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MY LIFE STORY AS A MOUNTAIN BOY AND PREACHER
By B. H. Lucas

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PREFACE

The value of Christian testimony in persuading men to be saved has never been rated at its full worth.

When St. Paul's life was at stake, whether before a Jewish mob or a pagan king, he always told his experience.

You will find in this book the life story of Reverend B. H. Lucas. Although he was deprived of a theological education God used him in bringing the glad message of salvation to thousands.

It is a demonstration of what God can do in uplifting from a lower to a higher plane of living.

Evangelist R. W. Chatfield

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INTRODUCTION

As an Evangelist I have been asked to write an introduction to this book.

I have known the Rev. B. H. Lucas for over twenty-five years. He is one of God's good men and one of the Holiness Movement's good evangelists and pastors, winning thousands of souls to God. He is fearless, never compromising and a dynamic speaker. His messages are saturated with prayer; he is tender in spirit.

Bro.. Lucas has been redeemed from a life of sin and is a miracle of divine grace.

You are sure to receive light and truth from reading this book. It should be in every home in America.

I heartily recommend this book to his many friends and also to my friends among all denominations. I pray that the Spirit that has always dominated this life may be felt in the pages of this life's story.

Evangelist C. B. Fugett

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Chapter 1 MY CHILDHOOD DAYS

I want to grant the request of many of my friends by writing a book about my life.

I was born the first time into this world at String Town, Willard, Kentucky, February 17, 1889. We lived there about four years. The child next to me was a girl, whose name was Bertha.

When she was two or three days old, my Aunt Jane was staying with us taking care of mother, and one afternoon after she had cleared the dinner dishes away, she felt so bad she went out on the back porch and lay on two chairs and went to sleep. The sun finally made its way around the corner of the house, and shone on her for a while. When she awoke, she was broke out with the measles and had to be confined to bed. Then we had to send and get Grandma to come and take care of Aunt Jane and Mother.

In about ten days, Mother broke out with measles. That was the way old time religion did me. When I went to work the next day, it broke out on me, and folks knew I had it.

Mother was a tall woman with long, black hair. When she sat in a straight-backed chair, her hair lay in a ring on the floor. Mother became very ill with measles, and most of her hair came out, but it grew again before very long, and was somewhat shorter than it had been originally.

In about two years, another girl was born in our home. Her name was May, and I can remember when she was born. One night when May was a baby, my Mother got scared. She took May in her arms and Bertha by the hand, and we went through a big field, climbed a big rail fence, and reached the neighbor's house on the next farm before anything caught us.

We moved from String Town to near Carter City, Kentucky. Then we moved over on the Half Way Branch above Carter City. My Mother's first husband's sister lived down below us and we were staying with them until we got a house built. Her name was Ollie Wiggins. Her husband became a preacher some years after that. While staying with Mrs. Wiggins, we didn't have anything to eat for a day or two, and my aunt by marriage went to the store and got some fat meat and corn meal. She baked a big pone of corn bread and fried a plate of side meat. It seems that I ate too much, and it was years before I could eat meat or anything very greasy. But Mother began frying sorghum molasses in grease and I got to eating them, and so I could eat grease again.

We then moved over on Zornes Branch, and my Mother went to work at Carter City. A big building had been built there, and it was called the Pavilion. They ran excursion trains there from Cincinnati, Ohio, on Sundays and holidays.

On one of these excursion trains, Old Man Johnson, the conductor, found a baby girl in the ladies' rest room, but he never found the mother. She will be found at the Judgment. Mr. Johnson named the baby Ollie Ganunk. My Mother worked at this building getting things ready for the

week-end. She would leave about daylight and wouldn't get back home until after dark. We had a big willow rocking chair that would hold all four of us; and we would sit in that chair and sing songs for half a day at a time. Then we would pop corn for our dinner or parch some field corn and grind it in a coffee mill, and put some sugar and milk on it and eat that. You see, that's where we got our vitamins. We didn't know what a vitamin was then. If some one would have asked us if we had any vitamins, we probably would have asked how to catch the varmint, with dogs? do you trap them? or do you kill them with a gun?

It was while we lived here that the youngest child died. His name was Luther. A family that lived down below us lost one of their children, and one night while Father was at this house, Mother looked down there, and she saw an angel sitting on the rail fence that was around our house. She said this was a token that Luther was going to die. Sure enough, in a few days, Luther took sick and was sick for a little while. One night just as we were ready to eat supper, Mother was sitting at the end of the table. She said, "My baby is dying." She handed him to a neighbor and the child passed away.

We were living in this same place when a great hail storm came just at corn-cutting time. Hail fell as big as baseballs. After the storm was over, my sisters, Bertha and May, and I, went to the spring and picked up a bucket of ice and had ice water before we ever knew there was anything like an ice plant.

This hail was so big it went through galvanized roofing, knocked one mule down twice, and broke a calf's back. These are the ones I know about, and I don't know how many more.

While we were living here, we raised so many beans that I wished I had never seen a bean. One year while we lived here, we planted a bean they call the "greasy bean." I picked and strung beans and strung them on strings. These we hung around the wall to dry, to make shuck beans or "leather-britches." I tell you, I picked and strung beans that year, and cried and wished there had never been a bean in the world. That year, and many other years, Mother picked a sixty-gallon barrel of beans, a sixty-gallon barrel of kraut, and sixty gallons of corn-on-the-cob. My father wasn't much to work, so Mother and I had to raise something during the summer to live on in the winter. Well, that's the way the ants do, and the Bible makes mention of them.

We moved from here to Greenup County. There Mother and her first husband separated; she left him. My step-father moved back to Carter County in a two-horse wagon, and there we met. I had been with Mother, Bertha had gone with Father, and Mother also kept May. Then one day Father came and got May. At that time I was nine years old, Bertha was seven, and May was five. We never saw each other again until we were all grown.

I stayed with Grandma for a while. She lived in a big house on the head of what was called the "Wilcox Branch," which emptied into Buffalo Creek, just below Carter City. This house didn't have a floor in it for years, other than a dirt floor. They swept it every morning, just as we sweep our wood floors.

Out in front of this house, they had cut down a large poplar tree, which measured about five feet in diameter. The top was hewn off, and three tubs were made to wash clothes in. A hole was

bored in each one to let the water out. There was no straining of the back to dump the water. They had only to pull the plug and let the water run out, and the whole hollow was the sewer.

This is where my cousin and I spent some happy days catching ground squirrels and lizards and tying them with string. One of the boys, my uncle and my aunt's husband, decided to floor the house, so they cut down some Lin trees and split out some puncheons and put a floor in the house. Then they had a square dance that night.

Then my Mother took herself another man, worse than the first, or so it seemed. We built a one-room house down the hollow from Grandma's. I have stood many times at the end of the table at Grandma's with some long sticks of rich pine that we called a torch, while they ate supper. You may wonder where the smoke went; it went up, of course, and out the cracks around the eaves and the roof. My cousin Artie and I would get Grandma to tell us witch tales, and she would tell us about bears and panthers in the Black Mountains where she was raised, until we would be too scared to move. I would sit on one side of Grandma and Artie on the other, and we would sit with her apron wrapped around our hands, afraid to move. When we got her started, we couldn't get her stopped.

There were three cliffs near the house. One was in front of the house, one above the house, and one below. The one below the house was a big, high cliff. My Uncle John and Aunt Jane used to try to run Elmer McGone's old blind horse over this cliff, but the old blind horse would get within about ten feet of the cliff, and wheel on his hind feet and would have run over them but they got out of the way. He would get in the cornfield, because we didn't have any fence.

While we lived in that one-room house, Mother had another baby boy, and she called him Ellis. Another incident that I well remember occurred when my step-father and I sawed some wood to burn in the old-fashioned fire place. After we had sawed it, it was my duty to carry it to the house. It was raining and freezing, and the wood had ice all over it, and was too heavy for me to carry. I got a cut of wood on my shoulder and had my hand on another. My foot slipped and the cut, or stick, fell off my shoulder and the end of it caught my finger against another and burst it. I have a scar I'll carry to my grave on my finger. I went up to Grandma's and she wrapped a leaf of tobacco around it.

It was at this location that Ellis, my half-brother, became sick with a fever. He was between two and three years of age. One night he was very ill, and had not eaten anything for days. We had a big cat, and we heard him playing with something under the bed. We looked and saw that he had a young rabbit. We took the rabbit from the cat, killed and dressed it, cooked it and made some soup, which we fed to Ellis. He began to get better and soon was well.

We moved from here to Olive Hill, Kentucky, on the old Dock Stealer place. We moved there in a wagon and two mules that belonged to Dock Still. We lived here a while, then moved out on Tick Ridge in a big pine log house, with the bark on the logs. We could lie in bed at night and hear the worms and bugs cut in the logs.

Here is where I committed murder in the first degree. Someone had given Mother a gosling, a young goose or gander one, we never found out. But the gosling was big enough to start

feathering out. One day it was sitting in the front yard in the sun. Mother told me to get a bucket of water. We carried water from about one fourth of a mile under the hill. I didn't start just the moment Mother ordered me to, so she grabbed a stick. I knew that meant GO, so I grabbed the bucket and jumped out the door. My foot landed in the back of the gosling and his entrails came out on the ground. Murder in the first degree -- but it was an accident,

We moved from there over in a hollow on Bunt Ross' Farm. Here Fred, another half-brother, was born. I can remember this very well, because I had to do the washing. I also had a girl friend. "Happy days." Doing the washing and cooking in the daytime and playing Hide and Go Seek with my girl friend. My Mother hoed corn here with my step-father and other men, and got twenty-five cents a day.

I stayed home and took care of two or three children, cooked and had dinner ready when she came in. Grandma came to be with Mother when the baby was born. Milt White, poor fellow is dead now, came to the house one night to hear Grandma tell some witch tales, bear and panther tales. She got started and someone blew a conk shell and Milt was scared almost out of his pants. He ran out and jumped on his horse and instead of laying part of the fence down to get to his house, he ran his horse through the fence.

You can see we moved very often. My step-father had to sell out about every year to see how much he was worth. We moved from Bunt Ross' Farm down on Uncle Mat Stamper's Farm, on a creek named Tiger. There was an old abandoned water mill where they used to grind corn and make meal, but it hadn't been used for years. While it was in use, several cats stayed there, and when the mill was no longer in use, the cats strayed away and lived in the hills and rocks and some of them grew very large. My uncle and I were hunting one night, with seven dogs. They got after one of the cats, and it had all the dogs stood off but one little feisty. My uncle threw a rock at the cat and hit the dog and knocked it out. The dogs closed in on the cat and killed it. It was about four feet long.

I have remembered at this place what the Bible says, "Be sure your sin will find you out." My Mother and her husband had a falling out and he left. There was a lot of rail fence around this farm, and I got out and took some of the rails off the fence and cut them up for stove wood. We only had a cook stove for heat. One day after I cut a big pile of wood and carried it in, Mr. Stamper came in and wanted to know where I got my wood. So there was nothing to do but tell him. He told me not to do that any more.

I got up one morning, built a fire in the stove, and set my brand new brogan shoes on the hearth of the stove. They were so stiff I had to warm them to get them on. I lay down on the edge of the bed and went to sleep. When I awoke, the side of one of them was burned to a crisp, so there went my new brogans. My step-father came back and they kindled up the coals.

Then we moved down below Carter City in what they call the "Harry Floyd Hollow." We lived there for a few years. It was here I killed my first cat. We were taught all our lives that it was seven years bad luck to kill a cat. But we had an old bob-tailed cat, and you couldn't fix a crock of milk, without it getting the lid off and getting in the milk. One day mother told me to take the cat down below the house and kill it. When Mother told me to do something, I couldn't do like

a lot of children do today, whine around and say, "I don't want to" and finally get out of doing it. We never had an iron poker, we just cut a hickory stick and poked the fire with it, so I took the poker, set the cat down, patted him on the head and hit him with all my might right across the back of the head, and ran just as fast as I could to the house. In about an hour I went back down and there he lay as dead as he is today.

We lived right in between two hills and we had to raise everything we ate. Mother and I used to dig the corn in up and down the hill. We raised corn, beans, cabbage, cucumbers and potatoes, and had to dig the most of it in. We had a fence around the back of the field, but at the end we didn't have any fence. We had a dog that didn't allow any stock to come around the field. But one day Mother and step-father were gone with the dog and some cattle came down the hillside to the end of the field. A heifer about two or three years old got a big ear of corn in her mouth and was chewing it. I got a rock and hollered at her, but she didn't move. I threw the rock and hit her light between the eyes and she bawled and sat down. I thought I had killed her. I was scared half to death. But she finally got up and walked off, then I felt better.

Then I remember one night when there was a big snow on and everything was frozen up, and about three o'clock they told me that I was to go with a fellow by the name of John Montgomery over to Grandma's. So away we went, about three and a half miles. I stayed there but John and Grandma went back. When I came home two or three days later, of course I had a new baby brother.

This hollow we lived in was rich land and we could have bought it for fifty cents an acre. But we didn't have any money to buy with for money was scarce and we didn't have any way to make money. We raised all we could to eat in the summer and all we did was cut wood and hunt in the winter. But I found out in later years that the hills which we could have bought for fifty cents an acre were full of clay, and we would have been rich had we bought it.

We lived very poorly in those days. I sometimes went barefoot in the winter. I remember one day I had carried wood in from the wood yard barefooted and my feet were very cold. I was standing by the open fireplace to get my feet warm, and my stepfather spit my eyes full of strong tobacco spit. I thought my eye would go out, but it didn't.

As usual, we sold or traded off all we had and moved to Greenup County on the Widow Bush place. There is where I got after a butting ram. As long as I had a rock he would run; but when I threw my last rock he came after me. Just as I got to the porch, he butted me down. My step-father ran out with a piece of board and hit the ram as I was trying to get up. I threw my hand up and he hit my hand with the board, and stove my middle finger up and made it a half inch short.

We lived there a while then we moved over on Alex Bushs' Farm in a hollow named Stone Coal. Here we got along good for two or three years. We raised good crops and had lots of chickens and good milk cows. While we lived here we had a hog we had raised as a pet. We went from our large front room on to a porch and into the kitchen. Mother had a two or three gallon churn in the front room by the fire place where it could get warm and clabber, and thus be ready to churn. We heard a noise, so Mother and I ran in there and found the hog with his head in the churn, and he was going to town drinking milk. He weighed about one hundred pounds. Mother grabbed

the broom and began to beat him. He got mad and tried to fight Mother, so the next day we knocked the old boy in the head and had fresh meat.

Talking of killing hogs brings to my mind the time while we lived there, that my step-father and I came by the place where one of our neighbors who lived across the hill, was killing hogs. A Russell Barlow knife lay nearby on a board and I picked it up. About two days later I pulled my knife out and started to whittle with it. My step-father asked me where I got my knife and I said, "I found it." He said, "No, you didn't, you stole that knife over there where they were killing hogs. You take that knife right back over there and tell them you stole it." That was one of the hardest things I had to do as a boy growing up. I wasn't so quick to pick up another knife. If fathers and mothers would make children take things back when they pick them up, we wouldn't have so much stealing today.

So far in this book I haven't said a word about one of the joys of my boyhood days, that of hunting dogs. I had two mighty good ones. I had one of them for four or five years, but she had never treed a coon. So my step-father, two uncles and I went hunting one night in the fall of the year. We were waiting for the dogs to hunt and we heard this one bark. She barked like she was scared. We followed her and finally she treed. When we got to the tree, it was a big chestnut. We built a fire at the root of the tree and lay down there until morning. We couldn't see a thing, so I walked about two miles back home and got an ax. We chopped the tree almost down, and after we moved over to where the top of the tree would fall, my uncle finished chopping it down. I held the dog. Uncle Jess had a club and my step-father had a poke stock shot gun. When the tree fell, out came the coons. My step-father shot one with the gun. It was a single barrel and he could only shoot one time. The dogs ran one up a tree and Coim shot it out with a pistol. My step-father out-ran one up the hill and caught it. He called for me to give him a stick, but everything I picked up broke in two. Finally he hit it against a tree, and by that time the dogs were there, so he threw it down to the dog and she killed it. Then we went down to the top of the tree, raised up a slab and my uncle Jess knocked one in the head with a club. When the tree broke up, a slab hit one and killed it. We got five big coons out of that tree.

On the way home, the dogs treed a squirrel, and we had lost a box of caps for the gun, so we laid a match head on the tube of the gun and shot the squirrel out of the tree. We got home about nine o'clock in the morning with five big fat raccoons and a squirrel. We gave Alex Bush's wife one of the coons and she gave us a half gallon bucket of lard, so for a week we had plenty of meat.

A few weeks later Harrison Carmine's dogs treed something down below our house and our dogs went down to join them. The Carmine boys weren't out with their dogs, so we went down. We couldn't shine anything's eyes, so we built a fire. My step-father and I lay down and stayed all night. Of course we had a little old poke stock shot gun. Next morning at daybreak, about thirty feet away lay the biggest raccoon I ever saw. My step-father shot and at the crack of the gun the coon crawled out the limb and up to the top of the tree. My father shot five or six times at him but he didn't knock him out. We cut the tree down and caught the coon when he hit the ground, or rather, the dogs caught him. That was the biggest coon I ever saw.

That's the way it happened back in 1913 when I went to that revival. When the preacher began to preach at me, I climbed to the top of the tree, and when they cut the tree down, the Blessed Holy Ghost caught me.

We lived here at this farm and got along fine. We had plenty of corn and other things that we could raise on a farm. We had a good milk cow, but my step-father couldn't stand prosperity, so he had to trade and sell out and move. We had a cow that was to be fresh soon, so he traded her for a younger cow and a young calf. My step-father's brother came down in a horse and buggy from Fleming County, three miles from Ringo Mills on the head of Tar Branch. So you see, we had sold everything we had and started out. My Mother and small children rode in the buggy with my step-uncle, who was crippled, and my step-father and I had to walk and drive the cow and calf.

When we left, I had two good hunting dogs. One of them was young. She started and went back. We stayed all night at the Widow Bush's place. She had two boys, one was named Jack and the other Bill. We left there the next morning, and my dog treed a squirrel and wouldn't leave the tree. So we kept driving and walking on, thinking she would overtake us, but I lost her. So I lost two good dogs.

We drove all that day and when we stopped to stay all night, the girl that lived there and I had to go up to one of the neighbors about a mile away. The first thing I knew, she had her arm around me, and of course I followed suit and put my arm around her, so we loved all the way up there and back. But the next morning I had to leave her. I guess that's what you call "love them and leave them."

We got to my step-father's home that day. We had been on the road three days. The calf that we drove there trotted all the way. We kept it until it was over a year old and it never did walk like other calves. It trotted all the time.

While we lived here in a two-room house, Mother had another baby. My step-father's half sister stayed with us and we did the cooking and of course we fell in love. We were about ten years old, but we could cook and hug and kiss. Well, we thought love was grand and it was. But if the old folks had caught us, it would have been rough for us.

While we lived here we built a shed on the back of the house and just covered it, and put a table out there to eat where it was cool. Mother just left the dishes on the table and covered them with a table cloth. One night an old cow came along and started chewing on the table cloth. Mother went to the door and yelled at the cow and she started to run and forgot to let go of the table cloth and pulled all the dishes off and broke most of them.

It was time to move again, so we moved over to Happy Hollow on Joe Fultz' place. Here we put out a good crop. We traded that Jersey cow trotter heifer to a man at Ringo Mills for a little red cow with a white face. She was dry, but we got ten dollars to boot, and that looked good to step-father. We had a big red cow that gave lots of milk, so a few days before the new cow came fresh, step-father traded the red cow to Sant Ham for four hogs and a piece of corn and some money. The little white faced cow came fresh and when Mother and Lou Burden went up on the hill to bring her and the calf home, the cow tried to kill them.

She had been such a pet of Mother's they thought when they got her to the house she would be all right. Some men went up and drove her down. She was standing in the yard and Mother went to the spring and got a bucket of water, and as she came by the cow, she started at Mother and as Mother jumped in at the door, the cow slid in on the porch with her head in the door. They put her in the barn, and as Mother would try to feed her some small ears of corn, she would try to bite Mother instead of eating the corn. My good-trading, or poor-trading step-father, (I'll leave that for you to say), traded the white-faced cow and calf, the four hogs and the corn for the big red cow. Of course, he had the little dab of money he got; eight or ten dollars, for a cow and calf.

One year while we lived there, we had a large crop for the mountains and step-father was hauling cross ties with two yoke of oxen and threw his ankle out of place. I had to do all the plowing that year. But as usual, Mother and I raised the crop. Then in the fall, I drove two yoke of oxen and snaked ties out of the woods to where they could get to them with a wagon. I remember one time back in my early days, Mother went to wash for Mrs. English at Carter City. They didn't have any washing machines in those days. Mother had a small baby and they didn't raise them on the bottle in those days, so she took me along to take care of the baby. She got fifty cents for doing the washing. She gave me a nickel for tending the baby. We didn't start home till almost dark. I was afraid I would lose my nickel, so I put it in my mouth and a screech owl got after us. I had a little white straw hat and the owl flew down and hit my hat and scared me and I swallowed my nickel. I thought I had lost a fortune, for a nickel looked bigger to me in those days than a ten dollar bill would to children today.

Back in those days we didn't have money to buy fire works for Christmas. So here on Happy Hollow where we lived, Uncle Bill Burden and his family lived down below us, and Cecil Burden was about my age. We would build up a log heap and set them on fire and then let them burn to coals, then we poured some water on a sawed stump and lay a big coal in the water, and hit it with a pole ax and it would sound like a young cannon. Those days are gone, but not forgotten.

We couldn't or didn't get into a lot of meanness in those days. We gathered together and played blind fold, or post office, to pass the time away on Saturday night. We worked so hard during the week we didn't feel like going anywhere at night, only to bed. We went to bed at dark and got up at four in the morning, and if it was winter sometimes we would have to shake the snow off the bed before we got out, then jump out in snow on the floor. You might say, "Didn't you have any house slippers?" We hardly had outdoor shoes, let alone house slippers.

It was time to move again, so we moved out on Tar Flat at the head of Tar Branch. Rill Burden lived close to us, so one of the girls by the name of Anna and I got to courting pretty heavy and the old folks found it out and wouldn't let us play together. Three or four of them would go to the woods to get stove wood and I would go another way and we would meet down in the woods and all play together. One day their parents were gone and so were mine, and they came over and brought a twist of tobacco, Walkers Twist. They all chewed and wanted to teach me to chew; so I took a big chew and sat there and spit. My girl chewed, and of course I wanted to learn. They didn't stay long for fear the old folks would come. After they left I got so sick it looked like I couldn't live. It was in the fall, and we had made a big barrel of sauerkraut a month before that. I felt like some of it would help me. We always put the stalk out of the heads of the cabbage in with

the kraut. I dug down in the barrel and got out six or seven of those stalks and while I was eating them I felt better but a little while after I ate them, was I ever sick! I vomited it seemed more than I had eaten. But I lived over it. But I felt I could find some other way to court that would be better than chewing tobacco together.

The house we lived in was right on top of a hill. One day some sheep came along and these Burden girls and I got some salt and the sheep came up to us to eat it, and we caught one and the girls held it and I got on and turned it loose, and down the hill we went. I finally fell off and landed against a stump. That's the way we had fun in those days.

Our house was just over the line in Round County and across the road was Fleming County. A family by the name of Ghost lived in this house before we moved there. They had moved down on Bulls Run. They had a red headed boy about twelve or fourteen and he had some smaller brothers and sisters. One day a stray dog came along. Like most of the country boys, he tried to catch it and it bit him. He didn't pay any attention to the little place and in a few weeks he went mad. He was a strong boy, and there wasn't anything they could do for him so they took everything out of a room and kept him in there until he died.

While we lived in this house I had a small dog, and one night a dog came there and run that feisty (that was what we called them in those days) and about three o'clock in the morning I got up to fix the fire in the big fire place, since I was the fireman. My step-father told me to open the door. When I did that, feisty ran in at the door and jumped in behind Mother in the bed. My step-father got up and got the big hound that was chasing the little dog. We got him in the house and the hound would set there and bite my step-father on the shirt sleeve. "Well," said my stepfather, "I am going to call him 'Nath.' That will save some words." He got a lantern and said we would take the hound and go hunting. We started, and Nath got out to the gate and that old hound got me by the coat tail and began to pull and growl and I began to holler and Nath ran back and the hound ran under the floor and had a fit. Mother put a tea-kettle of water on to heat and poured It on him, and he never moved. When it became daylight, he came out and started to leave, and as he started he got to the gate, and we opened the door, and he turned around and came running back. Stepfather shot at him with a shot gun, but missed him, and he kept coming. Mother threw a half gallon cup of hot water in his face. He turned and ran out the gate over to Burdens. He jumped the fence and started a fight with their big shepherd dog. Mr. Burden ran to the door with a 45 pistol and his wife swung on his arm begging him not to shoot, for she knew the dog belonged to a family by the name of Hadens. They and the Burdens were mad at the time, and she was afraid if Mr. Burden shot the dog it would cause more trouble. Just as the dog jumped the fence, Mr. Burden shot at him. We never knew if he hit the dog or not. The dog went on out the road and bit a goose and a cow, and bit a woman through the shoe heel, but it didn't bite her heel. Some men got after him and ran him under the porch floor and shot him several times. Hadens had a mule that had kicked this dog about a year before he went mad. The night he went mad, he dug a hole in which you could almost bury a 30 gallon barrel in trying to get to the mule that kicked him.

Believe it or not, while writing about mad dogs, my mind goes back to where we lived on the Half Way Branch above Carter City, where we lived when I got foundered on meat and grease. While we lived there, two of the Wiggins boys carried water from a spring above our house under a rock cliff. One day they had gone up there to get water and were sitting there resting. A dog ran

under there and bit both of them. There was a doctor somewhere in the neck of the woods that had a mad stone. He came and put the little white rock in warm sweet milk and stuck it on the place where the dog had bitten them. The stone stuck there awhile, and when it stuck, that meant all the poison had been drawn out. Well, the boys were all right and neither of them went mad or felt any effects of the bite.

My mind goes back to one of my half-uncles on my Mother's side, Jim Lucas. His grand-mother tells about him getting bit by a mad dog when he was a young man and they followed the dog and killed it. They cut it open and cut three pieces of the dog's liver out and Uncle Jim swallowed the three pieces. He vomited two of them up and one stayed down and he never went mad. That was the remedy in those days.

Now back to where we lived when I started telling about the mad dog. While we lived there, when working in the woods one day making cross ties, I cut my leg about half way between the ankle and the knee. I had a bad leg for a long time. We finally moved from there and went back to Carter City or somewhere around there. From there we went back to Fleming County on Bull Run. We stayed there one year, then moved to the North Fork of Triplet, one mile from Morehead, Kentucky.

* * * * *

Chapter 2 WHEN I LEFT HOME

When I was about fourteen years old, we lived on the North Fork of Triplet, just across the hill from Morehead on the farm owned by Boston Logan. That was the farm where the two Logan boys were killed. That started the Round County War between the Logans and the other people against the Tollivers, in which many people were killed. On their farm was a big sugar tree grove. I have carried sugar tree water there until I wished there had never been a sugar tree in the world. I worked on this farm like a brute. Many times my step-father and I would go out and cut down a tree with four or five cross ties the length of it and he would help me mark them off. Then he would take the gun and go hunting, and leave me there to do the scoring, juggling, and hewing the ties. Then he would come back and help me saw them up and finish them.

One day I got tired of that kind of life. One of the Logan boys and I were cutting sprouts in the field and we talked about leaving home. I told him if he wanted to leave to meet me in Morehead in the morning. The next morning I went down to the Logan home with my step-father. He had laid out a lot of work for me to do, and then I was to go about two miles to the store. When I started to leave the Logan house that morning with a mattock that I was to use to grub and dig up bushes, I heard Percy Logan say, "I bet old Straley don't work much today." My stepfather was going to plow down in the bottom below this house, and when Percy said that, my stepfather said, "If he doesn't, I'll beat _____ him tonight." I cried all the way home and wished I had never been born.

When I got home and went out to work, in the spring of the year it was sort of cool there, and I struck a bush and a limb hit me across the hand, and that made me madder than ever, so I left

my little half-brother down there to pull brush and I went back to the house and told Mother that I was leaving home. She said she wished I hadn't told her anything about it, but I wouldn't have done her that way. She told me to go back down and work until she patched my pants, so I did. Then I came to the house and put on the best patched and only pair of pants and started across the hill. When I got on top of the hill between our house and Morehead, I could see my step-father plowing in that field. I wondered if he could see me, so I ran down the hill and down the hollow and got to Morehead.

It was an hour and a half until the train was due, and I was afraid if I stayed there my step-father might come home and come over and take me back, and besides having to go back, I would get a beating, so I started out down the track walking and it was six miles to Gates station; I had one hour and a half to make it in and I beat the train there by a few minutes. I got on the train and the fare to Olive Hill was fifty cents and I had only thirty-five cents that I sold tie pines for. The conductor took that and said it was all right. I got to Olive Hill about eleven o'clock and went out to see some people I knew by the name of Stamper, and got my dinner. It was fifteen miles from there to Carter City. I walked over and met one of my uncles, my Mother's brother. I felt safe then because I knew he wouldn't let my step-father hurt me if he did follow me.

A man I knew gave me a job. I worked about a month, just long enough to get a pair of shoes, then he told me he didn't need me any longer. I started out looking for a job. I was only about fourteen years old and very small for my age. Before I got to the other place where I got a job, I had to stop and go out in the woods and pull off my pants and patch them, but I got them all fixed up and went down to Cooperstown at the mouth of a creek called Tiger. I got a job from old Uncle Rance Cooper hoeing corn, and when I didn't work in the field I worked around a saw mill hauling saw dust and cutting wood for the boiler. My wages were twenty-five cents a day and my board. I worked until I got some clothes. I bought the first suit I ever had while I worked there. I bought it at George Hikes, a store at Carter City, Kentucky.

Uncle Rance Cooper had an old stiff-kneed mule and he turned it over to me while I worked there. I would ride that mule to big basket dinners with my patched pants on and flirt with the girls and sometimes go with them. They thought I was somebody. Sometimes during the week we would meet together at someone's house and make ice cream. We had never seen an ice cream freezer, so we took a three gallon bucket, filled it almost full of what it took in those days to make ice cream and set it down in a tub and filled it up with ice and took turns about turning it until it was frozen. Those were great days.

That summer I went to Olive Hill and got a job for a man's wife. The man's name was Captain Tarey. He had been a captain in the Army but at this time was a bridge carpenter boss on the C & Q Railroad. I stayed there about a week or two and my Mother's youngest brother came after me to go back home. I did, and planted over three acres of cane and several acres of corn and helped make one hundred railroad ties. But I never got a cent for it. I began to get enough of that kind of work. My uncle was staying there, Mother's youngest brother, and he suggested that we go over to Morehead to the street fair. I didn't have a penny to my name. I said, "I won't go to the street fair, but I will go over to Happy Hollow." That was about twelve miles over in another town. He said, "All right." We got ready to go and my step-father "smelled a mouse." He said, "Now, if you are coming back tonight, I want to know for I want to finish up those ties in the

morning." My uncle was there and I wasn't afraid of my step-father while he was there, so I said, "I'm not coming back. My shoes are about gone and I have to get out and get another pair." He said, "I'll get you a pair if that's what you want." But I knew they would be old coarse brogans, so I said, "No, I will get out and get myself a pair." He cursed and told me never to step my foot in his house again. I didn't for about one year.

My uncle, my grandmother and my cousin Arty kept house over in Happy Hollow, Fleming County, Kentucky, about three miles from Ringo Mills. We got ready to move to Maysville, Kentucky, about thirty-one miles away, and I thought at that time that I was leaving the biggest part of the world behind. I thought I had better go and see Mother before I left, so my uncle and I went over and saw her. In a day or two we loaded what we had in a wagon and the man who was going to take us hitched two mules to it and away we went. We traveled that day and part of the night. We stopped in the night and built up a fire and let the mules rest until daybreak. Then we pulled out and hadn't gone very far, and as I was lying on a straw tick on the back of the wagon, I saw a bread truck coming. I had never seen one before and the thing looked as big as a freight engine to me. I thought it was going to run right into the back of the wagon, so I jumped up in the bed and shut both eyes so I couldn't see myself get hit. When I opened my eyes the thing was gone around the wagon. What a relief!

Well, we landed in Maysville sometime in the afternoon. There were two rooms vacant in a twelve room house where six families lived. We got the two rooms on the second floor, six of us to live in them, my grandma, uncle, cousin, and myself, and two girls that went with us. Well, we got set up to housekeeping that night. I don't remember how we slept, but we got by some way. This being about Friday, we didn't go to work until Monday. On Monday morning my cousin, uncle, the two girls and I went to work. We started working at fifteen till six in the morning and worked until fifteen after six in the evening. We took half an hour for dinner and got off at twelve o'clock on Saturday. We worked that week and Saturday I got my pay envelope and it had \$3.00 in it, the most money I had ever made in all my life in one week.

My cousin made \$2.00 the first week, my uncle made \$6.00, so between us we had \$11.00. We three went together and paid house rent and the grocery bill. Each paid one third and then whatever each had left was his. We worked it that way until my uncle married, so then my cousin and I paid board. I paid \$1.50 board. In the meantime I had been promoted to a better job that paid \$4.50 a week. I thought I was "up there," making all that money.

I remember my uncle and I went into a saloon one night on the corner of Wall and Second Street. My uncle bought a half pint of whiskey and offered me a drink. The saloon keeper said we would have to go out to drink it, so we went home and drank it. Little did he or I know that the half pint would be the starting of my being drunk for a week at a time, never having my shoes off, or later on, working in a saloon and never drawing a sober breath week in and week out, or month in and month out.

We moved there in March 1905. I hadn't been there but a week or two until I began to want to be like the other young men. I saw them smoking cigarettes. I didn't have any cigarette paper or tobacco so I got a piece of yellow paper and some long green or homemade tobacco, which ever you understand the best. I made a cigarette out of the yellow paper and long green crumbs and

stood on the corner leaning up against the building with my legs crossed puffing away at my home-made cigarette. Boy, I felt big! But little did I know that was the starting point in my life when later on I would have cigarette fits and would have to be held in bed until I was quieted down, and when I came to myself, I couldn't turn over in bed. The young men that I ran around with, Thomas Carpenter, Carl Colburn, and other young men came to see me and tears would run down their faces as they would say, "Old Slim will never call another square dance for us." But God looked ahead and saw that I would give my heart to Him, and spared my life.

My experiences in town as a country boy included smoking, chewing tobacco and drinking. As you see I fell into bad company, then to gambling. We first started shooting dice. We boys would gather in a basement of an old house and each would bring a box of matches and we would shoot dice for matches. Then we started shooting for money. We would get ten or fifteen pennies each and shoot dice for a penny.

Then one day I got mad because I had lost a few pennies, so I jerked out a nickel and said, "Shoot the whole nickel." It just about scared them all pink, but finally five boys went in a penny each and faded me and the game started into big gambling. Little did I think that later in life I would gamble Saturday afternoon, Saturday night and all day Sunday. I remember later on in years I had gambled down under the river bank one Saturday afternoon then when dark came we caught a street car to the East end of Maysville to a brick yard and gambled until two or three o'clock in the morning, then we lay down and slept until six a.m. That was when the first street car ran so we caught it and came to town. Just as I reached the short street trestle, Homer Gilbert walked out and said, "Shoot a dime." I said, "Shoot." I had plenty of them for one time. I had won all the money that the boys had that night, which I guess wasn't over fifteen dollars, if that much, with what I had.

We didn't make much in those days. We gambled there until people got to stirring, then went around in the alley and I lost all I had, then went home and got a five dollar bill that was more than a whole week's wages, and lost that. Then I went in and got another five and lost it, then I got a two dollar bill. Up until then he wouldn't shoot over a dime or fifteen cents, so he got \$1.75 in that bill. I said, "I'm going to shoot this last fifteen cents, if I lose it, I'll quit." I guess I had lost 25 or 30 dollars. That was a lot of money to lose when making \$4.50 a week and paying \$2.00 board per week. I took the dice and as we called it in those days, I got hot, got him out of that \$2.00 bill and stuck it down in the edge of my slipper. I never took it out until about 6:00 o'clock that evening when I broke up the game. There had been a lot of other fellows that had joined the game and lost their money, and would go to the store and get things to eat on credit, and come back and lose it in the game. When the game broke up, I had all the money, a single barrel shot gun, Uneeda Biscuits, Vienna Sausage, canned salmon, canned sardines, and I don't know what all.

I want to stop here long enough to tell whoever is reading this, don't begin smoking, chewing, drinking, or gambling in any form, for it will get a hold of you and the Lord atone can get you out, so take warning from one who has had experience.

The next thing I got into was square dancing. I would go to two or three a week and dance all night then be as cross at the devil the next day at my work. One Saturday afternoon some fellows and I were down on the railroad track behind the cotton shed shooting dice. Cleve Darnell came along and told me they were having a dance at his house that night on 6th Street, and I said,

"I'll be there." He went on, I guess to invite others. We kept gambling. All at once someone said, "Here comes Harry Art." He was the chief of police. I was down on one knee but a long way from being there to pray. When I looked up, there he stood. My nose had been bleeding and I had blood on my handkerchief that was under my knee. He said "Who hit you on the nose?" Some ran and got away, but of course we didn't know who they were, so six of us were caught right in the act. He lined all six of us in front of him and marched us five blocks away to jail. I didn't get to go to the dance. Might have been a good thing for they had a free-for-all fight that night. John Cabler got a pint of whiskey broken across his nose; my brother-in-law (not then but he later became my brother-in-law) knocked Hick Darnell down six times on a bed. Every time he would fall on the springs, they would throw him right back up until the sixth time, and my younger brother-in-law, Walter, said the police were coming. Walter thought he would jump out the window and get away, but jumped right into the policeman's arms. Maybe I didn't miss much that night. They took us out Monday morning for trial and we all plead guilty. We were fined \$20.00 each and costs. If we paid, it was \$25.00, but we just boarded it out with them. The factory wanted to pay my fine and let me pay them so much a week, but I just laid it out in 20 days. We gambled all the time we were in jail and didn't stop when we got out.

Soon as I got out, of course I went back to my square dancing and at one of these dances I met the girl who later became my wife. She was only about 11 years old. She wouldn't dance with me the first time I met her. She told one of the girls I was too long legged and ugly for her to dance with, but as time went on she changed her mind and became a professional dancer. A girl by the name of El. Warren, my wife's cousin, and I won the prize one night for being the best dancers present. I got to the place where I could call all night without repeating the same figure. That was one of my greatest pleasures while in sin.

One night we were having a dance in the West end of town and two women got in a fight. We separated them and went on with the dance. Another time we were having a dance on 3rd street in Maysville, Kentucky. I will call no names, but some of you who read this book may remember the dance. A man brought two girls dressed in red, and they weren't Sunday School girls either, and when they got on the floor, the other girls refused to dance. The fellows that brought them said if they couldn't dance there wouldn't be any more dancing that night. Walter Farrow and I were on the floor to dance and before we could say a word, Jack Farrow came in from another room, hit that fellow and knocked him clear across the room and went over and kicked him over the eye with the heel of his shoe. Walter and I ran over and said, "Don't do that, Jack." He said, "Get out of the way, boys, I'm doing this." He took the fellow by the arm, lifted him up and told him to take his women and get out of there. His brother was with him, so they took the red birds and left and we went on with the dance.

Another crazy time in my life was when four of us got together on a Sunday night, after we had been drinking some of that rabbit-whip-a-bull-dog-whisky all day. We decided to whip all the colored people in town. There were plenty of them on Market Street. This was a hang out place for the colored people. We started out and the first one we came to, Homer Gilbert hit him in the mouth. He had a big cigar in his mouth and he knocked him backward in the street and the fire flew in every direction. Morton Fultz hit another one. I had a big stick about three feet long, and a big railroad tap on it, so I was waiting for things to get rough before I started. We went up Market Street to 3rd Street and Homer Gilbert kicked a basement window in, then we went down

Limestone Street to 2nd Street and then we met a policeman. He told us to quiet down or we would get in trouble. Homer Gilbert told him we wouldn't do it. The policeman said, "If you don't, I'll take you in." Homer said no police would take him in, so the policeman said, "I will show you." He put him under arrest. That broke up our party. So we went on down to the corner of Wall and 2nd Street. While standing there, a big tall colored fellow came along. I said, "Give me a cigarette." He said, "I don't have any." I said, "You ought to have one," and struck him around the back of the head, missed him with the tap, and broke my stick. He fell to his knees and went up the street on his hands and knees. We walked down to the corner of 2nd and Short Street, and were standing there when two policemen came Up. Frank Caudill ran, and Morton Fultz and I stood still. I set my stick with the tap in behind the telephone post. They asked us who the fellow was that ran, and we said he just walked up and we didn't know him. They said, "If you will tell us who he was, we will let you go home." We told them we didn't know. He asked me what I did with my club I had been carrying all night. I told him I didn't have any club. It's a good thing that God forgives liars. They took us to jail and locked us up. The next day they tried us and fined us \$20.00 and costs or 20 days in jail. We boarded it out with them again. Frank Caudill, the fellow that ran that night and we wouldn't tell on him, never came to see us nor did he bring us a pack of cigarettes.

Walter Farrow and I took a trip in the country where I used to live to see an old girl friend of mine that I claimed when we were boys and girls together. When I got ready to leave, she said she would like to come to town, so I told her when she got ready to come, I would come after her. Time went on and one day I got a letter to come and get her. I thought, "If she comes down here and something happens to her, I will be to blame." I thought it over and decided I would write and tell her I had been sick with fever and couldn't come and get her. In a night or two I went to a dance and had a big time. We danced until after midnight and had to walk about four miles home. I took sick on the way and thought I'd never get there. I finally got home and went to bed. They called me for work and I couldn't make it. About nine o'clock I woke up and was hurting all over. I told grandma to get that bottle of whiskey and fill a glass full of it and give it to me with about a teaspoon of quinine in it. She did and then about noon I woke up and told her to fix me another glass of it. I woke up at six o'clock in the evening foaming at the mouth like a mad dog. Just about scared them all to death. They called the doctor and he came and gave me some medicine. I was up in a few days. God had said to the rich young ruler, "This night," so when I made up a lie to tell the Lord said, "You haven't been sick but this night you will be." That might have been the way the Lord had to keep me from having more sins on my record.

It was marvelous the way the Lord spared me when I was in sin and didn't let the devil kill me. I remember when we used to catch trains and ride east two or three miles and catch train No. 71 back. One evening just about dark, I caught a train going pretty fast and started to cross over to the other side, when my foot slipped, and just as my feet touched the rail, my hand caught a handle on the end of the car and saved my life, only God did it. If I hadn't caught the handle I would have been ground to pieces under the train.

Another time I was working for a contractor, Langhorne and Allen, five miles below Maysville, Kentucky. We were taking up an old railroad bridge that had a foundation made of wood. We were pulling the timbers out that had been laid years before, and were bolted together with bolts. The timbers were six inches square. The heads of the bolts would pull through the timbers. They were sticking up in different places in the hole. I was standing up on a brace that

was holding the hill to keep it from coming in. It was on a Thursday morning, and it had rained the night before. The log I was standing on was slick. I gave a signal to the engineer to swing over to me and boom down. He did and when I thought he had swung the boom far enough to stop over where I was, I gave him a signal to stop. It was swinging toward me and I reached out to get it, but it stopped before it got to me, so I lost my balance. I said to the men below, "Here I come." That was about 10:00 a.m. I came to about 2:00 p.m.. up in one of the shanties with two women sitting beside my bed. The doctor had been there and gone. That afternoon a man by the name of Lee Hayes put me in a rowboat or a John-boat, and rode me five miles up the river home. Just a little different from the ambulances we have today.

The funny part of it was that a man down on another contract job a few miles below where I was working got hurt the same day I did and died in the hospital at Maysville. The hospital sent a message for them to come and make arrangements to bury the man. They dropped a message off at the contractors where I worked, so my foreman got a horse and rode up there to see about burying me. I met him on the railroad and he said, "High-pockets, I came up here to bury you." But the devil didn't get me that time, the Lord could see where I could do something for him. Praise God forever.

One time I was drunk and called a country man a bad name and he had a big knife ready to cut my throat, and a man by the name of George Gilbert jumped and knocked him end over end and saved my life.

The cotton mill where I worked broke down and laid us off until noon. It was just before the November election. Some of us got together and rushed the can for a while. If you don't know what that means, it's buying beer by the bucket, going down in the alley and drinking it. We did that a while and by noon some of the others and I were too drunk to work. I started in and the Superintendent stopped me and said, "Snake, you are too drunk to work. Get out of here." So I did. Then we hit up some candidates and got some whiskey. I think there were six or seven of us together and we had three quarts of whisky, beside, we were all drunk to start with. We went down on the corner of Front and Wall Streets and we had gotten a banjo somewhere and one of the fellows was playing it. I was pretty full, and was standing with my head lying on Bob Clayton's shoulder and he had his arm around me. A fellow stuck a double barrel shot gun out the upstairs window of a brick house we were standing by and pulled the gun off at the crowd, and the whole load struck Bob Clayton. When I came to myself, I was around the corner of the house. Hogen Gilbert said to me, "What do you think of that?" I said, "What happened?" and he said, "Clayton was killed." I looked around and there lay Clayton with his brains all over the sidewalk. The devil didn't get me that time. He came close, but the Lord had his hand on me. I can say with the poet, "I'm glad the Lord followed me."

Another time some fellows and I had been drinking for about a week. We were on Market Street and a fellow was there that lived back of Aberdeen, Ohio, and one of these men pretended that he had arrested this fellow and took him down under the river bank and knocked him out and went through his pockets. We stood and looked on. He wanted to roll the man in the river, but the fellow that did the robbing said, "No." We left him there. He came to and was up town the next day. In a day or two the two men and I were separated and they went up on the river bank with a woman. One of them tried to hug her but she got away from them and had them arrested. I was lying

down on the Short Street trestle and someone came along and told me these two men had been arrested. I thought it was for the robbery case. Boy, I caught a street car and went to the east end of the line, caught a freight train at the coal docks and went up the river to Garrison, Kentucky, and went so far back in the mountains that a bloodhound would have lost his tracks before he found me. But when they tried these boys, they never mentioned my name. After a few days, I went to Carter City, Kentucky, got a job at a rock crusher digging dirt and shoveling it in a wheelbarrow, and wheeling it about a hundred yards, then dumping it over a bank. I didn't have any money, so I had to work a day before I could get a pair of gloves at the company store. The first day I worked I had a blister at every joint and between my fingers. But I was broke and away from home so I stuck with it until fall. I then went back to Morehead, saw my Mother and stayed there a while. I then walked through the country to Elk Valley In Lewis County, stayed all night with my Aunt Leevy. then walked to Vanceburg, caught a freight train and came back home. I went over to see my girl that night, the one who later became my wife.

Then I remember one time how the Lord kept me from being scalded to death. I was cleaning boilers at the Cotton Mill in Maysville, Kentucky. We always cleaned the ashes out on Saturday afternoon and cleaned the inside of the boilers on Sunday morning. I never did make anything by working on Sunday. Anyway, on Saturday afternoon, I said to the fireman, (his name was Grover Kitter, and he is dead now), "Grover, I want to get done as soon as I can. I want to go up town and get a new outfit for spring." He said, "All right. We will blow the red ashes down and you can get in the pit and shovel them out, paint the drum, and you can go. I will do the rest." He was a fine old boy.

I got down in the pit and went through a small man hole under the big upright boiler and I shoveled the red ashes out in the pit. He shoveled them out of the pit and said, "I will drain the boiler and get the graphite and you can paint the bottom of the boiler and then you can go." I heard him as he walked around the boiler on the boardwalk and I heard him open the valve to let the water out of the boiler. Then I heard him as he came back around the boiler. I was lying under the boiler studying about what I was going to buy that afternoon. When he got back to the pit, he hollered "Come out." I looked and there was about four inches of scalding water in that man hole on me and no way to get out of it. The sewer was stopped up that carried the water out and it backed in on me. The first thought that struck me was, if I can keep my body out of the water, maybe I can save my life. I had no time to lose, so I began to crawl out through the water and when I got out up to my waist, Grover was excited and jumped down in the pit and grabbed me by the arms and pulled me out. My arms were scalded so his hand slipped and rolled all the hide from my elbows down to a roll around my wrist. They got my shoes off and my feet were scalded, but I saved my body from being burned. They took me out in the big engine room and called the doctor. I had a little taste, yes, I said just a little taste of what Hell will be like. I sang and whistled and did a little bit of everything to keep from crying. Finally I found that by walking and swinging my arms, they didn't burn and hurt so bad. Listen, sinner friend, if you fail to get right with God, and go to hell, there won't be any place you can walk and cool that soul of yours. The doctor came and fixed me up and I got all right after a lot of suffering. I think that was about the last Sunday work I ever did. It doesn't pay. I always lost more than I made.

We used to go freight train riding. I remember one time six or eight of us caught a freight train and went up the river. The train pulled on a siding and over in the field was a watermelon

patch, and we all went over. I didn't get any melons, but I was in the crowd. Grover Moore had a thirty eight bull dog pistol. He got the gun out and said, "If the old man comes, I'll take care of him." He got his arms full of melons and some one hollered, "Here comes the old man." He started to run and fell in the ditch and pulled his gun off and they thought it was the old man shooting at them. Did we ever run! That was a fellow running from his own gunfire.

Another time we were up the river between Maysville and Limeville and the train took a siding and I went to get on it. I got hold of the coupling lever and pulled it up and when the train pulled out it came uncoupled. There was a cornfield right beside the railroad track. We tore nearly all the corn down running through the field, then the brakeman had to come back and couple the train together again.

Another time a bunch of us went up the river on a train. Probably it would sound better if I said we went East on a train. They couldn't get me awake, so they just got off the train and left me on there, or maybe they woke me and I didn't get off. I woke up on Sunday morning in Limeville, Kentucky, at a water tank where most all the trains stopped to take water. I woke up in a box car with a quart of whisky under my head. I got off and went over to a store and bought something to eat. The storekeeper asked me if I would like to have a cup of coffee. I told him yes, so he went in the house and got me some coffee and some other things to eat. I was turned around. It looked to me as if East was West and West was East. If I hadn't known that the loaded trains went West and the empties went East, I would have gone East when I wanted to go West. I was turned around all day. I got home about dark Sunday evening and then I knew I was going the right way. Up until I was 24 years old, I was going the wrong way trying to make myself believe I was going right. But when I met Jesus He turned me around and then I saw I had been going the wrong way all those years. Praise the Lord, that He set me right.

When things came to town I always tried them out. I remember when a hypnotizing show came to town, they said if anyone wanted to try it out, to come on the stage. I had seen a man lying in Dave Hickinger's Clothing store window for 24 hours with a big hat pin supposedly run through both jaws, so down I went. Well, he didn't hypnotize me, but I didn't care what I did while on the stage. I did see a man lay his head on one chair and his feet on another and I got up on his stomach and jumped up and down and never bent him a bit. Then we laid a big flat rock on his stomach and took a sledge hammer and broke it. Well, I got out of there alive. I saw a man break a \$90.00 watch that night trying to blow out the electric lights on the stage. If a fellow follows the devil, he is liable to have him doing most anything.

As I said before, I used to be a good dancer and used to teach about all the girls how to go through the square dance, and I am not boasting, but I could always get a girl. I have gone to a dance with a date with as many as three girls, and all of them there. One time I was at a dance at Ben Shoemaker's, (poor old Ben; he was murdered in the Cotton Mill while he was a night watchman there) on 3rd street in Maysville, Kentucky. Anyway, we were having a dance there and I had two girls that night. I was dancing with one of them. My best girl was there and one of my other ones was there. I was dancing with my second best girl. We had just danced in home when she said, "How are you going to work it tonight?" I said, "I will take her home," (that was my best girl that later became my wife) "and come back and get you." I didn't know my best girl was standing right behind me. She stepped right in between us and said, "No, you won't." Just as soon

as that figure was over, I had to get another partner for that second girl of mine left before she got into trouble. Then I had to do some squirming to fix things up with my best girl.

THE TORMENT OF SIN

I remember we used to take an old buggy up on Dusty Avenue toward Smoky Hollow. All that could get on the buggy rode down the hill. One of us would play horse down the hill and hold to the shafts and guide it down the hill. Then we would pull and push it up the hill and ride down again. We would do that until way in the night. After that I got sick and was delirious. I thought I would go up town in that buggy and take a girl in the restaurant, buy our dinner, and we wouldn't have any money to pay for it, then I'd . run out, put my girl in the buggy and start to run with her and get a wheel in a hole in the street and couldn't get it out, and here would come the police after me, and I would start to run and I would jump out of bed and out through the hall I would go and they would catch me, and put me back in bed. Then when I came to myself, I couldn't turn over in bed.

Another thing I remember, two other fellows and I were going to Cincinnati, Ohio. Another fellow wanted to go, but he didn't have any money, so we took him along. When we ate, he ate, when we drank, he drank, whatever we had, he got his share of it and we paid the bill. After staying down there three or four days, we started back home. We caught a street car to Fort Thomas, Kentucky. The fellow without any money, and I stopped in a saloon in Fort Thomas. There was a slot machine in the saloon. I started playing it and it paid off a time or two. I had several checks on the machine, so I bought Mr. B. all he could eat and drink, I bought him ham sandwiches, boiled eggs, etc. We walked to Brent, Kentucky, to catch a train. I lay down and went to sleep. I had \$2.00 left in my watch pocket and he stole it while I was asleep. A freight train pulled in. They put me on the train and they caught the train back of me. When the train stopped for another train, they came up in the car and woke me up. When I woke up I said, "Someone has robbed me." The fellow that robbed me said, "You better not say that I did it." I said, "One of you did it." Then my pal got mad, took everything out of his pockets, turned them wrong side out, to show me he didn't do it. I knew he didn't get the money. They knew and I knew who had my two dollars. We went on home. The next day this fellow was where they were making up some money to get a half gallon of whiskey, and he said, "I will give a half dollar on it I never saw the time I couldn't help." Of course he could help with my money. This same fellow had stolen a ham of meat and they sent him to the pen and after he came back we were all in a pool room one day. A man said to Mr. B, "I'll play you a game of pool." Mr. B. said, "How many will you spot me?" Mr. O. said "How many do you want me to spot you?" Mr. B. said, "Ten," and Mr. O. said, "What are you looking for, a ham?" His face got red because he had stolen a ham of meat.

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Chapter 3 COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE

An uncle with whom I made my home, moved to Yorktown, Indiana. I went with him, and one of my girl friends went with us. I had gone with her off and on, but after we went out there we went together steady. One night after her mother had moved out there, she and I went to town. Her mother had given her about \$70.00 to pay some bills. I said, "Let's take the money you have and go

to Muncie and get married." She said, "You're always joking and I never know when you mean anything you say." I stopped right there. I always said I wouldn't marry until I had \$100.00 in my pocket. Someone may say, "What's \$100.00?" Well, those days, it would go as far as a thousand would today. At that time I wouldn't marry anyone. Finally I got sick out there. I was in bed over a week end and two girls came over to see me on Sunday afternoon. One of them had been a girl friend of mine. She told me that the girl I had gone with steady had let a fellow take her home the night before. When I got up we broke up and never went together any more.

A crowd of us used to go to Muncie, Indiana on payday. The town was dry, but you could buy something to drink most anywhere you went in. We were over there one time in a building where there were several rooms and a new fellow was with us that I didn't know. I found out later he had been in trouble and spent some time in the pen. While in this building he came around and said to one of the fellows that knew him, "Let's get out of here." We did, and when we got out he said, "I made a rake down while I was in there." He pulled out a pocketbook. He opened it and there were nine pennies and a woman's handkerchief and about twelve or fifteen keys, and most of the rooms were locked up. Was the woman ever mad that owned the place! She couldn't do anything about it, and I saw to it that I didn't go the next time he was along.

My uncle and I used to sit up all night on Saturday night and read novels. Mitch Langly used to live next door to us and we would borrow a novel on Saturday and read until sun-up on Sunday morning, or until we got through with it. Then we would go to bed and sleep all day.

The glass factory where I worked cut the wages and six of us left and came back to Maysville, Kentucky. We had a letter from a man that was some kin to the Caudill boys that were with us. He had gone to Ethel, West Virginia. We went up there, expecting to find him there, but he was gone and his furniture that he had shipped from Yorktown, Indiana, was sitting out behind the little station. One look at the place did us, and we walked out of there that evening. It finally got dark, and we slept under a saw mill shed that night, got up the next morning and walked down to Logan, West Virginia, shipped our suitcases to Maysville, Kentucky. Then we caught a freight train to Huntington, West Virginia, caught a street car to Ashland, Kentucky, and a freight train to Russell, Kentucky, caught a fast flyer out of there, rode the blinds to Maysville, and met my girl whom I hadn't written to since I had been away. She had gotten saved before I had left town, and of course quit me, because the Christian girls didn't go with sinners those days. She had been going with a preacher and I guess they would have gotten married, but she got sick and something happened and she backslid. When I came back we kindled up the old coals and got them to burning again. I got a job in the cotton mill and went to work. I ran a slubber for \$7.00 a week. This was in 1910. I worked there for a while, then I quit and went to work at Pough's Distillery washing bottles and helping to dump whisky. There was a man by the name of Hayes that helped me. We would pump about ten barrels of whisky into a big tank. Every time we would dump a barrel, we would put the barrel up on a rack and drain the whisky that we couldn't pump out. We would drain it into a new coal bucket and every time we drained a barrel, this man would pick up the coal bucket and take a drink. That would mean he would take ten drinks while we dumped the barrels. But he would keep going. Sometimes we would have to carry from one to ten buckets of water to bring it down to a hundred proof.

There was a good looking girl worked there by the name of Lucy Nanes. We got to walking home together, and this caused me trouble with my intended wife. I didn't like the job anyway, so I quit and went back to the cotton mill again. I could run almost any machine in there and could always get a job. I worked there until after I got married. A few weeks after I came back from Indiana, I went to a dance and about the time the dance was breaking up, a girl came around to me and said, "Don't leave. I want to show you something." After the crowd left she took me into the front room. They had an open grate or a fire place, and lying in the corner by the fire was a shoe box, and in it was a baby. I believe it was the smallest I had ever seen, but it lived to be seven or eight years old and made a big fat boy. But then he died and his father died later.

About the worst thing I ever did in those days was to cause a young woman to backslide. We had made up a crowd and had hired a two-horse covered wagon, and we stopped at a family's house by the name of Ross on 3rd Street to pick up some people. This woman came out. Her name was Ollie. I said, "Hello, Ollie," and reached out and took her by the hand. She set her foot on the hub of the wheel. I said, "Come on, there is no harm in a social dance." She said, "Harrison, I'm saved and I want to live a Christian life." I finally got that girl to go to the dance with us. That was the devil working through me. I used to be a good worker for the devil. We used to get all tanked up and the police used to run us in at two or three o'clock in the morning. That looks foolish and is foolish to me today.

We used to have some pretty rough dances. I wouldn't take my girl to them. When we would have a dance at respectable places, I would take her, but we finally made up our minds to get married. One night we were going to town and I told her I was going in and ask for her. She went on out and up the street. I went in and asked her father for her. He said, "Well, if you all think you can get along it will be all right with me."

We set the date for December 22, 1911. Finally the day came and we were both working, so we laid off. Her mother and I went up to the court house and got the license, and then I was going to the barber shop and a little boy by the name of Sam Madden came up and took me by the hand and said, "Give me a nickel." That was his daily job. I said, "Sam, I don't have any nickels for you." About that time the preacher, Reverend Toll, went by. The boy left me and grabbed the preacher by the hand. He pointed to me and said, "He is going to get married today." The preacher said, "Who is he going to marry?" The boy said, "Jessie Farrow." Then the preacher said, "Lord have mercy on that girl." He had a right to say that because the outlook for me was bad. But you can't look at a fellow and say what he will make. We were to be married at seven o'clock. Oliver Ross and Olie Hafer went with us. My license cost a dollar and a half and on our way to the preacher's house, my soon-to-be-wife said, "Now don't give the preacher two pieces of money for that's bad luck." I got but a \$2.00 bill for the preacher.

On our way to get married, I stopped at Ol Greenly's saloon and ordered a keg of beer to treat the boys on. When we came back, I went across the street and told my uncle to go out to the keg and get him a bucket of beer. He said he didn't want any. I saw he was mad, so I left him alone. We were off all week and he would turn his head and wouldn't speak; the following Saturday night, I went into Greenly's saloon and met him. He was about half drunk. He said, "You're the fellow I'm looking for." Well, I thought, "Here is where I've got to fight." But instead, he said, "I have a present for Jessie and you and I'm going home with you." We were staying with my

father-in-law, as my uncle didn't have room for us to stay there. He went down with me, and got in front of the fire and got drunker. I finally took him home, laid him in front of the fire, then all at once he jumped up and ran out in the yard. My Uncle John grabbed him and he hit at Uncle John. John jumped back and said, "Don't hit me." I got them separated and Crock Gilbert came along and Jess hit at him over the fence and Crock said, "Do you want to fight?" Jess said, "Yes." Crock said, "Come on out on the railroad." They started and Crock ran off and left him. That made him mad, so he started a fight with Bill Stevens. Bill had a club and Jess had a knife. I got put out at him and went off and left him. Someone got them separated and I went on over home where my wife was. In a few minutes the woman who lived in the front of the house (there was a hall that lead to the apartment in the back) said there was a man dead in the hall. I went over, with my wife, my mother-in-law, and the woman next door. There sat a man flat on the hall floor with his head down between his legs. I raised him up and it was Lige Kelly that lived in the back apartment. He had some liver puddings, wieners, and small links of bologna, and he had burst his sack and the meat was lying between his legs. When I raised him up the women hollered, "My, his guts are cut out." But they weren't, so I got him up and took him on home.

I remember some time before I was married, Walto Gilbert and I were going over the river at Maysville, Kentucky, and a girl by the name of Cenie Fife wanted to go over with us. There was a sand bar across the river and lots of people, so we took her along. We went over and there were a lot of tomatoes over on the river bank. I got my hat full of tomatoes and we started to come back across the river. She wanted to come back, so we brought her back. When we pulled in at Gable's coal float, we pulled in along side of a barge, and this girl put her hand against the barge and pushed the boat from under her and fell in the river. I was up tying the boat. She had asked for a tomato and I gave here one. There she was in the river and I was hollering with all my might for Walto to get her. He was in the boat. He finally got her by the hair of the head and got her out. She had the tomato in her hand yet and the first words she said were, "I'll never come down here again." By this time the river bank was full of people.

At this same coal float one morning there was a new born baby floating down the river and it lodged at this coal float. He had never been dressed and they never did find out who he belonged to, but it will be found out at the judgment.

It was from this float that the colored taxi cab driver drove the cab hauling the men that cut Pearl Bryant's head off. They found her body, but never found her head. He hauled coal by our house every day. This is the same coal float where we used to go in swimming, dive off a big barge some 12 or 14 feet high, ten or fifteen of us would dive off, one after the other. From this float Martin Fultz' brother dived off, but never came up. His head hit a sharp stick and when they got him out he was dead.

Well, back to where I got married. After the big night that I got the keg of beer for the boys, and meeting my uncle, and all the fights he had that night, which was Saturday night, in 1911, we all went back to work on Monday morning. My wife and I both went back to work. I made \$7.00 a week and she made \$8.00 a week. So, you see we made a lot of money in those days. I guess I had better give you my wife's name. She was Jessie May Farrow, the daughter of Flem and Sally Farrow. We boarded with my wife's folks for two weeks after we went back to work, then we went to housekeeping. We rented two rooms up over Mr. Kountz on 2nd Street, Maysville,

Kentucky. We bought a dining room table, 6 chairs, a safe to match the dining table. Then for our front room, living room and bedroom all three in one, we bought a 9x12 rug, 2 rocking chairs, bed spring and mattress, 2 pillows, a pair of double blankets, one comfort, and a bolster, a dresser, wash stand, and a center stand. All of this came to about \$82.00 We paid \$12.00 down and charged the \$70.00 I have the dresser yet.

We both worked for a while and my wife got sick. I took her to the doctor and he gave her some medicine. My wife and a cousin of mine went up into the country to my Aunt Jane's to rest a while. On the 4th of July, her father dropped dead. The factory where he worked closed down on the 4th of July. I was talking to him about 4 o'clock Thursday afternoon. He worked in the dye house in the cotton mill. He said to me, "Harrison, I hate to hear that whistle blow in the morning." His job was a very hot job. He went home, ate a hearty supper, went upstairs, came back down, and when he got to the bottom step, he fell his full length out on the floor. His wife ran to him, turned him over and he was dead. He never heard the whistle blow the next morning. Say, my unsaved friend, will you stop and think you may be called any time?

They called me, I was working for a saloon keeper on Market Street. I went down, got the undertaker, and got a horse and buggy for a dollar and a half, and another fellow and I started for the country about 40 miles away. I drove all night and up in the morning. Finally we got there. Think of hiring a horse and buggy for a dollar and a half for all night and all day. Things weren't so high back there. I know a fellow who had \$1.00 to his name and the girl had \$.50 to her name and they wanted to get married. The license cost \$1.50. They saw the preacher. This preacher's name was Jake Reed. He said that he would marry them free of charge. They put their money together, got the license, got married. Well, they say where there is a will there is a way.

A while after my father-in-law died, my wife wanted me to go to church with her. Reverend Bert Toll and Reverend Jim Baynum were holding a tent meeting in the East end of Maysville. I told her I would go, but the first one of the preachers that asked me to the altar, I would give him a good "cussing." We went and as soon as the preacher was through preaching, they gave the altar call. One of the preachers came back and spoke to my wife, then to me, but I didn't cuss him. He asked me if my job was in the way. I told him no. I was running a pool room for a saloon keeper and tending bar sometimes.

On my way home that night I promised the Lord that if He would get me out of that job I would serve Him. But when I got out of the saloon business, I didn't keep my promise. I worked for the saloon keeper the rest of that year. The reason I was working for him, you see, before I was married I had a sick spell and everyone thought I was going to die. I had fits for five days and nights. My eyeballs and hands were yellow from smoking cigarettes. Then after I got married I had to stop working in the cotton mill because of cigarette consumption. I worked for a shoe factory for a while, where they made wooden shoes. I worked there a while and got laid off. Then a man by the name of Dick Davis got me a job at the saloon. I had laid around Crowles saloon and pool room one whole summer while the factory was shut down. They kept five or six boxes of crackers in one corner of the pool room. We would go down three or four boxes and cut a hole in the box or crate. It was a box about the size of an egg crate. They were round crackers with notched edges. We would eat those crackers, then just before we would leave, we would fill a pocket or two up with them to eat on as we went home.

One time we staged a sham fight in the pool room. We caught all the bartenders gone but one and we knew he was easily excited, so Hogen Gilbert and Dick Davis, who are both dead now, got in a supposed-to-be fight, since they were both bad men. One had a cue stick and the other a pool ball, and of course someone else and I were trying to keep them apart, while some of the rest ran through the saloon and stole whatever they could get hold of I met a man who was in the crowd that night ten or twelve years later in Ashland, Kentucky. He said the only thing he could get hold of was a quart of gin. We met him after the sham battle was over and helped drink the gin.

By having a little experience in the pool room, I got the job from Mr. Sullivan. When I went to work, they told me if I would drink lots of beer I would get better. I was taking creosote and red pills for the last stage of cigarette T. B. For about ten months I hardly drew a sober breath. I drank beer, and took creosote and red pills and milk of mulshian for about a year. I was patched up a little and felt some better. I was married December 22, 1911, and on the next December 24th, 1912, I was working at this pool room. It had been a busy day. I went home for supper. I had slipped my brother-in-law's 38 steel pistol out and got with some fellows and drank and shot all the cartridges I had on my way to supper. I didn't eat any supper. I went back to the saloon, met some of my friends. I had plenty of friends. I went around behind the bar, and the fellows that came in with me, five or six, would all buy the drinks, each one paying for all the round of drinks. Then I would set them all up on the house. Finally, I got about all I could stand up under, so I went upstairs to my pool room. But I wasn't able to take care of the business. I got John Darnell to run the pool room for me. I sat down by the cash register and went to sleep. John woke me up at 11 o'clock. We closed up at 11:30. I was lucky. I counted the money and the chips I had taken out that morning. I was a 21/2 c chip ahead. I went up to the store where they sold cartridges. Of course, by this time it was 1:00 a.m., Christmas morning, 1912. Christmas came on Wednesday that year. Train No. 24 was late, and the street cars had stopped running. About the time the train came in about six blocks from Market Street, I left Market Street with a 38 blue steel pistol, and 50 cartridges, shooting up, down, and every way. I met a woman but I didn't notice her. Just as I met her, I pulled the gun off and she went up the street and told the police I almost shot her in the foot. Down the street a little further, I met a man by the name of Allen. I used to work for him on the railroad at Broshers, five miles below Maysville. The firm was Langhorne and Allen. Mr. Allen and his boy were in charge of the job. I knew the younger Allen well, and he knew me. But when I met him coming up the street while I was drunk and shooting a big pistol, and called for him to come to me, shooting at the same time, he thought it was time to hunt a hole, so he ran into a hotel. I guess I would have run too.

I went on down the street about a half a block, and Joe Marshall and Andy Reed came across the street from the fire house and hollered, "Hello, Slim. Merry Christmas." Well, I thought that was what I was having. They said, "That looks like a good gun you have, let me see it." They were both friends of mine, so I gave the gun to them. The next minute or two a policeman stepped up behind me, laid his hand on my shoulder and said, "Come with me." His name was Dud Bluemuff. I said, "Come and go down to the house with me and I'll put up the money for my appearance in court." He said, "You're going to jail." He locked me up in jail.

About 8 o'clock the night before, I had given my uncle four or five dollars to keep for me. That was a lot of money in those days, and I didn't want to lose it. I knew I was getting too full.

When they locked me up, I had fifty cents in my pocket. I knew what kind of a bed they had in there because I had been in there before. I put the fifty cents in my shoe and laced it up, laid down on an iron bench that they put the pans on when they fed the prisoners. Sometime during the night someone unlaced my shoe and took the fifty cents out, then laced it back up again.

You see, I had been married one year and two days. At three o'clock my wife woke up and I hadn't come in. She got up and woke up her younger brother and he got up and went up to his brother's. John Darnell told them that they had locked me up about 1:30.

I woke up the next morning feeling every way but happy. About 9:00 a.m. I went down and gave the signal that they used to get the jailer to the door, and told him to call Sullivan's saloon and tell them to send someone around to Harry Art's house and tell him that I was in jail and wanted out. He was the chief of police, and a good friend of mine. The saloon keeper sent Harry Cooper around to the chief's house. He told Harry he would be in his office after while. About 10:00 a.m. he sent for me. A policeman came down and took me up to the chief's office. When I walked in he said, "Well, what in the world have you done?" I said, "I was celebrating Christmas last night and Dud locked me up. He said, "Go on home or wherever you want to, and come back tomorrow morning and we will see what we can do." I went home Christmas day about 11:00 a.m. My wife had a switch about a foot long and gave me my first whipping. We had a nice dinner.

The policeman that had arrested me charged me with drunk and disorderly conduct, shooting in the city limits, and carrying concealed weapons. With all of those charges, and I was guilty of them all, if they had tried me for them all, no telling when I would have gotten out of jail. I went up the next morning, December 26th, at 10:00 a.m. and went in the chief's office. He called Judge Whitaker in and told him, "Here is a young man who works every day to earn a living. He got out last night with a pistol, taking a little Christmas, and Dud locked him up. I'd like for you to dismiss the charges that are against him." The judge said, "I guess when Harry and I were your age, we got into worse things than this and wanted out of it. So I'll turn the case over to Harry and whatever he does will be all right with me." So Harry said, "Go on back to work. Next time you celebrate Christmas, leave the gun out."

I worked up until December 31st, Tuesday night at 12:00. I lost my job. The man couldn't get license to run a saloon for the next year because he had been caught running a gambling game over a restaurant he had across the street from the saloon. I bought some gray mule and red rye whisky on Saturday, my wife and I went out in the country to see her sister and brother-in-law. We got there Saturday afternoon and another man came in. We all started playing some kind of a game in which you set a ball up in back of a little gate or a hole, and you flip the ball with your front finger. They weren't used to drinking that gray mule and rabbit-whip-a-bull-dog whiskey like I was, so it wasn't very long until I was winning all the games. They couldn't hit the ball, let alone the hole. After my brother-in-law and the other fellow got to seeing two of everything they looked at, we went to bed. We got up the next morning and had a good country breakfast. They said, "We will all go to church." So we went to Sunday School and stayed for church. When they started church, my brother-in-law went up in the choir and sang, because they were members of the church. Well, that disgusted me with religion and the church. He had drunk more the night before than I had. I thought, if he gets to heaven, I will. I guess at that he was doing better than I was, because I hadn't been to church for a long time, and he went about every Sunday. Don't

misunderstand me, going to church won't save you and take you to heaven, if it did, all my Catholic friends would make it.

* * * * *

Chapter 4

MY MARVELOUS CONVERSION AND CALL TO PREACH

We came home the first of the week, and as you remember previously in this book, less than a year before this I had promised the Lord if he would help me to get out of the pool room, I would serve Him. But now I had forgotten my promise. I had a little money I had saved. Also, my mother-in-law had a little money, and I borrowed \$50.00 from her and with what I had, I went into the grocery business. The first brick building from the corner of Short and Second Street. There was a vacant lot on the corner of Short and Second Street at that time. I think there is a filling station there now. I opened a grocery there as my health wouldn't permit me to go back to the cotton mill where I had worked for years. I was weak and run down with cigarette T. B. I got along pretty good for a while, did good for a small store. I had two very large families dealing with me as well as a lot of small families. They all ran a weekly bill. These two big families, Mr. J. K. and Mr. J. L., got the measles and were all sick for about three weeks and all of them were off from work. Of course they came right on and got their groceries. After that about three or four weeks, came the 1913 flood. They were in the flood area and all moved into a schoolhouse. The flood relief took care of them there.

A while before this, I had moved upstairs over my store. The holiness folks had a mission upstairs over my store. I wanted to move up over the store so I could come downstairs in at the back door and not have to go outside, so I went over to Mrs. Julie Georgie and told her one of us was going to move, the people upstairs or me. I told her I couldn't weigh my sugar or lard for the dirt falling down in whatever I was weighing up, but it wasn't so. I wanted a place to live in. Mrs. Georgie sent Carrie over and told Rev. Toll that he would have to move out and take a room down on Short Street. There were two big rooms upstairs with folding doors which made a good church, but they moved out and I moved in. The morning that Carrie told them to move, Rev. Toll came down and left me a piece of lumber and told me to take it down to the other place as he had to catch a train. He left a quarter lying on the show case for me and left in a hurry. I guess the Lord was having to heap coals of fire on my head because I had lied and done them dirty.

The first meeting they had in the new place, someone said, "Let him go ahead and move up there He will have a pool room in a month." But a little Dutchman, bless his memory, Brother Forman, said, "Let's take that boy on our prayer list," and some of them did. I'll tell you a man would be better off in an open field with twelve blood hounds after him than to have a band of God's people praying for him, if he didn't want to get right with God. They started praying for me. You will soon see what happened.

While the flood was on, we had seventeen in our three rooms upstairs. My wife and I walked the streets at night and let the older people sleep in our beds. My uncle, his wife and three children, my grandma and friends of theirs. When the flood was over, my goods were all gone and

no money to replace them. I stocked up on credit, thinking I would pull out, but the first thing I thought I had not kept my promise with God. I thought those people that owed would pay me, but they didn't. By now I had stopped drinking so much and didn't gamble but a little once in a while. Two or three weeks after I lost my job, I went up to the restaurant where my former employer ran a gambling house. I went up one day and thought I would play a little poker. I had only \$2.00 with me. I played a while and finally lost my two dollars. When I got home, my wife said, "Where have you been?" I said, "Up to Tom's place. I stuck Nipsy Redman in a poker game with \$2.00. I waited to see what he would do. You see, Nipsy was a good poker player, but he lost my \$2.00 then I came home." She wouldn't have said a word if I had told her the truth about it.

I ran the store on, and on July 20, 1913, Sunday morning at 8:15, our first baby was born. We named her Marcella. I had been up all night. I had sat down by the side of the bed and fell asleep with my head on the side of the bed when someone woke me up shaking my shoulder. I looked up and it was a deaf and dumb woman who had come to the store and couldn't get anyone to the door and she came on upstairs and let me know in her way that it was a fine baby. I wasn't doing so good in the grocery business. As soon as the baby was about a month or six weeks old, I went back in the factory to work and wife looked after the store. I took care of it in the evenings and on Saturday afternoon and Sunday, as Sunday was a good day in the grocery business.

One day I came in and my wife said, "Let's go to church tonight." They had built a church in the East end of Maysville, got it up and weather-boarded and fixed up some seats and were having a revival and conference. I said, "Listen to me wife, we're not going to that revival. If you want to kill our baby, we'll just take it out, knock it in the head. We're not taking it up there to take the measles, chicken pox, small pox or something else and die." But she said, "I'm going tonight." This was Monday night, November 24, when I came in that night I was in as big a way to go as she was, so we went.

Brother Miller, Brother Hankes, John and Bona Fleming, Brother Jim Baynum, Bert Tell, May and Madge Savage and Sister Miller were the preachers in the conference. Wonderful singing, preaching, and shouting. They didn't know much about music, or didn't know much about sermonizing, doctrinizing, or harmonizing. They didn't know anything about compromising, but they had plenty of God and lots of the Spirit.

The first night I got interested in the meeting. They took my picture every night, preached against everything I was doing, but I'd go back the next night to get another dose. My wife couldn't go every night with the baby as it was her first one. She would go about every other night. I got under conviction and didn't want to miss a night. About Tuesday, November 25, we went to church. The baby started crying and wife said, "We'll have to go." I was interested in the meeting and didn't want to leave. We started and I got mad because I was under conviction. When we got to the door it was raining. I was so mad when I got out the door I pulled the blanket down off the baby's head and took up the railroad track with the rain pouring down on the baby's head. My wife weighed 90 pounds when we were married, now she weighed 150 pounds. She couldn't get around very fast, so she was running and saying, "You are going to kill my baby." I said, "I don't care if I do." Oh, if we could get people under conviction like that today. We finally caught the street car. When I cooled off, I was sorry. I wiped the water off the baby's head and face. We went on home. I went back the next night and every night that week. They would preach against my cigarettes, my

tobacco, the theater, and cursing, beer, and card playing and everything I was doing, but I got more and more under conviction.

On Thanksgiving morning, I went to the store and stopped at John Dursh's saloon and got a drink of brandy with some ginger ale behind, came down to the grocery and got a package of Honest Scrap tobacco, under conviction so bad I didn't know what to do. I made up my mind some time between 5:45 and 9:00 A. M. You see, we went to work at fifteen till 5, and worked until fifteen after six in the evening, got thirty minutes for dinner, worked twelve hours a day five and a half days a week, 66 hours a week for \$7.00. I ran a slubber on the third floor that no one could keep up, and it was piece work, but you couldn't make over \$6.00 a week on it. So the Superintendent, whose name was Henry Crawford, told me if I would take it and run it he would give me \$7.00 a week, and if I got enough cotton to make over that, he'd pay me, but if I didn't make \$7.00 he would pay me anyway. The reason I'm printing this in the book, is because some of the people who read this book may know about those days and it will bring back sweet memories.

Well, about 9:00 A. M. Thanksgiving morning, I walked through an archway on the third floor of the cotton mill in Maysville, Kentucky, to where Cleve Darnell was running drawers and railway heads. I said to Cleve Darnell, as I pulled a pack of tobacco out of my pocket, "Do you want this tobacco?" He said, "Don't you want it?" I said, "No, I have quit chewing tobacco, smoking cigarettes, drinking, cursing and gambling this morning." He said, "You're going to get good, I guess." I said, "If a fellow like me can, I am going to do so." From that time until this moment, January 23, 1950, Monday evening at 10:22 P. M. I can say I have never wanted any of those habits from that day until this moment. I lived three days and never committed one sin.

On Sunday afternoon we went to church and we didn't sit down in the back of the church. We went up within two seats of the front, and when the altar call was given, I was standing beside my wife, and her mother was standing on the other side of her. A man who had gotten saved about a year before came up to me and said, "Harrison, I believe I would settle it." I handed my wife's mother the baby and fell at the altar. This man, Mr. G., was chewing tobacco and denying it. He had come to me before quitting time, when he was going to work over time, and take my pack of tobacco out and get a handful to chew while he was working by himself, but say, when he spoke to me that afternoon, it helped me to break loose. I didn't think about the man or his tobacco. I was lost and bound for a devil's hell. Anybody could help me. You've heard it said, a drowning man will grab for a straw, well, I was sinking and needed help. When you are under old fashioned conviction like I was, you won't pick your crowd to pray with you. A yellow dog could sit by your side and bark and you wouldn't pay any attention to him, when you are lost and crying for help. Well, I fell in at the altar. I didn't know anything about how to pray, but when I got to praying, God knew my heart and had mercy on me and forgave me.

I went in the cotton mill next morning singing, happy, and feeling good. I went back to church that night. On Monday night they had a big time, but somehow I didn't feel so good. It was the liberty and freedom that folks had that made me hungry. After the preaching, Brother Miller said, "If there is anyone here that doesn't feel that you have the victory, come to the altar." Out of there I came and fell at the altar. Brother Miller came around and said, "Boy, PRAY!" I said, "I can't pray." He said, "Now, son, get down on both knees," and I did. "Now," he said, "you say the words I say," so he started in by saying, "Lord, have mercy on me and forgive me." I repeated it

after him, but finally I lost sight of my instructor and began to pray like the house was on fire. It wasn't long until I came out of there shouting and jumping like a wild man and hugging the preacher I had talked about. From that day until now, the devil and Tom Walker haven't been able to make me doubt God anymore. I knew I was saved and delivered from sin. I caught on to the devil right there, for I was gloriously saved on Sunday afternoon, the last Sunday of November, 1913, but that Monday night was just a trial from Splitfoot, but I caught on pretty soon. They sang that song, "Come hear me tell the story Paul and Silas loved so well, How Jesus left His home above and came on earth to dwell."

I ran a slubber in the cotton mill sometimes, and a lot of the time the cotton, what we call was short, would break in two and cause trouble, but I never heard that old slubber sing and run so pretty. I had a platform about 6 or 8 inches in height to put shorter people up even with the machine, but I didn't need it, I was tall enough but it was there anyway, so I would walk back and forth on the platform and sing that song, "Come and hear me tell the story." People would come by and say to Bill Jenkins, the assistant boss, "What is the matter with Lucas?" And he or someone else would say, "He has gone crazy on religion." Then someone would say, "He'll be back behind the cotton shed shooting dice or up town playing pool or out somewhere calling for a square dance," but that has been over 36 years ago and I have never gone back yet. Praises be to God and the Lamb forever! It has been His power that has kept me from doing it.

Well, I started going to church, sometimes on Wednesday night, and I would have to borrow a dime from someone and give them fifteen cents for it on payday. But I went to church and the Lord helped me. I hadn't been saved very long until they put me up to lead prayer meeting. I had not read the Bible much, just since I had been saved. I didn't have a Bible until I got saved. My first Bible was the New Testament and Psalms. Jimmie Lewis gave me my first fifty-cent Bible. Some of you who read this will remember poor old Jimmie. He tried to preach a little. His first wife left and he got married and about a year later they had a baby, and of course They were proud of it. The boys teased Jimmie about the baby and someone told that the doctor came one day to see the baby and the mother. Jimmie was home and the doctor was telling the mother what she should eat, as they didn't use the bottle for babies much in those days. Well, they told that Jimmie asked the doctor if it would hurt the baby if he ate some saner kraut. Well, they teased Jimmie until his grace and patience were running low. One day a blonde haired boy, I forget his name, if he is still alive and gets hold of this book, maybe he will remember the time that he started teasing Jimmie while he was nailing up some boxes. Jimmie got mad and hit that boy in the face with the hammer and blood just flew. Well, that kind of stopped the sauerkraut story.

With this Bible Jimmie got me, I got up to lead prayer meeting. I picked out an easy chapter and read it several times and I got up to read. In that chapter was Simon Peter's name, and I would call him Simon Peter. Cleve Sharp was saved at that time, and he would holler out and say, "That is Simon Peter," but I couldn't say it then. Well, that didn't stop me. I had been saved about a year and they put me in as Superintendent of the Sunday School, and that was the first time I had ever seen any one get mad in church that professed to be saved. This was old Mr. M. He had been Superintendent of the Sunday School ever since it had been a church. When they voted me in, he really climbed the miff tree. He knew more about how to run a Sunday School than I did, but the Lord helped me and I got along all right.

I was saved about six months before I was sanctified. I was so happy and blessed, I went to the altar some 20 odd times, but didn't get through. They prayed for me and got blessed and told me I had it and the pastor would tell me I was living a sanctified life, but I was one of them that had to know. One Sunday afternoon in June 1914, I felt the assurance that He had come, so I got up and said I was sanctified and the pastor got up and said, "He says he got sanctified."

You'll remember, I told you back in the book I was working and my wife ran the store, so before I was saved November 30, 1913, we used to close up the store about 11 o'clock and then go up to the saloon one block away and get a gallon and a half of beer and take up some cheese and crackers and sit there and drink beer until we saw two of everything and then go to bed and fall asleep until someone came and woke us up. On Saturday, December 7, 1913, we closed the store and went upstairs, had family prayer, and went to bed. The next morning my first customer, Sadie Gilbert, came and knocked on the door downstairs. I stuck my head out of the window and said, "The store won't be open any more on Sunday." I was a new creature, old things had passed away, all things had become new. You see, I worked in the cotton mill for about nine years and ran a pool room for two years and was Sunday School Superintendent for two years, so you see, I got acquainted with all classes of people. Of course I was working part of the time. I was serving the store and working in the mill when I was Sunday School Superintendent. I don't want some one to figure these years up separately and think I am not figuring them up right, for I only lived in Maysville eleven years.

In the fall of 1915, I went to my first conference at Ashland, Kentucky. We stopped at Warren Posey's for supper, Reverend Ellis Jessie and I. He was our pastor. I will never forget it. They asked us if we wanted a cup of hot chocolate and I said, "Yes." But I didn't know what it was because I had never had a cup in my life. After supper we went up Avondale from 13th Street. When we got within four blocks of the church, I heard people praying and shouting and praising the Lord. I said to Brother Jessie, "What is that?" He said, "That is Albert Selby and the Fleming boys." He said they'd soon wear out their voices, but they didn't. We went in and he began to introduce me to those boys and they began to shake hands with me. I had never been in such a crowd as that before, and when it came to knowing anything about church, as far as that was concerned, I was too green to grow, but such a time of praising the Lord and folks going to the altar! In those days we knew very little about business. If someone had said something about a Ways and Means Committee or a Resolutions Committee, we might have thought they were talking about something to eat, or another name for hot chocolate.

But say, we did a lot of business in a spiritual way, getting souls saved. I was the delegate at this conference, and in those days the delegate read the Sunday School reports and both church reports. They called for the Maysville report. I went up and read it. We had 85 members. During the year we had two revivals. The evangelist was W. H. Hudgins from Roanoke, Virginia. He was a bachelor and a good preacher. We members made anywhere from \$3.00 to \$7.00 a week. When I read off 85 members and that we paid Brother Hudgins \$25.00 for each meeting, Brother Kulp, the General Superintendent (you that knew him knew how firm he could talk) said, "Any church that had 85 members and paid an evangelist \$25.00 for a two weeks meeting ought to all go to the altar." I was so in love with the people at the church, he might as well have talked about me. I stood there until he got through then I started back to my seat. I guess I looked like I was hurt to the core. Rev. R. W. Chatfield, sitting near the front, said, "God bless that boy." I didn't enjoy the rest

of the morning. At noon Rev. Harve Kelly said, "Let's go down town and get a bite to eat." We started and got down in Avondale and I said, "Brother Kelly, I don't want anything to eat." I went back to the church, found it unlocked, and went in. The devil told me they didn't want me there and I ought to get my suitcase and go home as I had a round trip ticket. I went in and read a while, prayed a while and cried a while. I was hurt and hurt bad. I remembered I heard someone say, "If you're not liking someone, pray for them," so I tried that. I prayed for myself and then I prayed for Brother Kulp. Finally I prayed through and got victory over the whole thing. From that day on, Brother Kulp was a father to me.

I was in a meeting and a conference at Hitchens, Kentucky in 1917. I sat in the depot, stayed in the Y.M.C.A. and rode on trains with Brother Kulp. It looked like he went out of his way to help me, but he never knew the battle that I had that day. That fall, Brother Warren Posey came to Maysville to be our pastor and he had been elected Superintendent of the Kentucky District. He couldn't get a house to live in and I lived in the East end of Maysville in Sister Drydon's house. We had four rooms, front room, dining room, bedroom and kitchen. My wife and I and two children lived in the bedroom and kitchen and gave Brother Posey and his wife the front room and the dining room. Think of a District Superintendent and a pastor living in two rooms. That's the way the Pilgrim Holiness Church was dug out. Before this, I sold the fixtures and quit the store business, worked on at the shop and paid up what I owed. I paid my mother-in-law \$43.00 in 43 weeks, paid a back rent bill of \$6.50 at twenty-five cents a week. The man stopped every week, collected the twenty-five cents and gave me a receipt, until I paid the \$6.50. Those were close days.

He got saved in the last days of November and went up to George H. Franks Clothing Store and told him I wanted to buy a suit. He showed me a suit and said, "You can have this one for \$7.50." It was a nice hard woven suit, and I told him I would take it. I paid \$1.50 down on it and laid it away. I paid twenty-five and fifty cents a week and got it out for Easter. Boy, was I ever dressed up! In those days whatever we got was gotten the hard way. When I went to church on Easter morning, my pastor, Ellis Jessie, said to me, "Boy, you look nice this morning." Well, that didn't do me any harm.

We were out of work in 1916. We stored our furniture and went to Cincinnati, Ohio, to God's Bible School Camp Meeting. I got a job at the Union Iron Works, worked there two days. The second day I worked holding a riveter against bolts while the other man riveted with a power hammer. I worked there that day ten hours, then went over to the American Tool Works and got a job. I went to work at 9th Street and Broadway to watch a man on a plainer, but I didn't see much that night because it is hard to see with your eyes closed. I worked at 9th and Broadway for a while then they sent me to 6th Street and Egerson Avenue. I worked there a while then went down to the new building across from the L. and N. Depot. I started the first plainer in that building at night. While working at 9th and Broadway, I hurt my arm about 5:00 o'clock, a.m. I hadn't been paying my tithes at that time and that was the first thing I thought of when I got hurt. I remember the first time I heard tithing preached on. I had a silver dollar in my pocket. I went up where they sat at a table and I said, "Here is a dollar on whatever you were talking about." I'm glad years ago I got that question settled.

In June 1917, I settled something else. Rev. Warren Posey had tried to get me to get license to preach before I left Maysville. I felt I was called, but felt I was not able to do the job, but after feeling it was preach or lose out with the Lord, at the camp meeting in Cincinnati I went to the altar. L. E. Williams came and knelt down in front of me and asked me what was my trouble. He said, "Do you want to be saved?" and I said no. He said, "Do you want to be sanctified?" I said no again. He said, "Look up here." I did, and he said, "Get up from here and go to preaching." I knew it was the Lord showing that to him, so I promised the Lord there at the altar I would do anything from that time on that he wanted me to do.

My wife, at that time, was against me preaching, in a way. She said every Tom, Dick and Harry that gets saved says they are called to preach. I knew she was right in a way, for there were a lot and still are, that say they saw a big GPC standing in front of them and they thought it meant Go Preach Christ, when it meant to them Go Plow Corn. But I promised the Lord from that day on that I would preach holiness, home or no home, wife or no wife. I would preach if I had to wear overalls and brogan shoes, drink buttermilk and eat corn bread. The Devil also said I would end up in the poor house. I said I'd start a prayer meeting as soon as I got there if I went, but I can say from that day until now, He has supplied my needs, Praise His Name forever! I went home from camp, sat down and wrote Rev. Posey a letter saying I had decided to preach. He sent me state license to preach the gospel.

This picture you see is taken in front of the house I lived in when I got my license to preach. You see, I had been preaching almost ever since I was saved. I remember one Sunday in 1915, Crock Gilbert and I were driving down the river on the Ohio side on that morning to have service at Bramer Gap, Ohio, out from Ripley, Ohio. We stopped at a church along the road and they were having Sunday School. The Golden Text that morning was, "Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's." I remember sometime before this I was to preach my first sermon. My, it was burning on me, and I felt like I could preach for an hour. I got up and started in like the house was on fire, preached about five or six minutes and was through. Well, those were good days anyway.

Now back to 1917. I worked at night at the American Tool Works and preached different places. Brother Reese, pastor of the Maysville church, a young man, got married while he pastored there. He got off from the church for a while so I would go up there on Saturday and preach Sunday afternoon and Sunday night and come back Monday.

I only worked five nights a week. Then I felt like starting a mission in Newport, Kentucky. I promised the Lord if He would help me to get a day job, I would start a mission, as we didn't have any Pilgrim Holiness church in that town. It wasn't long until I got switched from nights to days, then I started a mission on Monmouth Street, ran it a while, then they wanted me to go back on nights but I couldn't as I had the mission. Then the General Manager sent for me and asked me, "How is it that you're making the money that you're making here?" I said I didn't know. "The last two raises I got I didn't ask for them." He said, "We have men that have been running a plainer for twenty years that don't make as much as you are making. Now," he said, "don't turn your meal tickets in.

Go around to all of the machine shops in the city and see if you can get a job that pays you as much as you're making here. If you don't, come on back and take your night job back. I'll fix it so you won't lose your bonus." That was fifteen cents on a dollar, if you worked a full month. He said, "We are paying you too much to run that plainer on days. We need you on the night shift."

I quit, had to take a job for less money to start with, but soon built up. I got a job at the Houston and Stanwood, 3rd and Philadelphia Streets, Covington, Kentucky and worked there until after the war was over. They told me when I went there they were soon going to work on Sunday and pay double time. I told them I would not work on Sunday for any man. It wasn't long until they started working on Sunday. One old boy that belonged to the Pilgrim Holiness Church at Pike Street told me he had to work on Sunday or lose his job. He said he was helping the boys on the battlefield. He backslid, and was one of the first to be laid off after the war. I never worked a minute on Sunday and wouldn't even work on prayer meeting night. I was the last man laid off. My boss' name was Mac, but I forget his last name. I hope if I live to finish this book and he is alive, he will get hold of my book. He will tell you the same. He came around one Friday evening and said, "Preacher, the boss told me to tell you he hates to lay you off but there isn't a thing left to do."

I finally got a job over at the Safe and Lock on Pearl Street in Cincinnati. I worked there a while, then one evening I came in and my wife said, "Brother Haines called and left this number for you to call." I went and called and he wanted to give me a job in the telegraph Company. That was a shop the Bible School was running at that time on Reading Road in Cincinnati. I took the job over the phone, came back home and started to eat supper, when someone knocked at the door. It was Mack. He said, "I got some work for you," so I told him about the other job. He said, "I believe I'd take it for it may last longer than the job at the shop."

I worked at the Bible School shop and pastored the mission in Newport. I would work in the day time and hold services at night. We had a street meeting in the 2nd Street Park each Sunday evening just before church. One evening after the street meeting, a boy I had been raised with was standing over against the fence. He went over to Elsie Burden, his cousin. He was crying and said, "I'm going to change my way of living. I just came from Harrison's street meeting." On the next Sunday morning as I was going to the Nazarene Church on 7th Street, I met Willie right at the place where I was going to have a street meeting that night. I told him to come. He said, "I'm going over the river on business. I'll be back in time for the street meeting." But he wasn't there. That night at the mission I was preaching on Hell. About the middle of the message Willie walked slowly by the door, but didn't come in. He went to the Newport Foundry Monday to get a job as foundry man. They said, "Yes, we need a man," so they signed him up and told him to wait a few minutes and the boss would come after him. All at once he grabbed his breast over his heart and gave a scream and fell on the floor a dead man. So you see, it pays to be ready.

Just before Paul was born, wife couldn't help me in the mission and we hadn't been running it very long. I had a street meeting all by myself. I had a big drum, sang a couple of songs, beat the drum, testified, invited the people in. Several had gathered on the corner. They walked behind me to the door, and looked in. I had a nice clean room, 50 brand new maple folding chairs and some other seats. One old man came in out of the crowd. I preached on Hell that night and gave an altar call, but the old man didn't come, but he raised his hand for prayer. Two weeks later he came to the altar and got saved.

I was walking down 2nd Street one day and the Spirit of the Lord said, "I want a mission here." Another time the same words came to me, so I went to see the man that owned the building. It was Rev. Hurd. He had been in mission work for years with Lucius Compton, another well known man. He was glad to let me have the building. Of course it was a bad looking spot. In the evening a bunch of men would shoot dice in the park and a red brick building across the street was a red light house or a bad house, but we didn't question the Lord, He knew what He was doing. I fixed up the hall and got everything ready and opened up. We had a revival and Rev. C. P. Pridgen preached one night on the man going from Jerusalem to Jericho. We had a good revival; and the crowd got too large for the place, so Brother Hurd let us cut an arch in the wall and made the hall about as big again as it was. I bought oak factory made seats from a Jewish church for ten dollars. We held street meetings out in the park in front of the mission. Folks would get blessed and shout and praise God. Someone would call the police but before he could get there, the street meeting would be over and we would be inside and he couldn't say anything. I had a permit from the mayor of the town and the police couldn't stop me.

One Saturday night after church a policeman was out front and told me a man across the street called and said his wife was sick and if we didn't stop the street meeting he was going to have to take her to the hospital, for she was very low. Next morning bright and early I went over to see how his wife was. I knocked at the door and he came to the door. I said, "I came over to see your wife. How is she?" He said, "She is in the kitchen getting breakfast. She is all right. It's me that can't stand that singing and beating the drum and hollering out there." He sat in the yard and drank canned beer all day and his wife worked and made the living. His sins were bothering him. We had our street meeting Sunday evening. Monday I was summoned to the court house. I went up alone. The mayor, the chief of police, the police judge and another policeman, and I just don't know who all were there of the city officials. The chief started in on me. He said, "I'm told you are a nuisance down on 2nd Street. Do you want me to close that place up? You stop those street meetings or I'm going to close your place up." I stood there until he got through, then I said, "Chief, your honor, before I started that mission on 2nd Street, a dice game went on in that park every evening and cursing and filthy talk and a lady couldn't go by without being insulted, and you know that in that red brick building was a bad house. You backed a patrol wagon up there and hauled men and women away two or three times a week. You know the dice game is gone, the crowd of bad women is gone, and in the building people live that have gotten saved and come to church. Now, Chief, if you want to back up gambling and a bad house like it was, I'm ready to close up now." He walked over to me, patted me on my shoulder and said, "Go back down there. If any of those rough necks come around and bother you, let us know. We are here to protect you." So the police bothered me no more.

While I worked at the Bible School shop I was pastor of the mission. The last year I worked at the shop I was their pastor. When I started to work there, Charlie Pole was the pastor. When he left I was put in as pastor. I had from 7:00 to 7:30 every morning to sing and preach. We had some good services while there. I left there and went out into the full time ministry. I remember while pastoring the mission, a woman got mad at me for preaching against tobacco and she had false teeth. She got condemned on wearing her false teeth, went out on the L and N bridge, threw her teeth in the river, and went on gumming her tobacco. Well, I didn't say much to her for I thought if ignorance got any through she might make it.

I was having a baptismal in the summer of 1919. Brother Walter Tomblin was helping me. Dr. Godbey had sprinkled me some four or five years before, but I felt like I would like to be put under. After we got through with the rest, I said, "Brother Tomblin, you can put me under," so he did.

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Chapter 5 MY FIRST FULL TIME PASTOR CHARGE

In the fall of 1919, I went to Rush, Kentucky to conference. Brother Kulp wouldn't let them put Brother Warren Posey back in as Superintendent. He wanted him to go west.

I want to stop here and say that Brother Warren Posey and May, his first wife were two of my best friends, but while I'm writing this I'm sorry to say that they are both gone by the way of death. On the other hand, I'm glad they made it to the city.

At this conference they elected Brother Duncan as Superintendent of the District. He was pastor at Rush. The conference closed on Friday, but they wanted me to stay over Sunday, which I did. God gave us a good week-end. The church there is 36 by 70, and it was full every night. Monday, I went on back to Newport and about the first of December, they called me for pastor. I began to get ready to go, sold some things, gave some away, cashed in two war bonds, paid up my bills, got Walter Tomblin to take charge of my mission. After I got my bills paid, I got ready to move to take my full time pastorate. In those days they called you and it was up to you to get there. I was ready to move to my pastor charge, but I didn't have enough money to have my furniture hauled to the wharf boat, as that was the cheapest way to move. Looked like the devil had me fenced in. He is a good carpenter and can box you in, but he can't put a roof over you, so there is always a way out and this is Up.

I prayed and I knew I had thirteen dollars and some few cents coming at the shop as I had preached my farewell message on Wednesday, December 10th, and they had bid me farewell. I knew that \$3.00 would take me and my wife to my first pastor charge of the Pilgrim Holiness Church. I went over and got my money at the office, bid them farewell again, and as I came out through the hall, my good friend, Dal Poe met me and said, "Come in here a minute." He took me in a room and said, "Here are some names I want you to remember in prayer when you get to your pastor charge." You see, I had pastored a mission, but not a church. I took the piece of paper. He said, "Here is \$60.25 we have taken up here in the shop to show you our appreciation for preaching for us this past year." You can imagine how I felt, for \$60.25 was as much as \$200.00 today, or more.

So I went to have my furniture hauled to the wharf boat, paid the freight on it and got ready to leave town. They told me to use the money for anything I wanted to. I went down to a misfit tailor shop and found a suit they had made for some fellow. He had paid a third down on it, but never came back after it. It just fit me. I bought it to remember the boys in the shop.

On Friday, December 19, 1919, we bought our tickets, got on the train at Newport, Kentucky, and started for Rush, Kentucky. In those days it seemed we were leaving the country. We got to Rush, Kentucky, 5:30 the same day. We left a five room house, gas, electric and water in the house, stepped out of the door on the sidewalk. We got off the train at Rush, Kentucky, wife stepped in mud half way to her shoe tops, and I mean shoes, not slippers. We started up the railroad to Mr. and Mrs. Dan Smith's. We got on a little trestle, heard a train whistle and we had no flash light and it was dark. Yes, I said dark at 5:30 P.M. We had God's time those days and not this airplane time. You that knew my first wife know how scared she was of a train. You know I had some time getting her and three children up that railroad, but that train was 20 miles away. We made it all right.

We had church over Sunday, then Monday the men took two wagons and went to Ashland, Kentucky, fifteen miles away to get my furniture. We went up to look at the house we were to move in. The front room was about 12 by 12 and had an open grate in one end. The ceiling had been sealed overhead with burlap sacks tacked on to the joists, but had broken loose from the joists and had bagged down until my head would rub the ceiling. The kitchen was about 9 by 12, the house was boxed up, the cracks were stripped. The little attic upstairs had room enough to put a bed, but I couldn't walk straight in it. We moved in but my poor wife wasn't any too happy about it and I couldn't blame her, but we had both said, "Yes" to the Lord and this was in the unknown bundle we had said "Yes" to, and we couldn't back up now. On Saturday, January 10, 1920, Rev. Duncan, the District Superintendent and myself left Rush for Boltsfork, Kentucky, where we had a small church that went in with Rush. We left about 10:00 A.M., with a big snow on and everything frozen up. We got to Sister Edmunds, about 4 miles away, about noon, stopped here and got dinner. We left there and got to Boltsfork, stopped at Joe Fannons for supper. Someone may be wondering how we were traveling, by 'the way of Shanks pony, we were walking. I preached on Saturday night, January 10th, with my overcoat on and overshoes and would have preached with my hat on if it hadn't looked so irreverent. It was below zero, and there was a little stove in the corner about the size of a nail keg with 25 or 30 young men and women gathered around it. We went up to Mrs. Greenbolts and stayed all night. We slept in a bed that hadn't been slept in all winter, no fire in the room, and between two sheets. I took a cold and didn't get over it for months. I might never have gotten over it if the Lord hadn't healed me. I walked over there winter and summer for over a year. Once in a while I would get a horse to ride. I'd preach Saturday night, Sunday morning and Sunday night. Sometimes they would give me \$1.35. I would walk home Monday morning knowing I had a big job but a small salary. I'd like to see some of our young preachers come out of school today with an arm load of sermons, walk ten miles today to preach. I'm afraid they would sit around and live off Pa and Ma until they would wear the seat of their pants out before they would walk ten miles over an icy road, in zero weather.

Sometimes we would get a horse from Brother Alexander or Brother Riffe and ride over there. One time I got Brother Riffe's horse and got up to the head of Rush where you cross a big hill and he took a notion he wouldn't go any farther and he didn't. He started backing up and backed into some cross ties and almost fell on top of me. I put him into Brother Alexander's barn and walked. I felt safer. Finally, late in the fall of 1920 the two churches bought me a horse to ride. Mr. Leslie who ran a store on East Fork had a three year old horse, iron gray, a running walker. He asked \$65.00 for her but because the church was buying her for me, he let me have her for \$50.00.

In the spring of 1921, a man by the name of Jordan moved up on Brother John Riffe's farm. Brother John Riffe was the father of Magle Posey, Rev. Curt Posey's wife. Brother Jordan didn't believe in holiness. His wife and two daughters, Lucy and Rosie, were all three saved and sanctified. Brother Jordan hadn't been over there very long until he got hungry for the blessing. One Saturday morning he went up on the hillside to cut a hoe handle. When he got up there he didn't have anything to cut the handle with. He got down on his knees under a little tree and prayed to be sanctified until 3:00 P.M. He didn't get through that evening. He went back up there the next morning and got sanctified about noon. They came to the afternoon class meeting. He came to the door of the church with the glory of God all over him. His wife gave a big war whoop as she entered the door and the meeting caught fire and what a time we had. He started to plant corn, beans, and potatoes and anything he planted, he promised the Lord he'd give a tenth of everything he raised. When he moved over, he had an old yellow mare so poor she reeled when she walked. He had a jersey cow you could hang your hat on her hip bone. That fall when he cut his corn, he'd stick a stalk up in the tenth shock. When they dug their potatoes, he told me to bring my horse and sled up. He would measure his potatoes. Every tenth measure he put on my sled. The family had all the potatoes they wanted and I had corn and fodder to feed my horse, and when they moved back to Garner the next spring, they hauled four horse wagon loads of corn and their horse and cow was as fat as they could be. Yes, I say it pays to tithe.

I finally gave up Boltsfork in the fall of 1920 and took Ben Run Church, across the hill from Olive Hill, Kentucky. I pastored there for a few months then I started a revival on Friday night. They had a girl playing the organ that was a backslider, a man leading the song service that belonged to a lodge and the man helping him was chewing tobacco. I saw I couldn't have a revival with that outfit. Brother Curt Posey was a member of my Church at Rush and hadn't been married very long. I sent for him and his wife. They came in about Tuesday night and brought the two Jordan girls with them that I spoke about moving to Rush. The night they came, I got up and said, "Sister Posey will take over the organ and Brother Posey the song service, and every one that has good victory come on the platform and help us sing." I'm telling you, the pot started to boil just then and the fire got hotter. We didn't know but little about sermonizing or harmonizing, and we didn't know a thing about compromising. We skinned the devil and the fire fell.

I preached nine nights against that atmosphere. Had one girl at the altar the ninth night, but she didn't get anywhere. I prayed all day Sunday to the Lord and told Him I was at the end of myself, if He didn't help me and move in on the people, I was closing that night. I preached that night. When I started to give the altar call we had four folding chairs fastened together for an altar, and six fastened together at my right sitting against the wall. I said to Brother Posey, "Put them out here." They started the altar call song. In a few minutes 14 men and women had fallen at the altar. Nine of them prayed through. What a time we had! The man that had been singing in the choir and using tobacco and denying it, Brother Posey and I met him one day coming around the hill from town. We asked him if he used tobacco and he said no. Brother Posey took a toothpick and said, "Mr. B. pick whatever that black thing is between your teeth and let me see what it is." He said, "Yes, I have been using a little tobacco for the toothache."

He fell out of the meeting. Didn't come any more. The meeting ran until the next Sunday night with the altar lined every night. On Friday my wife was to come over from Rush to stay over the week-end. It started to snow about 2:00 o'clock that afternoon. I came over to the station to

meet her but it was snowing so hard she couldn't get to the depot. She didn't come. The train ran about 6:45. Amos Wagner ran a barber shop across the street from the depot. He closed up his barber shop and we started across the hill to church. It was snowing so hard and the wind was blowing and the snow by now was five or six inches deep. I said to Amos, "There won't be many out tonight." But when we got there, the house was packed and jammed. An old grey-headed woman had ridden a horse from Ross Chapel seven miles away. Yes, I still say if we get on fire for God, folks will come to see us burn.

This lodge member, Mr. R., and Mr. B., the tobacco chewer, didn't come out. On Monday night after the meeting closed, we were having a business meeting. They sent a spy out to see if we turned them out. We opened the meeting with song and prayer and read the church covenant. I said, "Now this church has been run down and a lot of members have gone and some have lost victory, so we are starting over again, new. All that can measure up to the covenant I read you can come and take the first so many seats, and we will take you in and elect a board and start all over again." Mr. R. and Mr. B. weren't there. That left them out.

We started home the next day on the train and hadn't gone very far until the train stopped, there was something wrong with the engine. I said to Brother Posey, "Let's have a testimony meeting on the train." He said, "That's the way the tongues do, they'll think we are tongues." It pulled out in a few minutes, ran a few miles and stopped again. I got out and looked around the engine where they were working on it and more and more I was burning to testify. I got back on the train and said, "Lord, if it's your will for me to testify on the train, hold it here until I can get started. In a few minutes I jumped to my feet and said, "The Bible says something about when you have an opportunity to do something good, do it." I started to testifying for the Lord. There was a smoker in front of us, thank God for those days that you could get on a train and get off without smelling like a tobacco barn. Those old boys came out of that smoker there with their hats in one hand and their pipe or cigarettes in the other and listened to me. There weren't any women in the smoker. They hadn't fallen that low yet. When I got through testifying, the brakeman reached up and pulled the rope and the train pulled out and never stopped any more, only where it was supposed to stop.

When I came to Rush they said the church hadn't been painted in forty years. There were holes in the ceiling two and three and four feet square, and it hadn't been papered for years. The seats had been painted with enamel and when people came to church they would bring a newspaper and spread it on the seat and the heat from their bodies would get the paint sticky and the paper would stick to the seat. The first thing we had to do was fix the roof. A group of men and women from the church got some paint and we painted the outside first. We scraped it with wire brushes then painted it. We had a man come from Ashland, Kentucky, and plaster it for us, then we papered it. We built a scaffold on each side of the church that we could move like a table, about 12 or 14 feet high and ran boards across from one to the other.

One night in prayer meeting the Lord came on the service and Brother Bryant Edmund got blessed, climbed one of the scaffolds, jumped up and down on it then jumped off of it on to the platform. Those were great days. We used the platform for a pasting board. We cut strips of paper 36 1/2 feet long. I put them up on the ceiling, I hung forty strips and never tore one in two. Brother

Jordan carried the bundle of paper in front of me while I put it on. We had some great revivals in that church.

I was holding a revival myself when Brother Dave Tuft got saved and sanctified. He was going with a girl by the name of Mae Bates, but he never took her home again. Later she got saved and they kindled up the coals and went to going together again. In 1922, I married them at Emitt McClays in Grason, Kentucky, while I was holding a revival meeting in the court house. I didn't see them very often after that. In January, 1950, I saw him and his wife and one of their boys at Virgie, Kentucky. We were there visiting my wife's mother and they came over from Wheelwright to see me.

When we got the church done, we needed some money. We raised all the money we could in the church, then Brother F. and I got on our horses and collected money from country homes and while we were doing this, he had a paper in his pocket having all he could to sign it to get rid of me so he could work another fellow in. The Lord took care of all that, bless His dear name! I want to stop here long enough to praise the Lord for the predicaments he got me out of. We were holding a revival meeting over on Garner, up on the side of a hill in a school house. One night a woman came to the altar. She was praying and some folks were praying with her, and her husband came up and started to take her from the altar. I said, "Brother, I wouldn't do that if I were you." He looked at me like a tom cat at a bull dog and went down the aisle. In a few minutes, he came in at the door with three or four young men behind him. I saw him coming and I just got up and kept on praying and clapping my hands. I didn't want to be down if he started anything. When he got within about ten feet of the altar, his wife prayed through and jumped up on her feet and started praising the Lord. Of course, we all joined in and the man with a rock as big as a teacup stood there for a few minutes then walked out. After the service, the young men said they were behind him, and if he had raised his hand to hit me, they were going to grab him and drag him out the door and kick him to the bottom of the hill.

Another night, I was going over there and I was a little late and was riding Brother Jordan's horse. Just as I was ready to leave the house, Brother Dave Tuft came down the road. I said, "Do you want to go to church?" He said, "Yes." Wife handed me an extra rug and I put it up behind me on the horse. I took off on the horse with her trotting at full speed. Brother Dave said, "I told the Lord if he would make a way for me I would go to church." He said, "He made a pretty rough way, but I'm going anyhow."

I came from Colton, Kentucky, in a two-horse wagon on the 14th of March, 1921. I had been down there to church. When I got back, my wife was walking up and down on the road. To make a long story short, next morning at 5:00 A.M. our fourth child was born. We named her Alberta. When I came to Rush, I had a wife and three children. When I left there two years later, I had the same wife and four children, and a horse, a milk cow, a calf, some chickens, and some rabbits. Back there we had to figure to make the financial ends meet. I felt sure while at Rush that a man on East Fork ought to give me a cow. I was so sure of it that I went over and looked his cows over and picked an old cow he had, being willing to take the worst he had. If I'm not mistaken, he didn't mind the Lord. While I was waiting on him, Sister Alexander gave Elwood, my boy, a pig. He put it in a sack and carried it home and kept it until it weighed about 150 pounds. I looked out the window and here came Elwood riding that hog up through the lot and it was really taking off.

The house stood about two and one half feet off the ground, and the hog went under the house and left the boy sprawled out on the ground crying. The hog had three pigs. I kept two of them until they were about three months old. Lon Riffe came along and he had more cows than he had hogs and I had more hogs than I did cows, so I traded him the sow, two pigs, for a black poe cow and half Holstein heifer, and gave him \$15.00 to boot. Lon Riffe was a brother to John Riffe, a member of my church, so Lon said when I got the money I could give it to John, that he owed him. In a few days I met Brother Riffe and told him what his brother said and he said, "Yes, I saw him and he told me about it." Brother John said, "I am kind of behind on giving to the church. Just give me credit for the \$15.00 and call it paid." The Lord knows how to get a fellow a milk cow better than anyone else.

In the fall of 1919, I went to the conference at Rush. They gave me a room close to the church, because they said I looked so thin they thought I had T. B. and wasn't able to walk very far. A few months later I went there as pastor. The flu broke out while I was there and I milked the cows, carried in the coal, and prayed with them and preached two funerals in the same day. They found out I was one of those slim ridge runners.

In the fall of 1921, I left Rush and moved to Olive Hill. I went over and got Willis Johnson's two black mares and wagon and Thomas Alexander took his two mules and wagon. We loaded up and left Rush early in the morning for Olive Hill. I was driving the span of mares and Brother Alexander was driving his mule team. H. H. Bolander was pastor at Soldier, Kentucky. He came over with me to help me move. He was riding my horse and driving the cow and calf. He got behind and I went back to see what had happened. The cow had a rope tied on her head, and Bolander had tied the rope around the calf's neck in a running slip knot and the calf was nearly choked to death. After dark, we stopped to feed the horses and mules. We had some oyster crackers, so I milked the cow and we had warm milk and crackers for supper.

We moved up on top of the hill between Olive Hill and a creek by the name of Ben's Run where the church was. We lived there one week. My wife was afraid to live there, so we moved up on Clarkes Hill, but before the next month was up, they sold the house and we had to move again. We moved next door with a vacant lot between the houses. The father in the family that bought the house had asthma. You could hear him for a block sometimes making a noise like a cow bawling. The poor old man died one night and they laid him on some boards right by a window next to our house and put a sheet over him waiting until they could get the casket made. My wife and I were sitting there looking up that way and up on the hill somewhere back of the house a cow started in bawling and my wife said, "I saw that sheet move." Well it did sound like the man before he died. We lived there about three months and they sold that house and then we moved about two blocks. We lived there about a month and then moved next door in another house because it was a better one. We lived there a while then we moved up in H. Jesies house and lived there the rest of the summer.

In the fall, I went to Maysville, Kentucky, where I was saved. We were on our way to Covington, Kentucky, to conference. We went a few weeks early and started a revival in the church where I was saved. The church was run down and they didn't have any pastor. I went to Maysville. My wife's mother lived there, so we stayed with her and started Friday night. There were three besides me and my wife and Jenny V. Vincent. We had her with us to help in the

singing. Saturday night, there were five out and Sunday night about seventy-five, and Monday, seven out. Brother Oliver Hill from Cincinnati was with me the first two weeks, then he left and I went on with the meeting. The last week the Lord broke through. We had 26 saved and 16 sanctified and the house packed and jammed and 100 people on the outside that couldn't get in. A fellow got saved who had a half-interest in a moonshine still. They called me for pastor and rented me a four-room house but I couldn't feel led to go.

I went back to Olive Hill, and took three small churches that year. The Lord doesn't let us go all the time. Brother Will Burns took over Superintendent that year and he said to me, "Brother Lucas, who will we send to Maysville." I said, "Send Elwood Quails down there." He went down and started another revival and had a lot of folks saved and the church has been going ever since. I went back there for a revival in 1930 for P. O. Carpenter. They have a parsonage now and they moved the church.

While I lived in the house at Olive Hill, I went over to Globe to the Pilgrim Holiness Church on Uncle Tom Bonds' farm. I held a three Sunday revival. H. H. Bolander was the pastor. I preached for three Sundays. It was a tobacco raising settlement and they didn't believe much in the Holiness way. The last Sunday of the meeting, Brother Bolander was walking up the road for the afternoon service, when some drunk that was mad about the preaching came out and took Brother Bolander by the shirt collar and said, "Are you the fellow that is doing the preaching up here at the church?" Well, it didn't take him long to say NO. I happened to ride up in a car that afternoon. When the meeting was over, Brother Bolander came around and said, "Brother Lucas, I am sorry but here is all the money I could get for you. Four dollars and eighty-five cents." I thanked Him because he did his best, but about the middle of that meeting, a man wrote me a letter from another county and told me to meet him in Olive Hill at 6:30 on the morning train. I did and he said, "Come and go to Morehead with me," so I did. Going over on the train, he pulled out a roll of bills and counted out \$50.00 and then said, "Here use this to pay your way back to Olive Hill." That is more than \$250 today. I had made a contract with the Lord about five years ago and I was keeping my part of the contract and so was the Lord, and He still is, praise His Holy Name forever! I took the stiff neck in that meeting and couldn't turn my head. It hurt so bad I couldn't even shave. I went up to where Brother Bolander was staying with a fellow by the name of Day. He got me down and shaved me with a safety razor. Might as well have been a case knife. He and that safety razor and me with that stiff neck, I tell you, he liked to have killed me.

While living there my wife took sick and I had to stay home with her until she was able for me to go. I didn't have any meetings to go to at this time. While I lived there, one day I missed the train to go to Graham, Kentucky, to preach, so I started out walking on the railroad, having no other way to get there. I walked over Corry Hill. I had a new pair of shoes that cost me \$1.50 and I rubbed a blister on each heel, then I pulled my shoe off and walked in my stocking feet until I wore my sock out, but I got there because I didn't want to disappoint the people.

The Grohn church was the only church I ever pastored, (in fact the only church I ever heard of) that one end sat on a hill and the other end on another hill, with a creek running under the church.

Two boys were going to break up the meeting we were having, a Phillips boy and a Cox boy. I think it was Christmas Eve, and during the Christmas time the boys said they were going up in the Hollow and break up the Holiness meeting. Uncle Tom Phillips, Brother Harry Phillips' father, was Deputy Sheriff. He heard about it and went down the hollow a piece and waited. Here they came cursing and saying what they were going to do, and Uncle Tom stepped out and shot his pistol into the ground and said, "Halt!" The Phillips boy fell on his knees and began to bawl, "Don't shoot, Uncle Tom!" The Cox boy took down the hollow running. The road made a sharp curve at the creek. They had built a rock wall to keep the creek from washing the road out and the creek was two or three feet deep, and the Cox boy ran over that wall into the creek and the people didn't know anything about it. The boys were the ones that were disturbed.

One night the meeting was so hard, I preached from Genesis to Revelation, and gave an altar call. About the time I gave the altar call, a boy about four or five years old kicked a half gallon bucket of milk over and it came running down along the altar. No one could have gotten to the altar if he had wanted to. When the meeting was over, a woman said, "During the second song tonight, I felt like taking my baby blanket and going up the aisle waving it over my head, but I didn't do it." That was the reason for the hard meeting, the woman didn't mind the Lord. A little disobedience to the Lord will stop Him from blessing any crowd. I have been serving the Lord long enough to know that as well as a smart man.

I pastored a church seven miles from Grons, Kentucky, known as the Kings Chapel Church. One family of people came there by the name of Holbrook. The Assistant Pastors' name was Ollie Holbrook. He had a sister, a blessed good girl. She was the organ player at the church. If she gets hold of this book, I know she won't mind me telling this. We walked from Grons over there and preached, then came back to Grons and preached that night. One Sunday morning this girl was playing the organ. It was cold weather and she had worn a pair of arctics with about three buckles on them. While singing she got blessed and shouted all over the platform with those overshoes on. Another time it was warm weather and she came in, and probably had new shoes on. While playing the organ, she just slipped her shoes off, got blessed and came out of there and shouted all over the platform in her stocking feet. Someone might say, "I wouldn't do that." Well, if I didn't have any more victory than you, I wouldn't do it either.

One night we had walked from Grons to Kings Chapel, seven miles over and seven miles back. We had a good meeting. Six or seven men had gone over that night. It was Saturday night and coming back we got to talking about the meeting. Charlie Swinford got blessed and started jumping up and down in the road. Some of the men were afraid of him; the moon was shining bright and they all took to the woods while Charlie ran up and down the road and screamed like a wild man. Those are very sacred days to me.

Hayden Jessie sold the house I was living in. I moved down on the point above the railroad. I lived there until I moved away. I lived in Olive Hill nineteen months and lived in seven different houses. Wait a minute now before you pass your opinion-yes, I had paid my rent for every house that they had charged me for.

In the fall of 1922, I went in the evangelistic field, held two revivals then wife got sick and I had to stay home with her, canceled the only meeting I had. By the time she got well, I had to go

to work in the brick yard. I'd work in the brick yard during the week. On Saturday afternoon I would ride a mule or a horse twenty miles over to Carter City, preached Saturday night, Sunday morning, and Sunday night, ride back home that night and work at the brick yard on Monday.

During the Spring of 1923, I started going over to Hitchens preaching for the people over there. I'd preach at Hitchens Sunday morning, Willard on Sunday afternoon, and back to Hitchens on Sunday night to preach.

April 29, 1923, Monday morning, I took two horses, old Bill and Nell, hooked them to a wagon, Henry Lemaster took his two mules and wagon and we drove twenty-one miles over to Olive Hill, loaded up what we could do without that night, and finished loading up the next morning and pulled out for Hitchens, Kentucky, Saturday, just a little while before dark. By the time we got unloaded, Henry had to go to do his feeding. I got ready, started the horses and old Nell started backing up. We were right on the bank of a big steep hill in back of the company store in Hitchens. Old Bill fell down and couldn't get up, so that stopped the wagon. I got out and took the gears off of him and got him up. I had locked the wagon so it wouldn't go back any farther, got old Bill, hitched up a gain, and maybe I didn't thank the Lord for helping out. If that had gone over the hill it would have killed both horses, for I would have jumped out and let them go. I moved there with the promise of \$5.00 a month on my rent and no promise of any salary. I moved there May 1, and started the revival on the 4th and held it until May 27th. I didn't have any church board, didn't have enough to have a church board. We opened the church doors at the end of the revival, and eleven came up for membership. One was turned down, and we took in ten. We elected a board and started out for a battle. The first thing we did was to get the church folks together to pray a theater out of the way that was two doors from the church. The Lord answered, closed that thing up and for over twenty years there wasn't a theater in that town. The next thing, we got together to pray a pool room out of town and in three weeks it was closed up and I don't think, unless it has happened lately, that there has ever been another pool room in the town.

In September, 1923, I called Georgie and Effie Moore for a revival and crowds came for miles. The last Sunday of that revival they made me up \$175 to pay on a car. Reverend John McNurlin bought it for me. I hadn't driven very much so I went to Ashland and got it. The fellows had a starter for the car, but didn't have it on, so you had to run it on the ignition. You had to run it pretty fast to have lights and that was out of my line, when it came to speeding. It got late and I stopped at Brother Alexanders and stayed all night and ran it on in the next morning when I could see where I was going.

We lived up on a hill above the company store a while then we moved up on the E. K. Railroad. Then when Jay was born on Labor Day, September 3, 1923, I was by myself. A few minutes after he was born, Mary Wilburn came in at the back door and June Gorman at the front door. I turned the case over to them and went to hurry Grandma Crum up to take over. Dr. Tiry was her doctor and wouldn't be back from Ashland until 5:30 and Jay was born at 5:15. I met Dr. Bays down below the house and told him my trouble and he stopped and took care of the baby and my wife and he said she was getting along just as well as if she had had a doctor. The day I went up to pay him, I had saved \$15.00, that's what they charged in those days. I met Doc down below the house and said, "What do I owe you Doc?" and he said, "What for?" I said, "Why, for taking care of my wife yesterday." He said, "Nothing. If I couldn't help a neighbor out in a time like that I

wouldn't be much of a neighbor." He said, "I gave the preacher up the road a pig the other day. First time you are going by, stop and I'll give you one and we'll call it square."

We lived there a while and we had to move. The man that owned the house wanted to move back and we moved up town, lived there and a man bought it. I couldn't get a house for love nor money. Finally, he wanted me to put my things out in one room and let him have it, so I did. My wife and I lived in two rooms and stored the things in one. We had five children. The door between me and the man didn't fit very tight. He got up every morning between four and five o'clock and lit up a pipe. I believe that was the strongest smoke I've ever come in contact with. Well, he finally smoked me out. Theodore Powell let me have two rooms at his house, one we cooked and ate in and one had two beds in it. Seven of us slept in the two beds. Some of these preachers in this year of 1953 would say, "I wouldn't have done it." By us older fellows sacrificing in those days, you have a place to preach today. We lived there for about four months then they bought us a house from Theodore Powell. Brother Powell, Brother Leach and I worked at it until we got it to where we could move in. It had four rooms. We moved in the 12th day of March, 1924. On Wednesday night, I went to prayer meeting.

On April 26, 1924, I went to Louisville, Kentucky and started a revival, Sunday morning, April 27th, with one of my good preacher friends, Brother Floyd Carroll, and was with him ten days. Just got a revival broke through when I got a letter from my wife to come home at once, they were holding a revival in the church. In those days they were called the come-outers. They were preaching that everyone of my people were going to Hell for belonging to the church. I came in on Wednesday afternoon, went to church that night and called on Brother H. to pray, and had Brother D. to preach. When he got through preaching, he said, "I'm going to take an offering tonight. I was at a place one time and felt like taking an offering and didn't. The next night it rained and nobody came out." He had a good idea he wouldn't have a chance to take an offering the next night. Right he was, for I closed the meeting that night. I had prayed about all night. The Lord told me what to do. Brother Carroll said, "Brother Lucas, I hate for you to leave for this is the best start of a revival we have had here in years." But I was with those come-outers six years before I came to the Pilgrims. They are there to tear up the church.

I did just what the Lord told me to do, and it worked. I closed the meeting on Wednesday night, May 7th, and people went out of there cursing and some saying, "I'll never come back to this church again." About half of my members were out Sunday morning. All were out Sunday night but three. The half of my members that didn't come out Sunday stayed home and prayed through that I had done the right thing. This Sunday night two sinners came in and sat down for about five minutes, then got up and left. It looked bad. The preachers had gone up to the Eagle hall and taken the crowd with them. They stayed there for nine weeks and never had a convert. We had people saved in our prayer meeting. When the nine weeks were up, my church was full and theirs was empty. Brother D. came back every two weeks. The last time he came they didn't even open the door for him. When we mind the Lord, He will bring us out.

The first two years I was at Hitchens, they tried every way in the world to get me out of town. They told that my assistant pastor, T. R. Powell, made moonshine and I sold it. They even told where the stump was where I would leave the moonshine. Well, that was all untrue. They even told that Ed Ratliff had a warrant for me. While the people talked, I would pray and come out with

fire all over me and shout and praise the Lord and folks would get saved because I was not doing any of those things. The last year I was there I had the town under my control.

In July we rented the park from Dick Fraley and began a camp meeting in a tent. Reverend John Ash of Huntington, West Virginia, was our camp meeting preacher, but he got mixed up in the dates and didn't get there until Friday. Brother Charles Wireman had been closed out down about New Boston, Ohio, for preaching too straight and was going down about Lexington, Kentucky, somewhere, and stopped off to see me and I had him preach Tuesday and Wednesday. The first night I'll never forget. He preached on the train from Earth to Heaven. This camp began July 15, 1924. Brother Wireman preached the 15th and 16th, Brother Hankes from Ashland preached Thursday, Brother Ash came Friday night and preached, and we closed August 3rd and baptized eight on Sunday afternoon. A carnival moved in on Monday, July 28th, and the fellow that owned the park wanted us to have services morning and afternoon and have services from 6:00 till 8:00 in the evening; after that the carnival could open up at 8:00 and go on. But I had rented the park until August 3rd, so we went to see the manager and asked him what he intended to do, and he said he intended to let us go on until we got through. He said, "I am not a Christian, but I got too much respect for the church to drive a stake until you get through." The crowd that attended the meeting got under conviction and cried, but wouldn't yield to the Lord. They saw the first baptismal service at that meeting. Those were great days.

Jenny V. Vincent was our singer and musician in the camp. She hadn't been there but a few days until the devil told her Sister Cora Savage didn't want her there, so she lived under the impression for a day or two then she went to Sister Savage and asked her how she felt about her being there. She told her she didn't know of anyone that she would rather have there singing than her, so old split-foot had to get out. The only way to do a thing like that is to go to the one you are imagining something about and tell them instead of telling someone else.

I had a lot of experiences while we lived at Hitchens. One Monday morning we received a letter from Sister Baker down at Mt. Savage, saying that Mary Mayo was down there and she wanted me to bring some of the church folks and have a healing service for her. My wife and I and Sister Leach got in the old Model T Ford and started. Seemed like everyone else was gone or couldn't go. Going over the clay camp we met Roxie Clevenger. She was a backslider but wanted to go, so I said, "All right, come on." She got in and we went down and Mary was in bed with T. B. and rheumatism. They lifted her feet out of the bed and helped her up in a big rocking chair. She had thrown all her medicine in the creek. Three doctors had given her up to die. We read the Bible and got down and started to pray. We all prayed a while and it was hard and seemed so dark, but after a little while the light broke in and the Lord came down and healed her. When the power hit that woman, she jumped up out of that chair. She ran from the front room into the dining room and into the kitchen and this was a big house. After making several trips back and forth through the big house, she sat down for a while then we went out across the hall in another room and wife or Sister Becker one sat down and began playing some good songs on the organ and she got blessed and jumped up and had another shouting spell. This was Monday. Wednesday she went home. That's been 23 or 24 years and she is still living as far as I know. I saw her in April, 1945.

I remember one night while I lived there, just before prayer meeting started, one of June Gorman's girls came running to the church and said, "Mamma said to pray for Bessie Pritchard that

she will get saved. The doctor says she can't live until morning." We went to prayer and prayed for a while for the Lord to save her. After praying a while, we were led to pray for the Lord to spare her life. She had an inward bleeding cancer and had her feet placed upon the foot board of the bed. While she lay there, she would say to June Gorman, "Pray! Pray!" The doctor was standing by and saying, "She will bleed to death before morning." The church prayed, my wife and I, Sister Cora Savage, Sister Vincent, and others prayed and the assurance came from the Lord that He was going to spare her. In the morning she was still alive, and Monday the Lord laid it on Sister Savage to go down there and stay all day with Bess. She got Lillie Lemaster to go with her, and they went down and got dinner and helped clear up the kitchen, after the children went back to school. They had ten or eleven. Then Sister Savage went in and told Bess they were going to have prayer with her. She said she didn't feel like them praying there, but to go over to Ruth Savages and pray. The Lord had sent Sister Savage there to pray, so she stayed right there and finally Bess gave in for them to pray. They started in and Bess began to pray but she couldn't get saved. She told Sister Savage and Lillie if they would let her get up and out of the side of the bed on her knees, she could get saved. Of course the devil's last chance to work had been defeated when Sister Savage wouldn't leave until she had prayer. Now he told them if Bess got out by the side of the bed she would start hemorrhaging and would die. The doctor's orders were for her to lie quiet, but finally they let her out by the side of the bed and sure enough she hadn't been on her knees but a few minutes until she prayed through and then they couldn't hold her.

In a little while she got quieted down then she wanted me. I was papering a house up above the parsonage for Ray Blankenship and two girls came, one was Bess's girl and the other was June Gorman's girl, and the Pritchard girl said, "Mamma is saved and wants you to come down."

I dropped my papering tools and ran down to the house. Wife was ready for the girls told her as they passed by. I cranked up the old T Model and away we went. When I got in the yard, Bess went to shouting and I started in at the door and what a time we had. She got up later and came to church and wanted to be baptized, so one evening I took her and Mary Sammons down to the creek and baptized them. Mary later be: came the wife of Paul Steward from Kansas. Bess came to church and testified and finally had to take her bed again, but the Lord heard our prayers that Wednesday night and gave us what we asked for and that was to spare her until she could be saved. I was there on Sunday afternoon to see her and Carl Lee was there. He married a sister of Bess. We had prayer before he left. After prayer I started the song, "I have heard of a land on the far away strand," and sang three verses and the chorus and Bess lay there and helped me and Carl. Next morning just as the brick yard whistle blew for 6:00 a.m., Bess left this world to be with Jesus. I preached her funeral.

While we were there we tried to keep out of debt all we could. One night we ate up everything we had for supper and of course we did not let the children know anything about that and we didn't let anyone else know and didn't say much to the Lord about it, for we had made a promise to the Lord back in 1917 we would preach Holiness if we had to live on cornbread and butter milk. But we didn't have any corn bread or buttermilk. I got up the next morning, I had a six cap pine grove cook stove that I could make biscuits and bake them in it until a sick man would feel better after he ate them; I built a fire in the stove, took the tea kettle and water bucket. I had dug a well at the edge of the porch, and when I started to open the door the screen door wouldn't open. I shoved it hard and pushed it open and when I did, there was a big basket full of groceries,

with flour, sugar, lard, butter, coffee, eggs, and the Lord only knows what all was in there. The Lord always takes care of His part of the contract. Bless His name! He has always been a present help to me in the time of need.

I was called to Soldier, Kentucky, to preach Brother Floyd Carroll's wife's funeral on Mar. 25, 1925. He was a good friend of mine. He died in later years and went to Heaven. He was a good preacher and good barber and a good Christian man. We had a tent meeting July 11th to the 26th, 1925. Rev. Earl Delaney was the preacher with 88 at the altar.

Then in September from the 1st to the 4th, we had the district conference at Hitchens. We put up a tent by the side of the church and cooked and ate under the tent. Brother R. Cox and Brother J. T. Johnson and Wilbur Waters and myself ate supper at the hotel. Roy Blankenship was the proprietor.

Then on September 21st to the 24th, we hauled brick from the brick yard to put steps to the church. Mr. Freeman Webb gave the brick, T. R. Powell hauled one load and I hauled the rest with Sister Savage's team. October 26th to the 28th, Freeman Webb sent Mr. Warneck to lay the bricks for me. I made the mortar and helped him. If you are in Hitchens and the same frame church is still there, you can look at those steps and think of me.

On November 5th we started a revival meeting with Jenny V. Vincent as our special singer. I did the preaching. We had 25 at the altar. We closed on December 20th.

Monday morning, December 21st, I took Marcella, my daughter and Jenny V. Vincent and June Gorman to Ashland, Kentucky to do some Christmas shopping. We got over near Grayson, Kentucky, about 24 miles from Ashland and passed a man on a horse and the horse was rearing on his hind feet. Just after we got by him the right front tire of the old T Model blew out and June Gorman said, "Brother Lucas, that man is shooting at us, I heard the bullet pass my head." Well we had something to laugh about all day. The inner tube blew in two so I put the old tube on the rim, it wasn't any account. I said, "We will buy a tire at Kilroy." We got over there, and Mr. Thomas didn't have any. I said we would get one at Cannonsburg, got over there and they didn't have any. I said we would get one in Ashland, got there and shopped around until it got late and our money was a little short. We said we would go back home on the flat. We started and it was misting rain, and finally got dark and foggy. We had to run on the wrong side of the road to keep on the highway as I only had one head light. We got home about 8:00 o'clock, met Cammie Gorman coming to look for us but the Lord sees us through when we are serving Him.

On February 17th I got a message that Artis Carty was dead and they wanted me to preach his funeral. I got a horse from T. R. Powell, I think the horse belonged to his dad. Artis Carty was saved in a meeting Jenny V. Vincent and Hazel Smith and I conducted at Carter City about 1921 or 1922. I left Hitchens Thursday morning February 17, 1926 for Carter City to preach the funeral. It was twenty miles over there and the clay mud was so deep sometimes the horse would stop pull one front out, make a step and pull the other foot out. I got there at 8:45 P.M., stayed all night at Ollie Lewis'. Next morning we took the corpse in a wagon. Some of us rode horses, others came in wagons out in the country to Oakland, Kentucky, for the funeral. Some of his relatives from Portsmouth, Ohio, came out and Reverend Albert Selby came with them. When I got up to preach

the funeral, I started the song, "I have heard of a land on a far away strand," and Reverend Selby helped me sing it. Artis Carty's mother gave me a Bible that he had got for being the best student in Berea College at Berea, Kentucky.

February 23rd, I went to Huntington, West Virginia and bought a piano. Coming from Huntington, West Virginia, I stopped at Ashland and stayed all night with E. P. Quales, went to the hospital and visited Hattie Crawford.

On March 5th I came to Olive Hill on my way over to Bill Jessie's to hold a revival at Oakly. We stopped in a store in Olive Hill to wait for Reverend Jessie. He was to meet us there, While we were sitting in the store, we were sitting around a big stove. Bunt Ross came in and then a man belonging to one of the Holiness churches in town, he carried a preacher's license. When he came in, Bunt Ross said to him, "Mr. J., let me have your glasses. I got a letter here with some money in it and I want to see if it is for me or my wife." When Mr. J. pulled his glasses out he pulled out a piece of plug tobacco about 1+ inches long and an inch wide. Elwood, my oldest boy, 11 years old, picked up the piece of tobacco and offered it to Mr. J., but he wouldn't take it. I motioned for Elwood to put it on the counter and he did. Brother J. would rather that would have happened any other place in the world as there before me, for I had skinned him so many times on the stuff, he used it and denied it.

Finally Brother Jessie came and warmed a little and said, "Brother Lucas, we had better go." When we started, Elwood picked up the piece of tobacco. Brother J. had gone up by the front door and when we started out he started back to the stove and when Elwood met him he stuck the piece of tobacco up to him and he took it in his hand. Elwood didn't know what it was all about, he was trying to be kind to the old man as we had taught him to be kind to old people.

We went outside. Brother Jessie had two mules out there. He got on one and Elwood and I got on the other and away we went for about twelve miles. I was to preach that night, March 5th. The reason I was taking Elwood along, Brother Jessie had a boy about ten years old and one about eleven, both of them about the size of Elwood. One of them had died a while before and I took Elwood along to be with this boy.

We had a good meeting. We closed on March 14th and on the 15th Elwood and I came to Olive Hill and ate dinner with Brother Willis Johnson, and went to Hitchens in the afternoon.

On May the 14th we started a revival with Reverend John McNerlan as the evangelist. Monday, May 27th I preached Swinford's baby's funeral. The woman I spoke of earlier, Sister Pritchard, got saved June 14th. July 27th and 28th, we went to Ashland, Kentucky, to the assembly under a tent on Moore Street. Brother Cox was the preacher. Mary Sammond got saved August 18th, 1926. Preston Honeycutt's baby died at 11:45 A.M., September 11, 1926. I preached the baby's funeral September 12th. On September 21st, Tuesday, I had seven teeth pulled without putting anything on them. Dentist Malone at Grayson, Kentucky, pulled them. Then one week later I had four more pulled. Three months later I got my plate. Ten dollars for pulling them and for the plate.

On October 8th, we started a revival with Reverend Captain Price as evangelist. On October 18th I helped in the funeral of Ade McGuire, my neighbor. Our revival lasted until October 31st. We had a good meeting with Brother Price. On October 20th I preached Mrs. Caldwell's funeral. On Friday, December 10th, 1926, Brother Floyd Carroll died. I just thought on January 12 to 14, I went to Olive Hill, had a three night revival, then on Wednesday, January 20, we dismissed our prayer meeting and went to the Presbyterian church. They called on me to pray and I had a man in the church, Brother Swinford, who was a good prayer. When I started he filled in behind me and what a time we had. Those were great days and happy memories.

While we are thinking of these happy memories, we are thinking of some sad things that happened while we were there. January 3, on Sunday afternoon, we had prayer at Tommy Coxes up on the E. K. railroad. This prayer meeting was held especially for Tommy's wife. She was sick and died the next day. She had been in our revival a while before that. After the meeting closed, she and her husband and Wally Jones started to Olive Hill and had a wreck just outside of Grayson, Kentucky. She was never well after the wreck. The revival I mentioned, I did the preaching and God marvelously called this lady one night. Another revival while here at Hitchens, two women were in the meeting, both under conviction, but did not yield to the Lord. After the meeting closed on Sunday, January 16th, one of the women shot the other one. She died in thirty-two seconds. Tuesday, January 16. I preached her funeral. It was a sad time. She was at prayer meeting on Wednesday, 4 days before she was shot down. I remember a young man who gave me his hand for prayer, many times. On Saturday night he almost always gave his hand for prayer at our Young People's Meeting, but before the night was over he was cut to pieces under the midnight train. Another young man who walked up the aisle and gave me his hand for prayer dozens of times, one night on his way from church with a girl, he fell out with another young man, and the fellow drew a gun, and shot him through the heart. He fell in the road screaming at the top of his voice, saying, "I am a sinner and don't want to die this way. Send and get Dave Crum and his mother to pray for me." But before they could get there, he died in the middle of the road wallowing in his own blood.

January 21st, I was washing a big washing on the board, my wife was sick in the bed. Two girls came, knocked at the door, told me they wanted me to preach a baby's funeral at the Fairview graveyard and for me to be there at 1:00 o'clock. I sent them over to Lissie McGuires to see if she would come over and stay with my wife while I went to preach the funeral. Sister McGuire wasn't home, so I told them I couldn't come. Then my wife said, "Tell them you will be there. It is an awful thing when one is dead and no one to preach the funeral.." Gordon was two years, two months, and one day old. I put him in bed behind wife and I went on and preached the funeral. But wife never remembered me leaving. She was delirious with fever and taking the smallpox. After I got through preaching the baby's funeral, and while some man was filling up the grave, the father of the baby said to me, as I was standing with my arm around him, "Brother Lucas, I believe the Lord took my baby for a purpose." He and I walked over to where his wife was leaning up against a post and I talked to them and they said, "We are coming to church and get saved and meet our baby in Heaven." But it wasn't long until the flowers withered and the little footsteps were forgotten, and they forgot their promise to the preacher and to God.

January 25th the wife broke out with the smallpox. Everybody in town had been vaccinated or had the smallpox. I had been vaccinated seventeen years before that but I didn't take them. Wife

and a man in town had them worse than anyone else in town. People walked up and down the streets, broke out with the smallpox.

February 9th I took Evert Swingford to the hospital. Then I took his wife and three or four more in to see him and I burned two bearings out in my T Model. It took \$9.00 to have it fixed, but I got it fixed and got back to Brother Baker's to preach that night, as I was holding a revival at his house. On February 14, 1927, I came to Soldier, Kentucky and started a revival. We closed February 27th. One night during the meeting they almost shot the town up. I guess they fired 500 shots in town during one of the meetings held at Soldier. While Sister Jenny V. Vincent and Hazel Smith were up singing, a man stood at the window at the end of the platform and shot his pistol empty as they sang, but God blessed that night and a school teacher prayed through, and got victory. She got someone to take her class the next day and she came to the evening prayer meeting and testified to victory. On March 4th, Friday morning, I got a message that my Uncle Jess had been hurt on the railroad and for me to come. When I got to Portsmouth, Ohio about 1:00 P. M., I found my uncle had died at 10:00 A. M. I went to the house. The aunt by marriage had turned everything over to me. I got Albert Selby to preach the funeral. He brought some singers with him and I was taking care of the family as they came in and saw that some of my aunts did not pass out. I got along with everything until they came to the last song. You see, my uncle and I were raised together. He was about six years older than I. We seemed more like brothers. When they came to the last song, "I will meet you in the morning, just inside the Eastern Gate," I thought my heart would burst within my breast, for I knew he wouldn't be there, because he was knocked unconscious and never did regain consciousness. Poor soul, I'm afraid he didn't make it and the Lord had taken three little children from them trying to get him to see his need. We buried him at Portsmouth, Ohio, at 1:00 P. M. on March 8.

Thursday, March 10th, I preached Butler Oulsely baby's funeral. March 14th, I preached Mabel Fuller's baby's funeral. Saturday, April 16th, Grandma died at Portsmouth. She was 96 years old. I had seen her in church but one time when I was a little boy. I saw her at Ann Yon's house to some kind of a prayer meeting, but she got saved three days before she died. Some women from the Nazarene Church went and prayed with her and she got saved. She had chewed tobacco ever since she was a little girl but when she got saved, she threw her tobacco away and never took another chew. Just before she passed away, she said, "I see my way through to heaven, but I don't see my boy anywhere." We buried her on Monday, April 18th. Wife and I came home that afternoon, Tuesday, April 19th, and I helped in the funeral of Mr. Chapman.

On Monday, we started a revival with Reverend Simpson, He preached up to the first Sunday night of May but we ran the revival on and I did the preaching.

In those days with a wife and six children and the offering running from six to eight dollars a week, I did a lot of paper hanging. I have papered almost every personally owned house in Hitchens and a lot of the company houses. I papered the Webb mansion two times, papered some houses three or four times.

We closed the revival May 8th. We had a good week from May 1st to the 8th, with souls getting saved and sanctified. For one week of those days, I will give you what I did every day and most of the time every week was about the same. Sunday, May 15th, I preached morning and night.

During the week I hung paper most every day and attended service mostly every night. On June 1st, we went to Ashland, Kentucky, and stayed all night with Preston Honeycutt. After I got there, I started to line the brakes of my Model T. Ford. You who know anything about them know it took grace to do that job, but with the help of Brother Honeycutt, we finally got them lined. It got to be late and my wife and Sister Honeycutt were in the bed and Brother Honeycutt and I and the children slept on the floor, as they only had one bed. We had six children and they had two. Next morning we were out getting the car started and warmed up. I always had prayer of a morning and do yet before I start out, but this morning Brother Honeycutt called to his wife and said, "Let's go." It was early on Tuesday morning, so away we went and got to Portsmouth Ohio. Preston had a flat. He had to buy a new boot. Altogether it cost him ninety cents. That was a lot of money in those days. We got down below Portsmouth a little piece, and I had a flat. I fixed it and went on a little piece and I had another flat. I fixed it and Brother Preston said, "Let's go." I said, "No, we are not going any further without having prayer. We didn't have prayer this morning before we left, so we are going to pray." So all twelve of us got down on our knees and had prayer on that highway, got up and went on into Cincinnati without any trouble.

Monday, October 3rd, we moved to Ashland, Kentucky. October 11th, I helped Brother McDavid move a man from Ashland, Kentucky to Hitchens and he brought my cow back on his truck. Tuesday, November 1st, they put Catherine Powell in the Stevens Hospital at Ashland. We had been her pastor for four years and five months and she made us promise to come and see her every day. She was operated on one morning and that afternoon she said to T. R., her husband, "I feel so good I believe I'll turn over." Before he had time to stop her, she turned over in the bed and broke something loose on the inside and she began to bleed on the inside. By the time they got the doctor and got her on the operating table, and got her open, she had lost a lot of blood. By the time she was ready to bring back to her room, she was bad off. They gave her several blood transfusions. She had a special nurse and I went to see her everyday but that old nurse wouldn't let me as much as look through the door. Of course that was best. One day my wife and I were sitting in the hospital office waiting to see T. R. He had gone out in town. While we were sitting there waiting, we heard someone talking. They got louder and my wife said, "That's Catherine. Go to her." I ran down the hall to Catherine's room and she was about out of bed in spite of the nurse. I stopped at the door and the nurse said, "Come and help me, don't stand there and look." I walked over to the bed grabbed the cover and put it up over her. I said, "Catherine," and she said, "Brother Lucas, I knew you'd be here. You have prayed through and the Lord has healed me," and she would say, "Take those bandages off of me, the Lord has healed me." The nurse said, "Do you know this man?" She said, "Sure I know him. That's Brother Lucas. He was my pastor for over four years." She said, "Brother Lucas, the devil was outside with the dead wagon. These nurses were going to give me the last shot to kill me, but the Lord beat them to it and healed me. If you hadn't come I would have gone out of here if I had had to go out this window." Bobby Powell came in and the nurse asked her, "Who is this?" She said, "That is Bobby Powell, my brother-in-law." The head nurse called me over to one side, "We will have to give her a shot to quiet her down. You see if you can get her to take a shot." The nurse came in with a needle and she said, "No, you are not going to give me a shot. You tried to give me a death shot. You will answer at the judgment for this." I said, "Now, Catherine, this shot is all right. It is for your own good, go ahead and take it." She said, "If you say take it, all right." We all left the room. She soon quieted down and got well and is living today. That was one day the special nurse was glad to see me.

Sunday December 4th, we started a revival at the First Church at Ashland. I did the preaching. We had a good meeting. During the Christmas time, my wife and I were down by the church at Sister Burton's. One of Jim Walker's boys came in and said Marcella burned up. That was our oldest girl. Wife gave a scream and the rest of the women began to go on. We all started to the house about a block away. I won the race and got there first. Marcella had backed up to the open grate and her dress caught fire, burned up high enough to catch her hair. It was hanging down her back, but she used her head, got it out and saved herself from being burned bad or even to death.

We lived in the parsonage at Ashland Heights, the old Meade property. On February 13th our seventh child was born, a girl, at 1:30 P. M. We named her "Jenny V" after Jenny V. Vincent.

When I first came to Ashland, they were behind on the parsonage. I got out from business house to business house, made up \$200.00, paid it up and refinanced it. Where they were paying \$16.00 a month I got it down to \$8.00 a month but they finally lost the property after I left there.

While pastoring there, Jim Walker lived close to the church. Elwood, my oldest boy, was riding a scooter down the hill and one of Jim's boys would put a stick under it and trip him. After doing it a few times, Elwood jumped off the scooter and hit the boy. Elwood was about 13 and this boy about 10 or 11. Jim Walker came running out and slapped Elwood. I was over home in the front room studying as it was Sunday afternoon. I was getting ready to preach Sunday night. Jim came and knocked at the door. I told him to come in. He came in to the door where I was studying. He said, "Reverend, I just slapped your boy and if any of my boys comes over here and does something they ought not to do, you slap them." I said, "No, Jim, I won't slap your boy, because I don't have any right to." I said, "Come in and have a chair," and he said, "No, I have to go back home." I could have told him what the law could do for him or what I could have done to him, but I just said what the Lord told me to say. I went to church and had a good time but Jim didn't have such a good time. Next morning after daylight here came two of Jim's boys with two baskets of groceries. My wife said, "Who sent these groceries?" The boys said, "Daddy woke us up early this morning and had us bring them over to you." You see, if I had said some things to him I ought not to have said, I might never have gotten the groceries and maybe lost his confidence in me.

One night as we started to church, Blind Bernard Reynolds was with me. A man and his wife were out in the back yard and they were up the miff tree about something. They began to ask me some questions an 'a I didn't answer the way they wanted me to, so the man ran his hand in his pocket and pulled a knife and started to climb the fence, It liked to scared the blind boy to death as he couldn't see what was going on. When I didn't run, the man changed his mind and didn't come over.

I left this church the fall of 1928. At my last board meeting, they wanted to take a Sunday worker in, but I said, "Boys, if you are going to compromise, wait until I leave." I refused to take him in.

* * * * *

MY EXPERIENCES AS AN EVANGELIST

I went into the evangelistic field in the fall of the year of 1928. I went from conference to Beulah Heights, Kentucky, for my first meeting. That is where M. G. Standley was sanctified. I prayed about every day in the pine thicket where he got sanctified. We had a wonderful revival. It was to be a ten day camp meeting. The tenth night there were 19 at the altar. Nine of them were big rough men. One man years before they claimed had killed his own boy. We went on with the meeting another week. Rachel Brown, who later became Rachel Howe, was our singer the first ten days, but she had to leave. J. T. Johnson was in charge of the work and taught school there. T. R. Powell lived there. The last Sunday of the meeting we had a baptizing. This bad man that prayed through said the week he had been saved was the best week of his life. They paid Rachel for the ten days she was there and gave me \$70.00 They had never paid over \$35.00 for a meeting before. It goes to show that if you can have a revival sent from God, the expense is the small part of the program. I came home and found that wife had got along fine. Ollie Lewis had come over to get me to go to Carter City for a revival. He gave her some money, went home and sent her a box of clothing for the children. She had gone to the second church in Fairview. The boys sang and they took up an offering for them. The church had a pounding for wife, so she had almost as much money as I had and plenty to eat.

My next meeting was at West End Mission in Ashland, Kentucky, with Rev. John McNerlan, Pastor. We had a great meeting. Some of the people are still going for the Lord. We moved during the meeting from Ashland First Church Parsonage to a house on Blackburn Avenue. I took sick and had to go to bed as soon as we got a bed up. I got so bad I couldn't stand my wife to walk across the floor. Everybody was good to me. I was sick about a week. The Mission gave me a pounding and Brother Cramer, Pastor at Normal, took up an offering for me and brought it down. He and some of his good people had prayer for me and the Lord touched me. I was out in another meeting before I was supposed to be out of bed. The meeting I went to was at Carter City. Bernard the blind boy went with me. He had a dream about a preacher and how he looked and, that he would fight what we were preaching. Sure enough the first Sunday we were there the service was in a Union Church and we had to give way to another preacher. He looked like and did what Bernard dreamed he'd do, but we had a good meeting anyway. It was during this meeting that a man took me down to the Harry Floyd Hollow close to Rock Spring school house that I spoke of earlier in the book.

My next meeting was with Benny Lowe at Fairview Church as Ashland, Kentucky. It was a good meeting. Then my next meeting was with E. P. Quales at Portsmouth, Ohio, in the Mission on Front Street. God gave us a great time. It was in January and zero weather most of the time. One night we marched out of the mission up the street two or three blocks and back and everything froze up, but the meeting, and it was red hot.

In June, 1923, Brother Charlie Renfrow sent for me to come down where he worked for the Ford Motor Company. He had charge of the used car lot. He had a 1920 Model Dodge, four door sedan with Ohio license and four good tires, a tank full of gas. It ran like a purring kitten. He said, "I want to sell you this car." I said, "Man, I couldn't buy an old setting hen." He said, "Take it and pay me when you can." I did and the first meeting Hanna, Marcell and I went to, I saved \$70.00 on

our train fare. I'll never be able to tell or get all the things in this book that the Lord has done for me the last 36 years. Praise His dear Name! I say Glory to God. Amen!

June 15th we started out to Falmouth, Kentucky in my newly bought car for a revival. My daughter Marcella and Hanna Price, my singers and I were in the revival. The meeting was going kind of hard, so on Saturday the 22nd, I went to the river or creek bank to pray. I told the folks not to look for me until I prayed through for the meeting. I had a good time praying and God gave me the assurance He was going to give us a good meeting. That night we had three at the altar. Sunday morning we had five and Sunday night we had ten at the altar. On the morning of the 3rd, I didn't preach and there were seven at the altar, that night ten were at the altar.

One night someone called the police. He came, looked in at the window and watched a while and said, "I wouldn't bother those people for anything." We had sixty at the altar during the meeting. As I came from the river bank that day, I thought once I would go up in the grand stand of the county fair and pray. I told them that night in the service I knew there hadn't been a Christian there during the fair. It had closed there a few weeks before this. I learned after the service that a man on the front seat had run a stand at the fair that year and professed all the religion in the Book, but that wasn't any sign he had it. We closed the meeting on Sunday. Monday we came home. Jenny V. was very sick but wife hadn't written me. She didn't want to worry me during the meeting. Wednesday and Thursday we went to the tent meeting. Mason Lee was holding a tent meeting. This is the meeting in which Leonard Fleming prayed through. He is going good today.

July 13th, Marcella and I started a revival in Music, Kentucky. Brother Leonard Wallingford helped us in the meeting a few nights. One night Leonard got blessed and ran out the door. Someone shut the door and he couldn't get back in for a while. Another night Marcella and I were up singing a special song and a big bug flew in Marcella's mouth. Of course, I lost my alto singer for a few minutes.

A man and his wife came to church one night and she was going to the altar, but we all got to shouting and she got mad and went home. The next night her husband came to church and said he had come to go to the altar, but the Lord came down and we got to shouting and praising the Lord. Bernice Lucas and my daughter and others were shouting. This man that came to go to the altar jumped up and ran out of the church and called the whole bunch a bad name. One of Perry Lucas's boys asked him what he said. He repeated the bad names he had called us and the boy knocked him down. When he got up he repeated it and the boy knocked him down again. He jumped up and started toward home saying he was going to get a gun. M. F. Lettingham went out and went up the road to stop him for the Lucas boys always carried a gun and he knew someone might get killed. We closed the meeting July 21st, the offering was \$10.75.

The next week we helped in a tent meeting down at the West End Mission. Brother Will Dean was doing the preaching. In this meeting a woman stood under the tent and cried under conviction, walked out from under the tent, started across the street and a car hit her and killed her. A tear was on her cheek when they picked her up.

Saturday, July 27th, my singers and I left for Liberty Ridge, Kentucky, to hold a revival. We stayed all night in Falmouth, Kentucky. I preached Sunday morning in the Pilgrim Holiness

church with nine at the altar. We went on to Liberty Ridge and began a revival that afternoon. About the third night I was preaching, I said, "Yes, there you sit. You remember when the old cow kicked the milk over. You grabbed the stool, knocked her horn off, you came back to church, professed religion." When the meeting was out that night a man came up the aisle and said, "Brother Lucas, I guess someone has already told you. Roberts is my name. I'm the man that knocked the cow's horns off." But no one had told me. The Lord had his number.

The man I stayed with had a big crop of tobacco and he got saved and said, "When I get rid of this, I'm through with the weed." They gave me a coop of chickens, 16 in all. August 31st, Charles and Anna Leblin came. The next day we all went to Hitchins. In the morning I preached and we all ate dinner at Swinfords. We came home after church. Tuesday Charles and Anna went home. September 3rd, we left for conference, got there about 7:00 P.M. Saturday, September 7, 1929 we came home. Got home about 8:00 P.M. Sunday morning we started to Hitchens and my car broke down. I worked all day Monday and Tuesday on the car. I forgot to say I went to conference in my \$35.00 Dodge. I had with me Brother and Sister Ed Collins and Sister Clark. E. P. Quails broke down in his big late model car. But my \$35.00 car and I didn't have any trouble. On Sunday after we got back, my car broke down. The clutch bearing got dry and wore out and the trip I just made in it, that was all. Thank the Lord it didn't break down along the road. Wednesday, September 11th, we went to Hitchens and papered for Bill Pritchard. We got done Friday and Saturday we went to Cincinnati, Ohio, to Charlie and Anna Uehline's. We went down to the Market on Central Avenue Saturday night, and Charles wanted to fix a big dinner for us on Sunday, so he looked up and down the market. Finally, he bought a big goose. He and my wife were going to drain the oil out of the goose as it was good to grease the children with when they had the croup. When we got back from church they had the goose cooked and there wasn't a drop of grease in the whole goose.

I was down preaching a trial sermon at the Covington Pilgrim Holiness Church. As much as I don't believe in a trial sermon, I have had to preach several of them in the past 25 years. I preached Sunday morning and night, had seven at the altar Sunday evening. Mr. Watson was at the altar. I got four votes on the board and five against me with all the church wanting me. The outcome of it was, they called another pastor and had trouble and the church split and cost the District hundreds of dollars and souls lost. I know the Lord wanted me there, but someone didn't mind the Lord.

Back in 1927, I felt like going to Olive Hill to pastor the Pilgrim Holiness Church. The two delegates that the church sent felt like I was the man for the church. I knew the Lord wanted me there, but one woman was against my going. Then I was defeated. She didn't like me and she kept me from going. What happened, poor judgment was used. They called a pastor out of the state. The council fired him and the church split and some of them are backslidden today and may never get back to God, and they came near to losing the church. If the bank that had the mortgage on the church hadn't had a Christian man, they would have lost it. I talked to him myself. When we work against the Lord, there is trouble ahead. I know the Lord wanted me to pastor, but the devil worked there and people kept me out and both of them split because carnality got in the way. When a man or woman is carnal, they don't care what happens, just so they have their own way.

Monday, September 16th, we came home. Brother Duncan was holding a revival at Summit. We attended the meeting that week. Jay and Gordon sang. There was a man coming to the altar in that meeting, but he couldn't get through. Duncan asked him what was the matter. He said, "There is a man down the road that killed my brother in cold blood and I want to get an experience that if I run around the corner and that man is there, I don't want any ill feeling in my heart against him."

On October 2, we got a call to come to Bartsesville, Kentucky to finish a meeting that Ovada Phillips had started and gave out and couldn't finish. I didn't have any money, so Ben Highfield wanted to go down there somewhere beyond Tolesbare, and he said if I would take him and his family down there he would buy my gas to go, so we left Friday, October 4th. We got there about 6:30. The pastor's wife didn't allow him to bring any one to the house, so he had to get us a ham sandwich somewhere, and we ate them at his mother's. Marcella, my daughter, dressed in the front room. I went up in a stairway and changed my clothes. There was a grave yard, two stores, three or four houses and the building where we had church. I said, "Lord, if you get me out of here with money enough to get home, I will be satisfied." We started Friday night. There were not too many out. We had two services each day, morning and night. We stayed a mile down the hollow from the church at Jack Riches. We walked four miles a day. The pastor was a farmer and he would come in out of the field with canvas slippers and a sweater and a pair of work pants and would have his suspenders over top of his sweater down in his pants. I preached up to Thursday night and not a move was made. In the middle of my message I got blessed, turned over every bench that was empty. They had swept the church for a month and put the dirt and paper in kegs and boxes and coal buckets. I kicked every one of them over, scattered dirt all over the back of the church, grabbed a window they had tried to open for about a month. I shoved it clear to the top, stuck my head out the window and hollered, "Fire, fire," as loud as I could. A man had just ridden up the road and started to hitch his horse up to a hitching post. He got scared, ran in the Store and left his horse unhitched. He was found later down the road. Some went out blessed, some mad, and some tickled.

Next night there were two at the altar. Saturday night there were seven, Sunday morning seven and ten at the altar Sunday night and the church was packed and jammed. There were 35 at the altar during the meeting. On Saturday, October 12th, the women at the church took me to Carlisle, Kentucky, and bought me a blue serge suit, new shoes, new hat, shirts, socks, and suspenders, and wanted to buy me some underwear, but I had some. We closed October 20th. Remember I told you when I went to the place I promised the Lord if He would get me back home I'd be satisfied. The pastor never said a word about money until the last night, then he got up and said to one of them, "How much money you got?" He made up \$70.00 in a few minutes. Then he set a stand table out, and said, "This girl has been singing and playing for us. If you got any money, march up here and give it to her." They gave her \$12.00. They took up a pounding for us the last week of the meeting. The last night of the meeting a sinner came around and said, "Stop at the store in the morning and if I'm not there tell them I said to fill your tank up with gas and get whatever amount of oil you need." We left Monday, October 21st, with \$70.00 in money, 32 quarts of preserves, jelly and jam, two frying chickens, two 24 pound sacks of flour, pop corn, suits of clothes for my boys, potatoes and lots of things. I can't think of them all now. We had the big four-door sedan full. That goes to show that if we will trust the Lord, He will always give us more than we expect.

On October 26th, Marcella and I left for College Corner, Ohio, stayed all night with Charles and Anna, and Sunday morning we went to the College Corner and started a revival in the Pilgrim Holiness church with Reverend Floyd Dunn.

During the meeting we were having a hard pull and one morning Brother Dunn said, "Let's fast today." I said, "All right." He said, "Let's not build another fire in the cook stove until the meeting breaks through." I said, "All right," so we fasted all day, went to church that night and it was still hard. We closed about 9:30 and 10:00 P.M. I said, "We are going to have an all night prayer meeting. Everyone that can, stay." Several of us stayed. There was a man there that night that had burned every piece of the school literature that his wife bought and had started to burn up her Bible several times, but his heart would fail him. He said to his wife, "Let's go." They got the two children ready, went home and he went to bed. His wife got ready and got down beside the bed and prayed, then got in bed. Bill lay there troubled. We were praying for him. He said, "I wish we had stayed at the all-night prayer meeting." She said, "Let's get up and go." He said, "No, the children will cry. She said, "No, I'll take care of them." He said, "All right, let's go." They got up and got the children ready, about 12:00. I was walking up and down the aisle between the wall and the end of the seats. All at once I heard the swing door from the vestibule open. I looked up and here came Bill and behind him was his wife with a blanket under her arm and two pillows under the other. Bill came in and sat down and she spread the blanket on the seat and lay the two children on it and came over and got Bill by the arm and said, "Come on and go down to the altar." He had been the boss up until now, but his wife took over at this time. He prayed and we all prayed. His wife would say, "Tell the preacher you are sorry for what you have said about him." One time he looked up and said, "Pray, it is getting so dark." After a while he prayed through. What a time we had. He became the Sunday School superintendent later on. God will help us in the time of need if we will put our trust in Him.

We closed there November 10th, came home on Monday about 3:45 in my big \$35.00 car. Tuesday, I went to Hitchens, papered for Roy Blankenship. Friday the 29th of November, I came home, got on one of the horseshoe bends, it had rained and the bricks were wet, my car started sliding, ran into a ditch, struck a rock that stuck out, cut the post in two on the driver's side, broke the windshield out and tore the top loose. I tore the rear end up trying to get out. Finally, some men came along and helped me out. I drove home then to town, got down in front of Bill Eaton's garage and the rear end went completely out. The engine would run but the car wouldn't move. I sold it to Bill for six dollars. So that was the last of my big \$35.00 car.

On December the 28th Marcella, Hannah and I came to Tolesboro, Kentucky, and began a revival meeting in what had one time been a colored church. We had a good meeting. Brother and Sister P. O. Carpenter helped us out a lot in the meeting. We were having an all night prayer meeting and I got up and said, "I believe there is someone here wanting a revival for His glory," and one old brother got up and said, "Brother Lucas, that's me. I have been praying for a revival just to show the formal church in Tolesboro that the Holiness Folk can have a revival." God doesn't give a revival for that purpose. One night during the revival, Brother Carpenter was taking an offering. He tried to get a young man to give him some money, but he wouldn't do it. The young man went home that night, set his money on the stand, and the next morning his mother came through

the house, cleaning it up and grabbed his paper bag he had his money in with some papers and burned it up.

One night I was taking an offering for the singers. I had \$19.00 made up. When I got back to the platform I counted the money and I had \$38.00 I said, "Someone must have made a mistake. I have more money than I asked for. Did anyone give more than you intended to?" A young man jumped in at the door and said, "Yes, I gave you a twenty-dollar bill for a one." I gave him the \$20.00 and he gave me the one.

There was a man in that meeting raised his hand for prayer time and time again, but didn't come to the altar. After the meeting closed, he went away to work on a bridge. The bridge scaffold fell one day and killed the poor man. We closed this meeting January 19th and went home on the 20th.

On March 23, 1930, we started a revival at the West End Mission. It ran until April 6th. We had 27 at the altar. One night I was preaching against folks that smoked a pipe and professed salvation. One man got up and said, "I'm going to get the police after you for preaching at my wife like that." But he never got back yet.

On Saturday, May 10th, I came to Maysville, Kentucky, to begin a revival on Sunday, May 11th, at the Pilgrim Holiness church, in 1930, with P. O. Carpenter as pastor. On Saturday, May 17th, Brother Carpenter and I went to pray with an old friend of mine that I had square danced with back in the days before I was saved. He had what they call the jake leg, something a lot of men who drank had. They would lose the use of their legs and hands. We prayed with him and he claimed to get saved. I hope he is holding on and makes it to heaven. The revival closed May 25th.

On June 29th I began a revival at Fairview, Ashland, Kentucky. We closed July 13th, had a good meeting with twenty at the altar. July 26th we moved out of the big house on Smith Street across the street in a three room house.

One time while I lived on Smith Street, my gas bill was past due and they were coming that day to cut it off. I lacked one dollar of having enough to pay it, so I got ready to go to town and my wife said, "Where are you going?" I said, "I'm going to pay the gas bill." She said, "Do you have enough money?" I said, "I lack one dollar." She said, "Where are you going to get it?" I said, "I don't know, but I am starting to pay it." I went up the street about a block and Bro. E. E. Lettingham was out shining his car. He asked me to come in and I said, "I don't have time." He said, "Come on in, I want to talk to you a few minutes." I went in and sat down. He asked me if I had seen one of the small one dollar bills. I told him I hadn't, so he took one out and I looked at it and said, "It's a lot smaller, isn't it?" and handed it back to him. He said, "Just keep it." That was my dollar to finish paying my gas bill and Brother Lettingham didn't know a thing about my not having enough to pay my bill.

I remember another time we were out of money while we lived in the big house. The mailman came and we got two letters. We didn't know just what to do, but we knew the Lord would take care of us. I went out and as I came in I noticed there was a letter in the mail box. I

took it and went into the house and said, "Here is a letter." I opened it and out fell two \$5.00 bills. Yes, the Lord knows just when to send in what we need.

Another time when I rented the big house on Smith Street, I paid \$10.00 and told the man I would pay him ten more on Monday. I thought I'd get something to do to get it but I didn't. I went to the first Pilgrim Holiness Church Sunday morning and Sunday night. Brother A. H. Wilson was holding a revival. Brother W. W. Hankus was the pastor. Brother Wilson took up Brother Hankus a love offering on Sunday morning and got him in cash and pledges about \$50.00. When church was over he came around and stuck his hand in my overcoat pocket and said, "I would give you more, but I have to have my car worked on." I went out and started home and took out the bills and it was \$10.00, just what I needed to pay the man what I had promised.. Yes, I say again, the Lord is never late if we keep our promise, He will keep His. Praise His precious name! I say GLORY.

On July 18th, my wife and seven children, Hannah Price and I all went to College Corner, Ohio, for a month's meeting. We took bed clothes and wearing clothes. I put a box six feet long, two and one half feet wide, two feet deep on the bumper of my car with two by fours run under the body for the box to rest on. We went to Cincinnati and stayed all night at Charles and Anna's. Saturday we went to College Corner, started the revival Sunday, July 20th, on Marcella's birthday. We had a good revival. On August 3rd. a big fire broke out, burned up a restaurant and a big farm store and coal yard. A coal pile burned for ten days. We kept house while we were there. The first place we moved was out to the edge of town in a farm home with a lot of hogs in a big lot close to the house. The flies were so bad here we had to move. I had smelled more pleasant things than that hog lot was. The two weeks . we were there we rented a house in town. We had prayer meeting every morning at 10:00. One morning I came from town and two men were sitting in the yard. One of them had claimed to pray through in the meeting and was struck on Hannah and wanted to keep company with her but didn't know how to go about it. I don't know where the big man he had with him was from. I talked with them a while and someone from the house called that it was prayer time. I said, "Let's go in for prayer."

We went in and wife's sister Anna from Cincinnati was there. We all got to a chair or cot and got ready to pray. I said, "Someone lead us in prayer." This big man didn't wait, he started right in praying. He hadn't prayed a minute or two until he started out making some kind of a noise like he was trying to blow bubbles and have a chill all at the same time. He was right beside me. I jumped up and grabbed him and said, "You can't do that in here." He said, "I'll do whatever the Lord wants me to do." I said, "That's from the devil and you can't carry on like that in here." He said, "I'm going to mind the Lord." My wife's sister jumped up and got out of there and so did the man and Hanna's want-to-be- boyfriend with him, and I haven't seen either of them since.

We closed the revival August 17th. Monday August 18th, my wife, Bro.. Dunn, his delegate from the church Brother Spivy and I went to Frankfort, Indiana to conference. We were there Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, came back to College Corner Thursday the 21st and I led the prayer meeting. Friday night I preached, Saturday night we had a street meeting. I preached Sunday night. On Tuesday, August 26th, we moved the things back that we had borrowed, then came to Cincinnati, Ohio to Anna's. Wednesday we went to Walter Ollies and stayed all night. Thursday we went to Frank's, my half brother. He lived on a farm out from Sabina, Ohio. I owed a bank note at Grayson, Kentucky, and it came due. They sent me the notice to Ashland. By the time I got it the

note was past due and I had to pay it off. I stopped in Sabina and sent a money order to the bank to pay the note. It took all the money I had but maybe a dollar and a few cents. I was thinking when I got to Frank's I could borrow some money from him, but when I got there he didn't have any. They had two big fields of corn. One was yellow and the other was white corn. One meal we would fry white corn and boil the yellow then the next we would fry yellow and boil white corn. . Marcella, Hannah and I started to find a church on Sunday morning. We saw a church and some cars parked around it and we stopped. It was a Methodist church and the pastor was preaching his first sermon on his new charge, August 31, 1930.

We went back to Frank's for dinner. After dinner Frank said, "I can get out and tell some people and we can have church here at the house tonight." He did and we had a real good meeting. Among the people that were there were Bill Boggs and wife. His wife was a sister to Nathe McGlone, my stepfather. They wanted me to come to Sabina, Ohio, for a street meeting on Monday, Labor Day. The Lord was in the whole thing for Mr. Boggs didn't know I didn't have enough money to get home on. We went over to Sabina, met Mr. Boggs and Frank and his family went along. After some songs and special singing, Mr. Boggs took up an offering and got \$3.15. We went back to Frank's and stayed all night. Tuesday morning we left for Ashland, Kentucky, had some flats along the way, had to buy a can of patching, pay a ferry boat across the Ohio River. When we got home, I had five pennies and Hannah had a nickel. That was all the money there was in the crowd. We were praising the Lord for the wonderful way he supplied our needs to get home.

Sunday morning, September 14th, we went to Fairview church. In the afternoon I preached at Allglaze in back of Greenupsburg, Kentucky, and Sunday night at Fairview church. Monday morning my wife and Sister Clark, Joe Clark's wife, and I left Ashland and went to Tolesboro, Kentucky, left my car there and took Sister Banes new 1930 Model Ford and went on to Kingswood until Saturday. We left there 12:45 on Saturday for Falmouth, Kentucky, got a few miles from Falmouth, and I went to sleep. Just as I got to a curve, I woke up and saw the curve, tried to cut the car back in the road. The front wheel ran up on a bank, turned over in the middle of the road, made a little dent in a back fender and a little hole in the side of the top. Never broke a glass out of it but hurt my wife's arm. She couldn't get her arm up to comb her hair for three months. It pained only when she tried to raise it up. After three months it was all right. We got to Falmouth at 8:30 P.M. In the morning I preached at the Pilgrim Holiness Church in Falmouth. In the evening Brother Creamer preached and we came home. Friday, I papered, Saturday I papered and Monday, September 29th, wife and I helped Brother Charley Renfrow make apple butter. Say, those days were hard days and we would do any kind of work to make a dollar the right way.

On October 6th we moved our furniture and stored it in a new garage in Pollard that belonged to Gary Turner. Tuesday the 7th we left Ashland at 3:30. We were loaded in the car waiting for the mailman to come. At the close of the conference Brother R. W. Wolf was elected District Superintendent of the Kentucky District. He came to me and said, "Brother Lucas, what are you going to do this year." I said, "I'll take a pastor charge if you have anything." He said, "How about going to Clinton, Tennessee." I said, "Give me a little time to pray." We prayed in those days before we asked what they paid. Next day he wanted to know. I felt led to go. He wrote a letter of recommendation for me to pastor. In a few days I got a letter that they had called me and would furnish me a house to live in with some furniture in it and would pay me five dollars a week and me pay my own coal bill, light bill, and water bill. You see, I had prayed and felt led to go. I

wrote them a letter that I was coming and to send me ten dollars to come on. So that's why we were waiting on the mail man on October 7th. He didn't have any letter. We loaded up ready to leave but no money to buy any gas.

About that time the neighbor next door said I was wanted on the phone. It was Hannah Price's mother. She said for Hannah to come by home before we left. We were taking Hannah to Tolesboro with us to Sister Banes. When we got over to Hannah's house there was a letter for Hannah to come to College Corner, Ohio, to help in a revival meeting, but Hannah said, "I can't, for I have promised Sister Bane to help her." I said, "Hannah, let me have \$10.00 they sent you to come on and when I get to Clinton, Tennessee, I'll send it back to you and you can send it back to Sister French." She said, "All right." We went down to the Post office, got the money and we started for my sister's about four miles from Tolesboro, Kentucky. We got there at 2:30 A.M. We were ten hours coming seventy miles. I blew both head gaskets on my V-8 car and they would have to get out and push me up every little hill we came to, so we got there at 2:30. We lay down a little while, got up, took both head gaskets off, patched them. Yes, I said we patched head gaskets with steam heat patching. We got them patched up and went to Paris, Kentucky that night. We had a flat on the way over and got there about 8:30. We stayed all night and got up the next morning and they didn't have anything to eat. We had stayed with my wife's sister. That wasn't any disgrace on them, for there were thousands of homes in that same condition in those days in that part of the country. I forgot that down below Ashland I had a hose come off the radiator of the car and it cost me \$1.25 to have the piece soldered on and a new hose put on. Now I have stayed all night in Paris, Kentucky and nothing to eat. I went to the store got a box of oats, two pounds of sugar, some coffee and milk. We ate breakfast, I went out to the car, stepped on the starter, and it made a funny noise and stopped. I knew the starter spring was broken. I got under the car, got the starter off, walked up town, got a spring came back and put it on and started out for Clinton, Tennessee.

Thursday morning, October 9th it was a warm fall day. We were loaded heavy as I have already said. A big box six feet long, two and one half feet deep and two feet wide loaded with dishes, cooking utensils, bed clothes and wearing clothes. Three fifty pound lard cans were between the back and the front seat, all full. My wife and seven children running from two to seventeen years old. We got to Berea, Kentucky about 3:00 P.M. We had flats one after the other. Finally, I got down to four tubes and blew one of them in two. I walked back about a mile and found a second had tube at a little country store. It was smaller around than my tires but was bigger around the other way. I bought it for seventy-five cents. I went back, booted up the old tire. I don't know how many flats we had that day, we got to Berea.

I had promised Brother Wolf I would stop and see him. We stopped but he was gone. His wife asked us where we were going. I said, "Clinton, Tennessee." She said, "I'm going with you." I said, "Get in," and there wasn't room for a tom cat to get in the car. She said, "Come in," I said "No, we want to get in to night if we can. We have been having some trouble." She snapped those black eyes and said, "You are out of money, aren't you?" I said, "I've got a little yet." She said, "Wait until I go up to the bank. I got about \$3.00. I'll get it for you." I said, "I don't want all the money you've got." She said, "It's tithe, and I owe it and more too." She drew \$3.15 out of the bank, stopped at the store where she run a bill and got \$3.00 worth of lunch meat, cookies, apples, oranges, cake and bread, gave me two or three blank checks and said, "If you have trouble and

need money, fill out a check, sign my name to it and send me a penny post card and I'll take care of it."

We hadn't had anything to eat at all that day except a dish of oats that morning. The children were hungry as well as my wife and I. We drove out of Berea, Kentucky, a few miles where a spring came out of the hill, spread out all the good things we had to eat while old split foot looked on. Oh, that we would live close enough to the Lord that we could know when we meet our Brother and Sister in the Lord and know if they are in need. A friend in need is a friend indeed.

After we ate our lunch and thanked the Lord for all His goodness, we loaded up and pulled out. Finally, it got dark and in those Tennessee valleys it gets foggy at night. We ran into fog and my wife was afraid for me to drive, so we parked across the road from a house. Wife wanted to go away from where anyone lived and park, but I felt safer close to a house. Of course, it got cool at night. We had curtains for one side of the 1923 Oldsmobile Touring car and we hung a quilt up on the other side. My wife and Jenny V. and I sat in the front seat, Jay and Gordon lay down on the floor between the back seat and the three fifty pound lard cans we had on the floor. Then Marcella, Elwood, Paul and Alberta all sat in the back seat and put their feet on the lard cans. Gordon was bad to get up in his sleep or to have some night mares or night horses, so about the time we all got to sleep, he came out of there screaming and hollering and woke us all up and scared my wife out of an hour or two's sleep, for fear someone would come out of the house and shoot us. We napped between fits until daylight, then we pulled out again and got to Clinton 8:30 Friday morning, October 10, 1930. They had a pounding on Wednesday, so there was plenty to eat in the house. I borrowed a key from the man across the street and got in. I found coal over under the church, built a fire in the coal range before any of the folks knew we were there. We had gone there for \$5.00 a week, and pay our own bills.

Some of the people came in for a little while Friday night and saw we were worn out so they didn't stay very long. We had prayer before they left. I called on Brother Joe Webster, as he was treasurer of the church, but he didn't have victory, so his wife prayed. We got ready for bed as soon as they left, the boys in one room, girls in another and wife and I and baby in the front room. The house only had four small rooms. As soon as I hit the bed I fell off to sleep. Pretty soon I woke and found I had been attacked by more than one. I jumped up and saw little brown bugs running in all directions. I grabbed the baby and told wife to jump up. I rolled the sheet and bugs up together and threw them out. I killed all I could find in the mattress, pulled it out on the floor, but the boys on it and looked on the bed that they were sleeping in, but I didn't see any bugs on it. Every time anything touched me in bed for a week or two I woke up. The house was sealed with white pine, and when those bugs got in the walls, they were hard to get rid of and as no one had lived in this house for a few months, they had a good start. We cleaned and put out some black flag.

The next day, Saturday, I was out taking the box off of my car and James Norman came along. He was Mr. and Mrs. Joe Webster's son-in-law. He talked a while and finally said, "My wife belongs to the church over here and she has been trying to get me to pay tithe so I think I'll start in today. I'm going to give you \$5.00." I thanked him.

Virg Stair came over that afternoon and wanted me to preach in the Young People's Service. I did and preached on Isaiah 30:41. Sunday morning, I preached on the ten virgins, five

wise and five foolish. That afternoon I preached a baby's funeral up on Fairview. I had to preach it out in the yard because the house was so dirty and the odor so bad my stomach couldn't take it. That night I preached at the church on sin. They gave me \$5.00 as they had promised, and the five the man gave me the day before had made me ten for the first week.

Wednesday night, October 15th, Brother Roy Stair said, "Brother Lucas, I'd like for you to call the board together tonight." I did and Brother Roy said, "We have called Brother Lucas here and promised him \$5.00 a week. I move we double that and start him at \$10.00 a week." That went through. "I move we pay his coal, water and light bill." That went through. Then he said, "I move we appoint a committee to find out how much it costs them to run two weeks and each person take their share of it and bring in a pounding every two weeks." That went through. When school time would come someone, mostly Sister Sharp, would go around and make up the money to buy the children's school clothes and would go to the store and they would give a discount.

I left Ashland October 6th, 1930. I owed \$132.50 grocery bill to Bill Miller on 13th Street, owed a \$40.00 and a \$25.00 note at the Third National Bank at Ashland and owed \$15.00 note at Grayson, and owed \$10.00 to a man. During the four years at Clinton, Tennessee, I paid off the bank notes, paid the grocery bill, bought a good milk cow, bought a Maytag washer, traded my old car for a 1937, 4 door sedan Oldsmobile car. I had a new baby. I paid off \$700.00 on the parsonage. Built a new addition to the church 38x12 feet. Bought the seats to seat it and put a brick foundation under the church and put a furnace in the basement to heat the church. Painted the church and roof and built a room on to the parsonage and left them \$85.00 in debt.

During the four years we held a revival in Coal Creek which is Lake City now. Rented a Presbyterian church for a month, had the revival, but the preacher kicked and wouldn't let the man rent it to us any longer, so we rented a store building, put Cardo May and Hannah Price in as Pastor. The pastor in the town kicked but the old gentleman we rented from liked money and when the rent would come due I would take the four dollars over in my hand and say, "Here's your rent," and he said, "They told me not to let you have it any longer." I would say, "Here is the four dollars" and I would show him the money. He said, "We will let you have it another month." Finally, Mr. Guy gave us the lot and helped us get the lumber. We built a church and a three room parsonage and in two years it was paid for all but \$85.00 when I left Clinton. It was boxed inside and out with lumber 1x6 or 8 inches wide, then weather boarded and papered on the inside. The Home Missionary Board didn't give us a cent on it, but the church has had a pastor, I mean a full time pastor, since 1932, and has put thousands of dollars in the general church treasury. On October 19th, we started a revival at Clinton. God gave us a wonderful revival with 86 at the altar. November 29th I went to Knoxville to hear Uncle Bud Robinson give his experience. In those days, if we didn't have someone at the altar every Sunday night, we got stirred. My God, stir us today as a church.

Saturday night, January 28, 1931, we started a revival. I did the preaching with 62 at the altar. We closed February 19. May 26 my wife went to Cincinnati, Ohio, Camp. I kept the children and built a new room on the parsonage while she was gone. Saturday June 14th, my wife, her mother, her sister and her husband and Reverend Cobern came in. We met them above Coal Creek. While Brother Cobern was there he preached every other night for the first week. Charles and his wife, her mother, and Reverend Cobern all went home June 23rd. Sister May and I went on with

the revival every night with Marcella and Hannah Price doing the special singing. Tuesday, July 7th, Reverend R. W. Wolf and Reverend Musser came by going to Chattanooga, Tennessee, after Brother Wolf's furniture. Brother V. Stair and I went with them. Brother Musser preached at Chattanooga. We came back, and got to Clinton about 8:00 A.M. We picked black berries for the next few days, sometimes a wash tub full a day.

July 14th we started a revival at Coal Creek. We closed August 12th. Had a great meeting. On August 17th a man by the name of Kelas from Kentucky and Lucy, I forgot her last name, got married. Lucy had a living man. We turned her out of the church and his license was taken from him.

On September 7th we left for conference at Kingswood, Kentucky. I had Marcella, my daughter, Sisters May and Hannah Price, pastors at Coal Creek. Sister Sharp was the church delegate, Sister Ace Kesturar was Sunday School delegate. When I got sleepy it was Asa that told me about the man and woman that got married when they were very young. They had one son. He lived to be 80 years old and as he lay in one side of the front room, the old man got up on his cane and hobbled over to the casket. The old lady lived to be a hundred, hobbled over to her husband, slipped her arm into her husband's, wiped a tear from her eye and said. "John, I told you when he was born we would never raise him." When she told that, I woke up for the rest of the way. That was just out of Louisville, Kentucky.

We stayed at conference until Thursday morning, left 4:15, got to Beulah Heights, Kentucky, stayed all night at T. R. Powell's Friday we came home and got to Clinton at 11:30. From September 17 till the 29th, we visited the Southern Methodist Church, heard Reverend Burt Culper. He preached for me on the street September 27th. We had the street blocked and I had started the song service before Brother Culper got there. He came and said, "Can you hold the crowd a few minutes?" I said, "I think so." I told the people to stay right where they were that we would be back in a few minutes. We had a truck for the special singers and all the preachers to stand on, so Brother Culper said, "I want to take these preachers for a ride over town in this truck." George Stair, Marcella and Hannah got on the truck with Brother Due, pastor at the North Methodist. We sang and invited people to the meeting. We had the time of our life. October 17th, Brother R. W. Wolf came to begin a revival. It ran to the 2nd of November.

January 1, 1932, I preached at Clinton jail. I had service there every Friday night. We had prayed for 92 days every morning from 5:30 to 6:30. We agreed to pray until a revival broke out or until someone came to the altar and Thursday night, March 17th, Ruth Advance came to the altar. We started a revival that night, I took the flu. My wife and I were both in the same bed with the flu. Corda May and Hannah Price were Pastors at Coal Creek. They came down, took care of the sick in the day time and preached and sang at night in the revival. Sister May preached nine nights. I preached twenty-six nights. Closed April 24th with 171 at the altar. During the meeting God sure did give us a wonderful time..

On May 26th, wife went to Cincinnati, Ohio, camp where she went every year.

On May 28th, 1932, I united Sister Kennie Down to Irve Adams at 7:30 P.M. It was a great wedding. We all marched about four blocks to the church. Sister Adams shouted all the way.

June 11th, we went to meet wife. Her mother, her sister and her sister's husband came with her. Gordon was sick with sore throat. Doctor James Hall's father doctored him, but was doing no good. He was getting worse. On Thursday night, June 16th, I had watched him suffer all night. About 4:00 A.M. I was praying and told the Lord I had stood all I could. Marcella heard me. She got up and took Gordon in her arms, went into the kitchen in front of the kitchen stove and watched him suffer a while, and then told the Lord to take him or heal him and then the Lord healed him and he went to sleep. At 8:00 he was up and playing with Jay and Jimmie, his brother and cousin. Praise be to the Lord. He had infantile paralysis and was to go to Roosevelt Springs for a check up, but we moved away and he didn't go, but he went all through World War II without a single disease.

Monday morning we went to Coal Creek, June 18th, with Charles and Anna, as they left for home. August 1, we left Clinton for Ashburn Grove to conference. We had two street meetings, one at Landed, Kentucky, and one at Richmond, Kentucky. Got there at 10:30 P.M. This conference was the last time Brother Reese ever visited our conference. We left there August 6th at 4:00 A. M. Got home about 4:00 P.M., the 16th. We went to Beulah Heights, Kentucky. My wife and children and I went to Brother Powell's I preached in the tent meeting they were holding. Next night Brother Martin from Maryland preached. We came home the 18th. Broke an axle in my car at Vesper. I called Carl Martin at Coal Creek. He came and got us and our car and took the car to his house, took us home and we put the axle in my car.

Monday, August 19th, Marcella and I came to Covington, Kentucky to hold a revival for Reverend Lance Stell as pastor, closed September 12th, had 62 at the altar. The Lord took out some trouble that had almost split the church, but they fixed it up. They had Brother Stell and me at the court house, but God brought us out and we had a great meeting. September 17 we started a camp meeting in an old planing mill. I preached the first three nights. Brother Joe Collander came on the 20th to do the preaching and some of the singing. We closed October 16th, with 211 at the altar. November 10th, Brother Wolf . and Jack Lashbrook came. We went to Coal Creek,. made the deed for the church and parsonage that we were building. On December 15th, our 8th child was born, and it was dead. On the 16th we buried it in the Stair graveyard, between Coal Creek and Clinton. On December 24th, we were called three doors from my house where Mrs.: Vanhurse had a stroke. We helped Doctor Blue examine her. Doctor Hall came and she died in a few minutes. I laid her out and for the first time, I had never put anyone's false teeth in before, but I put hers in. On Christmas Day, wife was very low and I couldn't leave her.

On May 29th, wife, Marcella, Corda May, Hannah Price, Harold Barton, all left for Cincinnati, Ohio, for God's Bible School camp meeting. They got up above Coal Creek, and at that time Norris Dam was the big excitement through that part of the country. They were driving along, wife in the front seat, Corda May and Hannah and Marcella in the back seat. Brother Barton always was having prayer meeting as he drove along. He called on Sister May to pray. She. was praying and of course wife was watching the road. They came where a road turned off to the right and it had a sign pointing to the right with big letters saying, "Norris Dam." Wife forgot they were in a prayer meeting and hollered "Norris Dam!" Sister May got tickled, so did the other women, broke up the prayer meeting. All I had to do while they were gone was to keep house, take care of

six children, and take care of both churches. June 17th wife came home and Charles and Anna came with her.

August 29th we went to Beulah Heights and stayed at T. R. Powells. I preached the 29th and 30th, August 31st we came home. September 4th Reverend P. O. Carpenter came to preach for us in a revival. . We closed the revival September 24th, with 97 at the altar. September 25th, Brother Wolfe brought Preston Honeycutt to be the pastor of Coal Creek Church. That night we went to Tazewell and had a good meeting. September 30th, I preached Melvin Stair's funeral, Virg Stair's boy. October 15th, I helped in Dad Advance's funeral. October 2nd, we left Clinton for Maysville, Kentucky. My wife's brother had died suddenly. We got there at 4:00 A.M., October 4th. Reverend Curt Posey and myself had charge of the funeral. We stayed all night with Brother Posey. We left Maysville at 7:30, got to Clinton about 6:00 P.M., went to Tazwell, left the girls over there. October 13th I went to Tazwell and got the girls. We went to Monterey, Tennessee, had a street meeting at Crossville, Tennessee. That's the town where they arrested a couple with a baby which they thought was the Lindbergh baby. One newspaper company held the long distance for 24 hours during the time they had the baby there, but it wasn't the baby. After Lindbergh flew there, he said it wasn't his baby.

About that time a white English bull dog had pups and they all died. A white sow at Crossville had eight pigs and died. The pigs hungry and squealing for their mother and the bull dog hunting and looking for her pups, went to the pig pen and fed the pigs three or four times a day. The dog would jump into the pen and let the pigs nurse until she raised them, believe it or not.

Sunday afternoon, October 22nd, I organized at Coal Creek. On November 6th, Hannah, Marcella, and I came to Prestonburg, Kentucky, to start a revival with P. O. Carpenter as pastor.

December 4th, I came to Jamestown, Tennessee, to finish up a revival that Reverend Maxey Walton had started. He had to leave for another meeting. Brother R. D. Brown sent me a telegram to come. I preached that night with three at the altar.' Preached the next night with seven at the altar. I came home Saturday the 9th. The 17th, Sunday morning, J didn't preach and had seven at the altar. December 25th, I helped in Mary Grant's funeral. She was Brother Sharp's sister. December 31st, I had a watch night meeting. Brother Adams preached, Sister Adams preached, Brother Hatcher preached. He died some years later in a hospital in Louise, Kentucky, trying to organize a Pilgrim Holiness Church with the doctors and nurses.

On January 17th, Rev. Wolf, Rev. Brown and I went to Sneedville, Tenn. Rev. Neil Horton was in a revival there. That's the town where the 26 year old man married a 12 year old girl. January 26 we started a revival I did the preaching. February 6th Mary confessed she didn't get any letter that she said she had gotten that caused me more trouble than any one thing while I was there. It maybe was the cause of some people being lost. We closed the meeting the 18th with a good number at the altar. On the 21st, Mr. Radford died. I was with him when he died. He was the man who had lived with his wife 36 years without talking to her. Rev. R. W. Wolf and I had charge of his funeral. Sister Adams sang.

April, 1934 Rev. Wolf and I dedicated the church at Coal Creek. This was the church and 3 room parsonage that the members and I had built while I was pastor at Clinton.

June 23rd, Brother Wolf, his son Calmin, and Thomas Kenyon, came to Clinton. On the 25th, Brother Wolf, Preston Honeycutt, C. Wolf, the Kenyon boy and I left for Birmingham, Alabama. Brother Wolf ran over a pig before we got very far. We got to Birmingham, and I preached that night. The next night, Brother Wolf preached at Ensley in an open air meeting. He had given his boy some money to buy something to eat, but he spent the money for a cap pistol. It looked like a teal gun. The boys, Brother Honeycutt and I, made it up to hold Brother Wolf up, as he carried all the money and paid the expenses. Brother Wolf and I slept in one room and the boys slept on the floor in the next room and Brother Honeycutt slept on a davenport, with a sheet spread on it. It was so full of bedbugs they could almost move the thing. They would crawl out on that white sheet and Honeycutt would pick them up and throw them over on the boys. The Kenyon boy came into our room and said, "I believe I will have to have a blood transfusion, because the bugs have sucked about all the blood out of me." Brother Wolf and I got to laughing at him, then Brother Wolf turned over as he was worn out, and went to sleep. I kept laughing. I could see Honeycutt putting a pillow slip over his head to come in and hold us up. I was to holler "Oh!" and fall out of the bed and say, "I'm shot!" Honeycutt came in, kicked the bed, shot and said, "This is a hold up." Wolf woke up and threw his hands up and said, "HELP!" But I got so tickled and was unable to play my part, so he found out it was a joke. Some great days and happy memories. Brother Honeycutt preached Wednesday night, and we came home on Thursday and I led prayer meeting that night.

July 13th, I went to Knoxville to look for a job. I didn't let the church vote on me at Clinton as I was leaving there and felt I would like to start a church in Knoxville. I had enlarged the church at Clinton, built a new church and parsonage at Coal Creek, and wanted to start one in Knoxville. The General Home Mission Board didn't have any money to help me. I had worked in a cotton mill for 11 years. I planned to get a job and start a mission and later turn it into a church but the mills were on a strike and I was unable to get a job.

Saturday night July 28th, Miss Marie Holmes preached at my church in Clinton. I tried to secure a church in Knoxville close to the Brookside Cotton Mill, as they had only Sunday School at this church. But the big boy would not let me have it, so on the night of July 30th, I started an open air revival. We fixed some seats out of boards and boxes and blocks and covered the seats with muslin with the help of the kind people. Miss Marie Holmes and I did the preaching and she did the special singing. On August 6th, we closed with the Lord giving us a good meeting. On the way home we stopped at a beer joint, my wife, Marie, and my children and I. While sitting in the car we sang and the people came out front to see what was going on. Then we would drive to another one and do the same thing. The next day I went back to Knoxville and tried to get a hall to start a work for the Lord, but was unable to find one anywhere.

On August 20th, we went to camp at Jamestown, Tennessee. One day during the camp, while I was preaching I got warmed up, folks were shouting all over the place, and Reverend John Kenyon came running up on the platform, took me in his arms, ran across the platform, out the door, around the Tabernacle, came in the back door, and up the aisle, and put me down on the platform. I never missed a word, but kept right on preaching. By that time the tide was high. Some great days and many happy memories.

During the conference we were voting on the Assistant Superintendent. After the first ballot they picked the first two highest to vote on. That was R. D. Brown and I, we were also tellers for the conference. I was elected, but the office in those days did not pay too much. In fact, I never knew of it paying anything except a headache.

On September 3rd, George Stair and I went to Jamestown to meet the brethren and go to Frankfort, Indiana to general conference. We left at 6:30 P.M., and got there at noon the next day. We came home on September 12th, and got to Clinton at 8:30 P.M. On the 14th, Reverend Curtis Coburn came and brought my wife's mother. On the 18th Reverend Wolf came and had the annual business meeting and called Reverend Glenn Bowling for pastor for the coming year.

September 23rd, I preached my farewell sermon at Clinton, Tenn.

October 5th we came to Bertha Hobbs, my half sister, and stayed there over the week end. On Sunday morning I preached at Liberty Hill Church, that is located between Tolesboro and Vanceburg, Ky. In the afternoon we visited Marshall and Levie Harris, at night we went to Liberty Hill Church. A little thing happened here that my children shall never forget. Up the hollow where Bertha lived, was plenty of black walnut trees. My children asked Bertha's husband about hulling some walnuts to take home with them and he told them to go ahead. They hulled walnuts and stained their hands until they were a sight to see, and when we were ready to leave, he would not allow them to take them. He was afraid his landlord would not like it. The children did not like it either.

On October 11th I went to Knoxville and rented a house and moved in the next day. The next day Carl Martin, Hubert and Acie Kessiner came to visit us. The rest of the week I looked for work. At night I visited a revival at the Free Methodist Church.

On the 21st I preached at the Nazarene Church with thirteen at the altar. About the 25th, I received a letter from Soldier, Kentucky, informing me that the board had called me for pastor and the church was voting on me that night and they wanted to know if I would accept it if called, and they wanted to know what furniture I had to move. I answered and told them I would come if the Lord so led. After looking for a job for two solid weeks, my wife said to me on the 25th, "Are you going out to look for work today?" I told her no, that I was going to let them look for me for a while. That same afternoon, I received a special delivery letter from Jenny V. Vincent, telling me they had called me as pastor. I wrote and asked them to let me know when they would be after me. On Wednesday, October 30th, about four P. M., some one knocked. I went to the door. The man asked, "Are you B. H. Lucas?" I answered, "I am he." He said, "I am from Olive Hill. The church at Soldier sent me to move you" I said, "Come in and have a chair." He said, "Have a chair, nothing, let's get these things loaded up. I must be back to Olive Hill by morning." There was a big fire in the cook stove and a pot of beans cooking. My wife and Marcella started to cry and the woman next door came over and helped us and we all worked. We loaded our furniture on the truck then we went to Clinton and picked up our canned fruit and the man left at eight P.M. We stayed that night with Hubert and Acie Kessiner.

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Chapter 7

MY PASTORAL AND HOME MISSIONARY WORK IN KENTUCKY

November 1st, 1934, at 10:00 A. M., we left Coal Creek, Tennessee, and arrived in Soldier at 11:30 P.M. We stayed at Sister Vincent's. On November 4th, I preached my first message at my new charge. The offering was \$3.13. On Tuesday I went to Olive Hill to a group meeting and preached for them. On the 11th, I preached morning and night the second Sunday on my charge, with the offering of \$14.85. In the afternoon I had charge of Miss Magil's funeral. On the 15th, I helped in Jewel Armstrong's funeral. She was Reverend Ches Armstrong's daughter. The morning of the 18th, I preached at Soldier. The offering was \$2.71. In the afternoon I preached at Garven Ridge. The offering was 31 cents.

On the 21st, four men and myself went hunting in Bath County. We hunted for two hours and killed 48 rabbits and ran out of shells, or we would have shot more. Three of the men had guns, so one of the fellows and myself just picked up the rabbits and carried them.

On the 27th I made 12 calls and prayed in nine homes. I preached six nights of that week at Gaven Ridge. The offering for the week was \$4.24. I was willing to have preached for nothing, if they had asked me to.

January 2nd I preached at Holly and sat up with Mr. Rivers the rest of the night. About 2:00 A. M his daughter came out and said, "Brother Lucas, will you pray for Father?" He was lying there unconscious, but I prayed for him and shortly after that he died and I laid him out. On Friday afternoon, January 4th, I preached his funeral. The morning of January 6th, we had the funeral of Totts girl at our church. Brother Furnace and Brother Smith preached the funeral and I dismissed at the grave yard.

On Sunday, January 13th, we started a revival at Soldier. Saturday, February 2nd, Hubert Kessiner and wife, Carl Martin, and Charles and Anna came. Marcella got married and left at 4:00 P.M. On February 3rd our revival closed and a few got saved and some sanctified. Charles and Anna left at nine A. M. My wife was sick and I had to stay around home for a few days. My housekeeper, Marcella, was gone. My wife was sick and I had five children in school.

Sunday night, March 3rd, we started a revival and on March 6th a boy threw a big rock from the lower side of the church, broke out the window, but missed me. I made him leave the front of the church. He ought to thank the Lord five men did not catch him. On March 7th, I preached Mert Day's Mother's funeral. That night Brother Ledingham preached and someone knocked the window light out by throwing a pair of old knucks against it. Saturday night, Sister Marie Holmes preached. On March 24th, we closed the revival.

Wednesday, April 3rd, we started to the preacher's meeting, got to Summit and missed the road and had to back up. I was driving Lennie Estes' T. Model Ford and was not used to it. When I started to back up, I had a pair of overshoes on, and got it fastened behind the brake and backed over the bank. Brother Estes, Brother Tacket, Brother Clark got out and pushed and I pulled out. Scared my wife out of a year's growth,

May 1st, I preached Clayton Thompson's baby's funeral. The next afternoon I helped in John Adam's funeral. May 7th, we had prayer meeting at our house. Then we went down to Holmes and had services there. Mrs. Holmes lay a corpse. May 8th, I preached her funeral. The next day, we went to a group meeting. We had the Lord's supper and Brother Ledingham preached. Saturday night, May 11th, I went down below Soldier and stood two couples up in the front yard after dark and married them by a flash light and it was just as tight a knot as if they had had a church wedding two hours long.

The 18th, I went and prayed with a girl and she got saved. May 20th, I helped in Mr. Kaiser's funeral. May 21st, we were having prayer meeting at Mr. Blankenship's, about nine P. M., and while we were singing a song, Mrs. Blankenship fell over on the bed, went to rubbing her head. Someone went for the Doctor. He came but she died at 10:15 P.M. May 23rd, in the afternoon I preached her funeral.

Saturday, June 1st, I helped in a service down where Mr. Sparks lay a corpse. In those days when anyone died, they kept them at the home and had services every night while they lay a corpse. Sunday morning I preached, offering \$2.28. In the afternoon we went to Mr. Reed's funeral. I prayed. June 8th, I married Rosel Jones and Virginia Delong. Sunday morning I preached, offering \$1.81. Monday night, June 17th, I started a revival at Olive Hill. We had a good revival, closed June 30th.

July 4th, we went to wife's sister's, Maud Hopkins. The 5th, we started a revival at Soldier, Kentucky, with Reverend Bailey, as the evangelist. July 7th, we had 363 in Sunday School. July 10th, a young man by the name of Bryant left the church under conviction, was killed by a train before he reached home. July 14th, I preached Mrs. Maden's funeral. Sunday morning Brother Bailey preached, offering \$1.25. That night we closed our revival with 1,000 in and around the church, with 12 deputy sheriffs to keep order, with 37 at the altar during the meeting. July 27th, I baptized four people in the morning, the 28th, two people.

September 5th, we came back to Coal Creek, Friday we left Clinton for home in Soldier. Saturday, September 7th, I married two couples, one couple gave me \$1.00, the other couple gave me \$1.45. September 9th, we went to Hitchens to Mr. Lafe McDavid's funeral. On our way home my wife and Mrs. Molly Vinson and I stopped at Olive Hill, Kentucky, to hear Reverend Bud Robinson. September 15th, I preached at Soldier, offering \$2.13. Afternoon I had charge of Mr. Clevenger's baby's funeral. Tuesday evening I preached a man's funeral at Haltman, Kentucky. Saturday night, September 28th, we opened up a mission at Morehead, Kentucky. I led the street meeting. Reverend Tacket and Reverend Estes preached at the mission.

October 1st, I preached at Morehead, night at Soldier, Kentucky. Tom Barker threw a rock through a window at me while I was preaching. The next day John Clark got a warrant. The 25th, we went to Hitchens to Charley Swinford's baby's funeral. We closed our revival at Morehead on October 27th, with 21 at the altar during the meeting. We baptized four on the last Sunday.

November 3rd, I preached at Soldier, offering \$1.00. Monday morning we went to Grayson and signed Elwood up for the CC's, went on to Hitchens for Mrs. Isaac's funeral. Saturday morning, I went to Olive Hill, got Reverend Preston Honeycutt and George and Tommy Crum.

Sunday we started a revival at Soldier, Kentucky. Wednesday, I went to Morehead, got a load of people, went to Olive Hill to a group meeting, Reverend Honeycutt preached. On November 30th, we closed our revival at Soldier.

December 9th, I went to Ashland, Kentucky, to Mrs. Joe Clark's funeral, stayed all night with P. O. Carpenter. Saturday, December 14th, I preached at Morehead, we got word that wife's brother Jack was dead. Sunday afternoon we started to Maysville, Kentucky, to his funeral, burst a bearing in the front wheel of the car, got to Morehead, Walter Farrow's wife's brother came and got us. We got to Maysville at 10:30 P.M. Stayed all night with Sherman Lucas. Monday we buried Jack. I came back to Morehead and got my car. Wife went home with her folks. Tuesday, December 24th, I was at home all day. It was cold and a big snow on. There was a fight in front of our house, and one man got his eyes put out. Sister Day and my Sunday School class brought our dinner in already cooked. This was the only Christmas in all our married life that wife was away from home on Christmas. We were at home all day and had a nice Christmas dinner. We did not have any prayer meeting that night. The snow was so deep the janitor could not get to the church to open it up. Sunday morning, December 29th, I preached, offering \$.25.

On January 4th, 1936, my wife came home from Cincinnati, Ohio. Saturday, January 11th, I started for Cincinnati, Ohio, hitchhiked from Morehead to Maysville, then crossed the river and got a ride in a big truck, that they hauled cars on. I rode with them to Ripley, Ohio, and got a bus from there to Cincinnati, I preached on Sunday night at the Baum Street Nazarene Church, one saved. Monday I went over to Newport, Kentucky, to see my mother and went to the American Tool Works to see if I could get a job. That was one time I was looking for a job and praying not to find it.

I had promised to try and get a job. I was trying and prayed not to find it. The Lord gave me a verse in the Bible and here it is, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised."

On January 19th, I preached at the Baum Street Nazarene Church, eight at the altar. They asked me if I could hold them a revival beginning that night. I said, "As far as I know." The meeting closed on the night of February 2nd, in all, we had 84 at the altar. Monday the 3rd, I went home. I did not get a job in a machine shop, but the Lord opened up the way for a great revival and I got a good offering and started out all over again. Saturday, February 8th, I started a revival at Olive Hill. Tuesday morning, I came home to preach Brother Gillum's baby's funeral. We closed the revival on Wednesday night February 26th. Had a good meeting and several at the altar. The offering was \$25.68.

Tuesday, April 7th, I went to Morehead to meet my wife. She was Grandma for the first time. Thursday I ran my car into the creek and drowned the motor. Reverend Carpenter had to come to Soldier to get me to begin a meeting in his church at Ashland, Kentucky. We closed that revival on April 26th, had a good meeting.

May 1st, I resigned the pastorate at Morehead. Monday morning, May 4th, I came to Wheelwright, Kentucky, and began a revival meeting that night.

Thursday, May 7th, Reverend Shields and wife and Marie Holmes came for a one night service. Reverend Shields and wife went on and Marie stayed, and sang for the revival. During the revival, Marie and I ate dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Okulich. After dinner, Marie, Ethel Gilkerson, Johnny and Junior, Ethel's brothers, and I went on top of the mountain. One of the boys had a 22 rifle and we all had a shooting match. I caught a big black snake, Johnny wanted to shoot it but I would not let him, for black snakes run poisonous snakes away. We closed the revival May 17th and had 15 at the altar. Most of them got through. May 18th, I started to Three Mile, West Virginia, to begin a revival with Corda May as pastor and Hannah Price as the singer. At Betsy Lane, I burned a bearing out of my car, put it in the garage, came to Brother Steel's at Prestonburg, Kentucky, and stayed all night. Next morning I went and got my car, got just below Prestonburg, the oil pressure went down. I started praying. I told the Lord if He would put that oil pump to working I would give him all the praise and the glory. About that time the oil pressure hand went up and I got blessed and started praising the Lord. I went up a big hill driving with one hand the other hand in the air, singing, hollering and shouting and praising the Lord. I got to Three Mile in time for supper and in time to preach. We closed May 31st, had 30 at the altar during the meeting.

June 1st, I handed in my resignation at the church in Soldier. June 10th, Bud Malone, Jay, my boy, and I came to Prestonburg, Kentucky. That night I preached. Thursday we came to Wheelwright, Kentucky. I preached that night. Saturday we came to Pikesville, Kentucky to put up a tent. We had to buy stakes and light bulbs and other things to get the tent ready to have service in that night. We finally got it up in time for service. Curtis Cox came in from Wheelwright to help us in the meeting. We had spent about all the money we had to get the tent ready for service. We did not take any offering on Saturday or Sunday night. We did not want the people to think we were just there for money. After service on Saturday night, I bought a can of pork and beans, a box of crackers, a pound of brown sugar, one can of tomatoes. We ate the pork and beans on Saturday night for supper. Sunday and Monday all we had to eat was brown sugar and crackers. Monday night we took an offering and got \$3.00. Then we went to the store and got something to eat and we did enjoy it, for we were all very hungry. You remember that four of us had lived two days and nights on a pound of sugar and a box of crackers.

We preached and sang for one week before we had a break, but the second Saturday night God broke through in the old fashioned way. We lived in a big house upon a point above the depot. It belonged to Mr. Cline. He was the former Court Clerk of Pikesville, Kentucky. The house had no furniture in it. Raymond Willis had a second hand store there. He loaned us two bed springs and mattresses, so that was all the furniture we had. We slept in the bed, sat on the bed, and ate on the bed for the first week. June 13th, we ate brown sugar and crackers all day. June 21st, we were invited to a basket dinner and two chicken dinners. We did not complain or tell from the pulpit how we were getting along. The Lord talked to the people and they would come to us and ask us what we needed. The Pilgrim church at Prestonburg brought us in some furniture and things to eat. June 21st I preached at Tram. Bud and Curt sang, and Bud, Curt and Jay made the music for the tent meeting. Sunday afternoon I went to Wayland, Kentucky, preached Mr. Tuft's funeral. Tuesday night, June 30th, the storm blew the tent down. We put it up again. Wednesday July 4th, we had an all day meeting, great crowds. W. C. Miller and family were there. Lawrence Steel and his family were there. On Sunday afternoon we baptized four. We closed the tent meeting for a while on July 19th. We had 59 at the altar during the meeting. Thursday afternoon I helped in Mrs. Robert's

funeral. Sunday afternoon, I preached at the jail and one was saved. Monday, July 27th, we moved from Mr. Cline's big house to a four room house at 108 Second Street. Wednesday morning, Paul left for Soldier to see about our furniture. Tuesday night, July 30th, Jay woke me up and said he was sick. I got up and he vomited. I thought it was because he had played and eaten too much for supper. Thursday I called the doctor. He came for three straight days. The third day the doctor said, "He will be all right, and will be out playing by Monday."

Tuesday, August 11th, I took Jay to the Clinic. Doctor Flannary examined him, took his blood count, said, "Your boy is in bad shape. Get him to the hospital as quick as you can." I went to the hospital to make arrangements. Reverend Hunt was the Superintendent. He was eating his dinner. I had to wait twenty minutes, which seemed the longest twenty minutes I had ever spent in my life. When he came I told him what Doctor Flannary said. He said, "If your boy is that bad off, bring him on and we will have a room for him." While I was gone to the hospital, Jay prayed through. He had asked me a night or two before that how one felt when the Lord saved him. I told him the best I could for Jesus could not or did not tell Nicodemus how he would feel. I took him down by the house and he told them all good-bye, and to pray for him. I took him on to the hospital, took him in at one P.M. They put a white gown on me and I went in the operating room with them. They cut down to the striffin of his stomach and Doctor Flannary took his finger and punched a hole and puss shot up three times. They never sewed him up. They put a tube in the hole, took a stitch on each side and rolled him on the trussel and brought him out to die. In eighteen minutes after they left the room with him he was back in his room. I took out some money and gave it to Paul, gave him the names of people I knew and told Paul to send them a card telling them Jay was in the hospital and bad off, and for them to pray. He lay there swelled in his stomach as big as a man. The place in his side had swelled and gapped open, his lips parched and turned black and cracked open in places. He begged for water. They told him he could take water in his mouth and spit it out, but not to swallow it. For three days and nights I stood by his bed, gave him a spoonful of water every minute. Wednesday night they told me I could call the family so they could bid him good-bye, for he could not live through the night. They all came but his mother. She could not stand to come. Paul got down by the side of his bed and said, "Jay are you sure you are ready?" Jay said, "Yes, and you better quit smoking and get ready to meet me in heaven." I got Paul by the arm and took him out of the room. Charles and Anna, wife's sister, had come that day. Thursday morning, Jay was still alive. They did what they could for him that day. That night the head nurse of the hospital came in and said, "This boy has a dark road to travel tonight." Anna said, "As long as there is life, there is hope." The nurse said, "I know that is an old saying, but all hope is gone for this boy."

Paul got up Friday morning. His mother was crying. He said, "Mom, don't cry. I prayed through and Jay is going to get well." Jay was as bad as could be to be alive. The nurse told me he might live until midnight, but after midnight, he might drop off any minute. Friday morning he was still alive. About two P.M. I was by the side of his bed. He said, "Dad, I am going to vomit." About that time he vomited all over the bed and the floor. Marcella called the nurse. She and I cleaned him up. Marcella said to me, "He is gone." I said, "I guess he is." We had been with old man Rivers, and when he vomited, he died. We got Jay fixed up and he said, "My, I feel better than I have since I have been here," and from that moment he began to get better, but it was slow. I never had my clothes off for fourteen days and nights and very little sleep. It was not my faith that brought him through, for with all I had seen it was hard for me to have faith for him to get well, but

he never gave up even though you told him what the nurse had said. When I told him, he said, "When I came to Pikesville, I did not think I would ever get away alive, but if that's the way the Lord wants it, it will be all right with me." I said, "Is there anything you want me to do?" He said, "Give Gordon and Jenny V. my playthings and you keep my watch."

I sat there that night and in my thoughts he died, I called the undertaker and he came and got his body. I took his pants and shirt in my arms and went down the back way to the house, but it did not turn out that way. One morning at just the break of day, I was sitting beside his bed, a big window on the other side of me. He opened his eyes and said, "Dad, how is your faith?" I said, "It's all right, I guess." He said, "Keep your faith up." I said, "How is your faith?" He answered, "Good." He looked like a young bird, his arms and legs were poor and small, through his bowels he was swollen and very large, but he never murmured or complained about anything. Everyone that came in asked him how he was and he would say, all right, fine, O.K.

On Saturday August 22nd, Marie Holmes came to help in a meeting. Sunday night we began another meeting in the tent. I would stay at the hospital at night and wife during the day. One day she came to the hospital. Jay was still very sick. Doctor Osborn met her out in the hall, grabbed her and danced her all over the hall. He said, "Old Pine Knot is going to get well." Monday morning, August 31st, we brought Jay home. I carried him in my arms from the hospital to the car. We got a hospital bed for him to lie on. September 1st, I was sick. The Doctor said I had overdone myself. I had something like a gall bladder attack. He put me to bed and told me to stay there. Well, I did for two days. There was so much to do and no one to do it. Thursday night, I preached at the tent. Saturday, I came to Ashland, Kentucky and stayed all night with Jim Holmes. Sunday morning I preached at Fairview. They had called me for pastor and this was my first Sunday on the charge. A boy sat in the front of the church that night and heard me preach and was killed the next morning at four o'clock. Wednesday I went to Soldier with Marian Francis and his big truck to move my furniture to Ashland, Kentucky. Thursday I rented a house without looking at it. Friday, I went to Pikeville, Kentucky and got the family, put what I had in a pick-up truck then I put quilts and pillows in the back seat of my '27 model Oldsmobile and brought Jay home. He got awful sick along the road, but we made it.

February 6th, I preached in Greenup County; in the afternoon of Feb. 9th, I preached Sister Wiley's funeral. February 28th, I preached Mrs. Frank Jackson's funeral.

Tuesday, March 1st, I preached Jeff Clevenger's baby's funeral. Wednesday afternoon I helped in Mr. Holmes' funeral. You see, I am not putting in here my everyday life. I am at church almost every night and preach at my church every Sunday morning and night, besides calling and other work I do. On Thursday afternoon, Doctor Goodman came to Mr. and Mrs. Ervin's home and gave her a shot for high blood pressure and examined Mr. Ervin and told him he was in the most perfect health of any man he had ever examined at the age of seventy. The next morning, Friday, March 11th, they found him dead in bed.

April 1st, 1937, I borrowed eleven hundred dollars from John Jiles, and I had never seen him before. I borrowed it to buy a parsonage for the church. Friday, April 2nd, I moved in and on Monday, April 5th, I left at noon for Cincinnati to begin a revival in the Baum Street Nazarene Church. Brother Coburn was the pastor. We closed the revival on April 18th, with 91 at the altar.

The last night of the meeting, the people could not all get in the house. They had a young preacher to take 35 people upstairs over the pulpit in a Sunday School room that had a ventilator in the floor. They listened to me preach through that ventilator. What a revival we had. I came home on Monday, April 18th, and worked all that week painting and papering the new parsonage.

May 14th, I helped in Mr. Keaton's funeral. Monday, May 18th I helped in Mrs. Olive Frances' funeral. Mr. Keaton was the Reverend Mrs. Martie Keaton's husband. Reverend E. E. Ledingham preached on Tuesday at a group meeting, and Saturday May 29th, I preached Mrs. Spurlock's funeral.

June 13th, we started a revival at my church in Fairview. I did the preaching. June 19th, I preached Mr. Jackson's funeral. Sunday morning, June 20th, I took five new members into the church. June 30th, I preached the Dickson's boy's funeral. We closed our revival July 4th, with 25 at the altar. July 12, I preached Mr. Frances' funeral.

Monday, August 1st, my wife and I went to Huntington, West Virginia, to camp meeting. Tuesday we came home and found Jay sick in bed. Saturday, Carl and Marcella came to visit us. Sunday afternoon, Walter and Ollie came. Monday, I took Jay to the Doctor. He sent him to the hospital for a second operation. The doctor said he could not live the way he was and might not live if they operated. Doctor Jaired said, "I'll do my best for him." Friday, September 10th, they operated on Jay. I stood at the door of the operating room one hour and forty minutes. I stayed at the hospital on Saturday night. Elwood came home from Tennessee; Sunday afternoon I opened the Fourth Street Mission. Tuesday we brought Jay home from the hospital and the Lord sure did help him. The doctor said it was a miracle of the Lord that he ever lived.. One bowel was stopped up, appendix ruptured at the end, side affected from the former operation.

October 17th, we started a revival at Fairview. Brother L. S. Steel was our evangelist. Sunday I took four members into the church. November 28th, we started a revival at the Fourth Street Mission in the West End of Ashland.

Wednesday, December 8th, I preached Brother Cox's wife's funeral. She was a member of our church. December 12th, we closed our revival at the mission, with 21 at the altar during the meeting.

Friday, January 7th, 1938, I started another revival at the mission. We closed January 23rd, with a goodly number at the altar. February 10th, I preached Mrs. Greg's funeral. February 11th, I helped in the Fitch baby's funeral.

February 28, we started a revival at Fairview. I preached and there were three at the altar. Monday, Reverend Jack Tacket from Olive Hill came to do the preaching for our revival. We had one barren altar during the whole meeting and that was the first night.

March 6th, in the afternoon, we baptized six, closed the revival that night, with 93 at the altar during the meeting. The Wednesday night following, there were seven at the altar in the prayer meeting. March 13th, I took six new members into the church. Monday, March 21st, Paul and I came to Cincinnati, Ohio, to begin a revival at Reverend H. E. Hill's church. We closed the

revival April 3rd, with 18 at the altar. April 7th, Brother L. W. Sturk preached at the First Pilgrim Holiness Church. Paul, my boy, got saved. April 10th, Russell Patton from Olive Hill, preached at the mission. Sunday night, I preached, six at the altar. Those were great days, for the Lord was surely blessing. April 17th, we baptized five. That night I preached, with four at the altar. Wednesday night, I led prayer meeting with five at the altar. Friday night I led prayer meeting at the mission with five at the altar. Sunday night I preached at Fairview, with eight at the altar. We started a revival that night. We closed the revival Wednesday, May 4th, with 38 at the altar during the meeting. Marie Holmes did some of the preaching. Monday, May 9th, we started a revival at the mission. We closed May 22nd, baptized 11 in the afternoon, and had 62 at the altar during the meeting. May 29th, I helped in Evelyn Home's funeral.

June 5th, we started to raise the Fairview church and put a block foundation under it, with six Sunday School rooms in the basement. While we were working on the church, we had our Sunday Services in the school house. Sunday morning, June 12th, I took 14 grown people into the church, praise God forever! June 26th, we started a revival at Fairview. Reverend P O. Carpenter was our evangelist. We closed July 10th, and had 36 at the altar during the meeting. Saturday, July 30th, my sister Bertha and my brother Frank and his wife came, the first time my sister had ever been in my home. Tuesday morning, August 7th, we left for camp meeting. Monday, we left camp to come to Newport, Kentucky, saw my mother. August 29th, we came to Coal Creek, Tennessee. Sunday night, September 4th, I preached at Clinton, Tennessee, with eight at the altar. Friday morning, we left for home. Saturday afternoon, September 17th, we were at Sister Gate's funeral. Sunday night I preached at Fairview, as we closed the service, there was a drunk man trying to get into the church. He started a fight in the church yard, and if we had not been there, the boys would have beaten him to death. Charley Slucher and Ammond Dowler and Sammy Buckley got the drunk man and put him in the car and took him to jail for safe keeping. Tuesday morning, October 25th, Paul left for Endicott New York, to work for Mr. Norton, October 30th, we started a revival with Reverend Jess Williams of Portsmouth, Ohio, as the evangelist. November 7th, I preached Mr. Johnson's funeral. We closed our revival November 13th, with eighteen at the altar during the meeting. November 21st, we went to group meeting. Wednesday night I preached at Hitchens. This finishes the year of 1938.

January 1 to March 1, I preached in a revival at Hitchens. I preached Mr. McKallister's funeral. Had a revival at Fourth Street Mission, Ashland, Ky. I preached Mrs. McDowell's funeral. Had a revival at Fairview. Rev. Roy Hill, wife and daughter as workers. March 9, I preached Well's Baby's funeral. March 23, Paul, my boy, began a revival at Boults Fork, Ky. April 10th Rev. Houston, District Superintendent, Organized a Pilgrim Holiness Church at the close of Paul's revival. April 24th, Elwood and Paul, my two boys and George Snow and I, all went to Cincinnati, Ohio to a preacher's convention.

Friday, May 12th, my wife, Jay and Gordon and I went to Lima, Ohio, where the boys sang and I preached. They called me for pastor. Saturday, May 27th, Jay and Gordon and I went back to preach over the week end at Lima, Ohio. Saturday, June 3rd, I resigned as pastor at the Fairview church. June 11th was my last day as their pastor. In the afternoon, I went to Hitchens, Kentucky, and baptized Kamma Garman. He had lived at Hitchens while I was pastor from 1923 till 1927, and was a good supporter of the church at that time. He was all drawn up with rheumatism. He had been saved. My son-in-law, George Snow, and I baptized him sitting in a chair and put him and

chair and all under the water. Mildred Mussem from my church at Ashland, Kentucky, was also baptized Sunday night I preached my farewell message at Fairview.

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Chapter 8

THE SCATTERING OF MY FAMILY

Tuesday morning, June 13th, Ammon Dowler moved me to Lima, Ohio. Saturday night, May 12th, was the last night of using the street cars in Lima, Ohio. Sunday, June 18th, I preached at my new pastor charge, and had seven at the altar. June 27th, we started a revival in a tent in front of Memorial Hall in Lima, Ohio. I did the preaching. July 1st, Paul Lucas and Violet Hill were married. Monday, July 4th, Bill Jiles and wife, Ammond Dowler and wife from Ashland, Kentucky, came over to see us. July 7th, I preached and the boys sang at the Borrowed Time Club in Memorial Hall. July 11th, I united in marriage my daughter Alberta to Reverend George D. Snow. Monday, I preached and the boys sang on the radio. July 16th, we closed the tent meeting, with 40 at the altar during the meeting.

Monday, July 24th, we moved from South Main Street to 1183 Reese Avenue. Thursday, August 3rd, we went to Springfield, Ohio, to a camp meeting. Sunday afternoon, I preached in the city park in Lima, Ohio, to a family reunion. Monday and Tuesday I was at Springfield at conference. Saturday, Brother Erve Cox and wife came from Ashland, Kentucky to visit us.

Sunday, October 8th, we started a revival with Paul and Violet as our evangelists. Monday, October 23rd, I went to Vanceburg, Kentucky, got George and Alberta, and moved them to Lima, Ohio, to live. We closed our revival October 29th with 83 at the altar during the meeting. Monday night we had a business meeting and passed on 12 new members. This was Paul and Violet's first meeting by themselves. We helped him to get a car at the close of the meeting. He went from Lima, Ohio, to Kenton, then to Richwood, Ohio and has been going ever since. This closes up the year of 1939 with a watch night service, from 8:00 P.M., to 4:00 A.M. There was not a dull moment during the night and we had a good service.

January 1st, I was in bed and had a light bulb on a cord hanging on the head of my bed. My feet got cold, so I put the light bulb down to my feet and I went to sleep. When I woke up, I saw smoke going up toward the ceiling. I jumped up and the bed was on fire. A hole was burned in the sheet, blanket, and quilt, and the mattress was on fire. I was wide awake for the rest of the day.

February 19th, at Marion, Ohio, I was at Reverend Shreeri's funeral. February 22nd, Reverend Minor was in my church for a missionary meeting. March 3rd, we started a revival with Reverend Charley Marshall as our evangelist. We closed our revival on March 27th with 23 at the altar during the meeting. March 22nd, we went to Saint Mary's Ohio, to a Young People's Rally. We got the banner, my car broke down and stripped a gear.

April 23rd, we went to a preachers' meeting. May 10th I went to Cincinnati, Ohio. My wife's mother died. We put her away May 13th. May 31st, I traded my '34 Terraplane for a '36 Terraplane. June 10th, my wife and I went to Dayton, Ohio, to a city mission to Paul's revival. June

19th, I came to Cincinnati to begin a revival with H. E. Hill. June 24th, I went and got wife and brought her down for the rest of the meeting. We closed the revival with 53 at the altar during the meeting.

July 4th, my wife's sister Anna and family and Ervin Cox and wife came to our house. We all went to Saint Mary's Lake to fish. We caught some Blue Gills under six inches. We stopped in front of a game warden's office with Jim Uehline holding the fish out of the window of the car. A man said, "It's none of my business, but it's a \$25.00 fine for each fish you have on that line." You should have seen Charles Uehline getting them back into the lake. That goes to show you what a fellow doesn't know is wrong he does not care who sees him doing it. When you hide that pipe and tobacco when you see the preacher coming you know that it's wrong.

September 1st, we started a revival at Lima, Ohio, with Reverend L. A. Williams as the evangelist and Howard Williams and wife as the singers, in the old Tabernacle at the corner of Pierce Street. September 3rd, Jay and Gordon came home from Pennsylvania where they had been singing for E. E. Leningham. September 11th, we went to Sister Jordan's funeral. September 22nd, we closed our revival with 40 at the altar during the meeting. September 28th, I took Jay and Gordon to Logan, Ohio, to sing in a revival

November 2nd, I took the boys to Anderson, Indiana, to sing for Reverend Waddell, he was the pastor. On November 4th, I had my first radio broadcast of my own. November 8th, we started a revival with C. C. Mail and wife as the evangelists. Monday, my wife and I and Bill Jiles and wife went to Anderson, Indiana and got the boys, stopped at Yorktown, Indiana and saw one of my old girl friends. She used to live next door to my wife. Sunday, November 21st, we closed our revival.

December 6th we went to Toledo, Ohio, to a Young People's Rally. Three car loads went. We stopped in a white restaurant and ate up everything the man had. During this year: made 1601 calls. This closes up 1940.

February 15th, my wife had a surprise birthday party on me. Her sister Anna and husband and children and H. E. Hill and wife were there from Cincinnati; Ohio. There were 50 present in all. I got some nice gifts. Zeldon Crites baked me a cake which had 50 eggs in it and was baked in a dishpan.

Sunday night, April 6th, we started a revival at our church. We closed the revival April 20th, and did not have much of a meeting. I changed my time on the radio to 10:30 o'clock Sunday night. One half hour for \$11.50. Thursday morning Paul and I went to Columbus, Ohio, to a preacher's meeting. Friday, April 26th, I rented a house at 378 Jackson Street A moving van moved six rooms of furniture eleven blocks for \$6.50. Monday, April 30th, we left for Coal Creek, Tennessee. Got there at 5:30 and ate supper and went on to Jamestown, Tennessee that night to begin a revival with Reverend Erve Adams and wife as the pastor. During this revival a woman got under conviction that ran a skating rink. Some old sister in the church said, "She will have to give up running that old shooting rink before the Lord will save her." The last night of the meeting a girl came to the altar that had been going with a married man. One night the man's wife hid in the trunk of his car with a gun and was going to kill them, but the church folks were praying for the

woman and she did not kill them. The man picked the girl up and drove out in the country and parked a while, brought her back home and then he came on back home. After he went in the house, his wife came in told all about the trip. Well, as soon as the girl prayed through, a lot of people that knew about the case were looking for the girl to jump up and run to the woman and confess to her, but the girl did not. The Lord might not have wanted her to that night. We closed the revival June 8th, with 52 at the altar during the meeting. Tuesday we came home, left the boys in Dayton, Ohio, to sing in a revival. The boys, Jay and Gordon, had sung for me in the revival.

June 22nd, we started a revival with Reverend W. M. Whitmore as the evangelist and Charles York as the singer. We closed our revival July 9th, with not much of a meeting. The devil hindered in a big way. July 11th, at a Young People's Rally, we got the banner. Monday, July 14th, we closed the deal to buy a house at 378 South Jackson. I borrowed \$200.00 at the bank and bought a house, six rooms and a bath, all modern but a furnace. Wednesday, July 16th, I was called back as pastor for the year, although one man did his best to put me out, but the Bible says they will fall into their own pit. Instead of putting me out, he worked himself out. July 26th, I married a couple. July 31st, I went to Springfield to camp meeting. August 11th and 12th at conference. Thursday, August 28th, I took Elwood's baby to the hospital. It died that night. Saturday, I had charge of Elwood's baby's funeral. Tuesday, September 9th, I took the Sunday School to the park. Monday, September 15th, Jay and Gordon and I went to Bevis, Ohio for a revival for H. E. Hill. We closed the revival September 28th, with 27 at the altar during the meeting. Monday I took the boys to Akron, Ohio, to sing for a meeting.

January I helped Jay and Gordon buy a car, a 1934 Terraplane. It had five brand new tires, 27000 actual miles. Paid \$125.00 for it, what they asked. They used it in traveling to sing the gospel in revivals and camp meetings, until the gas rationing came along. January 18th, I took seven new members into the church. Monday night, January 19th, eight men and their wives met at my house, with Mr. Welch, the personal loan man from the First National Bank of Lima, Ohio. We all signed a note for \$1,000, enough money to pay cash for a church at Fourth and Saint John's Avenue. I had gone to the bank and they were to let me know on Thursday afternoon. I had not changed my underwear for over one week and did not have another suit to change into. My wife said if I did not change my underwear she was not going to sleep with me. I said, "I am not going to buy or change my underwear until I get \$1,000 to buy the church." That afternoon I got the money and also the underwear.

Monday, June 8th, Jay and Gordon and I came to Spring Fork for a spring revival, got there at 6:45 and had to preach in forty-five minutes. Tuesday night we stayed and prayed for a soul until 2:45 A.M. We closed the revival June 21st, with 22 at the altar during the meeting. Reverend Miss Corda May was the pastor. Saturday, June 20th, I married a young man who was in the service of our country. The girl had got the marriage license in March. He did not get to come home. She kept them until the 20th of May. They were married that evening and he left the next day for overseas, and never did get back. Friday we had a joint birthday supper for wife and Marie Sirks. Had a nice time. August 23 I preached Mr. Marshall's funeral. July 15th, I traded my '36 Terraplane for a '41 Hudson and gave \$400 to boot.

December 25th all the children were home for Christmas. The boys and I all went hunting. This closes up 1942.

During the year of 1943 I preached 101 times. made 435 calls. We had two revivals in my church, April 25, Rev. Earl Delaney was my evangelist, October 17, Rev. Beavers and wife were our workers. October 22nd, I preached Mr. Patterson's funeral. I also preached Tippy's baby's funeral.

January 9th, I went and got a load of children for Sunday School. As I came by home, Jay and Gordon were out in the street. I stopped, and they said the church was on fire. That was one time a taxi cab got in my way and would not run fast enough for me. When I got to the church, the firemen had the fire out. Sunday night we all went to the First Nazarene Church. Tuesday I met the insurance man and the claim agents and we settled our claim. Sunday we got a room in the Whittaker School house to hold our week end services.

January 18th, Gordon went to Toledo, Ohio, and he passed for the Navy. Saturday, January 22nd, we had a farewell party for Gordon before he left. There were 59 present. Monday night, January 24th, we all went to the bus station with Gordon as he left for the Navy. That was one sad night but the Lord helped us. February 3rd, I had a cyst cut off my eye. February 16th, I left for Pontiac, Michigan, for a 4-night meeting and God gave us seven souls. February 20th, Kelly Martin died in Coal Creek, Tennessee.

August 6th Gordon came home for a ten day furlough, got here for camp meeting. Monday we went to camp, Tuesday at camp, at night we went to Paul's camp out in the country at a camp ground. Thursday we went to Kentucky camp, Friday we came back to Springfield, Ohio, camp. Saturday I started home. The timing gear went bad on my car and I had to hitch hike home. August 16th, Gordon left to go back to Little Creek, Virginia. Sunday, August 20th, I took six members into the church. Monday night, August 21st, one of the members of my church, Bernice Smith, got married to Johnny Woodward. They were married at my church. Tuesday night we had a farewell party on Reverend George Snow and Alberta, as they were leaving to pastor the church at West Newton, Pennsylvania. Saturday night, October 7th, Gordon came home on a 72 hour pass. Sunday night at 10:00 P.M. Jay, Elwood, Gordon and a sailor boy from Ottawa and I, left for Little Creek, Virginia. Had a blow out in one of our tires, got in late. Tuesday we saw Gordon for an hour and a half, then we left, stayed all night in Virginia. Tuesday we went to Washington, D. C., and stayed all day. Thursday we came home. Monday morning we went to Cincinnati, Ohio. Tuesday morning we went to the Methodist Hospital, could not get my wife in, so I took her to a specialist. Wednesday I came home, Thursday night I went to Spencerville, Ohio. Tuesday, I went to Cincinnati, Ohio, got my wife.

November 12th, we started a revival with W. M. Hannon as the evangelist, and Reverend Virgil Caudill and his wife as singers. Tuesday, Rev. Caudill and his wife and I went to the Nickel Plate railroad shop and had a service. November 26th, we closed our revival with 33 at the altar during the meeting.

December 3rd, morning I preached, my wife went to Sunday School, led in prayer and stayed for church. We went home and wife helped finish dinner. After dinner she went in to the piano, played and sang some songs for my mother who had been visiting us for two weeks, then she and mother came upstairs and listened to a colored program on the air. She lay down on the

bed to rest a while, taking a little hacking cough which she would have often, but would get over them, but this time she got a little excited. For the last month she had been on a strict diet and taking two shots of insulin a day. I left her standing in the middle of the floor, went down stairs to call her doctor. It did not take me over a minute to call him. He said, "I'll be right over." Just as I hung up the phone, she gave a scream and I knew she was trying to call me. I ran upstairs and she was sitting on the side of the bed. I saw she was dying. She was pale. She looked up at me and said, "I am going." I sat down by the side of her, took her in my arms and said, "You are trusting Jesus, aren't you, Mom?" She said "Yes," and gave two gasps and was gone. Mother ran up the street to my oldest daughter's where Jay and Jenny V. were and told them wife died there in my arms. You will never know how one feels until you go through it, but I had got and given her flowers while she lived, and everyone that lived with or around us will and can say so. That was a hard afternoon. I had to call all the children. Paul was in Laurel, Delaware, in a meeting. Burdie lived at West Newton, Pennsylvania, Gordon was out at sea from Little Creek, Virginia. Paul and Violet got in Tuesday morning about 4:00 A.M. Gordon got there Wednesday night at 1:30 A. M.

We had her funeral Thursday at 2:30 P. M. Reverend L. W. Sturk had charge of the funeral, Reverend R. W. Chatfield, Reverend H. E. Hill, Reverend P. O. Carpenter, Reverend W. M. Hannan, took part in the funeral. Reverend L. W. Sturk sang a song at my request. She had flowers from Indiana, Michigan, Tennessee, Kentucky and Ohio.

Twelve years before this, she came near going to heaven, but the Lord permitted her to stay with me. We had a house full of small children. She had desired all through our married life to live until her children were grown. When the Lord got ready for her to take her quickly, and she got her desire. Jenny V. was 16 years old and the Lord took her suddenly.

Monday after the funeral I washed all day. Wednesday, December 13th, my car slid on a slick street, hit the curb and a bus stop sign and I had to put it in the garage. Thursday Gordon left to go back to his ship. December 17th Gordon came home. Christmas day we all ate dinner at Carl Martin's and Marcella's. We had all planned to be at my home before my wife had passed away. December 25th, Gordon left to go back to Little Creek, Virginia. December 31st, we had a watch meeting from 9:30 until 12:00, and Paul and I did the preaching. This ends one of the hardest and saddest years of my life, 1944.

January 1st, Paul and Violet, Jenny V. and Alberta, all left for West Newton, Pennsylvania. January 6th, Gordon came home and Anna my wife's sister, came to spend the week end with us. Sunday afternoon, Gordon left at 2:15 P.M. The big hotel on North Main Street burned down.

February 19th, Gordon came home. Tuesday, Jay, Gordon, Jenny V. and I left Lima, Ohio, for West Newton, Pennsylvania to George's and Alberta's. I was driving in about three inches of snow. It was raining and freezing as it fell. The car started sliding and when I got it stopped, it was on the other side of the road headed back opposite the way I was going. I said, "One of you boys can take it now." Jay took the wheel and had not gone so very far until it started sliding on him. He cut to the left and then to the right. The car headed toward an embankment and I said, "We're gone." Just about that time the Lord undertook and he cut it back into the road. Through the mercies of the Lord I am writing this book today. Gordon said, "Another pass like this and we will go back home." I said, "No, we won't. We will rent a room and wait until this snow melts off." But we

started on. The further East we went the lighter the snow got. When we got to West Newton there was no snow at all. It's hard to believe, but there came a warm rain that night. We left West Newton the next day, February 22nd, came all the way home to Lima, Ohio on a dry road. Saturday, February 24th, Anna Uehline came up to spend the week end with me and the children. Monday, February 26th, we had a supper on Gordon before he left. Monday morning, April 2nd, I left for Hitchens, Kentucky to hold a revival. We closed our revival April 22nd. Jenny V. and Donna Mooreman came up for the last week end of our revival. On April 1st, Gordon left Norfolk, Virginia, for overseas on a L.S.T. 1022. I never heard from him for three weeks. Wednesday, April 25th, Jay and Datha got married at the church and Paul married them. We all went and got something to eat on Jay.

Friday, July 27th, we went to Lipsick, Ohio, to a Young People's Rally. Defiance, Ohio, had 52, Lima, Ohio, Second Pilgrim Holiness Church had 60, and my church had 73. We got the banner. Monday morning we left for Kentucky camp. I testified in a restaurant in Maysville, Kentucky and had the attention of everybody there. Tuesday, July 31st, I preached at Kentucky camp. Thursday afternoon, I went to Springfield, Ohio, to the Young People's camp. August 13th, I went back to conference. Tuesday, August 14th, we were in the Velvet Ice Cream parlor when it came over the air that peace was signed with the Japs and the war was over. I said, "Praise the Lord!" and shouted "Peace at last!" We came out of there and what a time we had all the way home, blew the horn for 72 miles.

Monday, October 29th, I went to Defiance, Ohio, to begin a revival for my boy Paul. We closed the revival, had a good meeting with 43 at the altar during the meeting. Most of them got through and several joined the church later. December 25th, Jenny V. and I went to Defiance, Ohio, to eat dinner with Paul and Violet. George and Alberta were there. Violet was sick, Alberta was sick, Carolyn was sick, and Sue was sick. It was a one horse hospital. Violet got out of bed, she and Jenny V. got some dinner. Jenny V. and I came home about 9:30 P. M. It was cold and slick, but with the help of the Lord, we made it. December 30th, after service that night, I left at 11:30, P.M., for Endicott, New York. Morning of the 31st, I ate breakfast on the train, got to Endicott, New York at 2:30 P.M. At night I preached at the watch service, had five at the altar.

January 1st, at Binghamton, New York, the Lord gave us a great revival with Reverend Thomas the pastor, and Almedia Martsoff was the singer. The Lord gave us 87 different people at the altar and almost all of them got through to victory. One man about 80 years old who had never been saved prayed through to victory. We closed January 13th, left there January 14th for home.

March 3rd, I preached morning and evening. Monday I paid up my bills, in the afternoon I went to the hospital. Tuesday morning they got me ready for the operating room. Just as they were ready to take me out of my room, Paul came in and asked me, "If you don't get back, how is everything spiritually?" Well, I had that part fixed up before hand and they took me up at eleven A.M., and brought me back in one hour and fifteen minutes. When I began to wake up, Paul, Jay, and the nurse were with me, and about the first thing I thought of was testifying. My wife said she always wanted to die suddenly, which she did, but I always wanted to know everything up to the last minute and to testify just before I pass out. While under that ether I guess I felt like I was passing out. I started testifying to them, but I soon woke up, then I knew what it was all about. Jenny V. was at Alberta's in West Newton, Pennsylvania, and George was in the hospital in

McKeesport, Pennsylvania, with rheumatic fever. Jenny V. took sick and they took her to the same hospital and they took her appendix out. I was so bad they never let me know anything about it, until Jenny V.'s hospital bill came due, then they lost no time in telling me. March 15th, they took the stitches out of my side. March 22nd, I left the hospital. March 31st, Reverend L. W. Sturk preached for me at my church. During the time I was unable to fill my pulpit, Reverend Stiger and Reverend Michie preached for me and all the people were very nice to me, for which I praise the Lord very much.

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Chapter 9

MY EXPERIENCES ON THE EASTERN SHORE

October 18th, I got ready to go to Cambridge, Maryland, got to Cambridge, stayed all night with Eugene Brooks. Sunday morning, I preached at Cambridge, afternoon in the jail, at night, Cambridge. Monday morning, I left at 5:30 with Woodrow Pritchett the mail carrier. I sold my house and stored my furniture. Monday night the church had a farewell supper for me. Wednesday morning, we loaded up and left for Cincinnati, Ohio, and stayed all night with Charles and Anna Uehline. Thursday morning we left Cincinnati, Ohio, and went to West Newton, Pennsylvania. There we stayed all night with George and Alberta. Next morning we left for Cambridge and got there that evening, stayed at the parsonage. November 10th, I preached Mrs. Todd's funeral. November 14th, Reverend Dukes and Reverend P. F. Elliott were here in a Sunday School Rally. I cooked supper for them. So far they are both living. Saturday, November 15th, Reverend Curt Posey and wife were here. He was a former pastor of Cambridge. Sunday, November 24th, we started a revival with Reverend Joe Bailey and wife as the singers and the evangelist. November 27th, I was called to George Lindner's house at 3:30 in the morning. His wife had had a stroke. They took her to the hospital and she could not talk. Thanksgiving morning I preached at the Young People's Rally, at Hurlock, Maryland. We closed our revival December 8th, and December 15th, I preached at Bishopshead, Maryland. Carlton Pritchett sang. Saturday night, December 28th, I married my first couple in Maryland. Sunday night we left at 11:30 P.M., for Lima, Ohio, traveled all night and arrived in Lima, Ohio, at 3:00 P.M. Monday.

Sunday March 30th, we started a revival. I preached the first week and Roy Ankrim and wife had charge of the singing. April 3rd, I went to Delmar, Delaware to see Ethel, we set a date Tuesday, April 8th, Roy, his wife and Ethel and I went to Ocean City, Maryland. Paul came that afternoon. He preached that night. April 9th, at Salisbury, Maryland, ate dinner with Merik Larry, Ethel, Joe Bailey and wife were there. In the afternoon, I preached Mrs. Willis' funeral. April 10th, I went and got Ethel. She came over for dinner. Afternoon, I married a couple. Sunday afternoon we had a praise meeting, marched down through town and had an old fashioned time. At night Paul preached with 26 at the altar. Wednesday, April 16th, we had a good prayer meeting, 75 were present. Monday, April 20th, Jenny V. and Audrey Parker and I went to Baltimore, Maryland, met Donna Morman, we all went to Washington, D. C. then came back to Cambridge. Wednesday we went to Ocean City, Maryland and to Rehobath Beach. At night I led prayer meeting with 69 present. Thursday night a car load of us went to Crisfield, Maryland. Monday night, April 28th, at Brother Mowbray's birthday party. Tuesday, I took Donna to Baltimore, Maryland to catch the train for Lima, Ohio. Wednesday, April 30th, I went to Crisfield, Maryland and brought Ethel

home. Monday, May 5th, I began a revival at Hurlock, Maryland. Ruth and Kathryn, the Savage sisters sang for me. May the 9th, Jay and Gordon came to Cambridge. Monday I took them to the Ferry to go back to Lima. Sunday, May 18th, we closed the revival at Hurlock. Monday, I went to Laurel, Delaware, got Ethel and her mother. Tuesday, May 20th, Ethel and I went to Baltimore, got Jay and Datha and Alberta and Gordon. Ethel and I were married at 8:00 P.M. that night, at the Pilgrim Holiness Church parsonage. Reverend H. G. Dukes, District Superintendent, performed the ceremony. Reverend Grier and Charles Baker were the ushers. Reverend E. R. Clough and wife stood up with us. Mrs. Grier Baker sang, with her daughter accompanying her at the piano. A great crowd was there for the reception we had ice cream and cake. We got a lot of nice gifts. Wednesday, Jay, Gordon, Datha, Jenny V., Ethel's mother and Anita all went to Ocean City. Ethel and I cleaned up the house.

May 26th, we left on our honeymoon. The first night we stayed in Salem, Virginia, ate breakfast at Parisburg, Virginia. Ethel had picked up my pocket book that morning before we left the room and I had not missed it. When we finished eating breakfast, went up to pay the bill. I felt for my pocketbook and it was gone. I almost forgot to get my breath, for I had \$900 in it. I said, "You got my pocketbook." The way she looked I knew she had it. What a relief when I found out she had my pocketbook. Got to Ethel's mother's about 4:30 P.M. Wednesday, May 28th. we left Ethel's mother's and went to Virgie, Kentucky and stayed all night with Ethel's sister, Mary. Thursday we stopped at Bill Jiles at Ashland, Kentucky. Left there Friday morning at seven A.M. I was driving a '41 Hudson. Got to Lima, Ohio, 12:00 M. Drove 235 miles in four hours and fifty-five minutes. Stayed all night with Jay. Saturday, we went to Paul's and stayed all night at Defiance, Ohio. Sunday morning, Ethel preached and Sunday night, I preached. Tuesday morning, we left for Cincinnati, Ohio. Stayed all night with H. E. Hill, went to God's Bible School camp meeting. Wednesday we went to Columbus, Ohio, stayed all night with Ethel's sister, Amanda. Thursday, we stayed all night in West Newton, Pennsylvania, with my daughter, Alberta. Friday morning we went to Baltimore, Maryland. At night Ethel sang and I preached at the First Pilgrim Holiness Church. Alberta and Carolyn went home with us. The church at Baltimore, Maryland, called us for pastor, but we could not go. Saturday, Sister Clough, her daughter Margaret and her husband and two boys ate supper with us. Thursday June 12th, Ethel, Alberta, Carolyn, Burdsel Bell and I all went to Allentown, Pennsylvania, to camp meeting. Friday afternoon we left for home. Two days before that, Carolyn was telling me she had never had on a pair of anklets. She said, "That's not all, I am not going to put any on." We got up to Allentown. Alberta tried to get her a pair of stockings and could not find any. She got a pair of anklets and put them on her, but Carolyn never said anything. Coming home that afternoon, Carolyn got cross at her mother. She pulled the anklets off threw them at her mother and said, "Take those things, for they are of the devil and I'll never wear them again as long as I live."

Sunday morning and night I preached at Cambridge. Tuesday night, Ethel sang and I preached at Bishopshead, Md. Thursday night, Ethel preached at Bishopshead. Friday night at the Young People's Meeting, we had a little surprise party for Anita. Saturday, we went down to Laurel, Delaware to a Sunday School picnic.

June 26th was a busy day. Jay and Datha came, Jenny V. and Newton were married at eight P.M., at the Pilgrim Holiness Church. Paul and Violet were there. She had a nice wedding. Gordon gave her away. Jay was best man, Datha was bridesmaid, Paul prayed and I performed the

ceremony. We had the reception at the church parsonage, 603 Race St. The next day they left for Niagara Falls on their honeymoon. Monday, June 30th, Ethel, Florence and Clifton Prichert, her son and Olney, Katherine Ross and I all left for Niagara Falls, New York and stayed all night at Painted Post, New York. We met Jenny V. and Newton at Niagara Falls, went over into Canada and stayed all night.

Wednesday, July 2nd, we left Niagara Falls, stayed all night at Watkins Glenn, New York, left there Thursday noon, stopped at Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, for supper. Most of the crowd got a turkey sandwich \$1.25 a piece. Too high a meat for me and I took a hamburger. When I came out of there, I looked up and down the street, expecting to see men's hips upon their shoulders for the things were so high.

Got home Friday at 2:30 P.M. July 8th Ethel and I went to Washington, D. C., met H. E. Hill and wife. The next day, we went fishing, caught 32 fish. Sunday we started to Camden, Delaware, to camp meeting. Car broke down and had to call Newton to come and get us. Monday, July 21st, Charles and Anna Uehline and two boys came and Jim and Mary Hopkins, Ethel's sister came. Tuesday we all went to Ocean City. July 23rd, they called us here for pastor. July 26th, to August 2nd, we were at camp meeting at Denton, Maryland. August 11th, Jenny V. was operated on. We were at the hospital all day. August 26th, we went to Bloxom, Virginia. Sunday, August 31st, we started a Sunday School contest. In the afternoon I baptized seven people. Tuesday morning we left at 6:45 for Baltimore, Maryland. Brother and Sister Mowbry went with us. We bought a new bedroom suite, ate dinner at the Baltimore, Maryland Hotel. Brother Mowbry said it was one of the best days he had spent in a long time. Friday, September 26th, Elwood, Jay Datha, Gordon, all came from Lima, Ohio. Magdalene Bradford came from Ashland, Kentucky. Anita Woeller came from New Jersey and all were here. Saturday night I married a couple sitting in the back seat of a car across the bridge by the side of the road from Cambridge. All who were at the wedding remember this was some time for a few minutes. Sunday morning, September 28th, was Rally Day. A year before this they had had a Rally Day. They had a missionary there, had R. K. Story, P. W. Thomas, and L. L. Miller there. They had 312 in the Sunday School, they said it could not be beaten.

During the contest, wife and I made 335 calls. When the day came we had 406, beat the other record 94, did not have anyone there as a drawing card.

November 9th, I preached the first returned soldier's funeral at Cambridge. His name was Green.

November 13th was a sad night in Cambridge. Our church burned down. We had just spent \$1328.25 on decorating it inside and out. Everyone was very nice to us. We had our Sunday services in the Armory building, prayer meeting, young people's meeting at the parsonage. 26th, I preached Sister Dashield's funeral. She was one of the charter members of the church. 27th, I married Bernett Slacum and Lotte Bell Johnson at seven A.M. in the parsonage.

Jay, Datha, Gordon, Jenny V., and Newton all were home for Christmas. We had a big turkey for dinner.

January 19, we had our first broadcast in our front room. We had some kind of a meeting six nights a week, Jan. 24, Ethel left for Marcushook, Pa., to hold a revival. Tuesday, February 3rd, I went to Marcushook where Ethel was. Nine inches of snow fell after I got there. I had to buy a \$10.00 set of chains to get out of there. Thursday night I preached in the revival with nine at the altar. Wednesday, February 4th, Mr. J. F. Brooks died. Sunday afternoon I helped in his funeral. Several days I did not feel good. Thought I had heart trouble. Wednesday, February 11th, I met the contractors. Monday I went to the doctor. He said I would have to slow up. Tuesday night they had a birthday supper on me. Wednesday Ethel and I went to Baltimore, Maryland and got a new Kaiser car for Woodrow Pritchett. Thursday afternoon, I went to the doctor at Salisbury, Maryland. Friday I went to see Doctor Parker. Tuesday, February 24th, I went back to the doctor. He said there was nothing wrong with my heart. Friday, Corda May came to go to Bishopshead for a revival. Monday, March 22nd, we went to the broadcasting station and Ethel sang and I preached. In the afternoon we got our new car. Thursday, Reverend R. W. Chatfield and wife came to preach at our Young People's Rally the next day. Monday March 29th, Margaret Lindner had another stroke. They called us to come. They brought her to the hospital. Sunday morning, April 9th, we took nine new members into the church. Tuesday morning we left about nine A.M., for a three weeks vacation. The doctor had ordered me to get away. Stopped at George and Alberta's in West Newton, Pennsylvania. Wednesday we all went to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. I lost my lower teeth somewhere. Thursday we went to Lima, Ohio. Friday and Saturday I had x-rays made to see if they could find my trouble. Saturday we went over to Defiance, Ohio, to Paul's. Sunday afternoon we came back to Lima, Ohio. At night Ethel preached at the First Pilgrim Holiness Church with 10 at the altar. Tuesday and Wednesday the doctor took 10 x-rays of me. Thursday some bad boys broke out all the windows of a new house the boys had built. Friday afternoon, we went to Cincinnati, Ohio. Saturday we went to Ashland, Kentucky. We stayed with Norma and Bill Jiles. Sunday morning I preached at the Second Pilgrim Holiness Church. Afternoon, we went to Pikesville, Kentucky, to hear Donald Snow. We stayed all night with Mary and Jim Hopkins, and Thursday we left for home. We got home on Saturday.

Tuesday, May 11th, I went fishing with Newton and Wilby. We caught 1200 pounds. The biggest one weighed 65 pounds. Thursday, May 20th, was our anniversary. We went to Salisbury and came back to Cambridge. We went to a restaurant for supper. Jenny V. came to town, drove my car around the corner. Ethel and Magdalene wanted me to call the police, but I knew someone was playing a joke on me. Sunday afternoon, May 23rd, I preached the Slacum boy's funeral, another returned veteran. Tuesday afternoon at Sister Meekin's mother's funeral. Friday, May 28th, we went to Glassboro, New Jersey, to begin a camp meeting. We closed June 6th, with 53 at the altar during the meeting. Monday Ethel, Newton, Jenny V. and I all went to the Palace Depression. Sunday morning, June 13th, we started a revival with Roy Bellomy as the evangelist and Roy Ankrim and wife as the singers. Monday, we all went to Washington, D.C. Friday morning, Brother and Sister Ankrim sang at the Radio Station and I preached. Saturday, June 26th, was Newton and Jenny V.'s anniversary. Ethel fixed supper for them. June 27th, we closed our revival. July 4th, Ethel's Aunt Betty and husband and three more came and stayed all night with us. Wednesday morning, I went to the Grace Church and made a 10 minute talk, on a record, for the Salisbury Radio Station. Friday, July 23rd, we went to camp. Reverend R. W. Wolf came home with us and stayed all night. We were at camp from July 23rd until August 2nd.

Saturday, Mr. John Anderson died. Monday afternoon I preached his funeral. Wednesday we had our Sunday School picnic at Sister Burton's farm. August 17th, we packed up, the boys from the church moved my furniture down to Mr. Ross'. We ate dinner at the Brooks' and supper at Florences. Tuesday, we left Cambridge got to Ethel's Aunt Betty's that night. The next morning before we left she prayed through. We went on to Ethel's mother's. Saturday we went to the West Virginia camp. When we got there they gave us a telegram from Sister Clough telling us to come back for Margaret was sinking fast. We went to a phone and called and Margaret had passed away at 4:00 P.M. on Saturday. Florence Clifford and Paul Pritchert, Bernett and Lottie Bell were all there to meet us. They ate breakfast at our cabin. Monday we left Culloden, West Virginia, got to Cambridge that night, drove 480 miles that day. Tuesday at Margaret's funeral, Thursday morning we left for Sharon, Pennsylvania. When we got there George and Alberta were gone. We borrowed a key and got into the house and stayed all night and left the next day. Monday, Labor Day, we went to Napoleon, Ohio, to a camp meeting. At night Ethel sang two songs and W. L. Surbrook preached. Tuesday night Ethel and I went through the Freedom Train. Sunday we went to Defiance, Ohio, to my boy's church. Ethel had charge of the Young People's meeting and I preached.

September 18th, we went to Ravenswood, West Virginia. Sunday morning we began a revival and Ethel preached. The crowd was small but we got the people to making calls. Ethel and I made 113 calls the first week of the meeting. We closed the meeting October 3rd, with 15 at the altar during the meeting. Tuesday, October 5th, Reverend Jake Regil got killed in a wreck. That night we began a revival at Defiance, where Paul, my boy was pastor. Wednesday morning at 5:00 A.M., I was dreaming I jumped upon a truck, just then the bed rail on my side broke and down to the floor I went. We just laid the mattress down on the floor and went back to sleep. We were staying with Brother and Sister Lloyd. Friday at Lima, Ohio, to Reverend Regils funeral. Saturday up at 7 30, Gordon and I went to Newport, Kentucky, and got my mother, brought her up to Jay's. We closed our revival October 17th with 35 at the altar during the meeting.

Wednesday, October 20th, we took Mother home, stayed all night with Charles and Anna Uehline. We went to the Nazarene Church and Ethel sang. Thursday, October 21st, we left for Woodbury, New Jersey. Sunday morning we began a revival. The first week of the revival, we made 57 calls. Saturday, I put a sign in front of me about 18 inches wide and two and one-half feet long, went up town and went into all the big business places and invited people to church. My picture was taken twice on the street by someone who wanted to. take it. November 7th, we closed, with 25 at the altar, during the meeting. We preached at the jail to a man who had murdered a girl at Pitman, New Jersey, and threw her body into a rock quarry. Thursday, November 18th, we started a revival with Reverend Grier Baker as pastor at Harrington, Delaware. Friday we went to a stockyard at Dover and had service, came back and made 28 calls. Saturday, we made 29 calls. You may wonder why we were making calls. When we would go to a place and the crowd was small, we would make calls and invite the people in. We closed the revival on November 28th, and had 10 at the altar during the meeting. The smallest number at the altar in any meeting that year. But it seemed like they all got through good. Sunday morning, December 5th, at Pikesville, Kentucky, at the Pilgrim Holiness Church, Saturday we went to Lima, O. Friday night at Marcella's then to Elwood's and Ethel and I and Gordon went to Jay's and opened our presents at 1:00 A.M. and had a big time. Ethel and I and Gordon ate Christmas dinner with Jay and Datha. December

31st, Ethel, Jay, Datha, Gordon and I all left for Sharon, Pennsylvania, to George and Alberta's I preached at the watch service.

January 1st, 1:00 A.M., Ethel, George, Alberta, Jay, Datha, Gordon, Carolyn and I made records. Sunday morning Ethel preached. In the afternoon, we left Sharon, Pennsylvania, and came back to Lima, Ohio. January 9th, Ethel, Jay, Datha, Danny and I all went to Forest, Ohio, to church. Reverend Marksberry was the pastor. Friday we went to Defiance to see Paul and Violet. Saturday Ethel and I went to Forest, Ohio, Sunday morning Ethel preached. I preached at night and we stayed all night with the pastor. Monday we came back to Lima, Ohio. Thursday, Ethel, Jay, Datha, Danny and I all went to Fort Wayne, Indiana. Saturday, Ethel bought her a new fur coat. Tuesday Ethel and I went over to Defiance, Ohio and Jay called and said Danny was sick. We went back to Lima that night. Friday Ethel and I went to Leipsic, Ohio, to a young people's rally. Paul preached. Wednesday Ethel, Gordon, Jay, Datha, and Danny all went to Toledo, Ohio. Gordon bought me a pair of Hanover shoes for my birthday. Saturday, Ethel and I went to Defiance, Ohio, to Paul and Violet's. Sunday morning, Ethel preached. At night there was no preaching with six at the altar. We all went to Brother Crocker's for lunch.

February 14th, I traded my 48 Hudson for a new 49 Hudson. Tuesday night I heard Reverend Elwood Quails preach at Defiance. Saturday, Ethel and I and Paul and Violet came to Lima. Ethel, Paul, and Violet got me an electric razor for my birthday. Ethel, Jay, and Datha fixed me a birthday supper at Jay's. Saturday, Ethel and I left for Ashland, Kentucky, taking Datha, Jay, Danny and Gordon with us. Sunday night we came back to Lima, Ohio. Saturday Ethel, Carl, Marcella and family and I all went to Napoleon, Ohio. Friday, March 4th, Ethel and I left Lima, Ohio and went to Ashland, Kentucky, stayed all night at Jiles'. Saturday morning we all went to Hitchens, Kentucky, ate dinner with Gerty Vincent. Tuesday Ethel and I went to McKeesport, Pennsylvania to a preachers meeting. Thursday morning we went over to Reverend Drury's, made a record and met George and Alberta. We left there and went to Baltimore, Maryland, and stayed all night with Reverend Benner. Friday we left Baltimore and got to Bishopshead for supper. Sunday morning Ethel preached at Cambridge at the Pilgrim Holiness Church. At night I preached with three at the altar. Tuesday they turned Newton's lights on. We walked out of darkness into light. Sunday morning I preached at Cambridge, ate dinner with Brother Morris Phillips. Afternoon I preached at the jail. During a revival I had Joe Bailey as the preacher. He preached at this same jail. A colored man in there hollered "Amen" to the preaching. Sister Boose asked him if he was going to live for the Lord when he got out of there. He said, "Sister, I done been living for the Lord before I got in here, but I got all messed up and got in here before I knows what it was all about."

At night Ethel preached with 13 at the altar. What a time we had! God broke through in an old-fashioned way. Saturday up at 4:30 A.M., we went fishing and caught about 3,000 pounds. Sunday night I preached at Bishopshead. Monday morning at the hospital, and Tuesday, Jenny V.'s baby was born. Tuesday night we started a revival at Cedar Grove, Delaware, on March 29th. Tuesday, April 5th, we took Jenny V. and baby home. April 7th, we went to Sister Hope's funeral. Friday while working on a pitcher pump I got a piece of rust in my eye and it cost \$3.00 to get it taken out. We closed our revival on April 10th. Had a good meeting. Wednesday night at Cambridge we heard Reverend Marie Green preach. Thursday morning, we left Cambridge and went to Sharon, Pennsylvania, heard Reverend Will Beirns preach. We stayed all night with George and Alberta. Friday we came to Flint, Michigan, drove through one of the worst snow

storms I had ever been in from Pontiac, Michigan to Flint. We got a cabin at Flint. It snowed a big snow and everything froze up that night. On Thursday we had left the Eastern Shore with a temperature of 75 or 80, here we are two days later in a cabin at Flint with everything frozen up. The fire went out in the oil stove. If we had not had a blanket and our overcoats, we would have frozen that night. I dressed in the bed, left without washing our faces or combing our hair. Went to Saginaw, Michigan, washed our faces and combed our hair and got our breakfast. We got to Traverse City about 2:30 P.M. and got settled at a place to stay about 9:00 P.M., at Mr. Wilson's.

Thursday, June 23rd, we began a camp at Sandtown, Md., Reverend Carvil Tribbitt was pastor. We closed the camp meeting July 4th with all day meeting. While we were eating dinner on the big table which they had fixed for a basket dinner, Jay, Datha, Danny, Gordon, Newton, Jenny V., and Edward all came. We were not expecting them. Afternoon I preached and my subject was "Fire." We closed the camp meeting with 17 at the altar during the meeting. Monday we all went to Ocean City, and came back to Bishopshead. Wednesday, Ethel, Jay, Datha, Danny, Gordon and I all went to Washington, D. C., Then on to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where we stayed all night. We left there the next morning and went to Niagara Falls. Went over into Canada and stayed all night.

Monday we came back to Lima, Ohio. Saturday I bought a house at 910 Greenlawn. Paid \$25.00 down on it. Thursday we went to Ashland, Kentucky to Bill Jiles. Saturday we went to Kentucky camp. Reverend Drown was the evangelist. Sunday night we came back to Ashland. Tuesday we went to Ethel's mother, Wednesday at Ethel's mother's on Drag Creek, West Virginia, between two mountains, where they go to bed with the chickens. Thursday morning we rode on the back of the truck around the road. I guess you would call it a road, part of the time it was a creek bed. I ate a good breakfast that morning, but the truck went over a big rock, or jumped the ditch, and when it hit the bottom, my breakfast was gone. We finally got around to where our car was, pulled out for Denton, Maryland camp meeting. Ethel's mother went with us. We got to Denton on Friday evening. Sunday, Jennie V. and Newton came. We had a big day. I took an offering for Brother Clough at the ring meeting. Monday and Tuesday we had conference. Tuesday morning we left there and stayed all night at Ethel's aunts near Bluefield, West Virginia, left there Wednesday morning, went to Jiles' at Ashland, Kentucky. Saturday we went to Springfield camp. Tuesday we went to Lima, night at Mount Lookout camp we heard Reverend David Wilson preach. Saturday morning we went to West Virginia Camp. Friday morning we went to Greenup, Kentucky, then to Cuppertown, then to Carter City, Kentucky. Had my picture taken in front of the building where I bought my first suit of clothes for \$3.00. I had hoed corn from sunup until sundown to get the money and made 25 cents a day.

I went into Ollie Louis' store in Carter City. He did not know me. I acted as if I were a traveling salesman, had some fun out of him, then he recognized me. We ate dinner at his house, went on up to Bill Jesse's store. A preacher that I had been with in four or five revivals and he did not know me. I played as if I were an F.B.I. man. Asked him a lot of questions, bought a bottle of orange juice, then asked him if he had anything any stronger than that to drink, but finally I had to tell him who I was. Then he knew me, I only weighed about 145 pounds and I had gained up to 180 pounds and was a little older than when he knew me about 20 years back. We went on to Ouve Hill and went to Ide Jones'. I had been her pastor at Hitchens, back in the 20's. Her boy and I had made 200 popcorn balls to treat the Sunday School. She did not know me, .50 I told her I was a peddler and tried to sell her some corn, cabbage or beans. She would not buy anything. She started

to leave the door, I said, "Don't you need some chewing gum or tobacco or something today?" She said, "No, my husband does the buying. There he is, see him." I grabbed the door and pulled it open and jumped into the front room. I said, "Old lady, you are going to buy something from me today." She said, "Harrison Lucas, I ought to beat you to death." As I jumped into the door, she recognized me. We stayed in Olive Hill and heard Reverend Wolf preach that night. After church we came back to Ashland to Bill Jiles. There was a telegram waiting for us saying the meeting at Berkley Springs was called off on account of a carnival and revival at another church on the same date. That was a victory won by the devil. Think of holiness people giving in for the devil like that. Sunday we visited the Second Church in Ashland. They were in a revival and Reverend Carl Hall and wife were the evangelists. Wednesday night I preached at the same church. Sunday, September 4th, we went to Hitchens, Ethel sang and I preached. Labor Day, Jiles and Ethel and I went to the Carter Caves and to the Cascade Caves, then to Willard, back to Ashland, then to Lima, Ohio, visited the first church, in Lima. Reverend R. W. Chatfield was there in a revival. Saturday we went over to Defiance. Paul took us out and showed us where he came near getting killed by a truck.

Monday morning we left for the eastern shore. Tuesday night we began a tent meeting at Starkey's Corner, Maryland. We stayed at Reverend Covington's, a Methodist preacher. Sunday morning, September 18th, Ethel sang and I preached at the Goldsboro, Pilgrim Holiness Church. Saturday night, September 24th, we moved out of the tent into a building that had been used for a Kaiser and Frazer showroom. Looked like it had been built for a church. Sunday morning I preached at a Methodist church. Tuesday, Adrian Waters and Frances Casity came to help us in the meeting. Wednesday we went to Sister Rose's funeral. Friday, Ethel, Adrian, Frances and I went to Dover, Delaware. We had a service at the stockyard. The Holden girls helped in the service. Sunday, October 2nd, we closed our revival, rented the building and started a Sunday School with 64 the first Sunday. We put Reverend Gary in charge of the work. Monday we went to my daughter's at Bishopshead and fished for three days and caught plenty of fish. Saturday we went to Crisfield, Maryland. Sunday morning we began a revival. Tuesday we went fishing on a big boat and Ethel got sea sick. Thursday Jon Rae took us fishing in a boat. Tuesday we went to Laurel, Delaware, got Adrian and Frances. They stayed until Saturday.

Sunday, October 23rd, we closed our revival with 15 at the altar during the meeting. Wednesday we came to Lima. Saturday we went to Pontiac and went to John Hodges to stay. Sunday morning we began a revival with A. J. Baughey. Monday we went to Owosso Bible School, stopped and saw Reverend P. O. Carpenter, who was in a revival at the Pilgrim Holiness Church. Friday night I preached with 23 at the altar. What a time we had. Saturday night Ethel preached with 19 at the altar. Sure had a great night of old fashioned shouting and praising God. We closed our revival on November 6th with 26 at the altar on the last night. We had 114 at the altar during the meeting. I still say the days of revivals are not over if we get the right preacher at the right time with the right people.

Monday we went to Lima, Friday I took Jay's boy to get his first haircut, but didn't make it. Then Datha and I took him and Datha, the barber and I worked together and finally got it cut. His name was Danny. November 22nd, we began a revival at the New Zion church near Forest, Ohio. December 23rd Jenny V. and Newton came. On the night of the 24th we opened our gifts. First at Marcella's, then to our house, then to Elwood's then to Jay's, Monday George, Alberta and Carolyn

came. All the children were home for Christmas dinner on Monday and all the grandchildren and in-laws, but Paul's baby. Sunday night at Defiance, watch service then back to the Second Pilgrim Holiness Church for the closing up at midnight with the Lord's Supper.

Monday, I took Ethel, Mary, George and mother to Pikesville, Ky. I looked over the place where we lived when Jay was operated on and came awful near dying. Tuesday we left Virgie and came to Ashland. At night Ethel led the song service and I preached at the Second Pilgrim Holiness Church. Thursday Ethel, Norma Jiles and I went to Pedro, Ohio to see my Aunt List and Aunt Jane whom I hadn't seen in 25 years. I passed myself off as an F.B.I. man and had some fun with them; then they found out who I was. We visited with them a while then went back to Ashland, then to Lima.

Feb. 4th, we came to Garden City, Michigan. A. J. Baughey got us to come here to fill in for one month as they had no pastor. Sunday morning Ethel preached, at night I preached with 42 out for service. The pastor here at this tabernacle receives the Sunday night offering, the first night \$24.51 in the offering, 77 in Sunday school.

Wednesday morning I went to Battle Creek, Mich., to a Ministerial Convention and was there all day and night. Stayed in a cottage by the lake and did not sleep good that night. The man that stayed with me had a spell with his heart. He was up about all night. Rev. L. W. Sturk and I ate dinner together, talked with him a while then I came home that afternoon.

February 12th, I went to Pontiac, Michigan, I preached on the broadcast, and at 11:00 A.M., and 7:30 P.M. Sunday night I left for Garden City, I had the key to A. J. Baughey's house. Just after I left they missed the key. They took after me and caught me almost home. Monday night, February 13th we started a revival with W. C. Bussa and wife from Friendship, Ohio as musicians and singers. Wife and I did the preaching. Tuesday, May 30th, we went to Pontiac to a Young People's Rally. When we came home that night, Jay, Gordon, Jenny V., and Mary, Gordon's girl friend were here. Sunday morning the children all went home. In the afternoon Ethel preached at Rev. Thomas' mission at Ferndale, Michigan. Thursday we went to Lima, Ohio. Friday, Ethel, Marcella, Jenny V. and I went to Cincinnati, Ohio, got my mother to come to Lima, then went to Saint Mary's, Ohio, to a young people's rally. Saturday, we came to Garden City. Mother and Donna Moorman came home with us. Thursday, Ethel, Mother, Donna and I all went to Windsor, Canada. We went over the Ambassador Bridge, came back through the tunnel. Friday, August 11th, Ethel and I went to Owosso, Michigan to the Pilgrim Holiness Camp Meeting. We went to town between services, went into a shoe store. I put my calling card into a pair of shoes on the table. The clerk took the card to his room at the Bible School. His roommate was Roy Webster. I hadn't seen him since he was a small boy. He looked me up after the service.

June 19, Rev. Roy Ankrim and wife came for a six nights revival Sunday morning. No preaching in the afternoon, Rev. Ankrim and I baptized 11, Sunday night I took 14 members into the church. Sunday night we closed with 15 at the altar during six nights.

Saturday, I went to West Branch, Michigan. At night I preached under a big tent. Sunday afternoon I preached at the camp meeting. At night I preached with 20 at the altar. Old fashioned meeting for the fourth night of a camp.

Monday morning we left for Warren, Pennsylvania, stayed all night with George and Alberta. The next day we went to Maunch Chunk, Pennsylvania. We left our overnight bag at Warren. When we got to the edge of Maunch Chunk, the route detoured. As we were going up a street we stopped to ask a woman if we were in Maunch Chunk or East Maunch Chunk. She said, "You are at the right place. Come on in." And sure enough, it was at George Manhart's, the place where we were to stay. Never happened like this before. At night I opened the camp meeting. In July they had Reverend W. R. Cox for 10 days. If he gets hold of this book, I am sure he will remember in 1925 he and I and Reverend J. T. Johnson and P. W. Waters ate supper together at the Hitchens, Kentucky, hotel. Roy Blankenship was the proprietor. The first of August they had my good friend, David Wilson and wife there for 10 days. These two men are among the nation's greatest preachers of today. My boy Paul had been recommended to this camp meeting board. They wrote me by mistake and I accepted the call. When they sent me the announcement of the meeting, and I saw I was to follow these two men, I said, "I guess they want us to clean up the grounds and paint the buildings," but when we got there we found out we were to sing and preach. So we opened fire on the devil and in a night or two we had him on the run. Friday, August 25th, a car load of us went to Sunbury, Pennsylvania, to the camp meeting. In the morning, Reverend Drown preached, in the afternoon, Reverend Peter Wiseman preached. Friday, September 1st, we went to the jail in Maunch Chunk, Pennsylvania. We saw the print of a man's hand, he was one of the 11 men that were hung for murder of several men. He said he was innocent of the crime, put his left hand up against the wall of his cell and said, "If I am innocent, the print of my hand will never be removed." The jailer told me that he had been there for 60 years and they had cut the block of concrete out and put a new block in its place, and said they painted the wall the year before I was there, but the print of the man's hand came out like it was before, believe it or not.

That same day we went through a millionaire's home and saw some sights; no one lived in it, just a caretaker. My wife played on a \$10,000 piano that had not been tuned in 60 years, but was up to date in tune. Sunday morning, September 3rd, Ethel sang and I preached at the Pilgrim Holiness Church, at Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania. Labor Day we had an all day meeting with dinner on the grounds. We had the Minsker Family Gospel Singers of Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania. Father and Mother Minsker with their daughter Ruth and son John. The singing of this family was a great inspiration to the meeting throughout the whole day. In the afternoon Ethel preached, at night I preached. The tabernacle was packed and jammed that night. We closed the camp meeting with 25 at the altar during the meeting. We go back there next year, August 21st to September 3rd.

Anita Woeller was up for the week end of the camp meeting. Tuesday we went to Bishopshead to my daughter Jenny V.'s. She had a surprise party on Ethel. It was a birthday party. Several of the people from Cambridge were there and she got several nice gifts. Wednesday, we went fishing and caught 12 nice fish. Had a good time. The bay was very rough. We left there Wednesday, stayed all night at Ethel's Aunt Betty's near Bluefield, West Virginia. Friday we stopped at the foot of the hill and saw Ethel's mother and family. Stopped at Ashland, Kentucky, and stayed all night with Bill Jiles. Saturday we came to Garden City. Sunday morning Ethel preached. At night Sister Utely sang for the first time at our church. Tuesday night at Pontiac we heard Reverend Stone preach Thursday I made 47 calls, night at Pontiac, Friday I made 50 calls, night I took a car load to Pontiac.

Wednesday, September 20th, we went to West Branch, Michigan, to the Nazarene Church for a five night meeting with 10 at the altar on Friday night. Saturday, Ethel came back to Garden City to take care of the services over Sunday. Sunday morning and night at West Branch, I had eight at the altar. Ethel called me after church and said she had six at the altar. Two young married couples had prayed through. Two of them have joined the church.

I came to Pontiac with Brother Wedge and Ethel met me there. Saturday night I preached at God's Love Mission in Detroit, Michigan. Saturday we went to Ferndale, Ethel, Jay, Datha, Danny and I and got our new song books. I had made up \$127.50 among the business men in Garden City to buy them. Sunday night six at the altar. Tuesday night, October 17th. we started a revival with Reverend C. B. Fugett as our evangelist and Roy Ankrim and wife as the singers. We closed our revival October 29th, with 68 at the altar during the meeting. Had a great meeting. Monday Ethel's brother Hansford and wife and little girl came. Friday I made 42 calls. Sunday afternoon I preached at Ferndale, Rev. Thomas' mission. Night Ethel preached with six at the altar. Tuesday Gladys and Vernon Hauld moved across the street from us. Ethel's mother was here and stayed five days with us. Monday we went to Lima. I went hunting for two days did not kill one thing, so I quit. Monday we caught a big coon in a lumber pile in our yard.

Tuesday, April 12th, we started a revival with Reverend John Minsker of Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania as the evangelist, and his sister and he also did the singing. Saturday, Joy, Datha, Danny, Gordon and his girl friend Mary came to see us. We had a good day over Sunday. Monday, Jay and family went home. At night Reverend Dan Baughey and wife and son ate supper with us. Tuesday night we did not have any preaching with five at the altar. Wednesday we all went over to Reverend Dan Baughey's for supper. Friday we went to Mr. and Mrs. Rodgers for supper. Saturday we went to Eloise State Hospital. We closed our revival April 22nd with 27 at the altar during the meeting. We enjoyed Brother John Minsker's preaching and the singing and the playing on their instruments. Sister Ruth Minsker worked on my book for me and we are now bringing it to a close at this date. Everything in this book is true and a lot more could have been added if I had had the space. May the blessings of the Lord be upon all who read this book. Many things that happened down through the years, but I am glad I can say this 23rd day of April 1951, I have the victory in my soul. May God bless this book and make it a blessing to you.

Your Humble Servant in the Lord,
Reverend B. H. Lucas

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THE END