

Benaiah Frank Waas

O N E L I F E

This is February 8, 1980. Dating back to the day of my birth, September 25, 1894, makes this the fifth month of my eighty-sixth year. A few days ago, I received a letter from my brother Paul who is eighteen years younger than I. He made a very persuasive suggestion that I put on tape some of the things that I remember back through my life and let him then transcribe the tapes to writing. And thus a project is being started.

And now it is July 4, 1980. The recording of an autobiography, or memoirs, has been a task very reluctantly undertaken and pursued with much hesitation. Children and grandchildren have persistently used their persuasive influence and thus the project has been carried through. A much easier, and for me, a more interesting task would have been to report on the growth, activities and achievements of our four children, fifteen grandchildren and to date, twelve great-grandchildren. It could become a worthwhile practice if each person, as the generations come and go, would in turn make a record of his or her own experiences and observations. I will be watching to see if that challenge is undertaken and made a family tradition.

Bennie

B. F. Waas

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I was the fifth child born in the family. Of the five, the oldest was a little less than seven which made us very close together. But my next older brother Roy was born in February and therefore started to school when he was just over five and a half. I didn't start until the September in which I was six. That left quite a period of time for me to be at home with my parents while all the others were in school. Possibly most of what I remember occurred during that time.

I can date one event however, with a fair degree of accuracy. It took place in the winter after I was two in September. It happened in such a way that it made an impression on my childhood mind that has stuck with me through all the years. It happened that I had a little rag horse which I'm sure my mother had made. It had stiff legs but otherwise was stuffed with something soft. It was just a plaything for a kid. And I evidently loved that horse but that isn't what I remember.

We were seven persons living in a house 14 x 16 feet so it was very crowded. The stove sat in about the center of the west end and the table sat in front of it to the east. I was going between the table and the stove and something happened. I don't know - I suppose I slipped or stumbled. I remember running and carrying the horse. The next thing I remember is sitting in the high chair and I'm sure I was facing north. I was sitting in the high chair and they were working with my hands. Today I have a little evidence of it, a souvenir I guess I might call it. On the back of my right hand is a scar. It appears to be just the size that my hand probably was at that time. And on the inside, in the palm of my left hand there's a thickness of skin which is also scar tissue, tougher than the rest of the palm and about the size that my left hand would have been at that time.

They tell me that as I fell, I fell against the red-hot stove and that the skin from the back of my right hand and the front of my left hand remained on the stove. I don't remember any pain and I don't know why it sticks in my memory, why I remember the thing that was happening just before and the things just after. I don't remember them dressing my hands or taking care of my hands or my hands being sore. To me now, it's sort of a study in the psychology of memory; to see how a thing, if impressed on a child's mind, will remain in the memory for all those years.

Our mother did a good bit of sewing. In fact, I think she made practically all of the clothes that we children wore. Of course they were handed down from one to another. I don't know how many before me had worn the clothes that I wore. But one thing I remember very definitely. I remember when Mother made me a little dress, for although I happened to be a male of the specie, I was dressed like a girl most of the time. Maybe just because more convenient, or maybe the girls hadn't worn out their clothes as much as the boys had. But anyway, one time she made me a little dress out of new material with little red horseshoes all over it. I remember running out in the yard and playing in that new dress. That was probably very early in the childhood experience.

Some of these things now I'm sure would have occurred between the time that Roy started to school and the two years later when I

started. I remember a pile of lumber laying out a little way from the northwest corner of the house. My mother and dad were working with it putting weatherboarding on the house. It was a frame house - not much of a frame really. Just two by fours nailed horizontally around the inside to hold the up-and-down boards. The vertical boards were twelve inches wide and were supposed to be an inch thick. I'm sure they were made at the local saw mill. And that was the house we lived in.

I was the runt of the family. Here's where we break chronological sequence; my mother explained this to me later. I was born - I discovered America - in one of those years that in those days were called financial panics or money panics. It was very hard times. Our parents managed with five children on a place with very little resources. They had to provide fuel and everything else to support the family, and it seems like a marvel that they did as well as they did. I lived through it but my mother, as long as I remember her ever saying anything about it, insisted that I was very much handicapped because of the hard times during those years. Of course I can see now that they were able to surmount conditions to some extent because they lived out in the country. There was good soil which would grow most anything that a person wanted to plant and I know they raised a good garden, a truck patch really. I remember the peanuts and sweet potatoes and of course the Irish potatoes, popcorn and things of that kind that they produced. So with the garden and the poultry, cows and pigs, they produced enough of the basic staple foods that we got along fairly well.

I remember when my dad would put a sack or two of grain over a horse's back, get on and ride over to the mill, have the grain ground and bring back meal. I'm sure he had to leave some of the meal at the mill to pay for the grinding but he would come home with some meal and we would have cornbread. This goes into the school period now for a minute. I remember eating cornbread at home and also having it for school lunch. Cornbread baked perhaps an inch and a half thick would be split in the middle and have apple butter spread on it. By the time noon came, that apple butter had soaked into the cornbread so you'd hardly know you were eating anything but plain cornbread. It was good basic food and it was good for us - we survived.

I remember my mother worried a whole lot about my navel, what we then called the bellybutton. My bellybutton never would retract. It always stood out in a little hump, seems to me like nearly half an inch. She tried every way she could to get it to retract but it just wouldn't. I suppose it was because I was a rather puny-like kid. But that was one of the things she worried quite a bit about.

Another thing I remember, maybe it was a dry year but there was not enough water for the livestock except to get it from the river which was, I suppose, a half or three-quarters of a mile south of our home. I remember Dad and Mother driving the cows down to the river for water. There was no one at home for me to be left with so Mother would put me behind her on a horse and I would hold on to her while Dad rode another horse and they would drive the cattle down to the river for them to drink.

Speaking about the garden and the soil on that old rocky forty acres, I remember so well my mother's flower garden. She raised wonderful flowers in a little plot just north of the house. I don't

remember this event but she told me about it. She let me play outdoors; I guess it must have been a nice warm spring day, and I was outdoors in her flower garden area. She evidently looked out to see how I was doing and I was doing all right but she didn't think so. As she told it, I was sitting there next to a large garter snake. They're very pretty on the back and she said I was rubbing the back of the snake and saying, "Pretty bud, pretty bud." She didn't like it but I did and I guess at that age the snake wasn't afraid of me and I wasn't afraid of the snake. We were getting along quite well. Maybe that's another psychological study.

Now this will sort of connect up with a thing that runs throughout my lifetime. Of course at the country school they would have programs in which we would, as we called it, "Speak a piece." My mother would evidently help me learn something and I would speak a piece in a program. I remember two of them that occurred before I started to school. The first one was just a little four-line thing. I don't remember ever being teased about it but I'm rather sure that's what happened. I'm sure the other kids had been teasing me a good deal before the time of the program because when the program was on, I knew the piece all right and I could have said it - well, let me give you the poem. It went like this,

I love cake,
I love pie,
I love little girls
About so high.

and I was supposed to raise my hand up about to my shoulder. Well I got up when my name was called, got out there in the center of the stage and said, "I love cake, I love pie," then I turned to the teacher and said, "I forgot the rest of it." But that wasn't so. I hadn't forgotten it and I knew I hadn't forgotten it, but for some reason I wouldn't say it. I'm sure it was because I had been teased so much about it although I don't remember the teasing.

The other one was evidently a little later for it's a little longer poem. This one I'm giving here now because little parts of it would enter my mind occasionally. So as a psychological experiment I began concentrating on it just to see what the subconscious mind could bring back. After some time, I think I have reconstructed the entire poem. I suppose it was all there and it finally came out. By the nature of it, it was supposed to be the last number on a program. It went like this,

I've been here watching all the folks,
I've heard the big boys crack their jokes,
I've heard you laugh and heard you cheer
And I didn't want to interfere.
But I did wish you would get through
And let me do my talking too.

I wished to say my little rhyme,
It takes ten cents to make a dime.
Birds in their little nests agree,
And sugar candy does with me.
Grandma says it makes me sick
But I get better very quick.

I hope you like all you have heard,
I didn't hark to every word
For I was thinking all the time
How I would say my little rhyme.
I've said it now and feel all right
I hope you do so too - good night.

I have never seen a copy of that in writing or in print. I suppose
Mother had been sent a copy by the teacher and she likely had it then
but I'm sure she never kept a copy of it.

II

The next period would be the public school years, going to the country school, the old Stone School, which obviously took its name from the fact that it was built of stone. It was about three-quarters of a mile from our house and stood on a little hill. The playground was not level at all. Second base was three feet or so lower than home plate. I remember lots of games played on that playground and other quite interesting experiences. Our public schools didn't run nine months of the year. I think they ran perhaps eight months, maybe only seven. I do know that after the first couple of years in school, I was often kept out to work on the farm. At least after a kid was big enough to do anything helpful, if there was anything at home to be done, he was kept out of school to do it. So we didn't attend a full term of school after we were big enough to do anything much at home. Especially in the spring and in the fall, we would miss a good deal of school. And that had a good deal to do with the number of years we attended public school. I'm not really sure how many years I attended. Let's see, from the time I was six - I must have attended parts of nine different years.

The little school had about twenty pupils in one room all handled by one teacher, teaching eight grades. The learning part was not difficult for me for I think I learned a good deal by listening. I don't think I was very apt at studying or reading from books but I listened to the older ones and seemed to do all right. We weren't graded then, we went by the number of reader we were in. When a new kid came into the neighborhood, about the first question he would hear would be, "What reader are you in?" Finally, after a kid had gone to school there long enough, he would take a county examination and if he passed, he was then eligible for high school. So in that sense, it was eight grades that were taught in the country public school. But that method of learning by listening was, I think, quite valuable to me.

Another thing that was valuable to me was the programs, the readings and dialogues and songs that we used in the country school programs. I was always interested in them and I guess for some reason I must have had a little knack for giving readings. I know my mother taught me to speak out so I could be heard and understood. I guess that was the beginning of my public speaking experience. Doing it there led to doing it at pie suppers, ice cream socials, Grange meetings and at quite a few other public schools around over the country. Of course that was in the later part of my public school years. Roy and I would go to quite a few of those rather frequent events. With an old farm horse hitched to a buggy or with each of us riding one of the horses, we would go to the programs at other public gatherings. At one such program, I don't know why - perhaps someone there had been to a Stone School program, I was asked to give a reading. I gave one of my Dutch dialect readings and it was so well received that it led to giving a whole lot more. That carried through into the church work, into Christian Workers Meetings, as we called them then. It was quite natural for me to respond and discuss subjects and speak to small groups of people. It evidently worked out that speaking before a group became almost a natural thing for me and in all probability those little programs, giving readings and dialogues in the public schools, could definitely be said to have determined my lifetime vocation.

Well, there were lots of other interesting things about the public school. We had a lot of fun on the playground, as I have said before, and we made lots of good friends. I remember one thing that we did for awhile there at the public school. A lot of the kids had little notebook type things in which the rest of the kids would write comments and autographs. One of my friends wrote a little verse in mine that I've used quite often in recent years when speaking to senior citizen groups. He wrote in my little book,

When you get old and ugly
And don't know what to do,
Remember that you have a friend
That's old and ugly too.

I don't know where he is now, I know he was wounded in World War I and I haven't seen him since, but I sure remember that little verse he wrote in my autograph book.

Our dinners at the public school were usually packed in a gallon syrup bucket and of course one of the kids had to carry it. Sometimes there was a little discussion about who would carry the dinner bucket. Sometimes in our family group, and I know also in some of the other families, it was noticeable that the youngest kid in the group had to carry the dinner bucket. I guess that's a normal situation. One thing that we had in the dinner bucket in addition to the cornbread that I mentioned awhile ago, was a special treat. Of course on Sunday afternoons kids wouldn't be allowed to go hunting, not in our family anyway. And it was impossible for all the kids to stay in the house all the time, so we would go for a walk. Five kids couldn't go for a walk on the farm without a dog going along. Around our vicinity there were quite a few stone fences, stone wall fences. During our walks, the dog would soon stir up a rabbit and chase it into a rock wall. We would go and relieve the dog's anxiety pulling the rabbit out of the wall. We would behead him and have a rabbit to take home, sometimes two or three rabbits to take home, as we returned from our afternoon walks. The next day we would each have a piece of rabbit in our lunch bucket. That made quite a variety and was quite a treat. I can almost taste that rabbit now. Wild rabbits at that time were evidently good eating. In later years, they developed some kind of a disease and were less desirable and had to be inspected a good deal more carefully before eating.

We had some fun with the schoolteacher once in awhile. You know boys are apt to play tricks on a teacher. On the school ground there were two little buildings in addition to the schoolhouse and the well curb. One for the boys and one for the girls. You've heard how some college students in recent years have had contests to see how many could pack themselves into a telephone booth. At school we would just about equal that by seeing how many could pack themselves into that little building just to pester the teacher. She wondered what we were doing in there. What we were doing was making smoke roll out through the cracks and it worried her quite a bit. We were using corn silks that the kids had gathered on the way to school and were using Jimson Weed pipes. That old Jimson Weed would sometimes grow with the main stem over an inch in diameter and had joints every few inches like bamboo. Cutting just below one joint and about two inches above the same joint would make a splendid pipe bowl, for it

was hollow, you know, or could be hollowed out very easily. The smaller branches up farther on the plant could also be hollowed out easily and made ideal stems for the pipes. So we'd bore a hole down near the bottom of the bigger piece and push the stem in; that made an ideal smoking pipe.

But we didn't use them in that way. Instead of drawing the smoke in, we'd start a little fire in the bottom of each bowl and slowly push corn silks in above it, just enough to create smoke. Then we'd blow into the stem of the pipe and blow smoke out through the top. When we got four or five of those things going, we could make smoke roll out of that building until it looked like there had to be a fire inside. It worried the teacher so much that I remember several recesses when we were kept in and questioned. Of course the girls were all out in the playground. Each boy would be asked if he was smoking and he would say that he wasn't smoking. Then he would be asked who was smoking and he would say that he didn't know of anyone that was smoking. So that got rather frustrating for the teacher and it went on for several sessions. She tried and tried to find out what was going on out there. I think it was Roy that finally broke down and told her. He told her that we weren't smoking, we were blowing smoke. She wanted to know what he meant by that so he had to tell her how it was done. Of course that spoiled that trick on the teacher.

We had another trick on the teacher. Usually one of the larger boys in the school would be the janitor. He would go to school early each morning and build a fire and sweep out the room. So he had a key to the schoolhouse and the trick was to lock the teacher inside the schoolhouse. I guess Eddie or Roy must have been the janitor at the time but it had been done several times when nearly all the kids were in school. But one time the larger boys were not in school because they had been kept out to work on the farms. Just some of the smaller kids and I were in school. We were wondering what to do and it was finally decided to lock the teacher inside the schoolhouse. Well, I had the key that day. So we locked the teacher in and ran out to the "Aunt Polly's" and isolated ourselves there for awhile. But of course we finally had to come out and unlock the door so the teacher could ring the bell and start school. Because I had the key, I got a switching that day. That struck me as a little bit unjust because when the bigger boys were there, there was no punishment administered for that trick. When just we little kids were there, and because I had the key, I got punished.

There were two times when I got a switching at school. Once because I was in a group where the other kids hadn't learned their spelling lesson. I think I could have spelled all the words, but I got a switching along with the rest. The other was this time I had the key and locked the teacher inside the schoolhouse. I could not feel either time that the switching was really justified.

Of course other things were happening on the farm at home at the same time. The thing that sticks in my mind, fixed in the prejudice part of my mind, I guess, is the fact that it seems like nearly all of the time, from the time school was out in the spring until it started in the fall, it seems that we were hoeing, hoeing weeds or pulling weeds. We rented land on other farms and it was usually land on which wheat or other crops had been grown and where cockleburrs had gotten a good start. Renting a different place occasionally would give us a

new field to clear of cockleburs. They grew just as thick as hair on a dog's back and it took an awful lot of work to control them. So we hoed and hoed and hoed. Not as much as we could have; we could have done a whole lot better. We could have done all the hoeing there was to be done in half the time we spent in the fields but there was a lot of loafing done and a good many little fibs told. "How many rows did you hoe?" they'd ask when we came home for dinner and we'd tell them so many but like as not we hadn't hoed half that many. So it took a long time to get over a field. And I soon learned that if I hoed alone, I could get as much done as Roy and I working together.

Something happened one day that I've remembered very definitely ever since, and I still have the distinct impression of it. I was hoeing alone that afternoon in a Kaffir corn field. The Kaffir corn stood pretty thick in the rows and of course I'd walk down between the rows and hoe out the weeds I could see on either side. I'd hoed most of the afternoon and it was getting along toward evening but it wasn't dark yet. I stopped and stood there for a little while with my hand on the hoe handle. I can feel it yet - as though a hand of someone between the next two rows had just reached over and covered my hand. I looked to see who was there but I couldn't see anyone. I looked up and down the rows and couldn't see where anyone could have disappeared to. But I got busy and went ahead hoeing the rest of that evening. I haven't figured out yet what it possibly could have been but that felt exactly, and feels yet, like a hand laid on mine while I was standing there between those rows of Kaffir corn. Well, that's another experience, another study to think about.

Of course on the farm there were a good many chores to do. One of my chores was to gather kindling to build a fire with in the morning. And to carry in the wood or coal supply. Speaking about coal, we lived close to the old Frisco Railroad tracks and the coal we used was what had fallen off the cars in the coal trains as they came through from down in Southeastern Kansas and Missouri. They were not as careful then in loading cars as they are now or the tracks were more rickety or something. Anyway, coal would jiggle off the cars and would be scattered along the tracks. Dad would take the team and wagon and as many boys as he could collect with as many buckets as we could find and go for several miles along each side of the railroad and pick up coal. In half a day's time we could gather quite a bit. So that way we had a coal pile beside the wood pile.

It was one of my jobs in those early days to sit on the wood while somebody else sawed. We had an old sawbuck and a bucksaw. We'd lay a limb across the sawbuck and I had to hold it steady while somebody else sawed off each joint of wood. Later of course I had to do the sawing, and chopping too. In fact, I had a chopping experience when I was eight years old. We didn't have a little axe for a little kid. I used the same axe that a man would use. I was trying to chop some wood and hit a toe on my right foot. It hit lengthwise along the toe and just split the skin on top. It didn't hurt very much but of course I went in and had it wrapped up. The next day I was trimming some old peach limbs that had fallen off the trees. I was trimming them and getting them out of the way, saving the part that could be used for fire wood. The axe glanced as I chopped and hit the big toe on my left foot. So I had a toe on that foot wrapped up too. Well, the next day I was doing some more trimming and the axe hit broadside on the inside of my left foot. The length of the axe blade

scraped the skin down off the side of my foot and it sort-of hung open. The thing that puzzled me then and it puzzles me now was that it didn't hurt any more than when I had hit the toes. That was a big enough injury that I didn't have to use the axe for a few days. That was near the Fourth of July because I remember I went to the Fourth of July celebration with my toes and foot wrapped up, and was in town that way in the crowd. I suppose I enjoyed the day but I went with a little handicap. So that was one of my chores, keeping the woodbox full.

Another chore I had was taking care of the calves. The home pasture wasn't very big and the rented pastures around were a whole lot bigger so the milch cows were kept in those pastures and the calves were left to run during the day in the home pasture. The cows ran in the home pasture at night and the calves were kept in a pen. So before the cows came home in the evening, I had to get the calves into their pen. While the milking was done, I'd give them their other feed and get them into the stanchions for feeding them milk. As the milk was separated, the skim milk would be poured into buckets for me to give to the calves. I remember how the calves acted. I'd have a row of eight or ten calves in the stanchions. The calves knew which ones were to get the next buckets of milk as I would carry out two buckets at a time. The ones that were in turn to get the milk would be just pushing and raring at the stanchions and likely sticking their tongues out about an inch begging for the milk. But the ones that had been fed and the ones that were not in turn would not do that at all. So that way I studied a little of the psychology of calves.

There were a few things that happened on the farm during those years that we might list as a group of firsts. I remember the first ice cream we had. It was home-made ice cream of course. The mixture was put in a gallon bucket and just twisted by hand in the tub of ice. But boy, it made good ice cream! I think it was as good as any I've ever eaten. I've always liked ice cream ever since that.

The first talking machine. We didn't call them phonographs or Victrolas, they were talking machines. A neighbor had a social of some kind where a whole bunch of people were gathered. We kids went over and there was the talking machine. It was one of the little Edison cylinder record machines with a horn about twelve inches in diameter. We'd wind the thing up and put on one of the cylinders and listen. We heard several songs and perhaps an Uncle Josh story or two. A few years later, of course we had one very much like it.

The first automobile I saw was on a Sunday morning as we went to church. At the time it was called the German Baptist Church. The church was on the corner of Monroe and Eleventh Streets in Fredonia. As we got to the corner, Dad stopped the team because there was a machine coming into the intersection. It made a U-turn there. It wasn't anything but a kind-of platform with four wheels on it. Just enough platform to have a one-cylinder engine with a big flywheel on it. There was some kind of linkage so that as the engine ran, it would make the machine go. That was the first thing I saw that could in any way be described as an automobile. Of course it was only a year or so later when some factory-made automobiles came into town. I think our family doctor had one of the first ones. He had a Reo.

Maybe I should put something else in here before I tell about the next first, because we moved. When I was twelve years old, we moved

to a different farm about a mile and a half north of the old forty. The folks bought a hundred acres there for two thousand dollars. Of course they didn't have the two thousand dollars so it always had a mortgage on it. Now on the old forty, we had to keep the papa-bull tied up you know and lead him to water at noon. But leading the bull to water got too tiresome so we trained the bull so we could ride him. Instead of having a ring in his nose, we had a little clamp doohickey with a spring so we could spread it and slip it into his nose. It had a little round ball on each end of the parts that went into his nose. It didn't hurt him at all, it just went inside so that it couldn't come out over the wide part at the end of his nose. We'd have a strap on each side to guide him with and instead of leading him to water, we'd ride him. He learned a good trick, but not so much that we couldn't handle him all right. If we let him walk, that was all right but if we made him lope, he pretty quickly learned to set all four feet at one time and stop. He was just round as a barrel and his back was smooth so we would go off over his head every time. Of course he had been dehorned and there was no possible way of staying on him when we'd make him lope and he would stop suddenly. When we moved, Roy rode the bull from the old forty around by the public road. The new place was straight north of the forty but we had to go west for a piece to go north and then back east again. So Roy rode him perhaps two and a half or three miles during the moving process.

Natural gas came to the new place after a year or two of chopping wood and so forth for fuel. In fact, the wood we chopped there was mostly the hedge, this old Osage Orange hedge; man it was hard stuff. The fields were surrounded with that hedge. There must have been at least three-quarters of a mile of that hedge on the place. Later, it was all grubbed out and made a lot of fence posts and a lot of wood to chop and saw and all that. We got a bit of exercise chopping that hedge wood. But finally we got natural gas put in by leasing the farm, granting drilling privileges on the farm. They got a dollar an acre per year and free gas. So gas was piped into the house and we had gas for lights and gas for heating.

Now this will be out of chronological order again for awhile. After I was away from the farm, and after Dad and Mother were away too, and the Studebakers were in charge of it, they began drilling for gas. I think the first well was down behind the chicken house. They drilled down, I think, about three hundred feet and got enough gas to supply the farm. Of course it was after the companies had drilled all around and had given up that area for commercial quantities of gas, and had discontinued the lease. When the lease was discontinued, of course the free gas was discontinued too. But ever since that time, a well drilled right there on the property within a few hundred feet of the house, supplies all the gas they want on the farm. We spent all those years chopping wood. It's quite something to think back on the work we put in chopping wood when the gas was only about three hundred feet away all the time.

When we got the cream separator, it may not have been a first. I suspect that cream separators had been in use for quite some time. But at least in our community, in the little area which was our small world at the time, there were no cream separators. Mother was a very splendid artist in the making of butter and Dad liked very much to sell things so he established a butter and egg route in town. When the cream separator came, that made it possible to be much more

efficient and to expand a good bit in the dairy and poultry business. That I think, was the main family income on the old forty as well as after we moved to the other farm. Before getting the cream separator, Mother just skimmed the cream off the milk by hand to make butter. Instead of a refrigerator, we had an old spring down the hill apiece from the house and the water in the spring was cool. It was not as good as a refrigerator of course but she fixed arrangements to hang the cream or butter in the well until dad could take it to town. That was the start of the dairy. Then the cream separator came and later the refrigerator. We bought ice from the ice plant in Fredonia and hauled it out to the farm. It was a complicated and tedious procedure but with everybody in the family working together, it developed into something that gave subsistence living to the family.

Perhaps I should go back and more fully describe the environment in which we lived there on the old forty. I believe that forty acres must have been virgin soil when the folks got it. I don't believe it had ever been farmed at all. It was limestone land, very irregular, a little area on sort-of a level plane, then dropping off very rapidly to what we called the hollow; then up a hillside on beyond the hollow. Up on the flat there was, I would judge, about five acres that was tillable. The soil was just ideal for any crops they wanted to raise. Of course a good part of it was garden along with a little corn or Kaffir corn or something of that kind. As I remember, anything we had room to raise on that old forty just grew like sixty or seventy-five in comparison to anything we could raise on the farms that we rented around there. Those farms were supposedly better areas for agriculture so had been farmed for years and years and the soil had deteriorated. At that time, of course, commercial fertilizers were unknown and I expect the fertilizer our farm animals produced was likely used on the little acreage on our own land rather than using it on any of the rented fields. That may explain why our crops were so good and why the garden and truck patch produced so well on the old forty.

In a way we were limited, but in another way living out there on a subsistence acreage wasn't a bad life at all as I look back on it. In fact, there's quite a nostalgia as I think back to those summers; remembering the wild strawberry patches, knowing where each patch of strawberries would be developing and going that way on a detoured route after the mail or to bring the cows in from the pasture. Whenever I was supposed to be going, I could detour enough to go through a strawberry patch and eat some strawberries. Occasionally I would tell Mother when the strawberries were coming on real good and she would tell me that if I would pick enough, she would bake a strawberry shortcake. So I would take a bucket and be permitted time enough to go and pick strawberries. Of course I used some of them as I was picking but I would take home half a gallon or three quarts of strawberries and then we would certainly have a treat. Mother would bake several layers of cake and pack those strawberries in between. Having cream or milk to go with them makes it pretty good to think back now about those strawberry shortcakes. Other things that I remember were her cobblers, peach cobblers, rhubarb cobblers and berry cobblers.

Eating was pretty good on the farm. We may have been limited, and I may have been a runt because of my early childhood privations, but I came through and enjoyed that part of it. Other things that I

enjoyed getting from the wild were black haws, sort of a little flat seeded berry with just a little coat of meat and skin over it, but they were real good. Hackberries too. Hackberries didn't have much meat on them either but they were real sweet and were hard enough that we could carry them in our pockets. We could fill a pocket with hackberries and chew on them for half a day. There were also wild plums and wild cherries; things of that kind. I'd like to have a chance at some of them now. In the big garden or truck patch, there would be a good deal of peanuts and popcorn. Every fall at harvest time we would have - oh at least a couple of bushels of peanuts and an equal amount of popcorn.

We always had a lot of black walnuts. Down between the river and the railroad, there was a ten-acre patch that the folks had obtained on a tax title as they had the forty acre plot. Down there was, I suppose, about another five acres of tillable soil and it raised crops that would beat the band. There on that plot, the crops were just wonderful unless there happened to be a flood that year. The entire property could be flooded by the river and of course in years when that happened we wouldn't have a crop. That happened quite often; often enough that the soil was kept very well replenished. At the edge of the plot along the bank of the river, and then out in the open a little bit, there were some immense walnut trees. I remember when we kids were down there on Sunday afternoons, one of the things we would often do was to stand around a tree, each one reaching his arms out as far as he could, and see how many kids it took to go around the tree. I think those trees must have been at least sixty or seventy feet high. Some of them had immensely good walnuts on them, large and just wonderfully meated walnuts. Each fall we would go down there with a lumber wagon and buckets and pick up walnuts after they had fallen to the ground. We could get half a wagon box or more of walnuts. We'd pile them on the ground at home and have some logs or something laid around the edges of the pile to keep them from rolling away too far.

During the first World War, the sad thing was - well, the folks had sold the ten-acre patch by that time and the forty too for that matter. During the first World War, those big walnut trees were all cut down and of course the wood was used for gun stocks. It's a shame, and I have regretted it ever since. Every time I think of it, it's just a thing to be regretted greatly, that those trees were destroyed. And maybe worse than destroyed considering the use that they were put to.

The folks didn't want us to eat too many walnuts at a time for what they thought was a very good reason. Dad had a brother who had lived and died before our time. He had some kind of seizures. I suppose now they would be called epilepsy. Evidently before he had the first seizure, he had been eating walnuts. Anyway, our parents thought that eating too many walnuts was what gave him the ailment that eventually caused his death. I believe that in one of his seizures, he fell in a puddle of water and drowned. So they wouldn't let us eat very many walnuts at a time. Quite often, probably on Sunday evenings, we would have a big pan of either popcorn, roasted peanuts or a pan of cracked walnuts and the whole family would eat from it. I had a scheme concerning the walnut pile that came in handy. I would walk by the walnut pile and pick up a half a dozen or so when I went to the pig pen to pick up cobs to take in and burn in the stove. Out there

in the pig pen, I could find a couple of rocks and crack the walnuts and eat them. I got a few extra that way quite often.

Just across the railroad north of the ten-acre patch down by the river, there was a bluff. At places it was almost perpendicular. Large rocks jutted out at the top of one such place and we called it "The Point." Often on Sunday afternoons, we would wander around and be down there on the point. From there we could look straight east, I suppose two and a half or three miles, on a straight stretch of the Frisco Railroad. We would be up there on the point and watch for trains coming along the railroad tracks. To the west, there was a little curve and a hill around which the tracks went out of sight. There was quite a grade going up that hill. The river bent way to the south and made what was called the Oxbow Bend, then came back north to the railroad only a half a mile or so to the northwest. The railroad cut across that isthmus-like place. So it had a grade to go up that the river took, I expect, six or seven miles to go around. Trains would puff and puff and puff going up that grade. One time a cattle train was coming around the curve and somehow got off the track. Several cars of cattle were spilled out there. We met the surviving cattle as they were being driven to town to be reloaded onto other cars. When we got to the wreck, it was quite an experience watching the wrecking crew pick up the cars and set them back on the tracks.

Toward the west end of the bluff, there was a place that had a story about it. Under a little rock ledge, there was a coyote nest. When I was born, we lived down in the river bottom just west of the bluff, but the family moved to town in the early spring after I was born in September. Soon after they moved to town, there was a flood in the river and I'm told that the water stood four feet deep in the house where I was born. So it was lucky we had moved out. It would have been a disaster for the family if they had been living there when the flood came. While they lived there, Mother was evidently out hiking around one day and found a nest of coyote pups there in the rocks. So that spot was always "The Coyote Den."

Now in thinking about the childhood period of my life, I haven't said much about the religious flavor in the home. Father and Mother were both very pious, very sincerely religious, very devout in their convictions and very firm in their convictions. I think they felt quite certain that they knew what was right and what was wrong and they were not at all negligent in trying to rear their children with the same concepts. I might say the same limitations too. Dad was a deacon in the church and of course had a great deal to do with church matters. We were quite well acquainted with several of the other deacon brethren. There wasn't much difference in the educational level and the intellectual or religious convictions and concepts within the congregation. It was a small group. I don't suppose the church attendance ever ran much over sixty or seventy-five at most and down from that figure quite a bit. Religion also had a very firm place in the home. Each morning there would be a family devotion, a song or two, with no musical instrument, just the vocal music using some of the church hymns. A song, a scripture reading and then a prayer. I don't remember very often that there was a meal, any of the three meals of the day, but what we would all be seated and Dad would say a prayer. What we would now call saying grace, asking the blessing or something of that kind. But as usual when a thing becomes

routine, the prayer was always exactly the same; so it wasn't very long until I knew exactly what was going to be said every time. In later years, I suppose when I was ten or twelve, I know I began thinking my own words instead of listening to him. And maybe that was a good thing.

Of course in the religion, the concept was that heaven was up above and hell was down in the middle of the earth or somewhere like that where there could be fire and brimstone. Every naughty thing a kid did, if he told a lie, it was recorded in a book somewhere up there in the upper story. When he died, the book would be balanced and if it showed against him, he would go down to the lower region and if it showed in his favor, he would go up above. Now those convictions are not altogether wrong. They had a good purpose. When that is the level of concept, of conviction, it is far better so far as living a moral, ethical life, so far as living in peace with our fellowmen, than are some other concepts. So I'm not ridiculing that view of religion. In fact, I think it's a mighty good place to start from, to grow and develop. We will speak more of this later, but I thought it would be good now to indicate the religious flavor and the religious emphasis in the family and in the home.

It happened that when I was just past twelve years of age there was a revival, what we called a revival meeting, at the church. Of course we kids were all going to school at the time. It was five miles to the church and to go as we did every Sunday was about an hour's trip with the farm team and wagon. So we didn't attend the revival meeting during the week but on Sundays, of course we heard the preacher. I think it was the second Sunday he was there that on Sunday morning before we went to church, Lula and Roy told our parents that they wanted to be baptised. There was to be a baptising that day so I told my folks that I wanted to be baptised too. So we three were baptised that Sunday, out in the open river, after church.

The story has an extra meaning to me not only because that was the day I joined the church but also that years later, after I had been elected as a minister and was pastor at Elgin, the headquarters of the denomination, I met this same evangelist at a conference meeting. He was so delighted to see me. He remembered so well that I had been one of his converts. As a matter of fact, his preaching or even his being there had absolutely nothing to do with my decision or my request to be baptised. He just happened to be there at the time and that's all it amounted to, but bless the old fellows heart, he sure thought he had done a wonderful work and I guess he thought that up in heaven he was going to get a great reward for converting me. Actually, my conversion was such a gradual thing that I never knew when it happened. I think it was a process of growth. I was beginning to think for myself and had no place to start other than that background in the home and in the church.

The whole family always went to church every Sunday. We'd drive that five miles in to the church. The Sunday School lesson was always the uniform lesson so all age groups studied the same thing. Of course the little folks' classes would speak differently about the story. It was sort-of adapted to the supposed capacity of the pupils. And this is what happened in that regard. Each morning in our family worship at home, we would read the scripture lesson designated in the Quarterly, a regular publication of the denomination's printing house.

In line with the lesson text, there would be a family reading designated for each day. So we used that reading in our family worship. Then when we got in the wagon to go to church on Sunday morning, I remember distinctly that the discussion was usually about the Sunday School lesson. Whatever the text was, whether it was the crossing of the Red Sea or the spying out of the land or the crossing of the Jordan into Canaan or the fall of the walls of Jericho, the whole thing was discussed enough that through the years a kid got a pretty good concept of the traditional interpretation of the history of the Children of Israel and their wanderings and their exploits in the land of Canaan and all of those things. So it really was an educational experience. And even today, if I think of a scriptural quotation, it's likely to be from the old King James version that we memorized way back then as the Golden Text for a certain Sunday.

From now on in these memoirs, I suppose the religious flavor will have to enter in and we will try to give it the emphasis that it had in the development as we go along into other ages. In the pre-school and country school years, I have left religion aside, so now will just give it this beginning background. I might also say in this discussion that the preaching at the church was never on a very classical or educated level. It was mostly by a minister who was also a farmer and who preached on Sunday just because he had a gift of gab. He likely had grown up just as I had been growing up in Sunday School and church in studying the Sunday School lessons. Some of those preachers were awfully long winded. I remember the misery of sitting in church. Especially I suppose during the summer, after going barefooted all week long and then having to put on shoes to go to church and sit through an extremely long sermon. I'm sure some of the sermons were over an hour in length and those shoes sure got to pinching. I've always appreciated later when preachers don't talk so long. If they knew what they were going to say and say it - well I'm not giving a very good example of it now - but anyway, I learned the value of a preacher having some terminal abilities. I might indicate here too, that the church had no musical instrument. The congregational singing was led either by someone just sitting in a pew and somewhat taking a lead in the singing or by someone standing up in front, sometimes beating time and sometimes not. But the congregation sang that way together and the opportunity I had for any musical understanding or appreciation was limited to just that, to the singing without an instrument in the home and in the school and in the church.

III

In chronological order, another period of my lifetime I suppose would be from the time I finished grade school, usually then called the common school, and the time I was free to get away from the farm and continue my education. I guess this period was the time of my deepest discouragement and emotional depression, disillusionment perhaps. I hardly know how to describe it. Perhaps to give a picture of the family situation at the time would be as good a start as any. I believe that Pearl was married on the eleventh of March in the last year that I attended the country school. Before that, Eddie and Roy had both started to work away from home, going out on their own. Eddie, I suppose, partly because of his age and partly because he never did work on the farm very much. He had the excuse of having a bad back. I have noticed, especially since then, that he seemed always to be able to do anything that he liked to do. But he was a privileged youngster because he had a defective back. So that took him out of the picture so far as any activity on the farm was concerned. Roy kicked over the traces and worked away from home on a farm or at the brick plant or the cement plant or someplace like that, being independent. In the meantime, he took a correspondence course in salesmanship that was based on the same policy as the Carnegie courses, that of winning "friends" specifically to use them to your own advantage to make a livelihood. He took that course in salesmanship and tried a thing or two. Finally, it worked out. He developed a philosophy of using people to make sales and things of that kind, working it out to his own advantage. He was a business salesman guy all right. Lula was still at home during at least the first couple of years of this period. She was married about half-way between the time I finished grade school and my chance to get away from home to continue school.

I was quite discouraged because I wanted so much to go on to school but the feeling of the folks was that a youngster owed his parents his time and work in whatever he could do until he was of age, twenty-one years old. The others didn't fulfill that requirement and I don't know why I was so much more submissive than the others. It seemed that I just didn't have the nerve or the aggressive attitude or the will to break away. So I stayed at home and worked on the farm, all the time wanting to be in school. I had a desire to learn and to grow and to find out a little bit more about life and what it ought to be. I was, in a sense, quite discontent but I don't think I let it show. I went ahead and flubbed away, working in the fields. Dad worked mainly around the farmstead at odd jobs taking care of the livestock and things like that. I did most of the field work during those years. But the discouragement of it is the main thing that I remember. I remember such things as sitting on a chicken coop after a long day's work talking to the old dog. I felt that the dog was my best friend at the time and I remember telling him so. I'd talk to him and he seemed to understand. I remember telling him that he was the only friend I had, that he was the only one who understood, and that was the way I felt. I guess that's enough of expressing that kind of feelings.

There were some good things that happened along in those years. For example, we had what we called "play parties." Of course with the religious background and training and all that, in our home and in a

great many other homes in the community, it would have been very wicked to have any parties that were called dances, square dances or anything of that kind. We developed a system of play parties and we didn't call it dancing but some of the things were very similar to what I have taught later as square-dancing. We played Pig in the Parlor, Old Dan Tucker, Skip to My Lou, Meet Half Way, Butterfly Girls, Sent My Little Jug Down Town and a whole lot of other games of that type. I can't remember the names of all of them but we had enough so we could start perhaps at eight o'clock in the evening and run play parties up to eleven or eleven-thirty, then break up and head for home. Then the next morning, get out at four-thirty or five o'clock, do the chores, then go to the fields and work all day. It got so popular that I think we maybe had a play party at least once a week. That was fun and I guess I took a pretty good part in those play parties and the organization of them. I had a good time.

I nearly always rode horseback to the parties. I wasn't complicated or tied up, paired up at all with any young ladies for the greater part of the time. A little of the time I was and I might explain that right away. When Roy went away to other communities or to school I was supposed to sort-of look after the lady he had been keeping company with. I did use a horse and buggy then for awhile until it got too serious, so I quit that and started another interesting little project. Roy's lady, whom I was assigned to escort, was thirteen years old at the time. There was another young lady in the community who was not quite thirteen. I don't know why but her mother thought that was too young for a girl to be going with a fellow and let it be known around the community that her daughter would never go with anyone until she was a good bit older. The little girl was kind of cute so I told her to talk to her mother and tell her that we were going to go together sometime. We would wait if she wanted us to but we were going to go together sometime and we would let the mother decide when. The next play party we had, the girl told me that it was all right for us to go together. So I went with her awhile until that got a little too serious and I quit that one too. I didn't want anything to get serious. I think I was a normal individual in that respect but the appeal wasn't enough to sidetrack me from my main goal of getting away to go to school. Saturday afternoons when everybody went to town, the rest of the guys would stand around on the corners and watch the girls go by, as it is said later in the song. But I could walk down the street with a dozen or fifteen girls following and I could be having a good time while they were figuratively twisting their fingers as well as their necks not knowing what to do.

Well, there were other things that were quite interesting. During that time I talked quite a bit with my mother's brother George. He took a Socialist paper called "The Appeal to Reason." I subscribed to the paper and read it quite a bit. I learned such things as how the Spanish-American War developed, how the Maine was blown up in the harbor in Cuba, how the war was carried on, what it was for and a whole lot of other things. I found things in that paper that didn't correspond with the history that I had been taught in school. I began to see a difference in our economic and industrial system, some of the inequalities and the unfairness of it, the exploitation that was involved in some of the trade relationships, employment and labor situations. So I got interested in that also and to that extent in politics. I guess that has influenced my view of life and what an

economic system should do to help people rather than to exploit them; that the economic system ought to distribute to every person according to his production but not enable one person, or even a corporation, to exploit the lives of other people merely to gain financial power and control. It soon seemed to me that while our economic system was supposed to be a medium of exchange, it had become a method of control so that those who had money could rule and exploit those who had less. So that too, was an idea that was developing during that period.

I was very regular in going to Sunday School and church. Even on Sunday afternoons when there was no baseball game and during the part of the year when baseball wasn't played, I would go to a country Sunday School in one direction or another from home. With the background I had of going to Sunday School all my life, I knew enough about the Sunday School lessons and scriptural texts that I could go to any of the country Sunday Schools and have a good time, enjoy the fellowship and the discussions. I think I knew as much about the Bible then as anyone else who went to the Sunday Schools. In fact, I was soon elected to go to a county convention, a Sunday School convention, to represent one of the afternoon Sunday Schools. It finally got so that I went to them a little more than I did to the Church of the Brethren Sunday School.

I started wearing a necktie which was against the teaching of the Brethren Church. I used to ask my father once in awhile, why it was wrong to do thus and so and the answer would be that the annual conference decided that it should be so and so. That was sufficient evidence for him but it wasn't quite enough for me. I wanted to know the reason for it. If they had told me then that smoking was bad for the lungs, I could have understood it a whole lot better than just saying the the church was agin' it and that it was a sin to smoke. I've never been sorry that I didn't start smoking but I didn't understand why because it wasn't explained properly. They didn't know the reasons for the things they stood for.

When I would go to the Brethren Church on Sunday nights, I would often ride home along side the buggy of the preacher for the two or three miles that we went in the same direction. I would argue some of these things with him. Not only about the principles of the church but also about some scriptures. He could take a verse from one place in the Bible, from one of the Gospels for instance, teach it, and it would never enter his mind that another one of the Gospels had it recorded a little differently. I would ask him, for example, how many women went to the tomb on Easter Sunday morning. If he took one of the Gospel accounts, I would take the other and show him that it was different than what he thought it was. Or, like the experience of Paul on his way to Damascus. In the ninth chapter of the Acts, in telling about the experience it says those who journeyed with him, "...stood speechless hearing a voice but seeing no man." But over in the twenty-second chapter where Paul is giving his defense, he says, "And those who were with me saw indeed the light and were afraid; but they heard not the voice of him that spoke to me." I'd give the preacher something like that to work on and he was flabbergasted. He simply didn't know what to do. He was sure that the scriptures didn't contradict themselves but where I had the specific verses for him to compare, he had no answer nor explanation whatsoever. So I had some fun that way. It was sort-of wicked, I guess, to tease the preacher

but I didn't have enough else to occupy my mind and I just about had to have some fun.

I had a little fun with the deacon brethren too. It was customary at least once a year for the deacon brethren to call on the families, every family in the congregation, and to ask a certain list of questions such as, "Is your faith the same as it was when you united with the church?" So the deacons would divide up the congregation, pair off two and two and make the "annual visits" as they were called. When the deacons came to our place one year, I came to the house for the interview. The deacons hem-hawed a little bit and got down to the business of the questions. When they came to me and asked if I had the same faith that I had when I united with the church, I told them that no, I didn't think I had. That kind-of flabbergasted them and they hem-hawed around a little more and then they wanted to know what was the matter, what was the obstacle. I told them that I thought a Christian ought to grow a little bit, that his faith ought to change, that it ought to get stronger, more effective. But they couldn't understand that. They were just like a fellow in a congregation where I talked many years later in Fresno, California. One Sunday morning I had evidently given the impression that I thought a Christian ought to grow. After church was over, this fellow talked to me a little bit and said he had joined the church forty years ago and he hadn't changed a single bit in his faith since that time. But I never saw things quite that way. I thought that faith and experience and life ought to grow and develop continually. So I had a good bit of fun in that respect as well.

I played baseball on Sunday afternoons. The preacher was opposed to playing baseball so he would quite often preach very strongly against it. Playing baseball was supposed to be a very wicked thing to do most any time but certainly on Sunday afternoons it was just terribly bad. Of course I knew that I was the only one in the congregation that played baseball so I knew who he was talking to, but I kind-of got even with him on the whole. It was fun for me. I don't know whether it was any punishment for him or not, or what he did about it. But there's some of the things that I did to break the monotony of those years.

Besides wanting to go to school and having that on my mind all the time, I had another very deep concern. That was to discover how in the world I could, even if I did get free from the farm, how I could pay my way in school. For it was evident that I could not go to the regular high school at my then current age. So I had a great deal of worries, and I wondered and figured and studied on what I could do to make a little money. There was one thing that the folks did a long time ago that I relied on quite a bit. A long time back, they had promised each of the boys that if they didn't smoke until they were twenty-one, they would have a horse to give them. So about three years before each boy was of age, a certain colt would be designated as his. And if that colt grew up to the time it was about three years old, then the youngster would have a horse to sell. I banked on that a good deal and it worked out to some extent. But I was always wondering what I could do to make money. Of course I worked away from home during harvest season or something of that kind when the duties on the farm didn't press too hard, and when a neighbor needed help. But what I earned wouldn't be mine. It belonged in the family treasury, so that's where it went. There was another thing.

My folks had the idea that cockleburs shouldn't grow on a place so when the cockleburs would crop up every once in awhile, they offered us kids a penny for every hundred cockleburs we would pull. Any time we'd go around the farm, if we saw a cocklebur we were supposed to pull it and count it. When we got to a hundred, they would give us a penny.

Something else similar to that developed in those years between the end of grade school and the end of my living on the farm. Rats got pretty bad on the farm sometimes because we always had grain in the cribs, Kaffir corn heads or something of that kind and the rats liked that kind of feed. So rats were pests and Dad figured out a way to get rid of them. He would give me five cents for each rat I could catch. I had traps and I'd watch and when the rats got pretty active, I'd set traps and catch them. Of course it didn't pay to trap them too close during the breeding season. It was much better to let the rat crop grow at that time and set traps for them the next winter. That worked out pretty well and I made a little money that way. That money was mine. I don't know why that didn't have to go in the treasury too. But it didn't, I got to keep it. Another thing I did was make figure-four traps so that I could catch wild rabbits. I'd set traps out in the orchard or at likely places along a hedge row. Each morning I'd check the traps and see if I had a rabbit. If I did, I'd dress him, fix him up nice, wrap him up neat and keep him until it was Dad's time to go to town to deliver his butter and eggs. He always had a market for all the rabbits I could catch that way. As I remember, I got fifteen cents apiece for them. So I made a little more money that way.

I saved all the money I could. I very seldom went to a movie or anything of that kind. In the first place I didn't have time to go and in the second place I couldn't afford it, although the price of a movie was only ten cents. I saved all the money I could and finally bought a pony from Roy when he left home. He had bought a little Indian pony, light weight, but a beautiful little pony, very active and man she had some paces. She did the single-foot step and she was sure pretty when she got to going down the street single-footing. You could sit on her back and go along just like you were riding a straight line, no jolting or anything, just as smooth as it could be, as smooth as any vehicle rides now it seems. She could go pretty fast that way, and she liked to run too. Roy only paid twenty dollars for her and had had her a couple of years. So when he was going away to school, I managed to buy her. I rode her for two or three years to all the various things that I was attending during that time. She was very gentle. I carried a little fish cord in my pocket and I'd go to this little pony in the pasture, put the string around her neck, get on her and go after the cows. I didn't have to guide her at all. She was a cow pony and would go after the cows just like a sheep dog goes after sheep. She'd take the herd right along. I didn't know that I was going to have an opportunity to get away to go to school, so I had her bred to a shetland pony. The colt was a beautiful little thing but by the time it was about a year old, it developed that I was going to get away to go to school. I told Mother that if she would pay the stud fee for the colt, she could keep it for Elwood. So the folks kept the colt.

It was in the spring of 1914 that a very momentous event occurred that changed the whole family view, the whole outlook toward education.

My brother Roy, a year and seven months older than I, had been attending Bethany Bible School in Chicago for a year and a half or so. He came home, on a sort-of spring vacation period I suppose, and he had a great deal to do with the breaking of the ice or seeing the end of the tunnel or whatever expression you want to use for the drastic change in the outlook for me. I don't know exactly why or how he got interested in it but he attended the Bible School there and did personal work such as visiting in Cook County Hospital, visiting in some prisons and doing personal work in some missions in the Chicago area. He became quite involved in religion and had very definite aspirations toward doing religious work as his lifetime profession.

For livelihood and financial support, he had gotten to selling Wear-Ever aluminum and did real well at it and made a good deal of money. When he came home, he of course sold the folks a good large set of Wear-Ever aluminum. Having been at Bethany for over a year and a half, he was allowed to speak at the Fredonia Church of the Brethren. He made quite an impression. He was a good speaker and made quite an appeal. But during the time that he had been at Bethany Bible School, he had become convinced that if he was going to go very far in that type of work, he would have to get some basic education. He had made arrangements to start the next fall, the fall of 1914, to the academy at North Manchester, Indiana, where there was a Church of the Brethren college with an academy department that fulfilled the requirements of a high school education. Roy had decided that he was going to start in there and go through the academy and the college. So he had a great deal to do with the persuasion and finally the very friendly and amicable resolve that I should go to North Manchester too.

The folks had advised me, and had thought all the time that I was so interested in going to school, that the wise thing for me to do when ultimately released from my home responsibilities would be to buy a team and wagon and some farm implements, rent a farm and go to farming. That was the extent of their concept of what I should do. But as has been evident in these comments before this, my ideas were entirely different. I wanted to find out what life was about and what religion was about and what the philosophy of life should be. So now, with Roy's influence and my persistence through the years and the fact that it had a religious flavor, it worked out that there was a very agreeable plan formed whereby when school was to start in September, I should leave the farm and go to school.

During the summer of 1914, my last period of servitude at home, I was occupied nearly the whole summer getting the home fixed up for running water. Dad and I had dug a well down quite a little distance from the house and barn. We had a brick silo built with a water tank on top so that the height of the water in the tank would give pressure for the water system. Between the field work, odd jobs and other necessary things that summer, my extra task was to dig the ditches for that water system. From the well to the silo, from the silo to a faucet outside the barn and then up to the house was, I suppose, about a hundred yards. By the time I was ready to start off to school in the fall, the home had a water system for the first time.

After the agreement that I should finally get away to go to school was reached in a congenial manner, Roy of course went back to Chicago. The rest of the time that I spent at home was quite different in that my attitude was quite different. I was looking forward to an exact

time and a definite goal. I remember a great many things that were so different that it can hardly be imagined, the contrast between the worry, the anxiety, the attitude of discontent that I had before that time and the positive attitude from then on until I actually got away. My problems weren't all solved, that's true, but there was a definite goal ahead and a definite date that I could look forward to. No, the problems certainly weren't all solved, I still had the financial question.

At that time, I had never heard or knew anything of the possibilities of student aid or scholarships. In fact, I don't think there was very much of that kind of thing going on in the whole country. Not very many young people went to school beyond the local schools, including high school of course. Young people in that area didn't think much about college possibilities and I didn't know, for example, that there was a Brethren school at McPherson, Kansas. There, just about a hundred and fifty miles from home, was a good school with an academy like the one at North Manchester and had I known of it, I might have been thinking of going there. Perhaps Roy didn't know either that there were such schools until he got into that setup at Bethany Bible School and learned about the one at North Manchester. Since some of the friends that he had made at Bethany were going to North Manchester, he evidently just settled on going there too.

I was much concerned about the religious background that I had and the ideals that Roy had developed at Bethany and all, and it worked out to a situation that whether it's comical or pathetic or what, I hardly know. I was certainly sincere and conscientious and I had worried so long about how to make ends meet to enable me to go to school. So I made a very definite resolution. I guess I expressed it in terms of the religious understanding I had at the time. I know that about the poorest justification for prayer is to try to bargain, to make a deal. Religion doesn't work that way, usually. But there's a peculiar thing psychologically that I can see now. Religion works a whole lot dependent upon the attitude, the sincerity, the conviction of the individual person. And I don't think there could ever have been a person more sincere, more conscientious in wanting to make a deal, call it a deal, more sincere in wanting to make a bargain. And so I resolved that I would go to school but I would not go to school in debt. I wouldn't start a school year without the funds to finish the year. Well I did, it's true. The first year at North Manchester, I lacked a couple of weeks of having enough to finish. I left school early and started out to work. But I fulfilled my pledge, my agreement. Because when the money ran out, I left school. I started that year without enough to finish because all that I had was the very meager amount that I had been able to save up, plus that received from selling Roy the horse that I was to get when I was of age and from selling the pony. But in this prayer of consecration and bargain, I agreed that if some means could possibly be opened to enable me to pay my way through school, I would go through school and then I would spend my life in service for humanity, for the church. So that was my bargain, my deal. And my financial policy for all the years since that time goes back to that period of definite resolution and consecration and agreement. I think I have kept my bargain.

Another thing, I kind-of had to make up to the preacher that I had been teasing and plaguing and so forth before that. So I tried to get on better terms with him. One day I was out riding the pony and

was going by his place, so stopped in to see him. I asked him about getting a letter of church membership to take with me when I went back to North Manchester. He was of course pleased in a way that I was asking for a letter, but he hardly knew whether my conduct over the past years was worthy of being granted a letter. He finally decided that since I was going to a Brethren school, and was planning to do religious work, maybe the church would grant me a letter. They did; he presented my request to the church group and I got my church letter to take with me to school.

One of the hardest things for me was the fact that I had to leave the dog, that I couldn't take the dog with me to school. They say the dog is man's best friend and I certainly felt it then. It hurt a great deal to think of leaving the dog. I couldn't tell him good-bye very well, he didn't understand it. Ever since he had grown up from a pup, whenever I would be away for an evening to a play party or something of that kind, I never came home I don't think a single time that he wasn't waiting for me down where the driveway turned in from the road. He would be right there waiting. Whether he sensed or heard me coming from farther down the road and just came to meet me there, I could never determine. But he always met me right there where the drive turned in from the road. In her letters after I was back at North Manchester, Mother spoke about the dog lying down by the road as though he were waiting for me to come home. And I expect that's what actually happened. He was lying down there just waiting and waiting and waiting.

And now we get into the proposition of tears. This occurred one evening when we were milking and it was getting close to the time when I was to leave. I very seldom saw tears in my dad's eyes, and I guess I didn't see them then, but I knew they were there. He was saying that he hated to see me go, not because there would be more work to do, but because he felt that while I was there, all of the blame for things that happened to go wrong on the farm was not entirely his fault. He felt that he would have to take the blame now for every thing that happened to go wrong. And it hit him in that way pretty hard. I don't remember Mother showing any emotion but she was quite active and helpful in getting my clothing and everything packed and ready for my trunk. She even shelled popcorn and put it in the trunk so that Roy and I could have popcorn in our room at school. The thing that hit me the hardest in this subject of tears, came after I left. I guess I was so elated at getting away to go that it didn't hit me very hard right then. Being with Roy and making lots of friends at school and the way I dug into the work at school didn't leave much time to be homesick. The first tears that I shed, from the time that the agreement was made that I could get away until several months after I was at North Manchester, was when a letter came from home that the dog had died. And that's when it hit me!

IV

When it came time for school to start at North Manchester, I took a train up to Kansas City and from there to Chicago. I met Roy at Chicago and we spent a night or two there. We went down to one of the missions, the Pacific Garden Mission on State Street, and I saw what some elements of the city were like. It was the rough side of the city population in that Pacific Garden Mission. I saw more drunk people in a religious service that night than I had seen in all of my life before. That was a little sidelight. After a day or so there at Bethany, Roy and I went across Lake Michigan on a ship; the first time that I had ever been out of the sight of land. And of course that was only for a short time, two or three hours I suppose.

We landed at Benton Harbor, Michigan. We got over there on a Saturday and spent Sunday at the House of David, a sort-of cult outfit. The men all wore whiskers. It was sort-of like a commune farm with enough religion mixed in with it to give them a claim to being a religious organization. Later I learned a good bit about the House of David that I didn't know right then but we got all the propaganda they could hand out at the time. There were quite a few visitors there over Sunday and we learned quite a bit about it. But that was not what we were interested in. We were interested in getting down to North Manchester.

On Monday morning we took a train and started south. When we got into Indiana, every station that we came to it seemed to me, some more North Manchester students would get on the train. When they found out that we were going to school there, we were lined up and signed up for a literary society and before we got to North Manchester, we had some friends already. Getting acquainted at North Manchester was just no problem at all. All of the students had a friendly and congenial attitude. We got our room located up on the third floor of the men's dormitory, Roy and I rooming together. We became closely acquainted with several others and it wasn't long until Roy had a good lady friend. I wasn't very much attracted to that type of fellowship but among the boys it was very easy for me to get acquainted. I suppose it would have been with the ladies too if we had been in any kind of social activity. But that didn't bother me. I was too intent in getting to my studies and work.

One thing, if it hadn't been required I certainly wouldn't have done, but I did and I'm glad I did. The requirement was that every student have at least one hour a day of physical training or something of that kind. So I signed up for tennis. I had never played tennis, and I don't think I had ever had a tennis ball or racket in my hand. I do remember that at Fredonia a year or so before, I had been in a dentist's chair up on the second floor over a drug store. From the dentist's chair, I could look out through a window. Down on the court across the street from the dentist's office, there were two young men playing tennis. I remember yet how it struck me as pointless that two young fellows big enough to work would be out there playing tennis. But when I got to North Manchester, I had a little problem of knowing what to do to fulfill that requirement of one hour a day in physical activity, so I signed up to play tennis. There happened to be a young man from China in the freshman class. In fact, I guess he was reached by the Bethany people from a Chinese laundry in Chicago where he had been working. He took to the teaching at

Bethany and became a member of the church. He had learned the English language quite well. Like Roy, he had decided at Bethany to come down to North Manchester and get some basic work. He started in the freshman class and I guess he was in about the same fix as I was so far as taking physical activity and exercise was concerned, so he signed up for tennis too. He and I became very good friends. We learned to play tennis together just by tossing the ball up and hitting it easy over the net, back and forth. It was easy to learn and in later years I got fairly good at playing tennis. I liked the game very much.

I was so conscientious and so determined to make my time count toward my studies that I guess a good many people got concerned about it. I stuck in my room with my nose in my books so much that the president of the school knocked on my door one day when I was in there studying. He came in and just chatted and talked awhile. I didn't know what he was up to but pretty soon he got to the point. His point was that I was working too hard and spending too much time on my books. He thought I ought to socialize a good deal more. If I didn't do that, he said I should go out and walk up the railroad track, sit down by the bridge and look down at the creek; figure out how it ran down to the Eel River, down it to the next river and so forth down to the Mississippi, down to the Gulf of Mexico and out into the ocean. He was trying to get me to diversify my thinking and not concentrate so hard on school work, to be more sociable among the students and things of that kind.

In the freshman class, besides the Chinese boy that I got well acquainted with, there were several others of course. Among them was a little girl from down in Georgia. Roy and I had a good bit of fun the first couple of months of the school year referring to her as "The Little Dutch Girl." I guess we confused her southern brogue with the Dutch dialect readings we gave. That was a joke between us - the little Dutch girl. We liked to hear her talk in the classes. As Christmas approached, the whole school prepared for Christmas vacation. It developed that practically everybody was going home. Nearly all the students at North Manchester lived within a comparatively short distance from the school, in Indiana and Ohio chiefly. Of course there were several other Brethren schools farther east, Mount Morris just west of Chicago and McPherson out in Kansas. But the student body centered right around North Manchester, within two or three hundred miles at least. There were a few students from down in Georgia and Alabama who had made arrangements to live in a house just across the street from the boys' dormitory. A grandma lady, we called her grandma all the time, her name was Koffman, was sort of house-mother to the three ladies and one man from down south. They lived there jointly, bought their own supplies and equipment and divided expenses and so forth.

There were three of us from Kansas, Roy and I and Cecil Sell, a boy I had chummed with quite a bit in Fredonia. We made arrangements that while the dormitory dining room was shut down for Christmas, we would board over there across the street. And of course it happened that the little Dutch girl was in the group living there. I didn't understand the maneuvering but somehow the little Dutch girl and I got to reading a book together just for entertainment, to pass the time. It was interesting and I guess I enjoyed it. And that broke up in a very peculiar and unusual way. Roy had a nice lady friend there at Manchester that he had been going with almost from the beginning of

school. It hadn't taken him long to find a very nice lady to associate with, and of course when he had been attending Bethany, he had a very fine lady there too. And the one back in Fredonia was still on the string. Just before Christmas, Roy found a book that he thought was appropriate for the occasion and he purchased three copies. He mailed the three copies to the three lady friends, one at Manchester, one at Bethany and one at Fredonia. So he was apparently sitting pretty in that type of association.

About the time all the students were gone and the few of us were over there across the street, Roy began getting letters. He got a letter from each of the three girls he had sent the books to. But the letters had a very new and different tone to them. He had written a transcript in the front of each book but had gotten the books confused and mailed them to the wrong ladies. When the books arrived, the ladies got onto something and then they got on to him. So he was suddenly left high and dry. It was very easy then to make the transition, he read the book with the little Dutch girl and I was free to associate with the young man that boarded there. But that solved the problem there. If I'd been as susceptible as Roy was, things might have developed differently, but it worked out just perfectly. So the Christmas vacation period was spent in that way. We had a good time and made some good acquaintances.

When the students came back after Christmas vacation, of course the lady that Roy had been acquainted with before - I don't know what happened but I don't think they ever saw each other and so far as I know they didn't even speak to each other after that. The one at Bethany and the one in Kansas were likewise off the string. That left Roy completely free to make a new start. So he did, and made pretty good time with the little Dutch girl so that before school was out, there was an engagement and arrangements for a wedding down in Georgia to take place in mid August. It did take place in due time, but back to that a little later.

Now during the school year, Roy promoted his Wear-Ever aluminum business. He became a sort of a subagent or something like that, I forget what we called ourselves in that capacity, but he did it at North Manchester, and I did it later at McPherson. We interested people in selling Wear-Ever aluminum as a way of working their way through school. Roy signed up probably twenty-five or thirty men there at the school. They all had their sample cases and we had discussion groups and classes together and were all ready to go out and sell aluminum when school was over. That made him a good income because each salesman got forty percent of what he sold and Roy got five percent extra on the sales of the whole group, as well as on what he sold himself. If the rest of us continued a full year, then we got forty-five percent, but Roy got five percent of each man's sales during the first year. So that made him a good proposition and by August he was pretty well financed and was ready for the wedding and for a honeymoon out in California.

But it wasn't so well with me. I prepared for the aluminum sales work and went ahead with my studying and tending to business. Along about two or three weeks before school was out, my finances ran out completely. At least so far that I knew all I had left was just enough to get down to the territory where I had been assigned to sell aluminum. So I arranged to quit school two or three weeks early.

I was determined, and stuck with it, to keep my pledge to go to school as long as I could without going into debt. So I quit and packed my trunk and everything and took a train down to the territory that I had been assigned. It was fifty or fifty-five miles southeast of Manchester just at the edge of Indiana, almost on the Indiana- Ohio state line.

Down there is where the homesickness began to take effect. Up to that time I had been with Roy and lots of friends in school and I was about in seventh heaven in being able to be at my school work. The subjects were very interesting, I even enjoyed Latin and Algebra. English was the hardest for me because I had never had very much contact with good English, but I got through it. I think my grades were good in all the subjects. Biology was interesting. Of course one section of that was Botany. We hunted in the woods and found wild flowers and pressed them and took care of them. That connects up with a little story. Being homesick, I went to the pastor of the church and asked him about a good Christian home in which I could arrange for board and room while I went ahead with my work. I went to the home that he recommended and explained what I was up to and that I had consulted with the pastor and he had referred me to them. So I made arrangements to board and room there while I tried out my aluminum business and that worked out beautifully.

Well, that was on a Saturday and the next day was Mother's Day, the second Sunday of May I believe, yes, it was May 9, 1915. I went to Sunday School that morning. Each arrival at the church was given a red carnation to wear. The Sunday School lesson was very interesting and I wore the red carnation. That afternoon, I sat down and wrote a letter home, it being Mother's Day, and I pressed that red carnation as good as I could, as flat as I could, got it into the letter and mailed it home. And that was the last I heard of it until much later. In 1925, at the time of my mother's death, my sisters were going through her things and found this red carnation with a note on it of what it was. They gave it to me and I've kept that carnation ever since. I've used it quite often in Mother's Day programs in churches of various kinds. Just a year ago Mother's Day was the last time I used it that way. I was to fill a pulpit in a church about ninety miles south of Tucson and I took that pressed carnation down there that I had sent to my mother in 1915. Well, that's the story of that.

The work in selling aluminum went fairly well. I would find a lady in a community that would act as hostess; she would invite all her friends and neighbors and I would give a cooking demonstration. I'd bake pancakes and cook various things in the aluminum ware and serve them to the guests. It was an interesting program, and I knew enough readings and Dutch stories and things like that to make a program that seemed to be very much appreciated. Then after the people had been to the demonstration, I would call at the homes and sell what I could of the aluminum ware. I would have done very well if I had been real smart in handling the finances. But I was far too generous, too liberal, and when it came to delivery day - of course we had to take orders and send them in to get the supplies and then make the deliveries. In delivering, I made the mistake of leaving the goods without getting the pay. So by the end of the summer, I wasn't actually very much ahead. I think I started home with a little less than a hundred dollars clear because I had not only forfeited my percentage on the orders that I didn't get paid for but I had to cover the other sixty

percent too. So that cut my earnings down pretty badly but I guess it was good experience.

When the wedding down in Georgia was to take place, I quit the territory and took off for home. I got there a little before Roy and the little Dutch girl came in on the train from Georgia. I remember meeting them at the depot and taking them out to the farm. They were there for a few days and then took off for San Francisco where the 1915 World's Fair was in progress. They went from there down to La Verne where they intended to go on through school. Roy was going to work in the aluminum business there too, to finance going on through school. But it happened that before they got very far in school, a daughter was born and complications developed. But that's another story.

I was at home on the farm again without nearly enough money to go back to school so I attempted a situation at Fredonia. My sister Mary, six years younger than I, had just finished grade school in the country and was ready for high school. A change had occurred in the thinking of our parents. After they got a little different impression of what schooling was for, they had evidently determined that the rest of the youngsters should go through high school. So Mary was starting to high school. I was helping on the farm, working again with dad, not making anything, and I felt that I ought to be in school. So I went to the local high school for I guess maybe a month. But it was not at all satisfactory. Nearly all the student body was from town, very few from the country, and those who were from the country were not from our neighborhood. I wasn't getting acquainted and I didn't like it very well. Cecil Sell, the guy that had been back at Manchester with us, was there too in somewhat the same situation I was; without money enough to go back to school. He was going up into Iowa to pick corn and make a little money, so I decided to go up and pick corn too.

There was a church and some Brethren people at Fernald, Iowa. Cecil was going to work for one Brethren family and I went to work for another. Roy had worked for this same man one year, I suppose it was before he went to Bethany. Anyway, it was before he started selling aluminum. So I went to work for Harry Rebman and Cecil went to work at another farm about a mile away. I picked corn through harvest season and then decided to go and take a winter's term at Bethany. I had enough money to do that so I went into Chicago and attended Bethany for a three-month period. Then it was time for spring work to start out in Iowa so I went back there and got a job working on the farm for thirty-five dollars a month, which was high pay for farm work then. That was more than either of the other fellows that were sort of associated in the group were receiving.

The fellow I worked for was a good farmer all right but he had one handicap. He couldn't go to town without getting in a saloon and coming home drunk. But he was doing very well financially. We had about a hundred and fifty acres in corn that year and over a hundred acres in oats. There was quite a lot of hay, clover and timothy mixed, a pasture lot and other fields that had been turned into pasture in the cycle of farming. I guess it must have been in May that he bought a new Studebaker car. He'd never had a car before. I had driven very little, some in Eddie's cars before going back there, but I studied the book on the Studebaker real good and I soon knew the Studebaker a good deal better than he did. So I drove the Studebaker a whole lot. It occurred occasionally that he would be in town and I would take care of the farming, do the milking and separating and take care of things just as though it were my own. A few times he drove in knowing that he should not be driving. He would have another guy with him and would often ask me to drive for him. We'd take the other guy to his home and I'd bring Clarence back home and I guess when he got in bed, his wife had to take charge of him then. There was a church conference at Des Moines one time and he very willingly let me take the Studebaker and a load of people down to the conference in Des Moines.

When it came time to do the threshing work, we had a Norwegian lad

working too. Taking care of the farm crops that he was handling on his own and having to furnish a man and team for the threshing around a ring of about twenty farmers, required more help. So we had this Norwegian boy. The man I was working for evidently had enough confidence that things would go all right in his absence that he would take advantage of the situation and go on a boozing binge occasionally. During the threshing time, he simply abandoned the whole thing. It's quite a job when you have fifteen or twenty men there in a threshing crew to manage and take care of, assign where the workers are to be, where the grain is to be put and things like that. There's quite a little to look after in a threshing crew. And why I don't know, but when the threshing crew came to his place, he just disappeared. He went to town for something and, I suppose, got in a saloon and didn't come back. The whole threshing crew was there so I went ahead and managed the best I could. One day when I didn't know where he would want the next grain, after we got one bin full, I went to the phone and called the saloon where I knew he would be. I talked to him and he told me where to put it, so I went ahead with the threshing.

About that time, the farmer and his wife decided that since they had a new car, they would take a vacation. So they took a trip back into Indiana to visit relatives. They were going to be gone for a couple of weeks but the threshing ring was only about half through. He left with his wife and two daughters and left me there with the farm and the rest of the threshing ring to supervise. I don't know why, but he had enough confidence in me that he signed a bunch of blank checks and left them for me to take care of things. When we got through with the threshing ring, I paid off the Norwegian boy, then for a few days I batched there alone and took care of things. Finally, one afternoon I was hauling fertilizer out from around the straw stack where the cattle had trampled straw and mixed fertilizer. I was hauling it out to the field and as I drove out of the lot with the manure spreader, the farmer and family drove in. I don't know how they did on the trip but they got back all right.

When the threshing was through, it was about time for the fall plowing. A neighbor over a couple of miles to the southwest had a tractor and I don't know of any other tractor in the whole area for miles around. But Clarence went to town one day and bought a tractor. It was delivered, I believe, on a Saturday. Anyway, I spent a whole lot of Sunday studying the tractor book, the instruction manual. The next day, I started out with the tractor plowing up the fields that had been in oats. We had the oats and meadow area to plow. I suppose it was well over a hundred acres. So I took that tractor and did all of the fall plowing. In the mean time, he was hauling oats to town and coming home pretty well boozed up of course. I enjoyed the plowing and went ahead did it along with the chores and whatever else needed to be done.

Well, everything was fine, and next came cornshucking time. Of course we needed extra help then too, an extra man to pick corn. The first day out picking corn, I shucked and hauled in eighty bushels. And I made up my mind that that was going to be about my average. I didn't want to do what some the other guys did. I think we hired at least four different fellows during the cornshucking period and every one of them would go out and just tear into it like sixty or sixty-five and in a few days they'd come in with a sprained wrist. They would shuck along and do real fine for awhile but when they came to

one ear that grew a little stiffer stem, you know, and gave a yank on that ear to break it off, the wrist would give instead of the corn. They would be crippled up then and have to take off. Several guys did the same thing.

One day during the cornhusking time, I don't know whether he had been in town all night or not, but he came home from town in the middle of the forenoon and came out into the field where another fellow and I were working. He came to me and said, "I want you to take me down to Des Moines to the clinic, to take the cure." I hardly knew what to do. But I quit picking right there in the middle of the field and drove in and talked to the lady. She said that I should go ahead and take him down. I don't know how she and the cornshucking man got along, how they managed the chores and other things at the farm, but I guess they did.

So I took him down to Des Moines. Driving through town, I saw a policeman and stopped to ask him directions to the clinic. He sort of grinned, he knew what I was up to all right, but he showed me the way. I took Clarence to the clinic and he signed in and wrote out his check for the payment. I went to one of the Brethren homes there in Des Moines where we had gotten acquainted earlier during the conference. About noon the next day, I got a phone call. I had left him the information of where I would be. He phoned and said he wanted me to come down right away. So I went to the clinic and talked to him. He was cold sober. He wanted me to go out and get him some clean clothes, clean underwear, everything new. He was a mess and he had just found out what a mess he was. So I went and got things he wanted. I stayed around at the Brethren home for a couple of days, then went back to the farm and started in there again. He came home after, I guess, a week or ten days. He brought some dope along. Whenever he wanted a drink, he was to take a sip of the dope. It evidently satisfied his desire to get at the real booze for awhile.

Well, I'd better bridge in here and tell what happened. In the summer, I had agreed with the lady that if there was any way possible, I would stay until Clarence quit drinking. I had tried to give her encouragement that he would quit sometime. Of course she could't hardly realize it then, but when he wanted to go to the clinic, she was for it. In the meantime, the folks at home had made a proposition. If I would come home and do the farming, take over the fields and let dad take care of the dairy part and do the chores, I would get half of the crop that I would raise. So when cornpicking was over, I was to go home and take over the field part of the farming. Not the chickens, nor the dairy, nor anything of that kind, but just the farm. They were to get half and I was to get half of any crop that was raised. So just a little before Thanksgiving, I think, I went back to the farm at Fredonia and started in there.

During that winter, I got a letter from Clarence's wife. She tried to express her appreciation. She was just very happy with the results they had gotten. Clarence had not taken a drink and was doing fine in managing everything. She couldn't express herself enough. They had made good on the farm, the farm had paid off well. One interesting thing. After we put up the hay crop, I think we got about three tons to the acre of timothy and clover hay, we had let that field lie idle until it was fall plowing time. But in the meantime, the clover had sprung up and gone to seed. So we mowed that and threshed it and

sold the seed. It was interesting to me that the price he got for the clover seed alone from that forty acres was about double the money that I received for my total work on that farm. Just the clover, after the hay crop was off, had more than paid for all my summer's work. They made plenty off the farm that year. And it was just an interesting study, an interesting thing for me to figure out, how things equalize, what it all amounts to. It was a good lesson for me but still the result was that I didn't have nearly enough money to go to school on. So I went home to the farm at Fredonia to see what I could do there and you'll see as we go along now, how it all works out.

As soon as I got back to the home farm near Fredonia, I immediately started planning the arrangement of the fields, cleaning up the fields and getting them ready for plowing. Plowing was quite a different proposition there from what it had been in Iowa just a few months before. In Iowa, I had a tractor for the power part of it and three sixteen-inch moldboard plow bottoms so that it took a forty-eight inch width on each trip across the field. But now in Kansas, I had one sixteen-inch walking plow and the power was three horses. It was quite a job, for the fields had never been plowed very deep. I had learned enough about farming to know that the depth of the soil tillage would make a good bit of difference. So I resolved to plow an inch at least deeper than it was ever plowed before. I held the plow all that I could to make it dig in that way but I had to use a good deal of strength on the handles to make it stay in the right place and really dig in as I wanted it to. Plowing deeper also had another effect. I found out how rocky the fields were. For plowing just that much deeper, caused the plow point to run under the edge of a rock every little bit and I would have to dig up some pretty big rocks and roll them out to the side. Later, I had a job of hauling quite a lot of rocks out of the field as part of getting it ready for the crop next summer.

During the time that I had been away, there was a change in ministers at Fredonia. Wompler, the fellow that I had teased so much before, had moved back to his old home in Warrensburg, Missouri, and another farmer-preacher had come to Fredonia. I think they paid him a little bit but it certainly couldn't have been very much. He too, farmed through the week and preached on Sunday. I soon became involved with church work. I taught a Sunday School class and had a group of a dozen or fifteen young people that would meet every week as a discussion group. We'd select a scriptural text, study it and outline it. I had gotten onto a system of outlining in my months at Bethany. There, I had made a study of the book of Acts and had outlined the entire book. The group started in on that and I suppose we went half way through the book of Acts, outlining the things it indicated as having taken place.

In the spring when planting time came, I planted the Kaffir corn and began taking care of it as required. Between times, I worked for the neighbors and supplemented my income that way, so I would have a little financial gain, whether I happened to raise a crop or not. I was careful in taking care of the crop in the field, cultivating not only for weed control as we used to do, but cultivating after every rain to make a dust mulch on the ground to prevent excess evaporation of moisture and crusting of the ground. The soil that I had turned up, the new subsoil, made quite a difference. A very good stand came up and grew well for a little while, till about through June. Then a drouth set in and through July and August there was very little rain. I took a pair of old corn-planter wheels and I'd hitch one horse to each wheel and drag those wheels flat between the rows. The curvature of the wheels made just a splendid tool to push the soil up to the stalks, to the rows. It kept the ground in ideal condition to conserve whatever moisture was there. But the prospects for the crop were very slim. There was no rain and the crop just stood there. I don't think it was growing at all; it certainly didn't look like it.

During that time in July and August, it didn't take near all of my time to take care of the field and it happened that a cousin of ours died out in Conway Springs, Kansas. I went out there and I don't know where the mother of the girl was, but the daddy stayed at home and worked on the farm quite awhile. So I stayed and helped him on the farm. He was plowing up what had been wheat land while I took care of things in the house, did some chores and things of that kind.

When I got back to Fredonia, one of the deacon brethren in the church was terminally ill. He and his wife were living on a little five-acre patch in a sort of retired situation. But someone had to take care of the chores, milk the cow and take care of the horse and so forth. I guess I sat with him at his bedside most of the time. I was impressed with the fact that he had so centered his attention on the things of this world that he didn't realize what was happening. His whole concern was whether I had fed the horse and milked the cow or had done this thing or that around the place. He was trying all the time to tell me exactly how to do the chores and take care of things. He was more concerned for his animals than he was for himself, and that made an impression on me. Well, I took care of him as long as he lived. His last words were something about how to do the chores. He was still thinking of it.

I guess it was the first days of September when the rains came. It rained and rained and rained. And it was just surprising to see how rapidly the Kaffir corn took off and grew. As I imagine it now, those plants had just stood there and survived. The root system must have been digging in and digging in, going down trying to find moisture. And when the moisture came, I think the new subsoil that I had turned up made that crop do something that we had never seen on that farm before; had never seen a crop on which we had given up hope just grow so rapidly and head out so completely. Before frost, nearly all the crop was fairly well ripened and ready for harvest. We got the corn-binder out and I had somehow made a deal with Dad so that he ran the binder, cut the Kaffir corn, and I shocked it.

A little bit later, after the fodder had cured good, I topped all the Kaffir corn. I had a big knife doohickey on the back and gate of the wagon. I could pick up each bundle and stick the heads into the thing. Then there was a stirrup device down near the ground. With one foot in the stirrup, I could flop that knife down and chop off the Kaffir heads and they would fall in the wagon. I went over the whole field and topped the Kaffir corn and stacked it up on a grass patch where it was too rocky to plow. Another deacon in the church, Ed Sell, had a threshing outfit and we engaged him to come over and do the threshing. The folks' share of the crop, their half of it, was more than had ever been raised on the farm before. And they had all the fodder left in the shocks to feed to the livestock. Through the summer, I had earned a little money working away from home and I had, I believe, a little over six hundred bushels of grain in the bin.

That fall the church deacon board decided to elect a preacher. I didn't know it at the time but learned later that while I had been in Iowa, the Iowa church had sent an official letter to the church in Fredonia asking them to elect me as a minister because the Iowa church wanted me to work up there. But that did not go through. I don't know what the final settlement was or what the decisions were or how they were made. Anyway, in the fall of 1917, I learned that

the Fredonia church was going to elect a minister. A couple of elders from the district were there one Sunday, and after the Sunday School session, they got into the official business. The elders set up a table out in the kitchen and each member of the church, one at a time, was marched out there to cast a ballot before this elders' board. I might say here that at that time in the Brethren Church, ministers were elected in just this way and not consulted beforehand. The church just held an election and in that manner asked the person to accept the office of minister. It was only a year or so later that the system was changed and a young person was then expected to make a request, ask to be licensed. But when this happened to me, it was in such a way that I had nothing to say about it until they, as a church, made the decision. After the voting was done, the announcement was made and then I was asked if I would accept the office. I told them that I would accept on the condition and understanding that I intended to go on to school. Their idea was that I would just settle down there and be their preacher. I accepted with the understanding that if I could make the preparation I felt was necessary, I would make the ministry my vocation. It was only two weeks later, on November 18, 1917, that I preached my first sermon.

I decided that since I had enough money, I would go out to McPherson and go to school for the last half of the school year, the last semester. So in January I went out to McPherson. Of course that ended my work on the farm. The first World War was in such a state that I had already registered for the draft. While waiting for the summons to go, I went out to McPherson, took that semester's work, came back home and still hadn't received my call. So I worked on a farm for one of the Studebaker girl's husband, John Brindle. I worked for him most of the time from the close of school until my call came in July to report for Army service. Before reporting for military service, I had sold my Kaffir corn and invested in Series E bonds. I had, I expect, about seven hundred and fifty dollars in savings ready to start to school whenever I had a chance.

VII

Before going into the Army, I had asked for and received a card from the local draft board which gave me the privilege of choosing non-combatant service. When I was inducted, I presented that card and there was a little hesitancy about it on the part of the fellows that were handling the enrollment. When the word got through that I had requested noncombatant service, I had interviews with some of the higher officials. I suppose one of them must have been up in the very highest ranks. Anyway, I went down to the headquarters building at a certain specified time and had an interview. He asked me a whole lot of questions about my religious background, the church headquarters, what they stood for, what publications they had and things of that kind. He was very courteous and straightforward. He knew what he was doing. Those down in the lower echelons didn't know, didn't understand. They were going just by the propaganda circulating at the time about people that wanted to do constructive rather than destructive work. When I was questioned by anyone in a position to know, with the background to know, I explained that I was willing to do anything constructive, that was helpful, that was needed; I would be glad to work for the good of the country but I had some reservations about killing and destruction. When I presented it that way, the response was that everyone would prefer that. But I said, "Yes, but the government has given us who have this background and teaching and belief, the privilege of choosing noncombatant service" and I had the evidence. So they had nothing to say, they very kindly and straightforwardly handled the situation and I was assigned in the Hospital Corps of the Tenth Division which was in training at Camp Funston, Kansas. Camp Funston was really an addition to Fort Riley but of course became many times bigger than Fort Riley. Fort Riley was the old Army station and Camp Funston was what it became during the first World War.

I guess it must have been in September when the flu epidemic hit the country. The Tenth Division was just about ready to go to the port for shipment to Europe but the flu epidemic hit and that held them there for quite awhile. When the flu epidemic hit the camp, a great many barracks buildings were turned into temporary hospital wards. Each barracks building held about a hundred and fifty patients. For a week or two, I worked in just one section under a top guy who was over the entire building. He, of course, reported to a nurse and the nurse to the doctor so that there was a line of responsibility as near as could be defined with the limited staff of professional people. One day during the third week that I worked in those barracks building wards, I had a talk with the nurse. She was not at all satisfied with the way the building was being managed and she asked me to take the job of supervising the work of the men in the various sections of the building.

From then on, my task was mainly to take the temperature and pulse of a hundred and fifty patients and keep records. Also to tell each man as to what needed to be done in his section of the building. When the nurse came in, I would tell her which ones needed special attention and she would examine those whose temperatures indicated need or anything of that kind. According to the temperatures, I also made out the menus. There were different classes of menu, liquid, light and complete diet. I would order from the kitchen the type of diet each

patient was to have. If the nurse found in her check up that more attention was needed, the doctor on his rounds would check those patients that she indicated. I recall an instance when everyone in the building had been doing very well for two or three days. A bunch of them were well enough that they would get up from their cots and stand around the windows and doors and look out, and it was a kind of misty, hazy day. This was perhaps during the first week or two of October. I tried to get them to stay on their cots and not be so close to the open air but that was pretty hard to do. When a fellow has been down for awhile, he wants to get his nose out a window or door. Well, the next day there was quite a reversal in the building. We sent eight or ten men to the hospital with pneumonia that next day. It was noticeable that most of the men were those that had been up the day before standing by the windows and doors, exposing themselves too much.

By the time the flu epidemic was pretty well cleared up, the whole Division was getting ready pretty fast to be shipped overseas. When that got pretty well under way, I recall that every day for it seems like a couple of weeks at least, everybody in the whole unit would pack up all his equipment and go out to the drill field. The coaches and trains were on the tracks and we were expecting any time to get an order to board the train and go. Every guy had all his equipment and was ready to step on the train at any minute. A little while before meal time, the cooks would be ordered to hike back and prepare a meal. That period of time when we were expecting to get on the train any minute, is the only time I remember of our diet being at all short, but it was a little skimpy then.

Speaking of diet reminds me of a little more of the flu period. While I was in charge of that building, and the flu epidemic was on, I followed the course of using the light diet all the time, the same that was prescribed for patients that were just recovering. I had worked there in the building for about six weeks before I finally succumbed to the flu, and then it was very light. But there was one thing that was interesting. When I took the flu and reported to the doctor, I told him that I was running a temperature and was evidently taking it. He gave me the same medicine that he gave all the other patients that reported in sick, but one thing he didn't do. He did not give me the tablespoon full of whisky like he gave everybody else. I don't know why, don't know how he knew that I would prefer not to take it, but he didn't offer me the whisky. He asked me where there was an empty bed in the building. I knew, and told him where I wanted to go, so I was assigned there. Over the next few days, the flu epidemic was slowing up a good deal and there wasn't so much rush in the building. There were more empty cots and the men were in much better condition.

There's been very few times in my lifetime when I have felt that I had more friends than during the time I was in bed with the flu. Of course the men all knew me well and those who were well enough to be away from their cots would congregate around my bed. They would sit on all the bunks that were available and those that couldn't sit close enough that way would stand up. We had a good many interesting discussions. It wasn't like the usual Army conversation. It was more like a discussion group of serious minded people. The men were ready to discuss things that they wouldn't have talked about in an ordinary Army group, a group of soldiers. We even discussed quite a

bit of scripture and philosophy and we used quite a few hymns. It got to be almost a regular church service.

Well, the Tenth Division didn't get to go to the train. On the eleventh of November, the word came that the armistice had been signed. So we didn't go to the drill field with all our packs any more. But there were several days of uncertainty, nobody knew what to do. The restrictions were modified a great deal and everyone was thinking and wondering when they would get out of the Army and be going home. It seemed to be a much slower process than most of the men thought it should be. They figured that they should be home tomorrow, or next week at the latest, but it didn't work out that way; it worked out over a long period of time.

Quite a few of the men were allowed to go over to Manhattan to the State Agricultural College and take some school work. Well, as long as they were in the Army, the Army had to take care of them. So a doctor was assigned to go over to Manhattan and four or five of us guys in the Medical Corps were also sent over. We had a little infirmary there, a place where we could take care of a few men. I suppose we could have taken care of six or eight at a time but we never had our cots full. Because I had driven a car and had some experience with the Studebaker and tractor up in Iowa, I was assigned as the ambulance driver. My job was to take any men who were ill back to the base hospital at Fort Riley.

After the Manhattan experience, a few of us were sent down to St. Louis where a specialized hospital was being equipped and gotten ready to receive the men who had been injured in Europe. I worked in that hospital for the rest of my time in service. It was interesting there. For the first few weeks there wasn't much to do because the patients hadn't come in yet. Finally, a few shipments of patients arrived. It was a specialized hospital to work on those who had been injured about the head. I suppose now it would be called plastic surgery. The fellows that came in there were a sight to see; all kinds of head wounds from shrapnel and so forth. Any head that could still serve the purpose of a head, and the man could live at all, could be found there. But that was what they were there for, to be rehabilitated and fixed up in the best way possible.

I don't suppose there were ever more than a couple of hundred patients shipped in there before the order came to close the hospital. Of course now I understand why. All of the equipment for the hospital had been planned for before the armistice and of course the financial interests back of it couldn't be just shut off. The hospital had to be equipped and supplied and all the profits made from it and then they were ready to disband it. So the hospital closed and that's when I and all the others that had been sent there were released, given our discharges. We had been in service a good deal longer than the average enlisted man because of the type of work we were doing. Our work was essential to the equipping and carrying on of this hospital, which I think a whole lot of people knew from the beginning would never be used. But that's another side of the Army story. I forget just how many millionaires it was, the proportion; I believe it was said that for every four men killed in Europe, there was a new millionaire made in the United States. And I have seen that duplicated in later years.

I saved every cent that I could during the Army service. We sure

didn't get much, by the time our insurance was taken out, when all the deducts were made, there wasn't much left. And what was left, I would loan to the guys that gambled all their money away the first day or two after payday and would then come to me for a loan. I loaned a lot of money during those days, with no interest, and I learned one thing. If those men knew that I depended on them, they were trustworthy. The next payday, they would come around and pay me what they owed me before they started gambling. I don't remember that I ever lost a cent, and as careful and concerned as I was, I'm sure if I'd lost anything, I'd remember it. If any man had failed to repay me, I think I'd remember him to this day. I think I got back everything I loaned and I know I made a lot of friends that way. The men knew that they could depend on me and that I depended on them.

Well, I was finally discharged, I think it was about the nineteenth of June 1919. We were paid sixty dollars discharge fee, or whatever it was called, and our railroad fare home. I wore my uniform on the train from St. Louis to Fredonia.

VIII

I got off the train in Fredonia and started walking out toward the farm. For some reason the family happened to be coming in toward town that Sunday afternoon and I met them about where the Calvin Studebakers live now. My first job in my new civilian life was pitching hay into a haybaler. I fed a haybaler from the time I got out of the Army until it was time for me to go back to school at McPherson in September. One thing interrupted the haybaling. A lady wanted me to conduct her wedding ceremony so I took an afternoon off from the haybaling job and conducted my first wedding. That was in Fredonia in August 1919. It was an interesting experience. So far as I know, we got through it all right and I went back to feeding the haybaler.

When school time came, I had enough saved up so that I didn't have to disturb my Series E bonds for the first year in school. So I was all ready to go back to school in the fall of 1919 as I approached my twenty-fifth birthday and that's when matters changed rather interestingly.

I suppose we might call it fate, I would just as soon call it divine providence or some kindred spirit or that a guiding angel was in control of the situation. As I was on the train on the way to McPherson, a lady that I had met incidentally a couple of times before in my lifetime, was on the train and we recognized each other and chatted some on the train as we journeyed on toward McPherson. I don't remember how we got from the train to the school. But I got busy and found a place to room and board. It was upstairs in a house where a man and his wife rented the property and boarded students. Four of us fellows had rooms upstairs, and that was all arranged all right. A few days later, somehow this same lady that I had met on the train coming out appeared downstairs when we went down for a meal. This young lady was down there as a helper, a kitchen helper. She had a job supposedly for the school year, and that was interesting. I don't know whether it was the first Sunday or the fourth or when, but it wasn't long until whenever there was any spare time, she and I were walking around together visiting the little parks downtown and feeding the ducks and things of that kind that were interesting. Well, I began developing a guilty conscience because I didn't think it was quite ethical for a person to be getting interested in two young ladies at the same time.

During the summer in St. Louis, I had gotten acquainted with a little lady that attended a Presbyterian Church which was near the hospital where I was working. I attended that church too and in the young peoples' meetings got acquainted with quite a few of the group and joined in some of their social activities. This little lady was an interesting personality and was quite a pert and intelligent lady. She had a job as a telegraph operator, working for the government during the war, and I guess she handled some pretty sensitive communications. Anyway, a whole lot of her work would have been classified as secret information by today's standards. This situation at McPherson, getting acquainted with another young lady and beginning to have Sunday afternoon walks and talks and so forth, got on my mind. So I had to write to this lady in St. Louis and tell her that I had gotten acquainted with another lady and that I thought maybe we had better discontinue our correspondence. I got a letter back that was rather pathetic. I guess that was the last of a series of a half a dozen or

so ladies that I either knew at the time or learned later were somewhat - maybe we should say disappointed. And I found out that some parents were disappointed too. In one or two cases, I think the parents were as anxious as the ladies were to have something develop that would have a more lasting effect.

But that's the way it was, so we continued our acquaintance and strolls and talks. Of course eating three meals together in the kitchen, it seemed just like the working of fate or something of that kind. She was classified as almost a year ahead of me in school, I guess maybe a full year ahead, and was therefore more - oh, I guess you would say, more advanced than I was.

I transferred my credits that I had earned at Bethany Bible School in 1916 to the academy at McPherson. That, added to the half year that I had spent at McPherson during the last semester of the 1918 school year, classified me as a junior in the academy. I might note here that a great many divinity schools and so-called seminaries are maintained, not for the education of ministers, but for the training of ministers, for indoctrinating the ministers for that one narrow denominational viewpoint and doctrine, so that they will remain faithful in their work to that denomination. And so it was that when the first seminary for the Church of the Brethren was organized, I believe it was in 1908 that it started, they took students from all levels. I spoke before about my brother Roy attending there for two full terms of school when he hadn't even started to high school nor academy. Of the people that were prepared for the ministry, some had finished high school and some had even finished college. A few, but very few, in the Brethren Church, had finished college at that time. Because of the status of the school, I figured that the work I did there was on a level with academy work, so I put it in on my academy credits at McPherson.

Things went along evenly until in the spring. Well, I'd better tell about our Sunday School class. There was a young men's Sunday School class that met each Sunday, and then of course we attended church. I happened to be president of the class. Along in the spring, one of the members became ill. He lived on a farm about two and a half miles or so from town, from the college. I spoke to the group that morning in the Sunday School class and asked how many would like to take a walk out in the country and visit this member who was ill. Quite a little group agreed to go so after the noon hour, we got together and walked out to the farm and had a good visit. The ill member wasn't so very ill anymore, he was getting along pretty well. We looked around the farm and just had a good Sunday afternoon together, the whole group of us, then walked back to town.

After supper that evening, it happened that I was with the young lady that was assisting downstairs. I'm not sure whether she had all the dishes done yet or not. Sometimes I kind-of hung around while she was doing dishes, and maybe I dried a dish or two once in awhile. Anyway, I remember we were sitting at a table, kind-of across the corner from each other. She got around to expressing herself as to how lonely she had been that afternoon and how she had missed our afternoon walk. I don't know exactly how it happened but I said something that reminds me of a story. A guy and his lady were riding along and got into a conversation that turned out to be, was assumed to be, a proposal. So the fellow got real quiet and silent as they drove along in the buggy for a mile or two. He hadn't said anything

for a long while and she wanted to know why he didn't say something. He replied, "I was just thinking that too much had been said already." Well, I didn't feel that way about it necessarily but I knew my resolution quite well. I guess I had the presence of mind to remember that I was not going to go to school or get involved in anything else until I had the financial means to complete the schooling that I felt I needed. So I must have said something like, "If you feel that way about it, we'll just have to wait until we get through school, then maybe we can make arrangements to be together practically all the time."

Up until this time, I had been exceedingly ignorant of the methods of expressing romantic feelings. But I got a lesson then and there in the art of embracing to express appreciation or love or whatever it may be called, the romantic inclination, and I hardly knew what had happened. I remember writing in my diary when I got upstairs. I wrote of course about the day, the Sunday and the trip out to the farm and so forth. Then I tried to write something about the evening downstairs, and I remember I just wrote a question, "Well, what did happen?" I wish I had that diary book now, I'd like to look it over. I think it might be interesting. We kind-of had an understanding after that, that sometime in the future we might have a closer relationship. And our expressions of our feelings took a little different course than it ever had before. Never before in my life, with any other lady either, had I indulged in what later came to be called "necking." Flirtations and things of that type had never appealed to me very much. I liked people and had a lot of fun with a lot of different people. And when everybody else in a group was paired off, it was natural that I would associate with one lady more than with the other members of the group. These six or so that I referred to, came along in that list, I enjoyed their company and appreciated the personality of the different ones but that's as far as it went. But now, fate had led into a more complicated situation.

Well, spring came and the school term closed. That summer, I again went back to the sale of Wear-Ever, the aluminum business. I had a territory up at Ramona, Kansas. There was a neighboring town just north of Ramona by the name of Hope. Both towns were in Marion County. I boarded in Hope and traveled out from there selling aluminum ware. But during harvest time, when wages were good, I worked on a farm. There was a Brethren Church there and quite a few times during the summer, I was asked to give the sermon at the church. There was a pastor there by the name of Hickman, but I preached at the church quite often. So the summer went and I added a little bit more to my savings account, a little more than it would take for the next school year. My finances looked pretty good, for during the school year I never worked, never had remunerative employment during the school term. But during the summers, I did my best to add whatever I could to the savings fund as a backlog assurance that I could continue in school.

So it was back to school in the fall, the fall of 1920. My sister Mary came out to McPherson to go to school that year. She had finished high school at Fredonia. So she was ready for her first year in college. I was taking part college work that year, in fact, quite a bit of college work. I took heavy schedules of study, and not having other laborer work to do to be earning money during the school year, I could dig in and carry a very heavy load. I guess, because my

grades were such that the faculty felt it was justified, they allowed me to do it. I believe that was the first year that I was on a debate team and got into that activity. For the remaining years in college, I continued on the debate team and was president of the debate society part of the time. In those three years, the McPherson College debate team took the state championship one year and was beaten only by the championship team the other two years.

Well, Gladys was taking her sophomore year in college that year. So Mary and I and Gladys ran around together a good deal. I planned to sell Wear-Ever again that summer so I got a few other fellows interested and signed them up and designated their territories for them to sell aluminum also. That way, I had a little bit better income the next summer by selling not only what I could, but getting a little commission from the sales of each of the other fellows. They got their basic commission and I got a little bit on top of that.

In the summer of 1921, immediately after the close of school at McPherson, our family at home, that is my parents and their children, all assembled out on the farm and we had a family reunion. While there, I had a chance to buy a used Ford to help me in my aluminum business. When our family reunion was over, I got in my Ford and hiked off toward my territory for the summer. This time it was just north of Abilene, Kansas, at a place called Buckeye. I found a place to board out on a farm. I worked some on the farm during harvest time that year and I preached quite a number of sermons at the Buckeye Church of the Brethren. I did my aluminum work and of course by the advantage of having other salesmen working, I made good that summer. By fall, I had a savings account of something over a thousand dollars. I went back to school and this next winter I roomed with a fellow by the name of Jay Eller. He and I batched and made it as economical as we possibly could because he needed to, and I still felt that I wanted to save all that I could. I was looking forward to something different.

I guess Gladys was looking forward to something different too. She got a job teaching for that school year in a junior high school. Maybe it was all junior high, I don't know, but it included junior high and maybe some of the grades. I guess she had quite a time teaching that year, but that would have to go in her story. But I do remember that in writing, we figured that in addition to the thousand dollars I had saved up, she would have a good income that year and she seemed to indicate that she would have a similar amount saved. So we sort-of agreed that a wedding would take place in the next summer, the summer of 1922. So we worked along in that direction.

In the summer of 1922 it turned out that, since I thought I had a pretty good fund to work on to go through school, I accepted a job that the district mission board asked me to do. There was a country church out about twenty-two miles north of Garden City. It was a little town called Friend and the church was out a couple of miles west of town. It had been served by a farmer-minister who had lived there for many years and preached in the church. But somehow he had gotten the Florida fever. Land developers in Florida had persuaded him to move down there. The district mission board wanted to know what to do with that church and asked me if I would go out in the summer and make a survey and have a report ready by fall so that they would know what procedure to take.

I went out there, and interestingly enough, a daughter of the deacon that I had helped with in his last two or three weeks of life at Fredonia some two or three years before this, lived out there on a farm. A daughter of this Johnny Mesner and her husband Floyd Kuntz lived out there on a farm and the arrangement the church had made was that I would board with them. They had a pony that they loaned me and I rode horseback to make the survey. I visited every home within a radius of five miles of the church. I called at each home, listed the names of the family members and found out what church relationship they had, if any, and so forth. I had a complete community survey of all the people living within five miles of the church. It happened that some of the members lived a little outside of the five-mile area, but they were already established members of the church and weren't included in the survey. I did some other church work, preaching at the church and so forth, during the time that I was doing the survey. We organized a vacation Bible school and I ran that for a couple of weeks before harvest time.

When harvest time came, I had the survey finished and the vacation school had completed, so I started working in the harvest again. But the harvest was cut pretty short. A big storm came and hail completely destroyed everything still in the fields. The wheat that was standing in the fields was not only threshed, but the straw was just beaten into the ground. The hail killed so many jackrabbits along the road, I don't remember exactly but I know it was somewhere in the twenties, that I counted dead within a one mile distance along the road. That was bad enough, but after the harvest was finished by the storm, Floyd Kuntz and I went down to Garden City. I don't know why we were down there, I suppose it was something related to church work. Anyway, we were down there over night and the next morning we heard that there had been another terrible storm up at Friend. So we got back up there and found that the storm certainly had been bad. Two school buildings from the smaller districts around had been moved together when the schools were consolidated. After this storm those school buildings looked like a pile of kindling wood had just been mixed up with a great big mixer. I guess that's what that storm was, a big mixer. Two boxcars that had been on the siding there at Friend had been blown over, blown clear off the tracks, and were lying on their side.

IX

A wedding had been arranged for only a few days after the storm at Friend. For earlier in the spring, while I was at McPherson and Gladys was teaching, there had been a decision. I had been able to build up on my school fund every year in addition to my school expenses and had over a thousand dollars stored up. In our correspondence, Gladys estimated that she would have a similar amount so we figured why delay, why not get married this summer and go to school together the last two years, our last two college years. So it had been planned that way.

On July 26, 1922, I took off from working on the farm, working in the fields for a neighbor close by, and borrowed a Ford from another neighbor. I drove the twenty-two miles down to Garden City and met an early train. Gladys, her mother and father and I guess her brother and sister were all on that train. I don't remember her brother and sister being there but they surely must have been. But I know at least, that Gladys was, and her mother and father. We drove the twenty-two miles back up to Friend. The old Ford, for it was an old one, wasn't coughing just right so I worked on the Ford a good part of the day. The home that I was living in and where the wedding was to take place was just over the Scott County line, north of Finney County of which Garden City is the county seat. So it was wise that I go up to Scott City to get the marriage license. So Gladys' father and I drove up to Scott City. It was a hot little summer town and some guys were sitting out on the street. We asked them where the courthouse was. They pointed to a building right across the street. We went in, and there was the guy that handled the marriage license business. I asked him how much he would charge for a marriage license on a hot day like this. He told me, so I paid it and signed it all up. We hiked back to the farm and I tinkered with the Ford a little bit more.

About four o'clock in the afternoon we got together and stood up on the wrong side of each other and her dad performed the wedding ceremony. He was a well established preacher all right but I guess it was the first wedding he had ever conducted. But that didn't make any difference, we got through it all right. Later that evening, Gladys and I took the folks down to the depot in Garden City where they were to catch a train on out to Colorado. They were on the move from their former home in Chanute, Kansas to Sterling, Colorado. He was going to a Church of the Brethren out there to take charge as pastor of the church.

We visited around among the members of the community for the rest of the summer, until school was to start in September. We were going to take the train up to Scott City, then across and finally down to McPherson. We went down to the station at Friend and sat there and waited and waited and waited for the train to come by. Finally, a man rode in on horseback and said the train was stopped about fifteen miles south of there. The grates had fallen out of the firebox and they had to wait for the engine to cool off before they could put them back in. Then they would have to fire up and build up steam again before they could take off. So we waited at the depot for a long time; it was a great way to get a start. But the train finally came in and we got up to Scott City.

Again, Gladys and I came into McPherson on the train together. I had enjoyed the summer at Friend so far as the church work was concerned. I think I did what the district board wanted, they seemed well pleased at least with the report that I submitted. I had made a complete survey of the community and had certainly given them a good basis for making a decision, had a decision still been needed. The fact of the matter was, the former preacher that had moved down to Florida had come back to Friend. He brought back his poor old bony horses, that he had taken down to Florida, and brought back some of his machinery and equipment. He had a whole carload of stuff and I helped him move into a home there in the community. Finally he got settled again. He had found out when he got down to Florida, and had been there less than a year, how he had been gypped into buying swamp land. I guess he really got stung on it and he got so disgusted that he just threw in the sponge and moved back to Friend. So he was there to take charge of the church work again and was happy to be back. That ended the work that I did in the community for the district board of the church. If they had known what he was going to do, they wouldn't have needed to send me out there in that country at all. But that's the way things work out sometimes. It was an interesting experience for me and gave me one special picture.

Later on in this account, I may give a report on the different churches that I served in different situations. There was certainly no other church like this one, where within a radius of five miles there was no other church organization or Sunday School of any kind. One interesting event occurred a couple of weeks before we left. They had a church gathering, the Sunday School of course and the regular church service in the morning, then at noon there was a big basket dinner for everybody. We counted the folks that day and found many more people than we ever expected or considered likely. There was over seventy-five percent of the total population that lived within the five-mile radius which I had canvassed earlier in the spring. So we considered our work there, in that sense, very worthwhile. It was interesting, and it has been interesting later to compare it with other church situations in which we have worked.

Well, it didn't take us long to get settled in our rooms at McPherson. In the spring before leaving school, I had rented the same rooms that my room mate and I had batched in the year before so that having already planned the wedding, we would have a place to go. So all we had to do was move our things in. Some of my things were already there of course, most everything I needed, but Gladys had quite a few things to move in. There was a little table for the kitchen function with a little kerosene stove to cook on, and we had some apple boxes piled up with a curtain around them for storage of various things. That was the type of equipment we had to use for that winter.

The arrangement of our courses was soon completed, all the enrollment situation taken care of and the tuition paid. But in the process, something developed that was different than what I had anticipated. Gladys hadn't been able to save as much as she had figured she would and it became evident that we had to live on just what I had saved; and that gave me some concern. For it was evident that we would not be able to go through two years of school on that. So I had a problem. I thought for quite a little while on it. I considered whether or not it would be good to go back in the aluminum

business. I had sold the Ford in the spring to the man that I had roomed with the year before. He was in the aluminum business, the agency part of it, signing up other fellows and sending them out to sell. So if I had gone back into the business, I wouldn't have had that advantage. Also, the aluminum wasn't selling as well as it had in the years before. I don't know why, maybe the beginnings of the depression feelings were coming on or something. We went along with the school work and finally a situation developed that gave a little prospect. I had always resolved not to work during the school year, the school term; resolved that I would earn all I could in the summers and then concentrate on school during the school season. But now I found an opportunity to change the plan.

Through the past two or three years, I had gone out occasionally to neighboring churches to fill in when a minister would be away. Several of the older ministers in the school had pastorates that they would go out to over the weekends. When they had a conflict in schedules or something that they really needed to do, they would ask me to go out and fill their place. I had contacted several churches in that way and the work under the mission board out at Friend gave me new contacts, a new opportunity for the people of the church to become acquainted with me. So a situation developed down at Darlow, Kansas, about twelve miles southwest of Hutchinson, making it about fifty miles from McPherson. The church there, the Prairie View Church I believe they called it, needed a pastor. I think it was one of the members of the district mission board who came to me and asked if I would take that church at the close of school in the spring and then continue on through my senior year. I don't remember how much we were paid, I don't even remember how we were paid out at Friend, but it wasn't anything like the aluminum business receipts. But I finally agreed that when school was out in 1923, we would go down to Darlow and take the pastorate of the church for the full year's time, until we were graduating from school in the spring of 1924.

So that's what we did. We got through the school year all right and made the simple move down to Darlow. We didn't have very many things that we needed to take. We lived upstairs in a large house where only an elderly man and his wife, who ran the little store and the Post Office next door, lived and they had a grandson living with them. We just had two rooms and of course a little kerosene stove to cook on. Our accommodations were about as meager, I guess, as those we had at McPherson. We got acquainted there with a lot of nice people. The church was out in the country about two miles from Darlow. The church work went well and I was able to find plenty of work on the surrounding farms. I worked of course through the harvest and threshing seasons and helped with other things as needed.

There was a neighbor who lived a couple of miles from the church and about the same distance from Darlow but in a different direction. The farmer and his wife wanted to take a vacation after the heavy work of summer threshing and all that, so we arranged to go out and live on the farm and take care of the chores, livestock, poultry, garden and things of that kind. That way our groceries were partly taken care of by having the garden and poultry and cows. I don't remember whether we sold cream or milk. I think we just sold cream and fed the milk to the chickens and pigs. It was a good arrangement. It wasn't nearly as heavy work for me as it had been through harvest and threshing time. So we had at least two weeks and maybe more of living

there on the farm taking care of it as though it were our own.

During that time, I was out in the farmyard working one day when a young lady walked up from a house about a mile and a half down the road to the west. She wanted me to conduct a wedding. So we did, we had an outdoor wedding a little while after that, before time for school to begin anyway. An outdoor wedding was a thing I would remember. Many years later, after we had retired and were up in Rocky Mountain National Park one summer, a student preacher who held church services on Sunday and worked in the cafeteria during the week, came to see us when he found out our name. He and his wife came and got acquainted and told us that this lady and her husband that I had married back in 1923 in the outdoor ceremony there on the farm had been trying for several years to find out where we were. So we began corresponding with them. They had been school teachers a long time, then he had gotten into the Postal system and had carried mail in Hutchinson for a number of years. Now they were retired and living there in Hutchinson. So in our traveling about, we visited in their home a few times. They have been out here in Arizona since we have been living here and have visited in our home several times since we have quit traveling.

Before moving down to Darlow in the spring of 1923, I had been on a debate trip down to Wichita. After the debate was over, I don't remember just why, but anyway, my partner and I stayed overnight someplace. The next day, I went to a Ford agency and bought another Ford. With the arrangement to do this work down in Darlow, I knew I would have to have transportation back and forth. It would have been utterly impossible to try to depend on any other type of transportation to get down there for every weekend. So the last part of the school year at McPherson that spring, we had a little runabout Ford. And of course I had to work it over and tinker with it and get it all tuned up for the real job. My gracious, the roads we had to drive on! The eight or ten miles from Hutchinson up to Medora, was what you might call a sidewalk. It was a pavement but only wide enough for one car and if you met anybody, someone had to get off or half off or something in order to pass. But it helped a little - well, it helped a whole lot when the roads were muddy. That little Ford! Boy, it would grind away and grind away going in low gear a whole lot of the time when it was muddy, but I would just follow the ruts and go through. Used chains once in awhile. Sometimes it was snowing, but weather or not, we went through. There was only one time, when a blizzard came through, that the trip took two days. I think I got back to McPherson on a Tuesday evening, by just going as far as I could each day and finally getting back in that little Ford. It sure did its part!

The church work in Darlow was interesting. There were some very fine people there, rural people of course. Working with them in the summer in the fields helped me to get acquainted. We enjoyed our work. Another feature of it was an old people's home just north of the church, what would have been a couple of city blocks. They were mostly elderly people with the Church of the Brethren background, quite a few of them. Poverty cases to some extent, but I don't think all of them were. Each single person had a room or a couple would have a room together. There was a large assembly room, a parlor where they had a piano and arrangements as a get-together place for the group. I conducted services there several times for those who

were unable to get down to the church. Quite a few of them could get about and they would be down to the church, but of course there were quite a few also who couldn't get out. The home was run by a board organized under the district, I believe under all of the districts in the State of Kansas. Anyway, that home made our church work somewhat different and interesting. I had two or three funerals from the home. I don't remember any funerals from the community.

We had a very good vacation church school there at Darlow. That was probably pretty soon after school was out in the spring. The weather got quite rainy during the school and people brought the kids to the church in lumber wagons. Someone would hitch a team to a lumber wagon and bring all the kids from one direction. It was kind of like running a bus system but they brought kids to the church that way from different directions, one person bringing kids from quite a few families. They came to the church school in lumber wagons! That was interesting!

I think it must have been right soon after the vacation school was over that Gladys took a trip out to Sterling, Colorado, to visit her relatives in their new home. I went ahead working in the harvest fields. After she came back and harvest was over, we went out to the farm I spoke about and lived there for two weeks or so.

The superintendent of the Brethren home there at Darlow had a house up in McPherson about a block from the middle of the campus. I had lived upstairs and batched there when I first went out to McPherson for the last semester in 1918 before going into the Army. Later, my sister Mary and I had batched in the same house. That was during the 1920-21 school term. Now it developed that Gladys and I would live in that same house through the school year of 1923-24. The superintendent of the Brethren home at Darlow owned the house and needed a married couple to take care of the property. He offered us free rent of the downstairs portion so he could rent the upstairs to other students. So we moved into his house in McPherson.

Soon after we got enrolled in our courses of study, Gladys began to have suspicions and discovered that she was pregnant. And that started a whole new line of interest. We had managed all right so it would be after school was out in the spring, but I think we had intended to manage a little longer. Anyway, it worked out that the school term would be through about the time that our first child should be born. Several things became interesting as a result of that. One thing very interesting to me is that while we were out at Darlow in the summer and our first wedding anniversary came around, among other things in the celebration, we weighed ourselves and found that we both were almost exactly the same, one hundred and thirty-five pounds. Soon after discovering that she was pregnant, Gladys increased her appetite and began putting on a bit more weight. She sure fulfilled the traditional thing of increasing appetite. In the spring I remember, and she does too, that she would sit out in the yard and pull grass, clean it off and eat it. She had a craving for greens. We should have lived out where we could have a garden, but we didn't, so she did the best she could. She grew in weight and became more beautiful than she had ever been before. She was a very neat looking girl before but now she filled out and became a real woman. One of the favorite pictures I have of her was where she was sitting out on a well curb. That must have been in February or March before Orlin was born in the spring.

Gladys had also changed her courses. It wasn't very customary in those years for a lady that showed any evidence of pregnancy to associate very much in public, in the school and so forth. So Gladys made arrangements with her professors to do her work by sort of a correspondence method. I don't remember how much they coached her, but they at least gave her assignments that she was to do, and she did the work in written form. That's the way she finished her school courses, because it would have been considered improper for her to be appearing too much in public. When the school term ended, the baby hadn't arrived yet so we stayed in the house where we had lived during the school year. Finally, on June thirteenth, a Friday, the baby was born. A fine little boy. We named him Oliver Orlin. He has later dropped the name Oliver and just uses Orlin.

While the mother and baby were still in the hospital, I had an opportunity to make a transition on the Ford. It had been a runabout from the time we had bought it until now, but with the increase in the family, we needed a larger capacity Ford. So I traded the runabout body for a touring car body and made the change while they were still in the hospital. I took Gladys to the hospital in a runabout and when I went to get her, I had a touring car. And the touring car had one feature that had been a remodeling job. The corners of the front seat had been cut down and the back of the seat had been hinged so that it would lay down just to the cushions of the back seat. When it was laid down, it made a good bed.

When Gladys and Orlin came home from the hospital, I think they were at home only a day or two until we loaded them into the Ford and a lady student that Gladys had associated with quite a bit named Lavera went with us down to Fredonia. For it had been arranged that Gladys and Orlin would stay with my parents near Fredonia while I did my summer traveling on behalf of McPherson College. We felt that we needed an extra nurse-lady to go along so Lavera went with us and helped with things. I don't know how long she stayed in Fredonia or how she got back to McPherson because I wasn't there when she left. I just got Gladys and Orlin settled at Fredonia, then hiked out to do my traveling work for the college.

I had a good summer experience. One of the interesting stops was at Warrensburg, Missouri, where there were quite a few Brethren families which gave me quite a bit of work to do there. In fact, there were two churches there, one in town and one out in the country. There was quite a group of young people. Many had attended school at McPherson and several more were interested, so I spent some time there. One thing that was interesting was that the student-pastor there was from McPherson, another member of our debate team, and I got to hear him preach. I preached a time or two while I was there. But the really interesting thing was that the minister that I had teased so much back at Fredonia, before I got away to go to school, lived there in Warrensburg. He had been a widower when he was at Fredonia. But he had remarried and lived there in Warrensburg and I had a meal with them in their home. It was an interesting situation. I had just finished college and was traveling for the school and he was living there in retirement. I remembered his doubts about me there in Fredonia and that added a little zip to the experience. Another thing that happened there at Warrensburg was when one of the families that had students in school at McPherson, took an afternoon off and we went down someplace, I don't know just where it was or what kind of mountain it was considered to be, but we spent an afternoon exploring a cave. Back in the cave of course we had flashlights. It was a new experience for me and quite interesting. Of course I've been in larger caves like Carlsbad Caverns and others since then but that was my first experience in a cave.

I traveled through the summer in Oklahoma, Eastern Kansas and Missouri as planned and went back to Fredonia to pick up Gladys and Orlin. We made the drive from there out to Bloom where I was to teach in the high school and take charge of the church work. We had no more than gotten out there and settled until, I expect it was about two weeks before school would start, I received a letter from McPherson. They wanted me to cover another church district for the college if I possibly could. So I took off again and toured the Northwest Kansas district interviewing prospective students as I had before, then got back to Bloom in time to start teaching in the high school.

When I got back from traveling before school started, I found that Gladys had been having quite a bit of trouble with Orlin. We took him to a doctor who said he was just starved. Gladys had been trying to breast feed him and he hadn't been getting enough food. So the doctor had her start giving him cows' milk. I'm not sure whether or not it was adjusted into any formula type, but when he started

getting it is when he started to really grow. My goodness, the mistake we could have made with him if we hadn't taken him to that doctor, for at three months, he didn't weigh any more than he did when he was born. That now seems very hazardous, but he had the constitution to overcome it and did well enough afterward to make up for it.

The teaching experience was extremely interesting. I had plenty of work and got along fine with the students. I don't remember the enrollment but it was a school with four teachers besides the principal. The principal had charge of the high school and the grade school too but they were in separate buildings. I figured out one day when it became noticeable to me, that with four teachers in the school, I had over fifty percent of the student hours. Adding up the number of students in my four classes and considering the entire student body, made it appear at least, that I had over fifty percent of the teaching load in the school so far as student hours were concerned. I was teaching Latin, General Science, Algebra and English.

I had no trouble at all at the school, no discipline problems, and the students did well. I told them at the beginning that I was not there as a policeman to keep order. I was there simply to help them fulfill the requirements for high school graduation. Several of them in Algebra and Geometry, and I think one or two in Latin, had flunked their courses the year before. I explained that I wasn't going to try to make them learn anything but that I was there to help. The only rule in the classroom was that if anyone wasn't interested in the work, if they didn't want to study, if they didn't want to prepare to pass the examinations, all I would ask of them was not to bother those who did want to study and prepare themselves to meet the state requirements. Anyone who didn't want to study could sit and think or do anything else quietly in his seat but shouldn't bother anybody else. It established a good relationship with all the students. I know some of the kids made a lot of trouble in some of the other rooms, under other teachers, but in my room there was no trouble. I think I was reasonable with them and I did want them to learn and to pass the examinations, but I wasn't going to compel them to do it. I would help them all I could but their work had to be of their own free will.

At Christmas time, Gladys made a trip out to Sterling, Colorado, to visit her folks there. When she came back, she gave me an announcement that Orlin was to have a little sister the next summer, so we began looking forward to that occasion. Orlin was now growing remarkably well, a husky, strong little fellow, and was so heavy that when he began pulling up, I made a playpen for him with straight sides so he had nothing to get a hold of. We kept him from standing up on his legs as much as we could for quite a little while until he gained strength enough just to work his hands up the side of the playpen and stand up that way.

Another thing new in that year was that we got our first radio. I bought a three-tube Crosley from a neighbor. He was going to get a different set, so I bought the Crosley. It was powered by a regular six-volt auto battery and just had earphones, no speaker. I played with it quite a bit and Gladys used it some. She found out that Orlin liked it. She used one earphone and she held the other one up to his ear and they would listen to the radio together. That three-tube Crosley reached from coast to coast, across the nation. In fact, the first station I got on it was the Crosley station in Cincinnati,

Ohio. That Crosley corporation grew and developed into quite an organization. That radio lasted us a long time. Of course later, we rigged a speaker for it. We used it until 1930.

There was a break in my teaching when Mother became quite ill in the spring of 1925. I made a trip home because of her illness and was there just about a week. I sat up every night with her. She was unconscious all of that time. While I sat with her at night, she was very talkative. She would keep talking whether I said anything or not and I soon found, as she was in that unconscious state, that I could direct the conversation. I could ask her about the families, the neighbors, when I was a little kid, and I learned quite a bit about the neighborhood that we lived in way back then. At least at that time it seemed way back; it doesn't seem so far back now. But it was intensely interesting to see how the subconscious mind worked and could be directed. She was thinking a great deal about the things she had done all her life. One thing that she was very much interested in was the incubator down in the basement, in the cellar. I had to assure her every once in awhile that the incubator was being kept at the right temperature and that the eggs were being turned properly. She would talk about other things in connection with the house and so forth and I would assure her that they were being done, that everything was going all right.

She had come near enough to consciousness one time that she had said something to the nurse about being annointed, but the nurse, not being acquainted with that terminology or the practice of annointing, didn't know what she was referring to and hadn't told anyone about it. Her brother, Steve Thompson, was there later when she said something about being annointed, or he may have suggested it first and in her subconsciousness, she may have just responded and requested the annointing. Anyway, her brother Steve and I conducted the annointing service. Later she regained consciousness for a time and the doctor was very surprised. He had not expected her to revive at all. Roy was there too and I think it was that day that he told us that we just as well go back to our work. So Roy went back to California and I went back to my teaching job at Bloom.

Gladys had substituted in the teaching while I was away. She had left Orlin with the family that ran the telephone exchange. They had children and it developed later that Orlin had been exposed to the whooping cough. For just at the end of the gestation period, he took the whooping cough and we felt sure that's where he got it. I was back on the teaching job about a week when we got the telephone call of Mother's death. So I made a quick trip back to Fredonia and was there for her memorial service. Then I returned again to Bloom.

In the spring of 1925 another decision faced us. I had enjoyed teaching in the high school during that year and the church work had gone well, but it was a very small church. There were just two churches in the community, a Methodist Church and the Church of the Brethren. I don't suppose we ever had over a hundred people at the church, at the most. Very fine people, just as good as you would find anywhere. I enjoyed the fellowship with them and they seemed to appreciate our work. But as the end of the school year approached, it didn't seem to us that the work in the school was at a level that I should do if I was to go on in the educational field and certainly the little church didn't afford the opportunity for reaching people

as we would wish if we wanted to do church work. Anyway, that's the way we felt. So I put in an application for a school at Sublette, Kansas, about fifty or sixty miles almost straight west of Bloom, where I would be superintendent of schools. It would have been a much bigger job than the one I had at Bloom. And looking back, it looks like it would have been a big opportunity. Going there might have changed the entire course of my work through life. Well, I don't know whether it was Mother's death, Orlin's whooping cough or just what, but I changed my mind. I decided not to go the educational route in the public schools and to follow on a little further at least in church work. So I withdrew the application from the school in Sublette, Kansas.

Since Orlin's little sister would soon be due, we arranged to take Gladys and Orlin out to her parents' home in Sterling, Colorado, while I would again travel through the summer visiting prospective students for McPherson college. So immediately after school was finished, we got in the old Ford and started out. On the way to Sterling, we stopped to visit with my sister Pearl and her family in Lindon, Colorado. I think we were there for just one night but had a good visit, then went on to Sterling and got Gladys and Orlin settled there. Then I took off in the Ford to make my visits for the college.

That summer of 1925, I was to cover Colorado east of the mountains, Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska and part of Oklahoma. I had a pretty good schedule for the summer. My first stop was in Denver where I saw some young people and tried to help them figure a way to get into school at McPherson and do college work. My efforts seemed to be appreciated. Everywhere I went, the people were glad to talk things over. The ones that I visited were mostly young people that had written to the school inquiring about possibilities, or young people that the pastors of churches had referred by giving their names to McPherson as good prospects. So in that way, I always had a list of young people to see at each place that I was to stop. I would go first to see the pastor and have him tell me the location of each of the homes and how to get to it. Then I'd make the calls and interview the young people.

I made all my calls in Denver and then drove down to Colorado Springs. I got there rather late in the afternoon. From childhood up, I had wanted to climb Pike's Peak. I remember when Roy and I were hoeing in the fields, it seemed then like a long time ago, I remember telling Roy that someday I was going to climb Pike's Peak. Well, I finally got to Colorado Springs, and there of course was Pike's Peak, but I didn't feel that I should take a whole day off from my work. So I parked the Ford at a place where I had found a room for the night and about eight o'clock in the evening, I started up Pike's Peak, walking up the cog-road. By the way, at Sterling I had found a little white Spitz dog, and he went with me.

It was a dark night and the pines grew up pretty tall on each side of the cog-road. It was almost like walking up an alley with big bluffs on each side. But we worked our way along and after awhile, when we got up near the timber line, the moon came up over the mountains to the east and from then on we had bright moonlight. I got up to the top and knocked at a little building. A very surprised young man came to the door. He said I was the first one to walk up the peak that year. There was still lots of snow. The snow had been

cleared off the cog-road but there was lots of snow to the sides and it was pretty cold up there. But I had anticipated it, and the dog and I did all right going up. The fellow hadn't expected anyone but in case anyone should come up, he was supposed to serve refreshments and drinks and things. We talked for quite awhile; he seemed glad to have company. Pretty soon a carload of young people came in, I think six or seven of them, quite a bunch. I got behind the counter and helped him prepare their orders as quickly as possible and helped him serve them. They fooled around for awhile, and after they left, I could have anything I wanted from his supplies and equipment. I had made a good friend. I had gotten up there about two o'clock in the morning. I stayed to watch the sun come up across the plains to the east. It was a sight well worth the climb up. Pretty soon after sunrise, I started back down the cog-road. It didn't take nearly as long going down. It had taken six hours to climb up but I don't believe it took more than two and a half or three hours to go down.

Of course I had lost a night's sleep, but I got in the old Ford and started out to do my work. I had only two or three calls to make there in Colorado Springs. Then I started almost straight east, driving out across the country toward a little Brethren Church about forty miles away. I drove for awhile and began to get sleepy. I guess I had at least a little wisdom left, because I pulled off to the side of the road and slept a little while. Then I drove on to the church and located the pastor before dark that evening. I just had one call to make in that community. The prospective student's family asked me to stay with them so I stayed and visited that night. During the visiting that evening and in the morning, they told me about a place where there were Indian relics; where quite a few arrowheads and things of that kind had been found. So I sneaked a little more time from my work and went over to the place and hunted around for awhile. I found one very beautiful little arrowhead for a souvenir and kept it for several years. It disappeared one day when our children were playing with neighbor children. They came and wanted to show it to the other children, and somehow it never got back to its place.

I drove south from that little church toward Wiley and Rocky Ford, Colorado. It was very sandy through that area, and there must have been quite a wind very recently. The public road had a fence on each side so I could tell approximately where the middle should be, but there was no sign of a road, just flat sand all the way across from fence to fence. I attempted to go down through the middle. After awhile I came to a place where the Ford stalled in the sand. I could have had trouble there but I remembered one thing, and that was if you let half the air out of the tires, they would spread wide and ride over the sand. I tried it. I let the air out of the tires and by carefully working with the Ford, starting slowly and driving steadily, I made it creep over the sand for several miles. When I got past the sand area, I got out the pump and pumped up all four tires. I'd sure hate to try that job now, but I didn't mind it at all then.

Well, I visited the churches and their people and it was all very interesting. I enjoyed the work and the people seemed pleased to have someone from the school come to visit them. I remembered that after I had been at Manchester for a year, we had a couple of visitors at our place down in Fredonia. I don't think anyone from

McPherson had ever visited there before. In fact, until I went to Manchester, I didn't even know there was a school in Kansas. A couple of professors came down, in different years, and visited me. Finally I did of course go out to McPherson and did most of my academy work and my college work there. Those same men that visited me there on the farm to try to persuade me to go to McPherson, were some of my teachers later on. In fact, one of them was a quite good teacher and when La Verne was changing presidents a little before I was due to finish at McPherson, he asked me if I would consider coming to La Verne and teaching there. He was going to La Verne as the new president of the school. I did visit him out there later and played golf with him one afternoon, but I never did go as an instructor.

In my travels during that summer of 1925, I finally came around to Bloom again. There were some young people there who should go to McPherson, and later some of them did. It wasn't much of a trick to know who I should see there. It was just wheat harvest time. One church family that I had known quite well, needed help. So I stopped a few days and drove the tractor to pull his combine. It was new, but was virtually what had been a Case separator. It had a sickle-bar attachment with an elevator up to the feed chute so that the wheat cut by the sickle was carried up into the separator and right through. His son drove a truck and hauled the grain to the elevator. The wheat was pretty thin that year. He had a little over five-hundred acres of wheat to cut and we cut it all in ten days.

In our family communication, Elwood had learned that I was going to work there during harvest and wondered if he could find a job there too. It was arranged, and he got out there and started work two or three days after I started. He worked for a brother of the man that I was working for. Both men had Twin City tractors. I pulled the Case separator with one Twin City and Elwood was driving the other one over at the other place. One day they were stopped for some reason and the tractor was just idling. I think Elwood was doing some oiling, and he made a mistake. He evidently had an oil rag in his hand and it got caught on a revolving shaft. Those tractors weren't made with all the safety guards that tractors have now. That revolving shaft caught the cloth and pulled it in. I suppose Elwood tried to hold on too long and his hand got pulled in and very severely injured.

I think the doctor treated Elwood's hand as a bruise. I don't think he realized that it was burned as well as bruised. I have often wondered what the result would have been if his hand could have received proper attention at the time. But the good old doctor did the best he could. It was the same doctor that had done a lot for us in diagnosing Orlin's situation and getting him on a good start to growth, but with Elwood I don't think he did nearly as good a job. And of course Elwood has had a crippled hand ever since that time as a result.

From that time on while I was there, I sat up with him at nights and drove the tractor during the daytime. I don't know whether I slept more on the tractor or more when I was sitting up with him. I think I catnapped a little in both situations. I'd catnap when I could while sitting by his bed and on the tractor I know sometimes I would seem to just come awake when I came to a corner. It was very easy to follow the former track around the field. I could easily keep

the tractor in the right place on straight runs, and when I came to a corner, I'd just automatically wake up. It was somewhat like you do when driving a car along a road and begin to doze off. As quick as you begin to swerve to one side, you wake up with a start, and that's the way I worked for a few days.

After the harvest was done, the man that Elwood had worked for wanted his wheat land all disked up right away, so that it would be ready to conserve any moisture that might come, in preparation for the next sowing in the fall. He wanted me to do it, so I stayed a few days. I used the same tractor that Elwood had been working with and did a whole lot of disking.

When all the harvest and so forth was finished, I started something that had later results. I drove down to Liberal, Kansas, and talked to the Methodist District Superintendent. During the year at Bloom, I had attended meetings held at the Methodist Church whenever it was not in conflict with what we were doing in our own church, and had become pretty good friends with the Methodist minister. He had given me the name and address of the district superintendent who lived in Liberal. As a result, I later got involved in work with the Methodist Church. I was interested in continuing education and from association with this pastor at Bloom, I knew that the Methodists had a study course. Of course it was not equivalent to seminary. But their ministers who had not attended seminary would be assigned a counselor or teacher, one that had finished seminary at least and was somewhat qualified to direct another person, and the actual study was largely by correspondence. I wanted to get into some kind of study system that I could follow, for naturally with a little sister to be arriving pretty soon, I knew I couldn't go to seminary right away, or at least thought I couldn't. A few months later I got involved in it and that will come later in the story, but that was the beginning.

During my travels and while I was working at Bloom at harvest time, Gladys and Orlin were at her parents' home in Sterling, waiting for the arrival of the little sister. When I was at Liberal for the visit with the district superintendent, a letter caught up with me announcing the birth, not of a sister but of a little brother. I couldn't afford to just rush out there and see him, so I went ahead with my work. By correspondence, he was named Darrell Alton. After continuing on through my series of churches in Kansas, one in Oklahoma, a few in Missouri and then the Nebraska churches, I finally got out to see Darrell and get the family together.

In the meantime, I had accepted a request by the mission board of Nebraska to take charge of two churches, one at Red Cloud and one about thirty miles north of Red Cloud out in the country from Roseland, Nebraska. There was also another church, a Brethren Church, about seven miles out in the country from Red Cloud that had become really a community church although it wasn't called a community church at that time. It was supposed to be a church that was capable of self support. So the mission board had nothing to do with this church. But they were without a pastor that year. It turned out that I did more work, and felt more satisfaction in the work that I did out in that community, than in the town of Red Cloud or up at Roseland. For neither of those churches had future prospects of doing any significant or successful work. In Red Cloud, for example, there were seven churches and only one of the seven was self supporting. Any of the seven could easily have handled the service that seemed to be needed in the community. If all the people that attended the seven churches, had been in one congregation served by an efficient pastor, and perhaps an assistant pastor for a group that large, very good worthwhile work in the community could have been accomplished. But there were seven churches, six of them supported from outside, all competing one against another instead of working to serve the needs of the community.

It was a situation that didn't at all suit my understanding of what a church should be. My concept of a church was that its mission should be to serve the needs of the people, to help people think their way through, to help people ask and answer some of the fundamental questions that every individual has, and to help them grow in their personal lives. But instead, all that was expected was to go to church and hear the traditional religious vocabulary, theology, and they called it preaching. My concept was teaching, rather than preaching. Though it was called preaching, I was trying to teach a lesson in every situation - and some of them got it. I was not interested in the competition and fighting that was going on among the denominational groups in the mission boards and in the churches. So I worked a good bit out in the country church and felt rewarded by the results there. But of course I filled the requirements in Red Cloud and in the church outside Roseland.

As quick as we got situated there in Red Cloud, I started this study course that I had learned of in the Methodist Church. I started in by taking three courses. In each course, I had a text book and the supervisor of that course would make assignments. At a certain point, I suppose I would write about three good sized papers. I seemed to satisfy the instructors completely and they were well pleased with my work. I got acquainted with the pastor of the Methodist Church in Roseland. There was just the Methodist Church and the Catholic Church, two churches in the town. He and I exchanged pulpits, he preached out in the Roseland Brethren Church and I preached at the Methodist Church in town, so that I met the Methodist congregation to that extent. More contact with that congregation will come later in this story. Through the Methodist pastor in Red Cloud, I contacted the district superintendent of the Nebraska district and he came to see me in our home in Red Cloud. We had a good visit and arrangements were made for me to at least consider an appointment within the Methodist Church.

It was especially interesting at district meeting time, when the Nebraska Church of the Brethren had their meeting at one of the churches out in the western end of the state. Of course all the elders got together. There were two stages in the ministry, the first degree, which I was of course, and those who had been promoted to the eldership. The elders supposedly had much more authority, though that is the only thing they had that I didn't. I could do everything that a preacher is supposed to do but the elders had more political, you might say, authority and they sort-of ran the organizations. I wasn't very much concerned with that end of the deal, I was interested in meeting the needs of people. I think it was the first or second night of the meetings that I preached at the district conference. I wasn't meeting with the elders of course. When the elders were meeting, there wasn't much else to do so I would be out in the meadow close by, batting balls or catching balls or something like that, playing with the children and young people, just having a good time. Uncle Steve had a church in Nebraska at the time and he was there at the conference. He came out in the meadow where I was playing ball and told me that the elders were considering advancing me to the eldership. I told him that I didn't think I was ready for that. I said that in fact I might be preaching in a different denomination before too long. I tried to be honest with him. He was very disappointed and dejected. He went back in and gave them his report,

I guess, for that's the last I heard about being advanced to the eldership in the Brethren Church, until after finishing seminary.

When my year under the Nebraska mission board of the Church of the Brethren was over and the conference of the Methodist Church was held, I attended the Methodist conference. There was a good bit of political maneuvering that didn't please me at all but I was in a quandry of what to do. I felt that I was learning something in those study courses and that I had learned enough from them to take hold and work in the Methodist organization. I felt I would be able to fulfill their requirements and would be able to meet and work with people. So I accepted an appointment in the Methodist Church, and low and behold, the appointment was to the Methodist Church at Roseland just five miles from the Church of the Brethren that I had been serving the year before.

Gladys had been thinking, during the year at Red Cloud, that we were going to have another youngster. So as we moved to Roseland, it had been arranged for Gladys to stop at the home of a lady who was a nurse and had a daughter who was also a nurse. The older lady I think, was not a registered nurse but she had done a good deal of that type of work. She fixed up a nice room for Gladys and the prospective baby; the family took care of Orlin and Darrell. I moved to Roseland and got started there and Gladys stayed out at the farm till another little member of the family arrived, and that one we named Lavera. You remember that Lavera was the name of the young lady that had accompanied us from McPherson down to Fredonia when Orlin was about a week old. We liked the name, and when our first daughter was born, her name became Lavera. So when Gladys got to Roseland, there were three children, Orlin, Darrell and Lavera. Of course that occupied about all of Gladys' time, but she sang in the church, sang solos, and duets with another lady, and participated whenever she could.

We got along fine at Roseland. There was one man who was especially thrilled with the viewpoints and interpretations that I tried to give in my teaching-preaching type sermons. He saw a whole new field of light and outlook opening up to him. He was so thrilled. One time after the service he said, "Bennie, there's just one thing that worries me. I'm afraid we can't go on, I'm afraid it will stop again." I told him not to worry, that as long as we lived we would see farther and farther ahead, see greater and greater opportunities to continue to grow. The whole church was very supportive but he was one of the most enthusiastic and most thrilled in finding a pathway to really grow in his religious thinking. His name was Henry Burkhart.

The Catholic Church was the only other church in Roseland while I was working in the Methodist Church. I found that I could cooperate very well with the members and with the priest. I visited in his home and we had some very good conversations on things that would be good for the community. For example, at Christmas time the choirs of the churches worked together and put on a musical program. It was quite an event in the community to have the Catholic and Protestant members work together that way. I found the priest quite cooperative, a nice fellow to work with. In fact, not only then but later on, I've found that it's easier to work with some Catholic priests than with another protestant minister.

The undertaker of the town was also a hardware man. There were

quite a few Catholic funerals and we had some in the Methodist Church, for the two had to serve the entire community, whether a person was a member of a church or not. The situation had to be taken care of and it would be done in one church or the other. I told the undertaker one day that I would like to understand a little more of his side of the business and that any time I was not conducting the service, I would be glad to work as his assistant. So I did, I helped him in taking care of bodies and preparing them for the funeral service, then went through the funeral service with him when it was at the Catholic Church. I learned a good bit that year about the funeral business and the methods used by undertakers.

That was a pretty rough winter in Nebraska. I remember one time the roads were drifted so full that driving around over the country was just about impossible. So I walked. I didn't mind walking, in fact it was comfortable and pleasant and I got a thrill out of it. I walked at least two or three miles out of town several times to make calls in the country where someone was ill or there was some other reason for a call. It made a good impression on the people. Another thing made a good impression on them. The parsonage was on a large lot that the former preacher had never had ambition enough to do anything with. I had it plowed up and we raised a large garden. We had sweet corn and lots of beans, beets and tomatoes. We just canned and canned stuff from that garden. I remember out along the river there was quite a bit of timber and one big elm tree had blown down in a storm. The owner told me that I could have the wood if I wanted to work it up. So I worked it up and hauled it in and that was our fuel for the winter. To see a preacher work that way was a surprise to the people of the community, and that made a good impression on them too.

As the time came along for the annual conference, I didn't know whether I would go ahead in the Methodist Church or not. One day I visited Uncle Steve out in Kinney, Nebraska, where he was pastor of a Brethren Church. He was still very grieved that I was preaching in a Methodist Church. I told him that I might go back to the Brethren Church, I might preach again in the Brethren Churches. He said, "No, Bennie, you can never preach in the Brethren Church since you've gone over to the Methodists and preached in the Methodist Churches." He was dejected, he just knew that I could never again work in the Brethren Church, that I was an outcast, and he felt somewhat badly about it. But he did make arrangements for me to go to Omaha and look over the situation there to see if I would consider the pastorate of the Omaha church. I had told him previously, and of course the mission board knew, that I wouldn't consider continuing in the Brethren Churches at Red Cloud or Roseland in churches that had no outlook for the future, were doing nothing and had to be supported from the outside. So I went to Omaha and preached a sermon. They took me over the city and showed me where they were going to build a new church. They built up a pretty good case, but it didn't look too good to me, and besides, at that time I had another iron in the fire.

The Methodist district meeting was to be held in Hastings, Nebraska, just the week after I was in Omaha, so I didn't accept the Omaha position. I told them I couldn't make an immediate decision. I went out to the Methodist district conference in Hastings and was reappointed to the Roseland pastorate, as though I would go back there, continue the study course and work as I had the year before. But in talking

to the district superintendent who had made favorable comments about my work in the study course, we discussed the possibilities of going to school. I had written to the seminary back in Evanston, Illinois, and told them that I wanted to go to seminary whenever it became possible. I told the district superintendent about that and he suggested I go back and visit the school and see what they could do for me. I asked about the appointment at Roseland. He said if I went back there, and if they gave me an opportunity making it possible for me to go to seminary, that he would take care of the appointment at Roseland; he would find someone else to go there.

I took off and went back to Evanston and talked to the registrar there. I took along my transcripts from McPherson, the record of my college work, a couple of recommendations from the president of the school and the head of the educational department in which I had majored. The registrar looked them over, excused himself, went into the president's office and I heard him say, "Here's a man we want." They talked for awhile, then he came back and sent me in to talk to the president. Well, the president got on the phone and the next day I was sent out to Dixon, Illinois, to interview the district superintendent. The result of the whole thing was that I received an appointment as pastor of a church at Manhattan, Illinois, about forty miles out of Chicago, that paid me at least as much, and I think somewhat more, than I would have gotten at Roseland. And the appointment included the privilege of going to school at the same time. So I phoned home and told Gladys and asked her to notify the church board there and tell that the superintendent had agreed if an opportunity came for me to go to seminary, that I should take it.

XII

I made the trip from Roseland, Nebraska, back to Evanston to go to seminary in the same old Ford that I had bought in 1923. I had used it to drive back and forth to Darlow during our senior year in college. Then had traveled for the college during the two summers and had driven back and forth between Red Cloud and Roseland while working in the three churches there. That old Ford had put on a lot of mileage during those times. I had worked it over a time or two, took up the bearings and so forth. On this trip back to Evanston, it happened that I picked up a hitchhiker. Of course I had a pretty good load in the Ford, taking back to Evanston the things that I needed at the school and at the pastorate. I picked up a hitchhiker though and made room for him. While we were driving along, he thought the bearings were a little bit loose. Naturally, I had a good supply of tools along, as I always did with an old Model T Ford. We stopped in a town and just parked on the pavement right on the courthouse square. He was evidently a good mechanic, anyway he convinced me that he was. And in, I suppose, not over two hour's time, working under the old Ford, he took the pan off, took up the bearings and we got on our way again yet that evening. The Ford then put on a lot more mileage before it had to be done again, so I guess he did a pretty good job of work. I forget where the hitchhiker got off, I believe it was at Rockford, Illinois. He was a good companion, and doing that work on the old Ford may have helped out a whole lot.

I got to Garrett, found a rooming place and moved in. I think I arrived there on a Friday after the classes were out for the weekend. I got settled as quickly as I could and in the meantime found out where I was to go for my pastoral work. It wasn't the place the district superintendent had told me about when I had gone out to see him during the former trip. It was a better assignment, actually a better place to work than the one he had told me about. The Methodist conference had been held between the time I saw the district superintendent and when I finally got back to Evanston again. So I went out to the place they told me at the school that I was to go and had my first Sunday there. Of course Gladys wasn't there and the parsonage wasn't occupied but I saw what the buildings were, what the equipment was, and met the congregation and got fairly well acquainted. Then, of course, I had to hike back to school. The school had been in session a full week before I got there. I went to school on Monday morning and I think I worked maybe two or three weeks there before Gladys came back to Manhattan.

During that time, there was one notable experience. I think it was the second Sunday at Manhattan that I had a funeral of an elderly lady. I think she had been in her seventies. She had lived out on a farm with her brother. She and her brother had batched together for quite a long time on their farm. I found out in the preparation for the funeral service that this lady had never been outside her home county. Counties there weren't like some counties in the west, not nearly as large. She had never been out of the county in her lifetime, and was over seventy years old. Then also before Gladys got back there, I had the funeral service for her brother. When his sister died, I don't know what all was involved, but he committed suicide just a few days after his sister died. I think I had her service one week and his the next. That made an impression on me. I hadn't

conducted a great many funeral services before that time. But those I remember quite well.

The church building was quite adequate for the congregation. I don't remember the size of the membership but it was a nice congregation, a good building and a good location in the town. There were several other churches, a couple that we could cooperate with quite well and of course there had to be some of the more strict denominational, hide-bound type that wouldn't cooperate. We joined with some quite well in vacation church school work and things of that kind. We had unified services together on several occasions. The parsonage too, was quite adequate. It was a two story building with a furnace in the basement, a steam-jacketed coal furnace. The furnace was covered with a real thick asbestos coating on the outside for insulation, and it kept up the steam pressure. There was a steam radiator in each room all over the house, upstairs and downstairs, so it was a very adequate heating system and all in all it worked out quite well.

Well, after a period of time, we arranged for Gladys to take the train and come back to Manhattan also. The people at Roseland had done a wonderful job in helping Gladys. They just took over. We chartered a boxcar and the folks loaded all the stuff from the parsonage including the goats and all the gardening equipment. They could put everything into the one boxcar, all the furniture that we had in the house and even a little gasoline engine that I had rigged up to run the washing machine. Chartering a boxcar made it very nice to move because the people at Roseland did all the heavy work. Of course Gladys had plenty to do taking care of the three children and keeping house until the car left. When the car left Roseland with all our things in it, Gladys stayed with this family that I spoke of before, the Burkharts, of whom we will hear more a little bit later in this series. She stayed with them until she and the children took the train back to Illinois.

But the train didn't have good connections for her - she would have had to go into Chicago and then back down to Manhattan. So instead of that, another man and I, taking two cars so that we would have room enough for the family and baggage, drove up to Aurora and met the train there. It was perhaps a fifty-mile drive to Aurora. But we met them and they had gotten through very well on the train and we drove down to Manhattan. When the car arrived at Manhattan with our household goods and the goats and the garden equipment and all, the folks at Manhattan unloaded all of it and put it in the parsonage, arranging it as best they could. Of course there was some rearranging to do in getting things settled. The people at Roseland and the people at Manhattan certainly did a wonderful job in helping with the move while I was tied up in school and Gladys was of course busy with the family. It was quite gratifying that it all worked out as smoothly as it did. So there we were located in Manhattan with a better - well it's hard to say a better congregation, but it was more satisfactory because of the more adequate support and because of the additional privilege of going to seminary instead of just taking a correspondence course.

I was quite satisfied and the people in the church at Manhattan seemed to be very well satisfied. I did one thing that I think helped a great deal. I picked out people in the congregation that were willing to act as sort of monitors and I divided all the people

in the membership and others that attended church. All the names were divided among the five or six people so that each person would have a certain number of families to be responsible for checking up on. Each one was to report on the families that they were to look out for and let me know if there was any illness or other reason that I should make a visit. So that, you see, shifted a whole lot of the responsibility. When I got home each Friday, I had their reports. If I didn't have their reports it was their responsibility, or would have been their responsibility, if somebody in the congregation had been overlooked when I should have been seeing them about some matter. I honestly think the pastoral work was taken better care of than would have been possible had I been on the church grounds all the time. For then people just assume that a pastor knows whenever anybody is sick or when he ought to see one family or another for some reason. A pastor is expected to have some kind of sixth sense and automatically know when anything happens that he should be looking after. Having these people assigned to do that part of it enabled me to get a whole lot done in a much shorter time than if I had been making inquiries all around and trying to keep in touch with everybody individually. So in that way, the pastoral work went very well.

It wasn't long after getting to Manhattan and taking up the work of the church there, that I looked up the records of the congregation and discovered a good many interesting things. The congregation had been started back before I was born, but I don't remember the exact date. There had been quite a number of different preachers for the length of time that the church had been organized and I found out that no pastor had been there for more than three years. And taking an average for all of them, it averaged just thirteen months for each preacher that had been there. So just for the fun of it, I worked that into a sermon one Sunday. I told them that I had an idea how long I would be there because I had looked up the record and found that the average time for each pastor was thirteen months. I just had a little fun over it. There was an even more interesting thing. You know, a bishop or district superintendent is supposed to be a pretty high rank in the Methodist denomination. I investigated what had happened to the former pastors as much as I could. I found that three of them had served as district superintendents and that one was a bishop in the church. So those people that had served thirteen months each turned out fairly well. So I just figured that I would probably stay there about thirteen months and that it wouldn't be any great reflection on me when I left.

The schedule soon settled down to a routine procedure, I would be at home from Friday evening to Monday morning and up at Evanston staying in the dormitory and going to school during the mid-part of the week. My classes were interesting and things settled into a routine, so it would be insignificant to try to report details of the school year. I enjoyed the school work and it was, of course, good to get home with Gladys and the youngsters on the weekends. I guess it was harder for her in the house than for me in school. I had more diversity than she had. Her work was as important as anything I was doing but I'm sure it was monotonous. Raising a family of those three little youngsters was certainly as worthwhile and with me getting home for just the weekends, it was certainly as difficult as anything at school. For example, I remember one Sunday at church when Gladys wasn't in the congregation - she must have been in the choir. Some

ladies in the congregation would take care of the children when Gladys would be in the choir. One Sunday, I don't know why, but Lavera just got up from wherever she was sitting with someone and came up on the platform by the pulpit. When I sat down, she sat on my lap while something else was going on, while the choir sang or whatever, and when I had to get up to do my part of the service, I put her down in the chair and she sat there through the whole service that way. Everybody took it all right. It was, I suppose, a natural thing to do. So, you see, it was a group of rather homey, common everyday people. They weren't highly sophisticated and anything like that. We enjoyed our work there.

In the meantime, I was enjoying the best of the available opportunity. Garrett, the seminary, was an old institution. I don't know how far back it went but it predated Northwestern University. They were both on the same campus. The seminary started first as strictly a Methodist institution. Later, the university was established, also a Methodist institution, both on the same campus. In fact, the athletic establishment, the gymnasium and tennis courts and things like that, were north of the seminary buildings. But all the other buildings of the university were to the south, so the seminary was right in between. The library facilities for the university, and also a separate library of limited theological writings and research work, were in the Garrett buildings. So with the two libraries, the university and the seminary, we had the finest facilities I think that there could have possibly been located anywhere. It was quite a contrast to going to Bethany Seminary. I had had a little work, you remember, at Bethany, and had transferred that to my academy credits at McPherson. But the thing that impressed me was the fact that going to Evanston, I could have access to all of the resources and facilities to do research for original studies.

At Bethany, as I have said before, it was like it is in a whole lot of seminaries of small denominations which aren't places of great educational opportunities but are, you might say, hotbeds of denominational propaganda. Most institutions that are called seminaries, in other words, are not for education in the true meaning of the term but are places where young people are taken to be indoctrinated and established and fixed so that their thinking will be limited by the procedures and doctrines and dogmas of a particular denomination. At Evanston, it was quite different. There were quite a few students there from different denominations, there for exactly the same reason I was, because they wanted to break away from a predetermined doctrinal line, limited to the creeds and concepts of the particular group or "ism" that they happened to have grown up in. So in that way I found that the situation at Evanston fulfilled the thing I had been wanting all the time, all through life. Way back there when I was riding my pony along the road with the preacher in his buggy, arguing about scriptures and things of that kind, I knew that I wanted to break the confines of that limited type of teaching. The pathetic thing is, even today, that small schools have courses in Bible study and things of that kind that teach, not to enlighten the individual, but to indoctrinate.

I was majoring in religious education with a minor in sociology, so I did a good bit of work at Northwestern University, in university courses rather than in seminary courses. In one class, I wrote a term paper on the courses offered by the various denominations for

preparatory membership. That is, the literature that each denominational headquarters put out to be used in instructing children and young people who were considering joining that particular church. I wrote to the publishing companies of a great many different denominations, obtained and studied their literature and tried to determine the objectives of the courses. Then I wrote my term paper. I remember that in the paper, I came to the conclusion that the objective was not to educate the prospective members concerning Christian principles of living, but indoctrinate rather than educate, not to give them the full light of the unbiased teaching but definitely to give them biased teaching, indoctrinational teaching, that would insure them remaining loyal in supporting the particular denomination. At least seventy-five percent of the literature sent out was definitely for that purpose of indoctrinating. If I hadn't been entirely cured before, I certainly was cured by that study, of having any inclination to be limited by any denominational teaching or practice, recognizing that each denomination is self-promoting, even to the extent of being definitely prejudiced and biased against basic fundamental truth in the exact field in which they are supposed to be teaching.

To take the study in that course a little further, it would go back to a comment made before about the seminaries of various denominations. The seminaries and Bible Schools and institutions of that kind that are supposed to be educational institutions are in fact indoctrinational institutions, to teach the particular emphasis and bias and prejudice of a particular denomination. They are not open as it was there at Garrett, with the Northwestern University facilities available, where a student could research and develop and grow, and honestly search for the values and principles of life that would give a sound unbiased basis for a religious philosophy by which to live. These other institutions of lesser capacity in the first place, and a much lower objective in the second place, exist to indoctrinate and to bias and to prejudice to guarantee the loyalty of the individual. Thus the individual in such an organization is being used to promote a denomination, rather than the denomination seeking to serve and help the individual grow to have the most abundant life and to have an understanding of philosophy and religion that would help him to live effectively and cooperatively with his fellowmen.

The particular time that I was attending Garrett and Northwestern happened to be in a time when the faculty and the professors and the management of Garrett and Northwestern were far out in front of the main Methodist program. The teaching that they were giving at that time wouldn't have been accepted by the general population of the Methodist Church and certainly not by the superintendents and bishops, the hierarchy of the church organization. So I'm thankful that I attended the school at that time, for since then the ultra-conservative emphasis has edged back into the work of even Garrett and Northwestern so that now they teach what is, we might say, more acceptable. It's easier to do, to teach a much narrower view of things, to teach the Bible as though it were a divine scriptural text dictated by divinity rather than growing out of the living experience of people. Well, so much for the orientation, so that we may understand the situation at Manhattan and the parsonage and somewhat of the situation at Garrett, where I would be working through the week.

XIII

To prevent complication in trying to carry the two together, perhaps it would be better to take the family situation now through to the time of completing the work at seminary and then come back perhaps and talk about some of the impressions that developed during my course there. Everything at home worked out as routine during the months of the school year. A little bit different during the summer for I would be at home on the pastorate for nearly three months. During that time there were a whole lot more activities carried on. One thing I remember was a pretty good vollyball team. The team played quite a few other competitive teams and we had a good time, a fine fellowship. There were other social activities in the church such as common ordinary country people usually have. Also, I worked in the harvest fields some and enjoyed that. Perhaps it toughened me up a little.

All was going well on the pastorate and along in the winter of 1928 sometime before Christmas, we discovered we were going to have another member join the family. That complicated things a little bit, made the work heavier for Gladys. So we did whatever we could to relieve the situation but even then it wasn't the best. I remember one thing that resulted. I would take one of the youngsters with me when I went up to school. In the spring of 1929, I remember taking Orlin up to school with me for one week. I had a pass to the Chicago Cubs baseball games so I took him down to a couple of games. I expect he remembers that yet. And I remember taking Lavera up to school. She was quite an attraction. She would go with me and sit in the classes. The professors and the other students were quite interested, very cordial in talking with her and appreciating her, and it was good with me. I enjoyed having them up there and I hope it relieved the situation at home a little bit.

Along in April, I made arrangements for Gladys to go to the Methodist Hospital in Chicago. It was a Wesley Hospital down toward the south side. So a good period of time before the event would be coming along, we took Gladys up to the hospital. I had gotten a leave of absence from the school so I could stay at home with the other children. Gladys was up there quite a little while before the birth. Adavern was born on April 16, 1929. They came home pretty soon and things settled down to a very routine order and I got back into school. We went along then with four little youngsters, none of them very old yet. Let's see, Orlin was born in 1924 and Adavern in 1929 so Orlin wasn't quite five years old yet when Adavern was born. So it was quite a bunch of little folks.

I don't know whether the folks in the pastorate liked so many children in the parsonage or not, or just what or why; you can't analyze things under the Methodist system. There was a different district superintendent in charge and a different bishop also. As the Methodist system works, if there's another pastor that thinks the grass is greener on the other side of the fence, and wants a particular place, there's a whole lot of string pulling done at the Methodist conference. Evidently somebody else wanted that Manhattan pastorate so we were transferred by the bishops and superintendents and so forth during their cabinet session. We were assigned a pastorate about eight miles out of Rensselaer, Indiana.

It was a strictly rural pastorate, and if it had been our only reason for being there, it would have been quite a demotion for us. There were three churches to be taken care of in a strictly rural situation. The parsonage was a two story house heated with coal or wood and just about as primitive as you could imagine. The water system was merely a pump outside the house, a few feet outdoors, and the house had no plumbing. We had never lived quite that way and it was a little rough. Those few months at this pastorate were the roughest that we had anywhere, but I was getting nearly through seminary. I did take one quarter off from school at the time of our move so that I could get things fixed up at home as good as we possibly could. We had the little gasoline engine for the washing machine. I believe it was a Sears machine. Anyway, with a little gas engine, we could manage the washing. And that was quite a job taking care of all the clothing for the youngsters and having to heat the water and carry it to the machine. It was a year's work all right, there at home as well as at school. We had a garden but not nearly as much as we had had before. Also, during the summer, I worked in the harvest fields. Another thing I remember is that in the fall I went out along the roads where so many of the fences would be covered with wild grape vines, and there would be lots of elderberry bushes along the way. I gathered a lot of wild grapes and elderberries and made juice, mixed the juices of the grapes and elderberries. I remember that was quite a thing.

The parsonage was at what was called the Barkley Community and one of the churches was there too. There was another church at Lee, about fifteen miles or so away, and another at McCallsburg a little west of Lee, perhaps about twelve miles from the Barkley Community. I don't remember exactly what the preaching schedule was, but we got around. I gave the old Ford to some kids there in the Barkley Community and bought a used Chevrolet. I believe it was a 1927 model Chevrolet and it was a big improvement over the Ford. It was a sedan type, inclosed much better, and had much better visibility while driving. Mechanically it was much better too, though it did have some defects which caused me some difficulties but we got along with it and made the rounds of the churches that way. A time or two there was so much snow that I couldn't get around, but we got through the year fairly well.

In the spring, I began having a little difficulty so coming home one time from seminary, I stopped in Rensselaer and talked to a doctor. I'd been having quite severe back pains for two or three weeks at least and they bothered me so much that I decided I'd better see a doctor. The doctor asked me if I'd ever had any trouble with appendicitis. I told him I never had. He examined a little bit and did not make a decision. I went on home and that night I felt the first pain that I recognized as probably appendicitis, because of what I had learned during the doctor's examination. So on Monday morning, I went back to see the doctor. He made a definite decision that time. He said that I would always be bothered with it if I didn't have it removed so we planned the surgery for the next day. I drove home and told Gladys of the decision. I guess we left the children with some folks on the farm. Anyway, I know Gladys went with me the next day when I went to the hospital. When we walked in, I was carrying my brief case that I used in going back and forth to school. We learned later, that when we came in, the nurses thought I was a strange doctor.

They didn't recognize me as a patient, so I was able to walk right in. But we got situated and the surgery was done the next day. I came out of it in good shape.

I wrote letters to the professors of the classes that I was scheduled for at school, explained the situation and asked them for assignments if there was anything I could do while I was unable to attend classes. I got pretty good consideration, they made it quite easy for me. I think it was the eighth day after the operation that I got on the train and went into Chicago. One of my room mates was chauffeuring for some people and he borrowed their big car, met me at the depot and took me out to Evanston. For a few days, I stayed in my room but kept in close touch with my professors and got my work caught up very well, at least they were satisfied. As a matter of fact, they made it so easy for me that I didn't even finish the last quarter. I was back at school maybe three or four weeks after the surgery when it was time for a change of quarters. They decided that I didn't need to attend the last quarter, that I had already completed enough work. They told me that I would be graduated just the same. So I was at home on the pastorate for the last three months of what would have been the school year.

The three church communities that we were supposed to be taking care of at that time covered quite a wide expanse of territory. I don't remember of any other church in the whole area. There may have been another church down at Lee. McCallsburg was a real small little town and I know the Methodist Church was the only one there. Barkley was out eight miles in the country and the churches in Rensselaer were the closest to it. So that made quite an expanse of territory with lots of people that were in no way related to the church except that if anything happened like a funeral, it would naturally fall to work of the pastor of the church. So we had some interesting funerals in that year we lived there at Barkley. If I tried to relate all the things that happened, it would get quite complex.

A few miles north of the Barkley church there was an area of low ground that was especially adapted to the raising of onions. A lot of people from down in Kentucky had come up there. First, I suppose, as migrant workers but they had settled down and were working there. It was rather a rough type of neighborhood. Those Kentuckians considered themselves quite wild men and they weren't afraid to use their guns. I remember one funeral that was known definitely to be a murder. That was a shooting situation, so I had a few interesting experiences that way. I don't remember that we had a single funeral within the church groups but we had quite a few for this other type of people outside the church. People not only outside the church but far enough outside that they ended life in rather crude ways sometimes. That, of course, was experience too, and a little special training. We tried to do some things that might be helpful, tried to associate with those Kentucky people. I remember one situation just after a funeral in the Barkley church. We had had the funeral service in the church and burial in the cemetery just back of the church. I was outdoors there at the parsonage and some of the people were still hanging around. One Kentuckian guy came up to where I was working outside the parsonage door, I think I was working with the washing machine. He began talking rather threateningly, reminding me that he was from Kentucky and so forth. I told him that I was from Kansas and would be glad to exchange ideas with him. He was kind of

embarrassed and walked back to his gang. There was a gang of them waiting back a ways to see what happened. He backed off and went back to his gang and they drove away.

We tried to help them however we could. We had enough young fellows in the church to make up a pretty good ball team. They thought they had a good ball team too, so we invited them down. I guess a few of them came into the church. But in the afternoon we had a ball game out in the pasture. I was sort of umpiring the game and they were a little hard to manage but we didn't have any real trouble. We just tried to get along with them as best we could. No doubt there were a lot of nice people among them. I'm sure if we could have had enough time to work with them, that we would have found they were people as good hearted as any and as much in need of good fellowship and cooperation. With the right kind of spirit I think they could have been helped a great deal. I wouldn't have minded helping them, wouldn't have minded staying there if there had been good living facilities for the family.

The church people at the Barkley Community and the district superintendent wanted us to stay on there in the pastoral work after finishing our school work at Garrett. We liked the people there and in spite of the living conditions, we might have stayed except for one thing. Along in April, we received a letter from Elgin, Illinois, from the pastoral board of the Elgin Church inquiring whether we would be interested in taking the pastorate of the Elgin Church of the Brethren. We left the youngsters with a family there in the Barkley Community and drove up to Elgin. We were there over a weekend and during that time we agreed to move to Elgin and take that pastorate.

A short time after that, there was a big family reunion of the Paul family, Paul being the name of the family group. Gladys is involved in the family and had never attended one of their annual get-togethers, family reunions. It was sixty miles or so over east of Rensselaer, over at Huntington, Indiana. We drove over, but had a little tire trouble on the way and got there a little bit late. It was nearly time for the picnic lunch when we arrived and met a few of the group.

I met a man named Ezra Flory, who had been one of the teachers at Bethany Bible School at the time Roy attended there in 1912 or 1913. As quick as he heard the name, he was very delighted. He began telling me about Roy being at Bethany and that he was now going to become pastor at the Elgin Church. He was so delighted I hated to put a pin in his balloon. I told him that I wished his idea was true, but that it didn't happen to be Roy that was going to Elgin. He was quite let down. He was the big bug at the rally that day. I guess he was the main speaker or something of that kind. He didn't have much to say to me after that. I felt kind of badly about it. But I was delighted that he remembered Roy as he did, and that he supposed Roy had gone on with his preparation for the ministry and had made arrangements to go to Elgin.

Our move to Elgin wasn't to take place until in September when our time at the Barkley Community was up. We thought it best to finish our time there, and we did. Orlin started to the public school there at the Barkley Community. The school ground was just across the fence from our parsonage where we lived by the church. The church was north of the parsonage and just south of us was the school ground. It was a good consolidated school served by busses that brought the children in from quite an extensive territory. Orlin was just the age when he would be starting in school so he went to school there a week or two before we moved to Elgin.

It was an interesting change to move from the little church at the Barkley Community to the church at Elgin. There were many interesting things about the Elgin Church. The first thing that impressed me as I got acquainted, was that it was an imported church. I will explain. About twenty years before, the publishing house had moved from Mt. Morris, Illinois to Elgin. They had bought a large building at Elgin and expanded their work a great deal. They had a large printing establishment. They printed a great many books other than Brethren books and hymnals and Sunday School literature and things of that kind. The publishing house was the larger part of the institution. Then on the second or third floor of that large building, the mission

boards and officials of that kind had their offices. So there was a great many of what I suppose you would call the denominational leaders and outstanding persons of the denomination there in the Elgin congregation. So I had all of them to talk to.

I soon found out, as I said, that it was an imported church. The publishing people and the church officials of the entire denomination of course moved to Elgin and employed quite a few people in the publishing business as secretaries to the board members and so forth. I was surprised to find that they hadn't reached out into the community at all, that the Elgin Brethren Church was composed of people that had moved into Elgin as Brethren and had just formed their little group. I suppose there was a couple of hundred of them, maybe two hundred and fifty, I'm sure not more than that in the entire church. They evidently were perfectly content in being the officials and employees of the brotherhood without considering that they had any obligation or relationship to the community in which the church was located. They had a church house, and of course they went to church on Sunday and did their work in their offices or at the publishing house during the week. But I immediately adopted one slogan and made it one of the chief objectives during the time that we served there. That objective was to bridge the gap between the church and the community. For my conception of a church was not merely to live in the community but to be a servant in the community, to serve the community in which it existed.

In some of the other pastorates I had held earlier, I had found various situations. For example, back at Red Cloud as I have said, there were more churches than were needed or were used by the people. Only one church out of the seven was self-supporting. The rest were supported by mission boards. When my first year was up there, I let the church board know that I was not interested in a merely competitive struggle in the community, competing with other denominations whose churches were also supported by mission boards, all competing for the people who could be influenced to attend the churches. That's when I bridged over into the Methodist Church and took the pastorate at Roseland, before going to seminary.

During the four years that we were at Elgin, I did a good bit of contact work in the community and got acquainted with a lot of the neighbors within a few blocks around the church; some more distant that I got interested in, or were referred to me in one way or another. Before we left there, there was quite a bit achieved in that relationship. For that, in itself, didn't antagonize the people in the church. In fact, they seemed to appreciate it and were glad to have fellowship with the people that came into the church from that effort. And since we left there, the Elgin church has done, I think, a good work in extending that idea and really becoming an active church with a good influence in the community.

We spoke sometime back about developing an interest in the social welfare of people. My mother's brother George got me interested in the socialist viewpoint of life, politics and government, and of course in public ownership of utilities and the things that were supposed to serve the people. I read that Appeal to Reason paper for several years and got a good start on a view of things that should be done to correct some of the inequalities and injustices that exist in our country that we say is dedicated to liberty and that has liberty

and justice for all. Well I found out of course along the way, not only that that wasn't really carried out in practice of political affairs and government, but was grossly violated in a great many cases. The strong took advantage of the weak and those who had money took advantage of those who had but little. The scriptural text is that they who have shall be given more and those who have not, or have little, it shall be taken away even that which they have. And I could see it working very much that way. I knew a great many people who were living in even much more poverty stricken conditions than the family in which I was growing up, and that was limited enough in resources and opportunities. For example, the trouble I had in getting started to school. And it wasn't in my case alone. There were a great many others that way. Perhaps not with the same desire to go to school that I had, but there were a lot of neighbors that didn't go beyond the country grade school. From that time on, I started taking an interest in justice and equality and honesty in transactions, and in the management of government affairs.

The poverty and oppression of the people was very noticeable in the study of the Sunday School lessons. When I got a little testament and carried it in my pocket to read whenever I could, I found that in the ministry of Jesus, the great emphasis as He put it, was to relieve the oppressed, visit the afflicted and release the captives. His whole ministry, His whole period of service seemed to be centered on the oppressed and downtrodden, the despised and rejected. The people with whom the Pharisees would have nothing to do received more attention in the ministry of Jesus than did the scribes and Pharisees and the people who were supposed to be the great ones of that day. In fact, the only time, it seems to me, that Jesus was severe or extremely critical and outspoken against anyone, was of those who assumed to be the most religious, and counted themselves so much above anyone else, that trusted, as He said, in themselves, that they were righteous and set all others at naught. So I was very much impressed even before going to seminary.

In seminary I was taking a minor in sociology, taking courses at Northwestern University and at Garrett. The teachers also were interchanging between the university and the seminary. It happened at the time, that the professors had about the same view so far as the goal is concerned as the socialist literature that I had been reading. They too, were very much concerned with the oppressed and downtrodden and disadvantaged people in the whole country, and in the world for that matter. And it was largely to that viewpoint and that interest, that several of the courses in sociology were oriented. So my thinking along that line was emphasized. I never did join the socialist party and never voted the socialist ticket. But their objective in trying to relieve the inequality and the oppression of the poor and afflicted, coincided so perfectly with the New Testament teaching, and the Old Testament too for that matter. Take the Old Testament prophets, Amos and Ezekiel, Isaiah and Jeremiah; they were exactly on the same trend of teaching and emphasis. So when I went to Elgin, that naturally entered into my thinking and into my speaking, I suppose, quite a bit.

I remember one time, I guess it was the first winter we were there, the winter of 1930-31. It was in the early part of the depression years, when the depression had gotten quite severe. Elgin was raising a relief fund to help the families in the city that were desperately

in need, indeed very very desperately in need. For nearly all of the people who were out of work, unemployed and in desperate need were the families in which the breadwinner had been an employee of the Elgin Watch Company. The Elgin Watch Company was THE industry of the town. The town was somewhere around thirty-five or thirty-eight thousand at the time, not a large city at all. But the Elgin Watch Company was really a major industry that employed a great many people. But as the depression came on they had to cut down and dismiss a lot of people whose living had depended on their work at the watch factory. So the whole city was involved in raising a relief fund. They had set a goal to raise eighty-two thousand dollars. Of course there was lots of publicity in the papers. One week there was quite a headline about the Elgin Watch Company's donation. The Elgin Watch Company had donated twenty-five thousand dollars of the eighty-two that was to be the relief fund to help the families whose work at the Elgin plant had been their support. So the Elgin Watch Company was put on a pretty high pedestal by the writeups in the paper about their very liberal contribution to the relief fund.

Well, it happened that in the same week, I think it was on Saturday, the daily paper came out with a statement of the Internal Revenue Service returning to certain individuals and so forth the overpayment they had made of their income taxes. And I just happened to notice that the Elgin Watch Company had made enough profit that year so that having paid their income tax, their refund was a great deal more than the amount they had contributed to the relief fund to help the people that they had laid off. I was rather brash I suppose at the time but in the sermon that Sunday I remember I used that as an illustration. I don't remember just how it was woven in but I know that the sermon was somewhat along the line of meeting the needs of people in the community. I wove in the facts of the company's donation and referred to the refund they got for their overpayment of income tax. Well, after the church was dismissed, a couple of the high officials of the church got around to talk to me and tried to make it plain that I shouldn't use such illustrations. They said I had a biased opinion, that it wasn't at all as I had made it sound. And I guess it was a good warning of what was to come later, for I found that some things which I thought were important were considered kind of off limits by some of the higher officials.

That went along for the four years that we were there. But that was one of the things I emphasized, the social responsibility of Christian people to serve the community, and that got on the toes of other people too. During World War I, as I have told before, I had worn a uniform but I had taken noncombative service work in the hospital, as the government at that time gave us the privilege of doing. Quite a few of the good staunch Brethren people considered themselves strongly pacifist, but they were passive pacifists. I tried to explain that to be consistently pacifist, if we were going to oppose war as a means of settling differences and making the world safe for democracy and so forth, we must do something to correct the injustices and inequalities that lead inevitably to war. We should become cooperative enough and helpful enough over our entire economic, industrial and social actions so that the conflicts between individuals and between nations would not develop. And my challenge was that a consistent pacifist must do as much to prevent war, to prevent the conditions, the injustices and inequalities that lead to war as does the

soldier who is sent into the Army to defend the national interest. But that didn't fit very well with quite a few of the folks. Nevertheless, I made that a major emphasis during the four years that we were there.

Although the church did nothing about it at the time, when the second World War came along somewhat later, the church was ready. They understood what needed to be done and they went in head over heels in organizing for constructive community work. The Brethren Service Committee was organized. They insisted on having the opportunity to serve constructively in projects. They were given that privilege and they carried on a very splendid work, but they sure didn't like it at the time we were at Elgin advocating the same thing. If they had started their organization of the Brethren Service Committee at that time, approximately ten years before, they would have had a much better opportunity to demonstrate a constructive pacifist viewpoint, than they had in simply begging off as conscientious objectors. I told them all through my work at Elgin that it wasn't consistent to take the profits of an unjust system and make a fortune and then when the methods by which they made their fortunes led into national conflict and international conflict, to say that we won't participate, we won't do that. But nevertheless, when the time came that they were forced into it, they did a very fine work.

The work done by the volunteers in the Brethren Service Committee had a very striking influence throughout the nation and in the government offices as well. For I've been told that the Peace Corps organized under the Kennedy administration actually grew out of the concept presented by the Brethren Service Committee and the volunteer relief work that the Brethren young people did. Of course many many other young people joined in the Brethren Service Committee work. The Mennonites and Quakers too, had similar work. And the Friend Service Committee was in existence at the time that I was talking to the church people at Elgin and recommending exactly that type of action. In fact, though very much smaller than the Brethren work came to be, they were doing a very similar type of relief work at the time we were at Elgin. And I used that quite frequently as an illustration of what the Brethren should be doing. So the Quakers and the Mennonites and the Church of the Brethren and other young people all over the country working in that relief work volunteer system was I suppose the background for the Peace Corps system that Kennedy organized and has done a great good in other countries throughout the world.

There were other areas in which I would be called much more liberal than the Brethren practice had been up to that time. We started doing a couple of things that had never been done before in the Brethren Church and we managed to do so with at least the apparent approval of the church boards. It caused no evident trouble at the time. I suppose that in the background there were some individuals who held some reservations but the sentiment opposing the changes was not strong enough to interfere. Soon after going to Elgin, we had the first consecration service for children. Apparently children had been considered as little devils, born with an evil spirit and outside the religious organization. Using the example of Jesus being brought to the temple and consecrated and the mother of Samuel bringing him to the temple and having him consecrated, we talked somewhat about the consecration of children by the parents and the church. In a ceremony, the parents would agree to raise and teach the children in the

way of truth and right and justice and love and Christianity. The church too, pledging itself to cooperate with the parents in rearing the children in the right ways of life. So after introducing the idea for awhile, we held a consecration ceremony for, I think, about eight or ten children. In the pastors' manual of the Brethren Church at that time, there was no consecration form written out for the people who always have to read a ceremony, a marriage ceremony or baptismal ceremony or whatever. So I wrote one out, and it was modified a little but pretty soon it was incorporated in the pastors' manual for Brethren preachers to follow. I suppose a lot of them still read it. I never did read it just as I have never read a wedding ceremony. Whatever I want to say I either write out and memorize or else just ramble around and try to hit the points - as I am doing now. And so the consecration of children was instituted into the program of the Church of the Brethren and now in Brethren Churches wherever we go we find it practiced.

Another thing that had never been done before in the Church of the Brethren was to receive a member from another denomination without requiring rebaptism, being baptised by triune immersion in exactly the way the Brethren have always done it. I was much more willing, and it was consistent with my way of thinking, to cross denominational lines and be much more considerate of people who had grown up with other religious backgrounds in other denominations. Well, I don't remember speaking very much about it in public services but I know we discussed it among some of the leaders. We had an applicant a little while later, a man with a family. His wife was a Brethren lady and he wanted to join the church but he didn't see the need of being baptised again, of acting as though he was an outlaw, a sinner, a renegade or something like that. So I told him it wasn't necessary, after talking enough with the others to think it would be safe to do so. I received him into the church membership on just the letter from his Methodist Church. And of course the Methodist baptism is by sprinkling, just dipping the fingers into water and putting it on the head and saying, "I baptise you in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit." The Brethren had never considered that as baptism.

So we received him, but I explained to him at the time the Brethren practice of baptism, how it was done and why the Brethren did it that way, because of the way it is written in the scripture about Jesus being baptised in the Jordan River. Although our baptistry is now in the church building, the parallel is near enough that the Brethren feel that getting into the baptistry and being immersed is their preferred way. I told this man that that's the way I was baptised only I was baptised out in the river in cold late October or November when there wasn't quite ice on the river but I think there almost was. I told him that because I had been reared that way, I preferred the immersion method of reception into the church but if he felt good about his former baptism, that we could receive him into the church without rebaptism. And so he was received that way.

About a year or so later, a couple of his boys joined the church. They had been in preparatory membership class and I had explained all the necessary things to them. The day that they were to be baptised, this man came to me and said that he wanted to be baptised too. So we baptised the father along with his two boys that Sunday afternoon in a special service. After that I could talk more openly to the

entire congregation about it, with the viewpoint that forcing a person that had been a professed Christian in another denomination who wanted to transfer into the Church of the Brethren, to fulfill a strict requirement to comply with the Brethren method of baptism, would not make a very favorable impression. It would be better to explain the Brethren viewpoint and then be tolerant enough to accept them on their former baptism as long as they are satisfied with it. But offer, that if any time in the future, being associated with the Brethren, if they would feel better to receive baptism by the Brethren method also, then grant their request and have a baptismal service for them. Whatever makes the conscience of the applicant completely satisfied is the approach that I took to convince the Brethren that tolerance and teaching is better than a strict requirement. So after that we could receive people from other denominations and if they preferred to be rebaptised, all right; if they didn't, all right; and if they ever wanted to later as they became better acquainted with the Brethren, all right. But we did not make it a definite requirement.

So we accomplished that much toward breaking down a little of the prejudice and the dividing lines, the dividing walls, between denominations. For church unity was another of my very strong convictions and a very definite goal. It certainly is possible that if people professing to follow the Christian way of life would cooperate together in every community instead of competing with one another, they could certainly run an institution that would give a great deal more effective community service. They could do a great deal more good if they were a little more lenient one toward another and allow each person to believe and to worship as he sees fit and then work together for the good of the community and to serve the needs of individuals.

In that respect, I enjoyed the work there at Elgin. It required some ingenuity and tact I suppose to accomplish anything along that line. For Brethren had always been rather strict and it wasn't easy for some of them to admit that they had been wrong. I think the natural resistance to change was the only thing that irritated the folks there, in regard to the Brethren Service concept of being an active pacifist, trying to prevent conflict and war, trying to eliminate injustice and inequality and hatred and misunderstanding, trying to create a basis for peace instead of just opposing the outbreak of hostilities when all of these things lead into an open conflict. It just seemed impossible for Brethren to admit that they were wrong, that they had taken too stringent an attitude. For a lot of Brethren had prospered very well in the war times, not quite like the industrial organizations had done but they profited a good deal by the war boom. I know later in World War II, after the years of depression and trying to prime the pump, doing everything possible to get the economy going again, the economy wouldn't run and the pump wouldn't prime. The economy had to be juggled and adjusted until World War II came along. Before World War II our government had outlawed the transportation of military equipment and arms to other nations, and in the congress when the first suggestion was made of participating in the war, one congressman said he saw in this a beautiful piece of prosperity, and of course that's what it was. And people did prosper, churches prospered and people made a good profit in wartime. So there was sort of an inclination for people to like war if they didn't have to participate directly in the conflict.

It's a little bit like one good Christian man had said about the

the first World War. During the prosperity brought on by the military conflict, he had ventured a little, and had bought another farm and was making payments on it. When the war closed, he found that there was a little slump in his financial advantage. He found it a little hard to make his payments. His remark was that he wished the war had lasted at least another year so that he could have gotten his new farm paid for. And that's the way a lot of Brethren looked at the whole situation. They thought the economy was perfectly all right, it was perfectly all right to compete and get all you can and can all you can get. A lot of Brethren people like the Mennonites and others of the same stripe were very prosperous farmers and they did very well. They didn't recognize that the competition and inequality that brings on war is the same thing that they enjoyed so much. And they didn't recognize that they were on the wrong side of the issue. So that's, I think, why the idea of constructive pacifism, working against the things that lead to war, was so hard to understand.

Now back to the idea of bridging the gap between the church and the community. There were results more than just my visiting the families in the community. For example, I remember in one week that I had five funeral services and only one of them had even a distant connection to any member in the church. That result came from the community contacts. Then too, I had a hobby of bird watching, observation of birds and nature studies and spoke quite often in the schools, the grade schools and in the high schools. That seemed to be appreciated and made a good impression and was a good contact with people all over town. In the birds' migratory season, I would have groups go out with me to the parks to observe and study the birds. I remember one time that I was dated up for every morning for over two weeks ahead with different groups and classes from the schools and the churches and just plain groups that wanted to go on bird hikes. And that had a good result.

The director of young people's work and one of the office secretaries got acquainted on those bird hikes. They married and became quite prominent in church work. He was the man who later organized the work known as Heifers for Relief. That grew into a much more extended work in foreign service, in contrast to the older type of missionary work. This work became nationwide and extended into other denominations and became an interdenominational project that sent livestock and poultry and farm methods and produce to the less developed countries. So in that way, I saw some results of my work at Elgin.

There was another thing that we noticed. The denominational leaders, the board members, the home mission secretary and missionary leaders as they traveled out among the churches over the nation, we found to have used some of the sermons that I preached at the home church. They would go out and use the same material throughout the brotherhood. That came back sometimes in reports that we would read in the Gospel Messenger of the various ones that had been out in different parts of the country. Occasionally local reporters in the churches where they had visited would, in making their report, include a notation of the message that the church official brought to the congregation. We quite often recognized where they got some of their material.

Well, another interesting thing was that I wasn't supposed to do all

of the preaching, that is, I wasn't required to. We established a system so that I always preached in the morning at the eleven o'clock service, but a year in advance I would make out a program so that each of the higher officials knew when he was to speak at the evening service. That gave each of them three or four times a year to preach at the evening church service. After awhile it became quite noticeable that when any given one of those high officials in the church was to be speaker in the evening, you could tell by the attendance who his main supporters were. Each one had a certain group of people loyal to him and that group would be there each time that certain official was to be the speaker. It became quite interesting. They did well, they were good speakers and fine people, good men. We appreciated their work and they were all willing to participate and take their turn to speak in the home church as well as going out in the churches over the country.

Another interesting thing was the visitors we quite often had. People from all over the country, the churches over the United States and even missionaries from abroad liked to come and visit in the offices of the denomination and look over the publishing house, the bindery and all of the works there. It was quite an institution to visit. So we would have company quite often. My father was there and stayed with us, it must have been three or four weeks. I remember that he attended quite a few services at the church and it was interesting to get his response to the teaching-preaching type sermons that I presented. He was very enthused about it and very satisfied and pleased with all that was said but he never saw the difference between what was being taught there and what he had been familiar with all his life. For it was my effort to give a spiritual rather than traditional interpretation of the scriptures, to go back of the traditional and show the spiritual experience of the people that produced the scripture. So in that way it went across with him, and with others too.

Among other visitors who came to see us while we lived there in Elgin was Uncle Steve, the man who was so certain that I could never preach again in a Brethren Church. He had said that if I left the Brethren Church and preached in another church, he was certain that I could never preach again in a Brethren Church. That was before I had ever preached in a Methodist Church. But when he visited us up at Elgin, he saw that he was wrong. Something had happened that he was not familiar with, but it did work out to his approval. But he could not see it back at the beginning before it worked out that way. It was, I think, satisfactory to him then that I had done as I did, and had gone to school and had even gone to the Methodist seminary.

Well, so far we have been speaking only about the church work and the way the congregation worked with us. Of course as a family, the usual things were going on, the children were growing up. You see, Orlin was just ready to start his first schooling when we moved to Elgin and when we left there, he was pretty well along. The youngest, Adavern, was just a year and a half or so when we moved to Elgin. When we left there she had been in kindergarten at least a year and I believe she was just ready to start the first grade. I think she started in the first grade when we got out to California but that will come a little later in the story.

I think Gladys enjoyed part of her time there at Elgin. She was of course pretty heavily scheduled with home duties, with four children

growing up, but she did have some experience that I think she enjoyed; her musical program. She sang all the time in the church choir and quite often in special numbers. She also joined a quartet directed by a music teacher she evaluated very highly and she still thinks of her that way. Gladys took voice lessons from her and sang with this quartet which gave programs at various places over the city. Of course we had lots of friends among the church people and neighbors, and would often play games and things of that kind. We didn't have a pool table yet at that time or I know we would have played pool a lot. We did fix up a ping-pong table in the basement of the parsonage and used it quite frequently so the children got started pretty early in learning to play ping-pong.

I had a good garden every year. Within a half or three-quarters of a mile from where we lived, there were vacant lots that people were glad to have used to keep the weeds down. I would of course hire them plowed in the spring and then, with my lighter implements, take care of the rest of it. We didn't have to irrigate back there and I raised some very good garden produce. I enjoyed that, it was a good diversion. There were three pretty nice parks at Elgin, one I suppose about three-quarters of a mile from our place, the other over across town was called Lord's park. We'd go over there to ice skate. At the one closest to us, there was a golf course in which I got a little interested. I had never played golf at all but some of the members of the church did. One of them loaned me a few clubs. After I got started I found enough balls. I guess the balls that I was trying to hit along the way would wander off often enough that I got out to where I found other balls. I found more balls than I lost so I collected a few and that way had no investment at all in equipment. It was a public golf course. Well, maybe I paid a dollar a year or something like that as a membership fee but I know it wasn't any more than that. I would go out and bat balls around, usually alone, but once in awhile another person would be along.

I had a free membership in the YMCA. Several of the church fellows from the publishing house and the church offices had an organization going before I went there. From the very start I participated, I believe it was on Tuesday noon every week, and played volleyball for an hour or so. We developed a pretty good team that way and often went to other towns to play other teams. I had played volleyball some at McPherson but developed it much more at Elgin so I had that as recreation and diversion. It provided good exercise and good fellowship with other people. I worked with them on YMCA drives, money raising and membership campaigns and things like that. Of course I participated in the activities of the ministerial association, and enjoyed that fellowship.

I remember one program we had where all the churches worked together. Billy Sunday was in town and we had a union meeting or two. I remember sitting up on the platform for him but I don't remember just what part I took in the evening program. I know I sat up there because of remarks that were made by some of the people of the church about me sitting up there with Billy Sunday.

The whole time that we lived in Elgin was during the intensive part of the depression so often talked about now, referred back to. It was in that time when there was a great deal of unemployment and the economy wasn't in very good shape. There was plenty of opportunity in the church work to weave in references to the social and industrial

and economic conditions in the nation. In fact, it would be hard to use the major emphasis of scripture as it is in both the Old and New Testaments without referring to the inequality, hardships and deprivation of the people and the contrast between those who have and who have not. So after four years of my tendency to emphasize the social values and the practical applications of Christian principles, it became obvious that it was about time for a change. The general feeling that developed was I guess, that I wasn't the kind of fellow that just fit in exactly with the - shouldn't call it political organization of the church - but I didn't fit in with the general program and movement. I was more an agitator rather than being submissive to the general trend and emphasis and interpretation in the church activities.

At Mt. Morris, Illinois, there was a Brethren college comparable to the ones at McPherson and North Manchester. The colleges were having a great deal of difficulty and the one at Mt. Morris was just about to go under, and later it did. It closed about the last year we were at Elgin. The president was of course a prominent fellow in the church organization, the general brotherhood business, as the presidents of all the schools were. But he was having a pretty hard time, and with the school going under, having to close and go out of business, there was some question as to what he would do. He had tried pastoral work and I guess he didn't make a very good job of it, so he was president of the school. In the offices there at Elgin, one office was that of the Home Mission Secretary, as it was called, and it was through his office that any church wanting to locate a pastor would communicate. So he was really, in the Brethren Church, what a bishop would be in some other churches, the person who has charge and most influence in recommending if not actually appointing pastors to churches. I remember definitely out in our back yard, he gave a warning to me one day. His home was just back of the parsonage and we happened to be out in the yard there together. He referred to this fellow who was president of Mt. Morris college, and to give me a warning I guess, said that this man would be taken care of all right because he was a church man, implying that I wasn't cooperating enough to have a good recommendation, to be "taken care of" as he put it. So I got the hint and after while we received an invitation from Fresno, California, to go out there as pastor.

Fresno had the largest Brethren Church in the Northern District of California. Of course La Verne in the Southern District was larger, but Fresno, in size and work and participation was a pretty good organization and was doing about as well as any of the churches in some respects. About a week or so after the invitation came, we got another letter, one that had no signature on it, nobody signed it. It was one of those unanimous letters, as Andy in Amos and Andy would call it, a unanimous letter. It gave a very definite warning and some pretty persuasive arguments as to why we should not go to Fresno. I guess it had been revealed through somebody that I was a little different than some others. Whether the secretary or bishop or whatever name should be applied, had given a tip or not, I don't know. But anyway, we got a letter and there was a little debate as to what to do. I took the letter to the man I had conferred with the most, the elder of the church at Elgin. He read it and said to pay no attention to it.

So we consented to go to Fresno with the knowledge that there would be some pretty stiff and definite opposition to it. For the warning was very specific that we would have trouble out there. We went out anyway and enjoyed the trip. We stopped at Twin Falls and visited Gladys' folks, then drove on down through Nevada and California to Fresno. The first family that we got acquainted with lived just a few doors from us, right near the church. The man was caretaker of the church and church grounds, so we got acquainted with them right away. It happened that he also had another job. He was one of the caretakers out at the city golf course a few miles out from town and through him I learned right away that ministers had free privileges playing on the golf course on Mondays. There were no other players on the course for that was the day for cleanup from the week before and watering and things like that. If the preachers wanted to go out - most of them weren't afraid of a little water anyway - they had the privilege of going out and playing on Mondays, but none of them had been doing it. This fellow found out I guess that I had played a little at golf while at Elgin, and suggested that I try it here.

I found another preacher that would go with me, and we went out and played golf. The group grew very quickly until on Mondays we'd have sometimes six or eight ministers go out and play golf. That was a good way of relaxing after a Sunday's routine in the churches. We all got acquainted and it developed beautifully that after playing golf together and having fellowship on the golf course, we found that we could work together a whole lot better in the ministerial union. I started with the ministerial union right away when we got out there but there were only five or six ministers that would come together from all of the churches in the city. But we kept growing, both on the golf course and in the ministerial union.

It happened that at the Church of the Brethren we reorganized the services somewhat and had the worship service first, that is a brief opening service somewhat like it used to be in the opening of Sunday School to get the thing started or get the lid off or something. We would have the opening services, then the sermon as the teaching part of the service then go directly to classes making it all one unified service. Sometimes the sermon would be discussed in the adult classes. As I got acquainted with other ministers on the golf course and in the

ministerial union, it became known over town that I would be available for the regular preaching hour in the other churches. As a result of that, I suppose it was a result of that anyway, I quite frequently spoke in different churches in town and in that way got acquainted quite well.

We made friends with the large majority of our own church group. But there were those in the group that fulfilled all the warnings that we had received before leaving Elgin. The opposition was mostly from a couple of ministers that of course never worked as pastors but were ultraconservative in their viewpoints and traditional interpretations of scripture. For example, wherever there's a bird, that's an evil influence. So where Jesus speaks about birds of the heavens, that means that there's evil influence, like communism has been interpreted in later years, that must be opposed by every means. That's the way they interpreted scripture, each thing meant something definite according to whatever they wanted to emphasize. One of the ministers was in a financial organization; I guess he was the chief man in the organization. It was a financial system of making loans to farmers, to producers and especially to the cotton growers. There was quite a lot of cotton grown in the San Joaquin Valley. They would finance the spring work of getting the crops in and of course would reap a good deal of the profit that the farmer would make otherwise. They would get good interest on their money. So I guess he was about the most well-to-do man in the church organization.

Another was a school teacher, a teacher in the high school. He had been to college and his wife had been to college and when they got out of college, I guess they considered that about as high as a person could go. Anything that they had learned in college, that was absolute, about on the same level as scripture. Anything that they had read or studied in college was just as authentic as scripture and was scripture to them. However they wanted to apply it, as history or miracle or whatever, it was very authentic. They could take any verse in the Bible and use it as a proof text and twist it any way it could be twisted. They would have some reason for applying it as they chose. So with that type of thing going on in the congregation; sometimes a person who considers himself to be an authority, especially if he has money, can use his influence in the congregation. So from the very beginning, we had that to contend with, but otherwise the congregation was very friendly.

We had lots of good things. I tell you - the fruit and grapes and apricots and oranges; the citrus and vegetables were just fantastic! Imagine people from back east coming out there to the San Joaquin Valley where they called it the raisin capital of the world; and there were sure a lot of raisins produced. But it was what the lady called hard times, and she said it was too bad that the depression had come during hard times. I remember one time there were thirty-five thousand tons of raisins that couldn't be sold at a profit so they were dumped and doused with oil and made unfit for use. Thirty-five thousand tons of raisins were dumped at one time and a great many other things of that nature were done at the same time. The lettuce growers were plowing up their fields. With my viewpoint of what Christianity ought to be, being of service to the people, I couldn't help of course letting something of that slip into the sermons quite frequently and so things worked out so that we stayed at Fresno only three years.

I think our work at Fresno was of more value in other things than in the church we were supposed to be serving because of the hardships the people were enduring at the time. You see, there was no Social Security, and the people who were unemployed had no resources except what they could devise for themselves and it was a very critical situation. There were no mechanical cotton pickers and the human cotton pickers had to be imported. They would always import a whole lot more than they needed so they could work the wages they paid the pickers down as low as they possibly could. It made quite a few problems in the living of the people of the entire community, not only in the city but in the entire farming area all around. In the ministerial union we had quite a few discussions at the time because some of the other ministers too were concerned about the hardships the people were enduring.

I remember working on a committee for the ministerial union, I guess I was vice-president at the time. The committee consisted of the ministerial union representing the protestant group, a Catholic Priest and a Jewish Rabbi. I was asked by the other ministers in the ministerial union to represent the protestant group. So we three worked together on that problem of trying to do something for people because of unemployment, and because of low wages when they were able to work. I learned something there that I hadn't run into directly before. Of course I did say that at Roseland the Catholic Priest and I worked together quite well because there was just one protestant church and the Catholic Church in the town. We worked together and put on a Christmas program but other than that, I had never had a real chance to experience working with Catholic and Jewish leaders. It was easier to work on a committee composed of a Catholic Priest and a Jewish Rabbi, with myself as the only protestant representative, and really accomplish something, and agree on things that were really vital, than it is to work with other protestant ministers. That was a little surprising to me and has stuck in my mind ever since.

I also had opportunity to work with an Episcopalian Bishop in other activities and found out that I can work quite easily with those people. They have more social emphasis in the application of their religion than do most protestant people. For various reasons, I felt then and I have felt ever since, that my three years at Fresno was of more value and accomplished far more in the community at large than it did through the church organization that I was supposed to be serving. For example, because of the depression situation, I suppose, there was an organization called the Townsend Club there in Fresno, and throughout the nation for that matter. At Elgin, I hadn't gotten started in it at all. It may have been organized there just about the time we were leaving, but when we got to Fresno it was pretty well developed. We became interested in it right away because of the hardship the elderly people were having.

I went to the Townsend meeting a little bit and pretty soon I was on the speakers list. I'm certain that I spoke more often for the Townsend Clubs than I gave sermons in the church where I was supposed to be working. There was never any payment for it. In fact, I expect we spent quite a bit of money for gasoline, though gasoline was not so high-priced at that time. My travel expenses were never met but it was interesting work and the people of the organization were extremely appreciative of the social emphasis and application that I made of Christianity. For honestly what I did, I spoke at those

Townsend Club meetings up and down the valley, and in Fresno at various places, using material that would have fit very well in sermons that I would give in church. Several times I remember using outlines that were practically the same as I had previously used in church. For that way of speaking extemporaneously as I always did, I never have repeated a sermon exactly as I had given it before. If I take an outline even today, that I used back in the thirties, I might use the same subject and the same text, and a similar illustration or two, but what I said during the thirty minutes or so of the sermon would not be recognized at all as the same sermon. That's the way it was with the Townsend Clubs. I would use the same subjects and the same scriptures, and it was appreciated. In fact, I felt that I was preaching at the Townsend Club meetings, talking of justice and the problems of our industrial and social and economic systems in society. I felt like I was preaching as much at the Townsend meetings as I did when I was talking in church, and that was very much appreciated up and down the valley. I remember of going fifty or sixty miles to the north and also to the south and way out east. I don't remember very much of going to towns west of Fresno. But north and south and east there were lots of opportunities to go and work and speak with the Townsend Clubs.

The idea of the movement started when Dr. Townsend was down in Long Beach. He was in a room at a home, and upstairs in the room where he was assigned for the night, there was a north window. He looked out one morning and saw some people picking food scraps out of the garbage cans to use as their own sustenance. It got on his nerve enough that that was the start of the Townsend movement. His plan was that all the people sixty years and older would be retired giving opportunity for younger people to work. It was supposed to be a solution for unemployment and also a solution for taking care of those who had done a good length of service in building the nation and the economy and industry. So Dr. Townsend devised a plan of charging a two percent tax, a transaction tax he called it, for all transactions; on every deal there would be a two percent tax. Of course there was no sales tax at that time on anything, and there was no Social Security tax. His plan was that a two percent tax on each transaction would provide a fund that would make it possible for each person over sixty years of age to draw certificates that would be used as their purchasing power to the equivalent of two hundred dollars a month. He thought that each person over sixty having two hundred dollars a month would rejuvenate the economy and help those under sixty to have employment and those over sixty to live decently. It was in a sense, a sort of pump prime plan and it became quite strong throughout the nation. There were big conventions and congress got pretty well petitioned. The whole thing worked out so that a few years later Social Security was instituted. It has always been my belief that without the Townsend movement, Social Security would never have been planned and instituted in the country, at least it would have been in an altogether different way. I think the Townsend plan paved the way for the Social Security program and of course that was opposed too as long as it could be opposed but it has been one of the most effective methods of improving social conditions.

In political matters, it has always been my system to work as far behind the scenes as possible but nevertheless to exert some influence in political matters. At Fresno, a good many people gave credit as

though I had influenced the election of a mayor. There was an element in Fresno that had a system of dividing the vote. They would have several people with some qualifications for mayor but they would have perhaps a half a dozen people campaigning. They knew who would be elected but all of them would campaign enough to split up the vote. They would have half a dozen men running who weren't fit to be mayor at all, so that whoever was elected would cater to their wishes and programs and allow things to go on in the city that a lot of people didn't approve of. People that wanted a decent mayor weren't organized in the way that the others were. So we devised a plan, partly through the ministerial union and partly on personal activity, so that we had only one man on the slate that we thought was right and the others we just disregarded. We fixed the campaign in such a way that the people were not misled by the campaigning of all the others. They ran one man against all the others and that way got a respectable mayor elected. As a result of that effort and after we had moved away from Fresno, the next time there was an election I had an invitation to go back and serve as a sort of mayor's assistant, the man next to the mayor; but I didn't go back. I have never wanted to be out in front in the political game but if I could do something in the background to help people get organized, get the right type of man in the front office, that I have been glad to do.

After two years of working this way in Fresno, trying honestly to do all that I could in the church and having lots of friends in the church but knowing this other side of the game too; seeing the warning fulfilled that we had been given, after two years I handed in my resignation to be effective at a certain date almost a year later. So then we were ready to consider some other appointment and the church there was free to employ someone else to take our place. We went ahead with the other contacts in the community that we had been carrying on all the time and finished our time out at Fresno. I have felt good about the three years that we lived there but we moved and made no contacts with the church directly after that. At Christmas time we have sent greetings to perhaps four or five families and kept that much in contact for quite a little while.

Back in those times ministers' salaries weren't very high at any time, then especially in the depression years they got a little bit lower. Our family - well, we might say that we just existed and were extremely fortunate in not having excessive medical bills or anything of that kind. The children had about three blocks to go to school. We liked the schools in Fresno very much and the children did well. We had opportunity to go into the mountains occasionally. We spent quite a bit of time up in General Grant and Sequoia National Parks which were about fifty-five miles east of Fresno and the family also got up to Yosemite National Park at least one time.

The first year we were there, I was asked to go up to Toulumne Meadows which is about sixty miles back of Yosemite Valley but still in Yosemite National Park and that was in rather high mountains. Orlin and Darrell and I, and a school teacher, Mr. Jones and his son, drove up there and lived in the cabin that was provided for the minister who would conduct services in the camp. It was the earliest opening of the camp in the spring of 1935, about June I suppose. There was evidence that the bears were beginning to get out and prowl around. The first night we were up there, we had a visit by a mother bear and a cub, maybe two cubs. We had gotten there in the afternoon and set

up our living arrangements. There was a table outdoors and of course one inside also, but we used the one outside for supper and then covered some things and left them on the table. Among other things there was a can of sugar. In the night we heard a peculiar noise so I got up and found a flashlight. When I opened the door and turned on the light, there was quite a scramble. What it was - was the cub or maybe two cubs going up a tree. The mother bear grabbed something in her mouth and went down an incline to a little ravine and started eating. Well, I didn't know just exactly what to do, so I did nothing. I went back to bed.

In the morning we found the sugar can. What the mother bear did - she ordered the cubs up the tree and she grabbed the sugar can, one side of it in her mouth, and carried it down into that little ravine and proceeded to eat the sugar, and that's what she was doing when I decided to go back to bed. After that we took a little more precaution in taking care of our foodstuff, for the bears liked to prowl around at night and get whatever they could. I guess they preferred that to eating berries and twigs and catching bugs and things of that kind. Bears like sugar, and meat I think it is, that they like to find. I know people quite often hung their meat up on a tree limb to keep the bears from getting it.

Well, we enjoyed those visits at the national parks, they made good vacations. Not only just short trips but whenever we had an allowed vacation, that's what we would do. There were also church camps that we attended. Quite a number of people from our church somehow managed to take a vacation period in the summer and go to camp. There was one over near the coast, I believe near San Jose, that we called Mount Herman where I was supposed to be one of the speakers. There was sort of a course of study or something of that kind in each one. Another camp was farther down, over southeast of Bakersfield up in the mountains called Greenhorn Mountain. To make a little more use of such opportunities, we several times would go up to the park early in the week and set up camp and get all our equipment ready. The boys and I would then go back down to Fresno. I'd go ahead with my work there and cook for the boys while Gladys and the girls were up in the mountains. I know one time when we set up camp that way, Gladys talks about it yet, Lavera and Adavern went out to the wood pile. There was always a big pile of wood that had been hauled in for campers to use. Lavera was carrying wood and stumbled or something and hurt her wrist, and I believe she fainted. I guess that created quite a concern for a little while. Gladys remarks every once in awhile yet, that she thinks the trouble Lavera had with her wrist, finding it weak in playing softball and so forth, resulted from that injury up there in the park

Another time I remember well in the park was when Dad was out in Fresno staying with us a few weeks. During that time, I had an assignment to spend a couple of Sundays up at the park. I'm not sure whether it was Sequoia or General Grant but it was one of the two. Its all one park now, the Sequoia National Park, but at that time there was a few miles of mountain road between the two parks. Anyway, I was supposed to be up there to conduct Sunday services for the campers and Dad was up there with us for some time. I remember that Roy, Elwood and Paul drove up to the park one Sunday and we had a little visit. While we lived at Fresno they drove up several times and we also got to drive down to Glendale occasionally. In fact, I

was down at Glendale often enough and in the shoe shops enough that I got interested in shoe repairing. Elwood and Roy were both running shoe repair shops and I took a liking to it enough that it later came in handy.

Our dad had lived in California as a boy and I had quite often heard him talk about his boyhood days in California. His father had been a wagon maker. I have heard that our name WAAS means, in German, wagon maker. I'm not sure of that, it's only a rumor I suppose, but interesting. Dad's family had lived in an old - not actually a mining area specifically, but at least in a prospecting area. So while Dad was out there visiting at our home in California, Orlin, Darrell, Dad and I went off on a trip up north quite a piece, I think almost due east of San Francisco. Out in the foothills of the mountains is a neighborhood which has a name but I don't remember it now. We drove up into that community and walked around over the area. He was able to locate some spots where he was sure certain things had been located. I suppose he actually found the exact location of the house where he remembered living but there was no house there. We went to a store down a piece from the place he located as the old home site and talked to the people there. He discussed the early days but none of them knew as early a period as he did. I think he appreciated visiting the place again and thinking about it, reviewing his boyhood there. Then we found a camping place for the night. The next day we were to meet some other fellows. The preacher from Empire that had gotten me on several fishing trips before, was to meet us. There were several others with him. So Dad was with us while we fished for a couple of days out east of San Francisco. The fishing was mostly for striped bass in the tidewaters that came up the channels from the San Francisco Bay area. It was interesting fishing and a good outing; we had a good time together.

Our family lived very conservatively, about as economically as a family could possibly live. We weren't extravagant in anything but we did have a fairly good car at the time. Before we left Elgin, I had discarded the old 1927 Chevrolet and bought a 1932 V-8 Ford. We got it a little over a year before we left Elgin. So we had pretty good transportation for our trips down to Southern California and up to the mountains and so forth. I had also acquired a little trailer with a box on it about five by seven feet, so that we could haul our camping equipment and things like that. We were pretty well equipped for that type of inexpensive vacationing. I think the family enjoyed that, the children still mention the trips, remembering various things about them. Adavern just this morning spoke about going up to Sunset Rock which is over in the General Grant Park, and watching the sunsets. The park is somewhat on the western slopes of the Sierra-Nevada mountains looking out toward the west.

I imagine Lavera remembers one time when she got up early with me, as I did nearly always when we were away in a camp like that. I would get up early and go out and watch the birds or watch the sunrise or at the Grand Canyon, to watch the canyon light up. Lavera got up with me this time and we went up to a place where by getting off the trail a little, we got up on a great big rock where we watched birds as they became active in the morning. We could also look out across the San Joaquin Valley almost to the coast. We watched the sun evaporate the fog so that we saw the first light of the sun strike the earth way across the valley, way out west of Fresno. Then as the sun

came up over the mountains back of us, it just dissolved that fog so that gradually we saw it disperse. Finally the sun hit us and then the whole valley was light and bright. Things of that kind are quite interesting and relaxing and certainly are of recreational value. They helped a great deal in our activities.

Of course I wouldn't expect very much help from the bishop at Elgin in locating a new pastorate and for a little while after I handed in my resignation, we had no idea where we would go. But it happened that the pastor at Pasadena was also looking for a pastorate and when he found out that we were leaving Fresno, he applied for the job there. His mother had visited our church at Elgin and had become acquainted with us to some extent. She had friends or relatives over at Glendale, Arizona, and she gave the church committee there our name. So in due time we received an invitation from the Glendale, Arizona church.

We made an exploratory trip to Glendale, Arizona, to look over the situation there and consider their invitation to take the pastorate. I knew that our salary would be very slim, in fact they were able to offer only a hundred dollars a month. Having become interested in the shoe repair business, I had decided while living at Fresno that I would like to learn the shoe repair trade and use it in expectation of retiring sometime, thinking that in my old age I could repair shoes and eke out an existence that way. So while there in Fresno I got acquainted with a shoe-repair man who lived just diagonally across the block from our church and home. I would go over and work with him in his shop. When a pair of shoes came in for repair, he'd take one shoe and I'd take the other. I'd work on the shoe and do the job, somewhat under his supervision of course. I worked quite a bit in that shop and had that much practice before going to Glendale on this exploratory trip.

I told the folks in Glendale that I would take the church on an agreement that we would consider it a part-time pastorate. I would do all I could in the church work if in addition to that hundred dollars a month salary, I could have the privilege of working at some other occupation or trade for additional income. Most of them were not doing too well financially and it would have been impossible for that church to have paid a real salary. They understood the situation and gave me the privilege of working for a living besides doing the preaching and doing as much as I could in good pastoral work. So with that agreement, I went back to Fresno. I had only been gone between weekends and hadn't missed a church service. So then we knew where we would be going when our time was up at Fresno.

In August of 1937 it was time for us to take up the work at Glendale, Arizona. The whole family loaded up the camping equipment in the trunk of the car and in the little trailer that I had to tow behind it. We pulled up to the mountains to Sequoia National Park. We set up the camping equipment, then Orlin and I left Darrell, Adavern, Lavera and Mother up there in the park to camp while we took care of moving the household goods and other effects down to Arizona. We drove down to the parsonage and were there over a weekend and conducted the church services. On Monday some of the men of the church helped load all our stuff into a rather good-sized Ford truck with open body and stake sides. It built up pretty high but we got it all in or on.

Orlin and I started well after noon for Arizona. Of course we didn't get very far. We got just a little way over Tehachapi Pass going from the San Joaquin Valley to the Mojave Desert area. We pulled off the road by a sort of little trading post with a filling station, and slept for awhile, but woke up before daylight and drove on. We drove over into Arizona and I think about three o'clock in the afternoon we got to Glendale. I went to the store to see the man I had first met when I was down there on the exploratory trip. He called some others and they came and unloaded our stuff. Orlin and I were surprised but we didn't say anything about it. The house they moved our furniture into had been recently built by a fellow that I guess was prone to overestimate his capacity and his ability. He had stretched himself a little too far and had started to build a house that was beyond his means. Remember, this was still in the serious

depression period and a lot of houses were left unfinished, but this one was finished. This fellow's sister was a real estate agent and working together with the whole thing, the church had managed to make a deal to buy that house for a parsonage. It was a two-story house with a winding stairway and was very well planned. In desirability, it would have been far beyond any house we had ever lived in. So we were quite elated. Well, we went to the place where they sent us to stay overnight and along about two or three o'clock in the morning, Orlin got a toothache. He couldn't sleep so we got up and pulled out. We found out later that the folks didn't know when we left.

We took off and went over toward Pasadena. For the church at Fresno had, in the meantime, employed the pastor at Pasadena to come to Fresno. So the arrangement was that we would take our furniture down to Glendale, then go back to Pasadena and take his things up to Fresno. We got over to Pasadena a little after noon, loaded his furniture in the truck and took off for Fresno. We got up there all right and got help to unload the truck. Then I took the truck out to its owner and got our Ford that we had left parked there while we were gone. Orlin and I camped in the church basement that night and the next morning we drove up to the park to get the rest of the family. We loaded up the equipment and drove down to the valley. I'm almost sure the whole family camped in the church basement that night. Of course we didn't need to put up the tent in the basement but we got our cots in and did our cooking down there for supper and breakfast. Then we got loaded up again and took off for Glendale, California. I believe we put up the tent in the yard at Elwood's and Helen's place and Gladys and the four children stayed there while I went down to Long Beach to attend the district conference.

During the district conference, the members of the local church would provide rooms for the delegates and others attending the meetings. So I was sent to a certain home to an upstairs room to spend the nights. One morning I was looking out a north window down at an alley and I saw people gathering garbage out of garbage cans for their own food. At the discussion downstairs the next morning, I told the folks about seeing people digging in the garbage cans and told them about Dr. Townsend. Told them that was the way the Townsend Plan started, that Dr. Townsend had seen a similar thing. And they said this is where he saw it. It was from the same window that Dr. Townsend looked out and saw people gathering garbage and that started him on the idea of developing a better system by which elderly people could live more decently and younger people could have employment. So that was an interesting thing.

When the district conference was over, of course I hiked back up to Glendale and with the family we packed up and headed out for Glendale, Arizona. It was well along toward evening when we approached Glendale and we were a little reluctant to drive in just at that time of day so we decided to park. We camped beside the road a few miles northwest of Glendale, Arizona. Orlin and I were keeping our secret very very strictly. We hadn't said anything to the folks to indicate that the house we were going to was anything unusual and we were going to have a big surprise for them. But in the morning we found out just who was surprised. We drove up in front of the house that we had moved the furniture into. I went up and looked in a window and there was no furniture in there, the house was bare. Well, I didn't know what on earth to do. So I went again to the man that we had first

met at Glendale and he said the deal on that house didn't go through and they had to get another house. They had bought another house, and it was the most miserable, undesirable place we had ever lived in. We would have to build a fire outside and heat water in a tub over the outdoor fire to do the laundry. Even sleeping rooms were scarce, we had to use the back porch for a couple of beds. It just wasn't adequate at all but it's what they had bought and in the situation there wasn't much we could do.

So we settled in there and it wasn't long, I think within a couple of weeks, until we found out that some of the super-religious people over at Fresno had sent a warning letter over to Glendale even before I had been there on the exploratory trip. When they found out that we had been recommended for Glendale, Arizona, a letter was sent over there very quickly. The report that came to us was, they were told I was a very dangerous man and they should be sure not to employ me. After the experience at Fresno, I decided I would not work in a church where I knew there was actual aggressive opposition going on. So I made it pretty well understood rather soon that whenever anyone wanted to assume the responsibility for terminating the pastorate, we were willing to go. We didn't want to work anyplace where there was active, aggressive opposition, where someone was trying to stir up trouble. So that's the way we started in at Glendale, Arizona.

Before very long I found that a shoe shop was closing down at Chandler, Arizona. I went down and looked over the machinery. I bought the equipment and set up shop in Glendale. So then I was working in the shoe shop but there wasn't much business, it was pretty slow at the beginning. I had plenty of time to do my reading and studying in preparation for church services. My visiting was of course cut a little short, I had to do that of evenings and at times when I didn't need to be in the shoe shop. That limited the work somewhat but we got along and folks seemed well pleased for several years. In fact, we stayed there six years, a little over five years before I suspicioned that there was something going on underground, so I handed in my resignation to be effective the next September. After that, things ran a little smoother even there.

We lived at Glendale from 1937 to 1943. The first full summer we were there, we took a vacation and made our first trip up to the Grand Canyon. We pitched our tents and set up camp. The youngsters had beds in the tent. Gladys and I had cots outside the tent and we just about froze to death the first night. It was in August, but boy was it cold! We discovered why; we had plenty of covers on top but we found that we could get cold from underneath as well. So after that we tried to equalize the blankets above and below so that we didn't come quite so near to freezing. But it was really cold and we stayed up there about a week.

One day Orlin and I walked down the mule trail to the floor of the canyon. We got down there and rested awhile at the edge of the river; took off our shoes and had a foot-washing. As we started to put our shoes on to walk back up, here came the mule train. I suppose there were about twenty-four or so mules with people riding them and of course there was a mule-jockey leader. They rode into the little circle where they had a place to tie the mules while they rested and got - or tried to get off. When they got off their mules, we could see that they were in a whole lot worse shape physically from riding mules down than we were from walking down. We watched them a little

while and talked with some of them, then we started back up the trail. We took it much slower going up. The ranger said it was nine miles down and twenty-nine miles up. And there was something to that! I guess it took us twice as long to walk up as it did to go down. But we got to the top and we weren't there very long until here came the mule train again. So we stopped there by the corral and watched the people as they got off their mules. I tell you, some of them could hardly walk. I suppose quite a few of them hadn't had anything at all like that type of exercise, or practically no exercise for that matter. It was people that were - well I guess the depression hadn't hit them so hard and they still had plenty of conveniences, so they hadn't undertaken anything the equivalent of riding a mule eighteen miles up and down steep trails. We were mighty glad that we did the walking and we enjoyed it; it was a good trip.

In the mornings when we were at the park, I formed the habit of getting up at sunrise or a little before and going out to a vantage point on the rim, on a sort of a bird study proposition for one thing, but even more to watch the sunrise, to see the lighting up of the depths of the canyon and the cliffs on the various sides. One morning I sat on a point right close to the Bright Angel Hotel. There was a train that came from Williams up to the Grand Canyon. People would come up on the train and stay over night, or as long as they wanted to, then go back down on the train and continue their elaborate style journeys. So I was sitting out there on the point and two ladies came out from the hotel and yap yap yap yap; just a constant gabble. I had a notion to move but their conversation got a little interesting while I sat there. So I watched for birds and watched the sunrise and I got a different viewpoint of some travelers.

They thought they saw the Grand Canyon. I learned from their conversation that they had come up after dark, and they expected to leave that forenoon. When the train came up in the morning, they were going to take it back. I suppose for the rest of their lives they would talk about seeing the Grand Canyon. Well, after walking down to the river and back, I knew they had seen a very small percentage of the canyon, very small indeed. In fact, they couldn't see half way down from where they stood. But they thought they were seeing the Grand Canyon and I suppose for the rest of their lives they would tell about their experiences in the Grand Canyon. We have camped at the Grand Canyon three other times and have spent approximately a week there each time. Each time I have followed the practice of going out and watching the sunrise. I never get tired of it. In fact, the Grand Canyon means more every time you see it. But to contrast that with the people that just go and look over the rim and then think they have seen it, it's - well, it's pathetic.

When we left the canyon we drove out to the east and down the highway to Flagstaff instead of straight south from the main part of the canyon camp grounds to Williams. From Flagstaff, we drove down through Oak Creek Canyon, camped there a couple of nights, then drove on down through Sedona. That's the first time we saw Sedona. This was in the summer of 1938 and Sedona wasn't much of a town then, not more than a dozen or so houses, the Post Office and a little store. The beauty of Oak Creek Canyon has often been compared with the Grand Canyon. The coloring in Oak Creek Canyon is about as good. For one thing, you're so much closer to it, it's so much smaller, you can see the whole thing. It's like a snapshot picture of a landscape where

all of the color is close enough to give you the full perspective. The Grand Canyon is so big that you can see such a small part of it at a time. So we enjoyed Oak Creek Canyon too, and have many times since.

We then drove over through Cottonwood, Clarkdale and Jerome, up over Mingus Mountain and down the west side of Mingus. We should have turned south and cut off about twenty miles but we didn't know the way then. We wanted to go out by Dewey and Humboldt. For one of our church families at Glendale had moved away during the first year that we were there and had bought a farm between Dewey and Humboldt. That's sixteen to twenty miles southeast from Prescott. But as we came across Mingus Mountain, we didn't know the cutoff road so we drove clear into Prescott, then back over some of the same road going out to their ranch. That was the Kurtz ranch. Well it happened that we visited their ranch at every opportunity after that, and later it had some effect on our program and activities.

The preaching at Glendale fit better, was accepted better than at Elgin or Fresno because I suppose maybe I had calmed down a little. Maybe I wasn't quite as radical, as people might call it, and quite so determined to have people accept my viewpoint. But I stuck with my two main issues, the need for social justice and world peace; justice in industry and in all economic and business affairs and peace among the nations of the world. The World Court had been established and the outlawry of war, as we called it. In this country it was unlawful to sell munitions to any other country and in many ways it looked like we were making pretty good progress. At least there was enough progress that it was encouraging. And the people of the church, though they had never before heard anything but the traditional ultraconservative interpretation of scripture, when given in a way that they understood the background and the reason that the writer was writing the texts, they accepted it. The reaction of one man explains the whole thing better than any other way I could say it, but it was largely true of the whole congregation.

This man, of all people I have ever known, liked to argue scripture, to use scripture to argue about, to express positive views. He was a great one for a Sunday School class. He always liked to get an argument started. He liked to talk and I liked to talk with him. I noticed that he would argue a certain viewpoint of any text that you could start with, but after awhile he would begin arguing differently. He would begin putting in the ideas that I had been trying to promote in sermons about peace and justice and good will, understanding and forgiveness. He incorporated those ideas without recognizing where they came from. He would, in argument, defend exactly the viewpoint that I had been teaching and want to argue with me about it, convince me of it. Well, I could agree with him very well then, and we got along beautifully. And that was very much so, although not in such a high degree as with this one man, but a similar thing was true throughout the congregation. They agreed, they saw the point, so things went along very well.

The shoe repair business was quite slow at first. There were two other shoe shops in town and of course, me being new at the work for one thing and being new in town, it took a little while to build up a trade. I was handicapped and opposed in some ways but by just having patience and hanging on, it finally worked out to where I had the

major business in town. One shop closed, partly because of the health of the man that had run it for many years. I believe I bought out his equipment and used it later. I don't remember how long the other shop continued to run but anyway I had the majority of the shoe business in town. It came to the place, the last few years I ran the shop, that it was really making some money. During the first years, we had to live very conservatively and I suppose we got in the habit. So when the shop work improved, I began depositing a little in a savings fund, in Series "E" Bonds in fact. Before we thought of ending our pastorate there, we bought a piece of property up at Dewey, an old house and a well were about all on ten acres of ground. A little while later, we bought another twenty acres that joined the ten. So we had thirty acres of land up there with a house and well of sorts on it. I don't remember whether we decided that early to move up sometime or not. World War II had started and after while I sold the shoe shop and went to work out at Luke Field.

The war started in 1939 and was proving to be quite a pump prime. In fact one congressman, as I have mentioned before, said he saw in it a beautiful prospect for prosperity and that of course was when the law outlawing the sale of armaments was repealed. The munitions makers and the industry of the country began booming, and churches and colleges too. The same man that was at Mt. Morris when it closed was at this time president over at La Verne. La Verne had been almost at the point of closing but now because of the war, and the prosperity which it produced, it was possible for the college to begin booming. If ever an old turkey gobbler strutted, this man did. He certainly took full credit for all the prosperity the war produced and thought he had done a wonderful thing in saving La Verne College. I know of some churches too that were built on the prosperity that came from the war. And we had a report that the people at the church agreed among themselves that I had been telling them exactly what was going to happen.

Well, the time came after five years there that one lady who had quite a lot of relatives began agitating and working up a contention, trying to work up opposition, so I handed in my resignation to be effective in September of 1942. In the meantime, at Glendale as we had at Fresno, we reversed the order of service so that our preaching service came first and then the class sessions. Again it happened that I preached several times in other churches, first preaching at our church and then filling the pulpit at another place where the pastor was away for one reason or another. I didn't know this at the time, but when the Methodist church in Glendale found out that I had resigned, they began working with their district superintendent, for their pastor was going into the chaplaincy in the Army. So they were looking for a pastor and they began making requests to their district superintendent to employ me as the pastor of their church there in Glendale.

There were, of course, too many ministers who had been catering well with the machinery of the Methodist organization and who would be glad to have that appointment, so I didn't get that church. The first thing I knew was when the district superintendent asked for an appointment with me. I went in to Phoenix and met him and he asked me if I would take the pastorate of a church just a couple of miles south of Glendale, the Cartwright Church. It was a wonderful, nice community, a beautiful scenic church, old style steeple standing in

the trees, surrounded by the vegetable and melon gardens; just thousands of acres of trucking industry. So it turned out that in the fall of 1942 we moved from the parsonage in Glendale out to the Cartwright community which had a Phoenix address though it was really closer to Glendale than to downtown Phoenix. We took that pastorate but continued to associate some with the Brethren folks in Glendale and maintain good relationships with all of them, except of course, the ring-leader lady.

We can sympathize with her a little. She was well indoctrinated, especially rabid about temperance and was a member of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, the WCTU. But it was a strain on her because her family was big enough, that if they had all worked with her, they could do anything in the church they wanted to. She had been sort of repressed during the years that we had been there because she couldn't have liked what was being done. But she hadn't felt free to cause trouble. It finally worked out that she influenced enough people in her family to make it evident to me that we better move, so we did. We went out to Cartwright.

The Cartwright school was just across the road from the church; a grade school that covered quite an area. They had a bus to pick up the youngsters. It wasn't long until the superintendent of the school came over to see me one day and wanted to know if I would consider driving the school bus. I conferred with the church board and received their approval so I became the school bus driver. It was a good influence, I became acquainted with the children of the community. I enjoyed the work and it paid me, I believe, seventy-five dollars a month in addition to what the church was paying. I believe the church was paying a hundred and fifty and this seventy-five a month addition made an income a little nearer within reason. So we went through the first year there and I went to the Methodist conference over in California and was reappointed to the Cartwright Church.

Very soon after I was appointed for the second year, Gladys got an offer. Mrs. Kurtz, of the family that had moved up to Humboldt, found an opportunity for Gladys to take over the work of the Post Office. The lady that had run the Post Office for quite some time wanted to get out of it. So the arrangement was made and Gladys went up to run the Post Office and the family sort of broke up. Not because of divorce or anything like that but Gladys went up to Humboldt and Adavern went up to Twin Falls to help Gladys' brother's wife with a small child while the husband, Merland, was over in Europe. I believe he was doing Post Office work over there for the Army. Lavera was going to college at Tempe and Orlin and Darrell were both in the Air Force. So I was left at Cartwright to run the school bus, take care of the cow and the chickens and rabbits and take care of the church work. I was busy enough and I wrote to the members of the family of course. I remember one day, the red letter day, I got five letters, one from each member of the family, Gladys, Orlin, Darrell, Lavera and Adavern. That was pretty good. We saved a little money during that time; with Gladys working in the Post Office and me driving the bus and taking care of the church work.

When Gladys went up to Humboldt, it was with the understanding among the family at least, that that would be our last year at Cartwright, and that I would be retiring. Now it might sound a little funny to think of retiring when I was only fifty years old. But there might be more reason for it than would be recognized otherwise so I'll tell you about it. I got through the year at Cartwright all right. But the second World War, then in April of 1945, Darrell's death in Europe, all things put together, the thing that I had worked for so definitely and for so long, trying to work and to teach and to get Christian people to live in Christian ways, to avoid war and such conflicts; I guess it got on my nerves somewhat, maybe it was frustration, maybe a feeling of defeat, maybe a feeling of hopelessness. Anyway, after the year was finished at Cartwright, we moved up to Humboldt and started a little project of subsistence farming on the little acreage we had there. There was plenty of work to do but it was a different kind of work and I enjoyed it a great deal.

During the first couple of months there, I spent a good bit of time in the Veteran's Hospital at Ft. Whipple and had some work done there that helped a whole lot in recuperating and regaining strength. I had a little hemorrhoid surgery done, for one thing. On my chart, they made a notation of a nervous condition, that's what they diagnosed. I remember a doctor had me come to his office one day and talk things over. He was of another denomination but somewhat of a religious man. He asked me just what it was that was bothering me. I told him as nearly as I could that it was all just too much, too frustrating. So that's what they put me down for and they doctored me I guess as best they knew at that time. They didn't know very much about the treatment of that kind of a situation. But they did the best they could and they helped some. So I went back out to the farm.

I put a little motor-driven pump in the well and pumped water into a tank that I fixed up on the ground. It had been on a tower to give water pressure but I put it down on the ground. I'm sure the old tower would have collapsed if I had put water in the tank. So I put the tank on the ground so I could fill it to water the garden. We had the chickens and cow we brought up from Cartwright. I don't believe we brought the goats to Humboldt but I know we had a hen and some little chickens and the cow to move. People were good in helping with the moving. Walt Statler came down and took the cow up and I may have taken the chickens in the car.

I wanted to do more farming than we could do with the well at the house so I started putting down a well. I chose a place down about halfway to the river bank. I built a drilling rig and got a little John Deere tractor to power it. I dug the well about thirty-six feet deep. I went down to the river rock and as far into it as I could. I found out later that I had taken out a whole lot of rock unnecessarily. If I could have taken them out in a straight shaft, it would have been a whole lot less work. I kept pulling out rock and pulling out rock with my rig and had a great pile of rock there but the well didn't seem to get much deeper. I did get down into the water a few feet and when I could go no farther with it, I finished it off. I got the well pumping and it produced enough to water quite a bit of crop. I built a tank there. First I went down to the creek and got gravel, and bought the cement of course and a cement mixer, and made

cement blocks. Then I built a circular tank thirty-six feet in diameter and four feet high. That held quite a bit of water. I had it fixed so that I could start it pumping in the evening and it would shut off automatically by a float system working on a rocker arm so that it would pull the switch off when the tank got full. I could pump the tank full of water at night and then the next day if I wanted to water, I could turn that water on and let the pump run too until evening and that way water quite a nice little area.

I moved up there in 1945 and it was the summer of 1946 when I was ready to raise the first crop. That summer, the man representing the State Fair stopped in one day and wanted to know if I could send some things down to the State Fair at Phoenix. So I sorted out some of my best ears of corn and he took them down. I got first prize on Flint Corn that year and another year or two later on also. I thought I was doing pretty well with my farming if I could get a first prize the first year I tried it.

Gladys enjoyed her work at the Post Office and I think it was as much relief to her to move up there and have a change of life program as it was for me. In fact, I'm sure it was good for both of us. She met lots of people and enjoyed the fellowship and conversation with all the neighbors and folks that came into the Post Office. I enjoyed the solitude of being there on the little place and tinkering around and working.

I built a barn so we would have room to store feed for the cow. We raised a couple of pigs each year. We got a little cream separator and we'd separate the milk each night and morning and put the cream in a can. Of course we had all the butter we wanted to use. I'd feed the skim milk to the chickens or the pigs. I found out that the cow just about supplied everything the garden didn't take care of. I kept pretty close records and found that the cream we sold from the cow paid for the extra feed I had to buy for the cow, for the pigs and for the chickens. So we had eggs and meat; pork and a yearling calf to butcher each year. I built hutches and had, oh I don't know how many rabbits, but at one time I know we would butcher thirty or thirty-six rabbits and put them in the freezer.

Gladys of course got acquainted with the whole neighborhood through her work in the Post Office and I soon became involved with young people's activities, scout work and also with mixed groups of young people. We started having little square dance parties for them. We developed a repertoire of music to which I could adapt the calls and we would have square dances at the little church and at our home. After the barn was built, we had a lot of them in the barn. We included the older people in the community in a small group who could dance without drinking. We organized a group with the understanding that drinking and square dancing didn't go well together because a lady doesn't have any choice but to mix with everyone, so we thought we'd give them that choice. So the people who wanted to, joined the square dance group, and every two weeks on Saturday night, we had a square dance in our barn.

During those years, I preached quite often at the Methodist church in Prescott. I don't know how we got it started but for a long time the young people in Prescott came out on the Saturday nights when the local club wasn't using the barn. We'd have a square dance with the Methodist young people in the barn on one Saturday night and with the

local Dewey club on the alternate Saturday nights. So we had quite a bit of activity. Adavern was at home and Lavera and Elmer lived right there close. Orlin was going to school down at Tempe and would come up quite often. We had some real times there with games of volleyball and badminton and things of that kind and with musical concerts. One young fellow from back in Indiana was out doing survey work during the war and he came up quite often. We had wonderful times there with the young people that would visit. Some would sleep in the barn. We had beds everywhere they could be put up. Sometimes we'd have a whole gang there on the farm. We enjoyed it immensely.

That was a good way of living and we could have lived there contentedly, and if we had kept the acreage there until now it would be worth a fortune compared to what we got for it. But it happened somewhat this way. We had been there about five years when we got a letter from back in Pennsylvania from the man I spoke of when we were talking about living in Roseland, Nebraska. He was originally a Mennonite man but he went to college. And when Mennonites go to college, that is really something. For that's beyond what Mennonites were formerly supposed to do. Their concept was more like it was with our parents. When I was through grade school, my parents said that I had more education than either of them and they were getting along all right. So, as I mentioned earlier, their idea and desire was that I buy a team and a few implements, rent a farm and go to farming. Well, Mennonites are mighty good farmers but they're good at other things too. So this fellow had somehow gotten away and gone to college. And there at Roseland he had heard my viewpoint and emphasis in church work. He's the one who wondered if we wouldn't run out pretty soon and get to the top so we couldn't grow any more. But I had assured him we would never reach that point; that the further we go the further we would see ahead and the more we would see to accomplish and to learn.

We got a letter from a man named Musselman saying Henry Burkhart had recommended that he write to us and see if it would be at all possible for me to come back as pastor of their church. And then a letter came from Mr. Burkhart too. He told us about the church. The church was composed of a group of Mennonites who had gone to college and had found it necessary to break with the traditions of the Mennonite Church because, among other things, as Mennonites they weren't allowed to have insurance. They were in business and industry in such a way that it was essential to their business to carry quite a bit of insurance. They were in the business of raising, canning and selling fruit. There were two large canneries that were owned by members of the church, and another one in which several of the members were investors and were employed there too. Those that weren't in the cannery business were handlers of rather extensive orchards.

Well in his letter, Henry told me what nice people they all were of course and that sort of thing. This church had enough people in it with money that they had a hundred and sixty thousand dollars now in the bank to build a new church and they had several acres of land that they had selected and bought and they were ready to start building. They wanted to know if we would come back and look over the situation. So Gladys got a lady to work in the Post Office and she and I went back. This was in 1950. We went back and were there two Sundays. I talked with the people and gave them my idea of a

community church. A community church, not following denominational lines but welcoming people of Christian background, all people who would work together in a church serving the community, serving the needs of the community rather than being served by the community, supported by the community. So they thought that was fine and they agreed to it.

While we were there, we were shown around a little. One man who had served somewhat as a pastor, a good Mennonite brother, had quite a project. He took us out through his orchards. When he came to one section, he said those apples were not the most suitable for canning or shipment but were just for local sale. He said he raised only four or five thousand bushels of those to sell locally. He had what was originally a great big barn with sort of a subbasement-like thing. It was banked up with dirt all around so it was easy to insulate. The whole basement of that big barn had been insulated and made into a cold storage room. And there's where he stored his apples that were for local sale. So he had apples there to sell all year round, and I guess he sold all of them. As he thought of it, just this four or five thousand bushels didn't amount to anything; the rest of the orchard was what really produced the profit.

We went back on the bus as we had come east. We were just at home a day or two when we got a letter from Lula, our sister at Fredonia, saying that Dad was quite ill. I wrote and told her that when it was the time she needed help to the extent that she thought I ought to come back, that I would come. I had been home and sat with my mother when she was in her last illness. A letter came back from Lula saying she thought I'd better come. So I went back to Fredonia and was there I believe about all of June. My job was to sit with Dad every night so Lula could have a good night's rest. Then in the daytime I would get my turn at rest and anything else I wanted to do. During that time, I visited some of my old school mates from the old Stone School days. I visited Sylvester Mount and his wife who used to be Fay Hoover. I remember driving into Alvin Parker's place. He came in from the field all hot and sweaty and I found out later that he did not remember me. I thought we had a pretty good visit, I talked with him awhile and asked about his family and all those things and then I drove on, but was told later that he hadn't known who I was at all. I visited around that way in the community besides sitting up with Papa.

Elwood and Eddie were also there at the time and we did all we could for Dad. In fact, he seemed to be getting along so well along toward the last of June that I had decided to go home. In the meantime we had had communication with the church back in Pennsylvania and they had invited us to come back and take the pastorate. Gladys and I had talked by phone and had made our decision. So since we were going to Pennsylvania and Dad was seemingly getting along so well, I was about ready to go home when one night in the night he took a turn for the worse. Of course he had had heart trouble but the real trouble at the last proved to be uremic poisoning. The doctor had another idea but in his autopsy they found that the real cause, the thing that had weakened him down to where his heart just wouldn't stand it any longer, was the uremic poisoning.

So after Dad's death, I called Gladys again and told her that I'd better stay a few more days until after Dad's Memorial Service. I

went back to Dewey right after the service and started preparing for the move to Fairfield, Pennsylvania. The people there were paying our moving expenses as they had also paid our bus fare both ways for the earlier trip. We got a Bekins Transfer moving van and all the stuff we wanted to take was loaded into it. The rest of our things were left in the barn at Dewey and we left that place idle. Lavera's and Elmer's third child was born that June just before we moved to Pennsylvania. We didn't much more than get to see Gary until much later on as we visited back to Arizona. We finally got the moving van loaded and got it on its way. The folks in the church back there took care of the other end of it.

XVIII

The parsonage at Fairfield was just across the street from the church. The church that they had was quite adequate for the congregation, with the lack of Sunday School rooms. We had plenty of room in the parsonage so we arranged to live downstairs and let the upstairs rooms be used for Sunday School classes. At first the youngsters had to go through our living quarters to get to the classrooms. But the church built a stairway outside the house so they could get to their classes without going through our rooms. I wouldn't have objected as it was, in fact there was no objection at all. But that's the way the folks were, they did what they saw that needed to be done.

The work really got started, in addition to the work right at the church, in social activities for young people. But it very quickly developed into square dancing for all ages. It was remarkable, and a surprise to me, to see how people from the Friends, the Lutherans and the Mennonite groups took to square dancing like young ducks take to water. They sure enjoyed it and we had great times. I think we had a square dance about once a week. The whole community liked them. What I was trying to do was to build up a fellowship, a communication between the members of the whole community, and I think I was right in that. For example, the Christian Board of Education of the entire Methodist Church has a course, a whole book of square dances and folk games, and a set of records, about a dozen or so twelve-inch records of square dance music, and the whole system is entitled, "The World of Fun." In the introduction to the course, they say that they believe that square dancing and folk games is the most effective method to initiate getting acquainted, as a mixer, as a basis of friendship, a basis of working together. I somewhat agree with that, at least I agreed with it enough that we used the square dance method of getting people acquainted.

Fairfield is just eight miles southwest of Gettysburg, a good bit more west than south, just slightly south. So it's natural that people welcoming strangers into the vicinity would want to show them around the Gettysburg area with all of its historic points of interest. So we were escorted around over the town and the battlefield and the cemetery and given the traditional interpretations and stories about the different places, and we appreciated that. But later we studied all of the pamphlets and literature that we gathered on that preliminary tour when we were taken around by people who were acquainted with the places. We studied the literature pretty carefully and after awhile we took three days off one week to go over the battlefields ourselves.

We decided to schedule it according to the days of the battle. So one evening we studied the places and exactly the movement of the troops, different organizations of troops that were engaged in the first day of the battle. The next day, after studying the events of the first day, we went and visited the places. That way it was quite easy to visualize very accurately what took place. It was evident of course that on the first day the southern forces had the advantage. There was no intention on either side to have a battle at Gettysburg but the troops were moving in such a way that they happened to meet, just northwest of Gettysburg on the Chambersburg road, and had a little skirmish. The southern folks had the advantage and the others were driven back into town. I guess that's enough to tell about the

day. Of course there are historic monuments and things of that kind for the different officers on that area of the field.

We studied about the second day of the battle that night and the following day went over the territory where the battle was fought on the second day. Likewise for the third day, we studied the literature one night and then visited the area where the battle took place on the third day. On the fourth day of course Lee's army retired down the road through Fairfield where we lived, right past the front of our house, on his retreat. Both sides were so completely debilitated that the Union forces didn't even reorganize and give any pursuit at all, they just let the southern forces go, and I guess they were glad to do it. For actually the Union forces had lost more men than the southern forces had. I believe the figure is estimated, I suppose quite accurately, as twenty-three thousand men lost in the battle by the Union forces and twenty thousand by the southern. The armies weren't large but I don't remember just what the total numbers were supposed to have been. It differed from day to day because troops were being brought in as fast as possible for reinforcements during the three days. The Union forces had the larger strength at the last and they also lost the most men.

One of the traditional stories that might be interesting is concerning Spangler Spring. It is just a little bit east of the town. The Confederate forces had driven the Union forces through the town from west to east and that second night both armies were east of town. The Confederates were over on Confederate Ridge running south from the west edge of town and the Union forces were to the northeast of them. Little Round Top is a hill off to the right of where the Union forces were and the Union used that as a viewpoint. By going up on Little Round Top, we could see how they had the advantage. They had a much better view of the whole area than the Confederate forces had from over on their side. So that may have had a great deal to do with the outcome. More about Spangler Spring. It is reported traditionally that both sides used the water from Spangler Spring and that the men mingled together; the Union and Confederates would get water from the spring without interfering with one another. Others say that is merely tradition, that both used the spring but at different times, because it changed hands back and forth, I suppose in rather forceful exchanges. That's what I could imagine, anyway.

Devil's Den is another area that has tradition around it. It's a rock formation, very rugged rocks but rather a small area of them, where if men got in among the rocks they could detour around and make it very hard to roust them out. And according to the stories, I suppose that's what happened. The wheat field was the open place kind of between Little Round Top, where the Union forces were, and Confederate Ridge. Cemetery Hill is off to the side and is now the Gettysburg National Cemetery. On Memorial Day, we were there and watched the ceremonies and listened to the program. The school children of the Gettysburg schools were lined up and of course they were dressed for the occasion. Flowers were provided, each youngster carried flowers, then to music they started out and marched down the rows of memorial stones and put a wreath on each grave in the cemetery. The monument to Lincoln is close by also and that is where a good part of the program was given. It was interesting later when visiting Washington, D. C. and the Lincoln Memorial to see the exact duplicate of the monument there at Gettysburg. It's a much larger

statue of Lincoln but it's the same figure, same arrangement, as the one in the Gettysburg battlefield.

Well, the history of Gettysburg was interesting and informative. We appreciated the opportunity to see it and especially to take the tour ourselves. Of course there were professional guides there who would interrupt us every once in awhile trying to sell their services, supposing we were there just as tourists, because we were looking around as we were. They would have taken us over the whole area in a couple of hours and told us all the stories they could tell in that time. But I'm sure we learned a great deal more, and really experienced a whole lot more, than we possibly could by having a professional guide take us around. In spite of the value of that, the people of our congregation and the community at Fairfield were a good deal more important to us than the traditional stories about the battle and all that. I think I learned again that history and the actual thing is often a good deal different.

We had some good trips besides just at Gettysburg. Harrisburg, the capital of Pennsylvania was not too far away and Hershey, Pennsylvania is rather a notable place. There were two ladies who were sisters back there and they took us to Hershey one day. We visited the Hershey factory and quite a few things there and enjoyed that. I remember a thing one of the ladies talked about on the way up there. She had been on a trip out to Ohio, way out west, and she saw fields out there that didn't have stones in them. It seemed to strike her rather drastically that there could be a whole field without stones. It was quite a contrast I guess to that Gettysburg area there in the foothills of the Alleghenys and around Fairfield and Orrtanna where they were acquainted. But anyway, you see how it struck me. She was surprised at the farm land in Ohio. We also went to Harrisburg quite a few times. I went with the county agent to the county fair a couple of days, and that was interesting. Several times we went up to Harrisburg to the institution for mental patients. One of our young ladies was there in the institution. We took her parents to visit with her several times.

We went to Waynesboro southwest of Gettysburg several times. Just across the Pennsylvania-Maryland line, we could see evidence of the excavation under the mountain there in Northern Maryland. The rumor was that they were preparing a place where in case of emergency, the entire organization of the United States Government could go underground. I think that is the same area the presidents since then have used as their retreat, right there just across the Pennsylvania-Maryland line in those mountains. Our trips to Waynesboro were to visit a tailor and his family who were members of our church in Fairfield. I had him make a couple of suits for me but in order to do it, he took us down to Baltimore to a tailor who I guess did a good deal of the work, anyway I went down there and was measured for the suits. We looked over the city quite a bit. We went through the fish market and I believe we bought some fish to take home.

Another family took us to Philadelphia one time and we saw quite a bit of it and got across the bridge into New Jersey but not enough to see anything. We spent the whole day in Philadelphia at the historically interesting places and on the way home we stopped at a place where they served oysters. We had an oyster supper but ours were cooked. We watched the people who would come in and walk up to the

counter, give their order and eat the oysters right there. Not alive as I would call them, but at least raw. Of course I had to tell the story about Mike trying to eat oysters. After he gave it up, he called the waiter and said that he couldn't eat them. The waiter tried some and they stayed down all right. Mike watched him carefully for a little bit then said "Faith and bejabbers I tried three times and they came up every time, and then they came up again." I told that story while we were eating our meal there, and we were eating oysters too, but they weren't alive so the folks got quite a kick out of it. At the time we lived in Fairfield, Eisenhower was president of the university in New York, of course just being there as a figurehead in preparation and waiting to run for the presidency. It was during the time that we were at Fairfield that he bought his farm at Gettysburg, just about six miles from the place where we lived. Of course it's still the Eisenhower farm.

Well now in order to make clear what happened at Fairfield, I'll have to reveal the influence of one man with money. One man who, I suppose, in the traditional way would be called the church boss. Not that he was bossy at all. He was a very congenial man, a fine fellow to associate with and good in all his intentions and objectives. But having money, he had great influence with his family and he had quite a few relatives in the organization. He owned one of the fruit processing plants, a cannery. And he was a stockholder, I believe on the board too, of the bank in Gettysburg. The bank was located on the southwest corner of Lincoln Square, in Gettysburg. He was also treasurer of the church. When I opened my account at the bank in Gettysburg and presented a check from him, it was recognized right away, there was no question, I didn't need any other identification. And I soon found out that of the hundred and sixty-eight thousand dollars that was in the bank for the new church building, he had contributed well over fifty percent.

Prospects for splendid community church work had developed. The people of the community responded very well and the church membership was very agreeable and ready to welcome the opportunity to develop a real Community Church, a church to serve the community, and the community needed it. But we began to feel that there were some reservations. There was no effort to start the new church building. It went on that way for several months before I discovered that he was the one holding back. And of course with his financial influence, if he held back the rest could do nothing. So along in May or early June, I expect it was in June, there was a business meeting and the question came up as to what the name of the church should be. Well, I wanted it free from all denominational name or implication, but he insisted that it must have the Mennonite name, must be something like Fairfield Mennonite Church. With his influence and his relationship, there was enough evidence that it couldn't be a Community Church.

When I had been there on our exploratory trip, when Gladys and I made the trip from Dewey and were there two Sundays, I had talked with him plenty and explained very clearly what I meant by a Community Church. He agreed with it then and thought it was a fine thing. But I suppose his lifetime interest and influence in the Mennonite group came to the fore again and he felt that it must be affiliated with the Mennonite Church. So when it became evident that we couldn't carry out the thing that I wanted to do there, I asked for the privilege of taking a Sunday or two off to investigate other opportunities.

Sometime before that, I had written to the International Council of Community Churches to get information and advice concerning our work there at Fairfield. I wanted any information I could get from the Council to help us in the work there.

In writing to the Council, I had no intention of making an application for another church. But a little before this business meeting I had received a letter from a church out in Oklahoma, as though my letter had been misinterpreted by the Council, as though I was open for an assignment. I wrote back and told them that we were working at Fairfield with no prospect of a change. Then this business meeting came up, so having had this invitation from Oklahoma, just in a moments time, without even consulting Gladys, I asked if I could have a Sunday or two off to investigate other opportunities, because I wanted to work in a Community Church. They approved the absence. So I contacted the people in Oklahoma and as a result, Gladys and I went out there for I think just one Sunday and talked to quite a few people. We met with the congregation of course on that one Sunday and attended an evening meeting. We talked with as many people as we could. I think we were there for two or three days, but were back in Fairfield for the next Sunday service.

I'm not sure how many Sundays we were there after that but the deal with the people in Oklahoma came through pretty quick I know; it was not long until we got a letter from them confirming our acceptance. So I wrote on the church bulletin, the next Sunday after I got that notice, concerning our acceptance of an appointment and making it my resignation. In about two weeks from then, I think it was, we were ready to leave Fairfield. I guess somebody was left in charge of having our stuff moved because I know we weren't there, but we had a lot of friends and people were willing to help in every way they could. We left there I think with no ill feelings anywhere. But I certainly had a very deep feeling of frustration and a sense of lost opportunity because I'm sure it was a good place for a Community Church. I think we could have accomplished as much there as we ever have since then. But there was that one obstacle. A man of fine character and good intentions, but with the money and family relationship he could influence, it just appeared impossible. And as a result, now after twenty-eight years, the church is no bigger than it was at that time. And of course it is a Mennonite Church and just holds within that narrow concept and approach and doesn't reach the people of the community that were really interested.

While at Fairfield, we had traded in our old 1937 Studebaker for a Plymouth so we came back west in a different car. We left the work of getting our stuff shipped to Oklahoma and we got out to Oklahoma before the mover did although we detoured quite a bit on the trip. We drove up through Ravenna and Akron, Ohio. My brother Eddie lived at Ravenna and we visited with him. Then we came down through Illinois and stopped at the New Salem community just outside of Springfield. The New Salem community is the place where Lincoln lived at the time he ran a store and part of the time ran the Post Office, and when he studied law on the floor of the cooper's shop. The place of course had been demolished. The first time I was there, by the way, was when we were working at Elgin. Several other men and I brought loads of YMCA boys to a big conference at Springfield. Part of the time we spent in the conference and part of the time in showing the boys around. We visited Lincoln's tomb and the memorial and of

course the house in which he lived. Then one day we drove out with the bunch, several carloads, to the New Salem community, the location where the community had been, but at that time there was no cooper's shop. There was some evidence of beginning a restoration. I remember a chart, and I could see the way they had outlined it to designate the location of homes and stores and the Post Office. Ann Rutledge was of course one of the characters played up in the exhibit. For Ann Rutledge was the young lady that Lincoln really admired and I guess was his most desirable one but it didn't work out that way.

On this trip west, Gladys and I stopped there at New Salem and stayed overnight. In the morning we got up early and wandered around. The cooper's shop had been restored. That was the only building they could restore with the same materials, using the same logs that had been in the original cooper's shop. When the community was disbanded before, the cooper's shop had been moved down to Petersburg and all plastered up. But the logs were still good and now they had been cleaned up and the building restored in the Salem Community. The buildings were replaced at the time Gladys and I stopped there on the way to Oklahoma. We were in no hurry really to get to Oklahoma so we took our time. We went over that New Salem community pretty thoroughly and it was quite interesting. I don't believe we went to the Lincoln tomb and the house where he had lived in Springfield. We came on west then through Missouri and into Kansas and visited some of Gladys' relatives in eastern Kansas, in Topeka and on down toward the south. I don't remember whether we stopped at Fredonia on this trip. After awhile we got down to Collinsville, Oklahoma.

It was evident that we wouldn't have the trouble in Collinsville that developed in Pennsylvania because the church had been going by the name Community Church for quite a long time. In fact it started in the early thirties or maybe the late twenties. It was in the time of the depression when the churches in town became so hard put to keep operating that the denominational officials, the higher ups in the organizations, were glad to let loose of their responsibilities. So then the Christian Church and the Presbyterian Church went together and they called it a Community Church. The people of the Methodist Church wanted very badly to join in the group but the authorities in the Methodist Church wouldn't allow it. So they didn't get to join. Some of the Methodists had joined but not as a group, just as individuals, they made their own choice.

It had been a Community Church in name and the pastors that had been there were good men, but they had no concept of a Community Church being other than just another church in the community, working as other churches worked, just preaching the gospel and not practicing it any more than other churches. Our concept was that a Community Church not only preached the gospel, not only taught the gospel, but also lived the gospel in serving the needs of the community, in joining in everything that is uplifting, upbuilding, and for the good of the people living in the surrounding area. For example, when we were out on the first exploratory trip, one of the men on the board was talking with me one day as we were walking about the church grounds. We walked by an old backstop that had been built no telling how long ago, for it was in bad shape. But they had had a tennis court with just the bare ground, no floor at all other than the ground, but they had backstops and that was about all, and they were about down. So as we walked by there he said we'll have all this cleaned out, we'll take all this material away and maybe we'll make it into a parking lot. And I said well just go a little bit slow about taking it out because we might have some use for it.

So when we got there it wasn't taken out yet and pretty quick plans were being made. Before long a cement base was put in with the posts set in cement good and solid, and the court was lined out. Tall poles were put up back of the backstops and of course the backstops were made new. The electric company strung those poles with cable across from one to the other and put up I think five great big lights so that the court was well lighted. It wasn't long until we had the young people of the community playing tennis, and congregating there every night. It was quite different than had been true before. Before we went there the young people of the community had nothing to do, there was no organized recreation of any kind, and although there was a city park, it wasn't improved because they couldn't have lights out there. If the city put up lights in the park, the bulbs would be broken out right away and kids had nothing to do but get into some kind of mischief.

When we started to improve the tennis court and the city dads saw what we were going to do, the mayor and everybody else told us well you can't do that - anything you do will just be destroyed. But we got it done and there was nothing molested there for a long long time. It was several years before some kids got to robbing the coke machine that we had sitting outside the church by the tennis court,

began getting cokes without paying for them, that is. I don't know how they did it, but they knew, and we had them stealing cokes that way. But so far as doing any destructive damage, there was never anything of that kind.

To give a better picture of what the situation was at Collinsville, we ought to tell something of the past history of the town. At one time, Collinsville was bigger than Tulsa. There were coal mines, strip mines where coal was near enough the surface so they just stripped off the surface layer of soil and then took out the coal. Those mines were all around, to the north especially and some to the south. The coal had been a source of energy so a large smelter had been there for a good many years. During World War I it had been a very prosperous place for that smelter was one of the big plants of the whole country. Collinsville then had between twenty and twenty-five thousand people according to how many of the people were included who hardly had houses to live in but were just there as workers in any kind of shack or means that they could live in. That's when the number of churches multiplied in the town, for every denomination of course wanted to have an established church. In a community that was growing like that, at that time in the history of the country, every denomination was trying to get in quick and get established. So there were plenty of churches established and most of them of course folded up after the first World War ended because the population of the city diminished very rapidly.

When we moved there, the smelter had long since been moved out and there was no evidence of it at all. No one would guess going by that there had ever been one. And most of the people had moved away. In fact, I'm quite sure that when we moved to Collinsville, there were less than three thousand people there and the town was still quite a little in debt. The city hadn't paid off its debts from the time of the depression. It was a peculiar situation, but that's the reason the churches became so hard up and some had to close; because the population of the city just about all left, and left it as an agricultural farming community. With the other churches closing, the Christian Church and the Presbyterian Church were facing the same thing. But the ladies of those organizations and the Methodist ladies too, all worked together in quilting and sewing and projects of that kind. In that ladies work circle, they talked of the idea of joining and decided to form a Community Church. The Methodist ladies and their husbands would have joined in too, if the upper authorities in the Methodist Church had allowed it, but they didn't. So it was just the two churches.

The Christian Church had a rather good building, I am told, I never saw it, but it was the better of the two. They were just about a block apart. So the Community Church started in the Christian Church building. But it caught fire one time and burned. I suppose there wasn't a very adequate fire department in the town at that time. So the congregation moved into the building that had been the Presbyterian Church. The whole lower floor, well there was a little lean-to part of it that was a kitchen, but the big square part of it was all for the congregational meetings, the auditorium of the church. And upstairs were four fairly good rooms which I suppose were used for classrooms. But when we moved there they had built a new church. They called it new when they first wrote to us about coming out, and I guess it was new to them, but I think it was several years old. So

we lived upstairs in what was then called the community house. We used the downstairs for social activities and it was always called the community house.

I found an old printing press there that the church had had before and began making church bulletins with it. One day in order to have something to practice on, I wrote out a little card that I used later a great deal. My purpose in writing it was to have something to use the press on, to see if I could do a printing job. I put out a little card about what a Community Church, in my opinion, should be, who should be members and so forth. The card gives on one side, a six-part definition of a Community Church, and on the other, a six-part definition of a Community Church Member.

A Community Church welcomes into membership every person seeking

1. Freedom to think and to live according to his own best understanding.
2. Fellowship with others of various backgrounds in teaching, faith and experience, but who, like himself, sincerely live their honest convictions.
3. Opportunity in such a fellowship to share viewpoints, experiences and convictions, and thus by sharing, to grow as new light is revealed.
4. Opportunity to serve with others in promoting wholesome recreational social and civic projects in the community.
5. Opportunity for fellowship in worship with others who are also seeking new light and truth and the more abundant life, and
6. Thus to achieve Christian Unity with personal religious freedom.

A Community Church Member

1. Is a Christian who has outgrown denominational differences, and
2. Is therefore free to respect the honest convictions of every other person of whatever background he may be.
3. Considers every sincere Christian as a Brother or Sister in Christ, even if not so recognized by the person.
4. Will not follow blind leaders in unchristian competition which creates division in the "Body of Christ" and who therefore
5. Whether he realizes or not, IS A MEMBER of the common church, the Community Church, the "Body of Christ."
6. Should be AWARE of that membership, and active in building an all-inclusive CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP which eliminates all sectarian lines.

That card was then made the basis for our entire work, for eight years, there in that Community Church.

When we moved there, there must have been twelve other churches, denominational churches, active in town and perhaps little splinter groups of others. There were at least that many active churches, well enough organized that they were getting along, either by self-support or perhaps quite a few of them were supported by mission boards, getting money from other sources. The little Community Church didn't have very many - I think something like seventy members. We made clear by this card and by our teaching, what our concept of a Community Church was. The people already in the church completely agreed with it. The card was used as a basis for organization and,

call it promotion or call it evangelism if you want to, but we didn't hold any evangelistic-like meetings. There was never an approach on that basis. But we did appeal to people that had become discouraged with the churches as they found them.

When I was in seminary, I wrote a term paper on the subject of, rather a complicated subject, maybe too dignified, but at the time I thought it was a good title. I wrote a paper on The Psychology of Diminishing Faith in Organized Religion. I did a good deal of research to come to my conclusion. I interviewed as many people as I could who used to go to church, used to be active in a church. One man especially, that I always think of, was a banker and had been superintendent in the Sunday School in a church and who was real active and enthusiastic. But when I became pastor of that church and was getting acquainted with the people and the constituency, he was often referred to as I visited among the members, but always with the regret that he had lost his religion and was no longer interested in the church. Well, I had a good talk with him and found that he was interested enough in the church. He was interested but he didn't see how he could do anything with it, or anything for it. He had grown enough in his own thinking, in his own mind, to know that what he was getting at the church had nothing - well we can't say it had nothing to do - but it certainly had very little to do with applied Christianity. It was a self-supporting organization and practically nothing else. He just felt ill at ease in a church of that kind, and so he quit. I soon found out that if he had an opportunity to continue his own independent thinking and growing, he was as interested or perhaps more interested than most any of the folks that were still attending the church when we went there.

So from people of that kind, who had outgrown the type of teaching that was being done in the average church, I concluded that condition to be the psychology of diminishing faith in organized religion. Not that people were becoming less religious but that they were growing in their religious concepts, in their understanding, in their interpretations, and therefore were finding it uncomfortable to sit under the teaching they were receiving in the churches. Some admitted that they were losing their religion, they had been told that they were losing their religion and some supposed that they were, when actually they were growing. And that is largely the way it has been with a great many well educated people who have just said, well if that's religion, it doesn't fit me. But in their thinking, in their ethics, in their attitude toward people and their reverence toward life and their concern in the well-being of humanity, they were more religious than the scribes and the pharisees. And when you come to think of it, that's really the story of Jesus' life. He was religious, He was devout, He admired and studied and taught the prophets. But He couldn't endure the hypocrisy and the shallowness of the scribes and pharisees. And so they're the ones He really talked about. He didn't stand up and call everybody sinners and say come up and shake hands with me and you'll go to heaven or anything like that. He didn't hold evangelistic meetings. He tried to teach people the way of living, and He exemplified his compassion and concern for people and did what seemed to be good for them.

That's the type of people that were not attending any of the churches in Collinsville. So in the first two years that we were there, we never received a single person from any of the other

churches that were active in the community. But in that time we more than doubled the membership of the Collinsville Community Church. Those people who had been disillusioned with the churches were still living in the community and working there, and really were the best educated people, and the best people at thinking, and really considering life and what it means, and what it ought to mean. So when the opportunity came to unite with a Community Church that intended to get into action, they were ready. I think it was about three months after we moved there that we received the first group of members. At that time we received about twenty members. We also had a consecration service for a lot of babies and youngsters up to I guess about five years of age. There had previously been no consecration service for children; in which we merely mean that the parents vow to try to raise the children in the Christian and right way of life and the church congregation agrees to work with the parents in that objective. We had quite a day that time when we received our first members and had our first consecration service. And it went on in that way until we had more than doubled the membership without taking a single member from any other church in the community.

I spoke about building the tennis court and letting all the young people of the town use it. It was a great thing and a great experience for me to teach practically the whole town of young people to play tennis. Some of them got pretty good. I couldn't keep up with them. They certainly used that tennis court. They used it so much that one evening there was a knock at the door and the city policeman was there. He said that I had to close down the tennis court. They were making too much noise in the community and people were complaining about it. The next day I went around to every neighbor surrounding the tennis court, as far as they could be heard at night, and there was not a single person that would complain about the noise. They all agreed that it was a wonderful thing in the community. I know the city dads were kind of miffed because we were having such success with the young people of the town, when they could do nothing with them at all. The young people of the town were very much at odds with the city, because the city had done nothing for them.

The church facilities were also revitalized, we might say. When we went there, the church just had a cement floor with no covering at all. The seating of the church was folding chairs. The pulpit was an old sort of brown desk. It had been built for a pulpit and had the sloping place on it for a book but it certainly wasn't anything beautiful. It was covered I think with red velvet on top. Along the way west from Pennsylvania, we had stopped in a community in Indiana. I don't remember just how it came about, but we visited in a little church that had a pulpit that I liked very much. I liked the design of it and I found out that it was made in a little factory right there close. The folks took me to the factory and I got a folder that showed a very good picture of it. I had that folder there at Collinsville and showed it to somebody one day. He said if I would find somebody to make it, that he would buy the material. So I very quickly found somebody to make it. I went to the Manual Training instructor in the high school and he said yes he would make it. So the man bought the oak lumber and the Manual Training man made the pulpit. It was a nice oak pulpit, wide enough and arranged so that I could have most anything I wanted up there without it being evident to the audience. About a week or so after that, the young married people's class I believe it was, said that those old chairs up there

don't fit with that pulpit. They suggested that they have two little benches made, just like regular pews only about three feet long, to put on the platform for a guest speaker and the minister to use. So that was another addition.

When Gladys and I first went there, we spoke about them not having a worship center, nothing for the center of attraction. So one time in a little program where they had something for the children to do, we took I think an ordinary card table and draped it with white cloth, and I suppose a cross and some other decoration, a Bible and things like that on it. Before that, I had spoken to the church board several times about having a worship center, but I guess they didn't know what I was talking about. But when they saw the table that time, they said we'll have to get a table made to match the pulpit and those benches on the platform. So they had a communion table made that sat just in front of the platform and we had candles and a cross to put on it.

Well, that was another pretty good addition and it wasn't long till they began talking about the folding chairs. That was the first thing that was made a church project, that was opened up for everyone to contribute perhaps the price of one pew. That carried through and it wasn't long until the congregation had pews to match the other oak furniture. And those things were done without going into debt or borrowing money, or having any special campaign to raise money. I had told the church board the first time we met that it wasn't my practice to emphasize finances and if they would agree, I would leave finances to them. I would not talk about church finances in the pulpit unless they requested me to make some specific announcement, and then an announcement is all it would be.

There was another improvement that I thought necessary and it came about this way. We talked about the value of a vacation church school which would run a couple of weeks. There were plenty of helpers available, very willingly cooperating, volunteering for work. We were getting ready to have a church school in which we expected quite a bunch of children, and it worked out that way. We had a good big church school that first summer. But at a church board meeting during the planning for the school, I presented a problem. There were no rest rooms at the church. They're usually called rest rooms; I think they're rather relief rooms. I don't know how much resting there's done there but I know a good deal of relief is gotten there. But whether they're rest rooms or relief rooms, there were no such things except upstairs in the community house. And upstairs in the community house was where we lived, that was our living quarters, and of course we used that little room ourselves all the time.

Well, when the church school was agreed to and it was evident that we were going to have a good bunch of children there, I told the board that I would like to have one board member on duty all the time to act as a traffic cop at the stairway to regulate the use of the relief room upstairs in the community house. I told them that I wouldn't have time to do it and I thought there ought to be something done about it. I had already drawn a little floor plan of what I thought would be possible. It was an extension at the back of the church from an existing outside door. There were two outside doors and this extension would cover just the east half of the building and use one of the doors. The men's rest room would have a door on the outside.

So on the outside of the church there would be a door into the men's room and from the inside there would be a door into the ladies' room. That was back of what had been a Sunday School room and didn't enter out of the auditorium. There were two doors out of the auditorium to this long room at the back of the auditorium, then out of that room there were two doors to the outside until this addition was put on. So they put on the addition, about twelve feet wide and twenty-five feet long I guess, and we had our relief rooms ready for the vacation church school. And that was done too without any - I had nothing to do with the raising of finances or anything. The money and labor were supplied and it was done.

Another little improvement, while we're talking about the building; there was no garage for the car. I told them that if they would furnish the material, I would put up a garage building. They said all right so I used a whole lot of junk material that was there and things that may have been salvaged from the Christian Church building when it burned. But I built it up pretty good with a lot of such material, and used the blocks that were good enough, to lay a wall up about two feet above the floor level. We filled in all the floor with solid cement of course. I built a wood frame on top of that two foot wall and had the frame pretty well constructed. One day a few men came and helped me set up the sides of the wall and I put on the rafters and roof. So then we had a good garage building there.

Throughout the time that we lived at Collinsville, I cooperated with the leaders of the Boy Scouts. I never took a position on the board. I was often asked to, but I never thought it was the best thing for me to do. So I was always available for speaking appointments with them and entertainment programs, and likewise with the Camp Fire Girls. I usually helped in the Boy Scout camps and the Girl Scout camps, and even in their local programs I had a great deal to do with their activities. At Boy Scout camps, for one thing, I would teach braiding, gimp braiding, making lanyards and wrist bands and quite a number of things of that kind. One season along toward the last, it must have been 1956 or 57, we had a Boy Scout troop at the Tulsa camp. Most of the boys were from Tulsa with once in awhile a troop from somewhere else. I think there were over five hundred boys in the camp and I was teaching this braiding of gimp. I taught the boys in our troop to make one somewhat different from what any of the other troops had been making. I had the material on hand, I had bought it, and each boy paid for the material, a few cents for the amount of gimp he needed for whatever he made. Quite a few of the boys sold enough of what they made in camp to pay their way to another regional camp out in New Mexico. So they learned to do something that they could make use of.

At the girls' camps we always had a good time. I would give readings and entertainments and take them on nature hikes to study birds and trees and flowers and things like that. It doesn't take very much preparation for an adult to read up enough so that it's a thrilling experience I guess to be in a group like that and study a little bit of nature. One time I was out hiking with a group of girls studying nature, watching birds and so forth, and we came to a fence. There was a little bush there and a snake was wiggling around in the bush. I looked carefully and saw that he was fast, he was caught. And it made quite a teaching lesson for the girls. I found that the snake, as snakes do, had found a frog. I don't know how a snake does

it, I'd like to see him in operation some time. But some snakes have the habit of finding a frog and he'll catch it and somehow he gets the frogs hind legs in his mouth first, but the frog is too big for him to swallow. So what he does, is take the frog in that way and he digests the frog as he takes it in. That way, he has several dinners on the table at once, so to speak. But for some reason, this time the frog had died and stiffened before the snake got it all eaten. So the front legs of the frog stuck out at the side of the snake's mouth. Those frog legs had caught in the bush and he couldn't back out and he couldn't go ahead, he was fast there. Well, I released him and explained to the girls what had happened. Then I managed to get the old frog skeleton out of his mouth and throat and let him go. We walked on a little piece and one of the girls made a remark, I guess she had been thinking, and her remark was that she felt kind of funny, feeling sorry for a snake.

As I had done with the Girl Scouts in Fairfield, Pennsylvania, I did also with the Camp Fire Girls in Collinsville, teaching them to square dance. That is, with a girls group alone but with girls pairing off as boy and girl. They learned the square dances that way with one girl playing a boy one time and being a girl the next time and so forth. They learned it very well and I did somewhat the same with the Boy Scouts. I taught them enough so that pretty soon they began having square dances together. We used the veteran's building which had a very large auditorium and stage. I would set up my PA system on the stage and, with either a turntable or a recorder hooked into the amplifier, I would call for the whole building. We would have as high as eight sets going at one time with four sets in a row down each side of the room. We'd play other games there, line games like Virginia Reel and things of that kind. They certainly enjoyed it.

I had nothing to do but the calling for I always insisted that the leaders of those young people's groups be present. There were always plenty of adults to supervise the youngsters if any supervision was needed. Mostly the adults just enjoyed it because all the young people were just having a good time. We kept things going lively enough so that there wasn't much for the adults to do, but at least they had the responsibility for anything that happened. I simply did the directing and the calling of the program and the dance calls. We had a wonderful time. In fact, I had some requests from Tulsa and went down there quite often to call a dance at a business college where youngsters had paid tuition and were living under rather strict supervision, but they had one night a week when they were allowed to have some recreation. A couple of kids from Collinsville who were taking work there asked me if I would come in. I went one night and it was pretty hard to quit so I was down there quite a few times.

Another thing made a hit with the church people. In 1952, I bought a tape recorder and started recording the Sunday morning church services. Then on Tuesday every week, I would take the recorder and start out to the first home that had agreed to an early appointment, starting I think at eight o'clock usually. I'd take the recorder to a home where there was a shut-in person unable to attend church. I'd start the recorder and I would leave. The recorder works as accurately as a clock, and I knew exactly when it would be through. I could go back and study and work until about five minutes before time for it to quit. I could get back to the home and be at the door and hear the last of the church service. Then I'd go in, shut it off and

be ready to go to the next house. I could run it for eight homes a day that way. If I didn't have something else that really needed to be done on Tuesday, I could get the recorder around to all the people that really appreciated it, and needed it, on that one day of the week. That made a real hit with the folks.

There was one home where a lady didn't go to church at all, I guess she couldn't. I took the recorder and ran it for her but the second or third time I ran it, when I got back a little bit before the service was over, she was upstairs, and I saw that she used the recorder just as she would use a radio or TV, just having it running and paying no attention to it. Those that really appreciated it and sat down and - well some of them just had a church service - in fact some said they got more out of it than they would if they were in the church because they weren't distracted by anything. So that made a good impression on the people of the church; that a minister would give that much consideration to the shut-in members.

One of the most effective things community-wise that we accomplished at Collinsville was to organize the whole community with ball teams. When the other churches would see what we were doing, they would always want to compete, they wanted to get into some competition. At first when we built the tennis court, for example, a couple of other churches had write-ups in the paper that they were going to put in tennis courts. Of course they figured that we were going to do what they would do if they were putting in a tennis court. They thought we were putting it in as an inducement to young people to attend church. Well that wasn't our purpose at all. Our purpose was to serve the needs of the community, and we did, and it worked out that way. As their young people played on the court and found out that we weren't even inviting them to attend church or Sunday School, they made no effort at all to build other tennis courts. That one tennis court served very well and it was in use practically all the time. There would be a whole bunch of young people there and there'd likely be four on the court playing. We made a ping-pong table also, a cement topped ping-pong table. Others would be playing ping-pong and the whole neighborhood of young people would be there.

The other churches, each time we tried to do something, only saw a competitive idea in the thing. For example, when I wanted to organize baseball teams, the other churches wanted to make a requirement that anybody that played on the team - they wanted them to be church teams - and anybody that played on the team, had to have attended church a certain number of Sundays. It took a couple of years to get the whole community organized. Boys and young men could be involved from the time a kid could hold a bat until he was grown and working for himself and was no longer interested in community baseball. Every youngster could have a place on a team if he wanted it and it wasn't limited to church groups. We organized leaders and coaches for every age group so that all a boy needed to do was put in his application and he would be assigned to a team under good leadership. Within a couple of years time, we had the community completely organized. And the only opposition came from pastors that wanted to make them church teams in order to have the advantage of requiring boys who wanted to play to attend Sunday School and church. But our objective was not to use the community to build a church but to use the church to serve the community. We wanted to fix it so that every boy

in the whole community would have equal access to the baseball program.

By the way, that program has carried on now for about twenty-three or twenty-four years and is still going strong. We get the Collinsville newspaper and every spring we read the baseball schedules of the various teams for the various ages. Through the baseball playing season, there are lots of pictures in the paper of the various teams and their activities. After the community was well organized with boys' teams, we started in on girls' team work. I had worked a good bit with the girls in Girl Scout and Camp Fire Girls camps but we had not organized them as we had the boys. So we spent quite a bit of time and effort in getting the girls' teams organized. And now the girls' teams too are still going. We might add here that as a result of the tennis court we put in at the Community Church, the city park now not only has tennis courts but also a swimming pool. It has built up to where they have, I think, a very splendid program of activities for young people. The court at the Community Church was used by the high school for I guess fifteen or eighteen years and when the city park got developed to the place where they put in city courts, the court at the Community Church was taken out. The church was extended out over what had been the tennis court. The community house was moved away and all of the Sunday School and church activities were centered in the one church building.

Now comes a part of this memoirs paper that has delayed me quite a bit in contemplation, because I have a great hesitancy in putting it down in words for other people to read. I suppose it's timidity caused by a feeling of necessity to include the weaknesses and errors and limitations as well as the programs that appear to be of greater success. I say "appear to be" because as a matter of fact the most important part of the work is in this which might have an appearance of failure. While it's easy to talk about the organization of community activities, and getting the people of the community to work together in such organizations, it becomes much more difficult to talk about trying to deal with the real problems that a minister has to face. For it's my conviction and experience that the work of a minister isn't so much in preaching as it is in dealing with individuals, with helping individuals to work through their philosophy, to gather from every available source the clearest possible truth and to build it into their own thinking, into their own subconscious minds. Not only to accept it on the statement of someone else, or by reading it in a book, but by studying it and assimilating it, until it is the basic thing in their subconscious minds, programmed there to assure that life will be lived accordingly.

I'm not saying that I wanted folks to accept the presentation of my own conclusions, or the things that I had experienced in study or practice. In fact, I repeated again and again that even in sermons I did not want anyone to accept as authentic the things that I presented simply because I presented them; but take it as they would something to study, as they would something read in a book, or in scripture, or from whatever source an idea is presented - take it only as the best that that source can give. I give the best that I am able to give, but I don't want anyone to accept it merely because I give it. I want them to take it in their own minds and think it through with all the truth from every other source and every other angle, and to assimilate it as they can in their own minds and in their own thinking until it becomes their own and they perhaps, and I hope actually, forget so completely where they heard it, where it came from, that it becomes a part of the self. Now there's a little sentence or two on the conclusions in my own search, what I have arrived at in honest effort to find the most reasonable basis on which to build a philosophy. And that of course comes in the teaching part of the program.

But now when you get to dealing with personal problems, which to me is the more important thing, it's a good deal harder yet to explain the feelings, the frustrations and failures, for here is a situation where you cannot deal with a person until the person is ready to be dealt with. The old saying, you can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink, is true. I'm sure it's the experience of every school teacher who is sincere in being a teacher, who really feels deeply a desire to build the personality of the pupils. For you cannot build personality, the character, the real person, in another individual unless that individual is ready to accept and learn and grow. You can present all the material in the world to them, but unless they are hungering and thirsting and wanting, it does very little good.

Then there is another problem that's even more complicated. That is

the fact that when people become confused and frustrated, despondent and discouraged, and are having real personal problems, they may not realize that they need help. A minister that is worth his salt ought to be concerned in trying to help such persons. And the hardest thing is to know that a person needs help, that they have such problems, and to make calls, perhaps to go to a home time after time hoping that the person will open up and make it possible to deal with the problem; but often they do not, they do not respond, they do not give a person a chance to help. Psychologically, it is utterly impossible for a pastor or a psychiatrist or a psychologist or anyone else to do anything in such a situation unless the person is ready and willing and anxious to have it done. And then all they can do is help the individual to think things through. They can never dictate what a person should do or what they should think, for that only makes a slave of the other individual. It isn't that I ever wanted to tell somebody what they ought to do, but I did want to guide them until they saw for themselves what they ought to do, and then willingly do it. When a person is ready to receive help, and in one sense or another asks for help, then the work of a pastor is very easy. But to awaken the individual so that he develops a hunger and thirst for truth, for help, so that he will seek the help; that is the burden of the situation so far as the minister is concerned.

In all of our work until the time of the Second World War, I was trying desperately hard to get people to accept a world-wide concept of religion and Christianity; Christianity as it could cooperate with that which is good in all other religions to make the world a place of freedom and justice and cooperation for the mutual good of all people instead of just for a little group, one church or denomination. In Pennsylvania where we hoped to do Community Church work and here in Collinsville where we got a splendid response to it, we were bringing the same concept down to a more limited level, to an area where in fact the people were in contact with the definite situation, and it was a wonderful opportunity. I think the most fruitful experience of my efforts was here in the Collinsville community where we did gain cooperation. They learned something about making preparation for young people to grow and have something to do, in which they could participate, and in which they could work together community-wide. If all of the so-called Christian churches and the people of the community would have combined to have one complete program, completely cooperating, allowing people to believe and build their own lives as best they were able to learn and to understand, and then cooperate together for the good of the total community, it would have been wonderful. And I became convinced while working there that a pastor could go into any local community, and if all other ministers, if the overhead organizations of the denominations, would withdraw their efforts to divide the people; I became convinced that any community could be organized on that basis. I know it could have been, in Collinsville.

The people of Collinsville were ready but the overhead organizations and the pastors that they sent in to work in the different denominational churches were not ready. And that was the only handicap. In fact I wished many times that instead of going to Elgin, Illinois, to the headquarters Church of the Brethren, that I had known of the situation and had started in at Collinsville at that time, for the Collinsville church became a Community Church at just about the time we

went to Elgin. And so far as my effort was concerned, often there at Collinsville, I felt that I had just lost that much time in finding the right place to work.

I'm putting this in now at the beginning of our eighth year of work at Collinsville because it is necessary to explain at this time our reason for not continuing on indefinitely, for I honestly believed then and still do, that had we started there in 1930, we could have continued there until the time we finally retired. But there came a time when it was evident that I could not continue the work indefinitely. Perhaps for this reason. I have never been able to work with people in a detached professional manner, as a doctor or a lawyer must do in their professional work. A doctor must not become emotionally involved in deep concern for a patient on whom he is going to do surgical work. But that is my weakness. I cannot work with a person, I cannot work with a congregation, without feeling too deeply the emotional burden of correcting and leading on to what ought to be done. For example, in using illustrations, in teaching, call it preaching if you will, but using an illustration in public speaking, I can never use one that is as effective as it might be if I could tell it without becoming too much affected myself. But I can't do it. So I've had to work with a much more gradual and even approach. I cannot draw a thing to a final conclusion and give it the emphasis that I would like to give.

I'm not saying nor intending to indicate that I in any sense wish that I could feel as detached or as professional in this type of work as a doctor or lawyer must be in their type of work. But at the beginning of the eighth year it became evident that the load was too heavy; not the physical load, although quite a few of the people in the church did remark that they had never seen a minister work as I did. But the work they saw, what they were talking about, was the organizing work; work that was outward and observable that everybody recognized and realized. That was some physical effort of course, but it was a pleasurable thing; there was no disappointment, no discouragement. All that was good, all that I could have taken very well, though I did spend long days and sometimes pretty short nights. But in considering the personal problems of others, many a time I had no night at all.

A minister's job can be very easy, and I think the greatest opportunity any person has to live a lazy man's life, is to be a preacher and merely go through the routine necessary to maintain and build an organization out of the community, taking the people that can be drawn into the particular program of that single denominational organization. With the service and guidance and promotion of the headquarters organization a minister can carry on the routine work of a pastorate if he doesn't become emotionally involved and actually concerned with the welfare of the people with whom he is dealing. But if he has the emotional stress, if he has that strain as well as the other work that needs to be done, and really is concerned about the part he cannot do, then it becomes the heaviest burden that a person can bear. It seems that the physical constitution of a human being can endure only a certain amount of the nervous and emotional strain that comes by deeply caring for other people.

If an illustration is needed, you'll find that it isn't a new thing in human experience at all. Going back about twenty-seven centuries

and reading the sixth chapter of Isaiah, we see his experience when he had a conception of what the world ought to be. He hears a voice, and he is challenged to go and teach, to bear the news to the people that were in need. Soon he cries out, "How long, oh Lord, how long?" The answer is not that pretty soon people will respond. The answer is that he must continue on until everything is destroyed, until there is no hope.

The crucifixion of Jesus was not a physical event in reality so much as it was an emotional, a spiritual crucifixion. After three years of his ministry, he looked out on Jerusalem and said, "Oh Jerusalem, Jerusalem how oft would I have gathered you together as a hen doth her brood under her wing, but ye would not." There is the emotional problem of a leader who tries to do something for people that are not ready to receive help, but will follow leaders like the scribes and Pharisees were at that time, who are willing to be false leaders in selfish, individual ways of profiting at the spiritual expense of the people they pretend to be serving. I'm sure that the greatest burden that any person can carry is not physical, but is the nerve-strain and stress, the emotional feeling of concern from being unable to reach people that need help. False leaders lead them astray and they go for lesser things of life, for lesser ideals, for competitive struggle, for selfish ends, and miss the whole goal of cooperative life in the true spirit of the teaching and work that Jesus demonstrated and that Christianity is supposed to demonstrate and practice.

I have, I think, been unable to say what I tried to say. Sometimes when I cannot put into words what I feel, some poet expresses what I cannot say. This poem by Angela Morgan comes so close to "Home" that I have never been able to use it in public and I could not now read it onto the tape. So I have removed it from an old notebook and enclosed it with the cassette. I have reviewed it quite often in my own thinking. If its message is understood, it sums up all I have been trying to say. It is a full explanation of why retirement became necessary. I don't remember the title, but it somehow concerned her own feeling as a poet. Perhaps the title was, "Lord, How Long?"

Why hast thou breathed, Oh God upon my thoughts
And tuned my pulse to thy high melodies,
Lighting my soul with love, my heart with flame,
Thrilling my ear with songs I cannot keep -
Only to set me in the market place
Amid the clamor of the bartering throng,
Whose ears are deaf to my impassioned plea,
Whose hearts are heedless to the word I bring?

And yet - Dear God forgive! I will sing on.
I will sing until that shining day
When, one, perchance only one may it be -
Shall turn aside from out the sordid way,
Listening with eager ears that understand!
Until that day - Thy day - help me to bear
The hurt of cold indifference and the pain
Of seeing the multitude rush by,
Drowning Thy music with their cry for gold!

So when we announced by letter that we intended to discontinue our work at Collinsville at the end of our eighth year, it was not

because we wanted to, but because it was necessary. The eighth year was as satisfactory and as fulfilling as any before. They appointed a committee to make an investigation and a search for another pastor. I helped on that committee, ex officio, but I think I actually did more of the work than the committee did and the final result wasn't very satisfactory. Our eight years there was double the time that any other person had served that congregation and he had served two years at one time and then later another two years. It should be understood too that the church had never thought of a Community Church in the sense that we interpreted the meaning and work of a Community Church. To them it simply seemed the reasonable thing to do, to unite the congregations because it was impossible for them to carry on through the depression and survive as separate organizations. But the eight years we spent there were abundantly satisfactory. Since then we have had a great deal more evidence of the value of the work, and the appreciation of the work, than we ever did while we were there. For now after over twenty years, we continue to get responses from a great many of the people of the community.

Our family had been growing a great deal during that time. Orlin and Adavern had married in late 1950. Lavera of course had her third child just before we went back to Pennsylvania in 1950. The number of grandchildren extended our family quite a bit during those years so that at the end of our work in Collinsville, it was just about time for Gladys to make another trip to take care of the grandchildren in the family where another one was to appear. She and I have talked it over and as nearly as we can figure, we think that during that time she had made trips to help with the families where new grandchildren were appearing six or seven different times. With about half of our grandchildren, she took that part. And we appreciated it, we had first-hand information that way and I didn't mind being a bachelor for a period of time when we got that kind of reward in exchange. Of course we could comment on every one of them, but one in particular is of interest. The announcement came to us on a Sunday morning. It was after I had gone down to the church and it must have been a telephone message relaying a telegram. It was from Orlin telling of the birth of their second son. And they had named him Darrell. It was on Mothers' Day, and it just kind of made things fit together. You will recall that Darrell was the name of our second son, who was lost in World War II. Now Darrell is a young attorney developing a practice in Denver. I wish it were possible to include the life progress of each one of the grandchildren, but that would be a complete book in itself. So we will not attempt that but will say emphatically that our fifteen grandchildren have meant a very great deal in our lives.

Early in the eighth year of our work at Collinsville, we learned that our sister Lula living at Fredonia, which is just a hundred miles north of Collinsville, had contracted some serious illness and it proved later to be leukemia. We made quite a few trips up to see her and then quite early in the spring of 1959, Gladys stayed with Lula in her home for awhile. Then she came back to Collinsville for a little bit and carried on in her Sunday School work. She had done a splendid thing in organizing the junior department in the Sunday School, teaching and directing them in a real worship service; in contrast to the rather informal and

insignificant, I would say, exercises they had been using as the starting of the Sunday School session. She developed a system whereby, we felt, the children had learned to worship as well as the adults and it was as significant and meaningful to them. So much so that it had a good effect on the entire congregation so that when the children conducted the worship service in the church, it was as effective and as helpful to the complete congregation as any worship service conducted in the regular program of the adult church.

In anticipation of retirement from our active church work, we had thought a great deal about what we would like to do. Our interest led us to books about birds and trees and flowers and our National parks and things of that kind. We became interested in travel trailers and had collected literature and advertisements from I think nearly thirty different companies that manufactured trailers. We studied the floor plans and every angle of the trailer desirability that we could. We subscribed for different trailer magazines and read the stories and accounts and experiences of people who were traveling by trailer and living the trailer life. We soon decided that we wanted to attempt it. We couldn't possibly afford any other kind of travel and we did want to see the country and study nature. It appealed to us quite strongly.

Our brother Roy and his wife Loraine had been traveling by trailer and had come by Collinsville several times while we were there; once on the way to join a caravan in Europe and once in Africa. The trip to Africa came during this last year of our work at Collinsville. When they came by with a new Airstream trailer and camped in our yard, we looked the trailer over very carefully and decided that it was just about the ideal thing for us to get. So near the end of our work at Collinsville we ordered an Airstream trailer through an agency in Tulsa. We also ordered a Ford truck to pull the trailer, so we would have things ready to start our life as trailerites when the time came for our retirement.

Lula's health continued to deteriorate and her children were all very busy at their various types of work so Gladys went up to stay with Lula. Lula was in the hospital at the time. The hospital was perhaps a block and a half from Lula's home so it was handy for Gladys to stay in Lula's home and be with Lula in the hospital a good part of the time. When the time came for the new pastor to take over in Collinsville on the first of August, Gladys had been up at Fredonia for about three months. I had been living in the parsonage, batching and getting things ready to some extent for our move. So when I was free to go, I went up to Fredonia and my job from then on was to sit with Lula every night. Either some of her children or Gladys would be with her the rest of the time through the day. So there was someone with her all the time. Lula lived until the second of September 1959. Of course we stayed there through the time of her memorial service.

After Lula's service, we took off in our Plymouth and did a little traveling through Eastern Kansas visiting quite a few of Gladys' relatives. We had visited a lot with all of my own relatives there at Fredonia of course so now we made four or five stops in Eastern Kansas visiting Gladys' folks. After the tour of Eastern Kansas seeing relatives and a few friends we had known a long time before,

some even from our days at Elgin, we stopped at Fredonia again and were there a day or so with Lula's children and their families. I remember we had a very much appreciated and enjoyable picnic with them out at the old mill site south of Fredonia before we went on down to Collinsville.

At Collinsville, the truck and trailer were ready so we took delivery of them on the same day. We parked the trailer in the backyard of a very good friend right close to the church and we had lots of company. I don't know whether they came to see us or the trailer and traveling outfit, but I know we appreciated their coming. Quite a few of them felt they would like to have a similar outfit and go trailering with us. It was quite a thing back in 1959 when trailers weren't so common as they are now. I'm certainly glad we started our trailering at that time because the roads became so congested with them later that I think it would have been a great handicap to us.

We had a great time visiting with our friends at Collinsville, being completely free from any responsibility or obligation. Then, it was a great relief and we had much more freedom in communication and visiting. We had plenty of help in getting our belongings loaded. One man and his wife who lived there in Collinsville had quite a large business in ranching and pecan raising. Because of the ranching and the cattle business, he had a large stake truck named "Old Pearl." We loaded most of our stuff onto Old Pearl and expected to get it all on but we didn't quite make it, so we had to rent a U-Haul trailer. We hitched the U-Haul trailer to the old Plymouth. The farmer's wife drove the Plymouth and the farmer drove Old Pearl. Of course Gladys and I had our truck and trailer, so we formed quite a caravan in moving our belongings from Collinsville out to Dewey, Arizona.

I don't know why we moved all the stuff, but we did. We dragged off everything that belonged to us I guess, and moved it out and stored it in the little building that I had put up supposedly for a future garage. We were going to build a house there but we never got to it, and left for Pennsylvania when only the garage building was completed. We had lived in it for I guess nearly a year while I got the old house torn down and got ready to start making blocks for the house. So when we got back from Collinsville, we stored our stuff in the cabin-garage and in the barn. We visited around the local community and then took the Plymouth on a trip up to Twin Falls to visit Gladys' mother and to Emmett, Idaho, to visit her sister and brother-in-law, Lois and Larry Albee, then back to Dewey. Pretty soon we took the trailer and moved down to Tucson because we were scheduled there for another event, another grandchild, which proved to be the last in the series of fifteen. We must have gotten to Tucson about the middle of October and found a trailer park to live in until time for the great occasion of the final grandchild. That occurred on the seventh of November 1959 and we remained there four or five weeks at least, after the event.

Our next trip was over to the San Francisco Bay area. Before we left Collinsville, we had expected that Orlin and his family would still be in Arizona when we came west. But they moved from Arizona just about the time we were ready to come back. His office was in San Francisco but they were living in San Mateo. So we made a trip over through Southern California and up the Coast Highway to San Mateo, about eighteen miles, I believe it is, south of San Francisco on the peninsula west of the San Francisco Bay. We visited with Opal and her family in Pomona on the way. I guess we didn't see any other relatives in Southern California on this trip. We pulled the trailer from Pomona over the freeways through Los Angeles and then up the Coast Highway to San Mateo. We were at Orlin's place for Christmas. I remember Orlin playing on the floor with an electric train, getting it going for the boys. I suppose it was for the boys, anyway. The boys had a football and were rigged out in football outfits with helmets and so forth. We had a great time. Steve, our next to the youngest of the grandchildren, was just learning to walk at the time and we had a splendid time playing with the family. We left pretty quick after Christmas and drove over to San Francisco to visit with Altonetta's family, then drove down to Fresno and were there for New Years.

It had been twenty-two years since we left Fresno, moving to Arizona. We parked out west of what had been the city when we were there. The city had grown quite a bit in the meantime. A new church had been built in a different location. We hadn't kept in touch with more than two or three families during those twenty-two years and we hadn't expected to see very many people. That's the reason we parked, because it was a holiday and we figured we would just park and review our interest in the city over the rush of the holiday. We went to a telephone and called a couple of families and from that time on we had quite a lot of company. We stayed over the weekend for church and had dinner out with quite a group after church that Sunday. It was a wonderful experience to see the attitude of the people of the congregation twenty-two years after

we had left there. We began getting the thrill of the later feeling and appreciation of the work that we had done. So we spent quite a little time at Fresno visiting among the friends and getting reacquainted.

Then we traveled on back to Arizona and parked again down at Tucson because Adavern was needing some hospital attention for varicose vein surgery. We stayed at Tucson for several weeks. That was in the spring of 1960. It was there that I first got in touch with the officials of the Wally Byam caravan group. We joined the caravan and got our thirty-two hundred number and attached it on our trailer. I had been doing some correspondence with them before about organizing a Wally Byam caravan club in Arizona. There was no state organization yet at that time. So we began helping to promote that idea.

We then moved up to Dewey and parked the trailer by the cabin. We lived partly in the trailer and partly in the cabin through the summer. We had a good garden that summer of 1960. I guess about the only trip we made with the trailer was up to the Grand Canyon. We parked up there I suppose for a little over a week. I guess it was over the weekend that Lavera and Elmer and their children came up and we arranged so that we were parked right together. We had sleeping quarters in the truck and in the trailer and I forget just how else we did arrange it, but anyway, the Young family was there at the Grand Canyon with us for a couple of nights and days. We had a good time. I remember Stanley getting interested in bird study and taking the field glasses and going out in the timber a little bit to study the birds. With the family, we traveled the road along the rim of the canyon and visited different places.

I remember one incident that struck me kind of funny. While driving along the rim of the canyon, Gladys and I had Susan with us in the truck. We were talking about things in the canyon and I asked Sue if she remembered something and she said she had never been there before. I said why sure you have. But what I was thinking about - I had Sue and her mother mixed up - I was expecting Sue to remember the things that Lavera had seen at the Grand Canyon when we were up there in 1938, and this was in 1960. So it was a little quirk in my memory or imagination, thinking of Sue as having had the experience that was really experience that I associated with Lavera.

It was a wonderful thing to be out and free from responsibility and be able to travel and be as independent as we were. As a result of leaving Collinsville and the responsibilities of the work, my health very rapidly changed a great deal. I was feeling so much better, so much freer, and able to appreciate life a whole lot more than I had for a long time. I had appreciated the life of other people, but the appreciation of my own existence, my own being, was enhanced so wonderfully by the change that there was no comparison. Before, I had all my interest wrapped up in the work I was trying to do, spending and exerting myself, but now I was relaxing and enjoying my own life. In other words - before, I had enjoyed the association and work with other people, seeing their progress and opportunities, but I had never appreciated my own opportunity, and now it was an altogether different life.

I think it was early October 1960 when Roy and Loraine came back into the United States from their trip through Africa, Europe, and through Russia, and had then shipped home much later than the others of the main caravan. Their trip up through the Scandinavian countries and Russia was in addition to the main caravan through Africa and Europe so they didn't get back until in October. They came up to Dewey where we were at that time. So we had two Airstream trailers parked on our little lot there in Dewey. It just happened to be at the time the Airstream people that we could contact in Arizona had all been invited to meet down at South Mountain Park at Phoenix to consider organizing an Arizona unit. Roy and Loraine visited there with us for a little while and then one morning they started out to go over toward California and we headed for the first trailer rally in Arizona. So we pulled out right behind them and they went one way and we went the other.

We got down to Phoenix and joined the others that were there. I think between fifteen and twenty trailers were there at the first rally of the organization. We spent a few days there together and by Sunday they had circulated a little questionnaire for all the trailer people to fill out as to their former vocations and what they were doing and so forth, and what they were willing to do in the promotion of the organization. By that means it became known what I had been doing in my work and vocation so a church service was organized for that Sunday morning. I'm not sure but I guess that was the first - no, I guess I had done similar things before - but anyway, we had a church service that Sunday morning which led the way to regular such services in trailer rallies from that time on. And that brings up the remembrance of other things that happened after retirement.

I just spoke of the freedom and benefit that retirement had brought me, but the hardest thing in retirement was to keep from accepting some other responsibility. One invitation that came pretty quick after we left Collinsville, was to take charge of a Community Church down in San Salvador, in the country of El Salvador. It would be in the English Language of course with people down there in government service. In the communication with the people down there and the Community Church folks that contacted us and referred us to the folks down there, we learned that if we would take it, we would have everything provided; a good salary, and even the housework would all be taken care of. Gladys would have a couple of maids to do anything she wanted done. It was a temptation but we resisted successfully.

That hadn't much more than gotten settled when we received an invitation to consider the Community Church at Sedona, Arizona, right at the south end of Oak Creek Canyon. I don't think there could be a more beautiful place in the United States that a person could go to work, and there were lots of nice people there. We held services for them there for - oh, I don't know how many Sundays, and again the persuasion was pretty intense and there was quite a temptation to take up that kind of work again; but we just knew that it wouldn't be the thing to do. So we stuck to our program and they had to find somebody else. That was the hardest thing, to resist the invitations and temptations to jump right back into the thick of the work again. But I felt pretty certain that it wouldn't be good to do it, so we didn't.

We stayed with our traveling but we never found time to study the flowers, the literature, and books on trees and birds and flowers and rocks, and the hobbies we had thought we would certainly develop when we had time. We didn't find time to do it because in our travels around the country, we found so many people that we had known in various places, in school or in various church communities. We couldn't travel very far without coming across people that we had reference to in directories from churches and schools and things. We would pull into a town where we knew somebody lived and park in a trailer park someplace, phone them and invite them over for supper. And likely be there a day or so and visit whenever they had time. We explained to folks that we were available twenty-four hours a day and had nothing else to do but visit at their convenience.

Sometimes we would write ahead and tell people that we would be in their town at a certain time and that we had all our facilities and would like to visit at any time that suited them. That way, we could call on people we hadn't seen for a good many years, even back forty or forty-five years ago. We could visit with them without them feeling obligated or in any way embarrassed. We visited that way with so many many people that we wouldn't have ventured to stop and see at all if we had not had our own accommodations and equipment, ready to entertain them at least as much as we were entertained in their home. We found that traveling that way was cheaper than living in a fixed residence because of utilities and things of that kind. But we did entertain a whole lot more company than we would have if we had been living in a fixed home. We found that type of living very agreeable and interesting and facinating.

After our organization meeting in October at South Mountain Park, the group decided to have another trailer rally in January in Organ Pipe National Monument, but we approached the monument under rather unusual conditions. The night before the rally was to assemble, there had been a pretty good sized snow. It was a cold day that we assembled for our second state rally but there were more people than had been at the one before, although some few had been frozen out. We met a couple Airstreams coming out as we were driving in that morning. The majority of the trailers had a different heating system than we had. We had a Duratherm Heater. I think it would have heated twice the capacity of the trailer, twice the space that it had to heat; it was quite adequate and worked automatically. Most of the others had a type that had to be run by a motor-driven fan. Before the first night was over they were getting cold because their batteries had run down and the heaters had quit working. So the next morning before we got up, we heard several cars start up and run, and my gracious, we thought everybody was going to pull out. But we found that they just started their motors to recharge their batteries so they could keep warm in the trailers. Well, it warmed up a little bit, it wasn't bad after that one morning. We had a good time and a fine rally there at Organ Pipe.

After that, I think we have been back to Organ Pipe National Monument for four or five different rallies and we've had at least that many in South Mountain Park. I remember two or three in Tucson and a couple at Prescott. So trailer rallies took up part of our time when we weren't in other travels. Trailer life suited us just fine and we got acquainted with a lot of nice people and had a lot of good fellowship together. So we can condense about the next five years after our

retirement - just call it trailering days, when we covered the United States fairly well from Key West, Florida to Seattle, Washington; and Southern California to Eastern Pennsylvania and places in between, traveling and visiting friends.

Somehow I got the impression, as we used our method of locating in a community and calling friends we had known and just stopping for a little friendly visit and fellowship, I sometimes felt that we were doing as much good as we could have done any other way. For somehow it does something for people when old-time acquaintances stop and visit. Some people we found rather depressed and discouraged and it seemed to do them a lot of good to have someone stop and see them. Of course we also revisited the church communities. We were back at Fresno at least two more times after that New Years day of 1960. We visited the Collinsville community several times as we crossed the country back and forth and of course our relatives in Eastern Kansas were nearly always included. We visited the Pennsylvania community just once. Every time we would go into one of those communities it was just an indescribable pleasure to meet the people and get the impressions they had of the years before.

There were some very gratifying responses to our Sunday services at all of the trailer rallies. I remember one man, for example, who talked to me about a service that took place the year before. The year before, I had talked on the subject of adding years to life and life to years. I had mentioned the fact that the medical profession had made it possible for us to have quite a few more years to live than were normally expected only a few years back. And then I posed the question of what we will do with those added years to make them worthwhile, to make them a contribution to others, to the community, to the world. What are we living for? What is our objective? This man had been an active lawyer all his working life. A very intelligent, thinking man, and I guess it struck him a little bit. So a year later he told me that he and his wife had changed their view and policy-of-life completely since that service a year ago. To see the good that he thought it had done him, and the added meaning in his life, is just an example of what makes such efforts worthwhile.

Since January 1, 1951, Gladys' mother had been a widow and had her home in Twin Falls, Idaho. For several years her son Merland and his wife lived in the home and were there with Gladys' mother except the time that she spent visiting at our place in Collinsville, which I think was on an average of two or three months a year. Then she made the rounds of our children's homes and visited there quite awhile, so she wasn't in the home at Twin Falls nearly all the time. She traveled that way a good bit during those years. But after our retirement of course we weren't settled enough for her to live in our home very much. We did bring her down from Twin Falls on one of our trips and left her either at Dewey or Tucson, I forget which, but she visited quite awhile at each place and then went back to Twin Falls. I think that was the last time she made any extended visits away from home. She thought she took a bad cold from one of the youngsters and she didn't want to come back to Arizona any more. Of course by that time she was getting into her upper seventies and was not as much inclined to travel.

For some reason Merland and Frieda had gotten a home of their own. So Mother Edwards was living rather alone in her house. She had lots

of friends but we were concerned about her and visited there as often as we could. We kept in pretty close touch by her own writing, and Merland and Frieda kept tab on her and let us know how she was getting along. That went along until in late June of 1963, we had a letter from Merland and Frieda saying that Mother Edwards had had a sore throat for quite a little while and was - well, we at least got the impression that we should do something about it.

We had bought a little house in Prescott, Arizona, and had just moved in. We intended that as our final retirement home, as a home base, and travel when we wanted to with the trailer. But we got that letter, and Gladys went up right away. I guess she took a bus the next day after the letter came. She got up there and found that the doctors had taken a biopsy and diagnosed the throat trouble as cancerous, and had prescribed radium treatments. So Gladys stayed right there. I got things adjusted as soon as I could and it was just about the - let's see, Gladys went up the first of July and I went up about the very last of July of 1963. I arranged for a young couple to live in the house free of rent, just paying their own expenses, to take good care of the place. Of course I took the trailer when I went up to Twin Falls.

For some time we took Mother Edwards to the hospital, I think it was every other day, for her radium treatments. Her health either improved or was pretty good to start with, other than the need for the radium treatments. They gave her radium treatments until her throat on the outside was just like a real dark sunburn. Either that completely destroyed any cancerous growth or else in taking the biopsy sample, I suspect they took the whole cancerous part of it at that time. I think it was just a surgical situation and I doubt very much if the radium treatments would have been necessary at all. But the treatments made it a good deal more to endure and a much longer concern. She lived eight or nine years after that, and there was never any more evidence of it at all.

Well, there we were. We had decided that we didn't want to live in her home, we wanted to be independent and we were looking around for a home to buy. Then between the members of the family, Gladys' sister, brother and mother, it was decided that instead of buying another home, we would buy her home, pay her for it at the appraised price and then she would live with us. So we bought the property and then were of course able to do what we chose to do to make improvements, and in taking care and use of the place. It had been very much neglected for quite a number of years and there was an accumulation of things to do.

Outside, it was a matter of cleaning out grass and roots. I remember digging out bushels of grass roots, I think it was Johnson grass. I had to spade it up and dig the roots all out of the soil. I'd carry baskets and baskets of it out to the alley for the garbage man to pick up. That was quite a job. One of the wonderful things in the garden up there was the rhubarb row. I remember how I had to root the grasses out of the rhubarb and get it revitalized again. All of the garden stuff grew wonderfully well. A neighbor had been allowed to use the garden, free of rent of course, and he tended just exactly the area that he wanted to till. All around the edges and wherever he wasn't using the soil for his own garden, it had grown up in rubbish and trash, so there was quite a job getting rid of that.

Down in the basement, dust had been accumulating for a number of years. I remember that it was a mighty dusty job cleaning up down there. Of course the coal furnace and coal bin had added to the accumulation of dirt and dust. But we got it cleaned up and had a gas furnace put in which made it possible to eliminate the coal bin. That made quite a bit more room in the basement. There was a vegetable room partitioned off so the furnace wouldn't heat up that part of the area too much for vegetables. But that still left quite a large area in the basement and the preacher at the church had a suggestion.

The preacher had a Popular Mechanics magazine that had directions in it for building a pool table. He loaned me the magazine. I bought the material, mahogany wood, and got the best of equipment, the felt and rubber bumper for the sides from - let's see, what's the most popular supplier of sporting goods - I can't think of it right now. But I got the best there was to be gotten and built a pool table eight feet long and proportionate width. It took a long time to make it doing all the work by hand, although I did have a bench saw that I learned to use in various ways. I cut out all the

material before I started assembly. I think it was two hundred and nine or two hundred and fourteen pieces that I had ready to put together, all sawed out to the right angles and proportions. Then it was quite a puzzle. While I was working on the pool table, the men were there putting in the gas furnace. The gas line had to be run into the house from I guess about a half a block away.

Getting rid of future coal dirt made it worthwhile then to do the cleaning-up upstairs, for the coal had affected the condition of the whole house quite a bit. I remember the rug, what I thought was a fairly nice rug when we went up there. But we knew it needed cleaning so we rented a machine from a store somewhere. As we fed the suds down to it, a couple of big rotary brushes did a good job of scrubbing. The instructions were to put the cleaning fluid down and scrub it, then let it dry for a couple hours and vacuum. That's what we did, we went over the rug in the large front room which was I suppose twenty-two by twelve feet. I just couldn't believe the difference it made in that rug, it made it look really good. You couldn't imagine the accumulation of coal dirt there had been in that rug.

The man who had been using the garden part finished up his year of using it that fall. Then I began getting it ready for a season of our own use. The gardens that we grew there were almost unbelievable in contrast to some other places. I enjoyed the work and we raised good gardens. I raised enough stuff every year to supply several neighbors. Quite often I would gather material, tomatoes or cucumbers or cantaloupes or whatever, and take a sackful and put it on the porches of the neighbors. Some of them responded quite gratefully, some hardly ever said anything about it. I guess they just used them and may even have wondered - well they couldn't have wondered where they came from because the garden was right there. But I enjoyed doing it, I liked to work and see things grow, and they grew so wonderfully well that it was a pleasure doing it.

Another improvement in addition to putting in the gas furnace, was the garage. It was just a little shed, a little flat-roofed thing just big enough for one car. It had been originally built for a Model T Ford and then had been extended out a little bit at the back, so that it came right onto the property line, and made it large enough for a normal sized car. I tore it up and made it wide enough and high enough that I could put the truck in one side with room above it to hang a boat, and had a big door that would open up so I could put the Airstream trailer in the other side. It made quite a building out of it and that was a big improvement on the place. While talking of improvements, we just as well mention another thing we did about four years later. We had the kitchen completely remodeled, putting in cabinets and stove and things we bought from Sears Roebuck. It was a contract job for about seventeen hundred dollars. That was in 1968, the last spring that we were there.

Now we might review some of the other activities that we enjoyed while we lived at Twin Falls. Of course we joined the Airstream club and attended quite a few rallies and enjoyed that fellowship. Of course Mother Edwards wanted to go to church all the time so we took her to church every Sunday and it wasn't long until we were involved in it. In fact, I was elder or moderator of the congregation nearly all the time we lived there. And about the second year we were there, the second June I think, we were completely surprised when during

the annual meeting, the preacher sent word that he had accepted a church over in Washington and wouldn't be back as pastor. So all at once the church was left without a pastor. Well, the only logical thing to do under the circumstances was for me in my position and opportunity there, to offer to fill in as a minister until we could find someone. So for about five months I think it was, a little more than that I guess, I was also doing the work of the pastor in the church. For that period of time we weren't doing very much else, just taking care of the home and garden and yard along with the church work. But that was enough to make a full program.

We didn't make very many trips while we were at Twin Falls. Mother Edwards' health was good enough, and I think she really enjoyed being by herself a good part of the time. We were concerned sometimes about her diet while we were gone. We had a freezer, and had bought a beef and had it processed, and had the freezer full of meat and of vegetables from the garden. There was enough right there in the freezer, the refrigerator was full too, that we knew there was an abundance of things that she could prepare and eat. We knew she could have a perfectly good diet while we were away.

We were down in Arizona, I suppose at least three times, during the five years we lived at Twin Falls and we took other trips here and there. We had one over along the Oregon coast which we enjoyed very much. And one up into Washington, through Seattle and then across Northern Idaho and up to Flathead Lake, Montana, where Roy and Loraine were. They had a large boat there. There was a national camp spot on the edge of the lake over some distance from where Roy and Loraine had their mobile home parked. We would park our trailer over there and communicate back and forth with Roy and Loraine. One time while we were there, I remember that Altonetta and her family stopped by and we had a picnic over at the place where we had our trailer parked, with the three families. It made a wonderful opportunity for recreation and fellowship.

One of our trips down into Arizona included an extension on down into New Mexico. Elmer and Lavera and their family had moved down there, where Elmer was in charge of a ranch of I think about eighty thousand acres, something of that nature; running cattle on a large area. He was doing a wonderful job of improving the place and it would have been an opportunity to really make good, but the guy that he had gone into partnership with didn't run a square deal. At least that's the impression we got later. I think they were there a little less than two years. It was an interesting place to visit. It was about forty-five miles straight west of El Paso right on the Mexican line. The Mexican line was the border of the ranch. There had been a railroad station right there on the ranch years before. The railroad had run from Douglas, Arizona, to El Paso, Texas. But it had been abandoned and taken up. Elmer got a whole lot of railroad ties and made a sort of stockade cattle corral and improved the place just beyond description. It was a shame when he had to give up the partnership because of the lack of cooperation by the owner of the ranch. They moved back to Dewey and he took charge of a ranch there.

In the Christmas period of 1966, we were there at Dewey visiting and a telephone call came from Collinsville, Oklahoma. They were trying to locate us and it happened that I was just but in the trailer when they called Lavera. Someone knew that Lavera's family lived

there at Dewey and they had made the phone connection, so Lavera called me in from the trailer. It was a guy saying that they were without a pastor at Collinsville and he wanted to know if I could come back for a little while and fill in while they located a new pastor. I told him I would talk it over with Gladys and call back. So a couple of hours later, I called back and told him I would have to go up to Twin Falls to get my Sunday pants, then we would make the trip to Collinsville and be there a week from the following Sunday.

Well, it happened that the first Sunday after the call came we were scheduled to be at a trailer rally with the Arizona unit over north of Parker on the Colorado River. So we made a hurried trip. We left the trailer on the ranch there at Dewey and drove up to Twin Falls and got the necessary things we thought we would need back at Collinsville, then drove down to the trailer rally at Parker, Arizona. Immediately after the Sunday church service at the rally, we hurried over to Dewey. The next day we hooked up to the trailer and drove to Tucson, and I believe spent the night there.

We took the southern route all the way back to Oklahoma; went south through El Paso and east through southern Texas and then up into Oklahoma from the south because there was quite a severe winter storm going on at the time. So we took the longer way and it was stormy enough that way. One night we parked at a town in Texas and when we got up in the morning, our bucket that I had set under the drain of the trailer had blown over to the edge of a field. I found it though and retrieved it. It had been quite a windy, stormy night and on the radio we heard that there had been a cyclone up at Collinsville. So we made our way up there and found that there had been quite a severe cyclone and quite a little damage done a little piece out of town.

We were there for two or three Sundays in January and until the last of May before we succeeded in locating a pastor. Then we took out for the annual conference. The Church of the Brethren was having an annual conference in late June in Eugene, Oregon. That period in Collinsville was wonderfully rewarding and gratifying in a great many ways, in the fellowship and response in the congregation and the good times we had, social as well as the worship periods in the church. There was plenty of social activity during that time.

The only handicap was that Gladys had been having some trouble and didn't know just what was the matter. She had known that something was wrong in the digestive system and while we were there we went to see a doctor that we were well acquainted with when we were there before. He diagnosed it as gallstone trouble. He was afraid that it was critical at the time, that it would have to be a hurry-up job. So we had to get Gladys down to a hospital in Tulsa yet that evening. Of course I called our youngsters as quickly as I had a chance. When I called out to Denver and talked to Virginia, I found that Orlin was in Kansas City at a conference. She called Orlin, he called me and we hatched up a little deal that Orlin would, when his conference was over, take a plane and come down to Tulsa. So I met him one morning at the airport, took him to the hospital and we walked into Gladys' room. She hadn't known that I had even called the youngsters and not at all thought that any of them would appear. The doctor, surgeon, that we had been referred to in Tulsa had made an examination that first evening, but he diagnosed it as not so critical, not such an emergency that she had to be hurried into surgery. The surgery

was necessary but could wait until over the weekend. So when Orlin was there, she had not had the surgery yet. I think it took place on Monday after Orlin left. It went all right and it wasn't long until she could be out in the trailer again.

We were living in the Airstream trailer during the time we were in Collinsville. The parsonage was being renovated and reconditioned to some extent, getting it ready for a new pastor, so we chose to just live at the side of the parsonage in the Airstream. The church had a telephone put in the Airstream and put a big butane tank just outside so we had gas without having to refill our own tank every few days. They just did everything they possibly could to make things pleasant for us. I guess Gladys has very seldom had as much attention and care as she had from the ladies of the church during the time she was in the hospital and afterward. So even with that situation, it didn't really handicap our work and fellowship, in fact it may have enriched it a little. At least an emergency of that kind, if it could be taken care of that well for everybody, it would be a wonderful thing.

We did another thing to break up the monotony, I guess we might say, of fixed residence living. We bought a boat, a sixteen foot well built aluminum boat with, I believe, a seven and a half horsepower motor. We were not interested in speedboating but in fishing from the boat. We took our fishing equipment and boat on quite a few trips out to a lake about twenty-two miles southwest of Twin Falls. We would take the trailer, truck and boat out there, fish and spend the night and maybe fish the next day, then back to Twin Falls and have a nice little outing that way. Another place we liked was about thirty miles west of Twin Falls at what is known as Thousand Springs. We camped there several times and got the boat out on the river. The camping place was on the west side of the river and on the east side was quite a bluff. From the side of that bluff, there were just a great number of springs. The water just came gushing out so much that the Idaho power company built a channel along there to catch the water from the springs and run it down to a power station and generate electricity from the water coming from all those springs. Of course that's where it got the name of Thousand Springs.

The story is that up in the Crater of the Moon National Monument, about sixty miles east of Twin Falls, there two rivers named Big Lost and Little Lost where the rivers that feed from the snow in the mountains run down there and just completely disappear. It's lava country and the supposition - well they made a test on it - the water from those two rivers goes down into the lava stratas and goes underground for about sixty-five or seventy miles over to this Thousand Springs area and comes out there and feeds back into the Snake River. So it's a very interesting place. It wasn't a very good fishing place really but at the Salmon Lake I spoke of before, we had very good success. Our best fishing though was at Palisades Lake right at the east edge of Idaho where the Snake River comes down from the Grand Teton National Park area. The snow from the mountains comes down fifty or sixty miles and feeds into Palisades Lake so the water is pretty cold and the trout are better there. We certainly enjoyed those fish in Idaho. Since then, it's been a little bit hard to be very enthused about the type of fishing that people do here in Arizona, fishing for bass.

Another place the fish were really good was up at Flathead Lake in

Montana where Roy and Loraine had a mobile home, as we spoke of before. They had a big boat that they parked there through the winters while they were down in California. They would go back and spend each summer there on Flathead Lake. The fish were not the trout that we had in Idaho but were, I think, what they called landlocked salmon. They were a small fish, not nearly as big as the trout we had over in Idaho, but the eating was equivalent to, if not better than, the trout. They were evidently just little salmon, I think about ten inches long. You could make a meal on those without very much else. One person could eat a couple of those fish and not be overindulgent even at that, and it was about as good eating as anything I've ever found. So you see, we had quite a diversity of interest while we were in Idaho.

But Gladys really needed more breaks than that, shorter breaks perhaps, but oftener. So we bought membership in the golf club and got golf equipment. We would go out I think about twice a week and play golf. That made an added diversion of shorter duration each time but it wasn't like staying in all day and just taking care of things in the house. I could be at home there all the time with the garden and my tools and work in the basement, take care of the yard and irrigate and mow. I could find plenty of things to do all the time and it wouldn't become monotonous for me but Gladys needed more diversion, hence this golf project and outlet. It was quite interesting and quite effective. I think it fulfilled the purpose quite well.

The work in the church there was interesting and it wasn't really a burden because I felt no responsibility. I had very fine relations with the teen-age young people and they appreciated it; we had a good many very fine sessions together. I also had pretty good relations with the junior-age group. At the request of the parents, I conducted a church membership class for them and tried to give them the best advice I could on what Christianity means and what joining the church meant, then I baptised about eight of them. So in the church relationship, it was good and interesting, and I think worthwhile. I took no pay for anything that I did. But it was appreciated I guess, although later it wasn't made use of very much in application. But at the time it was agreeable and I don't think it overtaxed me at all because I wasn't responsible for it.

Later on, something different developed; a wedding occurred. The first of our fifteen grandchildren to get married was to be married at the close of the school year in the spring of 1968. And the wedding was to be down at Silver Springs, New Mexico. Sue had started to school while the family was in New Mexico, and now was finishing her sophomore year. In her first year there, she had gotten acquainted with a young man. I know they both enjoyed Ping Pong and I think they got acquainted mostly while playing. We were over that way earlier in the year. The husband had been teaching over in Arizona and came over to Silver Springs. So we drove over and had a weekend with them before they were married. That must have been in the fall before, it couldn't have been that same spring. Anyway, at the end of his school year in Arizona, and of Sue's school year at the university in New Mexico, they had planned their wedding. And that occurred about the first of June, I believe. In a few days, we had a telephone call from Sue. They were on their wedding trip and she was inquiring how it would be for us to have company. So we were looking forward to their coming to visit us in our home. And they did.

Something else was happening at the same time. In our playing golf, Gladys and I would go out to the golf course in the truck and take our carts and go around the first nine holes. That wound up at the parking lot and clubhouse of course and quite often Gladys would then go to the truck and wait while I finished the other nine holes. We were out there this time and went around the first nine holes but I didn't play the other nine. I guess I didn't tell Gladys why, but I had some suspicions. Then since Sue and her new husband were coming to visit, I delayed a little longer and didn't say anything until after they left. But when they left, I told Gladys that we ought to go see a doctor. So we went down to see a doctor. He was out of town and wouldn't be back for a while and I guess Gladys thought that would be all right. But I said no, I didn't want to wait until whatever time it was that he would be back. So the receptionist there referred us to another doctor over just a little piece and we went over to see him. He was a heart specialist and he made examinations. I told him that I had been quite active and wanted to remain as active as I could. After taking the cardiogram and making a good many other examinations, he told me that I should have reported a good bit sooner. He said that something had been happening and he would have very much liked to have been able to treat it earlier, but the best he could do now was to tell me that I couldn't do anything; that I had to quit work and move around just what was necessary. I couldn't work in the garden, I couldn't mow the lawn, I couldn't go fishing. He did let me drive the car back and forth to see him but that was about the limit of activity and of course he gave me some pills to take whenever I needed them.

Gladys had asked the doctor what we should do about having company. He said it would be all right to have company if they would go to a motel or have some such arrangements. So we called the children and told them what the situation was. Orlin came over and was there when I was supposed to go back to see the doctor. I had started feeling good immediately when I quit the exercise and so forth and took the pills as instructed. I felt perfectly good. In fact, I felt as good as I ever had in my life and I was certain that when I went back to have a reexamination, the doctor would say that everything was all right and I could go ahead with my activities. I had told the folks that I was sure that I was all right. Orlin went with me to the doctor's office and went in with me to see the doctor. The doctor looked me over and thought I was doing pretty well, a good bit better than he had expected. Then he went on I suppose to check on some other patients while the nurse took an electrocardiogram. Orlin's report was that he saw on her expression that something was wrong. She finished the electrocardiogram and took it for the doctor to examine. He came back and told me that I shouldn't do anything for another two or three weeks. It had just been a week before that he had restricted me completely, and now he was extending it two or three weeks more.

Well, that was a complete surprise, and when that two or three weeks were up, he kept extending it so that I was restricted for about two months before we decided that for us to go on trying to take care of the place there at Twin Falls was just out of the question. As long as I did nothing and took the medicine as prescribed, I felt so good that I thought then and I think even yet, that the doctor may have

been taking more precautions than he needed to, but he insisted that I shouldn't do anything. There was so much there to be done, the garden and the lawn and the housework, that it made the job for Gladys just impossible. So we phoned down to Dewey I believe, to Lavera and Elmer for sort of council and advice on what to do. I guess I was lying awake one night and without even telling Gladys what my decision was, I just got up and put it down on paper in the form of a note or letter. In the morning I showed it to Gladys and she approved. So I made copies of it and mailed a copy to the Albees, Gladys' sister and brother-in-law who lived at Emmett about a hundred and seventy miles northwest of Twin Falls. We gave a copy to Gladys' mother and one to her brother Merland who lived just three blocks from us there in Twin Falls.

I think that must have been about midweek and by the weekend the Albees were down and they sort of put up at Merland's. They and Merland just took charge of things in making arrangements. The offer I had made them was, after indicating that we had decided it was impossible for us to carry on in staying there to take care of Mother Edwards, that if Mother Edwards or either of them wanted to take over the property there, we would turn it over to them for a thousand dollars less than we had invested in it. That is, the price we had paid for it plus the actual money cost of the improvements we had made. Instead of acting on that proposition, they took charge of things and made arrangements for Mother Edwards to live with another lady she had known for over thirty years. They had been very chummy and friendly together and this other lady's daughter had issued a decree that she couldn't live alone anymore, that she had to have somebody with her or go to a rest home. So the deal was worked out very beautifully that Mother Edwards would go and live with her, that the two of them would live together. As the best of friends, taking care of one another and being there to call in case either needed help, it worked out as a very splendid arrangement for them.

Well, that was settled, and of course Lois and Merland went back to their homes and their work. We contacted an agency for the purpose of selling a good bit of the accumulated properties. We had moved all our stuff up from Prescott and had it all there in the house, all the furniture we had and all that Mother Edwards had was there, so we really had a houseful and a lot of surplus things. So we called an agency and made arrangements for a public sale and of course put the property up for sale also. Adavern came up and did a lot of work sorting things and packing and labeling boxes, in preparation for the move. I guess that was a second terrific jolt to my ego. The first had been that I had to remain inactive while Gladys was overwhelmed with tasks that had been mine to take care of. When Adavern arrived and took charge of the major task, it just dawned on me that our daughters were feeling responsible in seeing that our needs were taken care of. When our mother, and later our father, were in need of special care, it was quite natural for me to do something to help with their care. But it felt altogether different when our children felt that they should look after us. "The tables were turned."

One night I guess I hadn't been sleeping very soundly and thought I heard something strange. I got up and investigated and found that out in the street, right in front of the house, there was a truck and trailer parked there, a big utility trailer. I investigated further and found that Elmer and Gary had just arrived and were getting ready

to bed down and sleep in the trailer, they weren't even going to come in until in the morning. But I persuaded them to come on in and sleep in some extra beds we had upstairs. The project then developed into deciding what should be loaded in that big stock trailer and taken down to Dewey. I guess Elmer was there at least a night more as that work was done and they loaded all they could in the truck and trailer and then the question was how to manage the sale affair that was to take place in just a few days. Finally it was arranged for Gary to stay and manage the sale.

Gary stayed for the few days until the sale time and did a lot more cleaning up in the basement and had a big fire out in the garden space to burn a bunch of stuff that wasn't worth anything. I had put all the books - or I guess somebody else had put the books out on the front porch for anybody that came by to take any that they wanted. A lot of things were gotten rid of that way. So by the time of the sale, everything was cleaned up and the place was empty except for the things that were to be sold. Well, the sale took place but we had quite a bit left of the things that didn't sell at the prices we had put on as reserve. For example, a buffet and a dining table and set of chairs, solid oak furniture. We decided that Gary would take our truck and haul all the stuff that was left down to Dewey.

That left us without transportation but Merland and Frieda took care of that. They had two cars, so they let us have one to do our necessary shopping and going to the doctor and so forth. The worst thing I guess that we hated to part with was the pool table that I had built. But it sold, and the piano sold. That was another thing we hated to see go but it was a tremendously heavy thing, a good well built piano, and it was a treasure but it had to go. There were a whole lot of things that we hated to see go.

Gladys and I were living in the trailer out in the garage, the garage that I had built for it, so we had the facilities of the trailer and were living perfectly all right that way. The house was perfectly cleaned up, after Gary had loaded the things remaining after the sale. So there we were waiting for the property to sell. I think it was two or three weeks that we lived there that way, but finally the property sold and then Gladys and I were free to go. In the meantime, the doctor had allowed me a little bit more freedom. He first said that I could walk half a block and, "see if you can get back," was the way he put it. I did that and it didn't bother me so he let me walk a little farther.

There was the problem of how to get the truck back to Twin Falls. So after I had walked some more than the half-a-block, and with the doctor's consent, I took a bus down to Arizona and Lavera and I drove the truck back to Twin Falls, taking it as easy as we could. Lavera went back to Dewey by bus. So when the property sold the question was whether we dared take the truck and trailer and drive down to Arizona. We finally decided to tackle it and I think we went into the third day getting down there. We stopped a couple of nights along the way, driving a short distance each day and resting at night.

After we had been at Dewey a little bit, we drove into Prescott to a mobile home agency and before it was over with we had bought a mobile home and arranged to have it pulled down to Tucson whenever we could arrange for parking space down there. So after being at Dewey

awhile, we took the Airstream and pulled it down to Tucson. Adavern spent a good bit of effort in helping us make arrangements; there were simply not many places in Tucson where we could find space in a mobile home park. We had the trailer to live in and that was perfectly all right. I was getting along all right and Gladys was greatly relieved at being free from the responsibility that we had up at Twin Falls, for that was a whole lot harder on her than it was on me. The only thing hard for me after we first went to the doctor, I had no physical pain, no difficulty, the only pain was in my conscience because there was so much work to do and Gladys simply couldn't do it all. So that was the hard part that I found, I guess I was somewhat restless in that situation.

One thing helped a lot. Before I discovered that I was having difficulty, I had been studying amateur radio and had put together several kits of equipment, a little signal generator, a vacuum tube voltmeter and other test equipment. Then I ordered a kit for a receiver and had just about finished all the work on it. I did have it all assembled but there were two or three little things yet to do. So when the doctor grounded me completely, Merland carried it upstairs for me where I had a little corner I had fixed as a place to work and read and things like that. I got it rigged up enough that I could listen to it, so I had that much diversion. That went ahead until down at Tucson, I'm getting a little out of context, but down at Tucson, I got in a class with a bunch of kids mostly, maybe one or two adults in the group, who were studying amateur radio.

I went ahead and got my amateur license and I guess I could have built my transmitter and completed the set and gone ahead with it. But I guess I was too doubtful about being able to carry it on long enough to make it worth-while. So I didn't order the transmitter, the kit to build the transmitter-part of the equipment. I just let the year pass that I was allowed before making application for a more advanced license. And that was really the end of my amateur radio. I still have the receiver and have some fun with it, but the interest has declined and about all I use it for now is setting my watch and getting time signals from Boulder, Colorado. If I turn it on to see what the exact time is, I first hear the station in Hawaii give the time and immediately afterward the one in Colorado gives the time. And that's almost the extent of its use. It's a good AM radio too and I have it in the pool room here and use it occasionally that way but it never has functioned as I supposed I would use it.

With Adavern's help we finally found a mobile home space that would soon be available. It was where a trailer park was expanding a little bit, taking in a little bit more property and preparing a few more spaces for mobile homes. We made our choice of about seven or eight spaces that were being prepared and made our down payment on it. As soon as it was ready, we notified the agency up at Prescott and they moved our mobile home down to the parking space. We moved into it and had a few adjustments to make but finally got settled in the mobile home. Of course I had been exercising what was allowed. After we located in the mobile home, we were right close to a river along the north side of Tucson, and I would take walks up and down the river. There was no water in it of course, an Arizona river. I could walk either in the river bed, or there were trails along the side. I got so I would walk several miles that way every day.

I had a little shock one time. I was getting back pretty close to home and was walking with a stick, not because I needed a cane but just to have something to carry I guess. Anyway, I was walking along the street and getting pretty close to home when a little dog ran out barking and carrying on, and a lady stuck her head out the door. I heard her speak to someone back where I couldn't see, and she said, "It's just an old man walking by." That's about the first time I thought of myself as being an old man but I guess she was right. At least when other people had been my age, a few years ahead of me, I recognized them as old men. But it's a little bit different when a person gets to the place themselves where other people look at them and call them old.

By gradually increasing the amount of exercise I did, I soon learned just about my limitations and a few little signal indicators that would give warnings enough that I could do a good bit without going too far, taking things deliberate and easy. It was a hard thing for me to do in light of the way I had previously tackled any job that I wanted to do. It was learning a new routine, but I think I learned it very well without hurting myself. When there was a little light-headedness or a slight tendency toward pain, such as I had in Idaho before I'd even gone to the doctor, I recognized what the source of it was and would just ease up. One of our good friends up in Idaho - we heard of his rather sudden demise. He knew that he had been having trouble and had been cutting down. He had sold some of his cattle and was trying to reduce his activities. But he had sold a couple of calves and when a fellow came after them, this guy got out and tried to help load the calves and overdid. He came to the house and went to the hospital but in a few hours that was the last of him.

I know an awful lot of people that have gone through this experience but simply didn't learn to understand it as I did, and observe as carefully, and learn the signals, and know just how far to go. Somebody said that a man of good judgment is like a pin, his head prevents him from going too far. Well, that may be true, and it may be that I had been in close enough contact with enough cases of heart trouble that when it began coming on me, I felt that I knew, and it worked out that I did know what it was. I still think the doctor in Idaho was more strict than he needed to be. But he had scolded me a little bit for not reporting sooner so that he could get an earlier start on the thing, so maybe he just took it out on me and made me be more careful than would have been necessary.

That mobile home park that we located with Adavern's help was quite unusual. I don't think we could find another park like it in the whole United States. It was a group of people with a background a little bit similar to our own, not in work in the ministry or anything like that, but with a church background. They were Old Order Brethren, a branch of the Church of the Brethren that is ultraconservative in their habits of life and dress and in a great many other things. One of those couples, years before, had gotten a little property just out of the city limits of Tucson, out by the river, and had started a mobile home project. They did the work themselves, they got the lots ready and then would rent, and they kept expanding. We caught them when they were just putting in a few more spaces for mobile homes. They had been very particular from the start about the type of people they rented to in the park. When we came and inquired about the space,

while they were working and preparing those new lots, we were questioned carefully and I guess they finally decided we would qualify. Anyway, we didn't have to take a written examination. We got by, and they rented us the space. Later we learned more of the facts about the background and development of the park. There were quite a few people of the Church of the Brethren, the division that we grew up in, and some other of the old order people and then a lot of others who were just people that lived near enough within the code of life that these people would approve of. But there was no rowdyism, no booze parties or anything like that in the court at all and it was a group of people that we could associate with and we soon had a lot of friends.

After awhile, I guess I don't know why, but we got interested in bicycles, instead of walking. The first velocipede we ordered was a three-wheeler. We ordered it on the supposition that Gladys would eventually ride it, and it worked out that way. I took my turns on it instead of walking for a little while until Gladys had experimented with it enough that she felt she would use it. Then I ordered a two-wheeler and I would ride it while she rode the three-wheeler. The difference was that although we rode in the same area, we wouldn't stay together exactly, we each knew where the other was all the time but I would ride on the two-wheeler a little faster than she did. But we got good exercise that way and she began finding that it was good for her too.

Another thing we did; down along the river there was a large flat place that had been cultivated under irrigation but for some reason had been abandoned as a field and was just lying idle. While walking along the river one day, I found a golf ball. Somebody had been out there batting golf balls around and had lost one. So that gave me the idea. I began riding the bicycle up there and would take just one golf club and a ball or two. I put a rock or brick or tin can around at different places and fixed a little golf course and played golf. For quite awhile, one summer at least, Gladys and I would get up as soon as it began to get daylight and ride down to that little golf course. We'd play awhile and get some exercise that way. Finally another fellow got interested in it too and sometimes when I would go down there, I'd find him batting balls around. We got along fine that way and had a lot of fun.

The people in the court were fine people and we got acquainted. They had pot-luck suppers the last Saturday of each month. After we had been there for some time, I guess a couple of years, they found out some way that I could give readings for entertainment and for a little more solid thinking too. So then on occasions I would be asked by whoever was responsible for the programs to give readings, and I did. I enjoyed it, and they seemed to enjoy it too. The funny thing is, those good old Brethren people with their straight coats and bonnets and prayer coverings, seemed to enjoy and get a big kick out of the crazy stories, the Uncle Josh records and The Lazy Farmer and Dutch dialect readings. They seemed to enjoy them as much or more than the more so-called progressive people. It was interesting, to me at least, that they enjoyed them as much as the kids that I had been using them for throughout my lifetime work in young people's and boys' and girls' camps. I found out that retired people are children after all, this thing of second childhood has some truth in it.

I remember one time, it was just before Valentine's Day, I got a call about the middle of the afternoon wanting to know if I had something that would fit in with the Valentine's Day idea. I told them I would think up something by evening. So that evening I gave a program of I suppose about thirty minutes or so - it must have been longer than that - of poetry, all with a very definite application to the Valentine idea. It surprised all of them that there would be that much. They expected about one reading I suppose, where I gave eight or ten. Well, taking it out of context to carry on that idea, we moved out of the mobile home park about a year after I gave the first reading there and I don't think there's been a year since but what I've been back there at least once to give readings at their Saturday night potluck dinners. It's always a house full of people, I suppose over half of the people that live in the park. That would be between eighty and a hundred people at the programs each time.

Well, after gradually increasing the exercise, and learning how far to go and how fast, we ventured into a few other things. When the Arizona club had a rally over at the Organ Pipe Cactus National Monument, we ventured to drive over there and join the rally. It had been I guess about five years since we had been to a meeting with the Arizona group. And the people were very scarce that we had known. It seems that folks in the club change rather rapidly because of some getting rather handicapped, enough that they had to quit trailering, as had been partly our experience. There were a few that we had known before but most of them we didn't know at all, and they had almost dropped the idea of having a Sunday church service. But some of the people we had known before let the cat out of the bag I guess, so a lady came to the trailer and asked if I could speak at their Sunday service. I told her I guessed I could. And she gave me a warning; she said I could only talk about ten minutes or so because every time somebody talked too long, the people just got up and left.

So Sunday morning came and the people assembled, a nice group. They had their singing and so forth and then the lady introduced me. I started talking and pretty soon I mentioned that I had been warned that people would leave if I talked more than about ten minutes. I told them that any time they wanted to leave, they might do so, and it wouldn't bother me at all, I would go ahead and talk to those who wanted to listen. So I went ahead and talked for - well, I know it was a good bit over thirty minutes, and nobody left. Afterward, the lady said I was just teasing her about people leaving. It was always interesting in situations like that to see how, if a person presents a matter in the right way, that somehow people are interested, and they get something out of it. It has been some satisfaction, that people do respond in that way.

In 1969, we made our last extended trip in the Airstream. Orlin had been transferred to Kansas City in the natural process of the way things happen. He and Virginia had just gotten settled in their new house in Denver when he received notice that his office was being moved. So they made a trip to Kansas City and located a home there. I believe they bought a home that was already completed but it was rather new. So when we decided to visit, it meant a trip to Kansas City. This trip will give an example of how we got from one part of the country to another. Our goal was to be at Orlin's place for Thanksgiving. I don't recall just why, probably because he would have more time off just then. We must have started quite early in October because we took plenty of time on the way.

Our first stop was at Lordsburg, New Mexico, where the Lackeys lived and were teaching in the schools. We stayed there over a weekend and went to church with them. After visiting with them, we drove up to Liberal, Kansas, which was our next overnight stop. There was a nice park there so we stopped and spent the night. Incidentally, we had driven through Logan, New Mexico, on the way. We didn't know it of course then, but that is where the Lackeys live now. He works in the school system there. Then we traveled to Hutchinson, Kansas, and made a stop there to visit the folks that I had married back in 1923 in the outdoor wedding ceremony down at Darlow, Kansas. We had not contacted them again until 1962 when we were up at Rocky Mountain National Park and learned that they had been trying to find us. So we had a good visit with them again, probably a couple of days. Then made the short drive up to McPherson and stopped for awhile to visit old-time friends, some of our former professors and so on. We saw the additions to the school buildings and dormitories and things of that kind. The student body was no larger than it was when we were there but the financial investment I'm sure was several times greater. I hope the youngsters were learning that much more in proportion, but I doubt it.

From McPherson, we drive up to Abilene, Kansas, where I had worked in the aluminum business. We visited the Eisenhower Memorial, Library and other buildings in his honor and the tomb where he is buried. That recalled some earlier experiences. I was looking for a place to board the summer I worked in that vicinity. When I got into Abilene, I inquired about a possible place to board and room and I was referred to a Mrs. Eisenhower, was told that she often kept boarders. I went to see Mrs. Eisenhower and was talking with her in her home when a young lieutenant walked in, and of course it was Ike. He was a young lieutenant then, just out of West Point. His being there on a visit was the reason that I didn't find a boarding place at Mrs. Eisenhower's. If I'd been a week earlier perhaps, or a week later, and hadn't just exactly coincided with his visit, I likely would have boarded that summer in the Eisenhower home. But I didn't find accommodations there so I drove out in the country about twelve or thirteen miles up to Buckeye and lived and worked most of that summer in the Buckeye community.

There were other old-time friends from our McPherson days there at Abilene. We visited five or six families there. Then we drove on to Topeka where Gladys had relatives, then over to DeSoto where she had I think five or six families of relatives. Spending that much time

visiting along the way, we finally arrived at Orlin's place in Kansas City and spent the Thanksgiving period there. I think we were there about a week. Then we were ready to start our trek back toward Arizona, visiting here and there as before. As always, we enjoyed very much the week spent at Orlin's home with him and Virginia and their four boys.

One outstanding thing that we will always remember was the fact that Darrell had made a trip to St Louis with a group of debaters. The group included the debate coach and a bunch of students, other debaters. It seems from the report, that they had quite a time celebrating on the way home. Darrell and his partner who were really novices in debate took first place at the tournament. So it was a big event. I think that was the first year that Darrell had entered into the debating program, and he followed on through his high school years and perhaps farther. But I know that he and Kenneth both made some good records in debating later when they were back in Denver. So we rejoiced with them in that. Perhaps it was a little more interesting to me because I had a little experience in debating myself. I was in my college years before I started debating. But Darrell got a good start there in the early part of his high school years.

Well, after we had a splendid week in Kansas City, we took off again and I'll continue somewhat in detail to give a picture of how we traveled around the country. We had started in the early days of October, for I know the World Series was just starting when we left Tucson and now it was after Thanksgiving that we left Kansas City to start down through Eastern Kansas, where Gladys has many relatives especially on her mother's side. The families on her father's side are in Topeka, and some on her mother's side also, but the majority on her mother's side are scattered through Eastern Kansas. So we visited several families down that way. We telephoned a couple that we had been acquainted with in McPherson, that lived somewhat off our route. They drove in fifteen or so miles and met us in the city park, and we had a visit with them just in the trailer.

That's the way we did as we traveled along. We would contact people, not so often phoning them to meet us, but we had visited these folks several times and were quite well acquainted. They were familiar with our mode of travel so we felt free to do it. They drove in and we had a visit with them, and it turned out to be the last time we have seen them. We visited on that way until we got down to Fredonia where some of my family relatives live, about five or seven families of them now. We always have a good time visiting there.

Then on down to Collinsville where so many times before we had parked by the community house. Instead of trying to go around and visit all the people we knew there, we just let the people know we were in town and stayed at the trailer so as to be there for people to stop by and see us. And that way we had a good many more visitors than we could possibly have taken time to go around and call on individually. They did the going and we stayed at the trailer. And that was a splendid experience too. Of course the old community house wasn't there any more. On quite a few former trips through there with the trailer, we had parked by the community house, with which we were quite familiar and with the garage building that I had put up. It was a familiar system for the people by that time, for us to stay at the trailer to receive company. I don't remember just how long we

stayed there but I know it was quite awhile, and included a weekend so that more people would have a chance to visit.

One of the most interesting features was the fact that a good many of those who came to visit were young people that had been small children when we first moved to Collinsville. As they grew up during the eight years we were there, and learned to square dance and things of that kind, we got quite well acquainted with them. Now they would come and bring their marriage partners and perhaps a child or two. Now it was quite a thrill to meet them and just feel - feel, more than expressed in words - the continued relationship and fellowship that lasted through the years since we had left Collinsville, some fifteen or twenty years earlier. They still had enough feeling of relationship to come and visit, and we certainly appreciated that very much.

When we left Collinsville, we stopped at Duncan, Oklahoma. The lady of the house where we visited in Duncan had I think been in the second or third grade when we moved to Collinsville. Now of course she was married and had one child and she announced the next one, told us about the prospects while we were there. Her husband had been in our young people's group on the tennis court activity and our square dance training. Also during the time that we worked in Collinsville it happened that his father had died and I conducted the funeral service, so there was that much more connection. Visiting homes of that kind recalled quite a bit, and there's a close feeling of relationship and fellowship in it all.

Our next stop was in Odessa, Texas, where another couple lived who were youngsters when we were in Collinsville. I didn't know the wife during the eight year pastorate, but got acquainted with her when we were back in 1967 for that four or five months of interim pastoral work while they were hunting for a new pastor. They had one child at that time and it happened that we were having a square dance one Saturday night. At the square dance this couple asked about having their little boy christened, baptised at the church service the next day. So in just a few minutes chat, talking with them about the consecration of their son, I asked the lady, whom I hadn't been acquainted with before, about her church background. She said she had never really joined any church. And I asked her then, well, why not join the church yourself first and then have the consecration of the child. That suited her just fine, so we had a convert at a square dance. That is, many evangelists would call it a conversion. I think it was a process of natural growth in her life. She had come to a place where it would have real significance to her to have both she and her husband as members of the church, and to have the consecration of the child. So the next morning at the church, we had those services. And now they were living down in Texas.

Naturally, we stopped to see them. We parked in a vacant lot close to their home and had a good visit. The next morning when we got up, we got up in good time in the trailer, he had already been called out in his work. He was a representative of an oil company and had been called out on some special project. So we just visited with the wife and two children that morning. Then we pulled out and started off to the west. We were out of town several miles when a truck came up beside us and honked and motioned; we saw who it was. It was the young man whose home we had been visiting. So he drove on ahead until he

came to a wide place in the road where we could pull off. Of course we stopped then and had a little more visit with him. We tell this just to indicate a little more, the real interest those young people had.

That really was the last visiting stop that we made on that trip, although we might have made one or two more, except that as we drove on west in Southern Texas, one of these northern storms blew in. I guess a weather front came across the country or something. It got darker and darker and pretty soon hard rain started, then turned into snow and sleety stuff, so that along in the afternoon we were driving through really miserable weather. You see, it was getting pretty well into December and as I remember it now, it was about as miserable driving that afternoon as we had ever had in all of our trailering. When it was just getting dark, we came to a roadside park and there was another trailer or two in there so we drove in and put up for the night. During the night the storm kind of fizzled out I guess for in the morning the weather wasn't so bad; it was cold, but it wasn't raining or snowing or sleeting any more. So we got ready and started out, I guess rather early, because I know we drove through El Paso before morning traffic got started very heavy.

Because of that storm and our experience through the night, I guess we must have gotten homesick or kind of like the horses used to be in cultivating in the field on the farm. When it was near time for noon or evening, they knew pretty well when it was time to quit. When we'd get to the far end of a field and turn around to cultivate back toward the barn, they would go a good deal faster and show a good deal more anxiety about getting to the other end. But if we got to the end and then tried to turn around and go back, it was an altogether different thing. So we were headed for the barn. We drove right on through and got into Tucson in midafternoon. That's just a little sample of how we traveled around the country, visiting along the way, wherever we went.

We had evidently decided that that would be our last major trip with trailer, so after getting back to Tucson we decided to exchange the method of transportation a little bit by selling the truck we had used to tow the trailer and get a car that was a little more in line with the city traffic. We always need Adavern's advice when we're going to do anything so she came and went with us, and we stopped at a Dodge agency. We thought we were interested in the Dodge Dart. So we went in and talked to a salesman, who I think was a little bit new. There were quite a few people visiting the agency that afternoon and I guess all the salesmen were busy. This young fellow came and talked with us and we told him what we were interested in, but he said he thought they had something we would like better.

We went out in the yard but there were other people looking at the car he wanted to show us. Evidently it had come in very recently for it was one of the specials of the day. So we hung around just talking and waiting for the other people to finish looking at the car. When they and the salesman that was talking to them left, we went over and began looking at it. It looked pretty good, it was a Chrysler, a 1968 Model Chrysler, and this was in December of 1969. The car had a little more than nine thousand miles on it and had been out less than a year's time. The man who had owned it had spent a good bit of that time in Europe. The car was in very good shape but was pretty dusty. It hadn't been polished and cleaned up at all. But the man decided he wanted something else, in fact the guy said he had bought a Plymouth. Well, we liked the car and talked it over a little bit.

It seems to be a habit of ours, when we start out for anything like that we make decisions very quickly. We're not accustomed to dealing in business matters like buying a car or a house or anything of that kind. And it seems that every time we start out to do anything, we make quick decisions. Well, we liked the car and hardly knew what to do, so the fellow said for us to take it and drive it around as we looked for other cars. He said take it and drive it this afternoon, take it home tonight and decide what you want to do about it. If you find something else - OK - bring it back. He didn't know our name, he hadn't asked about our resources or anything at all. But when we asked him about it a day or two later, he said he knew, and so it worked out all right.

Well, we started out to drive the car, drove it out of the lot and in about a half a block there was a red light. When I touched the brake that thing just stood on its nose; you couldn't put the brake on at all without it just clamping down like all four wheels had locked. So we knew there was something wrong. But knowing that, after that one sudden stop, we got along all right and by the next day had decided that was the only thing wrong with it. I thought I knew what to do about that but I didn't want to do it while I was just driving the car on trial. So we went back to the agency and I asked the fellow about the brakes. He said there was no way of adjusting them the way brakes had been adjusted on other models. Of course I told him how I had adjusted brakes on cars that we had had, but he said this car had no arrangement of that kind and there was no way of adjusting them. But I knew better. We'd had a couple other people look over the car in the meantime and they hadn't found anything wrong other than the brake problem.

So we made the deal and took the car home. I faced it out toward the street. Our driveway was perhaps a hundred feet long and I faced the car toward the street and backed it uphill, up toward the mobile home. I fed it a little bit strong and put my foot on the brake just as lightly as I could and backed it up against the brake, for I knew that was the way automatic brakes were adjusted. I did that three or four times and then the brakes were perfectly all right and have been ever since. I believe the man who turned it in must have had a driveway where he never had to back out and never backed the car very much, and I think that's why the brakes never self-adjusted. He must have been disgusted with it and couldn't figure out what was wrong, so he traded it in for a new Plymouth. So that's the way we got a car that we have always thought was exceptionally good. It was as good a buy I think as we could have possibly gotten under any circumstances, and yet we bought it just almost on the spur of the moment without hardly any consideration. If that guy hadn't let us drive it out of the lot and keep it that Sunday afternoon, I feel pretty certain it would have gone to someone else.

Although we didn't expect to make any major trips with the trailer any more, we did have the necessary hitches put on the Chrysler, both back and front. I always, with the trucks, had both front and back hitch arrangements so that by facing the trailer I could push it around and get it into some pretty tight places that I would never have been able to by backing. So we did use the Chrysler to travel up and down between here and Dewey a time or two and over to Organ Pipe Cactus Monument on two or three trips, but we took no more long trips. We appreciated the Chrysler for just personal transportation.

It's hard to stay in chronological order because so many topics run from one period into another. In general, we are now in about the year 1971. But we need to lap back a little and bring the affairs in Idaho up to date. You see we left Idaho - my trouble up there started in June of 1968 and Mother Edwards moved in with her friend about the first of August. They lived together quite satisfactorily. We visited them several times before we left there in October of that year. After we got settled down in Tucson, Gladys went back at least once each year to visit with her mother, usually at the time of her birthday, which is the second of July. Adavern went with Gladys on at least two of those trips. By the way, her mother was just fourteen years older than me, so I can keep her age and mine related in that way.

In January 1971, we had a phone call from Frieda and Merland. Her mother had been at Merland's place visiting the evening before. She was sitting on the davenport and got up and turned to pick up her purse or whatever she had, maybe something to put on. Anyway, she made a turn and fell. We never will know whether a bone gave way, whether the break was before she fell and caused the fall, or whether the fall made the break. Whichever, there was a broken leg bone and she was taken to the hospital immediately. They did a little surgery job and I don't know just exactly how the operation went but they fixed the leg as it should be. Merland went home thinking that she was as good as could be. Then in just a little while the hospital called, and she had died. Evidently there just wasn't enough vitality and strength to withstand the shock of the surgery.

Gladys of course immediately made arrangements to go up the next

day. Some of the airlines were on strike at the time so she had to go to Denver and change to get to Twin Falls, instead of going a more direct route. They had a private burial and then a memorial service. Gladys, Merland and Lois, the three children, sang several songs which I had selected in the night between the time of the call and Gladys' leaving the next morning. I sent a tape recorder along and after the memorial service they went to the church where Mother Edwards had attended for thirty some years. The organist played for them and they recorded seven hymns. We still have those recordings. They were played in the church on the Sunday after the memorial service. I think that in itself, was a very significant memorial.

There's another matter which we haven't kept up to date here, because it just goes on and on over the years. And that concerns church activities. Well, having our background in the Church of the Brethren, sometimes called by nickname The Dunkard Church, we have of course always kept our membership there. That's where our ministerial qualifications are certified. I considered our work at Collinsville, during our eight-year pastorate there in the Community Church, as the most genuinely Christian work that we were able to do, although we did work in Brethren pastorates and in Methodist pastorates. The community church work is the most truly ecumenical, or if you stay with the definition of the word catholic, it is the most truly catholic work that we have ever done. But even during that time I maintained the relationship with the Church of the Brethren. There was a Church of the Brethren up in Bartlesville for example and I preached there a time or two and then was elected elder of the congregation and would go up there to act as chairman in their business meetings and things of that kind in church affairs. So I wasn't out of touch with the Church of the Brethren.

In Idaho of course I was not only elder of the congregation but also served as pastor for a period of several months while a new pastor was being located. But I tried to always stay in the background of affairs and take only the part I was definitely assigned and asked to do. Here in Tucson it has been my purpose to do exactly the same thing. When we located here, we attended the Brethren Church. In fact, we had attended the church a number of times when we were visiting here on vacation periods, coming out from Collinsville and at times such as that. So we had a certain amount of connection with the Church of the Brethren here in Tucson. When we located here again in the mobile home in 1968, we came to church and preached a time or two when the minister was away. At Easter time on the communion evening of Passion Week, it happened that the pastor was back in Indiana for the funeral of his son who had died of leukemia. They asked me to conduct the communion service, and I did. Anything I was asked to do - I did, whether it was filling in in the pulpit or whatever, but I was careful not to interfere in any way with the affairs of the church.

I've known enough of the problems that come when retired ministers move into a congregation. For ministers, like musicians, seem to have a certain sensitivitiy and a pastor can imagine very definitely that the other preacher is interfering with his affairs. They are quite touchy and sometimes somewhat prejudiced, you might say, or jealous; I think that may be the right word - jealous. Because the reaction of the congregation was such that the pastor could feel quite sensitive about it and jealous of the way the congregation responded to sermons

or the work of another minister in the congregation. So for that reason we did not make a practice of attending the Church of the Brethren all the time. And of course some of the members didn't understand that, and I was in no position to explain it. We tried a great many other churches; Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Congregational, Christian. We found one Christian Church where the work of the minister seemed to promote an attitude and a viewpoint of life that kind of fit in with our concept. We attended there until he was transferred and another retired minister, who was living in the congregation, took the work of the pastorate for a period while they hunted another pastor, and this guy we couldn't endure at all. He had been a greek scholar, and oh boy, was he egotistical! It was just unendurable, so that was the last of our attendance with that congregation.

While talking about churches, we might just bring it clear up to right now, to June 1980. A few months ago, I suppose seven or eight months ago, we, with Adavern, went to a Baptist church. It's a Northern Baptist, not the Southern Baptist but what used to be called the Northern Baptist and is now known as the American Baptist. There must be dozens of other types of Baptist Churches in Tucson, just Baptist Churches everywhere, but such that we wouldn't feel at home attending. But this American Baptist Church suits us quite well insofar as we need to participate. Being an outsider, it has so far been quite satisfactory. And so with Adavern, we have been attending regularly.

In the meantime, we have entered our church letters and membership again at the Church of the Brethren at Glendale, Arizona. Our relationship with that congregation has been quite intimate and friendly ever since we moved there in 1937. When Darrell's death occurred in Europe, his memorial service was held in the Glendale church, quite sometime following but as soon as we had definite word of his death, as soon as he was listed as deceased. Of course we have ourselves conducted a great many memorial services in that church. And Lavera's marrying into one of the large family groups of the Glendale church adds to our feeling that it is the nearest to a home church that we could possibly have. So we put our letters in there just a couple of months ago and explained to the pastor that probably the only relationship we would have with the church would be at the time we become candidates for memorial services ourselves. So that brings us up to the present date in our church activity and church relationships.

There have been a couple of changes in the pastorates of the Church of the Brethren here in Tucson and each time we have sort of explored and felt our way, but have never felt that it was wise to participate in any closer relationship with the church. I think it's better for the church and better for us if we just stay behind the scenes and be friendly with the members of the congregation. Each time we are asked to fill the pulpit, we do so. But we want to keep it so no one can suspect that we are trying to influence in any way, any project or activity of the pastor who is in charge of the church. We don't want the pastor or anyone in the congregation to imagine that we are interested in activity in that manner.

Now I guess we should consider doctor relationships here in Tucson. When we came here, we had no idea what doctor to consult so we didn't have a doctor for a little while. We of course have a son-in-law who

is a doctor here but being a pediatrician, he only doctors children. And we wouldn't expect him to take care of us anyway. So when there was a little difficulty, I guess Gladys called Adavern, and I went to an emergency room. I look back now and see that several trips to emergency rooms resulted from the fact that up in Idaho when I had my first difficulty, I didn't report to the doctor. And when I did report, I was grounded for several weeks. The doctor there was kind of stern. He was very nice about it and it wasn't a severe scolding, but he very definitely indicated that I should have reported in at the very first sign of evidence, the very first symptoms that I had.

So with the impression of that scolding on my mind, I guess I thought that whenever I felt an indication, I should report it. And that's what I did for awhile and made four or five trips to emergency rooms. Each time a cardiologist would examine me and find that there was nothing very definite wrong. The first time that happened, I was examined by a cardiologist whose wife I had hauled around in my years as a bus driver when we lived at the Cartwright community which was then between Phoenix and Glendale. Now it's all built up solid into one continuous city, but with different organizations of government of course. This little girl, quite a little cutey too, who had ridden in my school bus, was now living here in Tucson and her husband was a cardiologist. He happened to be the one on duty at the hospital when I went to the emergency room the first time.

In 1971, some difficulty developed and we knew a little ahead of time that surgery would be necessary. Adavern and Chuck managed the affair and a urologist was designated for the surgery. I went to the hospital on the fourth of August and the surgery was done on the sixth. It was not a complicated affair at all, I had no fear whatsoever, no real concern about it. I had been close enough to a number of similar cases that I knew about what was to be done and had seen enough men go through the experience that I had no hesitancy nor reservation at all. The surgery went fine. I had been taking some nitroglycerin pills whenever I needed them before that. Of course when I entered the hospital, I had a little bottle of pills along and Gladys knew that they were there.

After the surgery and time in the recovery room, I was back in my room and I believe it was a Saturday evening. I hadn't been really out from under the anesthetic, I don't remember that I had even talked to anyone hardly at all. But Gladys was sitting by my bed and I must have felt something. I don't remember now and I didn't then remember very much pain. I'm sure I was still half-way under the anesthetic. But either I remember, or Gladys explained later as soon as she could, that I had asked for a nitro pill, told her that I needed a nitro pill. Well, she looked for them and couldn't find them. I guess it's general practice that when a patient enters the hospital, they take away everything in the line of drugs and medicine. And of course they administer what they think is needed and charge accordingly. But that's a little beside the point.

I thought I needed a nitro. Well, that wasn't exactly what I needed. I was partly under the anesthetic and the rest was just complete unconsciousness; so I can't distinguish what is an act of the subconscious mind registering and later revealing to me the thing that happened, and what was explained to me immediately when I was able to understand. Anyway, what happened was that a blood clot from somewhere got to passing around in the circulatory system and lodged either in the heart or in a lung. I thought at first it was in the heart but the cardiologist since then said it was in the artery leading to the lung so that the circulation was cut off. The result was that I was in the intensive care unit and unconscious for two or three days. Some things I feel that I can remember. But some of them I know came from the subconscious mind as it brings up the matters, and some may be what Gladys or Adavern told me later. I can't be too sure which is which, but several things happened during that time.

One thing makes me sure that the subconscious mind brought up a good deal that I didn't know at the time. As soon as I became clearly conscious, I had a mental picture of some great big apparatus above me and a doctor at my left side explaining what he was doing to a whole row of doctors standing around the bed. He was getting an X ray of the chest cavity and finally he said, "Here it is." He was explaining to the other doctors and said, "I'll mark it so if we have to go after it we'll know exactly where it is." That was the picture that was in my mind. After these days and nights in the intensive care unit, I was out in the ward again. That picture came so clearly into my mind that I ducked my head and chin down and looked at my chest. There was the indelible pencil mark on my chest, a little cross that the doctor had made while talking to the other doctors.

Ever since, I have felt that I had the best or certainly about the best doctors that could be available anywhere to take care of the situation. It was a difficult process for them because the cardiologist of course had to thin the bloodstream, had to dilute it as much as possible to prevent further clotting. And the surgeon was concerned with the continued bleeding from the surgery. I guess my system was somewhat drained for I weakened and got low I guess about the fastest that a person could, because the two doctors were working with exactly opposite objectives. One wanted to stop the flow of blood and the other was thinning the blood.

Well, I was in the hospital just exactly three weeks and finally got out after learning to walk a little bit but I guess the big shock was the itemized bill from the hospital. I noticed that the drug bill for the three days was over a hundred and fifty dollars a day, just for drugs alone. All of the other items put together for the three weeks came to something over four thousand dollars for a thing that would have been a very simple surgical operation and would have been over in a week at the most. I was happy to have it over with and the doctors seemed very well satisfied. At least the surgeon, the first time I walked into his office after getting out of the hospital, made the remark that he had never been so gratified, delighted, to see a man walk into his office. I guess neither of the doctors expected me to pull through at all.

They certainly approved my getting into a program of exercise as rapidly as I could and walking as far as I felt I could take. I think they both expressed the idea that I probably would not have pulled through the situation at all had it not been for the fact that I had built up my strength to a good high level before entering the hospital. So they were pleased and I certainly was pleased. I've been having regular appointments with both of them for checkups at least once a year and with the cardiologist about three or four times a year. That has been going on now for nearly eight years since I went into the hospital for that surgery. Both doctors are still - well, they seem to be surprised that I am doing as well as I am. I continued to exercise a little more and a little more every day and soon was back to riding my bicycle. I rode it in proportion to my recovering strength and it was not long until I was riding eight or ten miles every morning again. That was going good, and I felt good, better than I had for a long long time.

I will now accede to the opinions and influence of others as to what should be included in this account. Here is a letter, written a few days after leaving the hospital, to my brother about this experience. It is verbatim.

8 Sept. 1971

Dear Paul:

Thanks for your interest and encouragement expressed in your letter of Aug. 30.

I do wish it were possible for me to write of my recent experiences so that it would convey to others the significance it has had for me. As everyone else in similar situations, I am reluctant to relate such experiences lest it be misinterpreted. However, as you request, I will try to write, at least to you, and as accurately as I can. Both experiences I will relate are so sharp and definite in my mind that I am sure there is no danger that I will ever forget them. The greater

danger, as time passes, would be that the accounts would be enlarged as grandpas usually do in telling their grandchildren of their boyhood days. To prevent confusing the accounts, I will try to write in three parts.

- I. The circumstances under which the experiences came.
- II. The exact detail of the experiences.
- III. Some of my impressions or interpretations.

I. The circumstances or conditions under which the experiences came.

I entered the hospital Aug. 4th. for surgery. The surgery was done on Friday Aug. 6th. It was a completely satisfactory and successful operation and without complications there would have been no difficulty. The complications started on Saturday evening. Gladys was at my side. Though I do not now recall the pain, I must have felt something wrong, for I asked for a nitroglycerine pill which I had been using as needed for the past three years. The next thing I was conscious of was having an oxygen mask on my face and my bed completely surrounded by doctors. Some time may have elapsed but the next thing I was conscious of was seeing a huge X-ray machine pushed over me and the technician pushing a large plate under me on the bed. I must have passed out again for I know they took several pictures from different angles. But I became aware again as I heard a doctor say "There it is." An embolism had occurred which in this case was a blood clot lodged in the heart passage.

For the next three days and nights I was in "Intensive care." During that time I was conscious very little. Gladys and Adavern were allowed in 5 minutes at a time every two hours from 8:am to 10:pm each day. I think they missed only one time, when a bad storm was under way. They say I talked rationally, but I cannot recall them being there more than two or three times. One of the times I do recall is when I told them I had been in the "Unobstructed Universe." Others were concerned about my chance of survival, but at no time did such a thought of concern or fear of death enter my conscious mind.

To complete this section: I pulled through but was very weak. It was just about a week later that I felt circulation revive in my legs and feet. The two small fingers and that side of my right hand still do not have good circulation and are numb during the day and painful at night. However my recovery has been faster than expected. The doctors have been surprised. They give much credit both for my survival and for the fast recovery to the reserve strength I had built up over the past two years by regular exercise. They may be at least partly right in that opinion, but I have a notion that another factor had even more to do with it.

II. Experiences in the Unobstructed Universe.

(The sharpness and seeming reality of the details of these experiences is what impressed me and not the extent or number of details.)

Experience A. I was lying at an incline looking far forward and to my left over a great crowd of people. They were moving to the right passed me. The facial features and detail of clothing were very distinct. The clothing was all conservatively modest. Every face was a perfect expression of joy, peace and good will. No buildings or landscapes were seen but there must have been a gradual incline both

to the front and to the left, for I could distinctly see the individuals far back. I did not recognize anyone whom I had known before and was not looking for such. The bond of full understanding and close fellowship was as strong with every one as if they had been lifelong acquaintances or relatives. No words were spoken or needed to be; the atmosphere was so positive with harmony, goodwill and understanding that there was no need for words. It was a complete and most happy occasion. Then I noticed a significant fact. I was lying at an incline and the people were passing so close to me yet they didn't bump or stumble over my legs and feet though they walked right through where my legs would normally extend. It was there I realized that I was in the Unobstructed Universe and the significance of the event. Then a man approached and extended his hand for a hand-shake greeting. I tried to respond but failed to make contact. I understood then that he too was a new arrival and did not yet understand his new environment. That was the end of that experience.

Experience B. The other experience was as clear and exact in detail but much different in its setting.

I was on a very long balcony above one side of a street. There were many people down on the street and they seemed to be very much confused and in need of help. I was looking for a way to get down to the folks to try and help them. With me, on the balcony however, were only a few persons and they were trying to make me understand that I should not go down to the street. In fact they almost seemed to be guarding me to prevent my trying to go down. Again the message was gotten to me very positively without words and without physical contact. That was the end of that experience.

III. My impressions or interpretations.

First: These experiences impress me as being much different than any dreams I have ever had. The impressions on my mind are much clearer than any dream.

Second: Although I know very well the psychological explanations that will be given by persons not wishing to recognize any other significance; I cannot get my mind to accept that as the real explanation. However I do not think that the psychology we understand is in any way in conflict with a fuller and more significant explanation.

Third: I'm sure there is nothing in what we call death, or in what may come thereafter, that anyone should dread or fear so far as he himself is concerned. Those who are left here are the ones who bear the whole burden of the occasion.

Fourth: I do not consider these experiences unique or unusual. They are much more common than is commonly recognized. Usually they are not reported because of the reluctance each person feels about relating an experience which is so likely to be discredited by others. Some forty odd years ago I was enrolled in a seminary course entitled "The Origin and Nature of Religion." The conclusion there was that belief in immortality originated because of "dreams" which primitive people had in which they seemed to be reunited with deceased persons. We then merely called these experiences dreams and were therefore inclined to somewhat devalue the religious conclusions based on them. These experiences are so real and meaningful to the person that he cannot bear to have the matter ridiculed by others who then may also consider him to be a little bit "off" in his upper story. A very

good example of a religious conclusion resulting from such an experience is that of Paul as he relates it in II Corinthians 12: 1-4. Notice that he is reluctant to admit that he is the man who had the experience. Also notice that he is uncertain whether the experience came when "in the body" or "out of the body." His comment is that words were heard which are "unutterable" or "unlawful for a man to utter." I think he means that such an experience cannot be adequately put into words that will communicate the real significance.

I have now read what is written thus far and it certainly is inadequate in trying to convey what I wanted to say. However I doubt that rewriting would make much improvement.

It leaves many questions unanswered, but perhaps that is because we do not so much need full answers to them. For example: Why in the Unobstructed Universe do we see people in physical, bodily form and dressed in conventional clothing? May it be a concession to our ignorance, allowing us to see people in this form familiar to us until we are enabled to comprehend the fact of life independent of material substance?

I have complied with your request, to the best of my ability. If it can be meaningful, or of value to you or to anyone else it would be a real satisfaction to me. I'm sure the messages of these experiences were not for me alone.

Very Sincerely,
(Signed) Bennie

Since the above letter has been included, perhaps I should add some explanation to make it more understandable. Then we will return to the chronological narrative. Some resulting observations and conclusions may also be given.

The term "The Unobstructed Universe" is the title of a book written by Stewart Edward White which Paul and I had read in the early 1940's. The term became sort of a synonym between us for the next phase of human life. That explains why I felt free in my first letter after the experience, to say simply that I had had an experience in the Unobstructed Universe. In reply, he very urgently asked that I write to him what I could about it. The above letter was in reply to that request. Because I knew so well the general skepticism about such matters, the account of that experience has not been shared except with the relatives present at the time and in the letter to Paul. However it has had a very definite and continued impression and influence on me. It has likewise had very great influence in the work I have attempted during these last eight years; and that with most rewarding results. I will try to explain under three general headings.

I. Some Observations That Became Clarified.

This concerns the interdependence of the body and the personality, and ultimately the decease of the body and the complete independence of the person. In the process of creation the human body is the vehicle used in the creation of the personality. Though thus interrelated, they are separate entities. I am being created. In the

orderly process of creation a physical, material body is used. So we each would say, "I AM", that is, I am the person and in this realm I have a body. But I am more than the body. Each person will acknowledge that the material body will not endure indefinitely. However, each one will find it exceedingly difficult to get what is scientifically called the subconscious mind to consent that it will ever pass out of existence. That reluctance of the subconscious mind, of the real person, sometimes referred to as the soul or spirit, accounts for a hesitancy amounting to a taboo, of the idea of death in common conversation. The difficulty is in the failure to distinguish between the person and the body.

II. The Well Known Fact of the Distinction.

Early lessons in the study of physiology make it clear that the cells making up the body are continually being used, discarded and replaced. Also, that in this process the entire body is totally replaced at least every seven years. However after many total changes of the material body, the person, that which we call "I" or "ME" remains a continuous entity, completely unaffected by the many changes of the body.

In very early childhood a concept was developed that God was keeping a record of what each person did, good or bad; and that at the time of death the records would be balanced. And woe to the person if the evil outweighed the good! Through the years the concept has changed. The records are kept, and the scientific findings far more than fulfill the objectives of the less specific explanation of the process. In science, the subconscious mind is the record book, or in more modern terms it is a computer. There the records are kept. When new knowledge and insight is gained, the computer can be updated or reprogrammed. If a new truth seems to conflict with earlier concepts, corrections can be made. In this sense, the laws governing the growth of personality are as specific and as certain in their effect as the laws which we know that govern the fields of chemistry and physics, of the atomic bomb or of gravitation. When the physical body weakens, the subconscious often becomes more active as in dreams. At the time of complete death of the body, the subconscious often gives evidence of being most clear, free and accurate in its function.

I learned long ago that sitting by the bedside of an unconscious person, a conversation can be carried on that reveals the knowledge stored in the subconscious mind of the patient and that the information can be checked out and found accurate. Often a person in the very last moments of life of the body will give evidence of what is active in the subconscious mind, the soul, the spirit, the person; however that dynamic entity may be called. Great joy is often manifested; sometimes the patient speaks as if to unseen persons. By many such observations, and now by personal experience, I feel as confident that I speak the truth in saying that we have ample evidence that the subconscious mind survives the demise of the body, as of any other truth of which I am confident.

There is now sufficiently authenticated scientific evidence that we can say that we KNOW that the Person, Soul, Spirit, survives what is called death. At that point, my observation and experience indicates that each person will find either the highest and best that he has in faith honestly anticipated; or if not that identical fulfillment, then something that so far exceeds anything he had been able to

anticipate that in truth his faith will be more than fulfilled.

It may be that the first realization in the Unobstructed part of this One Universe will be based upon that which in this life had been the most desirable condition or situation that the person had ever imagined. For example, one who has deeply yearned to again meet a relative or close friend will, as is so often evidenced, have the full realization of that event as the material body is abandoned. The Indian, if he sincerely believed that he would be taken to a "Happy Hunting Ground", may find his expectation fulfilled. I sincerely hope that a friend I knew in California many years ago found a "Mansion" waiting for him. However, whatever that first fulfillment may be, it is my hope and belief that it will be only the beginning of what will continue to be a growth and participation in the total process of creation. Our knowledge and reason, after all we can do, comes to its limit. That is where a well-founded faith must take over. "Faith and reason travel the same road as far as reason can go, but faith outravels reason."

We cannot know how much influence and help comes from those who are in the Unobstructed phase of life. Gladys very frequently speaks of feeling assurance that we at many times have had such guidance. It is my sincere hope that sometime I can reach that stage where I shall be able to help someone who is in need of such assistance. That may be in part an explanation of the second episode in my little trip across the "Border."

It has been interesting in speaking for the Tucson Memorial Society to have many sessions with classes in the departments of Psychology, Sociology, Geriatrics and some others. Most were in the University of Arizona, quite a few in the Pima Junior College and a few in high schools as well as many in churches, Civic Clubs and Senior Citizen organizations and so forth. Without revealing my own experience, I have explained, as I understood, and expanded on the ideas presented here. Especially in the University and College classes, it has been interesting after about thirty minutes of explanation of ideas to then have a period of question-and-answer discussion. The first time or two, I wondered how my psychology, since my formal study was so long ago, would compare with the concepts and teaching of this time. There was no need to be at all concerned. The response was always more than gratifying. There was often a feeling that this volunteer work might well be more productive for good than any former activity. Later, I hope to speak in some detail about the Tucson Memorial Society.

III. A Better Understanding of Scripture.

The mystery of how messages and inspirations were received by the Old Testament Patriarchs and Prophets was greatly simplified, by my visit to the Unobstructed Universe, as well as coming to have a much more profound meaning. Likewise with many experiences recounted in the New Testament. To find the deepest value in every such lesson, requires the highest insight into an experience for which there are no adequate words to describe. For example, the story of Abraham offering his son Isaac or the experience of the disciples after the crucifixion of Jesus. To merely take the literal interpretation of the words does not approach the message that is to be found by understanding the spiritual experiences that led to the attempt to put it into a verbal message. With this approach there are no conflicts nor

contradictions in the Scriptures. The Scriptures of the Judeo-Christian and other major religions, I take to be honest attempts to put into words an account of inspiration and concepts resulting from devout and earnest quests for truth. The words and symbolism used in the effort to convey that truth have often become a stumbling block and a basis of dispute and argument that makes almost impossible the finding of the meaning and depth of the message.

As often happens when I have difficulty in finding words to convey the thing I wish to express, I remember a poem where someone has said in poetry what I cannot put into prose. A poem by Douglas Malloch, which he calls, "As I Grow Old" comes near what I would like to say here. I'm not there yet, but if it ever does happen I hope the rest of my life can follow this trend:

As I grow old, it seems that I
Grow old as does the western sky-
As day in drawing to its close-
For life takes on a tint of rose
I had not known in life's hot noon.
Now in the night that comes so soon
I see new stars, I had not seen
A firmer faith, and peace serene
As I grow old.

As I grow old, the storms of life
Die down. The hate, the strife;
The waters calm, the waves are still,
I seek no triumphs, wish no ill
To any man! Now from my heart
The ancient angers all depart.
New friends are found, new songs are sung,
New joys are mine. Yes, I grow young
As I grow old.

XXVII

In riding around on our bicycles, we would notice signs about homes for sale. We would ride by and look at them and I guess a couple of times inquired about different ones. We were beginning to think I guess that we might live a little longer than we had anticipated at first after the heart condition, and then after the other episode in the hospital. We were crowded in the mobile home; it was a twelve by sixty foot mobile home, but in our living we had accumulated so many things that we felt we needed more space to really live as we would like to. So the fever gradually developed, and then one Sunday morning I rode my bicycle around through a new section of town and found several homes marked for sale. I sort of looked them over as best I could while riding back and forth in the street, and then described them to Gladys.

In the Sunday paper we saw an ad for one that we decided to drive the car and go to see. We went to see it that afternoon, in fact it was to be an open-house exhibit that afternoon. So we drove up to the house just as the real estate man got there to open it up for the open-house inspection. We looked it over and liked it quite well. The rooms were much larger than were being built at the time. I looked out on the back porch or patio and there was a large space, much larger than we had in the patio by the mobile home, where we could set the pool table. After moving down to Tucson, we had soon gone to Monkey-Wards and bought a pool table to replace the one that I had made. We don't like it nearly as well, it's only a seven foot length instead of the eight that I had built and not nearly as well constructed nor of as good material. This one was made in Taiwan and Monkey-Ward was selling them. So we had that to consider in buying a home, a place to put the pool table.

Again, it was sort of like buying the car, this thing of buying almost spontaneously on the spur of the moment. We looked at it and liked it but hesitated a little bit because Adavern had just been in the hospital and was hardly able to come and look it over. We went home and pretty soon the real estate agent called and made us a little better offer. So we called Adavern and asked if she felt like just riding over and looking in the house and seeing what she thought of it. She said she would, so yet that afternoon we picked up Adavern and took her over to see it. She looked through the house and liked it so we made a down payment on it that evening. I guess in two or three weeks we were ready to move in.

Gary was down here in school at the university at that time. But Stanley and his wife came down from Dewey and brought a truck. And I believe - well, somehow we had two trucks. Steve Kurtz, a fellow we had watched grow up from birth was here in the community. And all those fellows pitched in and moved our stuff from the mobile home over to the house; it was a matter of about four miles distance. That put us a little closer to Adavern's home than we had been before and down right in the heart of what had been the original city of Tucson. It was now built out a good many miles farther east and all around, but we were right in the very busy part of the original city.

This home had been built I think about twenty-five years before. That was before modern cooling systems were put in and therefore the house was better insulated. It was a block house, a masonry house,

stuccoed on the outside, plastered on the inside and insulated in the attic. In fact, it was so well insulated that it was very unusual to find a place that was so easily heated sufficiently in winter and cooled in summer. We were remarkably fortunate in locating a place that was so suitable, so adequate, and we just bought it on the spur of the moment, we used no judgment at all. I have to confess both in buying the house and the car, it was foolhardy to jump at the situation and do it in the short time that we did, with no more basis of actual investigation and consideration.

The only handicap was that the place was quite run down. It had been an eyesore in the community, rented for quite some time and then a young couple had bought it and lived in it for I think about three years but hadn't done very much to improve it. The yard, what grass there was, was Bermuda and weeds. There was one little tree that was so embedded around the roots with the Bermuda grass that when we got it soaked up and dug those roots out, we didn't know whether we could save the little tree or not. It was about eighteen inches high at the time. We lived there seven years and by that time that tree was about eighteen feet high; one of those slender evergreen trees that we admire very much, and it was a beautiful tree. We worked on the yard and the back patio, rearranged the walks and patio blocks. I dug up and relaid a whole lot of it. We got a storage shed to keep some of our stuff in and not have so much junk in the house. We put the pool table out on the back porch. We soon had the yard gone over with a rototiller and cleaned up and raked. We put gravel on the front yard.

I dug up a good part of the yard and had adequate garden space. For several years, I raised garden that was more than adequate for our own needs. It was interesting raising the gardens and we appreciated the better vegetables we had as a result. One drawback in the beginning was the cost of irrigation water and from year to year it got even more so, more unreasonable, until the cost of the water amounted to more than the saving on vegetables. Although we liked the homegrown vegetables better, I began cutting down on the amount of garden and put rock on the back part of the yard. Later on, we also put it on the sides so that we had practically all of the yard covered with gravel. The reason we were so hard on the Bermuda grass and got rid of it completely, was that's one of the main things that causes my hay fever, so we didn't want any Bermuda growing on the premises at all.

The back alley was a sight to clean up but I finally got it hoed up and cleaned out. The back fence was a five or six foot high board fence and the grass that had grown up back there in the alley was a foot or more high. Of course when that dried out, it became a fire hazard. Occasionally people would walk up and down the alley. The dead grass could very easily have been ignited and there certainly would have been a fire that would have taken out our back fence completely and no telling how much of the neighbors' for they had quite a bit of the same. We had the place cleaned up outside and inside and made improvements until there was a general comment in the neighborhood about the improvements that we had made. In fact people that we didn't know at all - I remember one man that lived a couple of blocks away. I was out pruning a pyracantha bush one morning when he was going by. He stopped and congratulated us on the improvement that we had made on the place.

In the seven years that we lived there, the city built up so much out east that the traffic into the main part of town became so heavy that the streets were widened. This city is laid out like the old country roads back in Kansas used to be, on the section lines and on the half-section lines. There are other streets that are traveled quite a bit but the main thoroughfares are those section lines. One of those section lines was just two blocks south of us and another one about three blocks west of us, so we were right there at what has often been designated as the busiest intersection in the whole city of Tucson. We had half a section of land where we could ride our bicycles on the streets between those main arteries without having to get out onto them.

But the handicap was that in order to go to one of the largest shopping centers in Tucson, we had to go out on this six-lane thoroughfare. We could get to the center fairly well because we could stay on the righthand side. We could go over there with our three-wheelers and do our shopping in a fairly safe method of transportation. But on the way back, we had to cross the six lines of traffic to get to the other side of the street, ride about half a mile on the other side and then somehow manage to cross back over the six lanes, with our three-wheelers and our load of groceries, to get back on our side of the street to go on home.

The reason that we had only the three wheelers to manage our transportation and shopping was because as my eighty-third birthday approached, I had a little accident. My driver's license was to be renewed on the month of my birthday. After that little accident, I decided not to renew the license. The accident was very minor, I made a left-hand turn after I had waited for the traffic to clear, but another guy evidently was trying to make the light before it changed. He came on at a terrific speed and managed to hit the right rear bumper of the Chrysler just as I was leaving the intersection. Of course I was making a left turn and it's technically true, if his speed was disregarded, that I was in the wrong. But his speed wasn't considered, and of course my age was. I got the first traffic ticket in my life, although I had driven since 1916 and had never had even as much as a parking ticket.

Well, that's the way it was. I decided that with the traffic situation as it was, I would be a whole lot more at ease without going out and trying to drive. It wasn't the driving while I was out in traffic; that didn't bother me. Once I could get in the traffic line, I think I could go as well as anybody else. But the concern about it when I wasn't driving was the thing I didn't want to have. So to be free of that feeling of responsibility and liability, we just discontinued our driver's license and Adavern took over the job of chauffeuring us wherever we needed to go, for shopping or to doctors or wherever. She did that perfectly and satisfactorily in every way. We certainly appreciated her concern, and the time and effort she devoted to our care. She gave us so much time that we were concerned that she was neglecting some of her own responsibilities. We didn't want her to have to feel responsible for getting us to the places where we wanted to go shopping. So we began considering another place for residence, where we could do more for ourselves.

The half-section of land in which Adavern's home is located is more level. than where we were living so it would be a little better for

riding our bicycles. There was a half-mile section that we could ride in without crossing a main thoroughfare. One street, Pima, a half-mile line, was then a two-lane street but not so heavy with traffic. By crossing only that two-lane street, we could get to two good shopping centers, two grocery stores, a Post Office about four blocks from us, a bank about three blocks and hardware stores and milk outlets with milk dispensing machines. Nearly everything we needed was available in that area. So we decided to investigate this area to see if we could find a suitable home to buy.

We contacted the same real estate agent that had sold us the house we were living in. But we found that the man had died and his wife had taken over the business. So in ignorance, we dealt with her. She was too new at it, we could have saved money if we had taken a little more time, I'm sure, but maybe out of sympathy and so forth, we dealt with her. She showed us a house about three-quarters of a mile north of Adavern's place. Let's see, she showed us two houses before noon one day, in the area that we were thinking of, and they would have been good so far as our shopping was concerned. But in the afternoon, she phoned and said that another house had just come on the market and was just ready to be shown. She named the street but I didn't recognize it. She wanted to come right then and take us to see it. So we said all right and she brought us over here; and it's just two doors from Adavern's home. To make a short story long, before evening we had made a down payment and had a hold on this place.

Of course our other place wasn't sold yet but we went ahead and closed the deal on this one and for the first time in my life I paid interest on money. There was a pretty big mortgage on this place and we couldn't quite swing it until we sold the other home. But by taking that mortgage over and paying interest for a couple of months, for about three months I guess it was, we were able to swing the deal until our other house sold. Then of course we paid off the mortgage and I quit paying interest. So there was only about three months in my lifetime that I paid interest on money.

XXVIII

On the Saturday before Palm Sunday in 1979, Elmer and Lavera, and Stanley and his wife Jenny, came down from Dewey in their big long fifth-wheel stock trailer in which they had transported hogs to Phoenix for a long time. It was large enough to haul a good many of our things that needed to be moved from one place to the other and in one day's time we were moved completely from the place on Irving Avenue over to 1243 Nema Avenue. In the last twenty years, that was the sixth place that we located as - at least a home base - while we were traveling in the trailer. We expected to have a home base, a place to be from rather than to reside, but we expected that to be our home base until our demise. But here we are in the sixth place, during that twenty-year period, expecting each one of them to be our last home.

Well, the moving went splendidly that way with the four from Dewey and some help from here. I remember that Keith also helped in the moving process and we certainly appreciated the help all those people gave us. I don't know why but we seem to buy the eyesore places in the neighborhood and this one certainly was. There were four large truckloads of dirt piled out to one side of the house, just outside the yard fence to the north. The yard was about half burr clover and the rest was a mixture of weeds and Bermuda grass. It hadn't been taken care of at all for I don't know how long. It's a house on the corner lot and a great big cactus and other shrubbery and stuff had grown up so that cars coming to the intersection going north or going east had a very badly obstructed view.

So when the moving was done, we began working on the cactus, this great big tall cactus, almost a spineless cactus but boy it's heavy stuff. In fact, we had to cut some of it out because it hung over the driveway so much. It was a double driveway and we wanted to park the trailer on one side and still leave room on the other side for cars to drive into the carport. Elmer's a whole lot like I am in some things, when he starts a job he doesn't know where to stop until it's done. So before they were done, I think they had at least a ton and maybe a ton and a half or two tons of cactus thrown in the stock trailer to haul away. We cut down enough of the shrubbery and stuff so that people could see around the corner when they were driving on the streets.

I then got spray and sprayed the yard and the parkway outside the yard, killed all the burr clover and weeds. We let that thoroughly die for perhaps a couple of weeks and then we started in with a hoe and sort of shaved the dead stuff off the ground and packed it in garbage cans. We'd bale into those cans all we possibly could and tamp them down tight. We used four thirty-gallon cans and twice a week we'd have those cans full for the trash pickup. We got rid of a lot of material that way, and I guess in about another three or four weeks we had the yard just scraped completely clean. By that time it was getting into the heat of the summer season of the year here in Tucson and we were mighty glad to have it done.

The neighbors, as happened over at the other place, expressed their appreciation at having the place cleaned up. We very fortunately got rid of the dirt pile that was outside the fence. A man stopped in one morning and asked about it. I told him he could haul it away if

he wanted it. He was a fellow that did contract hauling. He had a place where they needed some dirt for filling, so he brought a loader in and hauled away four or five big truckloads. That cleaned up the outside that had been an eyesore. Since then we've had the house painted, that is all of the wood part, and it's looking somewhat respectable in the neighborhood now, about equal with the other homes. Anyway, it isn't such a contrast as it was before. We've been here now a little over a year and we're very happy with the change.

Well, after we decided not to renew the driver's license and having a limited way of traveling, we resorted to the three-wheeled bikes for our local traveling but of course we don't go very far that way except in our exercise riding in the mornings. But to the other extreme, if we want to go a little distance we have taken to the air somewhat. Gladys of course had taken several trips up to Twin Falls and back by air, but I had never been up very much. One time we were over in Apple Valley and we had just come from Elmer's and Lavera's ranch down in New Mexico. There in Apple Valley we visited of course with Doug and Judy, and Paul and Marian. In talking with Doug and Judy, they got interested in that ranch in New Mexico where Elmer had about eighty thousand acres to range cattle, and was out about forty-five miles from a Post Office or town.

Doug and Judy decided they'd like to visit that ranch and they asked us to go along, and we were very glad to do so. So we left our trailer in the park in Apple Valley and with Doug and Judy we took off in their little one-engine plane. I think we started about mid-forenoon and I guess we took about a bee-line for Phoenix where we stopped for refueling. Then took off across the mountains to the east and wound up in the afternoon sometime down in New Mexico at the ranch. They had an airstrip there with a sock on it, to indicate the wind direction and so forth. Other little planes landed there once in awhile. It was on Doug's map of airports and landing strips. So he managed very nicely to navigate right in there and land.

Our first greeting was a great big coyote right at one end of the runway, about as big and pretty a coyote as I've ever seen. Just as we came down I saw him there at the side of the airstrip. That must have been on a Friday afternoon because I remember that Elmer was there alone and the rest of the family came out from town. They had a house in town where they stayed through the week so the children could go to school. So they got out to the ranch a little bit after we arrived and then Adavern and her family came down in their Volkswagon bus. So we had quite a group there way out in the bushes away from any other civilization. We had a splendid visit and so forth together for that weekend.

I suppose it was Monday that Gladys and I, and Doug and Judy got in the plane again and started out for Apple Valley. But first we landed up at a little town there, the nearest town we could get to - I can't even think of the name of it now - but it was straight north of the ranch, on the highway between Las Cruces and Lordsburg. Doug needed gas again before we started out on a long flight. It was getting pretty windy, but there was nothing to do but buck into it and go. So we took to the air and I think we just about outran the front the rest of the way home. We refueled in Tucson on the return trip.

Going both ways, it was to me more interesting really than travel in the larger planes that go so high that it's difficult to see the

terrain and lay of the country below. In this plane, both going and during the return trip, Gladys and I could spot roads and towns and areas where we had stopped by the roadside to camp. So that made it a more interesting trip in that regard, seeing the country from the air that we had traveled back and forth across so many times with the trailer and truck. Now while we're talking about plane travel; I think we have been up to Denver two or three times, traveling by air, to visit Orlin and his family. As I said, I don't find that so interesting but it's - oh, interesting in a way - but the main thing is that you leave one place and get to another and that's about the size of it. But you get there very quickly, compared to what we had been accustomed to with the trailer and truck, and the visits are always worthwhile and interesting when we get there.

When we would go to Denver, we were also able to visit with our sister Pearl and with her daughter Opal and husband, and with another family or two that we had known before. We visited one young lady that had been a girl in Collinsville, who had taken her nurses training and was working at her profession in Denver. She's living now down in Florida. We also had a plane trip to Burbank, California, one time and had a good visit with Elwood and his family and of course with Marlene and her family as well. We enjoyed all those trips.

One other trip that was quite interesting grew out of the fact that a little girl that I think - well, she must have been just about a year old when we moved to Collinsville, and of course got to know us quite well during the eight years that we were there. She would have been about nine years old when we left there but evidently thought she got pretty well acquainted with us. She had now graduated from college and gone on and gotten her masters degree and had been teaching business and commercial courses for a year or two. She was going to get married, and wrote out and wanted to know if we would come back and do the wedding ceremony in the church at Collinsville. Well, we would of course like to visit the folks at Collinsville and it gave an opportunity to extend the trip. So arrangements were made with a family that had a nice trailer and had been out here to Arizona to visit us a couple of times, trailering their way. They offered to move their trailer onto the church yard there where we had so often parked our Airstream. We could live there in their trailer for a week or so and invite people to come and see us, as we used to do. So that's what we did. The wedding was of course scheduled within the time that we were there, and it just worked out to be a wonderful experience. It gave us another opportunity to renew our friendship and acquaintnace with a lot of people there in Collinsville.

We flew directly from Phoenix to Tulsa and this girl and her husband-to-be met us at the airport and took us up to Collinsville. We lived there for the week and then a niece, Barbara Tharp, drove down from Fredonia and took us up there because plane connections were not available for a stop at Fredonia. We always had a wonderful time at Fredonia every time we were there. Three of Lula's children and their families live there and of course some of the next generation also. Nearly always when we are there, the families get together and have a great time and we greatly appreciate it. We appreciate it especially the last few years when we can't travel around on our own and get back there. Some of them get out here quite frequently. We enjoy their visits; the only trouble is, they don't stay long enough.

So we had a wonderful time at Fredonia and then Barbara and Nancy Lee, who is Joseph's youngest child, took us out to Wichita to get a plane there. While at the airport, Ruth Ann Goodman, who is Calvin's and Cecelia's oldest child came to the airport. We had a very short visit there but we surely appreciated it and got reacquainted with her. She had been away from Fredonia the last few times that we had gotten down that way. So we had that much contact and have heard from her since then.

We took a plane from Wichita out to Denver instead of going directly home. Of course the object was to have a visit with Orlin and his family and some other people in Denver that we were acquainted with including our sister Pearl, and Opal and Clyde. After a good visit there, we took a plane for home; and it made a good round trip. Since that time, we have made I think two more plane trips to Denver. One was at the time of Darrell's and Nancy's wedding. Another was since they have had a new house built down in Littleton, a suburb of Denver. So we have gotten acquainted with their new location. They always drive us around over the city quite a bit and we get more acquainted with the area every time we're there. So that's the way we travel nowadays, if we go anywhere at all. I have no idea how much more of it there will be. But we've certainly appreciated the visiting and have enjoyed it very much every time.

XXIX

Since coming to Tucson, one thing in which we have been more active than in any other type of social activity, anything that might be a real contribution to the community, is the Tucson Memorial Society. Early in my career, I worked a little while with a mortician and learned a little about their work. I wish I knew how many funerals I have conducted all through the years, but it's a lot of them. I remember at Elgin when we had five in one week. And I have known through all those years that the funeral and mortician's work was not what it ought to be; that it's a graft and exploitation of people when they are least able to resist the commercialized pressure. They're dreadfully overcharged for what is done and the effect of the mortician's service is just the opposite from what it ought to be. Maybe we can explain a little bit of that.

When we lived at Elgin, I remember having a funeral in the church which was right by the parsonage. When I got through with the funeral service and came home, the youngsters had been playing out in the yard and evidently saw enough that their interest was aroused. So Orlin, the oldest, when I came home, asked what I had been doing over at the church. So I told him a little bit about it, as much as I thought I needed to, to satisfy his curiosity right then. But I remember telling him that when anything like that happened in our family, whenever there was a death, we wouldn't have it that way, that the body would be taken care of first and then we would have a service. So within our family as the youngsters grew up, they knew from the very beginning, from their beginning interest, that we would not have a traditional funeral.

My frustration in funerals all through my work was the fact that a family is exploited at the time of their greatest grief and bereavement and distress, when they are emotionally distressed so much that they are often incapable of handling a delicate situation. To have undertakers take advantage of that situation and exploit them financially was just almost more than I could take. You get it right in the critical time and there's nothing you can do. Those morticians are trained and specialized in the strategy that they use and the pressure that they can put on a family is just more than anyone not acquainted with the system can imagine.

All over the United States societies have been organized to counteract some of that exploitation. There was such a society here in Tucson, the Tucson Memorial Society. Years ago when we were here visiting in Tucson, we went to their office and talked to the man that was there, but we didn't join at that time. We got all the literature that they had to furnish and tried to do something about it in other places. We have encouraged such things outside the time when there was actually a funeral pending. At the time of a funeral is no time to promote such a thing because the family is not ready for it at that time. They have always been of the impression that they must do what is traditional. And of course the undertaker always reminds them that this is their last chance to show their respect and admiration and appreciation for their loved one. This is not true, as we may be able to show later.

When we came to Tucson to live, we joined the society. Adavern and her family had already been members in the society. I think it was

pretty soon after we came that Adavern was elected to the executive board, and she served six years. One person can only serve two three-year terms until they must take a period off so that the board rotates as much as possible among the membership. One year I know Adavern served as vice-president and the next year she was elected president and served I think four years as president of the organization. It wasn't long until there was a vacancy on the board and I was called and asked if I would serve, if I would fill the place that had been vacated. I did, and then was elected to the board later and served a three-year term.

The principle work that I did was as a speaker to represent the society when some organization over the town, and other places too, would request a speaker to tell them about the Tucson Memorial Society. So for several years I was doing - well, I felt almost as much public speaking as if I had been doing pastoral work. The difference was that I would rarely speak more than once to the same group. So it was more like the old evangelists used to be, where a preacher couldn't hold a pastorate but he had about a dozen sermon outlines and just went from one place to another preaching the same sermons all the time. Well, I never did preach the same sermon twice because I do it so haphazardly, but I have used the same subject quite often. But I don't just go through the same old routine time after time. This speaking on behalf of the Memorial Society wasn't a strain because there was no responsibility other than just telling them what I wanted to tell them. And it was a joy and a satisfaction to do it because all my life I had been unable to explain to people the difference between the traditional funeral service and what a memorial service ought to be.

I spoke to all kinds of organizations, of course there were quite a few churches that would request to have someone tell them about the the Tucson Memorial Society; and civic clubs like the Kiwanis, the Lions, the Exchange Club, the Rotary Club, the Masons, and then there were state organizations. So many people here in Arizona come from other states in the midwest and east. The people from the different states have their state organizations and I've spoken at several of those, and to senior fellowship groups. Also in the school systems, junior high and senior high schools, and more often in the junior college and most of all in the university. University classes are studying that subject now and I've spoken quite frequently in the university. I remember one time I had three speeches to make to three different groups within a twenty-four hour period. In the afternoon one day, I spoke to a Senior Citizens' group and that night I spoke at the city park to the Tucson Coin Club. The next day I had a luncheon date with the Masons and spoke to them on the same subject. Speaking on the same subject to three different groups in twenty-four hours is kind of like the politicians that are chasing around saying the same thing only adapting it a little bit in different parts of the country to fit the different circumstances of the groups.

Most societies all over the North American Continent were organized with the idea of the economical difference in the expense of such occasions. It's possible to have a much more dignified service for at least seventy-five percent less expense, and the family isn't economically exploited in that way, if they take advantage of the group action that such clubs offer. So that's one thing. And I think that's the reason that nearly all the clubs over the country

were organized and it's the reason most individual groups have been led to join the societies, but my viewpoint comes from a little bit different angle. For while it's true that seventy-five percent of the expense can be saved, I'm certain that at least that high a percentage of the emotional and mental stress can also be avoided, and that's what I spoke to people a great deal about.

The first important thing to recognize is that this physical body is not the same as the person, that the person is growing in the physical body, but that they are distinctly separate entities. For example, in the very first lessons in physiology in school, we learned that the physical body is composed of the material elements of the earth and organized in an organic way so that the cell structure of the body is being continually replaced so that every seven years there's a complete renewal of the physical body. But the person, this thing we call "I", a clergyman may call the spirit or soul, the psychologist, the scientist calls the subconscious mind; this that is gathering all the experience, the personality that we are acquainted with, is not merely the physical body. Each person knows within himself that he is more than the physical body.

Like Descartes, who said, "I think, therefore I am." That is, that he is a person, not merely the body, but that the "I", the "ME", the person, exists separate from the body. I was trying to get them to realize that, and then to show them that the traditional funeral service is conducted as though they were burying the individual. Having the casket and the corpse present at such a service is a greater stress on the bereaved family, the relatives and friends, than any other thing could possibly be. There's no reason to have the material body present except to give the mortician an opportunity to exploit the financial angle of it and also multiply the mental and emotional stress on the bereaved individuals. I have seen so many families put through the ordeal of a service in which the corpse is present all dolled up and plastered and fixed up by the mortician, in order to have something to charge for, and seen the families put through that emotional stress of making them feel that they are parting with their friend or loved one at that time, when it is not true at all. They have the personality just as much with them as they ever had before, as when the individual was across town, or even in another room for that matter.

Having seen all my life, families put through that ordeal, it was a pleasure for me to be able to help a lot of people see the difference between the body and the person and to show how such services can be conducted with dignity, economically, and at the same time save the most of the mental and emotional stress that they are subjected to in the traditional way. I remember speaking one time down at the university to a class. Afterward, a young priest was talking to me and he said, "That's the best lecture we have ever had in this class." He just turned a little bit and saw the professor standing there. Of course he tried to correct himself by saying, "Except from the professor." But I knew what he meant, and he was sincere in it too. I mentioned speaking in churches. Some of them were Catholic Churches, and Lutheran, and in fact churches of nearly all denominations. I found the work very rewarding because I honestly felt that I was doing more people good than when I was in full-time pastoral work. In this situation, I was able to talk to people when they had asked to learn about the subject. I could speak for perhaps thirty minutes

or so and then have a question period. I found the people to be intensely interested.

One indication of interest was that the organization grew tremendously. I think it was about the time Adavern became real active in it, after the organization here in Tucson had been going for about twelve years, that with a little added influence the membership doubled within one year. It has continued to grow since that time so that now there are over three thousand families that are members in the organization. And I might say that all the work in the organization, service on the executive board and even the secretarial work in the office, is all volunteer work. I worked in the office one day a week for about two years, and there was never any pay, not even for the gas in driving back and forth for all those speaking engagements. I was happy to do it because it was gratifying to be able to help people in that way. There were a couple of trips nearly a hundred miles out of Tucson, down near the Mexican border. People down there were interested and needed the information as much as the people right here in Tucson.

The Memorial Society makes it possible for a family to preplan, and for each individual to indicate exactly what type of service he wants. When people have a chance to think it through and understand what they are doing, not at a time of emotional stress, very very few will choose an elaborate service. I've never found anybody yet, when he thinks of the situation, say that he wants his body put on exhibition after his death. He will say that he wants his body taken care of in a dignified, sanitary way, but he doesn't want it exploited and put on exhibition. And he doesn't want friends and loved ones put through undue emotional and mental stress on such an occasion. He would understand their interest and concern and their appreciation of his life, and that is provided, for at least ninety percent of the members of the Memorial Societies all over the country. Over ninety percent of them, I'm sure, choose cremation, where the body is taken care of in a scientific and sanitary way, far more sanitary than embalming and burial. Of course a simplified burial is possible, in which case the family would choose to have the body buried as soon as possible after the death and then have a memorial service at a convenient later time, where instead of being a corpse oriented service, it is a service in which the individual's life and work is appreciated. It may be conducted by a clergyman or by friends and relatives, but the whole thing is planned in appreciation of the person and the work and influence the person has accomplished.

When we discontinued doing our own driving, and had no car or transportation except our three-wheeled bicycles, it became a little more difficult for me to fill all the appointments for the Memorial Society. After a few times trying it by having someone chauffeur me, it seemed wise to find someone else to take over that project. It happened that a young attorney who had been at one of the places I had spoken several months before, had manifested some interest in the speaker's function. We contacted him and he went with me a time or two and then took over the work that I had been doing. I continued to give entertainment programs, readings, and once in awhile a church group would want a program of a little more substantial material. I did some of both and whenever there's a call, I continue to do so.

So now we come just about up to the present date. I think it's fitting to comment on what has happened within our family group during all this time. In 1969, our brother Eddie died at the age of eighty years and six months. Our sister Mary died in 1972 at the age of seventy-one years and eight months. And within the last year, 1979, Pearl's and Roy's deaths both occurred. Pearl died on April 24, 1979 at the age of ninety-one years and four months. Roy's death was on November 7, 1979. He was eighty-six years and nine months old.

A little chart I keep here in the file, of the family's birth and death dates and ages and so forth, is a little bit interesting. I've figured out the average age at death of the family members now deceased. Seven of the ten, two parents and eight children, are now deceased. The average age at death was seventy-seven years and eight months. There's another interesting thing a little opposite to the common supposition that ladies outlive men. It's reversed in our family record. The four ladies deceased have averaged seventy-two years and two months. The average age of the three men deceased is eighty-five years and two months. So in our family, the men have lived an average of thirteen years longer than the ladies. This leaves only three, of the ten members of the family, now living. I am just a little past the average of eighty-five years and two months, about six months past that. Elwood is about twelve years younger than I, and Paul is about eighteen years younger. So they have a little while to go to come up to the average age of the men.

Now to the second generation, the family of Gladys and me. We had four children. Our second child, Darrell, was lost in Europe during World War Two, at the age of nineteen. In the third generation, there were fifteen grandchildren. One grandson has been lost. Orlin's oldest boy, Kenneth, was lost in a tragic accident just the day before Thanksgiving in 1975. And in the next generation down, in our group of great-grandchildren, there has also been one death. Gary and Jeanine lost a son after he had lived for only a few weeks. So now living, we have fourteen grandchildren and ten great-grandchildren. But we are expecting any minute to receive a telephone call announcing the birth of another one which will make eleven. And there are future possibilities, especially in that generation of the family, so we're looking forward with anticipation. We are certainly thrilled and have been continually inspired by the splendid growth and progress and achievements of each of the generations down the line. And right here in this story came the telephone call announcing the birth of Anita Michele Young. So the new great-grandchild arrived on time, healthy and kicking and everybody's happy.

So life goes on, the complete cycle goes on and on - the creative process. If we take an overall view in the conclusion of this story of one life, look back over the eighty-five years and more, we must ask our questions as to the mystery of it all, the purpose, the objectives - what does it all mean? It certainly must mean more than a series of births and deaths. There certainly is something of a lasting quality that should be created in the process. And that is what we would like to consider in this concluding section. My recollections go back a little over eight-four years and in that time I can look back now and at least guess or imagine what my objectives were. But that isn't exactly what I'm interested in now. I didn't realize it

for a long long time, in fact not until the last few years, that the whole process is more concerned with what is being created than in all the activities of a particular individual working in the process.

Thousands of years ago, people in their serious thinking came to the conclusion that there was a purpose in all of creation, that there was a definite objective, that it is a planned orderly process and they devised various concepts of how the creative process started and has proceeded. Many of the stories, recognizing that the body of man is a physical, material object, developed creation stories, the best that they could understand at the time, and the various religions have their creation stories. We believed those stories, they were true. But the truth in them is so far beyond what was generally, and is even in this day, seen in the common interpretation. It's pathetic that a greater depth of meaning and objective is not seen in the creation stories. For the real creation is not that God created the body of man in his likeness and image, but that He is creating the character of man, to the extent that man will allow it, in His likeness and image, with His objectives, with His goals, with His purposes, insofar as man can understand and realize and accept those objectives, and work in harmony with the creative process and purpose.

It is not only true to say that God created man, but it is also true to say that God is creating man, not in an instant, not in any miraculous way, but in a law-controlled, purposeful, day by day, hour by hour, process of persuading man to cooperate with the purpose and objective of creation. In this concept of creation, it concerns not only the creation of material things, God not only makes the flowers grow, and the beasts of the fields and the birds of the heavens, He not only creates them continually, but He creates character, He creates personality. He creates that which is not wholly dependent on the physical, material basis that we use here, but the character and personality which is the distinction between man and the lower animal creation, that which in man is distinct and apart and above the animal creation as we know it.

We might speculate as to whether or not the animals, some animals that seem to understand so much and can fraternize with man, the dog, the horse, the porpoise, intelligent animals; whether in the creative process character will develop. We don't know. But in the human species we can certainly see that God is creating, throughout the earthly life span, a character, a character in harmony with His purpose and objective insofar as the individual is willing to cooperate with the laws of life. In the field of psychology, psychiatry and so forth we're just beginning in the last few years to discover the process of the developing personality. But, to go back through the scriptures, Christian scriptures, scriptures of other religions, we find that man has been searching through thousands of years to find the plan, the purpose, the objective of creation. And we find that it is always greater than it is possible for us to explain.

Throughout the scriptures of the Jewish and Christian religions, there has been effort to put it down in writing long long after the experience. The creative story that we have in the first chapters of Genesis came down several centuries, for nearly a thousand years, from generation to generation, repeated from parents to children, stories of the great patriarchs and ancestors, with the religious interpretation, with the religious significance, before it was ever

put down in writing. The scriptures of the various religions give the best description that could be put into words, of the search, the hunger and thirst for understanding and knowledge and a realization of what it is all about, with different concepts to some extent, but all going back to a very deep spiritual experience where man has searched for truth, for knowledge, for wisdom, for justice; and in the various religions, the power back of it all.

In Jewish and Christian religion we now call it God. Other religions have different names. Of course as the Jewish religion developed, there were several different names applied to God. Back through the Old Testament the concept of God grew remarkably. If we search the Old Testament for just that one idea, the growing concept of God, think of Moses going up into Mount Sinai because there he could meet with God. And God revealed things to him, even gave him the law on tables of stone. The people were told about the experience and that story has come down through the ages. Even before that Moses had seen the burning bush, received the message, and was told to go down into Egypt. And in his thinking, described as though it were graphically a burning bush, and a voice talking to him, how else could it be described? But when he got down into Egypt, what should he tell the people? He asked God in this meditative conversation, "Who shall I tell them has sent me?" "I AM." "I AM." The reality, the basic power, the creative power.

Later, Moses again met God up in the mountain. Then, the people were nomads wandering in the desert. So they had to build an ark and put the tables of stone in the ark so that God could be carried with them. And if they met a group of other nomadic tribes, and the ark was conquered, that was a great tragedy for then God was in the other camp. Finally when they settled in the promised land around the Jerusalem area, they built a temple and God was in the temple and they had to go to Jerusalem, had to travel long distances to worship in the temple because God was there. Then in the Babylonian captivity the temple was destroyed, the people were carried away into captivity over in Babylon and they sat along the streams and wept.

Then Ezekiel saw the wheel. That's a beautiful concept. See the growing concept of God? For God then, could travel. Ezekiel saw the wheel, the wheel within a wheel. And wheresoever the spirit would go, the wheel would travel. It could go north or south, or east or west. Ezekiel began to see that God was not limited to one little place. And so through the experience of people, there's that continual change, that growth.

For example, I suppose every child remembers in childhood days when rain comes, the first concept is, the child is likely told that God sends the rain. Then the child starts to school after awhile and soon learns that water evaporates, that water from every source, from every stream, from every lake, from every ocean, evaporates and goes up into the air where it hits a little cold streak and forms droplets and finally under right conditions it comes down as rain. Shall the child then say, well, I understand now, God has nothing to do with it and my parents were wrong, God doesn't send rain, it's just natural. How foolish that would be! Yet in so many many things, that's exactly what a great many people do. They can't allow their concept of God to grow in proportion to their growth in knowledge, in finding out and discovering the orderly process of creation. There is a little

book. The book doesn't amount to very much but the title amounts to a great deal. The title of the book is, "Your God Is Too Small." When a child learns the process of water evaporation and condensation in the clouds and the falling of the rain, that doesn't mean that God doesn't send the rain. It just means that God is more orderly and exacting and purposeful in His creation than the child had supposed.

So it is with every process, the marvels of creation that we have now that allow a journey to the moon and back in exact cooperation with the creative laws and the creative process; the discovery of the modern means of communication, electronics with all of its laws. We don't understand exactly what electricity is but we're learning how to work with it, we're learning how to cooperate with the laws of creation. All of these things, all of the marvelous discoveries and inventions, we call them inventions, but these basic things, these laws that control electronics and gravitation, all of these laws through which man has developed such wonderful things in these modern times, surely have been here all the time, but God didn't tell us about them. The creation was here and man was put here to search. Seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened, hunger and thirst for truth. That gives a little clue to the purpose and objective of human life, of the problems, the discouragement, the heartache, the hard things of life - they're all in the creative process. Life is created in that way.

Man has searched and found laws that control the physical, material, chemical, and discoveries have been made. Man has learned to use and man has learned to abuse many of these laws. It has come to the place where unless a more recent development in science is discovered and applied, man may destroy himself by following the laws of physics and chemistry. In the newer field of science the investigation and research is concerning the development of character, of personality, of life, of that which in man is more than the physical and material, that which must control and regulate the use of the physical and material, the things which we have thought were so important, but which can be used either for man's benefit or for his destruction. We are at a critical period and it has become very necessary that progress be made in the realm of developing character that will control the knowledge that has been developed in the field of the material, in the field of physics and chemistry. The laws in this newer field of psychology, psychiatry, the workings of the mind and spirit of man, are just as accurate and just as certain of working through as the laws that control the material things of the world. But man hasn't learned yet to cooperate with those laws. And that is what religion is all about.

Religion and science do not conflict. They appear to conflict only when a religious concept that is not adequate comes headon with a newly discovered scientific law, the law of God, the law of creation, the law that is inevitable, that works as certainly in one direction, and in one direction only, as gravitation. We learned the laws of electricity and we follow those laws and we should recognize that we shall have to do the same with the laws that control the development of character if we are going to develop character that can survive. For it's my conviction that only truth, right, justice; only truth can survive. Error, call it error or sin whichever you will, for sin is merely missing the mark, it's failing to follow the law, failing to follow the line.

A man shooting a rifle, if he misses the target, that, by definition, is sin. There's only one straight course that the projectile can go to hit the mark. I suppose there are thousands of lines it could follow and miss the mark. We are at the point where we have to discover the law of life and follow it. It isn't that the law hasn't been taught before, but people haven't believed that it was necessary to follow the law, and so it has been violated. Only that which is right can survive. We spoke of the laws of psychology and psychiatry and sociology through which the personality, the character, of each person is developed and determined. If by further progress, men discover all of these laws so that it is definitely known how a man must live in order to develop a character that can survive, then it will not be in conflict with the best religious interpretation of the past. We will only be discovering that man is learning some concepts that were taught long years ago.

I think there is no other scripture quite so plain in this as the story - some call it a parable - but it is what is recorded as Jesus' response to a question. A lawyer stood up and asked him, "What must I do to inherit eternal life?" That is, the lawyer was wanting to know the same thing that every one of us wants to know. How must I live in order to find that which is true life, which is true abundant life, which brings everything that life can bring. And Jesus said to him, "What is written in the law? How do you read?" The lawyer answered, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, with all thy mind, with all thy strength, and thy neighbor as thyself." Jesus said to him, "You have answered right, do this and you will live."

But he, knowing that he was not following the law, and desiring to justify his failure in that respect, said to Jesus, "But who is my neighbor?" And Jesus said, "A certain man was going down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves, who both stripped him and beat him and left him half dead. By chance a certain priest was going down that way and when he saw him he passed by on the other side. In like manner also a Levite came to the place and saw him and passed by on the other side. But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came to the place, and when he saw him he had compassion on him and bound up his wounds, pouring on them oil and wine, and he set him on his own beast and took him to an inn and took care of him. And the next day he said to the host, 'Take care of him and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I return I will repay thee.'" And Jesus said to the lawyer, "Which of these three do you think proved to be a neighbor to him who fell among robbers?" And he said to Jesus, "He who showed mercy on him." And Jesus said, "Go thou and do likewise."

There is better psychology in that story than I have ever found in any of the modern psychology books. There are lots of books on psychology and psychiatry and the treating of the problems of life and life's development, the development of that which science calls the subconscious mind, the clergyman calls the soul or spirit, we usually refer to as I or me or self. The individual personality which is being created is created by such things, by that which is exemplified in this story. For although the parable of the Good Samaritan has usually been used to teach that we should take care of those who have been oppressed, robbed, whether legally or illegally, that we should take care of the poor, the deprived, the downtrodden, the afflicted; and it is true, we should, but that isn't what the parable

is about. The lawyer asked what must I do in order that MY life will be what it should be. What should I do in order that I might achieve the fullness of life? This is what Jesus told him. And it's the best psychology that has ever been written.

Think for a moment, what the act did, how it worked on the subconscious mind of each of the persons involved with this man who went from Jerusalem to Jericho. The robbers, if perchance there was a young man in the bunch who had never been in such an event before, had never taken part in a robbery and a beating and an affliction of a man merely for selfish gain, it might have hurt his conscience a little bit. But the next day it would be a little easier for him to participate in such an action again. And as he repeats such action day after day he can condition his subconscious mind or actual building of himself, he is conditioned so that other people have value to him only as he can get something from them, only as he can rob them either legally, or illegally; they don't have value to him as other persons, but only as he can use them for his own selfish gain.

It's remarkable how narrow, how hard, it's called hard-hearted sometimes, or how seared a conscience can be that looks at life that way, that looks at life of other people and evaluates others only to the extent that they can be used. But man can take that road if he will. We are free moral agents, we are not created like bricks, with no choice. We are not all alike. Every man chooses his own way. There's a little poem I'm tempted to give. I think it's entitled "Ways."

To every man there openeth a way, and ways and a way.
The high soul takes the high road, the low soul takes the low.
And in between on the misty flat, the rest drift to and fro.
But to every soul there openeth a high road and a low.
Every one decideth which way his soul shall go.

The robber takes the low road, the Good Samaritan takes the high road, and in between the great multitudes drift to and fro. For example, the priest coming down that way sees the man half dead in the road, but being a self-righteous man, sure in his own mind that he is right and sets all others at naught, supposing that God hates the poor man and that's why He allowed him to be robbed and nearly killed, so in order that he might not be contaminated, he passes by on the other side of the road.

What does it do to his conscience? What is it doing to his own development? It seems to me that in all likelihood, as he went on to Jericho, he planned his routine, ritualistic service and was perhaps a little bit more determined to follow the very detailed last letter of the law, to wash his hands in a certain way, wear certain garments in a certain form, and in every detail follow the outline that had been prescribed to indicate that he was righteous. But the next day he could pass by much more easily those who were in need of his service and help. His heart was hardened, his religious formality became more deeply ingrained. The same with the Levite, almost.

What happened to the innkeeper? We can't tell. If the innkeeper saw this as an opportunity to make a profit because of the robbery down the road, then he would almost classify with the robbers. But on the other hand, if he saw it as an opportunity to render a service that was needed and if he felt sympathy and compassion for the man

and did all that the pay he took for doing it would warrant, and perhaps a little bit more, if he was generous in his care and concern, then he would almost classify with the Good Samaritan himself.

So in all this field of life where people are doing things that are for the good of mankind, a doctor, a nurse, a teacher, anything for which they are paid for the service rendered, it is difficult to distinguish, for what happens in the building of their character is determined by their motive in the action, in the service. Their conscience, their subconscious mind can be hardened and hardened and hardened until it's impossible to explain the poverty of a life. How hard and inconsiderate a man can become and still not be accused by a guilty conscience. For his conscience is being developed in that pattern. Business, as we know it in our industrial economic system, is such that it can grind down a life to a very small, very small entity. Someone said,

If you hold your nose to the grindstone rough,
And hold it down there long enough,
In time you'll say there's no such thing
As brooks that babble and birds that sing.
These things will all your world compose,
Just you, the stone and your old nose.

How many many people there are in the world of business and industry that see nothing in life except their job, their pay. Life can be narrow!

But on the other hand, think of the Good Samaritan. As he went on the way the next day, he had assumed some new obligations, he had gone to some expense, some sacrifice. He paid for the care of the man and told the host, take care of him and I'll pay you when I come back, I'll pay you whatever more the charges may be. He had assumed some new responsibilities but the big difference is that in doing a kind act, a sympathetic service, in this case would make him more concerned, would make his conscience react in a similar way with every other individual with whom he came in contact or which he became aware of. We say it is the heart that is enlarged, he has a heart, his heart is softened, his life is expanded.

It hurts to care! The compassionate person is sensitive to the need about him, to the need throughout the world as he becomes aware of the need. Yes, it hurts, and there's a responsibility, and the man lives in response to that. But compare the two. Compare the robber, or the priest, or the Levite, with the Good Samaritan. Yes, it hurts. There's a greater heartache, but someone has said it is better to have a heartache than to have no heart at all.

So the creation of life is really the expanding of the horizons, the enlarging of our world, the understanding and the concern for the needs of the world, and the desire to so serve that it will be automatic, that it will be spontaneous; it will not be a studied, considered, businesslike proposition. It will not be done in order to gain, either in this world or the next, but it will be done in the spirit of the Good Samaritan to have compassion and to do what is needed to meet the needs of life.

In this creative process, it boils down to what Edna St. Vincent Millay describes in her poem that she calls "Renascence" or the awakening, the new truth. I've often used this, just the first

few lines of her poem, "Renaissance" and then perhaps the last stanza. She says,

All I could see from where I stood
Were three long mountains in a wood.
I turned and looked the other way
And saw an island in the bay.
So with my eye I traced the line
Of the horizon thin and fine,
Right around until I'd come
Back to where I'd started from.
And all I could see from where I stood
Were three long mountains in a wood.
Beyond these things I could not see,
These were the things that bounded me.

Life was cramped, small, undeveloped. And she goes on through the main body of the poem telling about how in her study, in her reading, in her travels, she became conscious of humanity throughout the world; humanity that has been like the man going down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and was beaten and robbed and left half dead. She sees the need of the world and becomes compassionate and concerned, feels the pain with every person that suffers in the world, and her life is expanded, her outlook is changed. And in the last stanza then, she says it this way,

The world stands out on either side
No wider than the heart is wide.
Above one's head is stretched the sky
No higher than the soul is high.
But the heart can push the sea and land
Farther apart on either hand,
And the soul can split the sky in two
And let the face of God shine through.
But east and west will pinch the heart
That does not keep them pushed apart.
And he whose soul is flat, the sky
Will cave in on him by and by.

So now we have reviewed the creative process for a period of over eighty-five years, and the question is: what has been created? What does it mean?

The final question, it seems to me, is not what have I gotten, not what have I accumulated in power, money or property, and not even what have I done; but what have I become?

On this basis, must I evaluate my one life.