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**THINGS I REMEMBER**  
**By Charles Luther Wood**

Edited and Digitized  
By His Son,  
Frank Glen Wood,  
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Printed Book  
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**THINGS I REMEMBER**  
**By Charles Luther Wood**

I was born near Pana, Illinois, May 28,1878, on a farm. I am the oldest of the family of nine children. One boy died at birth. My grandparents on both sides were pioneers in that part of Illinois. I have heard Father say when he paid the preacher for marrying them he had just \$10.00 in the world. I think from what he said they lived the first year with each family by turns. My mother's family had 13 children, of which about one half died in infancy. Father's had 12. Two died when they were children and the rest lived to maturity. My youngest brother died when he was born. Those were hard days in a new country. Crops failed because of floods and then drouths. Mother was not strong. She had a very sick spell just before I was born and they did not think I would live for over a year. I was a poor skinny little fellow and was sick most of the time for several years. My brother a little over a year younger was soon as big as I. I have heard them say that about all they had to eat those days was corn pone and sorghum molasses. God must have had some purpose in view because I lived through it and many other things that only His protecting care could keep me.

My first recollections are of a little log house with one room and a lean to kitchen, with a loft above, which was used as a bed room. It was reached by a little crooked narrow stairway.

One day Mother was up in this room with the baby and my little brother. To get me down she said I will beat you down. So I ran ahead and fell down the stairs and broke my arm. The picture then fades out until some time after we were living in another log house. Father had a team of young mules he wanted to break to ride. He drove them through the mud hitched to a wagon until they were tired. One of them submitted all right, but the other one resisted and Father came to the house with his head and face plastered with mud. He finally rode him then. Then I remember little more until I was about 7 years old. We left that part of the country and Father rented a farm near Tower Hill, Illinois. This was a better farming country. There was a nice white house of five rooms. I thought it was a very big house and a large red barn with what I thought was a wonderful apple orchard. We lived here four years. My father did well here on this farm. We all worked from early to late, I and my brother walked to school two miles or stayed home when the weather was bad. Father in those days thought more of making money than of learning. They never went to church or Sunday School . They seldom ever looked in the Bible. The first time I ever heard my father pray was after we had been there I think about two years. His father died and they took us up to the funeral. When we came back home Father was broken up over it and had prayer a few times and gave thanks at the table.

I will digress a little here by saying, our ancestors were English and Baptists. They settled at Jamestown, Virginia in 1755 and my father was raised Baptist in faith. I know little about my mother's ancestors except that they also were Baptists. Mother and Father had been converted and joined the church and were active members before they were married. Trouble arose in the church which almost wrecked the church. Her father took sides against his father. He and his family and many of his friends left the church. I remember one time toward the last of our living there a Baptist preacher they had known before they were married held a meeting in a church not far from where we lived and they went to hear him and brought him home with us for the night. This was the first time I remember of being in a meeting or hearing a man preach or anybody pray outside of that once or twice when my father prayed. I don't remember of knowing before that there was a God.

We had to leave that place and Father could not find a place that suited him at all. He had heard of the new country of Nebraska where good land was cheap and some could yet be had for homesteads. The spring I was 12 in 1890 he and Mother's sister's husband and one of mother's brothers loaded their household goods, farming machinery, and horses into a railroad car and shipped them to North Platt, Nebraska. Father and my uncle came with the railroad car. Mother's brother hid in the car and beat his way through. My brother and I were put in a big box and put in with the other goods. They fed and cared for us until we reached our destination, then we slipped out of the car and waited until they had unloaded. They got their horses out, put their wagons together, loaded their goods and machinery on them and on some other wagons that had been sent to meet us. Late in the afternoon we started on our overland trip of 35 miles to our destination, a little town called Gandy. If I should live to be 100 years old I never will forget that trip. The man that came to help us was brother to a man in Illinois who had helped get us to go out there. He was a large man about 40 years old. He ran a little store at Gandy, dealt in real estate, drank and I think gambled. He had taken just a little more than he needed and helped himself to more on the road. We were put to ride on his load. He had four broncos hitched up and when he got to the top of a hill he would give a whoop, throw up his hands and those little old broncos would hit the run down that hill and the wagon would bounce and jump and sway and we would hold on for dear life. Before we got there it got dark. He stopped for the others to catch up with him. Their teams

were about given out. We changed coaches but he took it more moderate after that. I think that the effects of his stimulant had somewhat worn off by that time. All this time we had been traveling through the sand hills but now had reached some nice looking prairie. It was getting so dark they couldn't see much of it, but it seemed level the rest of the way. The next morning when we woke up and looked around we were in a dirty little western town right in the sand hills. Our guide was around to show Father and Uncles some nice places he had for sale. He took them through the hills, being careful not to go on the prairie and showed them some sandy hilly farms which they wouldn't have and asked an exorbitant price for them. If you ever saw a down hearted discouraged bunch it was them. They said we will load right up and go back. We will send word back for the women and children not to come, but we have used so much of our money, what will we do? Then one of them said, That area looked nice we came to just at dark. Let us go back and look at it. The next morning they hitched up a team and started back on the road. A few miles from town they came out of the sand hills and on to a prairie table land. This was covered with farms and looked nice with good soil. The prairie was covered with buffalo grass and other grasses. Here about five miles from town they were able to rent some farms that men had proved up on. We moved out here. Mother and the children came and that part of the country became our home for about 24 years.

The place that Father rented was 320 Acres. There was a one room sod house. The roof was what they called a cap roof. Oval instead of sharp peaked it was made by bending the boards over a higher part in the middle of the roof and then putting sod on that . Usually a layer of tar paper is put over the boards before the sod is put on. This helps turn the rain, but this one had no paper so when it rained it was a good bit like a sieve, only the water in coming through brought dirt with it. The first rain after we moved in Mother was the most homesick person you ever saw. Father built another room with paper on it and put a layer of clay on the other one to help so it was better. We had a good crop that year. There was a school house about one half mile from where we lived. There were several families of Baptist people in the neighborhood. They got my parents interested in a Sunday School and that summer organized one. Father was made a teacher and later on Mother was also. This was the beginning of our interest in religion. My parents now took up family prayer and reading the Bible, but as I remember they were not very faithful at it. They were trying to get back to the Lord.

That summer Father bought a man's right to a farm about two miles away and homesteaded it. We built a three room sod house on it, which became our home until 1899, the year I was 21, at which time it was replaced by a large 10 room frame house. We went back to the school house that winter and to Sunday School part of the time. Then two years after we moved on our place the district was divided. The old school house was moved farther east and a new one was built one half mile east of our house. It was sided with sheet iron siding pressed like brick and painted red with white lines like brick and red corrugated roofing on the roof. It was called the Red Brick School House. The Sunday School was reorganized with quite a large attendance. Most of the people were Baptists. A Baptist preacher was invited to come and preach to us when convenient. Soon after a revival was held. Father and Mother had been trying for some time to get back to the Lord and seemed to get restored about this time. A church was organized. I don't remember when I first became conscious of God or that I was a sinner and needed to be saved. It must have been about this time, I was about 14 or 15 then. For several years I was under conviction when in a meeting and some times prayed when I was alone, but didn't seem to know how to get saved. I was very timid and backward when I was a boy and wouldn't go to the altar. Then one night when I was

17 in a revival meeting in the little town of Gandy in the Methodist church I went to the altar and claimed salvation. I still believe God did save me that night to what light I had.

My mother's brother and family returned to Illinois the next year after we had come which was 1890. Mother's sister and family moved farther away and as their children were younger we did not have so very much in common. The next year I believe it was some of Father's brothers and families moved out. Then came the terrible crop failures of the 1892, 93 and 94. Lots of people lost all they had and left the country. His brothers were among that number. Those were terrible years. Some time we didn't have enough to eat and sometimes we would have to lay in bed in the daytime in the blizzards to keep from freezing, for want of fuel. Good people shipped in cars of food, clothing and fuel, which was a big help. It happened here like other things do. Some of the people that least needed it got their fingers in the pie firsthand, got out the choicest plum, then the poorer got what was left. Never the less it helped more families pull through that could never have made it.

The light in those days in the Baptist Church was rather dim. They were strong believers in once in Grace always in Grace. They believed if you were once born again you could never be lost. My folks did not believe that however, nor I. The little church was very worldly. I don't think any of them drank and not more than one or two used tobacco and they didn't think it was right to swear, but if a person got too mad the Lord would forgive them for it that night, if they ask Him before they went to bed. The young people were very worldly. They went with wicked unsaved of the other sex. They didn't believe in dancing but had plays and some times kissing parties and practiced it quite freely in secret. They had Box Suppers, raffling of cakes and other things to raise money for the church. I had enough light to know that these things were not right and told them so even their leaders. They said why are you here then. I said, "because I don't want to be left out of every thing and stay at home. Some called me the preacher. That made me mad. Then Mother said a man, a Phrenologist, examined my head when I was small and said I would be a preacher some day. That made me still madder. I declared I never would and that I was going with all the rest of the worldly young people by this time, I never did take a drink of liquor, use tobacco or swear. There was other things I did just as bad. We all had a kind of profession though. Some times I would get so sick of it all I would get alone and pray until the burden was lifted, but then it was the same thing over.

There were five of us boys and growing up in a frontier farming country we had many experiences on the farm. There were no automobiles, trucks or other motorized vehicles except the trains. Our father always had a bunch of horses, mostly broncos there on the western frontier. We boys soon got involved with breaking and riding the horses. One day I and some of the boys were working with this one horse. I was not being careful enough and this horse evidently was watching better than I was and when I got too close he kicked me in the head. It laid me out cold and blood coming from my face and nose, my brothers quickly picked me up and carried me to the house. When my mother saw me she began to cry and scream " he's dead, he's dead. At about that time I began to come to and heard her and said, "no I am not dead." and she in her frenzy said "yes you are, yes you are." till she realized that I was not dead.

I always had a great desire for an education. Our schools consisted of about four months school. There was so much work in the fall I generally missed one month and only got in about

three. This was at the Red Brick schoolhouse. In the fall of 1896 I went to North Platte to take the 8th grade and finish my schooling. I worked at a hotel for my board and room. I was errand boy, washed dishes, swept and scrubbed floors or any thing else that others didn't want to do. From 5 in the morning until 8 at night and one hour at noon, when I came home for dinner. I slept on a cot in one end of a hall. I didn't have a place to myself. There was a saloon connected with it. I had to scrub and clean this dirty place up on Saturdays. I had worked there about six weeks when the town was to have a weeks holiday and no school. The help was to get extra pay, all but me. I told some of them I wasn't going to work unless I got pay. They told the Boss. He was a good patron of his own saloon and about half drunk all the time and had a terrible temper. He gave me a terrible going over. I went and got my things and he met me at the door and cursed and demeaned me like I was a dog. I was sure glad to get away, but I am afraid I almost had murder in my heart. I had an aunt living in the town and I went there for the night and then back up to the little red brick School house. They had six months that year and a good teacher, and graduated four of us from the 8th grade. We missed much without proper equipment and books that made it a hindrance to me. My experience going to North Platte school had been pretty severe for a boy that had never been away from home or amongst strangers before, but I wanted to go to school. My aunt said I could stay with them as her husband worked at nights and she was afraid to stay alone with two small children. So I got the last three months of the 8th grade and graduated again. This was a pleasant experience and I enjoyed the school. The association of the young people, my aunt's home and the good church and Sunday School I attended there. While I did not have any desire to be a preacher I did have ambition to be a teacher. That Fall, 1897, with Father's consent I sold my riding pony and one cow I owned to pay my tuition and car fare to Grand Island Baptist College. A friend who had been going there to school got me a place to work for my board. So I enrolled as a student in the Teachers training department, taking about one and one half years work. I wanted to make the three years course in two years. I enjoyed the school very much, and my duties were not hard but took quite a bit of time. The very old lady where I worked had two old maid daughters. They were good Baptists, but were some times pretty hard to please. I was carrying too heavy a load in school and up at five in the morning and some times studying in the small hours of the night before I could get to bed. I carried my work through and made good grades in everything but English, which was always so very hard for me. I just barely passed in it. I was so worn out that the last few days of school I would go to sleep in class and was almost ready to collapse. I expected to go back and finish my course but not until I had the money to pay my way and could take it a little easier. The students were a fine bunch of young people. Of course there were a number that were unsaved and pretty rough, but they were held under strong discipline and a few were sent home. The major part were Christian young people and some were studying for the ministry and some as missionaries, but most just an education under Christian influences. I am sure that I lived better for a for a few years, for having been there. All this time the Lord was trying to talk to me about preaching and I was trying to be a Christian without obeying God which is a very difficult thing to do. The next year I spent at home on the farm. I don't remember much that took place that year except that crops were very poor. All the children were getting about grown except my youngest brother. I was 20 years old that May. I helped Father with the threshing machine and well drilling machine. It was a nice fall and we threshed up until about the last part of November. Father was with the machine on the last job. We boys were not with him there. My oldest brother, just about one year younger than I had left home and was working out. At noon when the men went in for dinner one of the young men was quite sick. They finished up threshing that day. In nine days Father began to feel very sick and we heard then that the young man that was sick that last day they threshed had the measles.

Neither Father nor Mother had ever had the measles. They were over 40 years old and there were seven children at home in a three room sod house. We had quite a bunch of cattle to be fed and cared for, a number of horses and hogs. There was no Doctor in the town. For several years Father had felt that God wanted him to preach. He didn't have much of an education and until just the last few years had never studied the Bible and knew very little about it. Mother and us children opposed him. I was the worst one. We had a large farm, a threshing machine, a well drill and quite a bunch of live stock. When he would sit around and read the Bible the running of the farm, and seeing after things fell to me. The other boys did not want to obey me so things did not go very well. I had a bad temper and would some times punish them. Then when I went to Father for instructions and help he would be sitting there studying the Bible and lots of times didn't seem to understand what I was talking about. He would start in talking about the Bible. I thought he was going crazy. Lots of times I couldn't get any thing out of him and go away mad. Some times I would tell him he was losing his mind over religion. Mother also thought he was losing his mind, I think that more than ever put me against preaching. With our opposition he finally gave up so much studying the Bible. He said in after years that he never got back that wonderful light in such a degree as he had it in those days. That was the condition of things when he got so bad with the measles and looked like he was going to die. The measles wouldn't break out on him, Afterwards he told us of two wonderful visions he had while he was so sick. I have heard him tell them several times but don't remember too much about them I think one was of a field of grain that was going down and no one to harvest it. The other one was about the hillside all covered with beautiful flowers. And the Lord said these are the souls of people and I want you to gather them, and he promised he would.

We had a well to put down so I took the machine and went to put it down. He was better by then. I was gone two or three days working in the wet and cold and mud with the machine. When I got home the other children were taking down with the measles. I came in and helped take care if them and the house work, also the work out side. People all over the country were sick and some dying. Mother took sick then my oldest sister who had been helping me with the house work. We were able to get a man who had already had the measles to do the work out side. It had turned off very cold and a blizzard and was a way below zero. It got 42 below that winter. Then I took down sick a day or two before Christmas. Mother who was ready to be confined had to have help on Christmas day. Father got out of bed and went to taking care of us. I think it was only the hand of God that kept it from killing him. My uncle drove a team and buggy 20 miles to the nearest Doctor on Christmas day. Mother was awful bad and they did not expect her to live. The baby was dead when it was born. For days she wasn't expected to live and was only able to sit up in bed a little in May when the grass was green. My aunt and uncle came and helped take care of us although they had a farm and children four miles away and had to drive there and back. I was up in about a week and began helping with the house work, I took the pneumonia but only in a light form. I was in bed about a week but it was worse than the measles. Mother never got over that terrible winter for several years. That was the spring I was 21. I and my brother rented a place, bought some horses and cattle and machinery and batched and farmed for our selves. That is the spring Father built the big new house and the old sod house was torn down. That summer one of the carpenters that helped build the house, Lew Butterfield married my oldest sister. This was a very bad match and my mother and Father opposed it. His folks were not Christians and not a good family. I went to church and Sunday School and some times took some part but I knew I wasn't living right although I do believe some times I did pray through. I lived in the seventh chapter of

Romans. Father began to try to preach some now. I think we had all given up our opposition to his preaching. He was having a terrible time of it. He would get discouraged and quit for a while then get in such troubled he would go at it again. My brother had a girl friend now. He would stay with me until Friday evening or Saturday noon then that was the last I would see of him until some time Monday. The girls didn't take to me. I was awful bashful and my brother delighted in getting me to a party or gathering of young people and then begin teasing me about some girl there. Most of them thought it was fun but it would about kill me and I would go out and stay or go home. I got over that a lot later on. I never was a favorite with the opposite sex like he was.

That fall my brother sold his share of our farming equipment and went to St. Louis, Missouri, to learn the barber trade. I stayed and husked out the corn then moved my things up to Father's and husked corn the rest of the fall. My brother wrote that he would finish his barber course by Christmas and then was going on to Illinois where we used to live, for a visit. I thought that would be a good time for me to go for a visit. The folks would take care of my team and cows. I got a ticket and landed in Pana the day before Christmas. I went to my uncle's hardware and machinery store and he was very much surprised to see me. Arthur, my brother, was at Mothers uncle and aunt's place where there were some young people. I got a ride out there and came in on him to his surprise, and we had a wonderful time visiting. My uncle and aunt lived close to the old Baptist church where Father and Mother were members when they were young people. One of their uncles girls was 18 and another 12. One boy was married and the other about my age. A revival was beginning right after Christmas. We went and when the people found out who we were we had friends all over the country. My cousin had a girl friend, a beautiful girl and a Christian that I met. She was 18 and I was 22. We became friends right away. My brother had lots of girl friends. It seemed like he could get any he wanted any place he went. This girl seemed to prefer me. They lived close to my uncle's and she was over there a lot so I got to see her often. And we became good friends. They had a wonderful old time meeting. The altar was full with people praying through and shouting all over the house. One of Father's brothers lived a few mines from there. Also a lot of Mothers relation. There was a church there where Father and Mother had gone a lot. A meeting started in it as soon as this one closed. Fathers brother had been so worldly, swear, chew tobacco and care nothing about religion when he was out in Nebraska. Now it was wonderful to see him and hear him pray and testify and be interested in religion. This was about the middle of February and the Spring rains began. Something like the flu came and some people that were well one day were sick the next and dead the next. An awful epidemic of pneumonia. It was time for us to go home and we didn't want to be sick away from home, so we made arrangements to leave. You say what about the girl. Well that didn't end like most love stories. I thought a lot of her and told her so and asked her to marry me. She said she didn't want to leave her folks and relatives and go to another country. If I would stay there she would marry me. I said I didn't see how I could make a living there. There seemed to be no show for a young man but to work by the day or month like most of them were doing. I told her I would go on and get a place for her if she would come and marry me. She said she would think over it and write and let me know. So we kissed and parted. Soon after I got home I got a letter from Gertrude, it was all a lover could want except she said she had thought about it and didn't feel like she could come out there. From all she had heard about the country it wasn't a very good place and why could I not come back there to live. We could be good friends and write which we did a year and half. I got a job of work on a farm and had my cattle and horses on pasture. My brother was also working out. Right after the 4th of July we took our teams and my younger brother, Lem who had left home that

spring because he didn't get along with Father, and went up in the cattle country about 100 miles to put up hay. We got a job on a big ranch 15 miles South of Hyannis. This man had come there 20 years before with a small bunch, about 40, cows and a few old broncos and settled on a homestead. Now he had just sold his ranch for \$100,000. and owned a big share in the bank and other things. He said any young man could take 10 cows and go where he could get range for them and be worth \$50,000.00 In ten years. We helped put up 100 tons of hay for him in about six weeks, made good money and started back to start our own ranch and make our \$50,000.00. Brother Lem hired at a ranch about ½ way home and worked there till in the winter. Brother Arthur and I had our start of cattle, horse and some money to start on. We persuaded Father to put his cattle in and take an interest in the venture The ranch was all we would have in partnership. Each would have his own cattle and horses. The next thing was to get the location. Some 15 miles west of us were the sand hills. They were covered with grass. Most of the land was government land and free range for stock. So we decided to go up there and get some of this land and establish a ranch. Brother Arthur took a homestead 640 acres. I was to take one by his later on. That fall Father and the boys took all the cattle belonging to the three of us up there, also horses and machinery and began cutting the tall grass for hay. I went to teachers institute to get my teachers certificate, then I went up there also. Also one of my sisters went along to cook for us. It was already late in the season, so we just cut and bunched the hay, intending to stack it later. It turned in and rained and rained and wet it all before we could stack it. It almost ruined the hay and our feed was very poor for the winter. We had no house so we put a hay rack on posts, put hay around it and over it for a place to sleep and cooked out of doors on a stove and our fuel was cow chips, which wasn't very good fuel when they got wet. We built a little sod one room house. Two half windows and one door with a cap roof made by bending the boards over it then laying tar paper on them, then sod on it. It had a dirt floor and the walls were not plastered. We built some bunk beds against one wall We had a small table and a cook stove, a sheet iron trash burner heater in which we burned hay to keep warm. We had a barbed wire corral for the cows at night. We built a small shed for a barn. We put in some posts, put some poles over them and some wire around the sides and stacked old hay, of which we had a lot, over and around it. This was just for the saddle horses as the others ran out and took care of themselves. Father and the boys and sister went back home after the hay was cut.

When the weather got bad and Arthur was cooped up most of the time there in that one room except for the time he was out doing the chores, he got restless. I read a lot, almost anything I could get my hands on, but he wasn't much interested in reading. One day I had my chair tipped back against one wall reading, I saw Arthur fooling with an old shot gun we had. I didn't pay any attention to him till all at once I heard a loud shot and the dirt from the wall above me came raining down on me. Arthur threw down the old gun and laughing ran out the door. I, very alert now, grabbed up the gun and took in after him. I never saw that boy run so fast in all my life. Later I ask him if he really thought I would shoot him. He said "no but I remembered that old gun had a crooked barrel and I thought you might try to shoot close to scare me and that some of the shot would hit me."

I think one of the boys was there most of the time to help us. I had obtained a teachers certificate from the county in the fall and a contract to teach our district school, which was down in the edge of the farming country something over five miles away. There was the sod school house. I don't remember the exact number I had on the roll, but about 35 I think. I was to be the janitor,



build the fires and sweep the floors besides teaching. Besides I cooked our meals at the ranch, fixed my lunch and rode that five miles, got the fire going and the house warm by the time the first scholars got there. I had all sizes and ages. Seven or eight larger than I was. All grades from beginners to the ninth grade. I seemed to have done it satisfactorily for they hired me the next year and tried to get me to take it for another three years. For this work I was to get \$30.00 per month, but they didn't have any money in the treasury so they gave me warrants which I had to sell at a discount so I only got from \$25.00 to \$27.00 for my work depending on who I could get to buy them. There were several families of Baptists there and they had a Sunday School and Young Peoples Society and some times preaching. I and my brother took part in there meetings. We were trying to do right although we knew we weren't where the Lord wanted us but I think we were as near right as any of the others. That was a hard winter. My money went as fast as I got it and we almost starved. We had used so much to start the place. The feed was poor and the cows got poor and we lost some of them. I was still writing to the girl in Pana, Illinois and hoping to get things fixed so I could have a good home for her and maybe she would come out that spring, 1902. We traded a team of horses and paid some money and got a section of land in the valley joining our ranch. There was a lot of good farm land on it. We plowed some of it up and put in corn. We rented the range and well of the man north of us and agreed to care for his cattle as pay. We had about 400 head now to look after. I was to get the school again that winter. The man we leased the ranch of had some hay land leased down on the river and he came and wanted us to put it up. Most every body was haying already, but we agreed to do it. Brother Arthur was busy taking care of the cattle, so I took the equipment and went to put it up. We could hardly get any help as most of the available men already had jobs in the haying. I got a bunch of boys and started to work. I had some cut and just started the stacking when there came one of those terrible hail storms. I have seen a good many, but this was the worst I ever saw. Corn 10 or 12 Ft. high was cut down to little stubs and the grass was beat into the ground. The hay that was so tall and heavy before was flat on the ground. Calves, pigs, chickens and birds were killed. The windows were broken out of the houses and some places the hail went through the roofs What would we do about the hay? We already had a lot of money into the deal. We should have thrown up the contract and quit, but we did not think it would be as bad as it was. We had a terrible time of it. The boys wanted to play instead of work. We only got about 1/3 as much hay off of the ground as we should have. It took longer, broke up our machinery, wore out our horses and when we got through by skimping I barely got enough to pay expenses. I and three teams had put in three weeks for nothing. That was the worst of it. The hail had ruined our hay and range. Father took his cattle home and turned the ranch over to us.

I still got nice letters from Gertie. She wanted me to come back there and teach. She said she was sure I could get a school to teach but I couldn't do that. All I had was tied up here. Some time that fall I got a nice letter from her, then in two or three days I got a letter from cousin Nellie saying that Gertie was married. Of course it hit me hard, but I couldn't blame her. It seemed like every thing had gone against us. We had a pretty hard winter of it, and the next year wasn't any better. That fall they offered me the school again, but I decided to get another one. I got a school six miles west of us. This was the hardest school I ever taught. I had 66 on the roll, from little tots to grown girls and one boy about six ft. tall and weigh about 180 lbs., who tried to cause me trouble. The district was six miles by nine miles and when the weather was bad I just had a few from close and then again a house full. At Christmas holiday the board said they wanted me to have a vacation of two months and teach the remaining three in the spring. I told them I had a contract for six straight months and couldn't afford to miss two months in the winter and teach next spring

when I had other work to do but if that was what they wanted I would resign and they could get another teacher for the spring. So that was the way we arranged it. I was determined to quit the ranch. We didn't have feed for the stock so I sent mine down to Father's. My brother offered me a team of two year old colts for my interest in the ranch, so I let him have it.

My brother Arthur had never bothered much about the girls since he and the girl he went with four years had broke up. We had some neighbors about four miles away. They were a nice family. He went down there a lot the last year I was there but I never caught on. They had a little girl about 12 years old who had gone to school to me two years. Then there was another about my age, a fine girl, who I would have liked to have had but she was engaged to be married to another fellow so I knew there wasn't any show for him there. Then there was an old maid school teacher who had poor health and about five years older than he. Then there was a boy about our age. He, my brother, had always been such a ladies man and the young ones and silly ones always suited him. After I had been gone down home for some time they told me that Arthur and the old maid school teacher was going to be married and he was fixing the house up. We had built on another room and plastered and had put floors in them already. I couldn't believe it at first but found it was true. She was a good woman, but didn't have good health.

I got a school down close to home so I could board at home and teach, for the rest of the winter of three months. Then I got a job on a farm until haying time, then shucked corn that fall. When I came down from the ranch after Christmas I owed about \$400.00 which was about as much as my stock was worth. In one year I had paid it all off. The last year I was on the ranch I had given up professing to be a Christian and the man I worked for that summer and some other things didn't help me. I stayed at home the rest of that winter. My oldest sister and husband lived close to Lewiston Idaho then. She wanted some of us to come out and see her. My youngest sister, Grace 14 wanted to go. The folks said if I wanted to go with her she could go. This was the spring of 1905 the year of the Portland World Exposition. The year that I was home and working around there I went to parties and entertainments and church a lot. I went first with one girl then another one. Most of the young people of my age (I was 25 that year) were married, and the young people of my sister and younger brothers age had taken their place. There was one young woman that I and her brothers had been quite chums before we went to the ranch. She was younger than me. I had always thought she was a very fine girl. She was older than most of the other young people but younger than me. She was a school teacher so we had a common interest. We were thrown together a lot when the young people paired off she and I were left to make a couple. I took her to places a time or two. I got to thinking a lot of her but she was never very responsive. Never the less I seemed to be gaining her favor. About that time some eastern folks came in and bought the big ranch on the head of the river. There were two partners. One of them was an unmarried man quite a lot older than I. I don't know just how old he was but I think he was about 35. He was very flashy, displayed his money freely, rode a fine horse and saddle, drove a fine team and buggy and dressed in the latest style. He took a shine to this girl. One day she and her sister and a bunch of other young people were at our folks when time came to go to church she was left to me. She went when I asked her but didn't seem very willing like she had been before. He was there and took her home. That left me to go home by myself. It not only hurt me pretty bad because I had got to thinking a lot of her, but it hurt my pride to be left that way. I had thought she was too nice a girl to treat any body that way. They all knew I had brought her and that she went home with the other fellow. He was a very worldly fellow. I knew I was not a Christian, didn't profess, but I would not have done

any body that way. My youngest sister had a friend about her own age. She was ten years younger than me. She was a small red headed girl, cute and good company. Her father was about the wealthiest farmer around there. Her Mother was a little woman, one of those kind of helpless people. The girl took after her mother a lot. I got to going with her. I was keeping company with her when I and my sister Grace went out to Lewiston, Idaho the last of March 1905. There came a big snow the day before we left. All the way out and through the mountains everything was covered with snow. Then when we dropped down into the Snake River valley we were in another world, The fruit trees were in bloom, alfalfa was green, the sun was nice and warm and people were working in the fields. That was the first of April. We got to my sisters in due time. After a few days visit and sight seeing I wanted to get work. My brother in law was a carpenter and had work most of the time. He said there just wasn't any work to be had. Every day men were coming begging for work. Outside of a few days I did not get any thing to do for a month or more. I walked and hunted but found nothing to do. One day I told them I was going to start out in the country and if I did not come back they would know I had work. I walked and caught rides and inquired for work. They said nothing doing until fruit picking and harvesting. Some time after noon I heard of a farmer that wanted a hand. I went to his house and his wife said he needed some help but was over at another place. She gave me a pony and told me how to find him. I started out and came to where the road went down into a deep canyon. I could look down there and see cattle that looked the size of jack rabbits. I thought if I rode that pony down there I would fall over his head or he would fall over the bluffs so I got off and walked down. Then just a little way and the road went up the other side. I thought old horse you can never make it up that steep road with me on your back. I was awful tired as I had walked a long way that day so decided to try it. He made it up. I found the man but he said he didn't have the money to pay a man now. Then he wanted to trade me a saddle horse for a months work. He showed me a young three year old mare about 900 lbs. He would give me for a months work and help me break her to ride. He valued her at \$30.00 but could have bought plenty of them for \$10.00 or \$12.00 apiece. It was a good place to work and the work wasn't hard. I rode down to my sisters in a short time and told them where I was working. After I got through there I went to my sisters then went East on the Lewiston flats to harvest, and would come back for a few days when I got time. I made pretty good money there and finished up about the last of August. The last place I worked I became acquainted with a young man that lived up in the mountains. He bought my horse for \$25.00 and wanted me to come up and go hunting deer when the season opened. He paid me about ½ and borrowed my saddle and promised to send me the rest and the saddle when he got home. I think he figured that was the last he would ever hear of me. I went to my sisters, then to Portland to the fair for three days. Then down by Roseburg, Oregon to the home of the father of one of the men I had worked for to see the wonderful country where he was raised. I took the train at Portland and got off at Myrtle Creek a little station a few miles South of Roseburg. I walked up a little winding stream in the mountains 11 miles. There this old man lived. Every thing was covered with moss. Trees, fences, houses and the old man looked like he might have moss on his back. There in the bend of the creek he had three acres with an old log house covered with moss. Then up on the side of the mountain he had 1 ½ acre more. He said he had lived there twenty years and raised 11 children. The country didn't suit me. I took the train back to Portland then back to Lewiston and my youngest sister wanted to go home. I decided to go up in the mountains a deer hunting and see if I could get my saddle and the rest of the money for my horse. I took the train up the Clearwater River about 60 miles. I got off at a little station, climbed the bluffs about 4 miles up to the country above and walked to a little place called Orofino. I found the boy's house. He said a bunch had already gone up in the mountains hunting. So he got horses

and all afternoon we rode up in the mountains. We came to the camp just at dark. It had snowed about 4 or 5 inches of wet slushy snow. They were camped in an old log barn and had a big fire in the middle of it. They had killed 2 deer and had some cooked for supper. I hadn't had any dinner and not much breakfast. I thought that was the best meat I had ever eaten. We stayed 3 or 4 days. The boy I came with sneaked away and I never saw him again or the money. They tried to get me not to take the saddle and said they would send me the money. I hung on till they let me take it. I rode back down to Orofino with one of the men in his wagon with my saddle. I stayed all night with him and took the mail wagon back to the railroad the next day. He was the best one of the whole bunch. They were the worst bunch I was ever in and I have seen some pretty bad ones. They were old mountaineers from the mountains of West Virginia, moonshiners, but they treated me good. When I got back sister Grace was wanting to go home. We got ready and took the train for North Platte, Nebraska and got there the last of October. We had been gone seven months. I had no opportunity for the society of young people except boys that worked in the harvest field. These boys were rough, drank, swore, used tobacco and run with bad women. While I was not a Christian I would not do these things. They told me that Irma, the red headed girl had been going places with a young man named Jim. He was a Free Methodists preachers son. He was rotten and drunken. He and one of my brothers had a fight and when brother was getting the best of him they separated them. We didn't have any use for him. I saw Irma in a few days and she was so pleased to see me. I was mad and accused her of going with that rotten fellow. She said he was their hired hand and she had no other way to go and that he had treated her nice. I told her she knew what he was and that we didn't have any use for him. If she wanted to run with such fellows she couldn't go with me, so that ended that. I shucked 4000 bushel of corn and finished up Christmas day. I had expected to buy a place when I came back and had saved up some money but things had changed. There had been a railroad boom and land had gone away up in price. When I left I could have bought an unimproved farm, 160 acres for \$500.00 to \$1000.00. Now they had gone from \$2000.00 To \$3000.00. That spring a man that had been a neighbor of ours and had rented his farm and gone to Grand Island to send his children to school came to our place. The renter had about ruined the place. The buildings had gone to pieces. He wanted very much to sell the place and had heard I wanted a place. He made me an offer and I took him up on it. It was about 2 miles from Fathers place. There was 320 acres of school lease land altogether. There was about 230 acres of nice farm land, and the rest was rough land in pasture. The lease would run for 9 years longer, then it would be sold, but I would have the first chance to buy it. I got it for \$500.00. The renter had sure used it bad. Most of the buildings had fallen down and he had burned up a lot of the lumber. There was two rooms of the sod house standing. I fixed them up some , rebuilt the barn and granary and fences and moved in. I put in 100 acres of small grain and 120 of corn. I had four good horses and harness. I bought some good machinery. I also had a nice saddle horse and a good buggy. I hated terribly to go to batching again. I was 28 years old that May. A new family bought a place 4 miles south of us and moved in there. There was one grown boy and two girls and a couple of younger boys. The oldest girl was about 20 and the younger 19. My cousin had gone with Nellie the oldest a few times when I met them, but I took a hand in it and he lost out. We kept company that spring and summer. She was a fine girl and I liked her a lot. The 4th of July I took her to town to the celebration. Mother and Father would not go. He was preaching. They had got light on Holiness and didn't think that was the place for Christians to go. All the rest of our family and other young people went.. The Free Methodists had been preaching and holding meetings in that part of the country and had a class in the school house near my uncles place four miles south. Before we went up to the ranch they used to come to the school house West of us and preach. I

remember one man about 35 years old held a meeting there. He was quite a preacher. He told how he was a cow boy and a gambler and drank and fought , but said he always believed the Bible. He said before he was saved he had gambled for high stakes with a pile of money in the center of the table, a Bible open before him on the table, his 6 shooter on the right side of the Bible, a bottle of liquor on the left and the cards in his hands, and had argued that the Bible was true. Then he told how God had so wonderfully saved and sanctified him and delivered him from drink and gambling and called him to preach. I was awfully under conviction and thinking of going to the altar. One of the boys ran in and told me that one of my brothers and another boy was in a fight out side. I jumped up and ran out but it didn't amount to any thing and my conviction was all gone. That man left then. His home was down on the Platt River bottom. Some time after, I don't remember how long, the Free Methodists were having a quarterly meeting there and he was coming to it. He took up with a 14 year old girl. They ran off and went to Canada and lived together . He had a wife and 7 small children. They brought him back and put him in the penitentiary. Some more things about as bad happened that came up. One young preacher preached awfully hard against worldliness, women's immodest dress and jewelry. I thought maybe he did have something, but shortly after they had him in the penitentiary for stealing cattle. These things helped to make me almost an infidel and hardened against the gospel.

Well back to the Fourth of July. Father and Mother and some Free Methodist people were going to have dinner and a little meeting at one of the homes. One of the boys had taken Father's buggy and driving team to take his girl to town. Father hitched up a team of young horses to the wagon. They were "perfectly gentle" and he and Mother got in the spring seat. The colts started to run and one of the lines caught in the fly net and Father didn't pull very hard so as not to break the net. Mother was always awful afraid of horses. When she saw that the line was caught she got so scared she thought she would climb over the back of the seat into the wagon and was thrown to the ground. Father got the horses stopped in just a little piece and then he missed Mother. He looked back and law her lying on the ground. He tied the horses and ran back to her and saw she was hurt awful bad. She had fallen on one foot, crushed the ankle and turned her foot by the side of her leg. He carried her to the house, straightened out her foot then sent a message to us. I got the message and excused my self from the girl and went to the Doctors office. He was gone and didn't get back for about an hour. Then he wouldn't go until he had his dinner. I took him out home about 5 miles. Mother was suffering pretty bad and her ankle was swollen up. He examined it and said there was nothing he could do. He fixed the bandages a little better, gave them some liniment for it and we went back. He told me on the road back that he didn't think she would ever be able to walk on it and might have to have it taken off. That got me pretty bad for I thought a lot of my mother. I had seen her go through some awful hard times at deaths door two or three times. She would work when most other women would be in bed. I took my girl home and went back to my farm. Just a short time before this we had one of those awful hail storms. It was just a small streak but the full force of it struck my corn field, 120 acres and cut it all to pieces. The small grain was cut and shocked. It didn't hurt it much. Five weeks from the time Mother was hurt her foot wasn't any better. It was terribly swollen and all black and green. She had to lay in bed or sit in a chair with her foot on cushions. She couldn't stand for it to even be down on the floor or even the covers to lay on it. She suffered awful bad with it. I was up to see how she was every little bit. About this time some people we were acquainted with, (we had gone to school with their children and visited back and forth for years. They believed like Father and Mother but wouldn't take up with the Free Methodists), got a big tent and put it up in their yard. They lived about four miles west of us. They

got the president of the Holiness school, "an old man and some young preachers and singers to come and hold meetings there. Father and Mother had heard a good bit about these people and I think had seen some of them. They had expected to attend the meeting. These folk told Father to bring Mother over and she could stay with them while the meeting was going on. So he got her in the buggy and took her over. When the preacher saw them carry her into the tent he went over to where she was and talked to her about her foot. Then asked her if she didn't want him to pray for it to be healed. She said yes he could pray for her foot, but she would rather he pray for her soul for she wasn't right. He got down and prayed a little bit of a prayer for her and got up and said see if you can stand on it. She said no I can't stand on it. He said you don't know, try and see. She put her foot on the floor and almost fainted. I heard they had taken her over there and the next morning I went up to see about it. I asked Father about it and he told me. I was awful mad and told him if he didn't bring her back home I would get some more boys and we would go over there and tear the old tent down and bring her back. He said you better leave her alone she is in the Lord's hands. The Lord's hands nothing I said, you bring her back tonight or there will be trouble. She will have to have that foot taken off. What happened the next day I have heard Mother tell and testify to it lots of times. They were sitting in the living room. Father was talking to some of the preachers on the Bible. Mother had picked up a book and was reading. She came to the passage. "Some people don't believe that the Blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin." She said she stopped and thought about it and said to her self, I do believe that the Blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin. A voice spoke to her and said, get up and walk, you are healed. She was astonished. She didn't know what to think. She just sat there. The voice said again, "you are healed get up and walk." She just sat there not knowing what to do. The voice spoke the third time, "get up and walk you are healed." Father was sitting by the side of her. She turned to him and said, "something tells me I am healed to get up and walk and I am going to do it." She jumped to her feet. Father sprung up and grabbed her, expecting her to faint. She began to jump and praise the Lord and said to him. "Let loose of me I am healed." He let loose of her and stood there with his eyes and mouth open while she ran and jumped and praised God. The next morning I was up early, got my horse and rode up home. Father was just coming out of the house. I said "did you bring Mother home?" He said "yes the Lord has healed her." I got off my horse and went in the house and back in her bed room. She was still in bed. I said "Mother they tell me you are healed, I want to see your foot. She said "yes praise the Lord" and put her foot out from under the cover. One look was all I needed. The black and green and swelling were gone. I turned and went out without a word. She got out of bed and came walking out after me. I looked back and saw her walking. Something seemed to strike me inside like a sledge hammer. I guess it was the sledge hammer of God knocking the infidelity out of me. I went and got on my horse and went home. The devil went with me and tried to persuade me that she had been hypnotized. I was willing to believe in hypnotism but not in the healing power of the Lord. The Devil couldn't make it stick for she was healed and walked on that foot until her death. I went over to the meeting a few times. I had seen Irma a few times and she was rather cool at first but more friendly the last day of the meeting. She was there with my sister Grace. I sat with them in the back of the tent and through church she was very nice and friendly. We cut up and laughed and whispered all through meeting, something I never did. I guess I was under such conviction I had to do something. Nellie was there with her brother. As I saw them go out I knew we were done. She had always been a little jealous of Irma. Several times when I was with her she had said "don't you wish this was Irma." I seemed so fascinated with Irma I did not seem to care although I knew she was worth a dozen of Irma. My cousin started going with her and we soon heard they were engaged. I went with Irma a few times. The folks were going to a Baptist

Association about 45 miles east of us where Father preached . My sister Grace and I got Irma to go and I took them. I made up my mind I was going to marry her if she was willing. (We had gone to a widow woman's place one day. She had a girl 18 years old and three older boys and one younger.) As we started back from church that afternoon my buggy broke, the seat came loose and I had to tie it on. Grace was with a fellow. Irma said she was afraid to ride in the buggy, so I was to have to go alone. This girl named Luticia, they called her Lutie, said she wasn't afraid and that she would ride with me. We got my buggy fixed that evening. I think it was the next day we went home. I went back to see Irma, I think it was the next Sunday and took her to church. After church I asked her if she would marry me. She said she didn't want to get married, but we could still be friends. I couldn't persuade her to. At last I told her if she wouldn't marry me we were through. She said alright. It seemed I lost all interest in her then. I never saw much of her after that. (A few years after that she married a good for nothing fellow and they had two children. She left him and he shot her.) I was out now. I was sick of batching and living alone and under awful conviction. A man came and wanted to buy my place, so I sold it to him. My youngest brother, Walter, had been farming the home place. He decided to go to Tabor, Iowa to school that fall. Father and Mother were alone so I rented their farm and moved up with them. I made some money on the sale besides getting the crop, but it was a good place and in a good location. It was a school lease and only good for 9 years I believe, then it would be put up for sale. If anybody else bought it they would have to pay me for the improvements on it. I would have to build a new house and barn and a new well. I didn't want to do that and maybe not get the place again. I was out of a girl friend now. There didn't seem to be any around there now I could get. I wanted to get married. I thought I would write to the girl that rode with me down at the meeting. She seemed to like me. I got an answer and she said I could come down to see her. I went and took her places. She seemed to be nice enough girl and wasn't bad looking. She seemed strong and a good worker. She had always lived there in the canyon and didn't know any thing outside. I thought she would learn when she got out. Her mother was a widow. They lived in a sod house, and the barn wasn't very good. They milked a few cows. The boys did a very poor job of farming as they weren't hurt with push. I wanted to get married and liked her pretty well. I needed a wife and had gotten awful tired and lonesome batching. I decided I would try to get her. If I remember right I went back once before Christmas. Then I went back for Christmas and took her a nice 15 jeweled Elgin ladies watch with a silver case. I asked her to marry me and she promised to. My two sisters, Maud and Grace were to be married that spring. I took her up there to see all the folks. They got at us to be married at the same time they were. They had set the date at the 6th of March, that was in 1907. That was pretty short notice. They all were to be dressed alike in white silk. Her mother couldn't afford that kind of an outfit so I bought her outfit and gave it to her. We had a big wedding, which was held at my fathers place. There was about 100 guests. All three couples stood up and were married at one ceremony. Father performed the ceremony.

I had bought another place 5 miles East of Fathers. It was raw land without even a fence on it. One field had been plowed up at one time but had gone back to grass. I paid a little more than I got for my other place. But I had a deed for this one. It wasn't as good a place as the other one. It was more sandy and not as good a location. Land was still going up and I was lucky to get this one. We lived with Father and Mother. I had a pretty good crop that summer and was fixing to build on my own house that fall. Lutie wanted to go and visit her folks, so she went home about the first of September. I worked gathering the crops and preparing to build my house. She kept staying. It looked like I would have to go after her if I got her home. I had to get a load of lumber and cement

so I took 4 horses and went down there. The nearest railroad was at Calaway 40 miles East near their home. We came back with the load. I was going to make a cement block house, and was busy making blocks. She was not feeling very well. And would be confined in February. The 30th of October they were having a revival meeting over close to where the tent was the year before in a little new Free Methodist Church. Father and Mother wanted us to go with them, so we went. They had a new preacher here. When I went in they were singing. The preacher was a rather small man about 40 years old. The next thing I noticed he had a chart of hearts hung up. I don't know what he preached from or about or a word he said. One heart was black with a black tree growing out of it with all the fruits of sin on it. The next heart was still black but lightening had struck the tree and the fruit was all dropping off. The next one was white with a good tree growing out of it bearing the good fruit of the spirit, but in the bottom of it was a black stump. The other heart was all white, a good tree and good fruit. My eyes were drawn back to the black heart and its wicked fruit. I said to my self my heart isn't like that. I don't murder, I don't swear nor steal. Suddenly something seemed to grip me and I realized my heart was as black as that one and I did a lot of those things and was guilty in the sight of God as if I did them all. I don't know what went on around me. I was fighting the Spirit and trying to keep from breaking down. The next thing I knew they were standing and singing. The preacher was giving the invitation. Suddenly I could see an awful burning hell before me and my feet were slowly slipping into it. My brother came and took hold of my hand . I don't know what he said. A voice seemed to speak to me and say "this is your last chance. You have fought the Spirit long enough. I made a break for the altar. I believe my wife went when I did. I know they all gathered around and prayed. I don't think I prayed audibly. I was telling God in my soul. I was a terrible black sinner but if he would forgive me and save me I would serve him and preach if he wanted me to. I don't know how long we were at the altar, but at last when they began to get up I got up too. I felt the awful load of sin and conviction was gone and that God had forgiven me. I wasn't satisfied and told them so. We went home. The next day I prayed all day as I went about my work and asked God to help me. That night my wife was sick with a hot fever. Mother wanted me to go back to church. They saw I was not satisfied. She said she would stay with Luttie. I had to settle it alone and wanted to get by myself. When she went to sleep I got a Bible and went out into another room, opened the Bible on the chair and got on my knees. I searched and read the Bible. I found the things that were bothering me. I decided to go through with God no difference what it meant. (I realized it would mean a good deal to me.) I began to pray and after a while it seemed like a tiny spark of light began to show in my heart as if it were in a dark night. Then it began to grow and grow just like day light comes until the rim of the sun appears then the sun comes up in all his glory. I didn't feel like making any noise just a calm joy and light and peace. This was November 1, 1907. I got up and went to bed. The next day wife had a high fever. I don't remember whether it was that day or the next we sent for the Doctor. He examined her and she had the symptoms of typhoid fever. He said he would come back the next day. I told him the Lord had saved me and asked them all to forgive me for my cross conduct and hard words, which they did. The next day when the Doctor came back he said she had the fever and a weak heart, and in her condition he didn't give us much hope for her. He said good nursing was the main thing. He said if her strength would hold up until the fever broke she might pull through. We knew how wonderful God had healed Mother a year before and knew he was just as able to heal the fever. We did lots of praying. God had done a lot for me. I was a different man, Old things had passed away and all things had become new. Brother Zimmerman, the little Free Methodist preacher heard she was sick and came over and prayed with us. He believed in Divine healing and was a great help and encouragement to us. He was a real man of God. She kept getting worse and worse. Then



all at once the fever left her and the day the Doctor had named as the day the fever would break she was sitting up. He knew the Lord had done something for her. He was awfully surprised but he wouldn't admit it. Then the Devil took a hand. The Doctor brought out a bottle of whisky and told us we would have to give her that as a stimulant that she was so weak her heart might fail. We knew if God was able to deliver from the fever he could give her strength. She didn't want to take it so we set it up on the shelf and it set there until we took it out some time later and destroyed it. The Lord was wonderfully blessing me. Father had been preaching Holiness so to the Baptists. Some few believed it but most of them and the leaders fought him. When time came for the association meeting we all went. (That was before I was saved.) That night and morning Mother was sick. She didn't know what was the matter with herself. Some kind of a terrible black burden seemed crushing her, but she went anyway as the place wasn't far from where we lived. After the meeting had started and the business was in session, They called Father up. They said they understood he had been preaching Holiness or Sanctification as a second work of Grace. He replied that he had and that it was Bible. They said it was not Baptist doctrine and asked him if he would stop teaching it. He told them it was Bible and he had promised to preach the Bible when they ordained him. The burden rolled off of Mother and she shouted all over the house. When order was restored they told him they wouldn't license him to go out and preach something that wasn't Baptist doctrine. He said it was Bible and he was going to preach it if he had to preach on the street corners. He told them if they wouldn't let him preach it in the Baptist Church to drop his name from the Church, which they did.

I was making cement blocks and getting ready to build my house and praising the Lord and having a good time in my Soul. Just after Christmas some Holiness preachers came and were holding a meeting in the old Red Brick School house by Fathers place where we had all gone to school. One night they were having a good meeting when somebody jumped up and ran to the altar, threw up his hands and started to pray. About the time he opened his mouth the Glory of God fell on him. He sprang to his feet and began to jump and shout Glory to God, Hallelujah . He ran all over the house shouting and waving his handkerchief. By this time there were some others shouting. This was my next to youngest brother, Andy. He was very quiet and backward and didn't have much to say usually. After order was restored the devil jumped on to me and said "see there you didn't feel and act like that, maybe you didn't get saved. I tried to argue with the Devil but I was no match for him. The terrible blackness came over me that night and the next day. I prayed and prayed but had to get help before I could defeat him and get confidence and peace and joy restored. Father said "you ought to go on and get sanctified." I said "I believe I got it all at once." The wonderful joy and peace was bubbling up in my soul. I don't feel like I could hold any more. I believed I got it all that night. I had such an awful temper. When things went wrong it seemed something like fire would begin to boil up inside of me and run all over my body even out to my finger tips. I was dangerous. I guess I had what they call mad fits. I would be over it in a few minutes. I had a big old bronco the year before, that was as crazy as I was. If anything went wrong he was ready to fight and so was I. We went in for blood. I would grab a club, neck yoke, single tree or any thing and try to kill him and he tried to kill me. I always came out conqueror though. It didn't take much to set me going. After I was saved I didn't have any trouble that way, but it was only sleeping. Father said "If you don't go on and get sanctified you will be right back where you were before." I said I never got before what I have now. We had several horses and quite a large pasture. Some of them were broncos, almost like coyotes to catch. They had run out through the winter. Now in the spring we began to want them to work. We kept up two or three to ride or

drive. We would try to get the others in the corral so we could get them in the barn and catch them. They would make a break and away they would go. It would take some times two hours to get them in, and us in a hurry, and run a horse or two down. I began to get so when they would make a break something would stir up and boil in me. I held it down but it kept getting worse. I realized now that I had to have something more or I would lose what I had. The very thought scared me. I began seeking. I went to the altar and God delivered me from that old thing that had boiled up. I made a full consecration and God gave me the victory. I was building my house now. The baby was born February 18,1908. We moved to our own house that spring and I put in a crop. I worked hard and soon had quite a home there. We went to church Sunday School and prayer meeting and enjoyed it. Some time that winter, I don't remember just when something began bothering me again about preaching. I had been saved over a year and had told the Lord then and again when I was sanctified that I would preach if he wanted me to, but had no leading that way. I didn't want to be mistaken about it. I thought it might be the devil just trying to accuse me and run me off into something not of the Lord. I prayed a lot about it and had others pray with me. I had stated to put in my crop when the baby got sick. She kept getting worse. She had the pneumonia. I stopped my work and helped take care of her. One morning I told my wife if she could take care of her till noon I would get my team and disk. I was in such trouble about preaching that I would work a little while and get off and pray. It was always, Lord I will preach if you want me to. Just make it plain to me. Lord show me some way. Then I began to pray, Lord if you want me to preach heal the baby so she will be well when I go in. I got the victory then. When I went in at noon the fever was all gone and the baby was sitting up in her crib. God gave me such wonderful assurance that it was his will. I have never doubted it in the 42 years that have past. I put in my crop and began selling my cows, hogs, machinery and horses and getting ready to preach. Some time that spring I went with Father to a little school house down in the sand hills south of our place and preached my first sermon. They were bringing a tent or tabernacle as we called them to our town about five miles away. I and my wife were to live there in one of the small tents. Two of my brothers were now preaching. My youngest brother Walter was in Tabor, Iowa studying to be a missionary. He would be home to help in the meeting. Also my brother Andy the one that had shouted when he was saved, also my father, a woman preacher and a girl song leader from Tabor were to be there and have charge of the meeting. A few days before the meeting began Wife took down with the Inflammatory rheumatism. We prayed for her but she didn't get any better. The women workers couldn't stay there unless there was a family there as chaperones. My job would be to look after the tents, the supplies, take charge of the meetings, pray and maybe get to preach a few times. I had sold all my stuff and was just sitting there taking care of her. I decided to get her in the buggy and take our things and go up to the camp and have them pray for her to get healed. I felt sure God would heal her. I know he wanted me to preach. The woman preacher was an old maid about 40. One of these imperious, bossy kind. She landed on me right now and said I would have to take her right back. They couldn't have a sick woman there. Well it was a pretty hard jolt for me. I got her in the buggy and the baby and the things. She was suffering pretty bad. She kept getting worse until the only joints in her body that she could move was her right wrist and her lower jaw. I stood over her night and day, almost. She couldn't stand to lay in one position only for a little while and then I had to move her. She would scream with the pain. I think it was three or four weeks until the meetings were over. Mother came toward the last to help me with her and then my father and two brothers came when the meeting was over, but for about three weeks I was alone. I couldn't get any help in prayer. The devil kept telling me Oh, you thought you was to preach. You have got a job all right. She will be a helpless invalid the rest of her life and you will have to wait on her this way for

years. What will you live on, you don't have any thing but the place to make a living. The rent won't near keep you. I was in pretty bad shape by three weeks, worn out and discouraged. She was in awful bad shape, poor and skinny with her joints swollen and her heart bothering her. When Father and the boys came we prayed and prayed, but she didn't get any help. We decided then to pray all night and not give up until she was healed. About mid night some terrible power fell on us like a stroke of powerful electricity until we were all screaming. Then it left. We did not know what to think so we started to pray again and the strange powers came on us again. I don't remember whether it was two or three times it came. We were afraid to pray any more. The woman preacher was at one of the neighbors so we decided to send for her and maybe she could help us. We got a team and one of the boys went after her. When she came she said we had got into fanaticism . I don't think she knew any more about it than we did. We tried to pray but there was no response. In the morning the pain was all gone and my wife got up. She had been wonderfully healed somewhere along the line. In a day or two the preacher woman was going to Tabor to the camp meeting. She went along. It rained and she slept in a damp tent. She never from that day till this as far as I know ever had a touch of that trouble again. You ask me what it was. I don't know that was 40 years ago. We lived at home most of the time and I helped in some meetings. My brother Andy lived with us when he was not with the tent. I had put my place, all the farm land, into oats. My youngest brother, Walter went back to Tabor to school, we had a good crop. After harvest and the tabernacle work was through my brother Andy and I wanted to get out in meetings. After praying about it we felt the Lord wanted us to go to the school house where Father used to preach where I first met my wife. The Methodists had once preached there. Then the Baptists. Now there was nothing there. We went down 45 miles and asked the school board if we could hold a meeting in the school house. They said "yes but you are just wasting your time. Others have tried it and failed." We felt the Lord had sent us so we started in. Neither of us had ever preached much. My wife had a cousin there so we went there to stay at first. Only a few would come out and so late we couldn't start meetings until about 9 O'clock. We could hardly get any one to play the organ or lead the singing. Neither one of us could sing and wife was not a very good singer and had never led. Things looked awful discouraging. We had the promise of a young woman from Tabor who could lead the singing and preach part of the time. There were some big straw stacks close to where we were staying. Brother and I would get out by them and put in a lot of time praying. We held on about ten days then our singer came. She was one of the finest Christian young women I have ever known. A good preacher and singer and a good personal worker. The house was soon full with the aisles and back full and a crowd out side at the doors and windows. The altar was soon full of seekers, One man that lived just across the read from the school house and his neighbor about two hundred yards from the school house had trouble. They were carrying six shooters for each other. Any time there was liable to be a shooting. We got them to come to the meeting. They met, shook hands and both went to the altar and claimed salvation. We had about 60 saved and some sanctified. Some that hadn't been to church for years came and were saved. We had a baptismal service at the close of the meeting. It was decided I should stay and preach to them. I couldn't find a place to live. We had no church organization like the other churches. At last a man told me he had a new sod house about two miles from the school house we could live in that winter. My wife was at her mother's. I didn't feel too welcome there. They were Baptists. So I was visiting among the people When he told me about the house. I went home and loaded up our furniture on a wagon and tied the buggy behind. It was 45 miles back. My team was a team of driving ponies. I had another good work horse which I hitched on too. I had a big load. It had turned cold. I drove to my brother in laws place that evening. It started to snow and the next

morning it was a blizzard. About noon it broke away. There was a lot of snow on the ground and it was cold. I went about half way and stayed at a friends that night and went on the next day. I got to the house late in the evening. The house was a sod house and had never been finished. We couldn't live in it. At prayer meeting a cousin of my wife, a young woman, a widow, with a little boy, acted queer and when she testified seemed all mixed up. She lived with her sister. They had all been led out in the meeting. After meeting they asked me to go home with them for the night, saying something seemed wrong with their sister. Before we went to bed she acted and talked queer. We had a season of prayer and prayed for her. She seemed about all right. In the night I was awakened by the noise and knew something was wrong. We prayed for her until about day light. She seemed a little quieter. She had put some of her boy's clothes in the fire and kept saying she could smell the spirit of death. I had them to send for the Doctor and her mother that lived close by. The Doctor said when he came that she had gone crazy over religion. Afterward he found out she had the typhoid fever. Then she lived only two or three days. She died raving. Most of our converts went back. My wife was at her mothers. I had to stay where ever I could. Some times people would shut the door in my face. One evening I started up to my mother in law's place. They were not too friendly and I hated to go. The snow was deep. I was awfully discouraged and something seemed to say to me "you are foolish to stay here. You have a good house and a granary full of oats without any roof on it. Somebody may steal all of it. Why don't you go home." A voice spoke to me and said, "cast not away your confidence which hath great recompense of reward, for ye have need of patience that after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise. Hebrews 10: 35-36. I recognized it was scripture. I don' think I had ever read or heard it quoted before. I didn't even know in which testament to look for it. When I got up where my wife was I took the concordance and found it. I recognized now that it was the devil trying to send me home and that God had spoken to me and that He would bring things out all right. I don't know if it was the next day, but right away a man sent me word that he had two houses on his place. His mother and sister lived in one. He was moving to town for the winter and wanted someone in his house and that we could have it free and also turn our horses in the field with his stock. I believe if I had gone home as the devil tried to get me to that I would have quit preaching and maybe lost out in my soul. I preached there and worked among the ones that were faithful that winter. The next spring the man wanted his house so I felt free to move back home. It cost me \$75.00 besides what little the people helped. I felt it was worth it. I had got some lessons besides suffering for Christ sake. I went back and preached every two weeks for two years. I got \$8.00 for my work there. While we were living down by this school house there was a country church close to there. I believe it was an Evangelical. The pastor lived in town, but was out among his people a lot. I got quite well acquainted with him. He was a middle aged man and a nice man. He had a class in a school house about 15 miles away. He got me to go and hold a meeting for him there. He said he believed in sanctification and claimed the experience but never preached it. He told me to feel free to preach it if I felt led to. One night I preached on the experience. When I gave the altar call 15 came. None of them got through that night or in that meeting. Most all of those that were at the altar were relation. A widow woman, her grown boys and married daughters and family, one daughter and her husband, Henry Wittuhn, and some of her brothers, The Rosentrators, had started a Union Sunday School about three miles north up on the table land in a big school house. They were having big crowds of young people and they wanted me to come up and preach to them. I asked the preacher if it would interfere with his church if I went up there to preach. He said it would that most of his members lived up there. So I told them I would not go then and that if he was sent some place else and they still wanted me I would come. He tried hard to get me to join their church. Said he could

get me a good church that paid \$1000.00 a year. Some of their leaders believed in sanctification but that they grew into it, or got it when saved. I knew that was as bad as the Baptists and that I would be in the same thing my father had been, so I refused, although it looked pretty big to me. We couldn't get enough to live on. I had to stop preaching some times and work until I could get enough to live on, then we hardly had the necessities of life. This school house called New Hope was in a good farming country on the table land. It was a large house. Most of the people were Swedish, a few Danes and a few Germans. Most of them were well to do, some wealthy. Big farms, fine houses and barns with lots of live stock. I preached here 3 ½ years. I had bought a tabernacle. We had some small tents to live in. My wife went with us part of the time. Some young preachers and singers would come out from Tabor, Iowa, where there was a Holiness Bible School, every summer to help in the tent work. My brother Andy's first wife had died soon after we were saved and left him with a little baby. My mother and father took her to care for. Some times they were with us in the work. My wife was not very strong and got so she couldn't go much. Brother Andy then married a girl singer and preacher and they took charge of the tent work from that time on. In the winter we would drive to these school houses where we had the tent in the summer. I had a fine bunch at New Hope. A lot of them had good experiences. They were mostly of Swedish descent, were well educated and fine singers. A number of the ones that got me to come were German, Henry Wittuhn and wife and Fred Rosentrator and wife. They had a good experience. Some of them went to Tabor to the school and labored for 35 years until it united with the Nazarene Church. The older people belonged to the Swedish Mission Church. It was dead and formal. They didn't come much. They knew their church was dead, but said they were too old to change. Though they were in sympathy with us and encouraged the young people to go on, a few of the older ones did get saved. My wife couldn't go with me I had to leave her home with the children so much. There were no houses close.. I decided to go down to Tabor and go to school for a while. We went to Miller Nebraska and held a meeting and then she went on to Tabor, while I went back to hold some revivals. I had been to Miller with another preacher and his wife the year before. Some folks had come from there up to our country. The woman, Mrs. Kersee, had gotten saved. They had moved back to Miller and she was back slid but they wanted us to come and hold a meeting. The girl that had helped us in our first meeting had married a preacher. They were working with us in the tabernacle. They were the ones I went with the first time. These people had promised to get permission for us to hold the meeting in the United Brethren Church of which all their relatives were members, but that fell through. There was an old Methodist church on the hill just above the little town that had not been used for several years. The bats and owls had been holding meetings in it for several years. After we got it cleaned up we started in to holding a meeting. There weren't many came out. After this woman and her husband saw that their folks and church turned us down they drew back and wouldn't go through. This woman's uncle was an old Doctor. He run a little drug store and was one of the main men in the United Brethren Church. He had a grown daughter. She was keeping company with a young man who was station master at the little station on the railroad. One night this girl and the young man and a bunch of other young people came to the meeting. They went up almost to the front seat. They started in to have some fun at our expense. The other preacher was preaching. I don't remember just what it was but it was on hell and eternal punishment. It seemed to amuse these young people a lot. They made so much disturbance that I went back and sat down in the seat behind them which was vacant. They didn't make quite so much disturbance after that. This young man would say something every time the preacher mentioned hell and then they would all giggle and whisper. The next night there was a picture show in town. As they had no electricity in the little town the picture machine was run by a

gasoline engine. It made a lot of noise. It must not have been working very well by the popping it made. There were only a few out and we didn't hold very late. These young people were not there. It was snowing when we went home. The next morning it had quit snowing and there was five or six inches of snow on the ground. When the train came in there was no station master there. His lamp was burning on the desk. The books were open on the desk and the pen was laying by them like he had just got up and left. The back door was partly open. There had been no fire since the night before. A check on his boarding place showed he had not come home that night. Some body noticed a mound of snow in the gutter about half way from the station to up in the town. When they investigated they found this young man dead. There was a bullet hole in his neck that had cut his jugular vein. There was a bullet hole through the large glass window in line with where he was sitting. Some one had stood outside the window and shot him. There was a lot of excitement over it. He lived by Bellevue, Nebraska. His folks came and got the body and took it back home to bury. The railroad company offered a large reward for the arrest and conviction of whoever did it. As far as I know no trace of the guilty party was ever found, The girl told that when they were home, he said that he knew that those people holding the meeting were all right. He had been to the Holiness camp meeting where the Tabor people had their camp ground at Bellevue. The woman, Mrs. Keeter, that had got us to come down was about crazy for a long time. When we were there the next year they came only once or twice. They parted and the last I heard of them, he had lost his mind and was in the asylum. We had seen such wonderful healings and our leaders had taught us that we should depend on the Lord for healing and not the Doctors, so when our second baby was born we didn't have a Doctor, just a woman midwife. Blood poison set in. We prayed for it. My mother, father and brothers came in from a meeting in the tabernacle. We all prayed and got victory for it's healing. It kept getting worse. A couple of neighbor women came in one evening and told my wife she ought to get the Doctor. She told me she would like for me to get the Doctor. I told her all the Doctors in the world couldn't save it then. If we wanted the Doctor we should have got him at first, that God had given us the victory in prayer, and that He would heal the baby. I and my brother and another one or two went out to the barn to pray that God would help us and heal the baby. We prayed through and the Glory came down. That barn was lighter than day although it was dark. I went to bed about midnight and my brother Andy said he would sit up the rest of the night. Some time toward morning he called me. I was up stairs. I knew the way he called something was wrong and ran down. When I got there the baby was breathing but it's little hands and ears were black. They soon cleared up and became normal. She had suffered so much, but never seemed to suffer any more. Brother Andy said he dropped off to sleep and when he woke up the baby was dead. Her face and arms were black. He said he couldn't believe his eyes. He dropped on his knees and began to pray. Soon she began to breath again then he called me. When day light came she seemed so easy we felt sure the Lord had healed her. It was Sunday morning. We were rejoicing over it. Some of them were going to the school house to Sunday School. Some got breakfast. Someone looked at the baby, she had been quiet so long and said she was dead. We all gathered around and prayed but we couldn't get any help. So we buried her and wait the resurrection day for the answer. But this one thing I know. God doth all things well. We make mistakes but He never does. After the meeting at Miller my wife went on to Tabor with the children and some household goods. I went back and held revival meetings for about two months. Had a young man from Tabor as singer and preached some. We had some good meetings. The last meeting we held was in the school house where we held our first revival. There were a few that stayed faithful and some got help in this meeting. I had gone up to my Mother-in-Law's to stay all night. The next morning one of my driving horses had a loose shoe. I got a nail and hammer and

went in the barn to put a nail in it. I had driven her, as near as I could figure it without keeping count, about 4000 miles a year for about four years. She was a bronco and mean. I don't know how it happened but the next thing I knew I was under her on my back and she was on me with her feet. It was only by the help of the Lord that I ever got out. She would kick anything that got around her feet. I didn't think I was hurt much when I got out. She had stepped on the side of my head with one foot and my chest with another but hadn't cut me up any with her shoes. That afternoon I had a bad headache but went to church and led a prayer meeting. That night I preached. That was the last night of the meeting. A blizzard came up that night and lasted the next day until noon. We started for home after noon. We drove 15 miles and stayed up by New Hope for the night. The next day drove the other 30 miles through the snow and cold. I was sick when we got to a neighbors that night. My lungs where she stepped on me hurt me pretty bad. They prayed for me and the Lord helped. I was here on Christmas day. They had a fine dinner but I couldn't eat hardly any thing. As soon as I could I started for Iowa. That was a hard trip. I got to Tabor on New Years day 1914. As soon as I got to feeling a little better I started to school. I was sick all the time and would be out of school a day or two every little while. I liked the school and the people. It was hard for me after being out of school for about 15 years and 35 years old. My wife wasn't well and the children took the whooping cough and she seemed to have something as bad as them. I was sick all the time and got as pale and skinny like some body with the T.B. I got so weak I could hardly do any thing. If I walked a little ways I would have to stop and rest. We got out of money and any thing to eat. Once the only thing we had was a little flour and some skim milk that a woman gave us. Once we were turned out of the house we were living in and didn't have money enough to pay rent on another, which had to be paid in advance. They let us stay at the workers home for a week, but they didn't have room for us there. Then I found a house they let us have by paying down ½ of the rent and the rest at the end of the month. We were out of any thing to eat. I went to a store and told the man we didn't have any money nor any thing to eat and asked him if he would let me have some groceries on time. I was sick but as soon as it got nice weather I would get a job. He asked me if I knew any one in Tabor. I told him I knew the people at the faith home school. He asked if I was one of them. I told him I was one of their preachers. He said "You can have all you want. I have never lost any thing on any of them." It turned warm soon. One of the boys that was still in Nebraska sold my team and buggy and sent me the money so I was able to pay him and had money to live on. I got a job of work. I got better. Our fourth baby was born about this time, on May 18, 1914. She was a little skinny thing and they didn't think she would live, but she did. We got along pretty good through the summer. I wasn't satisfied. God had called me to preach. I didn't get to preach but a few times in almost a year that we lived there.

While I was in Nebraska in the work, almost 5 years, making those long drives through the snow and cold and up at nights in meetings it had told on me. Sometimes I wouldn't sleep in the same bed at night for quite a while in the winter when it was zero weather and ride 30 to 45 miles in a buggy with a team of ponies, through the snow, without any thing to eat for ten or twelve hours. Then I had the oversight of the work and the responsibility, as Paul says of all the churches. It seemed to work on my nerves. When I got hurt that affected my nerves also. In about a week or so after I left Nebraska a Nazarene preacher came to New Hope and held a meeting. Then persuaded them to let him organize a Nazarene Church there. Most of them joined it, so we lost the work there. I didn't know any thing about the Nazarenes. I had heard that they were going around and grabbing all the Holiness work they could. When they took over New Hope it hurt me pretty bad. I had put in lots of work and sacrifice there, without money and without price, just received what

people would give me. I never asked for any thing. I think the most I ever got was at New Hope and was about \$35.00 in any one year.

Now I was at Tabor and when fall came I didn't know what to do. I wasn't very well and didn't think I could stand the cold damp climate in Iowa. It seemed to hurt me worse than Nebraska. I couldn't go back to Nebraska. We had lost most of our work there and I didn't feel I could stand the cold rides any more. We became acquainted with some Holiness people while we were at Tabor by the name of Jacob George and his family. They were River Brethren people and were at Tabor to have their children in a Christian school. They had been good to us while wife and I had been so poorly the winter before. They had a large farm in S. W. Missouri and were going back that fall. They said the climate was mild with out much cold through the winter. They said there was an open field for the gospel down there as there wasn't a Holiness preacher in the country. That it was thickly settled and that the school houses were open to hold meetings in and that the people would come out to meeting, and lastly that if I would teach their children and mine and a few others they thought would come that they would furnish me a house to live in and see that we got something to eat. We decided to go. We put what few household goods we had in a car they were shipping down there. Brother George went with the car. I came a few days later with wife and the children and Sister George and her children. We all stopped at Carthage to see some friends. I took the train and went on down to help get things ready,. The women stayed there a few days. I got off at Goodman, a small town. The highest train between K.C. and the gulf on the K. C. Southern railroad. It was dark and foggy. It was four miles out to little place called Split Log where Brother George lived. I got directions from a man there and walked out. It was about midnight when I got there. They gave me a bed. In the morning I got up and looked around. This was an old hotel. A rich old Indian had been persuaded to build a rail road out to the little station named after him. ( Split Log). There was a gold mine close to this hotel. All the gold that was ever in the mine was put there, (salted), they call it, by a bunch of swindlers to get the Indian's money. After the Indian had lost all his money and died the railroad was taken up back to the main line at Goodman. The little station had one small store, a blacksmith shop and a few houses. The hotel was 1/4 mile South of the station by the mine. It was a large frame building two stories high. The upper part was bed rooms. Which Brother George never used as there was lots of room below. There was a large basement, a barn or livery stable and other buildings. Brother George had bought them, with a large parcel of land, very cheap. The cottage was up by Split Log where we were to live, a nice two roomed cottage. This was called the Ozark mountains, but in fact the country is long flat ridges with creeks running between. In the breaks where the flats go down to the valleys are many clear cold springs. The creeks are clear rock and gravel bottoms and sparking cold from the many springs. The whole country is covered by oak, hickory, walnut and many other kinds of timber and brush. All the large timber had been cut and sawed into lumber. Al kinds of trees brush vines and shrubs grow very fast here. It is a beautiful country to look at. The timber was full of wild berries, grapes, strawberries and persimmons. The streams were full of fish and there were deer, wild turkeys and a few bear yet in the timber. Through the fall and winter the ground was covered with acorns, hickory nuts and walnuts. Up until shortly before this time the people were native Missourians, Southerners, Mountaineers. Most of them lived in little log houses or little board houses set up on some blocks. The floors were native boards with cracks between and very handy to spit tobacco juice through. Most of the houses had fireplaces, Their crops consisted of a patch of corn and tobacco and some times a little field of wheat. Their farm machinery consisted of what they called a bull tongue. It was like a plow beam with a tongue



fastened to it and two handles like a plow. The point was some thing like a long cultivator shovel about four inches wide and 16 inches long. It had a heavy square point. This was to tear up the roots and rocks. Then they had a heavy cast plow about 9 or ten inches in size. The cultivating was done with a double shovel and one horse or preferably a mule. The grain was cut with a cradle. The corn was put in by first laying off rows with a shovel plow and one horse and then dropping by hand in the rows and covering with a hoe, or putting in with a little hand planter. I have done all of these. I went there in the fall of 1914. There was only one automobile in the country it was said when I got there and no paved roads. Most of the roads followed the creeks, over rocks and around stumps. Land was cheap, from \$5.00 to \$20.00 per acre. Fruit grew to perfection, if it didn't get frosted in the spring when it was in bloom. They had never done much spraying, but about this time disease and insects had got so bad the big fruit growers were spraying. Some northern people had come in and were raising strawberries which grew to perfection in the rock and clay soil, especially on new cleared timber land. They could make from several hundred to a thousand dollars an acre off of land that cost from 5 to 10 dollars per acre. Labor was cheap and plentiful. The mines in Kansas and South Missouri shut down in the picking season and thousands of people came from the cities to pick berries. The first year I was there they said it took 50 thousand people to pick the crop. I taught the little school that first winter and preached at the school houses. Soon I had calls to other school houses. There was good crowds and a good many prayed through. I walked some times three or four miles through the timber to preach. The next spring my Brother Andy drove a team from Nebraska down. One of the horses was mine, so I had a horse to drive after that. He helped preach and hold meetings around in the school houses. His wife's folk lived at Carthage, Mo., about 30 miles away. He had the old tabernacle shipped down from Nebraska and he and his wife held meetings in it for two or three years until it got so badly worn that they couldn't use it any more. When spring came Brother George wanted his cottage for a hired hand. I rented an old two roomed board house in Split Log. And five acres farm land. I was up against a proposition. I couldn't expect Bro. George to support me. The people were mostly poor and not used to paying for a preacher. So I knew I couldn't expect much of any thing from them. Wages were cheap and very hard work. I liked the country and the mild winters and wanted to stay. After praying about it I decided I would try and buy a piece of land and raise strawberries. There seemed to be open doors for the gospel. There was a 40 Acre. All timber 1/4 mile back along the R.R. grade which was partly used for a road. It was later made a public highway to Goodman and made a fine road. This road ran across the 40. with 15 acres on the North side and 25 Acres in the South side. This was a good location. I could get it for \$800.00. When Brother George found out I wanted to buy it he offered to get the money and loan to me to buy it. So I bought it and it became our home while we lived there, about 9 years. I cleared up 1 acre that spring and set it to berries. It was awful hard work for me. I had been raised on the prairie and never used an ax or crosscut saw. So it went pretty hard. It was awful hard plowing in the rocks and stumps and roots. I stayed with it for a year and had as nice a place as there was in that part of the country in the end. Besides preaching almost every Sunday twice and many times at prayer meetings in the week and holding a number of revivals. I built a nice four room house on the South side of the road. I later built on two more rooms. I afterwards let Brother Andy have five acres North of the road, and later on my Brother Lem came and I let him have ten acres.

Father and Mother came down the next year. I cleared up more land and set out a grape vineyard and orchard of apples, also some cherries and pears. I worked awful hard. In the fall of 1918 when so many people died with the flu I took it. I was sick from November 1st until in

March. I began to get out of the house but didn't get over it for years. We had a good crop that year. I had five acres of berries and about two of grapes. I was able to pay my debts that fall, 1919. I bought a new Model T Ford the day before Christmas.

About this time I saw we would have to do something about our converts and people we preached to or we would lose them all just like we did in Nebraska. Many of them had already gone to the denominational churches. I talked to Brother George about it if they would be willing to help. At first they talked somewhat favorable, then when I started to do something about it they came out against it. They said the River Brethren Church was good enough for them. All their folks belonged to it and they wouldn't leave it. They didn't advise me, though, to organize a River Brethren Church. Most of their people weren't Holiness people. I didn't know much about the Nazarenes. I knew they had taken our work in Nebraska and was told that they were going around and gobbling up all the little Holiness work, so I had them down as a church stealing people. That they let other people do the work and sacrifice then they came along and got some of the main members into the Nazarene Church and got possession of the church and property. I had it in my thinking a good bit like a man left his barn door open when he went away and the thief went in and cut the halter straps and let the horses run out into the brush, then he came and claimed them as his own. When Brother George took that stand I saw that I couldn't do any thing but just stand by and see things go to pieces. Brother Andy and wife moved up by Carthage. They joined the Nazarene Church and got a pastorate. The next year they had their assembly up by Carthage and he wanted us to come up to it, so Father and I went up one day. We liked the people. We heard R. T. Williams preach and we said that was a wonderful sermon, surely they weren't as bad as we had heard they were.

In 1920 I had a large crop of strawberries and the grape vines were just loaded and prices were the highest they were ever known to be. Berries were just beginning to turn. I figured I had easily \$3000.00 worth of fruit. One day a big black cloud came up and it began to hail. In about 20 minutes I didn't have any thing left. They said it had been 40 years since they had a hail that hurt things. I picked a few crates of berries but they were so poor by the time I culled out the bad ones they only paid the expenses of getting them ready for market.

When I first came to Missouri, Brother George had taken me down to Split Log and introduced me to the man that run the black smith shop, a Mr. Spencer. He belonged to the Baptist Church and preached some. I don't think he was an ordained minister though. I saw right away that he wasn't pleased with my coming. He seldom preached at the Home school house, and never, I don't think, at others. He would come some to our meetings. We recognized him as a preacher and patronized his shop with our work. At first he didn't oppose us openly, but to some extent secretly. Then as our work grew and we had success in other places he began to oppose us. When the war began, I didn't believe in war and said so openly. He used that against us. We were having a tent meeting near Split Log and he got a bunch of toughs together and one night when I preached I said something he thought he could use against us he tried to get the toughs to mob us. He got up in meeting and railed at me as disloyal and a coward and was going to paint me yellow. When he was through I told them that if they wanted to mob me I just lived up the road a little piece and that I didn't have a gun, nor a dog and wouldn't use them if I did have and just come on. They never molested me. There were a number of people mobbed in that part of the country, though. Some time later we were at a public sale. He had been having trouble with his neighbor They met and began

to quarrel. The neighbor was a very old man. He struck at the old man who stepped back to avoid him and fell. This preacher jumped on him with his boots. The people parted them. When the people took the old man and went on I was still standing close watching him I saw him begin to shake and jerk. Then he grabbed hold of a post near by and shook and jerked and frothed at the mouth like some body with an epileptic fit. Some time after that I was at the school house to Sunday School. He was going to preach after Sunday School, so I got up and went home. Not long after this he left the country. If I remember right he lost one of his boys in the war. Things went bad for him. He and his wife were both sick and he died not long after and I believe his wife also.

In the fall of 1920 after we had lost our crop Father wanted to go to Bellevue, Nebraska to the Holiness camp and then back to where we used to live and visit. He said he would pay  $\frac{1}{2}$  expenses if I would take my car. I had just got it the Christmas before and had not driven it much. It was almost like new. Mother said she would keep most of the children. I think we only had one horse and one or two cows as that time and a neighbor would look after them. My oldest brother, Arthur lived about 20 miles south of us in the edge of Arkansas. We went down to visit him a few days before we were to start. His only boy 11 years old was not very well the day we were there. They didn't think he was very sick. We went home and I think it was in two days we got a message he was very bad. It was almost night then but we drove down that night. He was very bad, was conscious when we got there, but soon became unconscious. They got the doctor. He said he had typhoid fever and that he would stay around a while. That was up in the morning. About noon I was off in the barn praying and they called me. He was dying when I got there. He only lasted a few minutes. They had two girls, one younger and one older than he. He was a good Christian boy. It broke them up awful bad. I had not been very well for some time. I didn't think I was able to go on the trip. Wife and Father wanted to go so bad that I said I would try it. We took the baby and our oldest boy, Walter, ten years old. The baby, Bessie, was nine months old, a big fat baby. She had a boil on her leg when we started. Some of the other children had them that summer. It had been very dry and hot all summer. When we got up between Joplin and Ft. Scott it began to rain. The big cars had been passing us all morning. Now they were putting on their chains as we passed them. This country is low and flat gumbo and when it gets wet is very slick. We didn't have any chains but the little Ford just kept going right along. Soon we found some of their cars in the ditches and we stopped and helped them out. One big car with a big fat boy driving, we helped out several times and at last went on and left him. The rain kept coming and the roads got soft and cut up. The big cars made ruts and the Ford in trying to follow them would swing from one side to the other. That made the baby worse. We got up out of the low ground and the roads were not soft the big cars went on in to K.C. and left us. We stopped at a small town before we got to K.C. and stayed all night. The baby was pretty sick with a hot fever. The next day she was worse. We went through K. C. and out into the edge of Kansas. In the afternoon we drove in to a town and decided to find a doctor. When we parked there was a woman by her car and I asked her if she knew where we could find a Doctor. She said yes, right across the street a Dr. had just left his car and would be back in a few minutes and that he was a specialist on children. I went over to his car and when he came back I told him what I wanted. He came right over and said it needed to be lanced and he did the job for us. When we stopped for the night the fever was gone and she slept all night and was well. We got to the camp meeting the next day. It was rainy and cold and I was sick. The tents were damp. There was a little church there They let me sleep in the attic where there was a cot. I almost froze. I couldn't eat hardly any thing and couldn't go to many of the meetings. We stayed two days and then went on to where we use to live. I was some better there. It was dry but a little cool

for us coming from the warmer climate. I went down to New Hope. The Nazarene pastor was not there so they had me to preach Sunday morning. It seemed like old times meeting with so many Christians I had been with and labored for their salvation. They made up \$50.00 and gave me when I left. Some pretty wild boys had been saved since I was there. I went away thinking it was better that the Nazarenes got the work. I went around and visited most all of the people I had known. I went to several of the places I had preached. Most of the work had gone down. We went to stay all night with some friends I had known for years. The lady was quite strong in faith for healing. I was feeling pretty bad. I didn't know whether I would be able to drive home. She got a burden for me and that night when we had prayer she got mightily hold of God for my healing. God came down and definitely healed my body that night. I was a little weak for a few days but the flu or whatever it was I had was gone and I could eat. We went home in a few days and I drove most of the way and was well when I got home.

The timber ground that was cleared and put in strawberries was the best and the easiest tended. A field lasted four years then had to be plowed up and put in something else for a few years. I had used up and put in orchard and vineyard all that was fit for berries on the 25 Acres I kept. I now bought 40 Acres joining me on the East, and began to clear it and put in berries then orchard or vineyard. In 1923 I had 15 acres of apples in, most of it on the new 40. About eight acres of vineyard, most of it on the home place. My health was bothering me again. I was afraid I was taking the T. B. of which I think I had a touch when I was in Iowa. The second girl, Esther had never been very strong. I was afraid she was taking the T. B. also. There was a great deal of T. B. in the country with the damp heavy climate. It looked like my work for the Lord was pretty well through there. There was another thing also. My children were getting big and would be soon wanting to keep company. Most of the young people were of a very inferior grade and I didn't want them to mix up with that kind, "woods colts" as they were called. Many were babies that were got in the timber by unmarried young people and were very common and not much thought about it. I prayed a lot about it. My Brother Lem's oldest daughter had taken the T. B. They had taken her to Arizona. He wrote and said how much better she was and what a good climate it was for weak lungs and a good country it was, no rocks or stumps to farm around. It had big fine alfalfa fields. He said there were two families there that wanted to go to Missouri and would trade their land in Arizona for land in Mo., so we fixed up a trade. They were to come out and see our land and if it was what we said it was it would be a trade. We were taking my brother, Lem's word about their land out there. They came and we closed the deal. Father and I had a sale and sold our stuff. It didn't bring hardly any thing. We were very badly disappointed. We loaded up our cars with clothes, bedding, cooking things and tent and started for Arizona. We took our time for it. Only averaged about 175 miles a day and camped at night. We had big loads and six children. Some of them rode with Father. We had a good trip. The old Model T just rambled right along. We landed in Chino Valley, July 2, 1924, after dark. The next morning when I got up and looked around at the bare hills and desert, I was a sick fellow. I said I can't stay here. But I couldn't go back as I had traded off my property there. I said I am going on to California. After a few days I realized that I had no money to go on with and would have to stay for a while at least. Looking back at it now I think I would have been better off if I had gone on to California that fall. I had the place in Chino Valley that I had traded for. I was to have a \$1000.00 loan on it. It took about six months to fix it up. Then we had got a team of horse and two cows and some house hold goods by that time. It looked like we would have to stay. So I traded the rest of the land I had in Missouri and the note on the man I had traded places with for \$1000.00 and about \$600.00, to the father in law of these

people, for a 40 acres joining the one I already had. It had a big old house on it. I was now tied for good. This land was all irrigated from a small reservoir up in the mountains. They had had about enough water for most of the land until now. The next year we were awful short on water and didn't get much of a crop. Then in 1926 we had plenty of water and a big crop and made good money then began years of short water and I kept going behind. I sold one place 80 acres that I had in Kansas and paid up my debts. The water kept getting less and less. Then we had some more water and about half of a crop. I had built a big hay barn, put down a well and put up a wind mill and a water tank by this time. I think it was in 1929. I sold my land in Nebraska for \$3600.00. I had an old truck which I traded in and got a new 1929 Chevy truck. The old house was so bad and near to pieces I decided to build another one. We tore the old one down and started to build a house 28 x 32 ft. And 1 ½ stories high and a full basement. I made a bad mistake by trying to build so large a house. Lumber was cheap and I hauled all the material my self. I and Walter, who was grown by now, could do most of the building. With the farm work it took us over a year to get it ready to live in. I ran out of money and didn't get the upstairs finished. It was a nice house. The lower rooms had hard wood floors, a lot of built in work and was finished nice. We moved in just before Christmas in 1930. Soon after we moved in our last baby was born. They didn't think she would live at all. She did and while very frail seemed to be gaining. Then she took the flu and went suddenly. The next five years were a horrible nightmare. We didn't have hardly any irrigation water and no crops to speak of. The depression came on, debts piled up and the first evening of 1931, Irvin the second boy almost 15 years old, got accidentally shot while they were playing with some guns. After the baby died wife's mind, which had not been very good for several years, got worse and she wanted to go out to California, where Ethel, the oldest girl, had been going to school, but was now working. The first of the year, 1931, she went to spend the winter. She stayed about six months. I was very poorly all spring and summer. I had a very bad sick spell in the fall of 1930 and didn't seem to get entirely over it. When she came back she was better, but still very distraught in mind. My nerves had got so bad I could hardly sleep, and my stomach pained me terribly and I could hardly eat anything. Enough is to say that in the spring of 1935 she sued me for a separation. She ask for \$50.00 a month and custody of the children. I tried every way I could to settle without her going to court. When I couldn't do any thing else I put my case in the hands of a lawyer. Both lawyers tried to get her to settle out of court, but she wouldn't. My health was broke down and we were right in the worst of the depression. I couldn't make scarcely any money. We sold one 40 Acres that had the mortgage on it for \$100.00, rather than let it be foreclosed on. The judge wanted to throw the case out of court. Her charges were not true. I never brought any charges against her. I saw that according to the laws of Arizona I had very little chance. Suffice it to say that when the court saw I couldn't pay alimony, or support that we agreed to give her all the property and custody of the two youngest children. Frank was 13 years old and I told them I wanted him and the old truck with which to try and make a living. Bessie, the oldest still home was 16. They decided to give the two oldest their choice who they would go with. Frank said he wanted to go with me and Bessie said she wanted to stay with her mother. The lawyer told me to leave the country just as quick as I could, because there would probably be more trouble otherwise. I didn't see how I could as I didn't have hardly any money. It would be hard to drive the old truck very far. My father had a stroke about this time and his mind was very badly affected. They were living on their place there in Chino Valley. He had some cows and Mother could not live there and take care of them and Father. I had stayed with them since Lutie brought suit against me. But God changed things quickly. A man came to buy their place. The deal went through quickly. Another man came and bought my truck for \$225.00, which was more than I had thought it

worth. The same day I bought a 1931 model A Ford coup that had been just overhauled, repainted and had new tires on it. I had been praying hard for the Lord to make a way where there was no way. It was only a few days from the time she got the separation He answered prayer. We moved Father and Mother and their things to my brother Lem's place. And the next day at day light I and Frank left. I had about \$60.00, the little Ford coupe, a little bedding and a few carpenter tools. Frank had about \$10.00. I was 57 years old, had worked very hard all my life, never spent money foolishly and had preached for 25 years. I had sacrificed for my family and the work of God. I had done my work and some of the house work besides preaching. Now I was going away. My family was torn up and my property I had worked so hard for for about 40 years was gone. My work for the Lord was evidently at an end. I am glad today to say I had no hatred in my heart. I forgave all. I had the hopes that some day things would change and we could live together again. I have given up hope now of this ever happening

You probably want to know if I preached any the 11 years I was in Arizona. Yes I did some. My brother Lem had organized a Sunday School in a little church in the valley. The church was built by a few of the Tabor Holiness people and other Christian people of the valley. It was afterwards turned over to the Nazarenes. When I came there was a nice Union Sunday School and I preached there that fall and winter and had a good crowd and good interest. There was only one Nazarene family in the valley, a preacher and his wife who was also a preacher. The Nazarenes had a church in Prescott, about 15 miles away. The next fall when it got hot and lots of work the attendance fell off. This preacher got the district Superintendent from Phoenix to come up and hold a revival. The Holiness people of which there was about four families helped. There was one woman and a few children converted. They then organized a Nazarene church. They tried to get us to join. I believe at this time one other man joined or it might have been later. We didn't feel free to join under the conditions. The District Superintendent appointed this Nazarene preacher as pastor although he said he knew he wasn't the man or the place. They allowed me to preach part of the time. Several years later I and wife and several of the children joined the church. In 1926 the oldest girl, Ethel went to Pasadena to the Nazarene school. In 1929 the oldest boy, Walter went also. It was in the depression and I couldn't help him much and he couldn't make it on his own so he came back after Christmas. In 1932 I believe it was, Esther went out to the school. Her health was poor so she went part of three years and quit. When the trouble came up with my wife, the preacher and his wife first stood by me and thought she was doing wrong. She finally told her tale and won them over to her side. After we left there seemed to be trouble in the little church from then on and we heard the little church went down and they sold the church building for a hay barn and the parsonage for a dwelling house.

The day we left Chino Valley the last of June 1935, We drove to Pomona, California and spent a couple of days visiting relatives there. Then on to Pasadena. Ethel had just been married and gone to Chino Valley. We visited my sister, Jenny and other relatives a few days. Esther was in Oregon helping some folks in meetings. We drove to Medford and found them near there. We visited a few days and went to Crater Lake, visited at Klamath Falls, then to Bend Oregon, through the McKenzie Pass and to Corvallis where my brother Andy lived. He is the one that worked with me so much in Nebraska and then in Missouri. He had been pastoring Nazarene Churches here in Oregon until his wife's health got so poor he had to quit. He was living in town and preaching some in the country. He was working for a living. I think it was on Wednesday we got there. On Sunday morning he was going out in the country to bring some folks to church. Frank

and I were to go with him. His old Dodge had to be cranked as the battery was about down. I started to crank it. It kicked back and broke my arm just above the wrist, both bones. I had to go to the W.P.A. for a doctor. He did not do a good job and it was a long time before I could do much with it. There was little money left. Brother Andy could hardly make a living for his family. We would have suffered if it hadn't for the W.P.A., They helped us until my arm got so I could work. In October the fog began to come in and was affecting my lungs. . Mother and Father had gone down to stay at a little Holiness Faith home and School for the winter, near Phoenix. When I heard that, I knew they needed some body to take care of them and felt the Lord wanted me to go down and care for them. We had only \$20.00 but felt the Lord would see us through and he did. We still had \$1.25 when we got there, and had driven 1500 miles. Mother took sick and was sick all winter. Father's mind was pretty bad so we sure felt the Lord sent us. Frank finished the eighth grade in school that winter. I worked when I could get work, at \$1.00 per day, Mostly for Brother Weed who ran the Old Paths Faith Home and School. We stayed there until in June. We liked it there and would have stayed if we could have got something to do except just working out part of the time. Father and Mother got dissatisfied and wanted to go back to Chino Valley. We couldn't go there to live. My brother Lem's boy came down and helped us take Mother and Father back up to their place. I stopped in Prescott and saw the lawyer that had helped me in the trial. He said I should not stay there but tried to get me to let him get me a divorce, but I preferred to trust the Lord rather than have any more law. We stayed one day at Lem's place in Chino Valley. Then we started North not knowing what would be our destination, except that we would go up through Utah and stop to see a preacher at Filer, Idaho of the Mennonite church. He was a friend of my brother Walter, who was in India as a missionary. We got to Twin Falls about the 15th of June, and went to Filer where this preacher lived and visited him. We found work here and stayed until the last of July. Work seemed to be at an end so we decided to go on to Emmett where some people lived that I had known when we were boys in Nebraska, Moyers who we had gone to school with and his sister and her husband, the Wrights. We visited them and then found work. This was the first of August. We worked in the hay until the first of Sept. Then most of the work was over for the season. We were still in the depression and there just wasn't any work through the winter. What to do was the next question. Winter was about to set in with no prospect of work and no place to live. We liked it here and wanted to stay. Would like to get a little piece of land with a house on it. We didn't have enough to make a down payment on a place. I would have liked to get a fruit farm. They were cheap but we didn't have the money. A man told me there was some land down South West of town that they called the salt grass flats, It was alkali land but covered with grass and made pretty good pasture. He said some were making a good living down there. This land had been turned back to the County for taxes. We went down and looked at it. We had \$160.00 we had saved up that summer. The place we wanted has just been sold. There was 160 acres at \$2.00 per acre. There was 80 acres, not so good for \$1.50 per acre. The man in the treasurer's office where we were to pay for it tried to get me not to buy it. He said it was perfectly worthless and that everyone that had lived down there had lost their land. I felt the Lord wanted me to buy it. When we paid for it we had \$40.00 left to build a house and live through the winter. The only thing on the place was an old cement foundation where a house had burned down and an old wire fence around it. We took the canvas cover and bows off of our trailer and set it on one corner of the foundation and that became our house until we could get a house built. I wrote to Mother and she loaned me \$50.00 to build a house. We went to a saw mill up 30 miles in the mountains and got green rough lumber for 12 to 15 dollars per thousand feet. I got 4 ft. 1x12 planed lumber here at the saw mill for \$12.00 per thousand ft. We got shingles for \$4.00 per square. We went to Boise and got some second hand

doors and windows cheap. We built a house 30 ft. by 12 ft. with three rooms. We hauled everything on a little trailer and the Ford car. We had it done before it got very cold or rained. It was just boards. We got building paper and put overhead inside and lined two rooms with cardboard. We were out of money. Frank had started to high school at Emmett. I got some work from a neighbor across the road. He had a small dairy. We got to help him milk and did chores night and morning for our breakfast and supper. After Christmas it turned off cold and snowed and kept snowing and blowing. We both got sick with the flu. We got out of anything to eat or burn. Frank got over the flu but I was pretty bad for a month or more. It got 22 below zero and the roads were blocked for about a month except some got through with a team and wagon. Frank went to town to the W.P.A. but they said we hadn't been here long enough to get any help. They sent him to the county, who gave him a little food and fuel. When I got able to get out I went to town. The states from which we came were then giving \$12. per month per family to the people from their states. We lived on that until spring came and I could get some work. We had nothing to farm with. I worked two days for one day for a team and plow, to plow up and put in a little piece of corn. Then I bought an old skinny mare for \$25 and then a man loaned me a mare with a little colt. I could tend the corn and plowed up a little more ground. We bought a cow with a little calf also another little calf. When these got big and the three freshened we began selling milk. That was the beginning of our herd. Selling milk was the only thing that enabled us to pull through. I borrowed money and bought us a team. One was a wild bronco. She had to be broke to work, and even to lead. The land had to be leveled with a team and Fresno before we could get water on it. It was slow work especially with the team I had to use. We worked out all we could. Frank walked to High School and back. three miles each way. He graduated in 1940. We made a trench silo and put corn in it for feed. Our herd increased slowly. We generally had to buy some feed. The taxes were so high it seemed like we couldn't get them paid. They had got behind over \$600.00 and looked like we might lose the place. We had one field leveled that was pretty good land. Frank wanted to put it in clover for seed. He said they were making good money on clover seed. We did and got a pretty good cutting of hay from it and in the fall a good threshing of seed. It was about 6 acres and we got over \$400.00 for the seed. With whatever else we could get together we paid up the taxes. We felt pretty good then. The next fall Frank took sick. He had tonsils out and a sinus operation in Boise the following winter. We made ten trips to Boise that fall. He wasn't able to work for some time. and didn't seem as well after that. The war came on and they were going to call him to the army. We were milking about ten cows most of the time. We had an old tractor to farm with. I couldn't milk the cows and farm and batch. We claimed exemption for him as a farmer. They said we didn't have enough for two men. One half of everything belonged to him, so I sold him my half and gave him time to pay for it. Under the ruling they couldn't take him. I stayed and worked for him for my board and a few clothes. The next spring he got married. I wanted a place of my own. Land had come up so high and he didn't have money to pay much for me to buy with so I took back 12 and 1/2 acres of the place. That fall I built a cinder block house on it. (written in 1946)

It was a long hard pull of it. Starting without anything you might say, on a new place. Batching and doing without almost everything. There were times we hardly had enough to eat and our clothes were hardly fit to go to church. Sometimes we couldn't get gas to go to church. We walked a few times but I couldn't make it. We started to the Nazarene church in the fall after we came. We liked the church and the people. Frank got saved and sanctified and we both joined the church. It has been a great help to us. I don't know if we would have made it through the hardships and loneliness of living alone and batching if it hadn't been for the church and the fellowship of the



good Christian people . I have only preached a few times, once or twice a year since I have been here. I taught the men's Sunday School class for several years and have been the leader of the prayer and praise service held just before preaching, on Sunday evenings, for about ten years. The Lord has been with us and helped us.

As I have been reading this now in 1959 I realize it has been 13 years since I wrote this.

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THE END