language which was used was not the language of a Christian congregation, but rather like that of the Rabble which accused Jesus before Pontius Pilate. It was at this point that the rebel leader again asked the chairman to have the congregation take a vote, whether they wanted to keep the lodge members or the preacher.

I again raised a point of order under the congregation's constitution, pointing out that the pastor could not be discharged unless proven guilty of preaching false doctrines, or neglect of official duties, or sinful life and conduct. My point of order stumped the chairman. He had respect for the constitution of the congregation because it had been upheld by a court of law. He did not want another lawsuit.

When thereupon the ringleader of the opposition condemned both the pastor and the chairman of the congregation and demanded that the congregation act anyway, Uncle Adam said to me, "Come, Otto, there are no Christians left in this congregation, and it does not deserve a Lutheran pastor." I withstood him and said, "I know better. There are many good Christians left in this congregation, but they are too timid to get up and voice their opinion." Having said this, I challenged the chairman to ask all those in the congregation that were willing to keep me as their pastor to arise. He did so with the result that thirty-eight voting members arose. After I saw that many arise, I immediately declared that I was staying on as the pastor of the congregation.

Immediately upon this announcement, the ringleader of the lodge members arose and said, "Strike my name from your membership list," and having said that, he walked out of the meeting, followed by eleven other lodge members. After these had left the meeting, Uncle Adam addressed the remaining members, admonishing them to live and act by the Scriptures, and to stand by the constitution of their congregation and all would be well with them. That the Missouri Synod would then stand by them and help them to support their pastor, if this became necessary.

From that time on, things went well in the congregation. We did not immediately strike the rebellious members from the membership rolls of the congregation, but we dealt with them individually, as Matthew chapter eighteen demands it. After each one had been dealt with personally, and all had refused to change their attitude, the congregation cited them to appear before the congregation to defend their action, or else to be expelled from the congregation.

When they refused to appear, they were at last removed from the membership rolls of the congregation, as such, who had excluded themselves by their disregard of both the congregation's summons and the Holy Word of God.

From that time on, we had peace in the congregation and not only that but also the congregation in the very next meeting passed a resolution to tear down the sixty year old parsonage and to build a new and modern one in its place. They moved us into the school house of the congregation that very fall, tore down the old house, and built a new one with a bull basement, and nine spacious rooms besides an eight-foot front porch, facing east, and a spacious hallway connecting front room and study, as well as dining room and the downstairs bedroom. An open stairway led up to the two large bedrooms upstairs; for the house was a so-called story and a half Queen Ann style home with a dormer window facing east and two large windows in the north and south gables of the home.

The cost of the house built by a local contractor and three of his brothers was $6,600.00. The congregation furnished all common labor that was needed. Some of the members donated more than sixty days of labor. Before the building was ever begun, $3,600.00 had been collected; and on Thanksgiving Day of 1923, after we had been moved into the new home, the congregation held a public auction at which the members donated all kinds of farm raised products, such as blooded stock, seed corn, fruit seed oats, nursery stock. Two brothers who ran a nursery donated a thousand young fruit trees of every kind. One farmer donated fifty bushels of hand-picked seed corn in husked ears, another fifty bushels of seed oats, cleaned and bagged and ready for the seed drill. Others gave pens of thoroughbred chickens, ducks, geese, hogs, calves for breeding purposes.

The sale brought over $900.00 in cash and with cash collected at the morning service, the debt on the new house was reduced to less than $2,000.00.

The congregation did not only build this beautiful home for us, but also they voted me a raise in salary of $25.00 per month which brought my salary to one hundred dollars a month. To top it all off, I was also granted a three weeks vacation. I took that after the home was all finished and painted, except the inside. I had sent my family on to Texas before that time in September, and we all came home together the latter part of October. As soon as we

arrived home, we moved into our new home, and did we ever enjoy that!

In the summer of 1923, while we were living in the school house of the congregation, an incident happened which I want to mention. We had a terrific thunderstorm one day. After it was over, our children all swarmed outside as children will to wade in the water that was standing in pools everywhere. Helen got her feet mudy and was holding one of them under the rain-spout of the school. It was still sprinkling a little. Our dog was drinking water out of the pool, just under the rain-spout, when there was a belated stroke of lightening, followed immediately by a clap of thunder. The clap of thunder was followed by a yelp from our dog, and a frightened cry by daughter Helen. The bolt of lightening had struke into a telephone pole about a half mile from the church and had followed the wire into the schoolhouse and there jumped to the all tin-roof and had followed the rain-spout to the ground, shocking both daughter Helen and the dog. But there were no burns on either.

I have stated before that one of the best friends of Pastor Wagner, my predecessor, lived just across the yard fence from us, and that at first we were entirely ignored by them. However, this did not last for long. Mr. Fred Kuehnert's aunt, an unmarried old lady lived just across the fence from the school and she always was puttering around in the yard. My mother-in-law, who was a born friendly woman, always spoke to this Miss Kinder. By and By, the ice thawed and the Fred Kuehnert family became our best friends in Brussels.

Their daughter, Esther, and our girls soon visited back and forth and spent their free time playing together. Before six months had passed, after we had moved into the old parsonage, they began coming to my church and soon we were the best of friends. From that time on, they furnished us with milk and butter for as long as we lived in Brussels.

Other fast friends of ours were the Charley Goetze and Adolph Kaible, the Henry Hallemeyer, and the Brody Kinder, the Nolte and Geisler families. These good people kept us in meat and fruit all the year round. In fact, of all our many congregations, this one was the best inasmuch as gifts of love and kindness were concerned.

Best of all, there was wonderful fishing and hunting on the sloughs, ponds, and rivers surrounding Brussels. The Geisler

brothers, Henry and Ernest, even built a "John Boat" for me in which I did much of my fishing on the Mississippi River. In this connection, again I want to mention an incident which took place on the river one day.

Shortly after the boat had been built for me by the Geisler Brothers, we planned a fishing trip. Mother, Ruth and Lloyd did not go along, but Lorenz, Albert Helen and Gertrude and grandmother went. The boat had been in the water for a couple of weeks and the seams were all watertight. But the combined weight of the six persons in the boat lowered the water level about four inches, which brought another seam of the boat into play which did not have the benefit of soaking tight.

A little water began seeping into the boat as we started out for an island in the Mississippi, about a half mile distant. The wind and waves increased this seepage, until at last there was an inch or more water in the bottom of the boat. This water filled daughter Helen with fear and she began praying with tears in her eyes and bailing out the water at the same time. To grandmother and myself, this carrying on of daughter Helen was laughable, but it was not a laughing matter to her and her sister Gertrude. However, we made the crossing safely and best of all, we found a lovely camping spot on the island. We caught oodles of fish that day. On the way home, the boat did not leak for the seams had soaked up enough water on the way over to make them watertight on the way back home.

I often caught washtubs full of so-called "Fidler Catfish" on trotlines which I baited with craw-dads late in the evening, and taking off the fish early on the next morning. In the daytime, I would use the trotlines to catch Mississippi River Carp on dough-ball and sweetcorn bait. I often caught so many of them that we could never have used them all ourselves. But Ernest Geisler was a market fisherman who averaged about $100.00 weekly from selling fish on the St. Louis Market. He always was willing to take my surplus of fish off my hands and sell them for me. The extra money realized from the sale of surplus fish bought all my fishing gear and shotgun shells. I am wishing today that I were still living at Brussels and to be able to go fishing and hunting there.

However, we lacked one important thing at Brussels. We had no good schools there. The country schools, taught by public school teachers, were not only below par, but almost beyond description. Most schools had terms of only six months. The teachers, with

very few exceptions, did not have any formal training at all. Most of them had only a year or two of high school and some of them were only eighth grade graduates.

Ruth spent a whole year in the grade school just across from our church and did not learn to read in all that time. I taught a confirmation school myself, but that was for children between twelve and fourteen years of age. And there was no provision there for younger pupils. This situation forced me at last to take Lorenz and later on also Albert, to one of our church's preparatory colleges at Concordia, Missori.

I will never forget the time I took Lorenz there for his first year. He was only twelve years old at the time. Albert accompanied us on that trip. We had a model "T" Ford touring car at the time. We left home on Labor Day morning. Then we had to ferry across the Mississippi to Peruque, Missouri. There we took a graded road for St. Peters and Augusta, Missouri and then on Highway 40 for Columbia, Missouri. It rained as we crossed the Mississippi River. The roads at the time were not graveled, much less paved. We had little or no trouble with our Ford. We had chains on and we made good time for roads and cars at the time until we came to a point beyond Augusta.

There Highway 40 was full of stalled cars, "Packards," white steamers, and others. Usually they were across the road, resting with their hind wheels in the ditch, on one or the other side of the road. Sometimes facing one another, so that there was barely room for our Ford to pass between the stalled cars. We came at last to some little County Seat Town in Missouri and there we stopped for the night, driving the Ford to a little park in the center of the town about one block square. It was called a tourist park, but there were no conveniences of any kind, not even toilets.

The boys slept inside of the car on the car seats and I bunked under the Ford after we had eaten our lunches, which mother and grandmother had prepared for us. I did not go to sleep until very late, because I could not find a spot on the pallet that would be comfortable for my hips. For to this day, I cannot sleep lying on my back. Shortly after I had at last fallen asleep, a thunderstorm came up and I had to get out and find and put on the storm curtains of the Ford to keep us from getting soaked. We spent the night inside of the Ford, sitting up except for one of the boys, who had the back seat for himself.

On the next morning early we continued our journey to Columbia, Missouri. There we took another highway, which at last brought us to the Missouri River, opposite from Jefferson City, Missouri. We crossed the bridge over the River after we had paid the toll. From Jefferson City we headed west to Centerville, and California, Missouri. From California we took a road which at last brought us to Prairie Home, Missouri on our way to the Henry Knorp Home at Pleasant Grove. It got dark at about the time we hit Prairie Home.

I knew the road well from there. It was a bright moon-lit evening; but unbeknown to us, the road gang had taken out a little bridge and about three miles east of the Pleasant Grove Church, in order to replace it with a concrete structure. The side walls of that bridge had been poured with the reinforcing rods sticking up, but there was as yet no floor to the bridge. The lights on our Ford were very dim, but in the bright moonlight I saw those rods sticking up, only yards in front of our car. We were going only about fifteen miles an hour at the time, and that was very fortunate, for it gave me time to twist the steering wheel to the right in a very short angle and so instead of plunging into the little creek from the floorless bridge, we plunged down into it from the side of the road, which was not quite so abrupt as the concrete wall of the open bridge.

We went down into the little creek and hit the opposite bank of the stream in a glancing blow, which bent the wishbone of the Ford to such an amount that from there on we could travel only in a zig-zag manner at about three miles an hour. However, we made it to the Henry Knorp home before they had gone to bed, and there we spent Thursday night.

On the next morning early, I took the Ford to Mr. Herman Eichorsti's Blacksmith shop and he straightened the wishbone under the front end of the auto so that we could continue the journey to Concordia, Missouri. Before we left that noon, Mr. Henry Knorp loaded up our car with four watermelons and a jug of sweet cider. We got as far as Emma, Missouri before it turned dark and there we ran into trouble again.

The relay switch went bad and every time we had to shift from high gear to low, our lights burned out. I always carried a few spare bulbs but before long, when we had to shift gears again, they burned out too. We drove in high as long as we could, but usually when we went downhill through a creek or gulley where we needed the

light the most, we were sure to burn out another set of bulbs. When at last we came to another town, I bought a whole carton of bulbs and even with this large supply, we barely made it to Concordia.

There, we contacted the President of St. Paul's College, a Dr. Kaeppel, and he assigned Lorenz to his room. Albert and I had to sleep with Dr. Kaeppel as our host. We had unloaded the watermelons and the jug of cider in the late evening and placed these items carefully in the study room which had been assigned to Lorenz, and which he was to share with about a half dozen of other boys. To our surprise the watermelons and the jug of cider had disappeared during the night. We saw the remains of the entrance to the large brick dining hall. This building had wide and conveniently spaced steps. On these, the four melons had been butchered and disposed of except the rinds.

I mentioned what had happened to Dr. Kaeppel and thought he would be horrified, but he smiled and merely said, "Boys will be boys, no matter where they are." I had different thoughts, but I said no more. What I should have done was this: I should have taken Lorenz right back with me. He became a different sort of son than I wanted him to be. What he saw there at St. Paul's college entirely changed his life. He had been a talkative open-hearted chap before I took him to Concordia. There he became unsociable and close-mouthed and there he no doubt lost his Christian faith, which he has not regained to this day.

What really happened to him to bring about so great a change, I have never learned from his own lips. The change came about very slowly; and now my first-born, for whom I had great and grand ideals, for I wanted him to be a Lutheran pastor, has now become a churchless and aimless wanderer on the road to eternity. It breaks our hearts, but there is nothing that we can do about it now, except to pray that God take him into his hands and bring him back into the fold of our Good Shepherd. Materially his education was of great advantage to him, for he is now a very successful production superintendent of the Mission Manufacturing Company of Houston, Texas. But I am getting ahead of my story again.

We did not leave Concordia for home until Wednesday at noon. We had taken our Ford to Grother's Garage to have the light trouble located, but they found nothing wrong. To be on the safe side, however, I again bought a carton of light bulbs to replace any that would burn out. It was a good think that I did, for we had the

same trouble that night. And we did not find out that it was the realy switch on the dashboard of the car under the hood that caused the trouble until we came back to Brussels. There we had a new relay switch installed and that ended our trouble with our headlights.

Before leaving Concordia, I had also two new Gillette tires from the Grother Garage, one of which blew out before we got back to Brussels. The second one lasted until we got home, but not much longer than that.

We got back home to Brussels before dark on Friday of the same week. Two years later I took Albert to Concordia also. He was anxious to go. He fared better than Lorenz, not because he was naturally more gifted than he, but because he was made out of sterner stuff. He could give and take more than Lorenz.

The two went to St. Paul's College for a number of years. If I remember correctly, Lorenz attended for six and Albert for five years. Lorenz quit one year sooner than Albert. He had started two years sooner than Albert. Lorenz really had but four years of high school and one year in junior college work when he quit. Albert finished high school, but when he came back to Iowa after he quit St. Paul's, he took another year of high school in Clarinda because the Iowa schools always were farther advanced than the schools of Missouri.

We had a good life in Brussels, Illinois, by the grace and help of God, in spite of the fact that we were at times harrassed by our enemies. During the lodge fight in Brussels, I was attacked in the Calhoun County Newspaper printed in Hardin. Also, I received letters threatening harm to me personally. These letters were unsigned. However, I took them to the Postmaster in Brussels and he reported the facts to Washington. He also advised me to go to the Justice of the Peace and get a permit from him to carry a gun for personal protection. The Justice issued such a permit to me and advised me to carry a loaded shotgun in my car handy to defend myself in case of being halted at night on the road, and he told me to keep the letters I had received and to shoot to kill, if attacked.

Again he cautioned me to make no calls at night unless I had verified the source of such calls, and to postpone making them until in the morning after. In the event that they had to be made at night, to take the most roundabout and longest road to get to my destination. However, I was never halted or attacked by anyone.

However, when I received and had accepted the call to Yorktown, Iowa, my enemies tried to defame me in my new congregation, for they sent a letter to the Trustees of St. Paul's congregation of Yorktown in care of the Postmaster. Since the Postmaster did not know who were the Trustees of the congregation, he turned the letter over to the Lutheran teacher of the congregation, who was also the Recording Secretary of St. Paul's Church. He told me immediately upon my arrival there what had been done. In that letter I had been branded a religious tyrant. My explanation of what had caused these enemies of mine to send this letter satisfied the congregation immediately.

When we came to Brussels, we had no organist for the church organ. The congregation had a beautiful, two manual pipe organ which had been played by Pastor Wagner's married daughter, for as long as he had been pastor of the church. When he was deposed, his daughter had quit playing. So for a while we had a young Methodist lady to play it for us. She was the local blacksmith's daughter. Her name was Miss Nina Osborn. When she quit some years later, a son of one of the members who had taken music lessons took over the job. He was not the best of musicians, but he served us faithfully for as long as I remained pastor. His name was Henry Hallemeyer. His father's farm joined the church's property on the north fence line of the cemetery.

Just before we left Brussels, I purchased a second hand piano from the Conroy Piano Company of St. Louis, Missouri. Helen and Gertrude were old enough to take music lessons, which were given them by the Sisters of the Roman Catholic Church in Brussels. When we accepted the call to Yorktown, I sold this first piano to Mr. Charles Nolte, who paid me the same price I had paid for it, minus the freight charges. I purchased another brand new piano from the same company before we left and had it shipped by freight to Yorktown, where Helen and Gertrude continued their music lessons whenever a teacher was available.

While we were yet in Brussels, daughter Gertrude was brought home from school one day carried by her classmates. She had an attack while in school which deprived her of the power to walk, She had no temperature and did not complain about pains of any kind, but she was unable to rise to her feet and walk for about four days. Some weeks later lumps developed under the skin of her limbs, from the knee on down. They did not pain her in any way; they were movable, and some of them grew quite large.

When we had accepted the call to Yorktown, we decided to have a good doctor examine these lumps and advise us what to do about them. So I took Gertrude one day in December, when it was warm and sunny, in my Ford to Grafton, Illinois, where I stored the car in a garage and then we took the train to St. Louis, and went to the Lutheran Hospital of which Dr. Hanser was the resident physician. He examined Gertrude's limbs and told me that he would have to make an exploratory operation to find out what was wrong. So I left Gertrude in the hospital and on the next morning Dr. Hanser removed one of the larger lumps under her knee.

After examining the lump for some time in his own laboratory, he told me that he had never seen anything like it, and did not know what it could be from. He offered to send it to some specialists in New York City for their examination, to which I agreed. But nothing ever was established by that examination either.

She has these nodules, as he called them, to this day and they have never caused her any serious trouble to this day. We still do not know why she lost her power to walk, nor what caused those lumps.

Before we could return home, a rainstorm blew up from the northwest and after three days of it a blizzard, the like of which I have not seen since, covered all the highways with snow so high that travel by car was impossible. When we got to Grafton, we made arrangements to leave my Ford there until some other time and we took passage with the Brussels Mail Carrier, who had come with a sled drawn by a team to the Illinois River, and there had a teamster from the otherside of the river meet him, to carry the mail to the postoffice in Grafton. This teamster hauled him, the mail, and Gertrude and me back to the River. There the Mail Carrier loaded the mail and Gertrude on a flat bottomed skiff and he and I pushed the skiff over the ice of the River to where it ended at the unfrozen part of the River, and there we too entered the boat and he rowed it across to the other ice bank, and then again we pulled and pushed the boat to where he had left his team and sled on the Brussels side of the Peninsula.

We got to Brussels just about nightfall, when another onslaught of the blizzard covered the snow and everything else with about three inches of solid ice. It had turned warmer first, as it usually does before a northwest storm, and then it rained and froze as it fell, until all the telephone lines in the entire county and thousands

of trees had been broken down by the enormous weight of sleet-ice. There was no travel at all for days: no mail, no school, and no church for weeks. Weeks of zero weather caused both Rivers to freeze solid from shore to shore, with ice from eighteen to twenty-four inches thick. Horses had to be sharp-shod before they could travel the roads, and even some of these slipped and fell, breaking their legs. Cattle had to be kept in their stalls for days and weeks for fear of having them crippled. The car owners could drive more safely with their cars and trucks with chains on three of the four wheels. For weeks they drove across both rivers.

Finally I made up my mind to get my Ford home from Grafton. However, I did not trust the ice on the Illinois River at Grafton, the steam was too swift there. So I went along with the Brussels Mail Carrier one day to Grafton. There I had the Ford serviced with gas, oil and anti-freeze, and then I traveled overland to Jerseyville, and from there to Hardin, Illinois, where I crossed over to the Calhoun County side of the River and then drove twenty miles south to Brussels. The ice at Hardin was eighteen inches thick on the day I crossed over. The next day an oil truck, heavily loaded, drove the same route and broke through the ice in eighteen feet of water. Was I glad that I had crossed the day before.

A few weeks later the ice had melted from the roads to such an extent that we were able to leave for Yorktown. I had teamsters from Grafton come and get my household goods and move them to Grafton. They charged me $40.00 for that work. The immigrant car on the railroad to Yorktown cost me only $35.00. But those teamsters earned their money, for the ferry at Grafton was still not working and so they had to unload each wagon at the River bank and pile the furniture into boats and reload them on the other bank into wagons on the other side of the River and haul them to the freight yards in Grafton. There they would load the stuff into the immigrant car. We also crossed the river that Monday morning and took the passenger train for St. Louis, where we changed on the Burlington Railroad for Clarinda, Iowa.

We were met there by Pastor Theo. Vogel, who was supply-pastor at Yorktown, five miles to the west of Clarinda. We were his house guests until Friday morning, February 7, 1925. In the meantime, our freight car of household goods had arrived and was unloaded so that we could move into our new home.

Before recording the history of our years in Yorktown, I will recount some of the things which happened to us during our stay

at Brussels. One of these was a dog fight between our dog and some curs in town. Our dog had been a stray pup which came to our Brussels home one day. The boys had brought it to the kitchen to be fed. I warned them not to keep the pup, but Albert hid it out in the barn somewhere and fed it every day without my knowledge.

When I next saw the pup, he had so many friends in the family that I was out-voted when I tried to get rid of him. In time that pup grew up into a sixty pound brindled dog. He was a wonderful watchdog and a playmate of my children.

Mr. Fred Kuehnert, who always was doing something for our boys, fitted some home-made shafts to their coaster wagon and out of some old buggy harness of his own he fashioned a harness for our dog. After this the boys hitched him to their coaster wagon and he took them to town to get the mail and to do our shopping for us at the village stores.

One Saturday, mother sent them to town to get a hundred pound sack of family flour. They had loaded this in their wagon and were on their way home when some town curs attacked him. Although he was handicapped in his harness, pulling a hundred weight of flour behind him, he stood his ground and fought off the two dogs. When he had whipped them, he took after them with the wagon and flour behind him, until he had chased them yelping into their own back yards. The fight had occurred just in front of Mr. Osborn's blacksmith shop, and it was he that told me about that fight.

We laughed so hard while he was telling it that the tears streamed out of his eyes. After the fight was over, Lorenz and Albert brought him home with his load of flour and were they ever proud of their hero dog. When we left Brussels, they insisted that we take him along to Yorktown, and we did. He served all the children as their staunch protector and lived long enough to go with the family, some nine years later, to Alta, Iowa. I will have more to say about him in my memoirs of Yorktown.

A book could be filled with memories from Brussels. I will make mention of just a few of them. One Saturday afternoon, we went to Hauck's general store which was located about three miles to the east of Brussels at the junction of the Golden Eagle and the Grafton Roads. This was by large the best trading place in Southern Calhoun County. This store also operated a cider mill which turned thousands of bushels of cull apples into sweet cider, which in the

course of time, by natural fermentation, would turn either into hard cider with an alcoholic content strong enough to take the walking ability away from the strongest of men. If you like cider, you should have lived in Calhoun County, for the mill at Hauck's store filled your fifty-five gallon whiskey barrel with pure apple juice for 3¢ a gallon, making it $1.65 a barrel. Why, the barrel cost you double what you had to pay for the sweet cider to fill it.

We always had a barrel of that cider back of the north side of the house for the cold weather in the fall and winter to keep it sweet. What was left of it would then turn into the finest of cider vinegar in the spring and summer months. But again, I have been transgressing. I started out to tell of an incident that happened on that Saturday.

After we had bought all the supplies and loaded them into our Ford, together with a five-gallon can of kerosene, we started out for home. On the way we had to climb a long steep hill. When we were about three quarters of the distance up the hill, the Ford engine sputtered a few times and then stopped. I put on the brakes, while one of the children placed a rock of which there were plenty, behind one of the hind wheels. Then I got out and twisted the crank of the Ford until I was all out of breath. Then I got every one off the front seat and with a wooden ruler, measured the gas under the cushion of the front seat, and found that I was so low on gas that the carburetor failed to get any on that steep incline, for at that time the fuel pump to syphon the gas into the carburetor had not yet been invented. In fact, that is why the gas tank was under the front seat of the Model T Ford, so the gas supply would be high enough to feed the gas into the carburetor by gravity.

Now, what was I to do to get up the hill? Mother said she had heard that people who could not make it up the hill going forward left the car coast down the hill, where they turned around and backed up the hill. However, I have never been a good car backer and I was sure that I would get into one of the other road ditch before I ever would get down the hill, and how could I see to drive the car backward up the hill? I have no eyes in the back of my head and my neck always has been too short and stiff to keep twisting back and forth. But what was there to be done?

There were seven of us in the car, but our combined strength would have been insufficient to push the car up the hill. There also was no congested traffic at the time. Hours would have elapsed before someone else would have come along and pushed or

pulled us up the hill. It was about that time when I thought about the five gallons of kerosene in the car.

Somewhere I had heard that the Ford would run on kerosene if the engine were hot. My engine was still hot and so I got the family off the front seat once more and then with the aid of a funnel, which we always carried with the tools of the car, I poured about half of the contents of the kerosene can into the gas tank of the Ford. When this had been done and the gas cap and the cushion had been carefully replaced, I set the two levers on the steering post of the Ford to the best starting point, and then I again took hold of that swinging crank at the front of the car and gave it a quick lifting heave, and lo and behold, the engine caught and we all piled into the car and took off for home. The only difference I noticed was this, that the exhaust smoke was a little darker than usual. At Brussels I had the gas tank filled with gasoline and that was that. I wonder what our modern 1960 cars would do with kerosene in the tank?

To help out with family finances, which were always short with us, I picked apples every summer and fall in the orchards of my church members. In that way I got my own winter apples without any cash expenditures on my part. I was paid at that time at the rate of five dollars a day. In the fall of 1923 I was picking for August Nolte. He had some beautiful highly colored Jonathans, Winesaps, and Arkansas Blacks. I asked him to reserve two trees of apples for me. He readily consented. When I offered to pay him the then going price which was three dollars a barrel, he said that he would rather take the delivered price that he would get for his apple crop. He was holding for a higher market. However, 1923 brought along the first short but sharp depression after World War I. Consequently, the bottom dropped out of the fruit market and when at last Mr. Nolte shipped his apples, he received but one dollar and five cents a barrel. The material such as staves, hoops and barrel ends cost him 35¢ each. Then the commission and the freight also had to come out of that one dollar and five cents, besides the picking and packing costs, which says nothing about the orchard spraying costs and the cultivation.

Mr. Nolte was certainly a sick man when his returns came back. In the meantime, I picked and packed the apples on the two trees which he had reserved for me. When I had finished the job, I asked how much I owed him. He said, "Well, you offered me three dollars a barrel and I told you to pay me what I would get for my crop delivered in St. Louis. You have 13 barrels of apples and according to our bargain, you owe me about one dollar and ninety-five cents for your apples." I offered him the original figure of

three dollars a barrel, but he would not take it. At last I prevailed on him to take half of it, a dollar and a half per barrel, which was still dirt cheap for the finest apples we have ever eaten.

I picked most of my apples at the Henry Geisler Orchard, located on a high bluff on the Mississippi, about a mile north of the Golden Eagle landing. The first time I picked apples for him was in 1920. He was harvesting his June apples which were then bringing him seventeen dollars a barrel in St. Louis. One fall, while picking for him on a twenty-five foot extension ladder set up against a large "Ben Davis" Tree, I had the misfortune of being knocked over backward by a heavy gust of wind, just as I was reaching for a cluster of beautifully colored fruit on a limb jutting out over and behind my back. I was standing near the top rung at the time. The gust of wind caused me to lose my balance, and over I went backward. Luckily for me I landed head-down on the slanting ladder, the rungs of which acted as a brake, diminishing my descent, as I slipped from rung to rung on my shoulders. I finally landed at Mr. Geisler's feet, entirely unharmed. Mr. Geisler insisted that I call it a day, but I refused and finished picking the Ben Davis tree, thankful to God that I had not suffered any broken bones.

In conclusion of my experiences at Brussels, I want to mention some of the family names of people who were members of our congregation there. There were oodles of Kinders. Even one of the steamboat landings in the upper part of the County on the Mississippi was named Kinder Hoock. Then there were the Kuehnerts, Culps, Schultzes, Wienekes, Kaibels, Mesekes, Meyers, Hallemeyers, Goetzes, Festers, Hetzers, Noltes, Knolles, Christs, Haucks, Willsheetzes, McKinneys, Geislers and many others whose names I cannot recall at this moment. We were back in Brussels just one time after leaving there, now some thirty-five years ago, but we still hear from some of the good folks living there, such as the Nolte, Hallemeyer, Goetze, Kuehnerts, Kaibels, Geislers, etc.

I shall never forget the beautiful apple and other fruit tree blossoms, which covered the hills of Calhoun County every spring, nor the hunting and fishing, which I enjoyed while there, nor the fine people who faithfully stood behind me in the congregation while I was contending for pure doctrine and Christian conduct in the congregation. I also have the satisfaction of knowing that even some of the people who were my enemies in the beginning of my ministry there later became fast friends of mine.

XII

OUR YEARS AT YORKTOWN

The Devil did not want me in Yorktown. I know this from the fact, first, that my enemies in Brussels did their utmost to discredit me in Yorktown, even before I arrived there. In the second place, I know that Satan did not want me there because he caused the wife of the then President of the Iowa District of Synod to misplace two important letters so that her husband did not find them and thereby caused him to halt my installation in St. Paul's of Yorktown. The two letters which she misplaced were President Kleinhanse's letter of my transfer, and my own letter asking for admission into the Iowa District.

My second letter to the President of the Iowa District found him all right, but since he had not been given the two letters referred to above, my second letter just aroused his ire and he wrote Pastor Vogel of Clarinda that he could not install me in Yorktown on February 9 because he had not received my application into his District, nor President Kleinhanse's letter of transfer.

This information was given me as soon as we arrived in Clarinda by Pastor Vogel. I immediately went to the Western Union Office in Clarinda and sent two telegrams--one to the then President of the Iowa District, and the other to President Kleinhanse of the Southern Illinois District at Staunton, Illinois. That was on Thursday afternoon and my installation had been set for Sunday afternoon and had been announced to the congregation at Yorktown by Pastor Vogel.

I begged my former President Kleinhanse to do something at once to untangle the impasse. I received an answer from Kleinhanse the next day telling me that he had wired the President of the Iowa District. To him I had said in my wire that I had mailed him my application to the Iowa District early in December of 1924. Also, that I had asked President Kleinhanse to mail him my transfer from the Southern Illinois District, and I told him that unless he would inform Pastor Vogel at once to conduct my installation as it had been announced to my congregation at Yorktown, I would refuse to be installed at a later date with a cloud hanging over my head.

But I did not hear from him, neither on Friday nor on Saturday, but early on Sunday morning a Western Union messenger

brought Pastor Vogel a telegram telling him that he should proceed with my installation, and also informing him that he would write me a letter later on, which he also did and in which he apologized for his wife's mistake, saying that in the Christmas rush of things she had laid the letters away without telling him that he had received them.

When we arrived in Clarinda, everything was still covered with snow and ice. However, on Thursday, thawing weather set in and by Sunday the highway to Yorktown was slick with mud. And real mud it was.

We had moved into our new home at the time. The congregation gave us a fine reception after I had been installed. At that reception I had the opportunity to inform the congregation why it was that some enemies of mine had written that unsigned letter to the Trustees of the congregation in which they had called me a Religious Tyrant. I told them of the lodge fight which resulted in the resignation of twelve of the involved members. That settled that matter for good. It was never mentioned again by my congregation.

In Yorktown, we had a fine eight grade Lutheran school, taught by a veteran of the First World War and a graduate of our Seward, Nebraska's Concordia Teachers College. He taught that school for ten full years, leaving for Chicago some three years after I had arrived there. He was still single when we got to Yorktown, but was married in 1927 to Miss Esther Greiff, also a Lutheran school teacher. We were the best of friends for as long as he was with us, and still are to this day.

St. Paul's congregation at Yorktown had quite a history of its own. It had been started as a preaching station by a Pastor Brandt of Immanuel Lutheran Church some nine miles to the northeast of Yorktown. He had driven all that way after he had preached in his own church in the morning to a school house located about two miles to the south of Yorktown, in order to preach there on Sunday afternoons to a number of German people who lived in that community. In due time, he gathered a number of families into a Lutheran congregation. More German people moved into that community and in 1896 this congregation built its own church in Yorktown, known as St. Paul's Lutheran Church.

In the course of time, two factions in the congregation caused a split and for a time there were two congregations in Yorktown;

the one served by a pastor of the Missouri and the other by a pastor of the Wisconsin Synod. Both of these Synods are affiliated with each other. There was no difference in doctrine which separated the two churches. The separation was due to a quarrel over something that was forgotten by the time I arrived there.

But before I came, long years before, after exhaustive investigations and many meetings, the two small groups had been induced by the later President of the Missouri Synod, Dr. Photenhauer to reunite again. However, the two pastors had preached peace and harmony to the members of St. Paul's; there were still animosities and occasional rumblings prevalent in the congregation, even in the years in which I served the congregation.

A number of former adherants to the Wisconsin Synod never again rejoined the congregation as voting members. This condition made it difficult for me to accomplish much in the congregation in my day with it. A new parsonage had been promised me by the congregation, even before I had left Brussels, Illinois. At one time the congregation had even voted to build the parsonage by one vote majority. But, because about a third of the congregation had in a special canvass refused to contribute anything toward the erection of a parsonage, I asked the congregation to drop the building of a new parsonage for the time being. I told them that I would rather live on in the old parsonage, although it was entirely inadequate for the needs of my family, than to have another quarrel to break out in the congregation later over the question of who should pay the balance needed after its construction.

The same promise which was given me was repeated three times later when my successors were called. And neither Pastor Schaefer nor Pastor Stelling nor Pastor Otto saw those promises fulfilled. However, when the repeated refusals to build a new parsonage at last threated a long vacancy for the congregation, and after many of the elderly Die-hards had passed on into eternity, that new parsonage was at long last built under the pastorate of the Reverend Holstein.

The younger generation at Yorktown did itself proudly. They built a parsonage which will be a joy to live in for pastors and their families for years to come. The parsonage is not the only new building erected after I left Yorktown. No, for during my stay there a Mr. and Mrs. Drace willed the congregation some $12,000.00 for a new church. Supplemented by a rash of other large gifts, this new church of brick construction was erected under my successor, Pastor G. Schaefer.

During Pastor Otto's tenancy in Yorktown, an enlarged brick school was built. So that now, twenty-seven years after I left Yorktown, the congregation has an entire set of new buildings. The only new building that the congregation erected during my time was a modern chicken house, large enough to keep about fifty laying hens. That chicken house was a life saver for us during the depression years, which began in 1929, and lasted until after we left there on Thanksgiving Day of 1933.

It was a thanksgiving day in the true sense of the word for me with my large family. I had been called to Yorktown with a salary of fifteen hundred dollars annually. In the April meeting of 1931, this salary was reduced to twelve hundred dollars annually. In the January meeting of 1932, it was again reduced to one thousand dollars. Since the congregation at the end of 1932 found itself in debt by some five hundred dollars, I was told that in 1933 I would have to accept the greater part of my salary in kind. That meant that instead of cash money, I would have to accept such things as the farmers in my congregation would bring me.

That was bad enough in itself, for it meant that I had to convert all sort of produce into cash to pay my bills. But what made it entirely unfair was that the members were left to fix their own price for the products which they brought me. Thus I was charged 15¢ for a bushel of corn, which I could have purchased for 10¢ a bushel elsewhere. I was charged 2 1/2¢ for shoates on the hoff, and got $1.90 a cwt. when I sold them on the St. Joseph market, and out of that price I had to pay the trucker for hauling them to market.

So, almost everything that was brought to me by my members in lieu of cash salary was charged to me at a higher price than it sold for on the open market. Just one member paid me in cash from March 1st to July 1st of 1933. And that sum was $5.00. I had to accept even corn cobs from some at three dollars a load or get nothing from them at all.

It was about October of that year when a call was sent me by St. John's congregation, eight miles southwest of Alta, Iowa. Otherwise I would have taken another cut in salary, already planned by the ringleaders of the Yorktown congregation. Therefore, that Thanksgiving Day of 1933 was indeed a real thanksgiving day for me and my family. However, I am again far ahead of my history in Yorktown.

Let me say right here that the congregation in Yorktown had a large number of fine people. But as usual, these had very little to do with the policy making of the congregation. In fact, I have found that the leaders of most of my congregations were usually the wrong people. For some reason the leaders of a congregation, and I am speaking of country congregations, are not the humble fine Christians in the congregation but they are the rich and arrogant politicians in the congregation. That was the case in Yorktown.

The leader was a bank director, who owned more than eleven hundred acres of the finest land in all the community. He was not only arrogant, but also very shrewd. He was a man who took advantage of his neighbor's need to enrich himself. He gave very liberally for the church, but not because he loved the Lord so much, but rather because his liberality gave him prestige in the community. He was my "thorn in the flesh" at Yorktown, and I was the "fly in his ointment."

When he became peeved at some of my sermons or suggestions in a church meeting, he had the habit of asking me before all present, "Revenor, don't you think it would be a good thing for you and this congregation if you would leave for another church?" At first I did not answer him at all. Later on I answered him, "The Lord has called me to Yorktown, and as soon as the Lord wants me to leave, He will call me to another place." And I did pray many a night that the Lord would send me another call. When at last it did come, this call did not suit my opponent at all because it was to a much larger congregation which offered me a salary of two hundred dollars more annually than I was getting at Yorktown at the time.

When I received that call, I did not ask the congregation to discuss it al all, but I simply announced my resignation at Yorktown, which was to take effect as soon as the congregation had paid me the balance of what they owed me in cash. The surprising thing was this to me, that then the cash was forthcoming, when before I had been told that there was no cash in the congregation. In less than a month I had every cent of what was coming to me.

I'll have more to say about those payless months in 1933 in a later paragraph. For all this really came about in the very last year of my stay in Yorktown. The earlier years of my stay were indeed pleasant years. Our last two children were born at Yorktown. Our son Robert John was born there on July 23, 1925. Our youngest son, Edward Donald Wayne, was born about two years later, namely on August 12, 1927.

I had been called to Yorktown to preach in the German language every first, third and fifth Sunday of the month, and English on the second and fourth Sundays. I did this just a little over a year when one of the elders in the congregation complained that he had trouble in getting his children to come to church on the German Sundays. He confessed that his children did not speak Low German any longer at home, but spake English only and they said they could not understand the German preaching.

Upon investigating, I found this same thing to be true in many of the homes of my people in Yorktown. I therefore offered to preach in both languages every Sunday. The congregation accepted my proposal, and immediately about half of the families in the congregation attended the English service. Also, the children from that time on were instructed in Bible History and Catechism in the English language, and the confirmations also were conducted in the English language.

Within a few short years, the attendance in the German services began to lag. In the July meeting of 1933, the congregation decided to have a German service only once a month, on the first Sunday of each month. Our English services by that time were attended by most of our people. On the very Sunday in July when the congregation decided to hold German services only once a month, only four people had attended the German service, besides the organist and myself. As I was leaving the church after the German service on that day, the oldest member of my congregation waited for me at the door and there he poked his fist under my nose and said, "Sie sind Schuld daran! Sie sind Schuld daran!" In English, "You are to blame! You are to blame." When I asked, "For what am I to blame?", he answered, "You are to blame that our German services are so poorly attended." I answered him, "Where are your own children?" For he had four married sons in my congregation, and they attended the English services regularly, and he replied, "Yes, since you offered to preach in both languages, I can't drive them to German services with a stick."

Indeed my English preaching had killed the attendance at the German services, but to this day I am not sorry for that. I buried German preaching, as in Brussels, so in Yorktown, and later on after a much stiffer fight, also in my St. John's congregation at Alta.

I considered it a crime that in the last mentioned two congregations, the children in school had to learn German, a foreign

language to them, in order to be instructed and confirmed in the faith in a language which they could not speak and which they were barely able to understand. Although preaching in two languages every Sunday was not an easy chore but a burden for me, I gladly bore that burden in order to bury German preaching in a country in which the English language is the language of the land. Although I had learned my preaching mostly in the German language, I had preached English about once a month since, when in 1910, I was called to El Paso, Texas.

I wrote my sermon in the English language after I began to preach in that tongue every Sunday, and translated it freely into German for the sermon in that language. After I had memorized my sermon well in the English language, it was quite easy to preach the same sermon in the German tongue. It was easier for me to find the words to express myself in the German language than for me to write my sermon in the German language and then try to find the English words quickly to translate the German into the English language.

I always wrote out my sermons completely, for all the more than 47 years that I preached. Only once did I preach a sermon from an outline, and I was so dissatisfied with the result that I never tried it again. Usually I selected my text on Monday of the week before I had to preach it, and developed theme and parts, and then until Thursday I mulled over in my mind what I was going to say. On Thursday, never later than Friday, I made a longhand draft of my sermon which I then copied and corrected while copying it on the typewriter. My training in the two business colleges which I attended in my teens enabled me to use the typewriter in my sermon making. I found that it was far easier to memorize a typed sermon than one written in longhand.

It was while I was in Yorktown that I was accused for the second time in my life of preaching contrary to Lutheran practice. The first such accusation was made in Loebau by an Elder of Christ congregation, who declared that I did not use my text as Dr. Walther in his Postil had used and explained the text. The accusation in my congregation at Yorktown was made by a rich woman member who accused me of not preaching the Gospel. A serious accusation indeed! For the Lutheran Church is THE Gospel Preaching Church, at least it has been that during most of my days.

At the present time, I too have been assailed now and then because some of our present preachers too preach sanctification from the background of the LAW rather than as a necessary fruit of

faith. And we know that faith is solely the product of Gospel preaching. Since Faith alone is able to produce Sanctification, therefore there can be no God-pleasing Sanctification until a person has been born again and made a believer in Christ, by the divine power of the Gospel of Christ. All exhortation to "be good" and to "do good" is in vain, until we have been convinced that Our Heavenly Father gave His BEST, His Only Begotten Son, to save us poor lost sinners, and until we fully realize that the Son of God shed His Holy Precious Blood and died on the Cross to redeem us, and until the Holy Ghost has by the preaching of the Gospel persuaded us to accept Christ as our only and personal SAVIOUR, that even the WILL to please and to serve God will be found in our hearts. The Love and Grace and Mercy which the Triune God has shown us in Christ Jesus alone will be able to convert and sanctify us so that we will want to be good, and to do good, and to serve Him in appreciation for what He has done for us undeserving sinners. But let me return to the woman who accused me of not preaching the GOSPEL.

I did not let her accusation go unnoticed. But I insisted that my visitor examine the charges of the woman. He found that what she meant was this, that I did not preach on the Sunday Gospel Lessons which have been selected by the church fathers of ancient times, and which are read in our Lutheran Churches Sunday after Sunday. I had preached on these also when I first came to Yorktown, and rather than to preach on the same texts year after year, I had made it my business to preach on pertinent free texts; for I felt that my congregation, even as St. Paul's, needed to hear the "whole counsel of God for the salvation of sinful men."

On another occasion, three elders of my congregation came over on a Sunday evening while I had company in my home, to complain to me that I was preaching too often on the Christian virtue of bringing free will offerings unto the Lord. I was told that my sermons on increased contributions for Mission and Charity were rousing members to animosity and even reduced giving. I asked one of these elders how often I had preached on GIVING in that year. He replied, "I remember that you stressed it at least three times." I asked him then, if he knew, how often the Scripture lessons to be read at the Altar every Sunday stressed sacrificial giving. He confessed that he did not know.

Therefore, I took the church agenda used and authorized in the Lutheran Church, and showed him that these lessons mentioned the virtue of sacrificial giving at least a dozen times, and that just such complaining members like himself wanted me to preach on these

very lessons Sunday after Sunday, and that therefore perhaps I should have preached on giving to them twelve times instead of just three times.

Before leaving for home, after an unfruitful conference with me, one of the Elders acknowledged that he had not felt right about coming along since he had never felt that I had harped too much on giving. And my preaching did no harm, for the contributions, instead of falling off, began to increase right along until the depression hit Iowa.

By that time our Synod was in debt for running expenses to the tune of two and a half million dollars. This debt had been made when times were prosperous between 1925 and 1929. The depression, though it proved a hardship on many pastors, proved a blessing for the Lutheran Church Missouri Synod, for the debt of two and a half million dollars was paid off during the depression years, and the work in the church was not harmed.

Our people learned during the trying years of the depression that if God's people do not give the Lord that which is His, that then the Lord can take in a day what they have labored for and saved up and laid away for themselves during many God-blessed years.

Iowa did not only have the depression to bankrupt its farmers and businessmen, but also the Lord sent two disastrous droughts over that rich and fruitful country, namely in 1931 and again in 1936. It was then that the chastized Lutherans of Iowa repented and cried to the Lord for forgiveness. One of the very elders who had during the prosperous years accused me of preaching too often on sacrificial giving, and who was a director of the Yorktown Savings Bank, had a loss of $85,000.00 when the bank closed its doors during the depression. Although he did recuperate in time what he had lost, it did him little good in the end, for the loss of his wealth caused him to develop ulcers of the stomach which later on became cancerous, and caused his early and untimely end.

What happened in my congregation was duplicated more or less in most every Lutheran congregation. One man told me that his congregation talked about a new church for years and it was needed badly, but it was not built until after the depression had hit Iowa. He said, "We were all too stingy to open our purses to build the church. I could have paid for half of it myself, for I lost thirty-five thousand in the bank when it went under and some of our members lost even