

SPRING 1983

## Barwood Notes

Last May, my sister, Florence, sent me a copy of a letter that my father wrote August 28th, 1926 - following a trip we had made to northern Minnesota. It was his practice to type a letter with a carbon copy, sending one to his parents and one to Mother's Mother. Grandpa Bertelson was dead by then. I believe that this is what happened this time, and that he kept an extra carbon for himself.

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Eldora, August 28th, 1926

Dear Folks All:

Well, Saturday noon and Hardins are home at dinner, so will tap off a few lines, and send along a write up of our trip, having made one to keep just to sort of remember it by. Sure enjoyed it, and had good luck on the whole all the way. Would not care to live anywhere north of Detroit or Superior.

Got home Monday about 2:30, and found plenty of work on hand, but gradually getting caught up, am all caught up at the bank but Lorena is still snowed under, as she has had a lot of tomatoes to can, etc. Has canned 28 pints of tomatoes, and got 11 quarts of the Siberians as pickles, also a few cucumbers, and did a big washing, etc. Also school starts next Monday so has had some work to do getting ready for that.

Has been hot and sunshiny all the time since we got home, so I guess we must have taken the rain up to Minnesota and left it. It is fine for the corn, tho, and hope it keeps warm for a while yet.

Was out to the lake and went swimming last night, and it was fine, a bit cool when we first stepped in but then felt fine.

Are to have a big pageant here September 7th and 8th, and a free fair, and suppose will have to work in a church stand the way it looks now, as we need the money bad. Are to dedicate the lake also on Labor Day, so really three days of celebration.

All well, and not much more, so will ring off. All of you write when you can.

As ever

BOB

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The trip was made in an old Model T Ford - I am not sure of the year - and at that time, there were very few paved roads - not too many were even graveled properly, as I am sure the older ones know. I remember the Bond Campaign that Iowa had about 1930 to "GET IOWA OUT OF THE MUD!" Our trip was a few years before that! Those old Model T's had small tires - and it was normal to have to fix at least one flat per day - usually a 'cold patch' when on the road, using a 'hot patch' when at home. I will add notes in () if I think necessary during the body of the report.

Incidentally, in the letter above, my Father was working as assistant cashier at the Citizen's Savings Bank, age 32; Mother was almost 31; Florence 10, me 6, John not quite 4, and Helen 1. So you can see that they had problems on the trip - even if not mentioned in the letter and write-up of the trip.

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### OUR 1926 VACATION TRIP

Before this, we had always taken our vacations by visiting at various relatives, but this time we wanted to take a trip and see some new country, so got hold of a trailer, tent, cots, etc., and hitched behind the old Ford, and started out August 7th, bound for Battle Lake, and just where from there we were not sure.

Left Eldora at 8:15 A. M. bound first for Spencer. Had lunch at the park in Humboldt, and went by way of the HAAS & HARDIN farms at Rodman to Emmettsburg. No trouble, and fine roads, until we had a cold patch come off one of the front tubes west of Emmettsburg, but patched it and got to Spencer about 4:00 P. M. Had a fine supper at Neenah's and stayed all night and had a nice breakfast at Bertha's

(Neenah was my Mother's oldest sister; Bertha the 3rd sister - still living at 96. "Lizzie" in the next paragraph is the 2nd sister Beth - lives at Thousand Oaks, California with her daughter, Irene. Mother, Florence and Kathy & I were at her 100th birthday celebration on the 7th & 8th of January this year.)

It rained a little in the night, but not bad, and we left Bertha's Sunday Morning, August 8th, about 8:00 A.M. in a slow drizzling rain, for St. James (Minnesota). The rain got worse before we got out of town, and by the time we got to Milford was raining quite hard, and kept on until we got to Jackson, wetting the bedding in the trailer and making it very disagreeable driving. At Jackson an old tire I had on the trailer was about ready to blow out, so stopped at a garage and changed tires. putting on a new tire, and we finally reached Lizzie's at about 12:30, in time for dinner with them, and also Marie's & Reuben's, who had come over for the day, as no rain north of Jackson. Had a fine dinner at Lizzie's, as usual, and enjoyed the day except for the fact that Mother Bertelson was in bed with a bruised shoulder, received in a fall the day before. Stayed at Lizzie's that night, and left for Windom about 10:00 A.M. Monday, the 9th.

(Marie was the youngest of Mother's sisters, and Reuben the third of the 5 brothers.)

Had bought a new spare tire for the trailer at St. James, or rather a good second-hand one, but before we got to Bingham Lake, the front tire that went flat on us on the way to Spencer tried the same trick over, and had to patch it again, but we finally got to Marie's at just after twelve noon. They were threshing, and busy as bees, but had a short visit with them, and a "thresher's dinner", needless to say all we could eat, and after drying out the wet bedding on the grass, we left at about 3:30 for Reuben's at Walnut Grove, arriving there about 5:00 P.M. to find Reuben away threshing, so I drove over there and visited with him until they got thru at about 8:00 P.M., then home for a big supper and visiting until we couldn't hold our eyes open any longer, then to bed.

(This was when they used a threshing machine run by a belt from a steam engine, blowing the straw onto a big strawstack. Incidentally, I didn't mention before that normal speed for the old Model T as my Father drove, was about 30-35 miles per hour. Thus, with stops, the distance from Eldora to Spencer - about 125 miles - took almost 8 hours, as per the first paragraph.)

Next morning, Tuesday the 10th, started for Battle Lake, going east from Walnut Grove 3 miles, then north thru Vesta, Granite Falls, etc. to Benson, where we ate dinner in the tourist park. Some wonderful views of the Minnesota River valley before getting to Granite Falls, and two deep ravines to go down into, and up out of, but the old Ford, in low, crawled right up like it was used to doing the trick. Just before coming to Granite Falls,

enough granite, so Florence says, to give everybody all the tombstones they need forever, but how anybody could dig post holes in the rock as they seem to do is beyond me. Another steep hill going up out of Granite Falls, then no more hills for a long time. North out of Benson we went thru Glenwood and Alexandria, stopping at Glenwood for a short visit of fifteen or twenty minutes with my cousin Melvin DAILY, formerly cashier of a bank there, which closed in June of this year.

From Alexandria we went northwest, nearly to Garfield, and then turned off instead of going clear into the town as we should, before turning north to Battle Lake. Got onto a crooked road, but pretty, thru the trees, and finally landed in a farm yard, but it turned out we had only really made about a mile's extra mileage and soon got onto the gravel road again, and north thru what is called locally "Leaf Mountain", a very hilly section, but pretty and winding roads, to Clitherall, where I was finally at a place I knew, and then on to Battle Lake, reaching there at just 6:00 P.M. Got a few things to eat, and went down by the lake, and camped in a corner of the ball park, our first night in a tent, and slept well, and late the next morning.

Wednesday morning Lorena wanted to do some washing and general cleaning up, so I went up town and saw some of my old time acquaintances and friends, and then back and had dinner, before we struck tent and went out past the old home farm and the end of Ottertail Lake, as well as several other lakes, stopping and visiting during a little shower with some old friends of ours, the REYNOLDS family, and also Eric GLENDE, another friend, and stopping at the old farm and saying hello to the tenant, Andrew DAHL, an old neighbor. A misty, nasty day, and we were glad to get down to the lake at Silver Lake pass, and camp near the summer cottage of my old friend, Melvin HINKSTON. Had supper and ate it in the car on account of the misty rain, and got the tent up, but Melvin then insisted we come into the house and visit during the evening, which we did, and the rain kept on getting harder, so as they wished us to come into the house, we finally brought in the bedding and made a bed on the floor in their cottage, and stayed there during the night, getting up the next morning and packing the stuff, and went in to Battle Lake for breakfast, the only time we ate in a restaurant on the trip until nearly home again.

After breakfast, or about 9:30, Thursday morning, we left Battle Lake and drove out to Otter Tail Lake, past the old ELLIOT farm, old friends of ours, and ate dinner there at the Otter Tail River bridge, after the children had gone wading in the lake and I had gone up and visited a little with the MEIS's, who run the Tanglewood summer resort. After dinner, about 1:00 P.M. we started for Detroit stopping several times, at Frazee and other places, and getting to Detroit as I remember it about 5:00 P.M. where we stayed in the tourist camp, a fine camp, fee 50¢ per car per day. About 50 or 60 cars there the night we were there, from Canada (about ten) and all the other places you can think of. A fine camp, and right on the lake, which is pretty Lorena was struck with Detroit more than any town we hit on the entire trip, and I also liked the looks of it.

(I'm not sure, but think that Otter Tail Lake was the one where we waded out, and out, and out, with the water still only to about my knees - until finally my Father said to come back, and that there was a big drop-off just a little farther.)

Friday morning when ready to start I noticed a flat tire on the trailer, but thought a valve was leaking, so just pumped it up and went on, but about 25 miles out it was flat again, so I changed and put on the tire I got at St. James, which stopped my tire trouble as far as the trailer was concerned for a long time. Got to

Redwood Falls about noon and ate dinner in the tourist camp, a nice little park on the river, then on to Thief River Falls, and west to Warren. 32 miles from Thief River Falls to Warren, without a town between, and very little country that is good for anything but wild hay, a fellow thinks he has had enough hay for the rest of his life before he gets to Warren. Road quite rough, the east end especially so, and we found if we had gone north out of Thief River Falls for about 4 or 5 miles, to just south of a little elevator station, and then west thru the south edge of Viking, to Warren, although it is about a mile or two farther we would have had much better roads. If any of the folks ever go up there, be sure to go this way from Thief River Falls to Warren instead of the primary road going west from Thief River Falls all the way, as you hit the primary road again anyway about 15 miles east of Warren.

Got to Warren as I remember it about 3:30. Lorena's aunt, Elsie SORENSEN, we found, lived just one block north of the main street of town, and just a block from the post office, north on the street the postoffice is on to the first street west, and the next to the corner house on the north side of the street, a nice little place, which they rent, 3 rooms and a sort of shed in back downstairs, and an upstairs, but as I was not up there, do not know how many rooms above. Not modern, but cozy, and a nice hedge in front, shutting it off a little from the street.

Aunt Elsie was not at home, but had left word with the next door neighbor to call her, she being at a shower on the next to youngest daughter, Marie, who was to be married the following week to a man named Anthony SMITH, and then go to Eau Claire, Wis. where he is on the road for the Cities Service Oil Co. as a salesman, I understand. We went in and she soon appeared, and I went and had the car greased and oiled, and "gassed" so as to be ready next morning. While I was away, Lorena and Aunt Elsie and Helen went over to the shower and met some more of the relatives, and others. Aunt Elsie is a large woman, altho not tall she is plump enough to make up for it, and as friendly as she could be, made a person feel right at home from the time she got there, and reminds me of Mother BERTELSON, in that she was afraid we would starve to death because she did not pass the stuff to us often enough, so kept us busy when at the table, and a mighty fine cook. Her fresh buns were among the best, if not the best, I ever tasted, thought they were bakery buns until I tasted them, then I knew they weren't because no bakery buns ever tasted so good.

Before they got home, and while I was sitting in the house after getting the car attended to, Soren, the oldest son, came home. He is a teamster, working at odd jobs as they show up. As near like a newcomer from the old country as you often find them, a tall man, well boned and slender, and wears a mustache. Was in the Army for over two years, in France as a member of the Engineers, mostly bridge work as I understood him. Very quiet and shy, but believe you would like him the better you knew him, and as I sized it up, Aunt Elsie's main standby and helper, altho they all seem very good to her. As we were eating supper, Marie came in, 27 years old, has been teaching for 8 years and now going to keep on teaching, but reducing the number of pupils to 1. A jolly girl, plump, a little taller than I, or at least as tall. You can't help liking her from the start. By the way, John thought the water there was soda water, and it did ook and taste like it--alkali, I guess, and we none of us drank much of it, altho they say they like it after being used to it, and that it is very healthful. (Daddy was About 5'7")

Enger, the oldest girl, lives in Montana - has 12 children, the youngest born this summer, and the next to the oldest of whom is

married and has a child, but the rest all lived in Warren, but the youngest girl, Freda, was in Minneapolis, altho expected to be home Sunday, and Hans, the youngest boy, was on a farm about 45 miles away, working, so did not see them, but after supper we went over to Lizzie's house and there met the others. Lizzie's man - whom we can neither of us now name - runs a produce station there, buying cream, eggs, etc. They have I think 3 boys and one girl, besides one girl dead, who they said looked like Helen. By the way, a girl, Teena, who is dead, they all said looked more like Lorena than any of the rest of them. The older boy, Nels, is working as a patrolman on the primary roads. Has a nice wife, do not remember how many children, but several. Easiest of the boys to get acquainted with, and seemed fine, a bit lame from a fall last winter, but hoped it would get over in time. The younger of the two boys there, Jens, is a rather tall fellow, lots of hair, and has a nice wife. They have a little boy just about Helen's age, but about twice as heavy. He works on a dray line. Nels says all of the family except Soren sing a little or more, and Marie has a fine voice. Hans, they say, has curly hair, a perfect marcel, and Freda and Marie look so much alike many folks can hardly tell them apart. Freda works in the telephone office. Altogether we had a fine visit and enjoyed meeting them all, but finally had to go home, nearly 11:00 P.M. and had a fine rest.

Saturday morning, the 14th, was cloudy, and they all wanted us to stay over Sunday, but we felt we had better go on, as we had a lot of miles ahead of us, so finally got away about 9:00 and went east by way of Viking to the road running north, 32 miles then north through poor country all day. Ate lunch in the little tourist park at Badger, mostly poison ivy underfoot, but tables to sit at, and reached Baudette and Spooner about 4:30 or 5:00, going through Warroad, on the Lake of the Woods. Spooner's tourist park is not half bad, on the Rainy River about half mile east of town, on the north side of the river being the town of Rainy River, Ontario, Canada. We could see the ferry discharging autos and people at the little custom house, the town, factories, etc. and it seemed funny to be looking into Canada, so near. A real nice elderly couple from Rochester, Minn. were in the camp that night also, and about midnight had some visitors in a car, who stopped and ate watermelon and were pretty noisy, for a while, then went on, and had a heavy rain in the night, and quite late Sunday morning, but finally stopped altho cloudy, and we started out for International Falls about 10:00 in the mud, or supposed to be gravel, but by noon it had dried up in pretty good shape, and was not bad after the first few miles.

All the way from Spooner to the Falls we were near the river and could often look over it into Canada, and all the way thru burnt over lands, cut over lands, swamps, gravel, and general desolate looking country, log houses and barns, and places marked as towns that had only a little inland store and sometimes hardly that. Stopped at a school house and ate dinner, then hurried on, getting to International Falls at 2:30. Quite a town, about 3,500, and much lumbering and saw mills.

Went to the tourist camp at International Falls, a good one, and were told there was a stretch of new road between there and Virginia that was impassable after a rain, and there was a very black cloud to the south all day, afraid it would catch us before we got to the Falls, so we rather reluctantly decided that we had better go on, as we had planned on possibly crossing the river into Canada so we could say we had been in Canada, but this way could not do so, and started south. We found the road about 19 miles out of International Falls, and it was a good thing it was dry weather, for the road would be a fright after a rain, for about five or six

miles, but finally got over it in good shape, tho somewhat rough in places, and as we again saw a lot of red raspberries, decided to pick some. Got enough for supper, and started on again, but down by Ash Lake it began to rain, and we decided to stop. Tried to turn in one place and then changed my mind, and got my rear wheel off the gravel and commenced to go into the ditch, but got some men to help me who were camping near, and turned around a ways and near an old cabin by Ash Lake, and hurriedly got my tent up in the rain, and got pretty damp in doing it, but after a bit it stopped and I finished getting it up, the Lorena and I fixed up the beds for the night and after eating a cold supper we crawled in.

By the way, both Sundays had rains to fight, so next time guess we will stay still on Sunday. The boys, when on the trip, slept on the seats in the car, one on each seat. With the suit cases in front and the trunk in back, they could not fall off, and plenty long for them, and they slept as snug as bugs in a rug. Lorena and Helen on one cot, and Florence and I shared the other, she at my feet, and we could tickle each other's feet as much as we pleased. A bit crowded but not half bad, and by having the cots close together could use the same bedding over both, and got along just fine. Had a folding cot with us, but found the tent was too small for us to use but the two cots, but it shed water like a duck and never leaked once; so we were thankful indeed.

Next morning it was still rainy and misty, but we finally packed up about 9:00 A.M. and went on without breakfast to a little lumber camp town of Cusson--(and I felt like it) and got some stuff for sandwiches, some cookies, etc. and ate on the road in the car on top of a nice hill in the wilderness. Got to Virginia at noon and had a good hot dinner in the fine tourist camp. Some animals in the pens there, playgrounds, etc. kept the children contented. Quite a town, and not half bad, iron mines, lumber mills, etc. Stayed about three hours then went on 25 miles southwest to Hibbing.

At Hibbing is the \$4,000,000 school house, which we saw, but it was 4:15 and the place is open only from 10 to 3, so we could not go in, a fine building. We did visit the fine memorial Legion building, costing over \$1,000,000 furnished, raised with taxes--mostly on the iron mines--and went all thru it. Legion rooms like the homes of a millionaire, Auxiliary and Spanish War vets also have rooms. Fine curling rink--ever see the curling irons? Look like the irons they used to use to hold horses with, or a double wash-dish effect, with a handle on top. Also big auditorium, skating rink, dining hall and all ready to seat 1,000 at a time, dishes, etc. Even have an electric potato peeler and dish washer, some class. Sure is a fine building. After seeing this and buying a little grub, went out to the tourist park, and camped for the night, going down into the park and seeing the bears, buffalo, badger, porcupines, deer, etc. after supper, kids thought that was great.

Tuesday morning, August 17th, was cloudy, and foggy, but we managed to get a chance to see the biggest open pit mine in the world, and took some snapshots of it, probably no good because it was partly cloudy. They have moved the former business section of the town, and it seems funny to walk on a sidewalk and look just ahead of you and see it drop off into a big open pit, that way. Saw the mine from two different places, and it sure is big and deep. Many steam shovels, locomotives, etc., down there--mine is 1 3/4 miles long and half to a mile wide, and about 250 feet deep I believe they said.

After seeing this, we went on down to Grand Rapids, over the pavement, past many little towns, all with nice school houses, and seeing many iron mines, then from Grand Rapids to Duluth thru some poor farming country again, on a graveled road something like wash-

board much of the way, seeing a great long train of ore cars at one place, and counted 100 cars and still they were coming but we had got to the top of a hill and could see it no longer. Got to Duluth about 2:30, and came down the long, steep hill and burned out the brakes on the car coming down, and had to go to the garage and have them relined. Duluth is just one business street, between the bluff and the lake, and business houses back right back against the solid rocks in places, would not care to live there, but we finally got the car fixed and went over the toll bridge - 5¢ each - to Superior, in a misty rain, and camped in the tourist park, a beautiful place on the bay, and could look across and see the big ore docks, etc. Is on a sort of ridge between two little arms of the bay, and just about wide enough for the road and a row of tents on each side, so a mighty fine view. No cook house, tho, and we missed that in the rainy weather.

Wednesday morning was misty and rainy, but we finally left camp about 11:30 after waiting to see if it would not clear up, and left Superior (Wisconsin) after filling the gas tank, at just noon, for the south. Got out about 7 miles and failed to turn as I should to the right, a mile, but kept on south, and got off the trail, and had some muddy roads for a couple or three miles, but only went one mile and back, to make added distance. Car began to lose pep and buck soon after we got onto the good road, but saw Little Falls, a pretty little waterfall, and soon afterwards we stopped and ate dinner. Car did not work good off and on all afternoon, and thought it was magneto, but when we got to Lansing and Guy (Daddy's brother) had worked on it for two hours found it was only a spark plug that had caused it all. Finally got to Frederic, Wis. about 5:00 P.M. and camped in the tourist park, 50¢ fee, and a fine little cook house and seemed good to be inside, as it was misty and cool.

Thursday morning we got started about 8:30, after I had had my magneto charged, and came down to Red Wing, getting caught in a hard shower between Ellsworth (Wis.) and Red Wing (Minn.), where we crossed the Mississippi River, then southwest thru Zumbrota to the folks near Austin, reaching there about 5:00 P.M. Stayed there over Sunday, going to Lucy's (his sister) and Guy's on Saturday, and came home on Monday, the 23rd, had a blowout near Sheffield, but otherwise we got home in fine shape.

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On the map, the trip went from Eldora - about the center of Iowa, north and west to Spencer, then northeast to St. James, Minn., then mostly north, 25 to 50 miles east of the western border of Minnesota to Thief River Falls, west to Warren and then northeast to Warroad on Lake of the Woods. Easterly along the Rainy River to International Falls, south to Hibbing, SW to Grand Rapids, SE to Duluth and across into Wisconsin. South to Red Wing and back into Minnesota. Then to Austin & Lansing, and south to home, Eldora.  
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Everett Willard SUBRA, b 23 Apr 1899, son of William John SUBRA & Bertha Cally DENNIS, passed away Thursday, 28 April 1983. He married Lucy Jeanette YARWOOD 5 Oct 1921. He is survived by Lucy and their nine children: Irene; Doris; Roger; LaVonne; Violet; Lila; Glen; Loren; & Lorraine. Also by numerous grandchildren and great-grandchildren. The funeral was 2 May 1983.

A more pleasant notice:

Cole Michael HUGHLETT was born Monday, Feb 21, 1983 to  
Curt Neil HUGHLETT and Deborah Louise WOLF. Debbie is the  
daughter of Joseph Anthony WOLF and Marian YARWOOD - my Uncle  
Guy's youngest daughter.

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I've been thinking for some time - would each of you up-date  
the family information that you supplied in the past? I would  
then be able to add an up-to-date genealogy of each of the different  
YARWOOD lines. I am sure that there have been numerous births,  
marriages, etc. since the last ones of several years ago.

You could either just send the changes - or better give a  
whole new run-down. I won't promise to print them all in the  
same issue - but as rapidly as practicable.

I have included portions, as they have come to my notice -  
but I don't even have all the info on my own family - neices,  
nephews, cousins, etc. - especially names and data about the parents  
of spouses.

If I get the info soon enough I'll have the first one in the  
Christmas letter.

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I hope that this 'extra' issue of the YARWOOD NOTES hasn't  
startled you too much. I don't know how many such extra issues  
I'll be able to get out. I have too many 'projects' going, and  
few of them are keeping on schedule.

We hope that all of you have an enjoyable summer.

Sincerely,

*Kathy & Bill*

Kathy & Bill

W. R. YARWOOD  
1250 N. STATE COLLEGE, #31,  
ANAHEIM, CALIFORNIA 92806

P.S.

Do you know any "YARWOOD's" or descendants of  
Cyril's who would like to be on the mailing  
list for "YARWOOD NOTES"? Let me know.

*Bill*