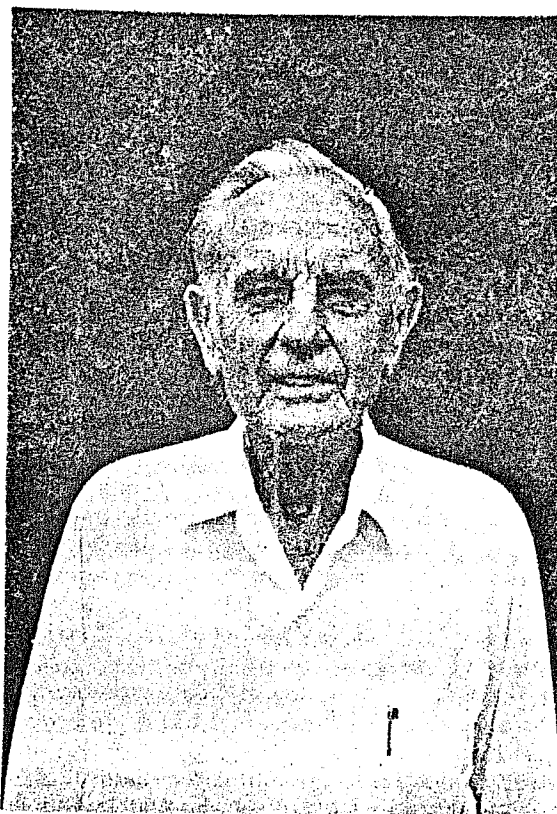


A Biographical Sketch of Missionary Henry E. Rosin

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On the Virginia bank of the Potomac River just outside of Washington D. C. lies Arlington National Cemetery. Within its borders there is a tomb containing the corpse of the Unknown Soldier. The unidentified body from World War I pays tribute to all soldiers who gave up their lives for this country in war. Each day hundreds of people pay tribute to this anonymous soldier and his tomb which President Harding dedicated in 1921. Until 1958 this memorial was known of as the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier (now it is called Tomb of the Unknowns).

In a tiny cemetery on a mesa just outside of Peridot, Arizona lies the gravesite of Missionary Henry E. Rosin. The name is not unknown--the headstone clearly marks his name and dates of life on this earth. But what impression would a visitor have of Pastor Rosin by simply seeing his name and time of grace engraved into the memorial at this resting place? What had this man done? Why is he, a white man, buried here on the reservation of the Apache Indians? The names Uplegger (whose grave is only a few feet away) and Guenther mean a great deal when one considers Wisconsin Synod mission work among the Apaches.

For it was the Upleggers, father Francis and son Alfred, who mastered the Apache language and put it into written form. It is the Guenther family which is credited with the founding of the East Fork Nursery. And it is his son Art who continues to this day to minister to the

Indians at Whiteriver on the Fort Apache Indian Reservation in Arizona--an endeavor which his father began in 1900.

But what about Rosin? Why should his name be placed side-by-side with Uplegger and Guenther in the history of mission work in the great southwest? Perhaps this question could be answered in a few paragraphs. But to fully appreciate his work, one needs to fully appreciate his person. Unknown he is to many; unknown he will continue to be to many. But to this writer, who as a youth knew him, he's far from unknown and in no way deserves to be forgotten--even though his work has been completed. For what this saint sowed continues to be reaped by missionaries walking in his footsteps.

Born to devout Christians on September 19, 1892 was a son to be named Henry E. Rosin. The Rosins farmed land in the vicinity of Wrightstown, Wisconsin (near Green Bay) and their home bordered on the deep Fox River.

Young Henry was educated in the truths of Scripture which he took to heart and believed with such strong conviction that he desired not to follow in his fathers footsteps and be a farmer of soil, but his desire was to sow the seed of God's Word into the lives of people. With this in mind, he attended Northwestern College in Watertown, Wisconsin.

After graduation from college he enrolled at the Seminary, then in Wauwatosa, Wisconsin from where he graduated in 1917. His assignment upon graduation was to

assist his classmate and friend, Alfred Uplegger, in the mission endeavors among the Apaches in Globe, Arizona. (A map of Globe and the reservations can be found on appendix A). Pastor Uplegger had come to Globe previously in January of 1917 because of the failing health of Pastor Gustav Harders.

By the time the young bachelor arrived in early August, Pastor Harders had passed away. Therefore, Henry never knew him personally, but would certainly get to know him through the work which he had done among the native Americans that he would minister to.

Pastor Harders had faithfully carried out the work started by the first two missionaries among the Apaches, Pastors Plocher and Adascheck. In 1893, only seven years after Geronimo and his people unwillingly surrendered to the "white man," these two men arrived at Peridot to bring the good news of salvation to the Apaches. This was the first Christian mission work that was done among the Apaches in Arizona. (A view across the San Carlos Reservation can be found on appendix B).

Pastor Plocher "decided that the intensive approach to preaching the Gospel would be through a Christian Day School. He managed to gather 13 Apache children into a school, teaching them himself. Everything went along well until one day the door of the schoolroom was darkened. Missionary Plocher looked up. In the doorway stood the stately figure of an Apache: Chief Cassadore, chief of the San Carlos Apaches. Through an interpreter he told the missionary: 'These are Apache children. You have no right to them. I will 'rent' them to you for one dollar each.'

"Missionary Plocher did not know what to do.... He asked Chief Cassadore for a day to think the matter over.... Missionary Plocher did not sleep that night....

Finally he made his decision: he would pay the Chief no 'rent' for the children regardless of what the consequences might be. When Chief Cassadore came for his answer the next morning, Missionary Plocher informed him of his decision.... In high rage the Chief stalked out of the room.

Several weeks later there was a special meeting of the tribe under the cottonwoods along the river [San Carlos River]. The grapevine had it that Chief Cassadore had tried to sell the 13 Apache children in the first Christian day school on the Reservation to the white missionary. The people were incensed and demanded the life of Chief Cassadore.

The Chief's defense was that he had not tried to sell the children to the missionary, but he merely wanted to 'rent' the children to him. But who would believe him? In desperation the Chief cried out: 'Ask the missionary.' Missionary Plocher was invited to the meeting. He was asked point-blank: 'Did Chief Cassadore try to sell the children to you?' 'No,' replied the missionary, 'he tried to 'rent' them to me. I was to pay him \$1 a child for the privilege of teaching them.' And Chief Cassadore was off the hook.

The event was indeed a turning point in the history of our mission in Apacheland. Pastor Plocher did not say whether Chief Cassadore ever became a Christian, but he did become an active supporter of the Apache Mission. His children attended school in the Mission School at Peridot." ("The Apache Lutheran" June 1984. Pastor R. H. Zimmermann. Article written from a hand-written letter of Pastor Plocher.)

And so the stage was set for Pastor Harders to continue mission work among the Apaches for twelve years. In 1905 the mission board persuaded him to take a one year leave of absence from his congregation at Jerusalem in Milwaukee and go to the drier climate of Arizona to help his throat disorders. After one year of assisting Pastor Carl Guenther at Peridot, he returned to Milwaukee a healed man. But his throat disorder recurred and doctors advised him to move to Arizona permanently.

The mission board gladly called him to Globe. He was "to provide provide follow-up spiritual care for his

[Carl Guenther's] Apache farmers whom floods had driven from their fields to find work in the mines at Globe, just west of the reservation." ("WELS Historical Institute Journal" Fall 1984. pp.33-44. Edgar H. Hoenecke). Here Harders began a church and school and ministered not only to the Apaches there, but also to those of all walks of life--whites, Mexicans and even Chinese laborers.

In the Fall of 1916 Pastor Harders became seriously ill and needed assistance in carrying out his duties. Seminary student Alfred Uplegger volunteered and arrived in Globe in January of the next year. In April of 1917 Rev. Gustav Harders passed away.

A seminary student was to be assigned to help Alfred Uplegger in Globe. Classmate Henry E. Rosin was called to fill the vacancy. "When he first heard and read of Arizona as far back as in 1917, he, like many others, had been given the impression that Arizona was in the "Great American Desert," like the Sahara. Naturally people imagined that Apacheland was a country of sand and stone, where no one else could live successfully, but only Indians. The Indians could exist meagerly by trapping wild desert animals like coyotes, bobcats, skunks, and beavers along a few rivers, and the women by making Indian baskets and beaded buckskin bags, belts, moccasins, and the like for sale to tourist visitors and traders in curios" ("The Apache Lutheran" August 1967. p.9. A. M. Uplegger.)

But when the young bachelor of 25 years arrived in Globe on August 11, 1917, he was "very happily surprised to see a flourishing copper mining town and cattle raising center. From the hills around and overlooking the city he exclaimed in wonder: 'So this is Arizona!' He was happy to see the hills covered with all kinds of vegetation, mesquite, creosote and paloverde bushes, grass from the late summer rains and the pines on the nearby mountains. So he was by no means disappointed in the country, to which

he had been sent, but rather was pleased to see much more than he had expected, both in the beauty of nature and in the number and character of people. In short, he was acclimated very quickly and speedily made friends of Indians to whom he came as messenger of the Gospel." (Ibid.).

This southeastern Arizona desert would become home for Henry for the remaining sixty-five years of his life. During the next year he would take the responsibility of teaching the Mission School in Globe, while Pastor Uplegger concerned himself with the camp work.

But staying indoors and teaching wasn't enough for the enthusiastic missionary. He wanted to be out in nature which he thoroughly enjoyed. And so he joined Uplegger on a number of camp calls. The Pinal Camp of the Apache was located on the foothills of the 7,850 foot Pinal Mountains. The walk from the mission station was almost two miles and along the way some teepees and wickiups had been erected in the opening on the ridges. The land otherwise was covered with Western Yellow Pine and Douglas Fir trees. No cacti made their dwelling at this elevation!

But due to World War I, the Apaches living off the reservation in Globe and the Pinal Mountains were forced to move back. The years 1918 and 1919 proved to be trying years. Because of the deportation of the Apaches back to the reservation, church services in Globe were stopped in 1918. But this was not the greatest ordeal that would face the young missionaries in the southwest.

Pastor Uplegger moved to old San Carlos (San Carlos

today is about 15 miles northeast. Old San Carlos is presently under the waters of San Carlos Lake which came into existence with the building of Coolidge Dam.) Here many of the returning Apaches were settling. He continued his ministry here until 1938 when Coolidge Dam was completed and the mission station was moved to Rice (now known as San Carlos).

But the worst was yet to come. Missionary Fischer, who had been at Peridot, was asked by the authorities to leave the reservation. They said he was a German spy. He was not given a trial to prove his innocence.

"The war hysteria was so bad that some men entered Pastor Al Uplegger's house in Globe and searched his books and letters. They were trying to prove that he also was a spy for Germany. They found nothing because there was nothing to find" ("The Apache Lutheran" December 1959, p.91. Cyril Serwe).

During the years of 1918-19, a devastating flu epidemic hit and many Apaches died. Along with this catastrophe, another plague swept through the Gila Valley. Pastor Rosin recalls: "In the years of 1918 and 1919 it did not rain for eleven months. Thousands of cattle died for lack of grass and water. Many cattle-men, who had large herds of cattle had to give up ranching. How easily God can do this again by withholding rain, or by sending disease or plagues" ("The Apache Scout" June 1943, p.414. Henry Rosin).

One can only imagine the trying times these missionaries faced. Men who were lacking experience, men



who did not completely know the Apache language as of yet, white men who were among hostile Indians--these were the conditions that surrounded them as they tried to convince the new converts to Christianity that God was in control. For some reason he allowed the flu epidemic to strike; for some reason he let the eleven month drought reek havoc. Impossible times? At times it appeared that way. "The

Indian people were still afraid of both the doctor and the hospital. They imagined that anybody that was taken to the hospital would surely die. It took years for them to overcome that fear. It was the missionaries who comforted them and persuaded them not to fear, because the Lord God would heal and strengthen them if they would just trust in HIM" ("The Apache Lutheran" July 1982. p.7. Alfred Uplegger).

God had his way. Pastor Uplegger writes:

"Some even said to me, 'If it were only possible for us, they we would kick every white man out of the country, only not you missionaries, who show daily that you love us, and want us to live in faith in God.'" ("The Apache Lutheran" Nov. 1981, p.6. Alfred Uplegger).

There were still other circumstances confronting Pastor Rosin. In the early years of his ministry he had some awfully big shoes to fill. Not only was he asked to step in where Pastor Harders left off in Globe (although he had assistance with Pastor Uplegger at his side), but by moving to Peridot, he was asked to walk the same ground that Pastor Plocher and Carl Guenther had cultivated. Humble Henry hardly considered himself worthy "to step into the shoes of these great predecessors" ("WELS Historical Institute Journal" Fall 1984, p.35. Edgar H. Hoenecke). But it was here in Peridot that he would accumulate more

years (50) than all of the other pastors combined (48).

Imagine what it must have been like to have lived alone in those years among the Apaches--the nearest white man was fellow missionary Uplegger twelve miles downstream in San Carlos! But for Pastor Rosin security was found in the Lord. If the Lord willed that his head be shaved along with the scalp, then so be it. But hardly can this be considered a great concern of his. His concern was in saving souls for the Kingdom of God!

But shortly after he moved from Globe to Peridot, his widowed mother moved down from Wisconsin to be his house keeper. And soon another female figure would join them.

Miss Johanna Uplegger had previously joined her brother Alfred to care for his "little 14 by 16 foot shanty at old San Carlos, 12 miles down the San Carlos River, where it empties into the Gila River" ("The Apache Lutheran" Nov. 1970 p.5. Alfred Uplegger). Within three years after her arrival, Henry and Johanna were married. About the only thing said about their pre-marriage romance follows: "Visits at Peridot were frequent, especially when stopping there on the way to shop in Globe. Travel was by Model T Ford, which had to be greased, cranked by hand, and readied for every trip to combat sand, rocks, cactus and mesquite thorns encountered on the old primitive road, often made passable with pick and shovel and scraper drawn by a mule and turned by hand, especially after heavy rain and flashflood down the washes. Speed on the reservation averaged 18-20 miles per hour!" (Ibid.).

But Uncle Henry (as he was affectionately known by

fellow missionaries) had his own story. In 1920 Rev. Francis Uplegger joined his son Alfred in doing work among the Apaches. His two other daughters, Gertrude and Dorothea, also accompanied him to Arizona. Some say that "Papa Uplegger" was extremely protective of his daughters. And so it was on the day when Pastor Rosin offered her a helping hand while crossing a wash that they became engaged--at Papa's command. For anyone who should offer her his hand in this fashion must also be willing to offer her his hand in matrimony! No one knows how credible this story is when taking into account Pastor Rosin's humor. But it certainly makes for a good story.

And so on "October 21, 1920 Pastor Rosin took his own classmate's sister to be his wife and housekeeper. The accompanying picture (page 11) shows the happy couple on their wedding day at old San Carlos, where the adobe brick mission house had been built just the year before with much of the bridegroom's brawny muscle and know-how from his training on his father's farm in Wisconsin....

"The wedding party was very small, only the missionaries' immediate family members taking part, the bridegroom's mother and intimate classmate, Pastor E. Arnold Sitz [Best Man], the bride's parents and younger sisters, Gertrude and Dorothea, and brother, (who was not yet married), and a few Indians, for whom such a marriage ceremony was something new" ("The Apache Lutheran" Nov. 1970 p.6 Alfred Uplegger).

The best man tells from first-hand experience how they shared a "not-so-romantic" honeymoon. It was on the following morning when Pastor Sitz was preparing to return to East Fork via railroad, that "the newly married couple insisted I should ride along with them from Rice to East Fork Mission, a 68-mile drive. Leaving at 9:00 A.M., when we reached Reservation Corral a big mangy coyote ambled across the road just 50 feet away. The bridegroom had an

old army 45-70 rifle with him. He stood up next to his bride and blasted away at the beast--and missed. The coyote galloped away. After several punctures and a blow-out, we reached East Fork mission at one o'clock next morning" ("The Apache Lutheran" August 1967, p.3. E. Arnold Sitz).



Pastor Henry E. Rosin and Miss Johanna Uplegger on their wedding day, Oct. 21, 1920, at old San Carlos, Arizona.

This can only be included as a small automobile problem that Pastor Rosin had to face. "In December 1920, a few days before Christmas, Pastor Rosin and I [Pastor A. Uplegger] took him [Mark Hopkins] along to Globe from Peridot for buying gifts for distribution among Indians for Christmas. Calico for old grandmothers and nuts and candy

for all that came to church. It was very cloudy. When we neared Globe, it began to rain. Then, at the divide this side of Globe it started to snow. At noon the snow was two inches deep. Mrs. Margaret Kendall invited us to have a warm up lunch with coffee with her before we started back to the reservation. We had to give up more shopping. The snow was 5 inches deep and in the divide at least 6 inches, but our Model T pulled well while we kept our foot tight on the low gear. By the time we got to Cutter, the snowing turned into raining and kept on into the evening and through the night. Yes, in usually dry Arizona, at Gilson Wash the water was running a foot deep and whirling the sand in the water, churning it over and over. Gilson Wash comes down for over twenty miles from the Pinal Mountains before it empties into the San Carlos River. Can we get through? For safety sake Mark Hopkins and Pastor Rosin fastened a strong rope to the Ford axle and around their bodies and pulled with all their might, while the Ford motor raced in low. Fortunately we got through the flash-flood current and did not lose the car in the river, but got home to Peridot at dusk. Mark was about 53 years old then" ("The Apache Lutheran" Sept. 1981 p.7. Alfred Uplegger).

On another occasion "Missionaries Uplegger, Sr., and Rosin were on their way from from Globe on the last day of the old year [Dec. 31, 1923]. Just as they were passing the Narrows, their car took a sudden leap to the right. It turned over twice before hitting the bottom of the wash, throwing the occupants on the large boulders protecting the grade. How either one escaped death is a positive miracle. Missionary Rosin escaped unhurt. Missionary Uplegger was not quite so fortunate, receiving injuries about his head and knees" ("The Apache Scout" Feb. 1924 p.7).

One person who got to know Pastor Rosin quite well in the last twenty-seven years of his life (1956-1982) was Willis Hadler. Uncle Henry would tell my father stories of those early years when things weren't so easy. It happened one year as Missionaries Rosin and Uplegger were returning from a conference in White River that another accident should unfortunately strike. (In this case it happened to turn out for the good in the end). Old, unpaved Highway 60 in the 1920's could perform some damaging results to cars.

On this peculiar day it got the better of Rosin's axle. Since the two men had been driving in separate cars, it was decided that Pastor Uplegger would go ahead and bring a new axle up in the morning to repair the broken one.

During the hours of waiting, Pastor Rosin removed the unwanted axel. And then, to his surprise a stranger came racing over a hill nearby, rolling his Model T. In anger the stranger yelled: "If someone would give me a dollar, I'd sell this thing." Pastor Rosin granted the man his wish and saw him on the bus that came through a while later. So now here he sat in the middle of the desert with two cars! Taking the needed axel from the stranger's car, he fixed his and returned home with a mechanic bill totaling a mere dollar.

Pastor Rosin had many more stories to tell such as this; but his true love was to talk about the Word of God and what effects it had on the Indian people. The children were very dear to him and for years he not only served as pastor but also as teacher in the school at Peridot. He spoke of the Indian Christians as "Jewels from Peridot," and drew this analogy: "In the foregoing number the

readers of the 'Scout' were introduced to the bad-land-rock, 'Malapais,' which often has imbedded in it a precious stone, the peridot.

The peridots...might appear to you rather rough and unpolished. And if you should have the good fortune to meet them and live with them a time, you would be sad indeed to find some very rough corners to their souls as well. Yet each is a precious stone in God's eyes, more dear to Him than all the gold of the earth.

As a jewel has no light in itself, but will radiate beautiful colors from itself only when light shines into

it, so the souls of each of these peridots will always be dark unless the love of God shines into their hearts. But then surely will the Lord find His own image reflected in them. Jesus has laid down His life that each of these might be a bright, eternal jewel in heaven....

In a jewelry the finest tools must be used to cut and polish the precious stones. Indeed the very finest are used in this work-shop. We refer to God's Word. 'My words are Spirit and they are life.'

Such exquisite tools as these will not be handled carelessly. Let us have your prayers that we use them well" ("The Apache Scout" Aug. 1923 p.5. Henry Rosin).

In the above article Pastor Rosin also states that forty children attended the Mission School the previous year and hopes were to have that many again. But the gospel which burned in his heart was also kindled in the heart of Rankin Rogers who assisted Pastor Rosin in the classroom from 1922-1935. The following, written by Rev. Rosin, gives a brief biography of the native man who served as a helper, an interpreter and as a teacher at the Peridot Mission School. "There was a lad, an Apache boy, born

about 1901, who in his young years was quite a runner. The distance from Rice to San Carlos was about twelve miles. One fine day this boy and many other Apaches, old and young, whole families even, were on their way to San Carlos for some celebration, they on freight train, he on foot.

Now, we all know a freight train runs faster than a boy, and this one with its load of Apaches did too. But the depot at San Carlos was a full mile from the agency, the mutual destination. The train riders, after riding the twelve miles, walked the one mile from the depot to the agency. The young runner, then about ten years old, arrived at the agency at the same time they did. That the boy was elated over his running feat, you may be sure, for he told it [to] me. Perhaps he was somewhat proud of his performance too. Who would not be?

Tragedy struck our young friend Rankin E. Rogers. When about eleven or twelve years old, at the Rice Boarding School, where he was attending at the first grades, an iron ball, a shot-put, accidentally hit him at the hip. From that time on, for the rest of his life he walked on crutches.

With most of us, when misfortune strikes, it is

hard to understand, though we know it, that: 'All things work together for good to them that love God.' We must be content with Jesus' word: 'What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.' Now that Rankin's life is past, it is easy to see the blessings that come about from his tragedy. His crutches handicap was in no way a handicap for the development and use in the Kingdom of God of the many other gifts God gave him. Fine gifts in large measure were given to this boy, which he then used in the Mission: music, the gift to draw, the gift of teaching, the gift of language, the gift to interpret.

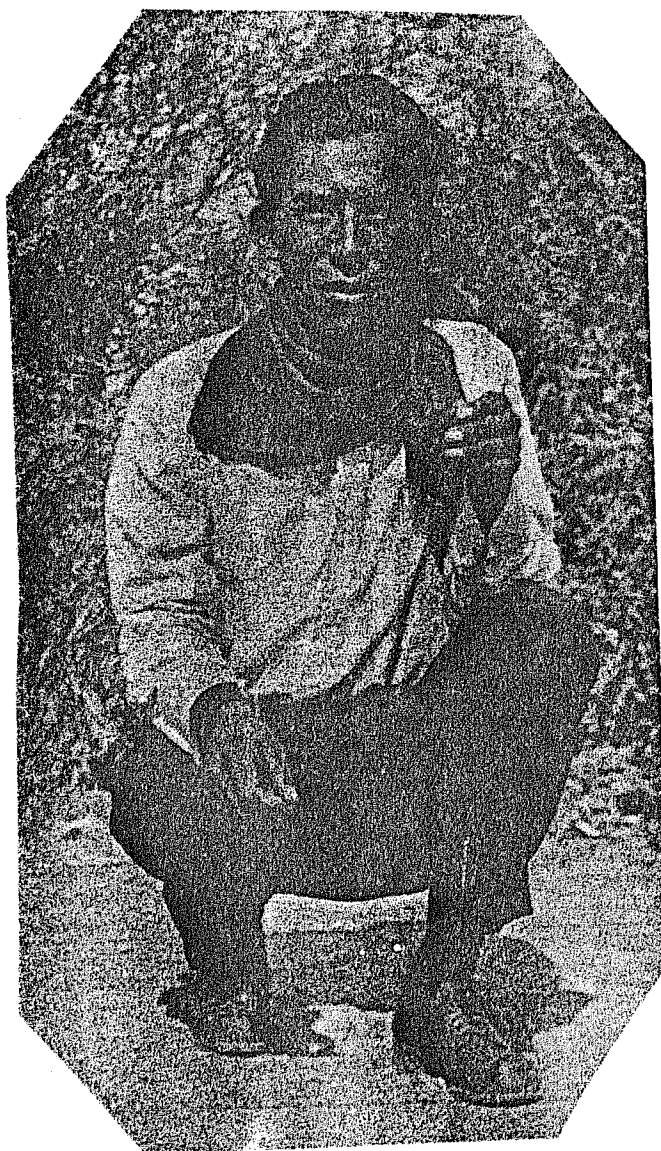


Photo: Rankin Rogers



The talents God gives to each and every one of us are to be put to use to the glory of God. But who of us does it in the measure God gave to us? Rankin, being a sinner like the rest of us, would not have done better of his own accord, but he was led by his gracious God. We thank God for the gift of Rankin Rogers to the church in Apacheland.

In our day, 1966, it is hard to understand that a boy could not continue in a boarding school because he walked on crutches, but that was the case fifty years ago. An alert mind is by nature inquisitive. Rankin, having such a mind, though living at Rice, willingly walked on crutches the more than six miles, three in the morning, three in the evening, to and from the Peridot Mission School, day for day, until his parents moved to directly across the track from the Mission. Neither the boy, nor his parents, applied for his entrance because the Word of God was taught in this school. That he came here was purely God's doing. A number of years went by before there were derinity indication that the new birth had begun in him. Assignments he obediently did, such as writing exercises, memorizing, etc. Facts of history he usually knew and would give answer, but answers which would be in any way a confession of faith he did not know, or he did not care to give. However, the Holy Spirit was active in the very word the boy was learning, The day came in the spring of 1919 in which he asked to be baptized. A few years later, in 1924, his parents and sister were baptized also.

Rankin was just full of music; so full in fact that it just had to come forth, and come forth it did in a variety of ways. What instrument lends itself most readily for a lad bursting with music and which he can carry about in his pocket wherever he goes, if it is not the mouth-organ? Rankin and his harmonica were never parted. His pockets always contained at least one.

For a boy for such a bent for music one will do what one can to satisfy that interest. So his missionary-teacher gave him a violin. It did not take him long to play it fairly well. But for a few pointers, he was his own teacher. Had he recieved instruction worthy of his abilities he would surely have been a musician of no mean note. Since our school and Sunday worship service were conducted in the same room, he had access to the church organ. He received a few lessons from the missionary's wife, lessons of which he made the best use. For several years he played the hymns to accompany the congregational singing.

Bing Crosby said in a supplement of a recent Sunday paper: 'Where are the good songs? What is there to sing today? If I had grown up in these days I would have practiced law instead of singing.' Rankin Rogers lived in a fortunate atmosphere in that respect. He was not

troubled with the shallow, empty stuff, palmed off to the youth of today as music. The songs he sang and taught were soul-satisfying, life-giving hymns of our church. Singing with him was a special joy. His singing voice was a pleasing tenor. Is it any wonder we made efforts at two, three, and four part singing with small and larger groups as long as he lived?

A gift quite common with Apache youth is the ability to draw. One wonders why this is so. Has the child of nature a sharper observation and better ability to draw what he sees? Rankin possessed this gift to a remarkable degree. Since the life of the Apache people has undergone such a great change in the last fifty years, from a natural simplicity to a more sophisticated manner of living, one would wish to keep such memories, or better still, actual pictures of those old days. Today we draw water by turning a faucet over the kitchen sink. In those days we drew water from the well, not with, 'The old oaken bucket which hung in the will,' but anyway, in the same fashion, with a galvanized, or tin one that hung there. And did not the water taste better? You know what a thirst King David had for his good old Bethlehem water. Does not memory add to the taste? But the picture is gone. Gone is also the picture of the woman preparing the family meal over an outdoor, or wickiup fire with an arched piece of tin about twenty inches square. Today she does it over the kitchen range. Many other pictures of home-life, such as basket weaving, and many of cowboy life, were subjects of Rankin's art. He put them on stiff card paper, or mostly on penny postals, which he sold to me and I used as Christmas greeting cards, sending them to parts far and wide; now much to my regret. What a priceless album these drawings would now make.

With ample blackboard in the school-church, the Christmas scenes, the Bethlehem stable, the angel appearing to the shepherds, the angel choir, the wise men; the crucifixion on Good Friday; the resurrection on Easter Morning were always beautifully and expressively portrayed on these festivals by Rankin's understanding of these great events and his artistic touch.

Because of the amount of work for one teacher in a one-room school and because of his natural ability to guide and teach, he was often asked to take a group of little ones in one corner of the large room. He did so well that after a few years he was employed as a full time teacher. Rankin had the gift of telling a Bible story in such an interesting manner that his little hearers lived in the story, and at the close of the story they would relax back in their seats with a deep breath. Comments by able judges were to the effect that he was a natural born teacher. And his pupils, now already up in years, witness to the fact that he was a fine teacher.

He spent many hours with Rev. F. Uplegger and other

interpreters wrestling with English and Apache terms in order to put scriptural truths into the best possible Apache. For many years he was our interpreter in our Sunday worship services and while visiting homes, he was considered one of the very best.

In some ways the life of Rankin Rogers was unique. Outside of the first few years in the Rice Boarding School the only school he ever attended was the Peridot Mission School. He never attended a high school or college. God gave him to us at a time when we needed him most. The younger Apaches do not know the man, but they are still under the influence of the work he did. Even after his death, his dying step-daughter would not allow her new-born baby to be taken out of the home to the East Fork Nursery before the baby was baptized. His two stepsons were also well influenced by his teaching and example. His two sons, well gifted both, know well his love for Jesus. May they remain true to the inheritance he wished to give them" ("The Apache Lutheran" June 1966, pp.2-4. Henry Rosin).

Two other men played a great role in Pastor Rosin's life and made his ministry all the more easier. They are Oscar Davis and Clarence Bullis. Oscar Davis came to know Pastor Rosin already back in 1917 when he came to Globe. There he served as one of the earliest interpreters for the missionaries--including Pastor Harders already in the first decade of the 1900's. Along with the services he rendered to Rosin and Harders, he also helped other missionaries in Peridot and Bylas. Pastor Rosin recalls the man in 1958 shortly after his death: "Oscar Davis was

laid to rest in the Peridot cemetery January 7th. He passed away on January 3rd.

He worshiped with us in church for the last time on Christmas. But a few times during the last several years was he absent, and then only when he could not because of illness.

Oscar was an ardent Bible reader. When his eyes grew dim, a large-print Bible was given to him. When unable to read even that, he drew from its pages the life-giving manna with a magnifying glass until he became almost blind....

A fine trait of Oscar Davis was his straightforward manner. If he agreed or disagreed with you, he

told you so. With him you knew where you stood.

Perhaps it was this trait Pastor Harders found so pleasing that it inspired him to write a book portraying just such a character. The title of the book in the German language is: "Wille wider Wille," which interpreted would be: "Will Against Will."

Before conversion man wants things to go according to his own will. So when he meets up with God's will his word is: 'I do not want to--dohaschtida.' After conversion every child of God learns more and more to pray with Jesus: 'Not my will, but thine be done.'

Such also was the good turn in the life of Oscar Davis to his own joy and that of the angels in heaven" ("The Apache Lutheran" Feb. 1958 p.10. Henry Rosin).

And yet one cannot forget Clarence Bullis who after the death of Rankin Rogers came to Pastor Rosin and offered to fill his shoes. Pastor Alfred Uplegger recalls the event in his memoirs: "It was the heart of Clarence Bullis

that the Lord sent to Pastor Rosin. In this wise, Clarence said, 'Pastor Rosin, you and this Mission have suffered a great loss.' 'Yes,' said Rosin, 'we need such a man again. We pray the Lord to provide one.' Then said Clarence, 'Would you and the Mission Board permit me to try to teach the children that Rankin had been teaching?' Rosin said, 'But you have a good job at the Government Indian Hospital. What are your wages there?' He said, '\$90.00 per month.' And Rosin said, 'But we do not have the funds to pay such a salary. We could give you only \$75.00 per month in replacing Rankin.' Clarence answered, 'For my people's sake and for their children's sake let me teach them, I will be satisfied with \$75.00 and I shall be happier teaching in the Mission School.' Rosin then conferred with the Mission Superintendent and the Mission Board and they agreed happily. So graciously had the Lord provided help for their people, the Apache people themselves. Praise and sincere thanks to Him" ("The Apache Lutheran" Jan. 1982, p.6. Alfred Uplegger).

Clarence Bullis was a sincere helper for Rosin in those years following Rankin Rogers death. Not only did he aid in teaching the young, but he also joined him in making calls to the camps, serving as an interpreter.

One other man who meant a great deal to Pastor

Rosin needs to be mentioned--that being his son Rupert. Rupert was the only child born to Henry and Johanna, coming into this world on June 15, 1922. He attended the grade school in Peridot along with his cousin Carl, son of Pastor Alfred Uplegger, and studied at the feet of his father. After his confirmation and graduation from the grade school, he attended Northwestern College and was planning to spend full time in the work of the ministry. This was in the early 1940's when World War II broke out. Being drafted, he went overseas and spent much of his time in the Mediterranean area, especially in Italy. When he returned from the war, he enrolled at Dr. Martin Luther College in New Ulm, Minnesota and prepared himself for the teaching profession. In 1949 he married Ruth Holman and accepted the call to teach at Cibique on the Fort Apache Indian Reservation (the Upper Reservation). (Data from letter from Pastor Paul A. Behn, Jan. 26,1990).

The aspect of Pastor Rosin's life that concerned him most and touched him dearly was the Mission School. Seminary classmate, E. Arnold Sitz, calls him "a natural-teacher." "He had as one of his principles, 'A teacher must always be on his feet while teaching.' He proved so successful as a teacher that one spring just before school closed the Apache children came to him and said, 'Mr. Rosin, will you please keep school all summer?'" ("The Apache Lutheran" Aug. 1967, p.3. E.A. Sitz).

In 1937 he wrote: "Most needful it is that parents

chose for their children the good and necessary spiritual food, the food for their souls. Christian parents are given the commandment from the Lord, 'Bring up your children in the fear and admonition of the Lord.'... Some parents would want their children to attend the school where God's Word is taught, the mission school, but then do not let them do it, saying, 'We cannot buy clothing and shoes for the children; we must send them to the Government school where they are given clothing and shoes.' So they are put to a very serious test: Jesus says,--'Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.' The test is whether you believe what he says. If you are in need of His help, remember Jesus also said, 'Ye have not because ye ask not.'" ("The Apache Scout" August 1937, p.61. Henry Rosin).

"What work is greater than teaching girls and boys? What work is greater than teaching the way of life, to the old and the young" ("The Apache Scout" July 1932 p.133. Henry Rosin).

Under the care of Pastor Rosin, the Mission School at Peridot flourished. Let the enrollments speak for themselves: eighty in 1931 (fifteen of these were newcomers). In 1932 ninety-two young faces filled the two classrooms. Because of the high enrollment, Pastor Uplegger was asked to come and assist in the teaching. In 1934 the enrollment dropped to 53. "This is due to the fact that a Government school bus is routed past our Mission" ("The Apache Scout" Oct. 1934 p.354. Henry Rosin). In 1935 the number increased to fifty-seven; but this was a sad year in the school's history, for no longer was Rankin Rogers in their presence. But the Word of God continued to be taught and the Holy Spirit increased the number.

But his love for children was not only expressed in the classroom, but was also shown on the playground. "On

our visits we usually found him before school or during recess on the playground, either playing baseball with the older children or pushing the little Apaches on the swings or carousels which he had built for them. And they loved and trusted him" ("WELS Historical Institute Journal" Fall 1984, p.37. Edgar Hoenecke).

It was for this reason that many of the Apaches loved and trusted him--not only because he was their pastor but also because he was their friend. He brought to the Apaches the game of baseball--a game in which he excelled. He was a true athlete. "He played catcher on the Northwestern College baseball team at Watertown, Wis. for four years. In the fourth year his baseball team became the champion college team of the state of Wisconsin. His teammates looked to him for direction on the baseball field. He also played end on the college football team. In one game he and the halfback, Otto Kehrberg, gained more than 200 yards in the last half to win 14 to 13" ("The Apache Lutheran" August 1967, p.2. E.A. Sitz).

"One year the San Carlos Apaches celebrated the Fourth of July at a cottonwood grove not far up the San Carlos River. Their baseball team was playing against the Ft. McDowell nine, which team was winning. Finally the San Carlos boys asked Mr. Rosin if he would play with them. As soon as he stepped into the game that San Carlos team settled down. When they came to bat two men got on base. Mr. Rosin was next at bat. Five hundred Apaches quietly looking on when one Apache stepped out in front of them and shouted, 'All right, Henry, give us a two-bagger!' It pleased the crowd so well that they laughed. Henry delivered with a three-bagger. San Carlos won the game" (Ibid.).

Many times he would join the Apaches out on the

range during spring cattle roundups. He wasn't there just to look on, but he also participated. He would ride and bulldog the calves for branding with the best of them.

Even into his upper years, he continued to be in great physical shape. During the 1960's, when he was in his 70's, the boys from Bylas would play the boys from Peridot in football. After the game, Mr. Behme, the principle at Peridot, Mr. Hadler, the principle at Bylas, and Pastor Rosin would take on the boys--six on three--with the speedster Rosin at wide receiver. Even at this age he was no contest for the younger legs!

Mr. Hadler also tells of the time when in the late 1950's, these three men decided to hike the Triplet Mountains just outside of Peridot--each conquering a separate hill. Pastor Rosin volunteered to put his efforts into the center peak--the highest and the steepest of the three. Nearing the top, Mr. Hadler could see that Pastor Rosin wasn't too far behind, so he decided to pick up the pace a little. Surprised he was to find out that when he returned, Rosin was already on his way down. An embarrassment to the young men in their twenties.

Many other stories can be included about this man of great vigor. But it was this vigor that paralleled the enthusiasm that he showed in the classroom and pulpit.

The life of these early missionaries was not easy. Many trials and tribulations had to be endured in order to bring the saving gospel to a dying people. Pastor Uplegger



recalls the early years (1920-1930's) in his memoirs: "We

'camped' so to speak on weekends in Globe, and carried ice and other supplies to Peridot on Sunday afternoons for the following five days. We had no refrigerator. They were coming into use, even here in Arizona. Being very poor people, we made our own ice boxes into which we set 50 pounds of ice on wooden tray once every week. The melted water was drained into a pail or tub and emptied when full. At Peridot, in the old 1895 adobe brick house, we set the ice box on a sloping cement floor so the ice water flowed off easily. In the winter months, of course, we 'did without' ice or home-made refrigeration. Some items of food that kept well were stored underneath the dining room floor, set on the cool ground through a hatch in the floor. To open the hatch we just pried the hatch open with a screwdriver.

In order to carry 50 pounds of ice over 24 miles at car speeds of only 25 miles per hour and in warm weather, we had to wrap the ice tightly. We wrapped the ice with newspapers, in gunny sacks, then in canvas. We roped it will to the trunk rack on the rear of the car with 'Mormon rope,' or bailing wire. With all the precaution we were able to get 40 pounds of ice home" ("The Apache Lutheran" Feb. 1982, p.7f. Alfred Uplegger).

This process continued week-in and week-out for years and years in the hot boiling Arizona son. It wasn't until 1937 that Peridot Mission received what was then called "high line electricity." Son Rupert recalls: "What a thrill when Papa Rosin presented the family with a new Kelvinator refrigerator in 1937.... Cold water never tasted better!" ("The Apache Lutheran" June 1983, p.6. Rupert Rosin).

But supplying the premises with ice wasn't the only chore that the former farm boy labored at. On the mission grounds he also kept a couple head of cattle that he milked daily. And perhaps Uncle Henry is best known for his honey bees (the writer remembers him well for this!). Several hives were kept a few hundred yards away near the San

Carlos River.

The man, fearless of bees, once took a hive that was in the school at Bylas, places it in the back seat of his car and drove the twenty-five miles to Peridot with the windows rolled up. He didn't get bit (at least he wouldn't admit it), but his wife was not too happy the next day when she found out the hard way that he hadn't succeeded in getting all the bees out.

Hardly did a building project take place among the missions when Henry didn't offer a helping hand. Mention was made earlier to the mission house that he help build in old San Carlos. During this project, "the roofing paper was laid when the thermometer was 114 in the shade. We danced on the roof to keep shoesoles off the sun-heated roof as much as possible" ("The Apache Lutheran" Nov. 1970, p.6. Alfred Uplegger).

In 1935 new shingles were placed on the Peridot chapel by the missionary and a number of other members. This was the second shingling that he took part in--there had been a total of three. "The new covering is of galvanized shingles which we hope will last many, many years. It has already shed the first showers of this winter's rainy season" ("The Apache Scout" Nov.-Dec. 1935, p.441. Henry Rosin). As far as this writer knows, those shingles still remain on the chapel today. "Back in 1941 he showed us a solar water-heating system which he had designed and built to put the abundant sunshine to good use

for the parsonage and teacherage. And it worked!" (WELS Historical Institute Journal" Fall 1984, p.37. Edgar H. Hoenecke).

The list here could go on and on--the school buildings at Bylas, the construction of the church and parsonage in Rice, constructing the new school building in Peridot in 1952, general maintenance, etc.

What this ardent man did outside the parsonage only expresses the love which he had for these people and, more importantly, the love which he had for his Lord. What two words might best describe Rosin in his ministry? "I say 'simplicity' and 'sincerity.' His language and expressions in teaching and preaching were the simple Gospel truths. If any Apache knew even a smattering of English, he could easily follow him.... Seldom did he ever raise his voice, but spoke calmly with strong feeling" (Letter from Pastor Paul A. Behn, Jan. 26, 1990).

In 1968 Henry Rosin retired after fifty-one years in the public ministry--fifty-one faithful years of service to his Lord among the Apaches in Arizona. The major cause for his retirement was not due to poor health, but his hearing failed him. After his retirement, he quietly spent his days at his brother-in-law's house with his wife, sister-in-law and the aforementioned. Here he continues to tend to his bees and when the need be, he humbly wore the robe while filling in for a pastor who was on vacation.

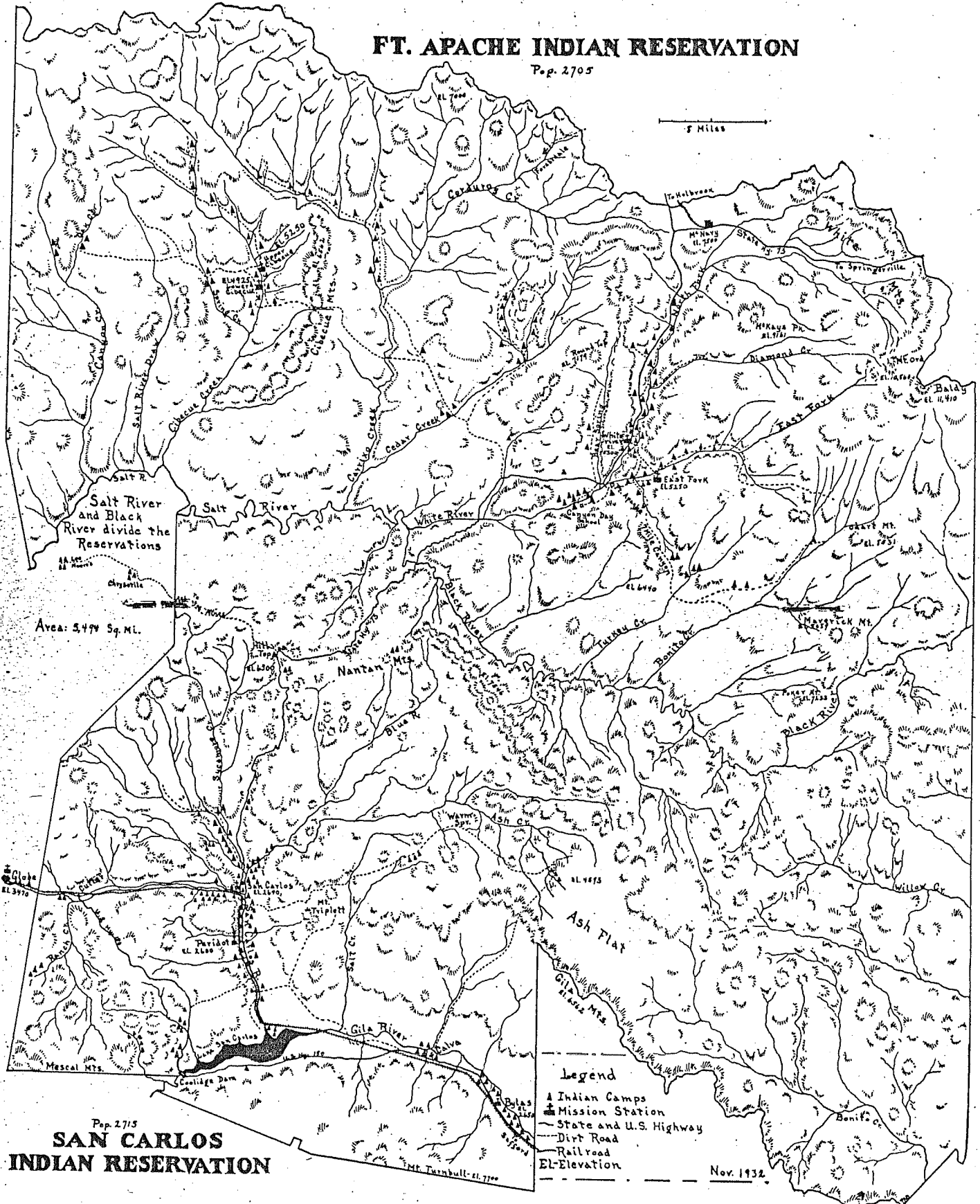
On January 26, 1982 the Lord called him to his

eternal home. He died peacefully in the hospital in Globe, Arizona. His wife of sixty-one years, whom he called "Schatz" or "Honkin," was placed by his side in late April of the following year. From his headstone "one can see the vast grandeur of the southern desert toward San Carlos Lake and the mighty Coolidge Dam and, at one's feet, the tufa-stone church, the school and the dwellings of our workers on the ninety-year-old Peridot mission station" (WELS Historical Institute Journal" Fall 1984. p.33. Edgar Hoenecke).

# FT. APACHE INDIAN RESERVATION

Pop. 2705

5 Miles



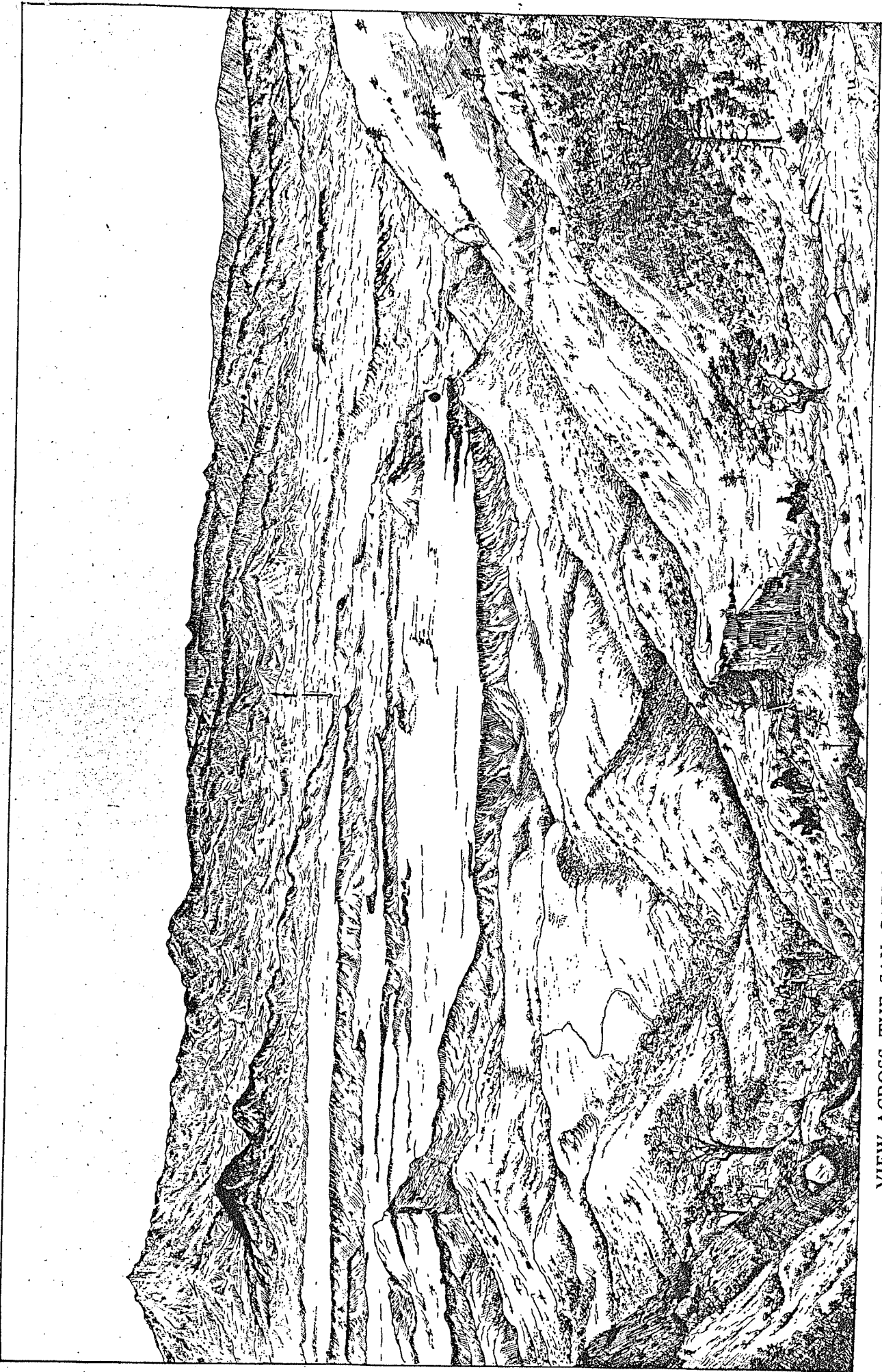
Area: 5,477 Sq. Mi.

- Legend**
- ▲ Indian Camps
  - ✕ Mission Station
  - State and U.S. Highway
  - - - - - Dirt Road
  - +—+—+— Rail road
  - El.—Elevation

Pop. 2715  
**SAN CARLOS INDIAN RESERVATION**

Nov. 1932

6  
7  
8  
9



VIEW ACROSS THE SAN CARLOS INDIAN RESERVATION FROM PASS IN NANTAN MOUNTAINS

- 1) Mt. Turnbull, 7700 feet.
- 2) Bylas, 20 miles east.
- 3) Triplets, to right.
- 4) Warm Springs Mesa.
- 5) Road to San Carlos, 2 1/2 in. to right.
- 6) Santa Catalina Mts., 125 miles from foreground!
- 7) Coolidge Dam, 3/4 in. to left, 40 miles from foreground!
- 8) Peridot, 3 in. to left.
- 9) San Carlos, 2 1/2 in. to left.

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