his teens, while apprenticed to Mr. Heard in Houston, he and my Uncle Julius Bahr had been induced to attend nigh school. It was so that he learned to read and write the English language. In arithmetic dad had only addition, subtraction and multiplication. He had committed the multiplication table to memory from 1 x 2 to 1 x 10. Since his shop work required exactness on every hand, his lack in arithmetic created many problems for him. However, he learned to solve these problems in his mind in his own way, and he seldomly made a mistake.

He realized fully the inadequacy of his education, and he was determined that his children should have the best schooling available to them. I have already stated that they did not only send us regularly to Trinity Lutheran School, but also that my parents and their neighbors provided us with summer school, taught in the community public school by qualified public school teachers, so that we would have adequate training also in the English language. Only brother Fred and I received this extra summer school training.

By the time sister Gertrude and brother Carl went to school, times and conditions had changed to such an extent that Trinity Lutheran School taught its pupils in both German and English so well that the summer school was no longer necessary. Since in El Paso the congregation was too poor to have a parachial school, brothers Carl and Lorenz attended the public school of the city. And brother Lorenz completed his grade school education later by attending the parochial schools of the Lutheran congregations at Woolridge, Missouri and Collinsville, Illinois. Of this I will say more later.

My parents wanted us to have more than a good primary education. However, there were no high schools in the country communities of Texas at that time. The nearest high school was in Houston, but my parents were too poor to board me out and to pay the required tuition for children who lived outside of the Houston School District. My father mentioned these facts to Uncle Adam Klein, who was at the time home from Chattanooga, Tennessee, visiting his mother and brothers and sisters in Klein, Texas. Uncle immediately offered to board me and to send me to a business college in the city. All that he wanted dad to do was to pay the tuition, which was very low at the time and to send him such items from the farm as cured meats, ribbon cane syrup, rendered lard, etc.

Dad went into this arrangement, although it proved to be a mistake. In the first place, my primary education was not up to par. When I attended classes at Mountain City Business College my lack of grammar, arithmetic and spelling made it impossible for me to keep up with the class. My time in business college and the hard-earned money which dad paid in tuition was simply wasted. However,

my six months stay in Chattanooga was not a total loss. I learned to speak a better English, and also I became acquainted with city life. In order to earn some pocket money, I had served a paper route for the Mountain City News. This was an education in itself. The paper carriers had to do the collections as well as the distributing of the papers. In that way I learned to meet people, also to be responsible for the collections. These were made on Saturday mornings. If the patrons were not at home on Saturday morning, we had to try again as we delivered the paper in the evening.

Half of the money collected had to be turned into the Newspaper Office by seven o'clock on Saturday evening. The other half was our pay. The patron paid ten cents a week for his newspaper. The Mountain City News always demanded and received a nickle for every paper delivered by the carrier. If not all the patrons paid, the carrier had to stand the loss. It was up to him to collect from every subscriber. If they did not pay within two weeks, the carrier could drop them from his route. However, he had to report this to the office at once.

I lost very little money on my route, for most of my patrons owned their own homes and consequently did very little moving from one part of town to the next. Also, my subscribers lived on the very northeastern outskirts of Chattanooga. When I received my bag of papers at half past four in the afternoon, I boarded a rapid transit electric suburban car which took me out about five miles. There, at a certain stop, I got off and began delivering my papers to the patrons who lived along both sides of the track to the last stop on the line, about a mile and a half further out along the Tennessee River. It took me about an hour to make my delivery, and by that time there was another car at the end of the line, ready to take me back again to the city.

The trips cost me nothing, for the newspaper employee, who counted out our papers and put them into our bags, always included several extra copies. I gave one to each motorman and that paid my fare. I had some sixty papers to deliver, that meant about $3.00 a week in earnings. With the earnings, which were our own to do with them as we pleased, I bought me a new bicycle. When that was paid for, we used the money to buy air rifles and bb shot for them, and all the fresh fruit and backery snacks that boys usually crave.

I have been saying "we" a lot in my narrative, for there were three of us boys staying at Uncle Adam Klein's home at the time. One of the other two boys was a cousin of mine, the oldest son of my Uncle Fred Wunderlich, a Lutheran pastor at Perry, Texas. His

name was William Wunderlich. The third boy staying at Uncle Adam's was also a Lutheran pastor's son, the oldest child of Reverend August Wilder, who was at the time stationed in Indiana. His name was Theodore Wilder. His mother and Aunt Hermine, uncle's wife, were sisters. All three of us had paper routes, and we all had our own bikes. However, shortly before my six months stay at Uncle Adam Klein's home came to an end, my bicycle, the newest of the three, was stolen from the wood-shed one night. We had forgotten to lock the wood-shed on Saturday night and the next morning my bike was gone. We reported the theft to the police station, but we never saw that bicycle again.

Before I continue, I want to relate an incident which happened in my carrier's life. One Saturday evening one of my customers who had not been home on Saturday morning when I collected on my route, and so in the evening, when I delivered her paper, she called me into her home saying that she wanted to pay me. It was just before Christmas and she had been to the city to do some Christmas shopping, she told me. She was an old grandmother, living with her unmarried son. She had often invited me into her home when I collected on Saturday mornings, treating me to a little glass of wine and a cookie or two. She did this also on that evening and then she paid me, and I caught the car and went to the news office to pay for my week's papers.

As I counted out the cash I had in my pocket, I came across a coin that did not look quite right. I examined it closer and found that it was a five dollar gold piece. I began to wonder who it could have been and came to the conclusion that it must have been my last customer. When I got home at last and told Uncle Adam of my experience, he replied, "no doubt the loser will be here early in the morning to get his money back."

And so it came about, we were still in bed, when someone rang the bell of Uncle's home. Uncle opened the door of his study and after a few moments called up the stairway for me to come down and to bring the five dollar gold piece along, that the owner of it had come to get it. When I came down it was the son of the old grandmother. He said that after I had gone from her home she had taken her purse to put it in a safe place and as she was doing this, she looked for her pocket piece and found it gone. She realized at once what she had done. She had taken it to pay me, and in the poorly lighted room she had given it to me, thinking it was a dime. When her son came home that night, she told him about it. The son immediately called the newspaper office and found out where I was living. The next morning he caught the first rapid transit car that left his station.

He wanted to find out whether the five dollar gold piece was still safe. He was over-joyed to get it back, because he knew that his mother treasured it highly. He rewarded me with a fifty cents piece for having found and kept it.

After that time, I could hardly ever get away from that old grandmother in time to catch the rapid transit car for home. It ran on an hourly schedule; therefore, if I missed a car, I had to hang around for an hour before the next one would come along.

We three boys at Uncle's place had a wonderful time. However, our stay at Uncle's was not all play. We had to work to do also. It was in the winter time that we had to do most of it. We had to clean the basement of the home every Saturday. We had to get in the coal for the stoves, for at that time they did not cook with gas or electricity. Besides the cook stove, there were several heating stoves. The ashes had to be taken out of these ever so often and carried out into the backyard. We had to run errands for Uncle and Aunt. No doubt, for good reasons we boys became thorns in the flesh for Aunt Hermine.

She had two sons of her own: Enno and Hans. Enno was his mother's darling and she spoiled him to such an extent that he never amounted to much in all the days of his life. He was in the habit of spying on us and nothing that we did escaped his eyes, and not the least peccadillo on our part was left unreported. As a result of this, we were continually in hot water with Aunt. What made matters worse, was the fact that the cured meat which dad sent to Chattanooga by freight was on the road so long that it was covered with mold. The lard and the keg of ribbon-cane syrup were okay, but the meat and sausage had an off flavor in spite of the fact that Aunt par-boiled everything before she fried it. However, we ate ham, bacon and sausages just the same.

No doubt, Aunt thought that we boys were getting too much of a good thing for nothing. And we were, although we did not realize this at the time. Outside of the fact that we were hen-pecked by Aunt Hermine, we had glorious times, riding out to Missionary Ridge on our bicycles on Sunday afternoons, or climbing Look Out Mountain, gathering Hickory and Chestnuts, or simply going sightseeing. I have been told that Chestnuts are a thing of the past, for a certain European insect, imported with Chestnuts from the Old Country, has destroyed most of the American Chestnut Groves.

When my six months of business college were about to end, I wrote a letter to my parents and asked them to let me come home. Fortunately my father harkened to my plea. He wrote Uncle Adam a

letter, telling him that I was needed at home, and enclosing a money order for my ticket. And that was no fib that my dad told Uncle Adam. For soon after I had left home for Chattanooga, the Galveston Storm blew up from the Gulf of Mexico which did not only kill between four and five thousand people, but also did great damage throughout southeastern Texas. Except the shop, which was blown off its foundations, none of our farm buildings were damaged. But the farm fences, at that time built mostly out of pine fence-rails, were a mess.

The rails all around our farm were not only blown down, but the high water from the torential rains washed most of them down into the Theiss gully, and we never saw them again. It cost dad a great deal of money to replace these lost rail fences. He replaced most of them with posts and nine barb wires to make them hog-proof. The posts had to be split and seasoned for a few months. After this came the post-hole digging. We had to dig them by hand with a spade, for at the time the modern, auger type post-hole diggers were still unknown.

Dad at last used a better way for setting the posts. He made a heavy hickory maul (a wooden hammer, bound with steel bands at each end). Also, he made an iron cap to fit over the top of the posts. He had the posts sharpened at one end. Then he loaded a number of posts on a wagon and hauled them to the fence line with a team. He dug the fence end post-holes by hand, inserted the posts, and tamped them down well. Then he put up a second post and braced it well. When this had been done, he stretched a single barb-wire from one to the other end of the fence. He dug post-holes along this wire, about a hundred yards apart. When this was done he stapled the stretched wire to each post along the fence line, and then he drove the team and wagon alongside the stretched wire.

The Negro hired hand stood in the wagon, and at every ten feet he would take a sharpened post, set it alongside the stretched wire, and while one of us boys held the post upright, he would place the Iron Cap in position on top of the post and tap it with the maul, and then while we boys held the post in a straight up-and-down position, the Negro with ever harder blows drove it into the rain-softened ground until it was deep and tight enough.

This method of setting fence posts was a great improvement over the hand-dug and tamped way of making the holes and setting of the fence posts. Much time was saved and the fence was also much firmer, for there were no loose posts to contend with.

After the posts had thus been set, the other eight wires would be stretched and stapled to the posts to complete the fence.

This work kept the Negro and me busy nearly all spring and summer of the year after the Galveston Storm. The storn had blown down a wide swath of pine trees in my dad's woods. Some of these were sawed up and hauled to Strack's mill and sawed into one by eight inch fence boards to repair the barnyard fences. Some of the prime logs were sawed into wagon box flooring, which dad then stacked away in his shop to season. But there were so many trees down and the woods were so tangled with the trees which the storm had piled criss-cross, and every possible and impossible way that most of the timber was left to rot in the woods.

The saw millers had so much down timber in their own woods to salvage that most of them were unwilling to saw the logs of other people. Besides all this, lumber was so cheap at the time that the loss was not minded by most of the small tract owners.

After stock-proof fences once more enclosed our farm, dad again saw to my further education. He paid for a six months term in Massey Business College in Houston and boarded me out with a family which he knew to be Christian and responsible. It was with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pulse, Sr., who lived on Shearn Street in Houston that I made my home.

On a new bicycle, which dad had bought for me, I rode to Massey College and back every day. This college was located on the second floor of a building at about the location where now the downtown Woolworth store is located.

My branches were business English, accounting, and typing. I learned my typing on an old No. 3 Oliver typewriter. It did not have a standard keyboard. It is for this reason that even today, after more than fifty years of typing, I have to use the sight method which is far slower than the method which modern typists use. And besides, since I have cataracts on both eyes, I frequently make mistakes by hitting the wrong key.

After I had completed a six months term at Massey, I asked dad for permission to quit school for a while. Also, he gave me permission to look around for a job of some kind. It did not take me long to find employment. Necco and Eiseman sheet metal and tin shop operators were advertising for apprentices. I began my work there on the magnificent wage of $3.50 a week. I changed my boarding place from the Henry Pulse home to that of Henry Strehlau. I knew both of them since they had grown up in the Klein community. I had gone to Trinity Lutheran school with Mrs. Strehlau, who had been the beautiful Miss Kathy Kreinhop before her marriage. She was about

to be confirmed at the time in which I entered that school. And she was married to Mr. Henry Strehlau when she was but 15 years of age. Her sister, Julia Kreinhop, was confirmed in my class.

After I paid my board bill at Henry Strehlau's, I had but 50¢ a week left for myself. Bankers tell us nowadays that to be successful, one must save at least ten per cent of his wages. Well, I have not been successful. Had I followed the banker's advice when I began to work, I would have had only 15¢ a week left for pocket money. And even in those days of low prices, I could not have bought much of anything for 15¢.

It was a good thing that fruit was cheap in Houston at that time. The banana peddler sold over-ripe bananas for a nickle a dozen. Concord grapes, in season, sold for as little as 15¢ for a five-pound basket. Even California Tokay's sold for as little as 35¢ for a five-pound basket. Therefore, I could still the pangs of my sweet tooth even on fifty cents a week.

My wages did not remain so low for long. After three months, they were raised to $4.00 a week. In the tin shop my first work was that of cleanup boy. I had to sweep the entire shop floor every evening, after the mechanics had quit work. They worked eight hours, beginning at 8:00 in the morning and quitting at 5:00 in the afternoon. I had to report for work at 7:30 a.m. and usually worked until 6:00 p.m. In the morning I had to sweep the office floors. In the evening, besides sweeping the entire shop, I had also to pick up and dispose of all the tin, copper and zinc scraps which covered the work benches or fell under these benches. Copper scraps had to be deposited into a certain receptacle, for they were of value even at that time, and so were odds and ends of solder. Boys who were caught stealing copper and solder scraps to sell to the junk shop dealers were fired immediately.

After three months of work as cleanup boy, I was promoted to the position of helper. As such I was assigned to a certain mechanic for whom, before work began at 8 o'clock, I had to build the fire in his tinner's pot, file, and re-tin his soldering irons for him, open the rosin container and refill the place on his bench, the muratic-acid bottle, together with a newly made bristle brush or two, for applying the acid to the surface of copper, or galvanized iron sheets which he would be soldering during his work day.

I was helper to various mechanics in the shop for a while, among them a certain Mr. Vogler, with whom I could speak German, when the occasion demanded it. He, by the way, opened up his own tin shop years later, I was told.

After I had worked for the firm of Necco and Eisemann for six months, I was not only given another raise in pay to $5.00 a week, but also I had the good fortune to be assigned to a wonderful mechanic, a brother of Mr. Necco, who was part owner of the firm of Necco and Eisemann. He was in charge of all the particular jobs of the firm. We spent some six weeks together in Galveston, Texas, putting a new tin-roof on the freight depot of the Santa Fe Railroad there. The old roof had been severely damaged by the Galveston storm.

While working on that project, I was told that after the storm was over, a live cow had been found stranded on the roof of that depot. The only dairy cow out of many hundreds that came through the Galveston Storm alive. This incident shows how deeply the ocean water had in that storm covered the dry land of Galveston Island.

Another story that I was told was this that near Texas City, to the north of the causeway which connected Galveston Island to the Mainland, about two miles inland from the shore, an ocean-going ship had been stranded in the open prairie. The great rise in the Gulf waters had taken her that far and had left her there as a monument of the storm's severity.

After we had finished that job in Galveston, we came back to Houston to replace a copper cross on a Catholic Church on Crawford Street. This church was two or three clocks west and a little south of the present Union Station in Houston. The Church Steeple was 210 feet in height. The Old Cross had been blown down by the Galveston Storm, and the firm of Necco and Eisemann had been given the contract of replacing it.

The Master Mechanic of the shop built the Cross. The framework was of the best angle steel. This he skillfully covered with a moulded copper sheath, which was then plated with 24 carat gold foil. The completed Cross was 19 feet tall and weighed a total of more than 1,100 pounds. In order to get that heavy Cross to the top of the church steeple, we had to build a strongly reinforced scaffold from the ground up to a height sufficient to raise the Cross by means of block-and-tackle high enough to clear the very pinnacle of the tower to which the Cross was then anchored by heavy iron bolts. It took us (from three to five men) five full months to complete the job. Sometimes it would be too windy, or a thunderstorm would blow up and make it too dangerous to work on the project.

No one was hurt on this job. I still am proud of the fact that I was a helper on this project. This Cross today is more than fifty-seven years after it was raised, a reminder of a job well done.

The next big order for Necco and Eisemann was a copper roof to cover the new Administration Building, which in the winter and spring of 1902 was being erected at A. and M. College at College Station, Texas, located some five miles this side of Bryan, on the H. and T. C. Railroad. I enjoyed working on this job, but I did not see the job completed.

While we were working on the project, the local Tinners Union of Houston called a strike for higher wages. The mechanics had been getting sixty-five cents an hour; they struck for a dollar an hour. This strike changed the entire plan of my life. And the strike was never won. But since I was laid off and had no place to go and nothing else to do but to go back home and work on my father's farm, God's hour had struck which was to change the future for me. And I am thankful for that strike, because the change was not for worse but for the better, especially for the better of my immortal soul. I might have become a passable tin-smith if the strike had not happened. I became a country preacher instead.

V

MY STUDENT YEARS

While I was at home, after the strike had ended my employment with Necco and Eisemann, my pastor, the Reverend George Fischer, induced dad to send me to Springfield, Illinois, there to enter his Alma Mater, Concordia Seminary, and to prepare myself for the Gospel Ministry. It had been my wish to become a school teacher in the Lutheran Schools of my Church at the time of my confirmation. However, several factors had made that impossible at the time.

Dad was not financially able in 1898 to send me to college at Addison, and Pastor Jaebker and my old teacher, Mr. Rudolph Lorenz, had advised against it, because the demand for Lutheran teachers had reached a low ebb at the time. It was feared that this over supply of teachers would last a long time. Therefore, my wish had not been granted, although the fear of an over supply never materialized. Even to this day, not enough teachers can be supplied by all our many institutions of higher learning to take care of the needs of our Lutheran schools.

Before, however, I enlarge on my experiences in my student years, let me tell of some of the incidents in my life before I went to Concordia Seminary at Springfield.

In my childhood days, we had no recreational facilities, such as the children have at the present time. There were no movies, no radios, no television, no play parks with their swings, slides, swimming pools, etc. And there were no automobiles, no airplanes, not even graded roads until I was about twelve years of age. But we were not without recreation in my youth. Our free time, and there was more of that than one would imagine today, was spent in horseback riding, in fishing, hunting and swimming in the old swimming hole, and playing ball. It was not baseball we played, though it was similar.

The vast prairies were not fenced in those days. The farmers had free range for their huge cattle, sheep, goat, and swine herds. Most of the farmers did not know how many cattle or sheep or hogs they had running loose in the prairie or in the woods. One could ride horseback to Houston, or to Richmond in Fort Bend County, or west to Hempstead, north to Huntsville, or east to Beaumont, without having to open a gate. In fact, my dad and his neighbors made regular trips by covered wagon from the Klein community to beyond Katy and Brookshire on the Brazos River, in order to trade dimensional yellow pine lumber for cotton seed. The cotton ginners along the Brazos had no piney woods to supply them with lumber, and in the Klein community they needed the cotton seed for fertilizer and feed for their sheep and cows in the winter.

These trips were usually made in the fall and winter months. There were no roads to these places on the Brazos. The Klein farmers drove to Cypress Top, where they crossed the H. and T. C. Railroad tracks, then southwest-ward to Katy, where the M. K. and T. tracks were crossed, west along the tracks to Brookshire, and then south into the Brazos bottom with its bayous and sloughs to the location of the different gins along the river.

Dad usually hauled about a thousand board feet of 1 x 2, or 2 x 4, or 2 x 6 in 12 or 14 foot lengths. Dad usually paid from six to eight dollars per mm for that kind of lumber at Foulke's mill near New Dorf, just north of the Big Cypress Creek. In exchange for this lumber, he got a tripple wagon box full of tromped down cotton seed, weighing from a ton to a ton and a half.

We always made the trip with a three-horse or muleteam. The lumber, on the way to the Brazos River, was hauled on the

running-gear of the wagon, packed in between the hounds. The wagon box was hoisted on top of the load of lumber, together with the extra sideboards, the bedding, the cooking utensils, and the feed for the team, which would be used on the way. Also we took along an ax with which to cut firewood and we usually carried a sack of fat pine-knots with us on the trips so that we would have dry kindeling with which to start a campfire, even when the weather was rainy.

It took at least two days and a night to make the trip easy way. Sometimes it took even longer when the ground was soft from rain and the load extra heavy. At dusk in the evening, dad would look around for some high ground on which to park his wagon. The mules were unhitched, or the horses, and they were given both grain and fodder. Corn fodder consisted of either corn tops that were cut in the summer, just as the husk of the corn ears turned brown, or else of the leaves of the corn stalks which were pulled down at the same stage of ripening of the corn ear. Usually the fodder was laid in armfulls between the stalks along the corn row in the forenoon, and then tied into bundles late in the afternoon. This fodder was relished by all livestock. The corn tops were also tied into small bundles as they were cut, and were hung with the tassel downward, over an up-standing ear of corn on some stalk. This corn fodder was then hauled into the barn with a one-horse sled and stacked away in the barn loft for winterfeed.

I can still smell the delicious fragrance of this corn fodder in my mind today, more than fifty years after I tried my last bundle of it. After the mules were through eating their fodder and grain, dad would hobble them and untie them so that they could roam about in the open prairie, grazing on the lucious grasses that grew there. I doubt very much that any of my children have ever seen a hobbled horse or mule. Hobbles looked somewhat like huge handcuffs. There was a short length of rope or chain between two leather cuffs. These cuffs were strapped around the animals' fore-legs, just above the fet-lock. This contraption make it possible for the animal to move about by short leaps, but it prevented it from leaving the neighborhood.

After the teams had been taken care of, dad would build a small campfire on which to cook the evening meal of sausage or bacon with scrambled eggs in one frying pan, and an irish potato stew with onions in the other. A pot of coffee also was brewed. After the re-past had been stowed away, we usually hit the beds which were made in the wagon boxes upon a mass of folded quilts and we covered up with either a woolen comforter or a light featherbed. For usually father could be talked into taking one or both of us boys along. Mother and the smaller children stayed at home to take care of the work and chores about the place.

My brother Fred and I each owned a gun of our own. Mine was a single barreled American ten guage shotgun with two triggers. The first trigger would break open the gun to eject the empty shell and to reload the gun with another loaded shell. The second trigger fired the gun. It happened quite often that in my excitement I would pull the wrong trigger with the result that the loaded shell would be ejected over my shoulder, and by the time I fould and reloaded it, the game would be out of sight. However, the gun was a fine shooting one with an extremely long range. With this gun in hand, I walked a mile and shot many a prairie chicken or duck, and even a goose along the way, for the open prairie in the fall of the year teemed with game of all kinds.

There were prairie chickens by the hundreds, the sloughs were filled with great flocks of wild ducks and geese. Also, there were great flights of jack-snipe, plover and curlew. Game, which is now nearly extinct. At sunrise in the late winter or in early spring, the prairie was filled with the sound of hooting prairie roosters. Again and again I saw these cocks fighting each other on small knolls in the prairie. We often drove to within fifty feet of them so that we could clearly see the scarlet bladders or wattles, puffed upon both sides of their necks. They were oblivious to everything else, while they were fighting, and many of them fell prey to our shotguns before they became alarmed and took off.

In the summertime these trips to the Brazos bottoms were made for another purpose. The brush and trees of the Brazos River bottoms were covered with rank growths of Mustang grapevines. These vines would literally be black with wild grapes about as large as Concord grapes, which had a tang and flavor which made them unfit for table grapes, but they made an excellent wine.

The Negro people of the Brazos River bottom were glad to gather these grapes during the first part of July for as little as 50¢ for a flour barrel filled with them. My dad, with the Wunderlichs, Benignusses, Brills, Klenks, Doerres, John Kleins, formed covered wagon trains loaded with empty flour barrels, ten and twelve to each wagon, and drove to Brookshire and beyond to get these grapes. They got enough for five or six dollars a load to make two whiskey barrels full of delicious wine. Each barrel would hold about 55 gallons. The grapes were emptied into a wooden sashtub and smashed with a wooden club. The mash was then emptied into empty whiskey barrels with one end opened up, standing on end. A little clean prairie hay was placed at the bottom to catch and hold back the grape seeds and hulls. A bung hole was bored close to the bottom of each barrel and closed with a long wooden plug. In these barrels the grape pulp fermented

until the hulls and stems floated on top, and the seeds had settled to the bottom of the barrel.

The clear grapejuice was then siphoned off through the bung-hole at the bottom of the barrel, and a gallon of clear water and three pounds of sugar was added to each gallon of the grapejuice, and then this mixture was poured into a well cleaned and sulphured Whiskey barrel. These filled barrels, were kept on a rack in our well house. The bung holes in the middle of the barrels were left open.

In about three days the mixture in the barrels would begin to ferment, the bubbles rising out of the bung hole and floating out every grape seed and hull and the small stems which had filtered through the hay in the starting barrels. The aroma of fermenting new wine filled the entire well house and its neighborhood atmosphere.

Every morning dad or mother would refill the fermenting barrels with fresh sugar water, which would again increase fermentation. This process went on until early fall. Fermentation became less and less as the alcoholic contents created by fermentation increased. When, at last, there was no more fermentation, the bung hole would be tightly closed and the new wine was left to age.

Sometimes in early spring there would be another short period of fermentation, and after this the wine would become a beautiful clear claret. It would then be ready to drink and it carried a punch like that of a kick delivered by a mule. As the wine aged it became stronger and yet more mellow. In three years time it was at its best. When it was mixed with water, which we invariably did, the wine looked like oil in the water. It would not mix with it for a time.

We drank it every day as one would drink water, mixed half and half. It was thought at the time that drinking of Mustang wine kept one immune against malaria fever. Even our Negro hired hands had free access to the wine barrel with its wooded faucet. And they drank it, even as we did, in the place of water. We never got drunk on it and we seldom had sieges of malaria in August and September, the fever months. Other families which did not mix their water with wine were often stricken with chills and fever.

I do not know whether our well water in the prairie was more wholesome, or whether the wine had something to do with our remaining healthy. What I do know is this, that the wine gave us a good appetite and a zest for living. In the wintertime on cold and damp evenings, my mother often would have a kettle of hot spiced

wine on the back of the cook stove. She would give us all a cupful of this hot liquid to drink before we hit bed. It warmed us up to enjoy the chill of the featherbed, and we slept well all the cold and damp night through, without a bit of heat in the room. This spiced wine of my mothers contained a mixture of Ginger Root and Cinnamon Bark.

On one of those trips to the Brazos River for cottonseed, dad's team consisted of a span of light mules and old Sylum. The names of this muleteam were Jenny and Zip. I do not believe that they weighed more than a thousand pounds each, but they and old Sylum could pull a ton of cottonseed through muddy sloughs and boggs of the prairie without any halts or stops.

One of the farmers of that particular wagon train, a Mr. Christian Klenk, a cousin of my mother's, wanted to break the road; that is, be the lead wagon of the train. He had a beautiful team of young horses which weighed at least 1500 pounds each. All went well on the way to the Brazos, but on the way back it began to rain and the roads became sloppy. He had loaded more than a ton of seed in his wagon and suddenly his team stopped right in the middle of a water-filled slough. His wagon wheels began to sink deeper and deeper in the mud and ooze. He began whipping his horses and that was a mistake, for the frightened team began to seesaw instead of pulling together in a steady pull.

Finally he gave up in despair. Dad came to his assistance after his team and old Sylum had pulled his ton of seed through the slough to higher ground on the other side. He unhitched his mules and told Mr. Klenk to unhitch his blown and excited team. Mr. Klenk laughed at Dad and said to him, "if my heavy team cannot budge my wagon, do you think that your little cats can pull it out?" Dad answered him, "we can at least try to do so." And with that he hitched his team of mules to Mr. Klenk's wagon and said, "get up there." He held the lines tightly wrapped around his fists and the mules laid themselves into the harness with their full weight until their knees almost touched the water, and the wagon slowly began to move; and it moved faster and faster until almost trotting, the team pulled Mr. Klenk's wagon to the far side of the slough by the side of dad's wagon.

Mr. Klenk watched the proceedings with unbelieving eyes and then began to condemn his own team for being worthless. Dad told him, "your team was not at fault. You whipped them instead of speaking to them, and you got your team excited, and in such a frame of mind they did not pull together as a team should." Dad's wagon then took the lead and there was no more bogging down along the way.

I was not an angel during my youth. Even in my first year of school I played hooky. At that time I still had to walk three miles to school. On the way I caught up with Clara Doerre and Emma Koch. We waited for each other at the Gum Pond, a quarter of a mile south and west of grandmother's home. It was some time in May, for the birds, turtle-doves and crow-jacks, had their nests with young ones in the gum trees. The pond which was damed at the south end of it was full of water. The water was teeming with fish, bass, goggle-eyed perch, grass pike, and bluegills.

While I was waiting for the Doerre children to come along, I sat on the south banks of the pond under the shade of a giant sweet-gum tree and watched the bluegills as they swam into the shallow water, where they had their nests: little depressions in the sand in about six inches of water. Even then I was crazy about fishing and I was wishing for a cane pole and a fishline.

When at last Clara Doerre and Emma Koch arrived, I suggested to them that instead of going to school we stay there and spend the day in playing under the sweet-gum trees until it was time to go home in the evening. To my great surprise, my cousin Clara immediately consented to do so. And so the three of us spent the forenoon there, climbing the trees to look into the bird nests or looking for the giant bull frogs along the banks of the pond. At noon we ate our midday lunch and after that the day grew too long for us.

I don't remember which one of us suggested that we go to grandmother's gin house and play there. But that is what we did. We played "hide and go seek" in the shady, two story building. No doubt we became careless after a while, for all at once we saw Uncle Charley coming towards the building and although we hid ourselves quickly enough, he found every one of us.

He said, more to himself than to us, "Well, well. This beats everything. How did you children get here? Is there no school today?" At last we broke down and told him what we had done. He told us that grandmother had seen someone scurrying about under the gin house and had called him to go and investigate. Grandmother was still living with him at the time.

Emma Koch was the first one to face grandmother's wrath. She got her whipping at once and then she landed on Clara Doerre. She was the oldest of all of us and grandmother took for granted that she had been the one to suggest that we play hooky. Grandmother told her to go home and tell her parents what she had done. And then came my turn. I caught a tongue lashing, also. And yet grandmother

had pity on me. She told Uncle Charley to saddle his horse and take me home, for said she, "Der Bub ist zu klein in dieser Hitze, den weiten Weg zu fusz zu gehen." In English, "The boy is too small to make his way home on foot in this heat."

Uncle Charley saddled Sylum and I got my first ride on his back. It was not my last ride on him either. For soon after, dad bought him from Uncle Charley as I have already stated in a previous paragraph. My mother was very much surprised to see me home so early, but after Uncle Charley told her what had happened, her surprise changed into anger and she went and told dad what I had done.

The whipping which I received then was the first one that I remember of getting at the hand of my father. It was not the last one, however. I received the last one on my sixteenth birthday. I wanted to go fishing on that occasion and dad said "no" and sent me out to do some harrowing in the field. But I grumbled all day long about not getting my wish. At last dad's anger flared and he gave me my last whipping as a birthday present.

On our way to school, we had to cross the Krimmel Gully. Often in the early summer, thunderstorms would blow up from the Gulf of Mexico and fill that gully bank full. There was a wooden bridge across the stream, but instead of using it we forced Sylum to ford the gulley. Not enough that we forded it, we also forced him into the stream below the bridge and on his back we swam downstream in the swift water until at last we came to a place where our horse could clamber up the bank again. We repeated the procedure several times until at last old man Krimmel came and asked us whether we intended to drown ourselves. When we paid no heed to his warning, he went back to his home, not to let us drown, but he saddled his horse and rode all the way to my father's shop and reported to him what Fred and I had done. That was one time when both of us were whipped at the same time.

Indeed, Fred and I were raised and we grew up strong and tough, not merely on mush and milk and good old cornbread and home-made sausages, but the whippings that we received also helped to stretch our skins so that our bones had room to expand.

When the summer rains had subsided somewhat and the water in the creeks and gullies had receded into its regular pools, we boys of the Trinity Lutheran School used a deep swimming hole in the Krimmel Gully to bathe in on the way home from school. We tied our horses to some trees growing along the banks, quickly

shed our clothes, and dived head first into the old swimming hole. At that time we had not even heard of, much less seen, a bathing suit. We always went in swimming in our birthday suits. When the school girls came walking or riding by we submerged so that only our heads stuck out of the water, just as the water snakes are want to do, until the girls were out of sight. I wonder now whether they always were.

In time some of our parents complained to our teacher that he was keeping their children back too long after school. This complaint caused Teacher Lorenz to investigate. And so one evening, whilst we were enjoying the old swimming hole, our teacher rode up on his pony saying, "So this is the place where you hang around after school. Now get out of there and dress yourselves, for I am going to accompany every last one of you to your homes to report to your parents why you are so late in coming home from school." And teacher kept his word and another whipping was the inevitable result of his faithful report to my father and mother.

However, I shall not weary you with my recitals of more escapades of ours. There were many more, of course, and far worse ones than I have mentioned. These, for personal reasons, I will leave untold. Be it sufficient that I have shown you that brother Fred and I lived like normal country boys do, all over the world. We were not brought up as hot-house plants, neither were we tied to mother's apron strings. We did not lead our parents by the nose, as so many American children do nowadays, but our parents controlled us, not in a tyranical but in a sensible and effective manner.

Now back to my student years. It was then, in our Lutheran Church, even as it is today. The church suffered from a dearth of preachers. The Lutheraner, then the official church paper, admonished every pastor and congregation to send pious and gifted boys to our seminaries that they might be trained for workers in the church. Pastor George Fischer of the Klein community felt that it was his duty to send a son or two also from his congregation. He got busy, therefore, in persuading my father and mother to send their (gifted) son to Concordia Seminary at Springfield, Illinois, which was his own Alma Mater. He also talked to me for hours at a time, telling me that being a pastor was the most worth-while occupation on all the earth. He even bribed me by telling me that a pastor could do his work in the shade. Even in Texas he did not have to fry out in the hot sun, picking cotton or putting up hay.

He told me, "You have the first part of the week to write your sermon, on Saturday you memorize it, on Sunday you get on

the pulpit and preach for a half hour or so, and then you are free until the next Sunday comes along." Yes, it sounded good to me, and he was very convincing in his presentation of the matter.

The outcome of it all was that my parents decided to send me to Concordia Seminary at Springfield. The only dead language taught there was a smattering of Latin, which did not progress much farther than "amo, amas, amat." Springfield was a real German Language Bastion at the time. And German I knew well. I had imbibed it with my mother's milk. They did of course also teach English for one hour a day. But English was, and remained, one of the minor subjects taught at that institution. No graduate was refused a diploma because he was deficient in English. However, I am getting ahead of my story.

It so happened that Uncle Adam Klein spent the summer of that fateful year at home, visiting with his aged mother and his brothers and sisters in the Klein community. For Uncle had resigned his pastorate after ten years in Chattanooga, Tennessee, in order to become a Missionary to the scattered Germans in Brazil, South America. Uncle Adam told my dad that he would have to leave the last part of August for St. Louis, Missouri, there to be commissioned by the Foreign Mission Board of our church and to receive from it his instructions and his Steamer Tickets from New York to Rio de Janeiro, the beautiful harbor and also the Capital City of Brazil.

Uncle's call was to the state of Rio Grande do Sul, which was near the southern-most border of that South American Republic, because that territory had been largely settled by German immigrants. Uncle offered to take me along on his way to St. Louis, Missouri, and there to put me on the train for Springfield.

And so at the end of August, 1902, we boarded the M. K. and T. Flyer in Houston for St. Louis, Missouri. When we were about to get to St. Louis, Uncle remembered that a former classmate of his was then pastor of the Lutheran congregation at St. Charles, Missouri, a town about twenty-five miles to the north of St. Louis on the banks of the Missouri River at the point where the M. K. and T. Railroad crossed the River for St. Louis. He decided to stop over there for a day. Naturally I had to stay with him and his family. After we had spent a day and a night with Pastor Friederich and his family, we caught the next morning's Katy Flyer and completed our trip to St. Louis.

In St. Louis, Uncle Adam also had a classmate who was pastor of Emmaus Lutheran Church on South Jefferson Avenue somewhere

in St. Louis. At that time the Lutheran Parsonages were the Lutheran Pastor's Hotels. A Lutheran pastor traveling through the country and having to lay over for making connections with some other railroad merely looked up the nearest Lutheran Parsonage and camped there, until his train time came along. In our day such a traveling preacher would find cold receptions, even in Lutheran Parsonages, but at that time this was the accepted mode of procedure.

After we had disembarked at Union Station, Uncle with his family and me in tow, caught a Jefferson Avenue streetcar and a half hour later he was ringing the bell at an imposing red brick dwelling next to a large brick church. When the pastor's wife opened the door, he introduced himself, his family and me, and in we marched, making ourselves at home, until at last Pastor Richard Kretschmar, Uncle's former classmate, arrived home.

I spent the rest of that day in Pastor Kretchmar's study, listening, half asleep, to their animated discussion of past and present history, wondering when I would get on my train for Springfield, Illinois. Uncle finally told me that it was too late on that day for me to catch a train out of St. Louis, but that he would see me off early on the next morning. But on the next morning when I got up and dressed, there was no one up, not even at eight o'clock and I had been told that the Wabash train for Springfield would leave the Union Station at eleven o'clock sharp.

It was going on ten when at last we ate our breakfast. It was then that Uncle looked at his watch and said to me, "Boy, you will have to leave at once." I was ready to go and thought that he would accompany me to the depot, but he did no such thing. He and Pastor Kretchmar put me on a streetcar and told me to tell the conductor to leave me off at the Union Station. And so I, with my hand luggage, was left to find my way alone.

At the Station, I had to get my trunk transferred from the M. K. and T. Railroad to the Wabash after I had purchased my ticket for Springfield. And to do this, I had less than an hour of time. Fortunately, the Union Station was not so crowded that morning. I was waited on very promptly, and when I had finally tended to every detail, I found that I had five minutes to spare to find the gate number at which my train was waiting for me.

About three hours later I arrived at Springfield. I watched there and saw my trunk being unloaded from the baggage car. While I was so engaged, a young man in shirt sleeves came

up to me and said, "Are you perhaps a new student here to enter Concordia Seminary?" I replied, "I am." He said, "I can save you ten cents on delivery charges to haul your trunk out to the college. The baggage delivery company will charge you a quarter for delivering your trunk, and delivery may not be made until tomorrow morning. I will haul it for you and take you along in my cart for fifteen cents." I was indeed glad for his offer and gave him the fifteen cents, and my baggage claim ticket. He loaded my trunk on his one-horse cart and away we drove to the Seminary.

He was himself a student at Concordia. He was an ex-soldier from the Spanish American War. He had been in the Philippines. After his discharge from the Army he had decided to become a Lutheran pastor. However, he did not have the means to pay for his board and room and at that time our American Government did not pay for ex-soldiers' education as it so liberally does today. The dean of the Seminary had given him employment at the college through the summer months, keeping the lawn cut and doing errands, and now he had loaned him the cart and the use of the college horse to haul the trunks of the arriving students, thereby earning a little extra for himself. The name by which he was called was Cap. Schlieser.

After his enlistment was up and he returned from the Philippines, he brought back with him a young Philippino by name of Angelo Pulido. This young native wanted to prepare himself in America to become a Lutheran Missionary to his countrymen. However, his ambition was never realized. He remained at the Seminary for a number of years and then disappeared; no one seems to know whereto. After Cap. Schlieser's graduation, he became the first Army Chaplain of the Missouri Synod of the Lutheran Church, and was stationed somewhere in Arizona.

After he had delivered my trunk and had stored it in the basement of the Seminary, Cap. Schlieser took me to the Dean of the College, who was then called in German, "Herr Direcktor." His name was Professor Reinhold Pieper. He was a Pommeranian from the Old Country. He had been the pastor of a large Pommeranian Congregation in Wisconsin, previous to his call as Professor at the Springfield Seminary. He was not only an efficient teacher of Theology, but a strict disciplinarian.

I did not have him for my teacher until two years later. For I was entered into the lowest of the Pro-seminary classes. My teachers in the Pro-seminary were Streckfus, Simon, and Wessel. Under Professor Streckfus I had German, Latin and Religion. Under Magister Simon I was taught ancient history, geography

and caligraphy, called "Schoen-Schreiben" in German. Professor Wessel taught us modern history, arithmetic, English grammar, composition, and spelling.

I had very little trouble in getting the German part of my studies, but the English branches gave me trouble without end. Even now, the English language is being murdered, even by Radio Announcers in Texas. In my time it was far worse. I used such phrases as, "I done did it," and wondered why everybody in my class, and even Professor Wessel, burst out laughing. My compositions were humorous reading because they were spiced with "hain'ts," and "disterways" and "dasterways" and "you-allses." But at the end of the first school year I was pleasantly surprised, because somehow I had made the grade and was promoted to the Upper Pro-seminary class.

It may interest you to know now much it cost my parents to send me to college in those days. The tuition for ministerial students was free, paid by the Missouri Synod. Students who were preparing for other professions paid $40.00 per annum. Board and room cost us $68.00 a year. A yearly deposit of $10.00 for hispital and physician and a $5.00 deposit for possible damages had to be made annually. At present the cost runs to about $500.00 annually.

Dad sent me $1.00 a month for pocket money, but I managed to earn about 50¢ a week besides this by cleaning hall windows, mowing lawn, and in doing other chores for students that were beffer fixed in a financial manner. For all college chores were done by the students. There were no janitors for the college buildings in those days. The students did all the work, even to the washing of dishes and setting the tables in the kitchen and dining hall. Every student, from the lowest to the highest class, had his assignment of work to do. He had to do it himself or pay another student for doing it for him. The going rate of pay, however, was very low: ten cents an hour. But there were a large number of poor boys always happy to earn even that much.

Dad and mother were so strapped for cash during my first year at the Seminary that they could not afford the $36.00 for a round-trip fare home and back to college. A classmate of mine begged me to come along with him to Wisconsin. He assured me of being able to find work for the two months of summer vacation.

On this trip I learned to know what sea-sickness is like. For at Chicago, we boarded a Lake Michigan steamboat to take us

to Milwaukee, Wisconsin. The trip was but seventy-five miles, but it was a rough, windy day and we had gorged ourselves with ice cream and pie. As soon as land was out of sight, we began to feel strange in the pits of our stomachs. The farther out we got into than inland sea, the higher grew the swells. All at once my friend rushed to the railing of the ship, crying out something that sounded like "Ney York," and I saw his breakfast shooting out over the railing into Lake Michigan to feed the fish.

I got a good laugh out of his frantic actions, but soon after, I had to follow suit. Within an hour we were both so sick and miserable that we would have welcomed death in order to be relieved. We had not engaged a cabin and therefore we had no place where we could lay down. There were not many passengers around, so at last we lay down in one of the aisles of the upper deck where we fell asleep. We slept undisturbed for about an hour, when the deep-voiced whistle of the steamer awakened us just as the pilot was easing the ship to the Milwaukee wharf.

We were just like two teenagers, coming out of a drunken jag, when at last we came off the ship with our hand luggage. My friend was so dazed that he forgot that the railroad depot was but a little more than a block away. We entered one of the many horse-drawn cabs, paid the driver 50¢ each, and drove around the first street corner to the depot, where within an hour we boarded a train for my friend's home.

He lived in Town Ashipun, Wisconsin. His name was Julius Uhlmann. His home was in the clay hills of Wisconsin, about twelve miles north of Water Town. We got off the train at Oconomowock, Wisconsin. We were met there by his brother-in-law in a surry, drawn by the largest team of gray horses I had ever seen. They had hoofs as large around as large dinner plates. This team hauled us to my friend's home in short order. His mother met us at the yard gate. She was a widow and a wonderfully kind woman. She did not only make me feel welcome and at home, but she treated me as though I had been one of her own sons.

It was just haying time in that wonderful dairy country. The regular hired hands were paid $40.00 a month besides their board and room. Also they were furnished a horse and buggy for their personal use. A neighbor of the Uhlmann's came over the very first night and when he heard that I wanted work for the summer, he told me that I could help him with his haying and harvesting at a dollar a day with Sundays off. I told him that I

knew nothing about harvesting and that I had but milked a cow now and then. But he said that I could learn all that in a short time, and urged and urged me to say yes. Finally I gave in and promised to begin work for him on the coming Monday.

After he was gone, Mrs. Uhlmann said to me: "It is a shame that we did not warn you against him. He is one of those farmers that can't keep a hired hand for more than a month or two. Nobody in this part of the country will work for him." However, I had promised him and I did not wish to break my word. He lived just a quarter of a mile south of the Uhlmann homestead, which made it very handy for me to go to church with them on a Sunday morning and to spend Sunday afternoon with my friend.

When Monday morning came, I went over to his place promptly at seven o'clock. He was waiting for me, the team hitched up and ready to go. We went out to the hay field which was on a gullied hillside, and there he and I worked until ten o'clock, piling clover hay into small piles out of the window. He had cut the hay on Saturday morning and on Saturday afternoon he had raked it into long wind rows. He was very particular in getting the hay piled while it was yet damp with the morning's dew, so the leaves would not be blown away from the clover stems.

Punctually at ten o'clock his wife, who by the way was a wonderful Christian housewife, came to the field with hot coffee and lunch. I was almost pooped in the hot summer sun, not being used to work; and that lunch and coffee saved the day for me. I will never forget how good it all tasted and it tided me over to the noon-day lunch, which we ate at his home at 12:00 noon.

After we had eaten it, he showed me how to harness the horses to the hayrick. Then we returned to the field and there we loaded and hauled home and unloaded five loads of clover hay. He went into the almost empty barn loft to place and spread the hay as it was being dumped into the hay mow. In the meantime, I hitched one horse to the hay fork rope with the other end of the rope hanging down on top of the load of hay and a large steel hook hooked into the ring of the sling, which contained one-third of the load. When the horse was driven downhill with the hay rope, the rope on a pulley pulled the sling full of hay up, and up, until it reached the end of a steel track on which the slingful of hay was then pulled into the barn and dropped, when the farmer yelled, "okay."

The dropping of the hay was done by means of a light rope, which tripped a release on the hook of the sling which held

the hay. There were three such slings to the load. The slings were made of three lengths of strong half-inch manilla rope, fastened to three ash-slatts, which were laid crosswise to the ropes. It required three hands to operate this unloading of a hay-rick: one in the barn, another on the load of hay, and a third to drive the horse, which pulled the hay-fork rope. Usually the farmer's wife performed this chore.

I was not adept at pulling the release rope, at first, with the result that the hay was released too late and consequently it did not fall in the hay-mow where the farmer wanted it to fall. When this happened I usually heard quite a bit of low German language, which did not sound at all like words of blessing to me. After the first day of unloading hay, I improved in doing the job with the tripp-rope.

This farmer had forty acres of clover hay to cut, rake, pile and haul into his eighty by forty hay-mow. We were busy with haying for about two weeks before the harvesting began. Besides the haying every day, there was the milking. For that I was awakened promptly every morning at 4:30. Sometimes when the farmer called me at that early hour, I felt as though I had just gone to sleep. And as a matter of fact, I never got my eight hours of sleep. For, after the milking, which usually took from an hour and a half to two hours, there were other chores to do, such as slopping the hogs, cleaning the horse and cow stalls, putting new bedding in the horse stalls, and feeding both horses and cows.

It was usually eight o'clock in the evening before we ate our supper. And when it looked like rain Mr. Krueger, that was the farmer's name, would say, "Es schaut nach Donner-Wetter aus; ich denke wir holen noch eine Fuhre Heu heim." In English, "It looks as though we may have a thunderstorm; we better get in another load of hay." And there was no time and a half pay for that overtime either. It meant just that much more clover hay for the farmer, and for me it meant to harness and hitch up the team once more and to unhitch and unharness it again after the load of hay had been gotten into the hallway of the huge barn.

It was usually 10:30 before I got to bed. And the worst of it was that usually the thunderstorm would not even come near the farm. However, retribution came for that greedy work-horse of a farmer.

One Saturday evening after supper, it was again lightening in the northwest and in spite of the fact that company had come to

his home, the brother-in-law and his family had driven on the place as we were eating supper, for an all night's stay over and a Sunday's visit. He asked his brother-in-law whether he would help him load the hay. The brother-in-law said, "I am in my Sunday clothes." But Mr. Krueger replied, "I have plenty of work clothes to fit you." And so the visitor changed clothes while I harnessed and hitched the team to the hay-rick. Then we trotted out to the hay field and after I had laid down the first sling, they piled hay on me so fast from both sides of the wagon that they almost buried me. I called to them and said, "I cannot load the wagon evenly unless you slow up a bit." But they paid me no heed. As a result the down side of the hay-rick got the heaviest part of the load.

After I had placed the third sling on the two-thirds filled wagon, they pitched on more and more hay until the load was peaked and very top heavy. Then they told me to drive the load home. However, quartering through the hay field was a water break, a shallow ditch which was laid out so that it would catch the water that came down the slope, and lead it off gradually so that it would not wash gullies into the field.

I stopped the team a little way before I came to that ditch and told Mr. Krueger that I was afraid the load was too top heavy to cross that ditch. He replied, "I will lead the team across. He did, and he did not lead the team so that both front wheels hit the ditch squarely at the same time. The down side wheel hit first, and the load being mostly on the down side also, caused the heavy load to tip and to turn completely over on its side. The horses wanted to run away when this happened, but I had the lines tightly wrapped around my fists and I was half buried by the hay, and Mr. Krueger held the horses by their bridles and talked to them, while his brother-in-law quickly unhitched their traces.

Luckily I was not hurt, and so after the horses were free from the wagon-tongue we walked home in silence. I felt like hurahing, but I didn't. And that night the thunderstorm struck with all its might and reduced the tumbled hay in the hay-rick to a sodden mass for Mr. Krueger and his brother-in-law to untangle the next afternoon. We watched them doing this from Mrs. Uhlmann's lawn and for once we were what we say in German, "Schadenfroh." There is no one word which will adequately translate that German word. But circumscribed, it means, to rejoice over another's misfortune.

After the farmer and his company had freed the wagon and had set it upon its four wheels again, they loaded the ruined hay on it and hauled into the farmer's feed lot to let the cows get

what they could out of it and to use the rest for bedding the horse and cow stalls.

Mr. Krueger had twenty-nine milk cows in his herd. Most of them were grade Holsteins giving three gallons and more to the milking. As I said before, I had not milked much at home. And therefore, I had to learn doing it. At first I was given but three easy milking cows. After I had caught on a little, the farmer added more and more, until at last I milked my quota of nine cows every morning and evening. The other eighteen were milked by him and his wife.

The milk was poured into ten-gallon cans and while the rest of the family ate breakfast or supper, depending upon the time of the day, the old grandfather of the clan, a Mr. Zarling, hauled the milk to the cheese factory of the township, which was about a mile and a half south of the Krueger farm on the road to Water Town. After his cans had been emptied there and the weight of the milk had been duly recorded in the factory's books, Mr. Zarling was given a receipt and then his milk cans, about two-thirds of them were filled with whey, the watery part of the milk from which the milk solids had been removed for the cheese making. This whey was valuable hog and calf feed.

The old grandfather mixed one batch for the calves which were hand fed out of a bucket. This batch was mixed with a commercial brand of calf meal. The second batch of whey was mixed with the gritts of ground rye and barley, with a certain percentage of wheat-shorts. This mixture was put into three large whiskey barrels which had one end open and stood three in a row on a wooden platform alongside of the pig-pen. The mash was left to ferment until it smelled like a brewery around there, and then it was fed by the bucket fulls to the hogs on the farm. They certainly went for it and thrived on it. I have never tasted any better hams and bacon than that fattened on this whey and grain mixture.

I had never worked so hard in all my life as I did on that Wisconsin farm. Nor have I ever worked as hard since. I always have been a hearty eater, but I ate more at that home that I had eaten before, or have since that time. Mrs. Krueger was a wonderful cook. She knew how to season the food just right and the variety of food which she put on the table was simply astounding. And I ate like a pig, but Mr. Krueger could out-eat me. I would finish five minutes before he put the last morsel into his mouth.

It irked him so when I sat there doing nothing that he would say to me whilst chewing his food, "you can go and hitch the

team to the hay-rick." I told him, "I am not used to leaving the table before giving thanks for the food and drink." His reply was, "we can do that right now: let us pray." I ate slower after that, but it did not much good. He watched me like a hawk, and as soon as my plate was about empty, he would say to us: "Now let us pray," and then I had to go and get ready for his coming.

When my first month was up, I asked for my wages. He said to me: "Your wages are not due until your two months are up, and that is at the end of August." I told him: "If I don't get my wages I am quitting right now," and I walked to the house to get my clothes. That made him very angry and he called after me: "If you leave me now you will never get a cent of your wages, because you are breaking your agreement with me." I told him, "All right, keep the wages, but I am not coming back."

I walked up to my bedroom and packed my clothes. When I came down the stairway I was waylaid by the old grandfather. He begged me to stay on. He was a fine old gentleman and I hated to disappoint him. Mrs. Krueger came also and begged me to stay. Finally I told them that I would stay, provided Mr. Krueger would pay me my month's wages now, and provided also that hereafter I would have to work only from five to seven o'clock, that is fourteen hours a day, and provided that I would be paid $35.00 for my last months of work. After I have given him this ultimatum, the father-in-law and wife went and relayed my offer to Mr. Krueger. After much palavering in low German, he at last agreed to my stipulations.

His wife went to his bed chamber and out of his purse counted out to me $26.00. I carried my suitcase back into my bedroom and told Mrs. Krueger that I would be back at five o'clock on Monday morning, and then I went to my friend's home. When Mrs. Uhlmann had heard my story, she said in German: "Du hast recht getan! So ein Geizhals ist kein Knecht wert!" In English: "You have done the right thing. Such a tight wad is not worthy of a hired hand."

When I went back to the Krueger farm at five o'clock on Monday morning, my boss was all smiles. We had no more argument, and I was treated well during my last month's stay. I was paid thirty-five dollars for my last month's work. From that I gathered that my work had been satisfactory. That it had been can also be seen from the further fact that he wrote me a letter in May of the next spring, offering me employment for my next summer vacation at $40.00 per month. However, I went home for my vacation in the summer of 1904.

Having graduated from the Pro-seminary of the college in June of 1904, I entered the third Seminary Class proper, in the fall of that year. Shortly after the classes had begun, I received a letter from my old Lutheran Parochial School Teacher, Mr. Rudolf Lorenz. He had learned in some manner that I was a student at Springfield, and he was stationed at the time in St. John's Lutheran School at Decatur, Illinois, only thirty-eight miles to the east of Springfield. He invited me to spend my Christmas vacation at his home. I was only too glad to accept his invitation.

While I was at his home, I became acquainted with a son of the pastor of St. John's Lutheran Church in Decatur. The pastor's name was William Heyne; his son was named Edwin. Edwin was a student at Concordia Seminary of St. Louis, Missouri at the time. We became fast friends and we remained friends for life. He passed away shortly before I began to write my family's history.

It so happened that whilst I was in Decatur for the Christmas vacation, one of the eight teachers of St. John's School accepted a call to Evansville, Indiana. He had been teaching the fifth grade class. Pastor Heyne asked me whether I would not help them out until they could secure another man in his place. I told him that I would be glad to, if the arrangement could be satisfactorily made with the Dean of my college. He replied that he would take care of all that for he was a Director of the Springfield Seminary.

On New Year's Day of 1905, he brought me word that the Dean of Concordia Seminary, Professor Reinhold Pieper, had granted the permission for me to take over the fifth grade of St. John's Lutheran School, with the stipulation that I would have to be back in my class after the Easter vacation in 1905, if I intended to make my class in June.

The teacher who had been called away, a certain Mr. Schuelke, had been a poor disciplinarian. For that reason my first day of school was a horrible experience for me. After the opening devotions, I assigned the lessons to the class, but while I was speaking the pupils began to stomp their feet upon the floor and make catcalls to such an extent that I could barely hear my own voice. I was completely at a loss as what to do. I tried to talk the class out of what they were doing, but every time I opened my mouth, they again began their noise-making.

Finally I appealed to the school's principal, Mr. J. T. Link. He later became one of the well-known and honored instructors at our Seward, Nebraska Teachers College. He came down to my

room and told the class that the pupils would have to behave or look forward to being punished, yes, perhaps even to be expelled from the school. They quietly listened to him, but as soon as he had again gone up to his classroom, bedlam again broke out.

That entire day was wasted and when closing time came I was ready to go back to Springfield. But my old teacher, Mr. Lorenz, said to me: "Don't give up the ship now; for if you do, discipline in that class will be a thing of the past. Stick it out!" Also, he took me to a saddle and harness shop and bought a twisted pig-skin riding whip. It was about a yard long. With his pocket knife he cut off the butt end of that whip--about twelve inches of it. The remaining two feet of that whip was supple like a steel spring. He said to me: "When they begin to make noise tomorrow morning, wade right into the noisiest part of the room and grab the biggest boy by the scruff of the neck and whale the tar out of him. Then go back to your desk and give your orders again, and if they again make noise, just repeat the procedure for as long as it is necessary." Also he advised me to keep the whip under lock and key at all times, or else they would steal it or cut it up.

On the next morning all went well until the devotional period was over and recitals were to begin. As soon as I called for the first pupil to recite his Bible verses, the noise began as before. I did not waste any words, but taking my new whip in hand, I went to the corner where the worst noice was being made. There sat an overgrown, stupid looking boy, who must have been at least fourteen years old. Him I grabed by the collar of his coat and whipped him until he bawled like a frightened calf. At last I turned him loose and returned to my desk and repeated my order, for the first pupil to recite.

Again the noise began, but not nearly as loud this time. I again got up, whip in hand, and walked down another aisle and repeated my former procedure. After this, there was some semblance of order. But before the day was over, I had whipped eighteen of the worst offenders, out of a total of about sixty.

Before the close of that second day of my teaching, I held the upper hand. About ten minutes before closing time, when all pupils had been heard and had received their assignments for the next day, I gave the class a lecture in which I laid down hard and fast rules which later I reduced to writing on one of the smaller blackboards of the school room. The penalties were listed for each transgression: ten strokes across the buttock for lying, stealing,

cursing, the use of foul language, and every kind of deliberate noise making. Yes, some of the nervier boys tried me out. I had to whip again and again for a week or two. But when the class knew that I meant business and that with me there was no respect of persons, order and discipline returned to that classroom. Before the three months of my stay in St. John's School had expired, I had the respect and even the love of most of the pupils of the class. I did not forget to use the apple as well as the rod in maintaining discipline.

It was during this time also that I began to notice and to admire from a distance an Alto Singer of the church choir, which I had joined. She was a sedate and beautiful blond of about my own age. Through my friend, Edwin Heyne, who had access to the church register of St. John's Congregation, I learned that she was born at Decatur on January 24, 1885. I sought an introduction to her in order to ask her for a date. However, she evaded me as though I were something poisonous.

My friend Edwin and I tried to way lay her and her friend, Miss Annie Bredlau, but we did not succeed. The two girls were in the habit of attending church during the Lenten season, not only at St. John's, but also at St. Paul's Lutheran Church in Decatur. These services were being held on different days of the week. We attended these services also, in the hope of being able to accompany them home after the services. We got close enough to them, at one time, to ask them if they would not take a refreshment with us at a soda fountain in one of the drugstores which we passed on the way home. But they kindly refused our offer.

And so it went, week after week, without getting any closer to our goal. Finally my friend said to me, "Why don't you write her a letter and ask her for a date." A choir party was coming up during Easter. So at last, in desperation, I wrote a letter to her and asked her permission to let me accompany her to the party which the choir of the congregation had planned for the new teacher who was to succeed me. The new teacher's name was Meyer. He was to be welcomed by the choir in a party on Easter Monday evening.

Two weeks went by after I had addressed that letter in a blue envelope to Miss Martha Naguschewski at 1224 North Clayton Street, Decatur, Illinois, and as yet there was no reply. I had already despaired of receiving an answer and had packed my suitcase for my return to Springfield, when at last, on Maundy Thursday

afternoon the postman brought me a letter containing the briefest note, saying that my offer had been received and accepted. That she would be ready at seven o'clock on Easter Monday evening to accompany me to the choir's welcome party.

I immediately went to a green-house, as most flower shops were called at that time, and ordered a bouquet of rosebuds to be sent out to her home to wear on Easter Sunday morning. My friend Edwin helped me to select the boutonniere of three rosebuds--one white, the other red, and the third yellow. He said, "If she wears the white one, that will be for Easter; if she wears the red one, that will be for love; and if she wears the yellow one, everything will be off."

Well, when we arrived at church that Easter morning, she was wearing all three of the small rosebuds, and so I was neither encouraged nor discouraged. However, I had my date with her as well as her promise that she would correspond with me by mail after I had gone back.

I left for Springfield early on Tuesday morning after Easter, on the first Inter Urban Car that left Decatur for Springfield and soon I was back in my class, trying to make up for the time I had lost whilst teaching in Decatur. With many an extra hour's of studying, I made a passable grade in the final examinations of my class and was promoted to the second Seminary Class Proper. Before I left for Houston, Texas to spend my vacation with my folks on our farm home in the Klein community, I returned to Decatur for a short visit with my girlfriend and her folks.

The name of her parents were Mr. Adam and Mrs. Auguste Naguschewski. The Naguschweskis had come to Decatur from Germany in 1880. Mr. Adam Naguschewski had been born at Rauden, Deutsch Eylau in West Prusia on May the sixth, 1839. Mrs. Auguste Schultz Naguschewski was born at Freudenthal, Deutsch Eylau on the seventh of February, 1850. The oldest sister, Henrietta Naguschewski, was seven years of age at the time they came from the Old Country.

Four other children were born to the Naguschewskis after they settled in America. A son named George, whom I met for the first time this last summer whilst we were visiting in California, was then living in Phoenix, Arizona. He is now living in Palo Alto, California. He is two years older than Miss Martha Naguschewski.

After Miss Martha, two other girls were born to the Naguschewski family; namely, Miss Emma, who passed away several years ago in California, and Miss Helen, who is now twice over my sister-in-law, since after her widowhood she married my widowed brother.

Mr. Naguschewski was employed as a blacksmith in the Wabash Railroad shops of Decatur. He worked there unto the day of his death. Miss Henrietta, the oldest daughter, was employed by a Dr. Brown for years before her marriage to Mr. Albert Bressem.

When I called on the Naguschewski family in June, before I left for home on my summer vacation, I was received with open hearts and hands by everyone, except by my lady love. O, she was friendly enough, but in no way enthusiastic and affectionate. However, she again promised to write to me when at last I left for my home.

And, she did write but her answers to my fervent love letters came very slowly. Usually two weeks between my letter and her answer to it elapsed. I was planning to return to Springfield to resume my studies at the beginning of September, when I received a letter from an uncle of mine asking me to take over a vacant congregation in Lee County, Texas, and serve it as a Vicar for the nine months from September to the beginning of June in 1906. My uncle, Fred Wunderlich, was the supply Pastor for Christ Lutheran Church of Loebau, Texas, about five miles to the east of Lincoln, Texas, where he had his own church and congregation.

I was to teach school five days a week and preach every Sunday; one Sunday in Loebau and the next Sunday for him at Lincoln whilst he would then preach for Christ in Loebau. That was a great help for him, for then he did not have to write a new sermon for every Sunday, but only for every other Sunday. But it meant also that I had to write and memorize a new sermon every two weeks, and for me who had unto that time preached but two sermons, this was indeed a heavy chore. However, it was at the same time good training for me.

Uncle Fred Wunderlich had married my mother's youngest sister, Miss Bertha Klein. They had a raft of children. I have already mentioned one of these in a previous article, namely, William Wunderlich, the oldest son of the family, who had been in Uncle Adam Klein's home in Chattanooga, Tennessee together with Theodor Wilder and myself. My cousin Will was still in Chattanooga at the time.

He had made that city his home. It proved later to have been a sad mistake, for he was stabbed to death by a fellow core-maker in a fit of anger.

But to return to my story. The other Wunderlich children at home in Lincoln at the time were the daughters: Alma, Ella, Renata, and Frieda. The boys were Traugott, Theophiel, Arthur, Walter, and Lorenz. Whenever it was my turn to preach in Lincoln, I spent all day on Saturday and Sunday with my Aunt Bertha and her children, who were my cousins.

I had a wonderful time in their company. Uncle usually was busy in his study in the meantime, or else out visiting the sick of the congregation. And in those days, there were always a great number of people sick in the fall of the year with malaria fever among the older folk, and diarrhea, called summer-complaint at the time, among the children. There were few good wells in Lee County at that time, and the cistern water, rain water from the roof, caught in galvanized tanks, or else in dug holes, lined with brick or concrete, was in many cases unsanitary late in the summer and fall months of the year. Only a few of them were equipped with charcoal filters. Only the best ones had insect tight covers over them. Many of them were infested with the larva of mosquitos, the carriers of malaria fever.

Uncle had made all the necessary arrangements with the Dean of my college for setting out a year. Also he had found a boarding place for me with a family, only a quarter of a mile distant from the church and parsonage of Christ congregation. The family where I was to eat my meals was the William Boettcher family, who were as fine a family as I have ever met in all my life. I was treated by them as one of the family.

They were one of the wealthier members of the Christ Church. And there were very few of such. Most of the members of the congregation were renting cotton farmers who lived under the slavery of chattel mortgages and abject poverty. They bought on credit all year, paying ten per cent interest on their bills, until at last the cotton crop, if there were one, paid for these. Many a family never got out of debt as long as they lived. At the end of the year they still owed something on their store bills and had to mortgage everything they owned, as well as the crop for the New Year, to the storekeeper, where they did their trading.

The only worthwhile crop which these tenent farmers raised was their children. They usually had enough of these to pick

every lock out of their cotton patches, and to cut all the blood weeds out of their fence rows to feed the hogs. It was only after all the cotton had been picked that these children came to attend my school.

Some families had four children attending my classes. And here in Loebau, I found the same circumstances prevailing that had prevailed in the Klein community at the time I began my schooling. Indeed, for though the people knew two languages and spoke them fluently, neither one of these languages was English. No, but they spake but German and Wendish. The Wendish language is very much like the Bohemian. Of that language I did not understand a word. And none of my pupils understood a word of English.

It was a pitiful situation. Of course I knew German as well, or even better, than they did but I realized that the time would come when these children would have to know English. I immediately introduced it in my school and was roundly scolded by the mothers and grandmothers of the congregation for doing so. But I insisted on English reading and writing, though the pupils did not understand the meaning of a single word they read or spake.

Now, many of these my former students are spread over the state. Some are in Austin, others in Houston, Port Arthur, and San Antonio. I know that these are thankful that they learned to read and write in the English tongue, even though they did not learn to speak it until they moved out of Lee County.

To my surprise I found forty years later, when I visited the William Boettcher home once again, that his wife and daughter, for he had passed away in the meantime, still spoke a very broken English and asked me whether I could not still speak German. Yes! and to this day the little children in Loebau speak a fluent German, and in the Wendt tongue but a broken English. And as it is in Loebau, so it is in Lincoln, and in Mannheim, and in Serbin, and Warda. All these towns are still strongholds of the German and Wendt tongue. Even some Negroes of those communities learned to speak German.

On my arrival at the Boettcher home, I spent the first night in their home. On the next day, Mr. Boettcher, who was one of the Elders of the congregation, took me over to the parsonage where I found the study equipped with a table, a chair, and some shelves for my books. One of the bedrooms was furnished with a single bed, a wash stand with a huge wash bowl and pitcher, and a

small mirror hanging on the wall, and a chair. Under the stairway which led to the attic, there was a dark closet where I could hang my gown and my clothes. I slept in the parsonage and lived there after that time.

It was a lonesome year that I spent in the service of the congregation that fall, winter and spring. My school did not open until after the cotton had been picked out of the fields, about the middle of October. Mr. Boettcher, on my first Sunday in church, introduced me to some of the people as they arrived there in their farm wagons. There were only a few who came to church in buggys. The church was filled to the very last seat on that first Sunday. They all wanted to see whether the new Vicar was able to preach.

After the services were over, I was introduced to the members who had arrived too late to meet me before the services began. The names were all very strange to me, for most of the people were Wendts. The Germans were Boettchers, Schultzes, Sohns, Moerbes, and a Mr. Bachmann. The Wendts were Rackels, Mitchkes, Schelnicks, Fritches, Iselts, Mattijetses, Mattitzas, Pampels, and a few others whose names I cannot now recall. Mr. Boettcher borrowed me a horse and a buggy to make my trips to Lincoln when I preached there, until later on in the fall when at last I induced my brother Fred to ride up to Loebau from Klein, Texas, and bring me my saddle pony so I could ride back and forth.

He rode all the way to Hempstead the first day. The second day he made the distance from Hempstead across the Brazos River, through Chapple Hill into Brenham, where he spent the second night, and on the third day he came through Burton to Giddings and from there to Loebau. He was all worn out and saddle weary when at last he arrived. I took him back to Giddings some days later where he took the train back to Houston, where he was met by dad and taken back home.

That year in Loebau was one of the most pleasant years of my entire life. My work in the pulpit and in the school room was appreciated by those crude country people. My pupils loved me and I them. We were sorry all around when the year came to a close, and I preached my last sermon there on the last Sunday of June, 1906. Was it my last sermon? We thought so then, but in a little more than two years later I was in Loebau again, but not as the Vicar but as the Pastor of Christ congregation. But of that I shall say more in a later chapter.