But he only remembered that I had taken my wallet out to pay him. He had not noticed that I had left it lying on the counter, but I remembered that fact all at once, and there was no wallet on the counter. Where had it gone? What had happened to it?

Mr. Fritsche solved that question for me. He said, "There were two Negro boys in the store when you paid me." I now remembered that fact also. Immediately he went to the telephone and called the sheriff's office and told him what had happened. In ten minutes, perhaps less, the sheriff walked into the store. When he had heard the details of the story, he told me to follow him. Doing so he ran out on the sidewalk and just then a delivery wagon of the Grange Store passed by. He halted the driver and told me to jump into the back of the wagon, he himself climbing into the driver's seat so fast that I had not gotten into the back altogether when he whipped up the team of the delivery wagon and went galloping toward the Negro town of Giddings, located to the northwest of the town.

He told me to keep my eyes open and to tell him at once if and when I would see anyone running. He rounded a corner and there was one of the two Negroes. He started to run, but the sheriff pulled his gun and yelled at the Negro to halt or take a bullet in the back. The Negro stopped suddenly with his hands held high into the air.

The sheriff quickly slapped handcuffs on the boy and asked him where his companion was. The Negro acted as though he knew nothing about a partner. The sheriff thereupon ordered the Negro into the back of the delivery wagon and again took the lines and drove around another street corner, and there was the second Negro whom I had seen in the restaurant. The sheriff arrested him also and bade him to climb into the back of the delivery wagon with the other Negro and myself. Then we rode back into Giddings to Fritsche's restaurant where Mr. Fritsche also identified the two boys as having been in his eating place when the money disappeared.

The sheriff took the two Negroes to the Lee County Jail and locked them up. He found no money on them, but he told me to rest assured that he would get it back. I, however, was not so sure. There was nothing left for me to do except to eat with the seven members who had hauled my household goods into the freight car. They all felt sorry for me but assured me that Sheriff Scarborough was one of the best sheriffs in all Texas and that he would get the money back for me.

And I had to have it, for although I had bought our tickets for Houston before all this happened, I had no money left to buy our railroad tickets from Houston to El Paso. Pastor George Fischer who had heard about my trouble in the meantime, came and told me not to worry but to come to his home and wait for the sheriff's further action. He also assured me that I would have my money back by the next morning.

In the meantime, I saw my wife and baby off on the afternoon train for Houston. She was to stay with my brother Fred and my sister-in-law Kathryne in their beautiful new home which my brother had built for himself on Twentieth Street until I would join her. I did not sleep well on that night in Pastor Fischer's home. I worried all night about the loss of my money.

But about six o'clock on the next morning, there was a knock on Pastor Fischer's front door. I heard voices and then the door was closed again. Pastor Fischer called me to get up and come down. When I did, there on his dining room table lay my wallet, and two hundred dollars in bills, and fourteen dollars and eighty-five cents in silver. I had originally a total of some $228.00 in my purse. The coins were black and brown in color, as though they had passed through a fire. Then Pastor Fischer told me what had happened.

The sheriff had locked up the two Negro boys in separate cells of the county jail so they could not confer together. Also, he kept on questioning them, one after another, and comparing their statements, found that both were lying to him. At last, he used a trick. He asked some of his deputies to get on their horses and gallop around the jail, yelling to one another, "Let's go and get them and string them up!" These deputies made so much noise that the Negroes were afraid that a mob was forming at the jail to get them out and to lynch them.

Finally, the younger of the two asked the sheriff if he would protect him from the mob if he would tell the sheriff where he could find the money. The sheriff told him, "If you tell me where the money is hidden, the mob will have to get you over my dead body. And it knows better than to kill a sheriff." The trick worked: the young Negro told the sheriff that the purse and most of the money was hidden under some rocks in a certain draw or gulley behind the Negro quarters of the town. The sheriff then went to the other cell and told the other prisoner that his partner in crime had confessed. He, thereupon, confessed also and the sheriff and his deputies took both of them out of

jail to show the sheriff where the money was hidden. The first Negro arrested had hidden his share and the purse under some rocks in the draw as the younger of the two had reported to the sheriff. The other Negro boy had kept his share until he had heard the sheriff yelling at the first one to stop, or take a bullet in his back. Hearing that threat, he threw his handful of bills over a fence in some back yard of Negro town, and the silver he threw into the seat hole of an outside privey. That is why the coins were brown and black in color, stained by the acid of the privey. All this money was recovered by the two culprits, also the bills thrown over the fence. However, some few bills were missing, perhaps blown away by wind or missed in the search at night.

I now took the money which had been restored to me to the bank and deposited it to my account, after leaving fifteen dollars as a reward for the sheriff and his deputies. After thanking every one for their helpfulness in my trouble, I took the train for Houston to tell my wife and my brothers Carl and Fred of the good news that the lost money had been found and restored unto me.

A sequel to the happening stated above took place some three months later, after I had been settled in El Paso. One Sunday morning in church, just as I was ending my sermon, a man in a policeman's uniform walked in and sat down in a back bench of the church. I had hardly gotten down from my pulpit when he came into the vestry and handed me an envelope, saying, "This is a summons from Lee County, Texas. You are to appear in the District Court of Lee County on Tuesday morning of this week at nine o'clock." I answered him, "I cannot possibly be at Giddings by that time. There is no train leaving here for Houston until this evening late. It will get me to Houston by eight o'clock on Tuesday morning. But Giddings is a hundred miles to the west of Houston, and I can't possibly get there until in the afternoon some time." "Get there as soon as you can," was his reply. And so I had to leave El Paso on that Sunday evening, after I had borrowed the money for the fare from my father, who was fortunately living in El Paso at the time.

When at last I got to Giddings on the following Tuesday afternoon, I immediately reported to the court in session at the Court House. The judge told me that the police department of El Paso had sent the court a telegram, advising it that I could not possibly be in Giddings at the hour stated in the summons but that I would be there by Tuesday afternoon, and that he therefore had postponed the trial of the two Negroes to Thursday morning at nine

o'clock. That arrangement gave me an extra day which I spent in visiting with the William Boettcher family at Loebau. Mr. Boettcher came and got me on Tuesday evening after I had called him by telephone. He also brought me back to Giddings in time for court at 9 o'clock on Thursday morning and stayed all day, as a spectator in the court room, and again took me home with him on Thursday evening to stay with him over Thursday night.

For the Negroes did not plead guilty, as everyone had thought that they would do, but they had hired a lawyer to defend them. This lawyer wasted much time of the court in challenging prospective jurors. It took all day on Thursday just to select the jury of twelve men.

It was Friday morning before the District Attorney could present his charges. The sheriff, Mr. Fritsche, the restaurant owner, and I were the witnesses. When I had given my testimony and was to be cross-examined, the defendants' attorney jumped up and accused me of having tempted his clients to take the purse by leaving it lie on the counter in plain sight of these poor innocent boys. He told the jury that my negligence was at least as criminal, if not more so, than their act of taking the abandoned purse. However, the jury paid him no heed.

After deliberating only until 9 o'clock on Friday evening, the jury returned a verdict of guilty against both and fixed the time of imprisonment of the older one of the two at four years because he had been in the penitentiary once before, and the time for the younger at two years of hard labor in the Texas Penitentiary at Huntsville.

After the trial had been concluded, the clerk of the District Court called me into his office to get my witness fee of two dollars per day and my milage. I was pleasantly surprised when they paid me eight cents a mile both ways. Although I had not used a pullman, they allowed that also for four nights. I felt like a rich man for once, for I had traveled all the way from El Paso to Giddings on Clergy Fare, which at that time was a cent and a half per mile. At that time every pastor in Texas held a Southwestern Clergy Permit, which entitled the holder to travel half fare on all Texas railroads. It was about five o'clock on Saturday when I got to Houston. I visited with my brother Fred and his wife over Sunday and on Monday evening I again boarded the Sunset Limited for El Paso.

VII

MY MINISTRY IN EL PASO, TEXAS

I was duly installed as Pastor of Zion Lutheran Church of El Paso on the Sunday following my arrival there. Dr. Birkmann of Fedor had delegated Pastor Beyer of Big Spring, Texas to perform the rite. Pastor Beyer many years later became President of the Texas District of the Lutheran Church Missouri Synod. He was at the time the nearest Missouri Synod Pastor to El Paso. Although the nearest ministerial neighbor of mine, he lived four hundred miles northeast of El Paso.

Housing was very scarce in El Paso even in 1910. The congregation did not own a parsonage at that time, so I had to house hunt as soon as I arrived in El Paso. We had our furniture moved to my father's home, where we stored it until at last we found a home of our own.

My father's home was about three and one-half miles east of Zion Church, two blocks south of Alameda Avenue on Rosa Street. I have forgotten the number. But the five-room brick home was just north of the irrigation canal, which served the irrigated farms of the Rio Grande Valley. Just across this canal was a "no man's land," which had at one time been part of Mexico. However, the Rio Grande River had found a new channel farther inland in Mexico and thereby put this section of Mexico north of the River.

By an agreement between the two republics, it was policed by American, or rather the Texas government. Texas Rangers patrolled the dam day and night to keep the wetbacks out and the smugglers from doing too heavy a business. It was not a safe place for Americans to visit after sunset. Greasers from that section stole dad's chickens several times, and his chicken feed, and whatever they could lay their hands on. At last he got a ferocious watch dog to guard the back yard. He kept the thieves out until he was poisoned.

We had to walk two blocks to catch a streetcar when we went to church. Brother Carl and I had to make this trip every day, for I taught school in Zion Church the first year. I had only ten pupils, and two of these were not members of our church. I confirmed four of these pupils the following Palm Sunday, which left only four of the congregation's children to attend the second year.

Because of this small number, the congregation decided to drop the school and to have me teach a catechism class for a half day every Saturday morning.

I solved the housing problem at last by buying a brick home on Fruitas Street. This home was modern in every sense of the word. It even had a bed-in-the-wall behind a large floor-length mirror in the living room. No one was aware of the bed until the mirror was pulled down. The frame of the mirror made the foot for the bed, and the back of the mirror formed the niche for the bed spring and mattress.

I borrowed $500.00 from dad to make the down payment and owed $3,000.00 at 5 per cent interest. Payments were to be $25.00 monthly, besides the interest, which was to be paid semi-annually. My salary was $65.00 a month. We soon realized that we had bitten off more than we could masticate. With the insurance on the house, our payments came to about $40.00 a month, which left us $25.00 a month for utilities, car fare and food.

After six months in the owned home, we moved out to a three room frame dwelling on Alameda Avenue, way out east, just across from a beautiful city cemetery. We had a large front and back yard and the rent was only $10.00 a month. We had light, gas and water but no bathroom and no indoor toilet. But with the rent we were getting for our home on Fruitas Street, we now at least had a living.

We had to walk about four blocks to get to the end of the Alameda Street carline for church and Saturday school. But we were snug and happy in that home; and if we had not been called away to another charge, El Paso would be our home today, for we loved the congregation in El Paso.

The work was very enjoyable. The members were exceedingly nice to us. Most of the members had a "Lunger" in the family. For El Paso had an ideal climate for people who were afflicted with tuberculosis. If the disease had not too much headway, it would in time be arrested by the dry and salubrious climate of El Paso.

One of our members, a sixty year old man from Alma, Kansas, was taken out of the Rock Island train on a stretcher and in less than two years, he was able to walk to church from Highland

Park where he lived. And that was a trip of nearly five miles. I had to do much visiting of the sick, and they were always glad to see me come.

A good many of the more severe cases could not attend church at all. To these I would read my Sunday's sermon every week and also, when they desired it, communed them privately. No one in the congregation ever so much as thought of making trouble for one another, much less for the pastor. I would have like to have stayed in that congregation for a long time, but because the congregation was so small, only eleven voting members in the organization; and because the Mission Board of Texas, then as now, never had enough money to pay decent salaries and therefore had to economize wherever possible, felt that since my family was growing, I ought to consider a call to another congregation.

Such a call came to me from Zion congregation, six miles south of Jefferson City, Missouri. The Mission Board had appealed to all missionaries of Texas to voluntarily reduce their salaries by $5.00 a month. I do not know how many, if any, of the missionaries complied with this request. I took their request to my congregation in El Paso, and they advised me to refuse the cut since it was impossible to comply with it with the living cost in El Paso as high as it was.

Now the call mentioned above came just a short time after I had written the Board that I could not reduce my small and inadequate salary as they wished me to do. No wonder, therefore, that when I wrote them about my call to Jefferson City and asked them for their advice, I was not only told to accept but Pastor George Fischer, then Chairman of the Mission Board of Texas, answered my letter in this way: "Du bist hiermit in Gottes Names an deine neue Gemeinde entlassen, and wir wuenschen dir Gottes reichen Segen in der neuen Gemeinde." In English he said, "You are herewith released to your new congregation in the name of God. We wish you God's richest blessings in your new charge."

In other words, the Mission Board exceeded its authority, for the call was not directed to them but to me. It was my call, and the decision in the matter was mine to make; mine and my congregation's. There was, however, nothing that I could do about it. I went before my congregation in El Paso and told them what had happened. The members were very much aggrieved and the congregation authorized its secretary to write a letter of protest to the

Board. I told them that it would not accomplish anything, but the protest was sent in anyway. Pastor Fischer merely wrote back, "As soon as your congregation is able to pay the pastor's salary in full by yourselves, you may decide this matter for yourselves, but as long as the Mission Board pays half of your pastor's salary, the decision of the Mission Board will stand." This ended my congregation's protest and I was released to my third congregation.

In the meantime, much had happened to us in El Paso. Our second child was born on November 4, 1910. He was baptized on the following Sunday and given the name Albert Traugott. Albert for Albert Bressem, my sister-in-law, Henrietta's husband, who by the way were also two of his sponsors. And we called him Traugott in honor of a cousin of mine, namely Traugott Wunderlich, son of Pastor Fred Wunderlich, who had spent two nine month periods in my father's home while he attended Trinity Lutheran School at Klein, Texas. He and I were like brothers and he later became a Lutheran teacher of St. Louis and Chicago.

Albert's other sponsors at his baptism were Mr. and Mrs. Richard Kretchmar of El Paso, Texas. They were our members and good friends of ours. Albert was about seventeen months old at the time we moved to Missouri. He was a husky armful of humanity from the very beginning. He had one curious habit, after he had learned to walk. Whenever he soiled his diaper, he crawled under that three-room frame house, which we rented across from the cemetery on Alameda Avenue, for that frame house stood on blocks even as so many homes in Texas still do. He would crawl way under the building where the space was too small for his mother or me to pull him out. We had to send Lorenz, our oldest son, after him to pull him out so that mother could change his diaper. Sometimes Lorenz had all he could do to pull his brother out from under. He always had been a boy bound to have his own way. He is still that way today.

It was during the Rebellion in Mexico of General Madero against President Diaz that we lived in El Paso. In fact, the decisive battle in that Rebellion was fought just across the Rio Grande River from El Paso during the time we lived there. President Diaz's forces were holding the Mexican city of Juarez, the Madero forces were encamped to the east, south and west of Juarez.

Before that battle was ended, several months went by. Madero's army was poorly equipped with field guns. They had no modern cannon at all. But they helped themselves to two brass five

inchers, which the American Army had captured from the Mexican forces in the war between the United States and Mexico in 1848. These brass field pieces stood in the Plaza Park in the midst of downtown El Paso.

One morning these cannon had disappeared from the Park. What had become of them? Some of Madero's men had sneaked into the city and had hitched the cannon behind a car and had pulled them down the road at midnight to a road across the River to the east of El Paso. Two days later they had been set up on some hills to the south and east of Juarez and they were being used to send shells into Juarez. We watched that show for a long time. With these two field pieces, the rebels bombarded the government troops in Juarez for several weeks. At night we would see the flash of these guns when they discharged, and a few seconds later we would hear the explosion of the shells in Juarez.

It was the Mexican Bandit Villas who managed to sneak his desperados into Juarez one night along the south banks of the Rio Grande River. After they got into Juarez, there was house to house fighting for a long time. Hundreds of American people watched this fight for Juarez every day from the top of strings or freight cars, lined up along the tracks just north of the River. I, too, watched from there one day as the snipers tried to dislocate the government troops from their strongholds in the city. But when at last some of the volleys from the Mexican Defenders sent Nauser bullets screaming across the River, some actually hitting some of the railroad freight cars along the track, I hurriedly made tracks for home and safety.

The City Authorities protested this shooting across the border to the United States Authorities at Fort Bliss, but little was done to stop the practice. Some people were actually wounded from time to time in El Paso by these stray bullets, but who could tell whether they came from the rebels or from the government troops across the River? The United States had some companies of soldiers stationed along the north banks of the River to guard against un-neutral acts, but also the U. S. Authorities warned the populace of El Paso to stay away from the border and from dangerous exposure.

While in El Paso, I was asked by the General Mission Board of the Missouri Synod to make a trip to Douglas and Bisbee, Arizona and there look up and serve some Lutheran families who had been without spiritual care for many years. There were a number of children in both places who were in need of baptizing. I also preached a sermon in each of the two cities. These services were also

Communion Services. They were conducted in one of the larger homes of the members. Most of them were families from upper Wisconsin and Michigan. The husbands worked in the copper mines of Arizona. As a result of my report to the Mission Board, the Wisconsin Synod of the Lutheran Church, to which most of these families had originally belonged, sent a traveling Missionary into Arizona to serve these forsaken people.

VIII

MY NEW CONGREGATION

SOUTH OF JEFFERSON CITY

Before leaving El Paso, I had told dad that the house which I had bought from Mr. Wall and on which I had made payments for a year was his to do with it as he wished. Hurxthal's, who had rented the property from me, were regular in making their payments of the rent, which was $25.00 a month and was good pay for a house as small as that house was.

Dad did not lose any money on it. Hurxthals lived in it for years. When at last they moved out, dad found a Negro pullman porter who bought it by paying down as much as was still owing on the place and then making monthly payments for the balance. The best part of it was that dad got $5,000.00 for the place, for which I had paid only $3,500.00.

We left El Paso, Texas by taking the Rock Island Railroad to St. Louis, Missouri. Then we took the Wabash Blue Banner for the home of mother in Decatur, Illinois. I took off one Sunday and then I returned to Jefferson City alone, for we had sold all our furniture except my sectional bookcases to Mr. and Mrs. Hurxthal.

In Jefferson City, I bought new furniture from the Walther Furniture and Undertaking Company. The congregation which had called me had suggested to me to sell my furniture in El Paso rather than ship it that long distance to Jefferson City by local freight. They offered to give me $75.00 in cash in lieu of the freight charges they would otherwise have had to pay. With that $75.00 and what I had received from Hurxthal's, I paid for that new furniture. I had

sent our bedding by express and also my books. The congregation paid all that, plus the railroad fare to Jefferson City.

It was on July 12, 1912, that I was installed in Zion Lutheran Church south of Jefferson City. It was a typical Missouri Country Church. The people were mostly Bavarian immigrants from the Old Country. There were a few "Sau Baiern" among them, quarrelsome, blunt-spoken people, but most of them were very nice to us.

We lacked nothing from cheese and buttermilk, to garden sass and fruit. They kept us well supplied with all that, for as long as we stayed in charge of the congregation. The salary paid me there was four hundred dollars per annum. Most of the people were poorly educated, but they were neighborly and friendly. Among them we found such names as Fischers, Loesches, Hartensteins, Rocklemans, Mohrs, Ehrhardts, Muellers, and many others whose names I can no longer recall.

I neglected to say by whom I was installed at Zion. It was by Pastor Heise from Lohmann, Missouri. My neighboring pastors at the time were Pastor William Richter of Jefferson City, about six miles to the north; Pastor William Lehr, who became a life-long friend of mine, nine miles to the east; Pastor Heise, who left for Cook County, Illinois a week after my installation, and was succeeded by Pastor U. Reininga, eight miles to the south; and Pastor William Mueller, about eighteen miles to the west of Zion Church.

This conference, which numbered four more pastors, namely, Pastor John Mueller of Lone Elm, Pastor Karl Lohrmann of Clarks Fork, his father, Pastor Lohrmann of Meta, and Pastor Lewerence of Wooldridge and Jamestown, Missouri, was the most congenial and profitable one in which I held membership in all my life. Most of the little I knew about the art of preaching and of doctrine and of practice, I learned from the essays delivered by the various members of that so-called "Winkel-konferenz," as it was vulgarly called in German. We were all true friends of one another and valued each one's comment, encouragement and frank admonition. Pastor U. Reininga was the only exception to this, and after my time he was unfrocked for unethical and anti-scriptural teaching and practice.

I have forgotten to tell about mother's arrival at Zion. She came about two weeks after I had been installed. By that time

I had purchased another horse and buggy. I had to ask a member to get her and the trunks and my mother-in-law in his spring wagon, for the buggy was too small to hold all of us. A few weeks later my sisters-in-law, the Misses Emma and Helen Naguschewski, and Miss Anna Bredlau, mother's best friend, arrived. I was glad then that we had a two-story home with five bedrooms in which to stow away all that company.

The home was almost new, but it had no bathroom. Those inside conveniences came to the country parsonages at a much later period. I have also forgotten to mention that the stork was on his way to visit us for the third time in our married life. It was during the visit of mother's sisters and friend that our third child, whom we called Helen Emma Anna, was born. She was baptized on the Sunday following her birth in Zion Lutheran Church. Her aunts Emma and Helen Naguschewski and mother's best friend, Miss Anna Bredlaw, were her sponsors.

What I liked especially at Zion was the good squirrel hunting on those shell-bark hickocy ridges, walnut grove valleys, between the ridges, and the fine fishing in the spring-fed Moreau Creek. We went fishing at least once a week during the spring, summer and fall, and I went squirrel hunting several times a week after school, as often as we lacked fresh meat for the frying pan.

On one occasion, while fishing near a ford across the creek, little Lorenz waded out too far in the knee-deep swift water and if grandma Naguschewski had not quickly run in and grabbed him, the swift current would have carried him into dangerous, deep water.

On another fishing trip, we left mother home along. She did not feel up to it to go along, for the time in which Helen was to be born was about up. We did not want to leave her alone, but she insisted that we should go, saying, "If the stork will come while you are away, I will call you home by ringing the church bell." She did have an accident while we were fishing. She fell off the back porch of our home and lay there helpless for quite a while, until she at last was able to crawl up the steps into the house. Had the stork arrived at this time she would have been unable to ring the church bell. It was on this fishing trip that sister-in-law Helen caught the largest fish she has ever caught, a five-pound flathead catfish, of which there were many, and none better than they, in the Moreau Creek.

Our first summer at Zion was a drought stricken season. The small cistern at the front of our home did not hold enough water to last all summer. The elders of the congregation had to fill it with city water which they hauled in threshing machine tanks into that cistern. To save them this chore, the congregation at last decided to build another cistern near the back of the house, for it was at that time impossible to drill for water through hundreds of feet of limestone formations.

A certain Mr. Kestner, a widower of the congregation, was engaged by the congregation to do this work. He was very competent to do the work. He and his assistants dug down about four feet when they struck bedrock. From then on the digging had to be done by blasting. They drilled holes in the limestone formation about eighteen inches deep, filled the holes with blasting powder to a depth of about fifteen inches, inserted a fuse in each hole and then stomped dry clay on trop of the powder charge.

When Mr. Kestner had all the holes fixed for the blast, he would come and warn us that now he was going to light the charge and for us to be ready for the explosion that would follow. He then descended into the pit, lit the fuses, and then with his helpers he would cover the hole with a number of ten-inch saplings cut to the right length to keep the rock fragments from flying all over the place and damaging the house.

But, on one occasion after the hole was about twelve feet down in the rock, he forgot to give the warning. Another member of the congregation who was hauling the rock fragments away as they were dug out of the hole had driven into the yard and had engaged in a conversation with the men employed in digging the hole. He had neglected to tie his team, and Mr. Kestner had forgotten that he had already lit the fuses, when all at once the explosion went off. Little Lorenz had just stepped out of the kitchen door onto the concrete back porch. The escaping air of the blast knocked him to the floor, and the noise of the explosion scared the farmer's team and it took off with the empty wagon.

There was bedlam for a while. Lorenz was yelling at the top of his voice, but he picked himself up and came back into the kitchen unharmed but nearly scared out of his wits. For years after that he was afraid of even gunshots. He went hunting with me quite often into the woods just across the road, but when I got ready to shoot at some squirrel, he would hold up his hands and cover his ears.

The farmer's team had rushed down hill with the empty wagon, and with no driver to guide them had hooked one of the front wheels of the wagon behind a tree, had torn itself loose from the wagon, and had run into the woods until it got tangled up and stopped.

We remained in Zion only a little more than a year. A call had been sent to me from two congregations about 40 miles west of Jefferson City. I had no desire to leave Zion when the call came. However, the two congregations were offering me an increase in salary, which was badly needed. When I presented the call to the Zion congregation, the members voted unanimously for me to disregard it. However, when I asked the congregation to raise my salary to the extent that the other congregations were offering me, only two-thirds of the members agreed to do so.

I then asked the congregation to reconsider its first resolution, and a peaceable dismissal was granted me. We left some of our best friends we ever had at Zion. We visited them quite often, even years and years after we had left them.

IX

MY CONGREGATIONS AT

PLEASANT GROVE AND JAMESTOWN

My predecessor at Pleasant Grove and James Town had been a certain Pastor Lewerence, a son-in-law of Dr. Graebner, Sr., in St. Louis, Missouri. He had accepted a call to a congregation somewhere in Michigan. In later years he was called to be a professor at our college in Fort Wayne, Indiana.

My work was quite complicated at my new charges. I was called to teach the parochial school of Immanuel congregation on Saturdays at Jamestown, which was nine miles to the East of Pleasant Grove. Jamestown was an inland town with no railroad. It was six miles away from the nearest railroad connections. Pleasant Grove was about five miles southeast of Wooldridge, Missouri, which was on the Missouri Pacific River Route to Kansas City from St. Louis. As a result of the demands of both congregations, I had very little time to prepare for my sermons.

However, I had to teach Saturday confirmation classes at Jamestown for only one year. The congregation numbered only about 15 members. After I had confirmed my first class there, there were only scattered children to be instructed and these came to my school in Pleasant Grove, being boarded free by some of my members at Pleasant Grove.

The preaching was arranged so as to alternate. The first, third and fifth Sundays, I was to preach in Pleasant Grove on Sunday morning. The second and fourth Sundays, I was to preach in Jamestown on Sunday mornings. On the Sundays when I was in Jamestown, my congregation in Pleasant Grove would have Lay Services, with one of the elders reading the sermon from one of Dr. Walther's Postils. The first sermon of every month was in English at both places, the other in the German language. This was good practice for me. I had also preached in English once a month in El Paso, but in Zion, south of Jefferson City, English preaching was not wanted.

I was installed in both congregations by Pastor William Mueller of California, Missouri. The congregations at first formed one parish. Pleasant Grove, the far larger of the two congregations, paid me two-thirds, the Jamestown Congregation one-third of my salary. In addition, the Pleasant Grove congregation was to furnish me enough feed for two horses, a cow, and feathered fowl, such as chickens, geese and turkeys. However, when there was a short crop, I usually had to buy my own feed. And that happened very often.

Some of my members in both places were the finest kind of people, and others were nothing to brag about. I will say this in all sincerity that even now I feel that I had both, my best friends and my worst enemies, in Pleasant Grove, Missouri. There was one kinship in that congregation, which had an uncle as pastor of a large congregation in Indiana. Whenever this group of people were not satisfied with what their pastor was doing, they would write to their uncle and tell him all about it. And the uncle, after hearing one side of the affair, would render his judgment and advise his relatives in Missouri what to do.

One of my predecessors, who later was stationed at Pinkneyville in southern Illinois, told me that he had left Pleasant Grove with six hundred dollars of his salary, almost a two years salary, unpaid. It was withheld from him by that group in the congregation, related to the Indiana pastor. This group in my Pleasant Grove

congregation caused me much grief and many a sleepless night.

World War I came along and with it skyrocketing inflation. Within two years I was in debt to the extent of almost a thousand dollars. I asked both of my congregations for a hundred dollars increase in salary and waited two years for that increase. The Jamestown congregation immediately voted to give me an increase of thirty-five dollars, provided that Pleasant Grove pay me the balance of sixty-five dollars. But the Pleasant Grove congregation always tabled the matter to the next quarterly meeting. This was done in spite of the pleas of the Circuit Visitor for the congregation to grant my request, but five times the motion to raise my salary was tabled.

In the first quarterly meeting on New Year's Day of 1918, the ringleader of the opposition party, when my request tabled in the October meeting of 1917, came up for consideration, offered his motion which was immediately seconded by another member of that relationship. That motion made in German read, "Ich schlage vor, Wir wollen unserm Pastor keine Gehalts-zulage bewaehren." In English, "I make the motion that we refuse to grant our pastor an increase in salary." Then a long debate on that motion followed.

The secretary of the congregation asked for the floor and said, "Surely you people don't want such a resolution recorded in your congregational minutes." But he was howled down by the opposing party, though he was himself related to that pastor in Indiana. One of my friends proposed that he and other members would come up with the needed $65.00 to grant my request, but the ringleader of the opposition replied that he had made his resolution willfully and knowingly when he said, "we don't want to give our pastor an increase in salary." For, said he, "If we say we cannot grant him an increase, that would not be the truth. The truth is, we don't want to give him an increase and if some of you give him the $65.00 needed, then I and my friends will give but a dollar a year contribution for as long as he stays here."

That declaration settled it for me. I asked for the floor and told the members not to quarrel over the matter any longer, that I was herewith tendering my resignation to go into effect on January the eighth, when I would preach my farewell sermon. At the same time I told the congregation that I would report what had been done to me to the District Visitor and the President of the Western District of Synod. After that announcement was made, I heard the ringleader of the opposition party say to some of his confederates, "Vat done

we nu?" After I had made that last announcement in my Pleasant Grove congregation, I got on the train and left for Collinsville, Illinois, to see my uncle Adam Klein, who was the pastor of the Collinsville Congregation at that time.

After I had told him my story, he went to his telephone and called the main office of the St. Louis Smelting and Refining Company and asked the superintendent whether he could use an office employee of some kind. He was told that the company needed a time-keeper right then. Uncle told him about me and the superintendent told him to send me out for an interview. After the interview was over, I was told that I was hired at $90.00 a month and to report for work as soon as I could move to Collinsville. That was more than double the pay which I was getting from my two congregations. But before I run away again with my story, I want to say somewhat more about my experiences, good and bad, at Pleasant Grove and Jamestown.

While pastor of those two congregations, the stork found his way for the fourth time into my home. Mother gave birth to a second daughter. We named her Gertrude Henrietta. Gertrude for my only sister, and Henrietta for my oldest sister-in-law, Henrietta Bressem. She too was baptized on the Sunday after she had been born. Her sponsors were Henrietta Bressem, Regina Diehl, Christine Hazel, and Anna Stock. The last three had been just confirmed by me on the Palm Sunday before Gertrude's birth.

Gertrude was born on May 9, 1914. My mother-in-law was one of our family, as in Loebau and Zion, so also here in Pleasant Grove. She took care of this latest addition to our family, even as she had of Lorenz in Loebau, and Helen in Zion by Jefferson City. In fact, she was the chief cook, bread baker, and washer woman in the family, loved and respected by all of us. What would mother have done, and we all, if she had not been with us. She was especially valuable to us in a siege of illness which had attacked us one winter. Whooping cough, even I was stricken with it, and rendered almost speechless at times. It took me six months to get over it. It hit all our children, but little Helen most of all.

Helen developed bronchical pneumonia with the whooping cough and was down in bed for thirteen long weeks. Three separate times we were told by the attending physician that she could not live. The last time he said to me, "I will not return tomorrow, for she will not live through the night." It was then that a kind neighbor woman, not a member of our congregation, asked us whether we

would let her use her household remedies on little Helen. We told her to go ahead and do what she thought best.

First of all, she took whiskey and honey and mixed it together, and set it on the back of the cook stove to keep it hot and easy flowing. Then she took onions, cut them into pieces, and put them into a baking pan to stew in their own juices in the oven. She then cut a sheet of cotton batting into oblong squares, about the size of Helen's chest and back, two oblong squares for chest and back. She backed these squares with sheets of cheesecloth and in between the two bats of cotton for the chest and back, she filled in with about one-half inch in thickness the stewed onions out of the baking pan. She put these poultices as hot as Helen's skin could bear it, one of her back, the other on her chest and wound cheesecloth all around her body to keep the pads in place. Then she put Helen back into her bed and sat up with her all night, giving her a teaspoonful of that whiskey-honey mixture, every fifteen minutes.

Within a few hours her breathing became more regular, and her coughing abated, and before morning came she coughed up gobbs and gobbs of phlegm and her fever left her also. When the doctor arrived on horseback at about noontime and saw her, he could not believe his eyes. He told us that a miracle had taken place and that with good care she would survive. Then he prescribed Hagee's Cod Liver Oil Extract for her, a tablespoon of it every hour, for a week and then five times a day for the next six months.

I saddled Dolly, one of my two horses, and with a wire-clipper in my pocket, I rode to Gooches Mill on the Petite Saline Creek, a small inland trading post, to get the cod liver extract. The deep cuts in the roads were all filled in with drifted snow. Only the open high fields were clear of snow. I rode until I got within a quarter of a mile of my destination where the snow was too deep for a horse to flounder through, and this only after I had cut the wires through three separate fields. The last quarter of a mile I walked and was overjoyed when I found that the storekeeper was well stocked with that elexir, for that is what it was. The base was fine red port wine, and the cod liver extract added.

The County of Copper was prohibition territory at the time. So the country storekeepers did a fine business selling this Hagee's product, not only to Lutherans but to Methodists and Baptists as well. It was sold as medicine, of course, but it was used as an eye-opener and a night cap by many just as well.

I do not know whether the stuff had any medicinal value, but I do know that our Helen grew well and almost normal again under its use. She had to learn to walk all over again, although she was amlost four years old. It took a long time before she could laugh and play again, and sometimes I think that the long siege left her in a more or less permanently weakened condition. On the doctor's advice, mother and the other children spent the following wenter, from October to middle of April, with my parents in El Paso. And even there Helen had another spell of pneumonia; so bad that she had to spend several nights under an oxygen tent in order to recover.

Another incident that happened in the summer of the same year in which Helen was so sick was this, that Lorenz was kicked by a young mule. In Pleasant Grove I had found it necessary to purchase another horse. Dolly, the horse I had purchased in Zion Congregation, south of Jefferson City, was too light to be able to pull the buggy through mud and snowdrifts for the nine miles up and down hill to Jamestown. So I bought another mare and thereafter used a team to pull the buggy or the spring wagon to Wooldridge and Jamestown. This second mare we called Fanney. She was with foal when I bought her, and she gave birth to a beautiful tan colored mule colt.

It was very dry that summer and the grass in my three-acre pasture was eaten down to the roots. However, there was a yank growth or blue grass and sweet clover along the road and in the acre large church yard. Therefore, we left the horses and our cow out on the church yard to graze. It was on a Saturday afternoon and the boys, Lorenz and Albert, were watching them to keep them off the road. However, Fanney and her colt were not satisfied with the grazing which the church yard offered. She wandered out on the roadside and munched the grass along the high road banks.

When at last they began to get too far away, Lorenz headed them off and began driving them slowly back toward the church yard. At first he walked along the road while Fanney and her colt walked along the high bank of the road. Finally, Lorenz, who had been throwing clods at them, also started to climb on hands and knees up the high road bank to get behind the animals. I watched him from our front porch and saw to my horror that the mule-colt laid back his ears, looked sideways at Lorenz, and then deliberately backed up towards him, as he was crawling up the bank. I yelled at Lorenz to warn him but before Lorenz realized his danger, the

colt kicked at him and his hoof hit Lorenz's forehead a glancing blow, which nearly scalped him. When we got to him, he was covered all over with blood, his eyes were filled with it, so that he could not see out of them and his scalp was laid back from just below the hair-line to almost three inches up on his skull. The white skull was plainly to be seen, as we wiped the blood away but the bone was not injured.

We called the doctor immediately from Prairie Home, seven miles away, and he arrived about two hours later. When he opened his emergency satchel, he found that he had no ether or chloreform. So he put three stitches into the forehead and his cat-gut was as thick and stiff as a baling wire. I had to hold Lorenz while the doctor sewed him up and he fought and screamed so terribly that mother and the other children ran far away into the pasture to keep from hearing his shrieks.

After the wound had been cleaned and sewed up and dis-infected, the doctor left and the wound grew shut surprisingly fast. But the knotted cat-gut ends stuck out like three little horns for weeks and weeks after the wound was completely healed. They were still in the healed wounds when mother and the children went to my parents in El Paso. The conductor on the train asked Lorenz what those little crosses on his forehead were all about.

We had that same doctor from Prairie Home out on another occasion. This time it was to pull a broken off darning needle out of the palm of mother's hand. She had washed out a few pieces of clothing on the family washboard. We had a wash machine which we ran by the power of a second-hand five horse power up-right gasoline engine, which I had picked up for five dollars at a farm sale. We used this power driven wash machine under a large cedar tree in our backyard only when we had basket and basket fulls of family wash to do. In between, mother always used the family wash board to rub out the dirt of in-between washings.

She had left a darning needle sticking in a blouse after she had darned some stockings. She did not notice that needle when she began rubbing it up and down on the corrugated washboard, with the result that she drove it into the palm of her hand, way in back, where the two heavy lines of the palm cross each other. The point of the needle was driven deep into the palm of her right hand, slanting toward the wrist, and then broke off down deep in the flesh of her palm.

She shrieked out loud and fell into a dead faint. I heard her cry and carried her into the house and laid her into the bed. When she came to herself, she told me about the terrible pain in her hand. The wounddid not bleed, just a swolen hard lump with a blue dot in the center. Upon questioning her, she remembered that it felt like a needle going into the palm of her hand, and when we examined the blouse she had been washing at the time we found the darning needle with about an inch of it broken off.

We immediately called the doctor's office in Prairie Home, and this time I told him to be sure and bring some ether along. When he came and saw the swollen hand of mother, he became worried and said, "I hope that I will not break the needle point again when I try to pull it out." He had me to hold mother's hand while he poured ether into the wound to deaden the pain somewhat.

Next, he took a small knife out of his instrument bag, poured boiling water over it and left it stand for a few minutes. With that knife he cut through the flesh of mother's palm down to the end of the broken off needle. He made two cuts, crossing each other over the broken off part of the needle. Next he poured ether through a paper funnel onto some cotton batting, which he held under mother's nose. He told me then to hold mother's arm, while I was kneeling besides her on the bed, and he with a small pointed pair of tweezer-like pliers, inserted into the wound, searched for and found the thicker end of the broken off needle. When he had fastened the nippers of the pliers on the end of the needle, he told me to hold mother's wrist firmly while he pulled at the broken off point. He had calculated pretty accurately the angle at which mother had driven the needle into her palm and slowly but surely he drew out the end of the needle, out of mother's palm.

He gave a sigh of satisfaction when he found that all of the point was out. Then he got out a small vial of iodine and told me to cup the palm of mother's hand while he poured about half a teaspoon full of the dark brown fluid into the open wound and told me to hold it so it would not run all over her palm for a minute or so. He then blotted away what was not needed and said to keep mother in bed for a day or so, and to call him if there should be too much swelling and discoloration, for he was afraid of infection. There was none, however. Mother came out of the ether in a short time and was glad that all of the broken off needle was out of her hand. The wound healed cleanly, but the scar is visible even today.

While I was pastor of Pleasant Grove and Jamestown, I was often asked to be guest preacher at the various Mission festivals

of sister congregations. On one occasion I preached for Pastor William Zschoche of Appelton City, Missouri. It was on the last Sunday of May when I was there. On the way home the weather was blustery and showers fell all way to Jefferson City, where I had to spend Monday night in a hotel. The sky was kept light all night long with typical Missouri sheet lightning.

The next morning, as I ate my breakfast, I heard some section workers say that a tornado had passed through Wooldridge and had wiped that town off the map. My train came along at about nine o'clock on that Tuesday morning, and when I got off the train at Wooldridge, I found the town still there, but the storm had done quite a bit of damage in places.

The brunt of the storm had passed to the west of Wooldridge, close to Overton. Also, it had hit the western edge of Gooches Mill. Seven people were killed in that community. The Clarks Fork Church was twisted off the foundation, the horse stable near the parsonage was completely destroyed, almost without a trace, monuments in the church cemetery were not only toppled over but one of them weighing more than a ton was carried across the road. At Gooches Mill a two row corn planter had been slammed against a tree at a height of about ten feet and tied around the tree trunk like a man's bow tie. One home had been lifted completely off its foundation and blown away without leaving anything of home or furnishing, except an oven door from the kitchen range. The floor of the house was left intact over the cellar.

A twelve year old boy, who had been in that home, was blown out of the house and in the front yard of that home there was a soft maple tree with a trunk about ten inches in diameter. In some way this boy got his arms around this tree, locked the fingers of his hands together, and thus saved his life. The top of the maple tree was twisted off and the boy's arms were skinless on the inside from being shirled around and around the trunk of that tree.

The younger woman of the home was found about a quarter of a mile away in the debris of the barn. The young owner of the farm was uninjured. All three of them had been in the kitchen of the home when the storm broke upon them. The kitchen door had blown open and the young man had just taken hold of the knob to close the door when the house was lifted and blown away. The wife was a mass of bruises with an ugly head injury. However, she lived but was more or less in a mental daze for months and months afterward.

Mother was at the depot in Wooldridge to meet me and told me that she and grandma and the children had been up all night long and had gone down into the cellar at one time, when they thought the house would blow away.

In no state that we ever lived in were the thunderstorms so frightening as in Missouri. They usually built up around midnight, coming out of the southwest, with crash after crash that shook the earth. The steeple on our church at Wooldridge was ninety feet high and not protected with lightening rods. One night this steeple was struck and completely unroffed by the lightening bolt, but though the rafters were set afire, the deluge of rain that followed the stroke put the fire out before it could take hold and destroy the church.

We were in bed when that stroke of lightening struck the steeple. The crash was so terrific that we were out of our beds in a jiffy. The next morning we found the shingles from the church all over our yard and garden, though the church was at least two hundred yards east of the parsonage.

While I was pastor of the Pleasant Grove congregation, I was asked by a brother pastor of mine to preach for him on the occasion of his Mission Festival. He knew that I loved to fish. He told me that a member of his who had a farm on the Osage River some seven miles east of his church had told him I should come and fish on the River on this farm, either before or after the Mission Festival. His farm was not only along the River bank, but also there was a steamboat landing and a small freight house at the landing, in which I could camp while I fished there.

My boys, Lorenz and Albert, were just as crazy about fishing as I was. We gladly accepted that invitation. We decided to leave home on the Monday preceding the Mission Festival in our spring wagon. We stocked the wagon with quilts and other bedding, with cooking utensils and food, with trot lines and other fishing gear, with a shotgun and a twenty-two rifle, with oats and corn to feed the team. We drove eastward from Pleasant Grove through Jamestown, and then along the Missouri River bluffs, crossed the Moniteau Creek to Jefferson City, and from there southeast for about eighteen miles to that steamboat landing on the Osage. It took us two days to make the trip.

We shot squirrels and quail along the way and fried them for our supper. We had bacon and eggs for our breakfast. We slept

in the crowded wagon box overnight. When we finally got to that warehouse at the boat landing, we found the corn just in the roasting ear stage. The corn in those Missouri bottom lands was just as rank as the corn on the best Iowa corn land. We feasted on that sweet corn the first evening and then we took the farmer's boat and set out our trot lines in the River.

We had stopped along the way on the second day and at a spring fed small creek had seined a half bucket full of craw dads and large minnows. With these we baited the trot line hooks. The two boys soon fell asleep. I tended the trot lines twice that first night, rebaited the empty hooks and took off several small catfish, which I cleaned and wrapped in a moist dish towel for our breakfast.

At dawn the next morning, I woke the two boys and took them along in the boat to see the fun. We had several two and three pound bluecat, which kept us in meat all day. The fish and sweet corn out of the farmer's field was wonderful feasting for us all the day long. The days sped along too fast, and before we knew it it was Friday.

It was on that night that we made our best catch. We caught several two and three pound channel cats, a seven pound Gaspergou, and an eight pound bluecat. We hitched up our team, reloaded our wagon and at noon we were in the home of Pastor Bultmann, for whom I was to preach my German Mission Festival sermon on the next morning. The Bultmann family feasted on the Channel Cats that evening, and Mrs. Bultmann prepared the seven pound Gaspergou for their Sunday dinner, to which the neighboring pastors had been invited.

After the service on that Sunday afternoon, we drove back towards home as far as the William Mueller home in Zion, my former congregation. We had kept the eight pound bluecat alive over in Honey Creek at Pastor Bultmann's place. We wrapped him in a watersoaked bedsheet and he was still alive when we arrived at William Mueller's place.

We had intended to have them eat the fish, but Mr. Mueller said, "Why, you are going to take that fish home to your folks at home. He lived this long, he will live still longer. We will stake him out in my creek, which has several spring fed deep holes, and tomorrow morning we will wrap him in a wet sheet and he will be still alive when you get home." And sure enough, he was not only