter, we went to the dam to ice skate, and the ice was not in very good shape. I don't remember what skates we all had but my memory is that Harvey had regular shoe skates. He showed Clayton and me a few skating moves, but for some reason after we had removed our skates he still wanted to show us how to stop suddenly by turning sideways. He forgot he did not have his skates on and his feet went out from under him, resulting in his crashing sideways onto the ice, actually hitting his head. Fortunately, he just got a good bump and nothing more.

One other time he made me feel really special was on a Sunday after church when the young folks from church were going on some adventure and riding on the back of the milk truck. Harvey saw me standing there with a longing look on my face and invited me to go along. Another event that made him my hero!

We knew all along that his mind was with a young woman in Oregon to whom he would write. He also told us what a great place Oregon was with its mountains, rivers, and ocean. Even though we lived in a very beautiful area as well, with everything that Oregon had except the mountains, I was impressed with his stories.

After Harvey and Hazel were married in August of 1947, they stayed in Michigan until early 1948. That first November was deer hunting season in Michigan. Harvey insisted on getting a license for both of them and taught Hazel to shoot a rifle. My memory is that she was not real enthused about that but was so in love that she would do anything he wanted her to. So the two of them went to the swampland near where we lived and Harvey shot a buck deer. He also did some ice fishing on a nearby lake and brought a large Northern Pike home one time.

Hazel never had work while they lived with us—I don't know if that was the reason they went to Indiana or not, but they did move there. They came home to visit one time in the dead of winter with their new Studebaker, and Harvey was proud because they could ride in this well-heated car dressed only with sweaters.

When they decided to go back to Oregon, it left a big hole in my life because I knew I would not see them very often. Harvey would write back about his life in the woods—the big trees he cut down with a chainsaw so big it took two men to hold it. I fantasized that in some year soon I would join him in the woods.

In late summer of 1951, Harvey, Hazel, and baby Paul came by airplane to visit. A memory is of Harvey holding standing Paul in his outstretched hand to show how balanced Paul was.

The last time I saw him was when my parents left with them in our car to go to Indiana, where they would visit and then fly back home.

A few weeks later, on Halloween evening, John, Dad, and I were cutting firewood outside my parents' house. Suddenly, my mother appeared in the door of the house, very upset. She said, "There is a phone call from Hazel's brother in Oregon. Harvey has been killed in an accident in the woods."

John went to the phone to get the details. The other siblings needed to be notified. Emerson, Susie, and George were all in Indiana. Emerson and George both had nearly new cars. That would be room for ten people. So my parents, John, Emerson and his wife Viola, Susie, George and his wife Naomi, Clayton, and I would go to Oregon to the funeral. We left the afternoon of November 1, after the ones from Indiana arrived. It took three long days of driving to arrive at the Gerig home late in the night on November 3.

There was one day between our arrival and the funeral. The question was raised about whether we would like to go to the coast. My father, feeling the effects and sadness of why we were there, wondered if we should go. One of the Gerigs said, "Harvey would want you to go." And we did. We went to Sea Lion Caves and spent some time on the beach. Dad took off his shoes and socks and waded a short distance into the water. He did find some joy even in that sad time.

The day after the funeral we went with several of the Gerigs to Sweet Home to the Willamette National Lumber Company headquarters. One of their men led us up the mountain roads to their staging area in a pickup so we could see firsthand the rugged terrain in which Harvey was working and could understand the danger. There was no room for error and he was the victim of others' miscalculation.

We had a picnic with the Gerigs at the Cascadia State Park, where Dad had his picture taken spreading his arms in front of one of the trees to show how big it was. The Gerigs introduced us to the joys of the mineral water. I was not impressed. From there, we drove our two cars back to Indiana and Michigan.

Ten years later, I brought Mary Jane and two little boys to Oregon, a place I probably would never have lived except for my brother.

Now a few impressions of him as a person.

He was the tallest in the family and proud of it.

He didn't have as long of a chance as many others to settle into a job as a young man, due to his lack of higher education followed by being in the CPS during the time that many young men marry. That was followed by a short courtship and starting a family, and he needed to make a living with the skills he had. Taken together, all of that placed him in the situation which led to his early death.

There was a shy side to him, but he could approach people in conversation easily. He did not look for positions that made him seem important. He wrote home one time that he was a

candidate to be Adult Sunday School Superintendent and talked the friend sitting beside him into voting for another person so he would not be elected.

He had a good singing voice. One time, four of us brothers sang together in a male quartet. Harvey insisted that he sing bass because he said he did not know how to sing anything else. So I sang the baritone although I think he could have done it better.

When he was home that summer before going back to Oregon to get married, I did hear him talk at least one time of going to college. I somehow believe if he would have lived longer, he would have done that. What he would have taken as a field of study, I have no idea.

A Letter from August 1946

“ Dear Hazel,

After running all over the house looking for your last letter, I finally decided to try writing one that is completely original.

If you would wait as long as I do to write them it would be awful, but I really wouldn't have time to even do any of the running around I would like to do for you.

When I started to work for John, he said, “if” I managed right, I could fish four evenings and two half days a week. I just don't manage right because as sure as I get a day off then there is hay to haul, or oats to shock, or just anything besides fishing; simply anything besides what I would like to do.

I don't have a car yet. Yesterday I went to look at a Cadillac and you could park yours in the back seat. No, I didn't fall for it, and as long as I stay at home and behave, I won't accept just anything.

Two weeks ago I was just forced to escort a strange gal around in the truck and, talk of a daring advance, she is tops! Lu is also daring, but one can have fun with her. But it's shocking how perfectly familiar a strange girl can get. I had her out in the afternoon and in the evening I avoided her after church, so another fellow took her home and if half is true of what I heard. Smack!

Say, is Truman Beckler at home? And what is his address? I sure neglected him, and now I don't know where he is.

Last Sunday I had a plane ride in a fast, open-cockpit plane, and we rolled over backward and had a grand old time. This is sure a peach of a country when one sees it from the air. The rivers, streams, and lakes; and the square farms, chopped

out of the woods; and even our trashy old farms look prosperous from the air. I was seasick afterwards, but I lived through it all.

Last Sunday, my grandfather died. He was a real loss to me after being a hunting and fishing partner. He was sometimes a bit impossible it seemed, but his last hours were calm and by the way folks flocked to the funeral, I'm proud that he will be missed by an awful lot of folks.

I had to go for supper, now I can't think what to write.

Next Sunday I hope to go to a campground for a musical program. I wish you would be there.

We sure lack music in our church. We have no special music at all. No literary or anything.

Tomorrow, Dad and John are going to try for a raise in commission. We don't have near as high hauling checks this time of the year, and expenses run so high that we don't make much at the present rate.

It's time for church, so goodbye.

Sincerely,

Harvey

A Poem Upon His Death

In Memory

Done with earth, its toil and struggling:
Gone where sin can ne'er molest.
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
Where the weary be at rest." Job 3:17

That vibrant voice, the sunny winning smile,
That mortal form we learned to love and prize,
Covered with dust, must lay in sleep awhile,
To wait the summons when the dead in Christ shall rise.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life.
He that believed on Me, tho he were dead yet shall he live." John 11:25
The One who gave to all this mortal life
To those with faith, eternal Life shall give.

"O Death, where is thy sting? O grave, thy victory"
Where is thy hold on those from sin set free?
For death is swallowed up in victory.
And this corruption changed to immortality. 1 Cor. 15:50-55

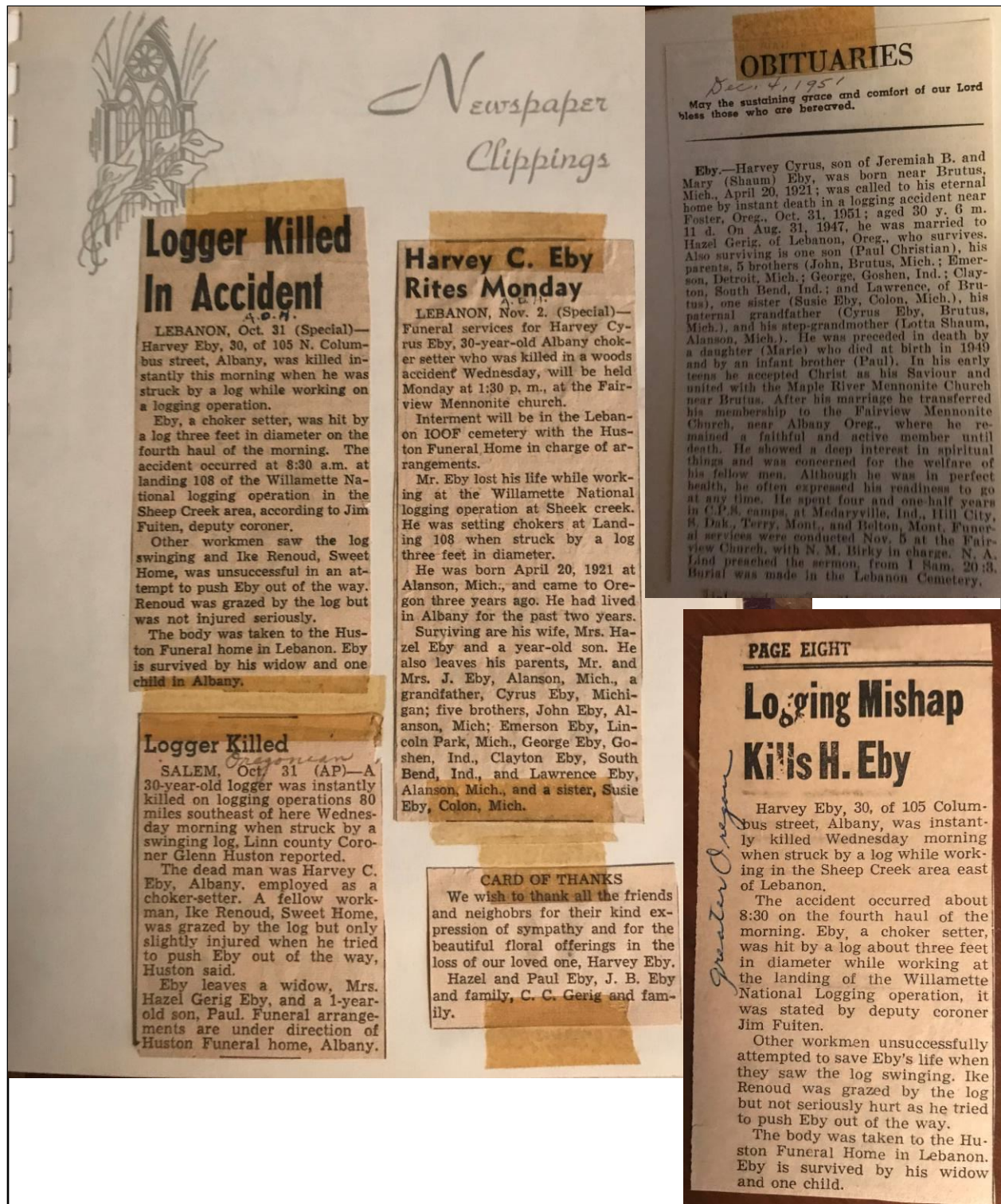
For God shall wipe away all sorrow and all tears,
No crying nor no tears shall ever come. Rev. 21:4
And in that golden land of endless years
Will be the ransomed Saints' eternal Home.

November 7, 1951,
by Amos Schmucker

This poem was important to Hazel, and she wanted us to include it in the first edition of this biography.

News Records of His Death

Harvey's death was reported in the local papers, and Hazel saved these clippings.



A Few More Memories of His Life

Hazel always wanted to preserve her memories of Harvey, and she saved these objects for that reason. In the first row are the tie pin she gave Harvey as a wedding present and the combs he gave her at the same time; in the second are the elk he shot in Montana and a picture of Harvey; and in the third are another hunting trophy, an award he received in grade school, and a couple of collar bars.

