

Rev. Ben J. Wyland
1898 Shore Dr. So. Apt. 107
St. Petersburg, Florida 33707

Who's Who in Lincoln

Marquis Who's Who in South

WYLAND Benjamin Franklin, clergyman; b. Harlan, Shelby Co., Iowa, Mar. 16, 1882; s. Frank Wyland and Molly Griffith. His father was an engineer. His ancestors trace back to the Revolution. Maternal ancestors came to this country with William Penn. Ed. Univ. of Iowa, 1901-05; Yale Univ., 1905-08. Won his Ph.B., Univ. of Iowa, 1905. B.D. at Yale, 1908. Mem. Iowa debate team. Adj. Univ. of Iowa Bt. Pres. Irving Soc. Editor Daily Iowan. Mem. Yale indoor track team and cross-country squad. Mar. Ada Beach Jan. 14, 1909, at New Haven, Conn. Mrs. Wyland was a native of Mansfield, Penn. Washington Beach, one of her ancestors, was one of the founders of the New Haven Colony. Children: Gordon Beach, 19; Hugh Chalmers, 17; Molly Griffith, 9; Robert Brooks, 5. Mr. Wyland was ordained in June, 1908, at Sherman, Conn. Mem. Lancaster Ministerial Assn. Pastor of the First Plymouth Congregational Church. Independent. Alpha Chi Rho. Delta Sigma Rho. Mem. Eastridge Club. 1910-18 he was associate pastor Tompkins Ave. Church, the largest Congregational Church in the world; 1917-18, religious editor New York Tribune; successor, in 1918, of the famous writer, Dr. Frank Crane, in the pulpit of the Union Church at Worcester, Mass.; in Worcester he has the following record: chm. (appt. by mayor) of Food Commission; Exec. Sec. for Employment; on the committee for returning soldiers; mem. censorship board of motion pictures; mgr. city relief, during the epidemic of influenza; pres. Congregational Club; pres. of the Interdenominational Ministers' Assn.; in 1923 he was exchange preacher between U.S. and England; was presented with a life mem. Knight-Templar, Worcester Co. Commandery; for a time Grand Chaplain Mass. Grand Council Royal and Select Masters of the Masonic Order. Office: 17th and A Sts., tel. F-2206. Residence: 1910 A St., tel. F-6698.

WYLAND, BEN F., clergyman; b. Harlan, Ia., Mar. 16, 1882; s. Frank and Mary (Griffith) W.; Ph.B., U. Ia., 1905; B.D., Yale, 1908; M.Div., 1911; Litt.D., Edward Waters Coll., 1954; m. Ada D. Beach, Jan. 14, 1909; children—Gordon B., Hugh C., Robert B., Molly G.; m. 2d, Mildred E. Oeschger, May 5, 1955. Ordained to ministry Congl. Ch., 1908; pastor, Worcester, Mass., 1918-20, Lincoln, Neb., 1926-36, Bklyn., 1936-39; radio pastor Sta. KFAB, 1926-36; exchange pastor to Eng., 1933; in charge ch. relations for Herbert Hoover's Campaign, Food for Small Democracies, 1940-41; exec. sec. United Chs. Greater St. Petersburg (Fla.), 1948-56, Fla. Council Racial Cooperation, St. Petersburg, 1956—. Chmn. Com. To Preserve Negro Rights; founder Negro Girls Welfare Home, St. Petersburg, St. Petersburg Helping Hand for Sr. Citizens; chmn. United Negro Coll. Fund. Recipient citation from Maj. Gen. Philip Hayes, 3d Service Command; B'nai B'rith Brotherhood award, St. Petersburg, 1954; recipient Oscar, Community Chest dr., 1955; citation Met. Council, Inc., 1958; Bethune Cookman Coll., Edward Waters Coll. Mem. Am. Relief Assn. (dir.). Am. Com. Christian Refugees in Bklyn. (exec. sec.), Bklyn. Fedn. Chs., (dir.). Crime Prevention Soc. (dir.), N.Y.C. Assn. Chs. (pres. bd. dirs.), Congl. Ministers (pres.), Americanization Com. (chmn.), Food Commn. (chmn.), Delta Sigma Phi, Alpha Chi Rho, Mason (32 deg., K.T.), Kiwanian. Home: Apt 107 1898 Shore Dr S St Petersburg FL 33707

White's Who's Who
in Harlan Iowa and
Shelby Co. the same

My Dear Gordon,

Sherman Conn. First Parish

Since this involves you and Sherman I will touch later on NY City and Worcester. The day you were born we were very troubled. Dr. Staub of New Milford, our doctor was not well. He was much respected and liked in all that area. But on this day he sent another doctor, a professor and of little practical experience. Mother's birth pangs continued all day. Finally the substitute said, "You must get Dr. Staub regardless. Tell him it is serious." I did. Dr. Staub drove over in twenty minutes. He did his job well. You were born to our relief and joy. Just note all our children were born at home. That was the general practice in those days. As for my work in stopping the buying of votes. That had been for long the practice in Sherman. The representative was a member of my church and regular attendant. On election day he was present at the polls. He handed out two dollars in cash to the voters who voted for him. I was just out of Yale. I acted on my convictions and spoke from the pulpit. You remember we had an old pump organ. (Charlie Stevens behind a screen pumped air into the thing. When I preached he moved the screen to see the preacher. He nearly fell off his stool when I attacked the buying of ballots. Well, it went to court. The author of the corrupt practice act in Connecticut stood back of me. The political boss of Connecticut, back of my charter member, in court his attorney, chief of the power company took me on. I remember this much. He cross examined me fiercely saying, "Didn't you -- Didn't you?" Being young and unpracticed in the way of court rooms, I interrupted him and said, "Stop your didn't you's and instead make a direct flat allegation that I did so and so and I'll show you what I'll do to you in this court room." He said "Examination ended." Well I lost in court. He was not convicted. But ballot buying ended. Jim Marsh, my New Milford business friend, fairly influential said, "Wyland, you ended the buying of votes in all western Connecticut."

Well you will recall the old unused Methodist church in Sherman Center, now a Community Center. I preached there one night monthly. That secured me \$10 from an endowment fund left by some pious donor. We had in Connecticut then as State Superintendent of the Congregational Churches a colorful leader, the old pioneer type. When he preached for me I took him Sunday night to Sherman Center. This was late fall. So they heated the building with a large drum stove. It went to town. The name of our superintendent was Joel Ives. As he preached the heat thawed out a nest of hornets. One of them circled Joel in the pulpit looking him over. Joel aware of his intents kept his eye on him. He modulated his sermon to hornets and stingers. The few in the audience became interested. They wondered who was going to get in the first lick. At last the hornet sat down on the pulpit Bible, just where Joel wanted him. And with a mighty wallop and climax he said, "Some people are as dead in their sins as that hornet." And he hit him for a home run. But the hornet flew off safely untouched. That's the way the unrighteous escape sometimes their merited punishment. At the close of the service Joel said "Let's sing as our closing hymn 'God Be with You 'til we Meet Again'" The old pump organ only had one pedal working. The organist had to run to keep enough wire in the thing. They dragged the singing so weefully Joel finally said, "If you dont hurry up we'll never get away from here so we can meet again." Joel had a good sense of humor. His headquarters were in Hartford.

One Monday morning he came to town with a bouquet of flowers after his foray among the churches. Not knowing what to do with the flowers as he walked down main street he came to a barber shop. He walked in and handed the flowers to the head barber. He said "these flowers are for the man who died here." The barber said. "No man died here" Joel said, "You have a sign in the window, 'Whiskers dyed here.'"

Well do you remember the time the summer cottage burned down over our head. We came up from Brooklyn then. You and Hugh were our only children then. It was an

old colonial house loaned to us by Nelson Hungerford overlooking the lake. It had a wonderful large old fashioned fire place with a swinging crane which we used. There were large stone slabs in the floor. We used it much. This day we kept a roaring fire. At bed time we put out what remained. During the night I suddenly woke up. The yard was bright with light of a fire. I jumped out of bed, took one look in the dining room. It was a fire. I rushed back and said to Mother, "You get the children out and our personal things. I'll fight the fire and rouse the neighbors." I did. There was no fire department. The farmers began to trickle in. We formed a bucket brigade. I went up on the tin roof in my bare feet. It was so hot I hot-footed down. It became apparent the house was lost. So they turned their attention to saving the barn. Nelson told me not to weep. It was insured, and that would bring more than he could sell it for.

Well, one more episode, and we will finish with Sherman. A small country parish is lots of fun. When I was ordained at Sherman, Dr. Marion LeRoy Burton preached the ordination sermon. Later he was president of the University of Minnesota. He was one of several nominating Collidge for President. He recommended me to Brooklyn. Before marrying I boarded at Charley Johnson's. Arthur Beach from New Haven, a brother of your mother wanted to go hunting, so I said "Come on." He brought along a double barreled shot gun and no experience. One day he was cleaning his gun in the kitchen. Mrs. Johnson was in the basement washing clothes. Suddenly she heard an awful roar. She rushed out expecting to find Arthur dead. She looked up and saw a scared face looking out the kitchen window. "Are you alive" Yes he whispered. He had left both barrells loaded. And had pulled both triggers at once. He blew two holes in the ceiling. For years after when visiting I saw the patched-over holes. Sherman, so long for now. It was much endeared to us where we began.

Love, Dad

~~more later~~

My Dear Gordon,

Seeing winter scenes on TV brought up our first home at Sherman Connecticut. You were our first child. One of the deacons loaned us a horse and sleigh. In the winter we went to New Milford over the hills to shop in the sleigh. At times we put a lantern under the Lap robes to keep warm. You were rolled up in a bundle and put by our feet under the Lap robes. You were always nice and coöy. So with bells tinkling and we content and smiling we rode to town. Coffee, tea, sugar, flour, beans, bacon, our list complete we turned home. The house was heated by a hot air furnace. The wood I cut with a buck saw on a saw buck. I split some for the cook stove in the kitchen. Our salary was \$56 a month. But the cost of living was low.

Here are ^{two} episodes in our Sherman parish just remembered. One day making a parish call on foot I short cut over the New Milford mountain. I came across a mountain pasture that had a young bull, frisky and full of beans. He was over a stone wall in the next pasture. When he spied me he began pawing the dirt, lowered his head saying "Come on big boy", I said stick your head over this wall and I'll pull your ching whiskers. That pleased him, He said "let's play" I said "I like sirloin steak, so look out." All at once he wheeled and started racing down the stone wall away from me. I looked and there was an open gate into my pasture. I remembered my Yale cross country running and without adieu I beat it for the barbed wire fence doing a 4-minute mile. I went under that wire fence and here was old man bull. He pawed and snorted, as much as to say, ~~If~~ you like sirloin steak, come and get it. So I went on home a refugee from the wild and wooly East.

Down the road from the parsonage lived Deacon Gelston, a simple good man. He was kindly and prosperous and provident. He filled his cellare with fruit, vegetables, hams, as winter came. This was known. Two young improvident rascals one night raided his

cellar. One went in handing out to the one outside hams, canned preserves, apples, potatoes. They were piling it up outside when Deacon Gelston hearing the noise appeared in his night shirt. The one outside fled. The deacon stood there taking the provisions as they came thru the cellar window. Satisfied the culprit emerged thru the cellar window to meet Deacon Gelston in his night shirt. The deacon gave him a little Sunday School talk on "Thou shalt not steal" then he made him put it all back. And as a final admonition he gave him a ham, one for himself and one for the disappearing companion. He was a good Yankee.

On the first day of May mother and I used to go down to the brook nearby and fish for trout, and we usually got them. As you recall, I liked to hunt. When mother was recovering from your birth I recall this. I had gone hunting. I came back with some pheasants. After ducking them in hot water mother held them as she sat in her chair while I pulled the feathers off. Even though our salary was \$800 a year we seemed to live well. The neighbors were always good in giving. I liked outdoor life and hunting. So they gave me a shot gun and a bird dog. He was an English pointer. His name was Ben. He used to sit by your crib in the front room of the parsonage. His head rested on your bed clothes. I hunted, played baseball in the summer and was good enough to play on the semi-professional teams. I had a team I organized that was #1. One game New Milford wanted to win badly, and I played third. The pitcher imported from Bridgeport was against us. I had a good batting eye and ran the 100 yards in $10\frac{1}{2}$ then. So when I came to bat they yelled, "Get the preacher, he's easy, let's go." Well that helped me and fired me good and plenty. And I nailed the Bridgeport pitcher for a 3-bagger. That helped my reputation, and some of the roughnecks and hunters, the no-bodies began to drift into church and sit in the back pews. Those were delightful pleasant days for us all. The trout stream near the church gave us fish the first day of the season. Farmers taking their milk to the creamery would

stop and leave some eggs, sometimes it was a cake or a jar of preserves. In butchering time it was sausage and fresh pork. The salary was small, but the living and hopes large. Then we jumped into the big city. But enuff for now. One of these days I'll write the whole story. We are well and happy, and send our love to each of you.

Love,

Dad

~~Memoirs~~ Section 3

My Dear Gordon,

This is a continuation of some experiences in our first parish at Sherman Connecticut. Having no transportation one of the deacons said, "I've a horse I'll loan you. Her name is June flower. She was a thoroubred, and a fast stepper. I didn't know he couldn't drive her. He couldn't hitch her to a buggy. I was warned to lookout. The summer before I graduated at Yale I was a sky pilot in the Black Hills. That was the country of Broncos. I was stationed at a little town, Hermosa, near Rapid City. So a deacon there said "Come over to the Ranch. I've plenty of horses. Take your pick." I went. Where are the horses? Up on the mountain side, so away we rode. By and by we spotted a herd. They saw us, and ran like jack rabbits. We pursued. Pick one he said. It was like catching leaves in a hurricane. So we cut off a chunk and drove them to the ranch. There he said "Now pick one." I said are they broke to ride. "No, but we can fix that. He had a corral ten feet high made out of heavy timber, the gate was open and we drove in a likely looking wild-eyed bronco for the tender foot preacher from Yale. In the center of the corral was a snubbing post. It was heavy as a railroad tie. He walked in with a lasso keeping the post between him and this snorting racing beast. With the lasso he pulled his head down to the snubbing post. Then he threw the saddle on his back. Off it went time and again, finally he got hold of a girth, snubbed it tight enough to squeeze his gizzards out of

of his nose. Then he put the bridle on, that is he tried. Everytime he put the bridle on he spit it out, finally he succeeded. Then he said to me, "Now he is ready to ride." Maybe I said. But get this. I'm a tenderfoot from Yale and I'm going to sit here on top of this fence. You ride him. He did. He swung into the saddle like getting into a cadillac. He turned the beast loose. He raced like a squirrel in a cage. He jumped stiff legged up and down. These boys who ride machines in a gym know nothing about the durability of one's inner gizzards and their durability. The beast lathered like he had a bubble bath. Then he got stubborn and refused to move. So he stuck his spurs in and said, "come on lets play some more." No sree, no motion henceforth. Then he got off and said, "preacher, he's yours." I said, "I'm from Missouri, look at his eye. He's waiting for me. No I don't want him." Well we compromised by taking an old grey mare that didn't have any kick left in her. She was my steady all that summer.

Well now to Sherman and Juneflower. I wasn't afraid of her. They gave me a racing sulky and I drove Juneflower around Sherman like I was getting ready for the Kentucky derby. One day I drove to Gaylordsville for the mail. As you know in a sulky you sit right over the horses rear quarters. We came to a farm house where the farmer was cutting wood with a power buzz saw. Just as we came opposite he put in a tree with knots. It went wild with a sudden brrr and shrill siren. Juneflower whirled a 180degrees in a flash and headed for pastures of peace. I pulled her in and petted her. There I discovered as she trembled they always had whipped her. I petted her and clamed her down. I drove back to the buzz saw, petted her and she quieted down. That's the way I handled her. Later I hitched her to the sleigh and buggy. Then they warned me I would kill my family. You remember New Milford and the railroad station in town. I drove Juneflower one day up to the station, threw the reins down on the dashboard. The steam engine shot steam out in clouds and puffed and whistled and Juneflower never moved. Jim Marsh who was an owner of the

of the grocery store opposite saw me and the horse. You are some horseman preacher he said. Well my reputation travelled, and I looked for other fields to conquer. Hungerford in Sherman had a team of grays, the best, fastest, smartest horses anywhere around, out-running anything on four legs. I heard him in Hawley's grocery store. I said "neighbor the preacher will be looking for you some day on the flat coming into New Milford along the river. To make this a fair race when I pull up beside you, give me half the road and I'll show you Juneflower is the fastest horse this side of paradise. So one day we met, he saw me coming, he took out his buggy whip, gave the grays a smart cut and yelled, "Let's Go" I patted Juneflower and said, do your stuff baby and out we let her go. We cleaned him out, in half a mile. Other farmers seeing this cyclone of dust pulled off the road. So the preacher and Juneflower's reputation spread religion and piety all over the landscape. It helped the collections on Sunday.

We loved the outdoors and accepted every invitation to hunt and fish. Along one January came a thaw. Jim Marsh said lets do some fishing up on Hatch's pond thru the ice above Kent. I put on a raincoat, that's all. At Kent a bobsled hauled us up into the hills and we opened a summer cottage. We set our traps, after cutting holes into the ice. That night it suddenly dropped to zero. The fireplace smoked, no heat. We all met in the kitchen, put our feet in the oven and ate off the top of the stove. We couldn't find blankets, so we put the mattress off one bed on top of us and slept between mattresses. Next day we took turns cutting the traps out of the ice. The bobsled came back from Kent. I trotted behind it to keep warm and arrived home without any fish. The m.

Before I married your mother I lived at Charley Johnson's, the big hearted Swede, father of Charley. Every night we played checkers, loser get up! This night. Charley got licked too much. Pointing his finger at me he said, "Mr. Wyland, by huckle berry, his pet swear word, as long as I live, I'll never play you again." But the next night he

was back for more.

Now about mother. The church was having a donation party and wanted mother. So she came up from New Haven and I met the train at Gaylordville. This is now another horse story. Doc Dollar at Gaylordville had a fast stepper he sold to Charley Johnson's farm hand. She was a long legged beast that could stretch her legs when she got going from Dan to Beersheba. When I pulled out of Johnson's yard she hit her heels on an axle, and away we went. Church people saw me coming and pulled off the road. I waved as I went past. I tried to pull her down, and finally succeeded. I then hitched her another notch farther from the buggy. Again she hit her heels. I had to let her run to the top of Perry's mile long hill. Again I hitched her far enough away from the buggy to keep her in sight. So I met mother and safely brought her to the picnic, with some doubts lingering in the minds of the deacons about the preacher. Climax and end of Sherman parish. Goodbye.

~~Love~~

Red