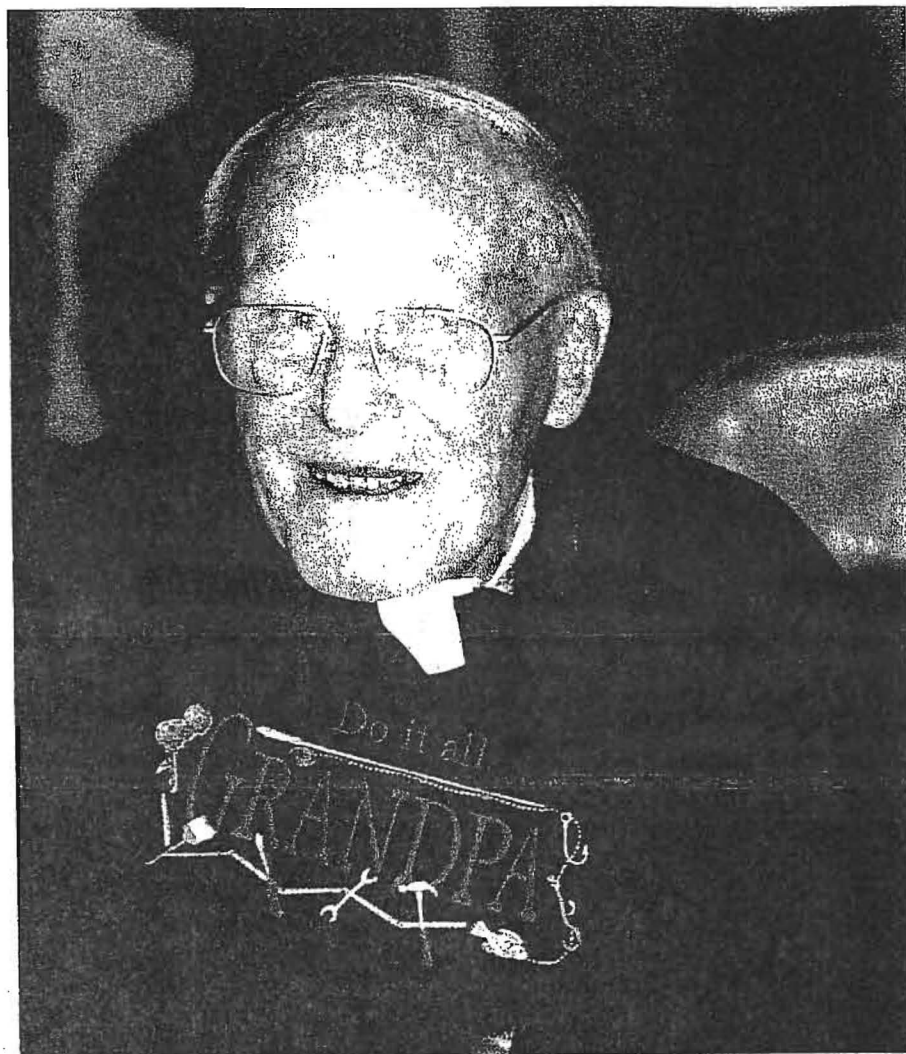


# *A CENTURY UNFURLED*

*September 18<sup>th</sup>, 1902- September 18<sup>th</sup> 2002*



*Autobiography by Philip William Schwab*

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Here I am, sitting in front of a recorder in the home of Phyllis Weygandt, my second daughter, where I live in Lincoln, Nebraska. I've been asked to tell some of the interesting things that have occurred in my life that spans one hundred years. This will be very impromptu, as I have no script. Probably a good place to start would be to tell something about when I came into existence.

I was born September 18, 1902, in my parents' home on a farm about three miles from Morganville, Kansas. I was the fourth of eight children born to Frederick Samuel Schwab and Anna Kurt Schwab. They were both born in Switzerland, Dad on May 30, 1871, in Arch, and Mother on February 6, 1868, in Durrenroth. Mother had a twin sister who died while still an infant. I remember Mother telling that when the twins were born, her parents named her Rosa, and her twin sister was named Anna. However, when they were christened, the officiating minister inadvertently christened Mother Anna and her twin sister Rosa. So after that Mother was always called Anna. After her twin died, another baby girl was born and she was named Rosa, so I did have an Aunt Rosa.

Dad came over to the United States with his parents in 1878 when he was seven years old. Mother came over in March of 1887, when she was nineteen. She came alone, and she was to meet her older brother here in America in Cleveland, Ohio. She didn't know any English at all, and in her travels she had her ticket, her trunk, and whatever else she had. The only way she knew where to go was to just watch her trunk and luggage, and when they would put her luggage on a train, she got on that same train. She made it all right to Cleveland, and her brother met her there.

Mother had studied dressmaking in Switzerland and had brought her little hand sewing machine with her to America. She lived with her brother in Cleveland, and used her dressmaking and sewing skills to get work. In 1893, before Oklahoma had become a state, the territory was opened to settlement. Mother and her brother took part in what they called the Oklahoma Land Run. Their run was a failure as far as getting any land. As they drove from place to place, somebody was already there. Some one had made his claim and was plowing and breaking sod. Anyway that wasn't a very successful venture.

In talking about her early years here in America, Mother said there was a Swiss couple who lived just a few miles from her brother in Ohio. They had Swiss friends who would come to visit them, and they would play games and reminisce about their homeland. Mother and her brother were often invited over to join in the little get-togethers. The visiting family was the Schwabs, and one of the boys was about Mother's age. It wasn't

long before this nice young man named Fred began to pay special attention to Mother. She especially enjoyed the companionship of someone from Switzerland, and their friendship blossomed into love. And as I recall, that's how my parents met. They were married on December 3, 1895, in Prospect, Ohio.

In the spring of 1896 they moved to the Petermeyer place west of Morganville. Lily was born there September 4, 1896. The next year on December 24, their second daughter Amelia was born. In 1898 they moved to Wakefield, Kansas, and Fred was born there on September 15, 1899. They lived in Bern, Indiana, for a short time, and then in early 1902 they moved to the Harry place near Morganville where I was born. Shortly after they moved there, Dad and either one of his brothers or a hired man had pruned the orchard trees and had burned the brush and trimmings. They thought the fire was completely out, so they didn't put any water on the burnings but just left it and went to do something else. Lily and Amelia, and perhaps Fred was with them, went out there and played in the ashes. They didn't realize there were still live coals in the ashes. While they were playing in the ashes, Amelia's clothes caught on fire. I don't know just exactly the proceedings then, but she no doubt ran to the house screaming for help from Mother. This just fanned the flames causing her to be so badly burned that she didn't survive the ordeal. She died on March 7, 1902, at the age of four years, two months, and eleven days. Mother was pregnant with me when Amelia died so I never knew her, but I have visited her little grave many times.

Then I was born on September 18, 1902. The following February we moved to the Stoneback farm near Morganville, and Edna was born there on October 22, 1903. And then Uncle Vern was born a couple of years later. He was born on February 14, Valentine's Day, and his middle name is Valentine---Verner Valentine Schwab. After Vern is Nellie, and she was born October 14, 1906. The last of the eight children, Fannie, was born on December 4, 1907.

When I was about seven years old, Dad, with some help from one of his brothers or Mother's brothers or a hired man, was building a cattle barn and hay shed with a hay mow in the center. They would stack the hay in the center of the barn, and on the north and on the south of the barn were extensions for feeding the hay to the cattle. One day they were working on those extensions, and for some reason they had left the building to go and do something else. We boys were messing around and playing on the roof of the south extension. When we thought it was time to get off the barn, as kids will do, one of us made the challenge to see who could be the first to get down to the ground. Some of the ridgerow was leaning up against the barn where they were working on the extension. I was close to a bundle of ridgerow, so I hurriedly grabbed the bundle and threw my arms around it and slid down that ridgerow to the ground. When I got down to the bottom, I realized I had a big gash on my right arm. I guess I probably was the first one down, but my arm took some medical attention right away. We got Mother, and she was kind of a doctor since her mother really was a physician. She got right busy and bathed my wound and took care of me. She usually always would take some carbolic acid and warm water, as warm as you could stand it, and make a solution and bathe that wound. And that was the end of that ordeal, but I still have an ugly scar as a reminder of that experience.

Along about that time, Mother got really sick. She had pneumonia and she was so sick the folks didn't know whether she was going to live or not. Some of the time they didn't know whether she was alive or dead. After she was feeling better, they had a discussion and thought that maybe they ought to move to a warmer climate. So Dad went with a group of land agents hunting for a warmer climate. The group went down to Florida, and Dad bought a small acreage of orchard near Lakeland. There were orange trees, grapefruit, tangerines and I don't know what else, but anyway the orchard was not too large, I think in the neighborhood of twenty-five acres. So we sold out there where we were at Morganville and moved down to Florida in February of 1911. That was quite an ordeal! We moved our horses, and I'm not sure whether we moved any cattle or not, but anyway we moved the horses, and we must have had two or three stock cars filled with animals. I suppose we had chickens and other things, too. When we crossed the Mississippi River at Memphis, Tennessee, the river was about ten miles wide there. It was way out of its banks, but they had the track built up so high we could cross all right, but we were on that viaduct for about ten miles. We certainly were glad to get back down to solid ground.

We got to Florida and Dad started to cut down and grub out some of the timber that was left on the place. I was about nine then and I remember we had quite a time. We weren't down there very long until we all got sick with dysentery. So before we had been there six months, the folks decided that wasn't any place for white people and that we had better get back up to civilization. Once again Dad started to hunt for a place to live. He came up to Mother's brothers and a sister who were living on a farm near Topeka, Kansas. We moved up to their home, and Dad continued to look for a place to buy. One day he decided to take a train to Paxico to look at some property there, so he went to the railroad station in Topeka and bought a ticket. Several trains had come and gone and none of them were scheduled to stop at Paxico. Dad got tired of waiting for one to stop, so he got disgusted and said, "The next train that comes along, I'm getting on." He got on the next train, all right, and when the conductor came to collect the tickets, he looked at Dad's ticket and said, "Who in the H.... ever dreamt of the Golden State Limited stopping at a siding." Dad told the conductor what had happened and suggested to him that when they got to Paxico, if the train would just slow down, he would jump off. When they got to Paxico, the train didn't just slow down, but it stopped, and Dad got off.

Well, Dad finally ended up buying a farm in the middle of Tuttle Creek pond (chuckle, chuckle!). It wasn't a pond then but it has ended up being a lake since then. This place was just about half way between Garrison and Stockdale, where the Blue River looped to the east of the Blue Valley, and then it turned and went just about straight west across the valley. When it got to the west side, it turned and went back to the east side of the valley again, and then it wound around. The sales agreement stipulated that the folks were not to get possession of the farm until the first of March. In order for us kids to not have to change schools in the middle of the year, we rented a place in the little town of Garrison and moved there in the summer of 1911, just before school started. Dad got a job working at a stone quarry up Dry Creek, which was up toward Olsburg. We kids went to school in Garrison, and continued to go there after we moved out on the farm the first of March in 1912.



While we were living there on the Blue River, we kids spent a lot of time in the river and learned how to swim. Whenever the river got out, it would leave us on an island. It would cut us off, so we would be out in a boat. In some places it was deep enough that we could dive off the boat and dive down to the bottom of the river and get a hand full of gravel, or whatever there was on the bottom of the river. One of the neighbors asked us if we had any idea how deep the river was there where we were diving. We didn't know, so he told us it was sixteen to eighteen feet deep there. Where it was so deep, it was fairly wide too, and we'd swim back across the river. Sometimes we would hang on to the back of the boat, then let go and swim a little, and then catch up again, and then swim some more. We did a lot of swimming and diving in that river, so we learned to be strong swimmers and good divers while we lived there. That skill was put to good use many years later when we lived in Minnesota, the land of 10,000 lakes. We had a boat and I learned how to water-ski and had lots of fun doing that with our family.

The first two years on the farm were pretty good years, and then 1914 was a real good year. Then in 1915 we had a very bad year. It just rained and rained, and the river flooded and we had to move off the farm. We would put the cattle in the pasture and the hogs in the barn, and we put the chickens upstairs in the hayloft. We just moved stuff from one place to another all summer in 1915. Then in 1916 we had wet weather, and in the spring it started thawing and the river got out and flooded the whole valley with ice. Exasperated, Dad said, "That's enough of that!" He didn't want to face that uncertainty the rest of his life, so he started looking for a better place to live. This time we landed over at Keats.

In the spring of 1916, they bought the place about a mile west of Keats on the Silver Creek Road. I think a little more time elapsed before Dad bought the Patterson place. I'm not sure who he bought it from, but it seems like Ayars came in there some way. They had a hand in it, but just exactly what, I don't know. This was in about 1918, I think. From then on more land was purchased from time to time, so they ended up with a sizable amount of farmland.

Cars were very few back in those days, and horses were afraid of cars. One time we were going to town for something. We had a single-horse buggy that we hitched our horse to, and then loaded a case of eggs into the buggy. On the way to town we met a car, and the horse got scared and went up the bank and just about upset the buggy. It did upset the case of eggs out of the buggy, and that was a big mess.

We also had a Shetland pony we would hitch to a spring wagon, and then go out in the field and cut down corn and haul it in with the pony and wagon. The little pony didn't always want to cooperate, and often we would have a runaway with it. It would just take off and run home to the barn. That made our job a lot harder, but when we did get the corn hauled in, we would chop it up by feeding two or three stocks at a time into a cutter to make fodder for the milk cows. This chopper was kind of like a silage cutter, only you'd turn it by hand with a crank, and it had a flywheel on it. The cogs didn't have guards on them, and one time when I wasn't careful enough, I got the little finger of my right hand in the cogwheels and it took a chunk off the end of my finger. Because of the

injury, my fingernail is disfigured, my finger is shorter than normal, and I can't straighten it out.

When I was attending Keats Rural High School, there was a beautiful, shy girl in my class that I was determined to get acquainted with. Her name was Nina Retta Inman, but I had been living in that area for several years and had never heard of a family named Inman. I soon learned that she was a cousin of some friends of mine, the four Goff boys, Merle, Marvin, Roy, and Harold, who lived two miles east of Keats. Their folks were Cyrus and Hannah Goff, and Nina was the daughter of Cyrus' sister, Ida Goff Inman. The Inman family lived on a farm up by Parallel, Kansas, and Nina was born there on January 5, 1903. Parallel was ten miles south of Barnes on the county line between Marshall County and Riley County. Nina was the youngest of ten children born to John LaFayette Inman and Ida Lenora Goff Inman. Her siblings were Clarence, Olive, Elva, Raymond, Wallace, Daisy, Ivan, and twins Cyrus and Silas. Nina never knew the last five children named above because they had died when they were young. In fact, the twins were just babies when there was an epidemic of diphtheria and scarlet fever, and both of them and another one of the children died within one week.

Nina's mother had pernicious anemia and was quite sick from the time Nina was very young. From her sickbed she taught Nina how to do the cooking and bake bread, do the laundry and housework and everything to keep the home running smoothly. Nina also did a lot to care for her sick Mother. She worked very hard, and it was difficult for someone so young. After getting breakfast and doing dishes for her folks and brother Raymond, she would run about two miles to school. I suppose she would cry most of the way to school.

Nina's mother died on April 11, 1916, at the age of fifty-four. Nina was thirteen years old at that time. She stayed on in the home with her Dad and brother Raymond for a while, and then it was decided that she should go live with her Uncle Cyrus and Aunt Hannah near Keats and go to high school there. Because of her homemaking skills, she was a tremendous help to Aunt Hannah and more than paid for her keep. Aunt Hannah was quite a stylish lady and saw to it that Nina had nice clothes and was educated in the social graces. This, coupled with Nina's beauty and sweet disposition, made it very easy to fall in love with her. We did our courting during our high school years, and I was on Cloud Nine when she accepted my proposal of marriage.

We graduated from Keats Rural High School in the spring of 1922. After graduation, I stayed on at home and continued to farm with my Dad and brothers Fred and Vern. Nina packed her few belongings and traveled to Hays, Kansas, where she enrolled in the Hays Teachers' College. After an intensive summer course there, she got a job teaching elementary school close to where she stayed at one of the patrons of the school down by Sunnyside. At the close of the school year, Nina and I were married on May 23, 1923, in the Methodist Church at Keats. Pastor C E Wood married us, and Marvin and Elsie Goff were our attendants. We were so happy, and as we said our vows before the altar decorated with beautiful peonies, we thanked God for bringing us together.

Our first home as newlyweds was there at the Patterson place on the outskirts of Keats. This was just a mile east of where my folks lived on the Silver Creek Road. I continued to farm with Dad and my brothers, and Nina enjoyed fixing up our cozy little home. Both of us were active in the Methodist church, and we were determined to let Jesus be our Counselor and Guide. About a year later, to add to our joy, a precious baby girl we named Lenora Jean arrived. With Dr. Colt there to help, she was born on Monday, May 12, 1924, at Aunt Hannah and Uncle Cy Goff's home, just one day too late for Nina to celebrate her first Mother's Day. But she was so thrilled to be a mother that it really didn't matter.

We were living at the Patterson place, and then we decided to rent a farm about three miles west of Keats, known as the Ziegler place. This was where Aunt Fannie and Uncle George Schurle later lived. After we moved there, we began attending some tent meetings in Manhattan. Pastor Robert L Boothby was the evangelist, and this was his first effort after graduating from Emmanuel Missionary College, now known as Andrews University, in Berrien Springs, Michigan. We had been going to the meetings for several weeks and enjoyed them very much because we thought he was preaching the Word of God directly from the Bible. However, our folks and the Methodist minister and others who were against Seventh-day Adventists didn't want us to get mixed up with them. So we quit going to the meetings. The Adventist church elder, not the minister who was holding the meetings, but the local church elder and his wife, Charles and Ethel Davis, were trying to keep in contact with us. Ethel would visit Nina, and the report she would bring back to the church was that "You couldn't touch Nina with a ten-foot pole." They felt sure there was no use to try to talk about the message with us, so that's the way that ended up.

One Sunday morning I went out to the barn to milk and here Dad's hired man, Frank Quinn, was in the barn and met me at the barn door. I greeted him and he said he didn't know whether he wanted to greet me or not. I asked him, "Why. What's the matter?" And he responded, "You know what's the matter." I told him I didn't know there was any problem. I had borrowed some money from Frank and I asked, "Is it about the money I owe you?" He said, "No, it isn't about that." He kept insisting that I knew what the problem was, and I talked quite a while trying to get him to say what the problem was. He finally said, "You know I've been writing to your sister Edna, and when I put the letters in the mailbox, you get them out of the mailbox so she never gets my letters." That was a surprise to me, and I told him I didn't know anything about that. He kept accusing me, insisting that I knew what was going on. I spent most of the day trying to convince him that I knew nothing about that situation. His home was over at Stockdale, so in the end I took him home, thinking everything was settled.

Later on that summer, Edna was home on vacation. She was taking nurse's training in Kansas City and had come home for her vacation. She had been Roy Goff's girlfriend in high school, so while she was home, Roy had been dating her. Of course, Edna wasn't paying any attention to Frank, so he decided he was going to have to do something about his problem of my interfering with him and Edna.

I was the president of the local Methodist church young peoples' organization called the Epworth League. It was Sunday night August 30, 1925, and we were coming home from Epworth League. We were depending on the wind to pump water for the livestock. The wind hadn't blown any that Sunday, and the cows were without water. They were around the tank wanting a drink, so I decided I'd better pump some water before going into the house. Baby Jean had gone to sleep in her Mother's arms, so Nina thought she would just sit in the car and wait until I got done pumping water. As I pumped water, I wondered about Frank, and I had a premonition that he was in the house and would shoot me when we went in the house. Well, I thought that was just a feeling that had come over me, and I dismissed it from my mind.

When I had finished pumping water, I went to the car to help Nina by carrying Jean into the house. We had parked the car in the yard. The Model T Ford touring car didn't have a door on the driver's side, and that blank side of the car was nearest the house. I went around to the passenger side of the car to take the baby, but she was sleeping so peacefully that Nina wanted to carry her. If I had taken the baby it probably would have awakened her by changing over that way. Together we walked around the side of the house to go in across the screened-in porch, which was about eight feet wide. I stepped around Nina, who was carrying the baby, and reached for the screen door handle. Just as I reached for the handle, a shot rang out from inside the house. From the premonition I had earlier while pumping water for the livestock, I was just as positive of what happened as if it had been broad daylight. It was a bright moonlit night, so Frank could see us, but we couldn't see him because it was dark inside the house.

Frank had aimed at my abdomen, and had pulled the trigger just as I reached for the screen door handle, so my arm was in front of me and got practically the whole charge from that shot. It had to be providential that the Lord intervened and my arm was in front of me at the moment he pulled the trigger. When we talked about it afterwards, the attorney said there had to be something wrong with those shells. I should have been killed instantly because Frank was so close to me at the time he shot. I assured the attorney there wasn't anything wrong with the shells because I had gotten an extra-heavy load of powder to be sure to kill the crows. That's why I had borrowed the folk's shotgun and was shooting crows, because the corn was just coming up good and the crows would pull the plant out of the ground to get the kernel.

When the shooting occurred it was about ten o'clock at night. There was a train track that went by our place less than a quarter of a mile from our house and buildings. We had a passenger train called the Ten O'clock Flyer that went by at the same time Frank had pulled the trigger. Nina had heard the shot but she thought it was a torpedo on the track. When there was a train following another train, they would put a warning out to let them know their location. She heard that shot and thought it was a torpedo on the track. She didn't get a scratch; neither did the baby.

The shot had knocked me down, so I got up and said, "Let's run. We've been shot." We went out to get in the car and drive off. Because we had to go around to the passenger side where the door was, the car was between the house and us. I had just stooped down to get in under the top when Frank shot the second time. It was a single barrel shotgun



and he had to reload, but of course we didn't know that. After he shot the second time I said, "Let's run." We ran out the gate and shut the gate and took off down the road. We were running to our neighbors, the Ervin Schurles, who lived a quarter of a mile from us. I outran Nina, as she was pregnant with Phyllis, and she was carrying Jean in her arms. She soon played out, so I said, "Here, let me have the baby," and with my good arm I just grabbed her around her little body like a sack and took off. The Ervin Schurles knew that someone was in trouble because they had heard the shots. They thought somebody was having problems and maybe they were trying to kill each other.

I got as far as Schurle's garage and I collapsed there. In the meantime Ervin called out and wanted to know who it was. I called back and said, "It's Phil and Nina. Frank Quinn shot us." Then, of course, when they knew what actually happened, they called the sheriff. We wanted Ervin to call the doctor, but instead he wanted to call the sheriff and get some help there. By that time, with all the ringing of the phone going on so late at night, all the neighbors heard it and had listened in on the party line and learned what had happened. So it wasn't but just a very short time until the whole neighborhood was there. They came with guns and ropes, and they were going to take care of Frank. Oscar Schurle, Ervin's brother who also lived in the area, had a big Buick and he came with his car and had brought the pastor along with him. Oscar's Buick was the most comfortable of all the vehicles there, so he offered to take us the ten miles to the hospital in Manhattan. It was decided the pastor should go with us, and the pastor wanted to stop at his place and tell his wife what was going on. While he was in telling her, Oscar got out and let air out of the tires so the ride wouldn't be so rough. While he was doing that the doctor said, "When we get to going again, you DRIVE. It's better for this man to die in the hospital than on the road." So Oscar knew it was serious, and he really drove from then on.

The first person I saw when we got to the hospital was our doctor, Dr. Colt, and I just relaxed when I knew he was there and was in charge. When they put me on the table, I vomited, and just vomited blood. I was bleeding internally, so the doctors figured I would soon be gone. I amazed them and didn't die. They later decided that when Frank fired the second shot, the main charge hit about four to six inches below the bottom of the car window on the blank side, and the shot that sprayed through the car window got me in the face and chest. About four shots hit me in the face. I was stooped down to get in under the top, and because I was stooped down, the shot that hit me in the face went down into my mouth. I bled in my mouth and swallowed the blood, and that's what I vomited, we decided afterwards. None of that shot penetrated my insides. It was just the shot that went in my face, hit the skull, then went down into my mouth, and I swallowed that blood. Later on when we discussed this with the attorney that took our case, I talked about it and said I thought it was certainly a miracle that it turned out like it did, that the blood that I vomited was from my mouth. We also realized it was providential that when we first walked from the car to the house, Nina was carrying the baby and was between the house and me where Frank planned to shoot me as we went by the window.

While we were on our way to the hospital, back at the Ervin Schurle's place, like I said, the whole neighborhood had come. They hunted around in the field and couldn't find anything. Someone suggested that they go look in our house. So they went in the house



and looked around downstairs but didn't find anybody, so they started to go upstairs. When the first fellow stuck his head above the upstairs floor, Frank called out, "Another step farther and I'll blow your head off." The mailman was the first to go up and had stuck his head above the floor, and when he heard Frank's threat, he just about fell backwards over those who were following him.

The sheriff talked to Frank then. I expect he just didn't stick his head up the stairwell till he got Frank to unload the gun. When he asked him if he shot me, he said, "Yes, I shot him in self defense." (Chuckle, chuckle!) After the gun was unloaded, the sheriff went on upstairs, and Frank was there behind our bed. He had the shells all laid out on the bed ready to reload. He also had a five-gallon can that we had kerosene in, along with a box of matches, an ax, a rope, and some crackers, so it was evident he was planning on protecting himself. They talked with him and finally were able to take him without any more trouble. The law took care of him from there. He spent the rest of his life in prison for the criminally insane in Leavenworth, Kansas.

Edna called the school of nursing in Kansas City and told the hospital what happened, and asked if she could have an extension of her vacation to see how I got along. She was my special nurse then, and I got a chance to talk with her. I asked her if what Frank was telling me was true, that he was writing to her and she never got his letters. She said she had gotten letters from him, all right, but she never answered them. The folks, Dad especially, when he heard all that, really thought we did the wrong thing. He thought we should have let the authorities know, but we didn't tell them anything about Frank writing to Edna, or about any of those related things that took place.

It took several weeks in the hospital for my wounds to heal enough for me to go home. Nina's days were busy taking care of Jean, visiting me in the hospital, preparing for the baby that was on the way, and attending to all the things at home. However, it was a relief to know that I did not have any internal injuries that were life threatening. But with my arm shot up like it was, we knew I wouldn't be able to farm. I didn't have any use of my arm for quite a while. Before it really got healed up and I was able to use it to amount to very much was probably getting up towards a year. So there was no use to think of farming again for a while. I guess you could say we were river rats after the shooting scrape took place. We just went from one thing to another.

I had kind of wondered about going to school. They were starting an auto mechanics course at Kansas State College, so I enrolled in that and went to school for some time. I could see that as far as the auto mechanics part was concerned, I felt like I knew as much or more than the teacher did, so I thought I was just wasting my time. I did know more about the Model T transmission, how it worked, and one thing and another. So I just decided that I might as well work in the machine shop at the college, and they were glad to hire me there.

When I started the auto mechanics course, we had rented a house at 620 Bluemont Street in Manhattan and had moved there just before school started. We were living there on January 10, 1926, when Dr. Colt delivered our second baby daughter, Phyllis Ann. Now Nina was really a busy mother while I spent my days working at the machine shop.

When we were going to Pastor Boothby's evangelistic meetings, they always had a little 25-cent book that dealt with the subject he spoke on, like the State of the Dead, the Sabbath, and the Judgment. As long as we were going to the meetings, we had bought all those books. So at night when I would come home from work, after supper we would get those books out and read and study them, and we would compare them with the Bible. Of course, they would give texts in the book, and we would compare them with the Bible. The more we read and studied and compared, the more convinced we were that the Adventists were right.

As we studied, I would talk with some of the other employees there at the shop, and they thought we were crazy to even consider it. But we kept reading and studying, and we finally came to the place where we were going to have to do something about it. Not just let it hang in the air. I decided to talk to the superintendent in charge of the machine shop. When I went in to talk to him, I told him that I was coming to the place where I had to make a decision one way or the other. I said that I just felt like the Adventists were right. I wondered if I could have Saturdays off, from Friday sunset to Saturday sunset. He said, "Well, Phil, I wouldn't want to be conscience for someone else. If that's the way you look at it and feel about it, then I wouldn't want to stand in your way. If that's your decision, then you can have Saturdays off." I told him I really appreciated that. I was so excited my feet were ten feet off the ground. I had told the fellows in the department I was going to talk to the superintendent, and they said I was crazy. I wouldn't be able to get Saturdays off. They were really surprised! I knew it was an answer to prayer.

I went home after that talk and told Nina I was ready to make my decision. I was ready to commit my life fully to Christ and be baptized into the Seventh-day Adventist church. She joined me in that decision, and on Sabbath, December 4, 1926, both of us were very thrilled and thankful as we were baptized by immersion as Jesus had been.

We were eager to share the good news of our newfound faith, so I quit the job at the college and went to canvassing. I worked hard at it, and I sold a few books but not enough to make a living. Some kind neighbors let us plant a garden a block or so up the street from the house we were renting on Bluemont, and that helped. But there were times when Mother and I went without eating so there would be enough food for the children. Jean and Phyllis had only one dress apiece, and Mother would wash their dresses out at night so they would have something clean to wear the next day.

We moved to a smaller house on Osage Street to stretch our money a little farther. After that we lived at 1224 Thurston Street for a while. -Later we lived at 501 Vattier with Mrs. Ida Murphy, a kind church member who was a widow. We were living there when our first baby boy was born. What a thrill! Dr. Colt was on hand again February 5, 1928, to help with the delivery. We named our son Leland Dewaine, and we all were so proud of him. All, that is, except two-year-old "big sister" Phyllis. She looked at him lying in the bassinet and said, "Feed him to the chickens." Her attitude quickly changed, for she learned this baby was fun to play with, and both Jean and Phyllis took pride in their part in teaching him the basic skills of life.

By the summer of 1928, my right arm was strong enough that I wanted to start using it more with heavier work. I was talking to my friend, George Snavely, about this, and the two of us decided to go up to North Dakota to work in the wheat harvest. He took his truck and I borrowed the folks' Model T truck, and we drove up to Sheyenne River Academy in Harvey, North Dakota. We really did pretty good there. We worked for several Adventists, hauling wheat from the fields to the grain elevators in town, or to the farm. We worked six days a week, and on Sabbaths we would enjoy going to church with the members there, and then eating a good Sabbath dinner in the home of the family we were working for that week. I especially remember the Patzer, Reiswig, and Unterseher families, and the delicious food and wonderful fellowship we had in their homes.

It was very difficult to be away from Mother and the three little ones, but financially that proved to be a good summer for us. We were able to buy our first home, a nice little house at 1101 Ratone Street. It was near the college, and Mother took in laundry from several of the college faculty to supplement our income. I canvassed again that winter, spring, and into the summer of 1929. Then in the fall, George and I went to South Dakota and shucked corn. We didn't take trucks this time, but I drove our car and George rode up with me. We stayed with the farmers we were working for, and so did not always work for the same farmer at the same time. Some were not Adventists, and most meals consisted of potatoes, bread and butter, and usually a big platter of pork. I was thankful when they had some corn or beans on the table, and surely would have welcomed more vegetables and some fruit.

I had thought about selling Hoover vacuum cleaners, so when I got home that fall I contacted them. I was very happy when they gave me the opportunity to sell and service Hoover sweepers. Jean started school that fall, and was a good student. I don't recall that she brought home much homework, but I do remember that she brought home all the contagious childhood diseases. Mother was kept busy nursing the three kids through measles, whooping cough, and colds. In June of 1930 they all had chickenpox and Mother was concerned because our fourth baby was due to be born. But all went well when Nina Naomi arrived on Friday, June 20. This time it was Dr. Belle Little who assisted in the delivery.

My job of selling and servicing Hoover sweepers was not going so good, partly because I had started right in without any sales training. The Hoover Company was going to hold a convention in Topeka at their headquarters office, and they wanted me and also Mother to attend. I told them it would be difficult for Mother to attend since she was nursing the baby. "Oh, that's no problem," they assured me. "We will provide a wet nurse and your wife can attend all the meetings." Needless to say, we didn't take them up on that part of the offer. But we did go to Topeka to the convention, and the whole family was invited to stay in the home of Pastor and Mrs. Bert Rhodes. He was the colporteur leader for the conference and had been a frequent guest in our home when he came to Manhattan to help me sell books. He was a favorite with Jean and Phyllis. He always carried peanuts for them in his pockets, and they were delighted to reach in and get some "dream seeds," as he called them. Occasionally he would have a really special treat for them—an orange. During our stay with the Rhodes, one evening Jean and Phyllis accidentally

locked themselves in the bathroom. The lock was such that we couldn't get it unlocked from either side, and it was well into the night before we were able to get them out. They will never forget that experience.

After the convention we returned home, and I was hopeful that my Hoover sales would really pick up. But it was during the Depression, and I wasn't making enough to keep food on the table. The Hoover Company sales representative suggested that I could probably do much better if we moved to Topeka because the city was much larger and the market would be better. So we sold our little house on Ratone Street and moved to Topeka and rented a house there. While we were still living in Manhattan, Phyllis started to walk in her sleep. We began peeking into her room frequently at night, and many times we would find her missing from her bed. After we moved to Topeka, her sleep walking became more frequent. She would even unlock the door in her sleep, and we would find her out on the street. It was a real concern to us, but eventually she did outgrow it.

The Depression was worsening and my Hoover sales were practically nil. We'd pick up work wherever we could and do whatever we could, which wasn't too much of anything, just odds and ends that we could get so we would have enough to eat. George Snavely was working for a box factory in Manhattan, and he said they could use some help cutting down cottonwood trees to make egg cases. So we packed up our belongings and moved to the Cravens place in Keats, and I worked with George cutting timber. Mother made delicious cottage cheese and cream cheese, and soon had regular customers for her cheese and home-churned butter, eggs, and cream.

At the house in Keats we had what we called an icehouse. It was kind of a cellar. We would bring sawdust home from the egg case factory sawmill and put it in the cellar. Then in the winter when Wildcat Creek was frozen over, we would cut ice as thick as it was, and usually it would get as much as two feet thick. We would cut the pieces of ice as large as we could handle, and then haul the ice home and bury it in the sawdust in that ice cellar. When we would need ice, we would brush off the sawdust and get the ice chunks out with large ice tongs, then take it to the house and put it in the icebox to keep our food cool.

Our house in Keats was big enough that we had room to keep the student colporteur for our area that summer. Lowell Welch fit right in and was like one of the family. One Sabbath afternoon he offered to baby-sit the four kids so Mother and I could go to a meeting at the church. Jean was in the house, hoping she could persuade us to take her along, but Phyllis, Leland, and Naomi had gone outside to play. Finding a deep rut in the alley behind our house, Leland and Phyllis got a bright idea. They had witnessed a baptism at church that morning, so they filled the deep rut with water from the pump in the backyard. While they were doing this, they told Naomi to catch the family cat and hold it. This done, the three of them walked solemnly to the "baptistry" with the innocent cat in tow. One of them, probably Leland since all ministers were men in those days, grabbed the cat by the nape of the neck and dunked it into the water while ceremoniously reciting, "I now baptize you in the name of the Father, and the Son, and in the hole she goes." When Mother and I walked out of the house to go to our meeting, we could hardly



believe what we saw and heard. Original, yes, but the baptizers were covered with mud from head to toe. In my haste to get to the meeting on time, I stood them like soldiers by the pump, grabbed the bucket and filled it, and then doused them with water several times to get the mud off. Water from a deep well can be VERY COLD, and they were not too happy with their subsequent "baptism." I suppose Wilhemine Kunze, Carl Watts, and Oscar Torkelsen, three other student colporteurs who stayed with us through the years, could also tell some interesting stories.

We have come in our story telling to the fall of 1933. Mother was pregnant and we were so hoping it would be a boy since we already had three girls and only one boy. Pansy Snavelly suggested that Mother plan to have the baby at their house on Yuma Street in Manhattan, since it would be much better than hoping the doctor could make it clear out to Keats on time. That seemed like a good idea, so when the time came, Mother went to Snavelys as planned. Dr. Colt was our doctor, but for some reason they couldn't get hold of him. Remember, they didn't have cell phones in 1933. At the last minute, the doctor's office sent a Dr. Willard Schwartz. Mother was disappointed, but decided that any doctor was better than no doctor. The baby was born on November 22, and we were so excited when the doctor announced, "It's a BOY!" But the excitement soon turned to concern when Dr. Schwartz asked Pansy to get a tub of hot water and another tub of cold water as quickly as possible. The baby was blue and not breathing. The doctor held him upside down by his heels and spanked him vigorously, then put him in the hot water, then the cold water, and then would hold him upside down by his heels and spank him again. The doctor kept up this cycle for at least thirty minutes. Can you imagine the relief and prayers of thanksgiving that went up when the baby caught his breath and finally started to squall. And that's the way our Paul Wendell came into our lives. We were convinced that once again the Lord had intervened, and had sent Dr. Schwartz to save the life of our fine baby boy. I'm sure any other doctor would have given up such a strenuous fight much sooner. When Dr. Schwartz signed Paul's birth certificate, he signed it "The Hired Man." You can be sure he remained our family doctor until he retired.

Two weeks later, when Mother and baby Paul were back at home in Keats, Mother was not recuperating very well and seemed to be getting worse and worse. We were devastated when the doctor told us she had scarlet fever. They quarantined all of us immediately. A bright pink sign was posted on our house by the front door, and no one could come in or go out except the doctor. Of course, that meant Jean and Phyllis could not even go to school. We put Mother in a room by herself, and I took over the task of caring for the entire family, baby and all. When I went into Mother's room, I always wore a mask, and kept a basin of water on a stand outside her door to wash my hands with disinfectant. The older kids were a big help, and we got through it without anyone else contracting the dreaded disease.

That winter the box factory closed down in Manhattan and relocated in Arkansas City, Kansas. The company told George and me they would continue to hire us if we moved with them, so once again we packed up our things and moved. The Snavelly family also moved, and we were happy about that. When we got to Arkansas City, we learned that some of the Adventist believers there had been influenced by the Shepherd's Rod, and were no longer meeting as a group. We started having Sabbath school and church in our



home located at 1522 North 5<sup>th</sup> Street. The Snavelys joined us, and also Mr. Loneki, a faithful member who lived there. As we made new friends, we invited them to join us, and several were baptized. We were happy to be involved in the building up of a little group that later became large enough to organize as a church.

I was happy for my work at the box factory, for many people could not find work of any kind. One day at work I fell and cut my knee quite badly on a chain saw and wasn't able to work for a while. A lady from the Welfare Agency came to check up on us and to ask if they could help. The kids were shyly eavesdropping from a distance, and Phyllis overheard the welfare lady remark that Phyllis looked puny. After the lady left, Phyllis asked Mother, "Did the lady say I looked 'pruny' because we eat so many prunes?"

On October 25, 1934, our happy home was once again blessed with the arrival of a baby girl. Ramona Darlene was the first of our little ones to be born in the hospital. She was so tiny, but always had a big smile, and the older kids treated her like a porcelain doll. In a picture taken of her when she was a few months old, Mother had propped a pillow behind her to help her sit up. When the picture was developed, the pillow had the appearance of wings, and so we always thought of her as our little angel.

By Thanksgiving time, my leg injury still had not healed, so I wasn't able to go back to work. The neighbors knew of our plight, and blessed us with a lovely Thanksgiving basket filled with the goodies that make the holiday special. We all felt especially thankful for our neighbors' kindness. Without work, we could not afford to buy gas and a battery, so I put the car up on blocks, and then took the tires off and kept them in the shade so they wouldn't deteriorate.

About that time the box factory in Arkansas City closed down, and I was forced to start working on the WPA. The Depression was so severe that President Franklin Roosevelt had instituted this organization to provide work for thousands, probably hundreds of thousands. Mostly I worked with a group repairing roads during this time. We couldn't afford to pay rent on our house in town anymore, so scouted around and found a deserted night club about three miles from town. It had plenty of room for our family and also the Snavelys.

Actually, the kids had lots of fun while we lived there. We lived in one section of the club, and George and Pansy and their son Norman Dean lived in the other. Both sections were two stories high, and there was a big veranda circling the outside of both floors. This provided lots of room for the kids to play and get exercise running up and down the stairs. The most difficult part for the kids was the three-mile walk to school. Leland was in the first grade, Phyllis in the third, and Jean in the fourth. Norman Dean and Naomi were about the same age and too young to go to school. That year Kansas was so dry it was called the Dust Bowl. Some days there would be terrible dust storms, and as the kids walked home from school they would turn around and walk backwards so the dust and sand wouldn't blow in their face. This didn't keep the sand from stinging the back of their legs, however. We had told them never to accept a ride from a stranger, and they obeyed us. But they talk about it now and remember how badly they wanted to accept those offers of a ride.

The situation wasn't getting any better there in Arkansas City, and my Dad was urging us to come back to the farm in Keats. We were in a real quandary wondering what to do, for Kansas was having a severe drought. It hadn't rained for so long, we knew we wouldn't be able to make a go of it without rain. We decided to make it a subject of special prayer. We got the children involved too, and twice a day we would kneel together and pray earnestly that if it would be best for us to move back to Keats, that the Lord would send rain so we could have a good crop. Just a few days later we learned they had a good soaking rain, so we praised the Lord for answering our prayers, and with light hearts we packed our things and moved back to Keats. This was in 1935. We moved to the Patterson place where we first lived right after we were married. By now we had six children. We had all but David, and we decided that maybe the best thing to do was a little remodeling on the house and add on some more room. So we started to do that, and since we were doing all the work ourselves, it took several years to complete the project. The addition included a new kitchen, dining room, and bath downstairs, and a sleeping porch upstairs. The indoor plumbing and a furnace to heat the whole house were welcome improvements.

We were working on the house in our spare time, so to speak, because we had started farming with my Dad and Fred and Vern again. We also had a dairy herd and separated the milk and sold cream to the City Dairy in Manhattan. Mother once again had quite a few customers we delivered her cottage cheese, cream cheese, butter, and eggs to. Also, since our farm home was right on busy Highway 24, I often was asked to do auto repair work for travelers who were having car trouble and had stopped for help at one or the other of the two service stations in Keats on Highway 24. I didn't have a shop, so usually ended up doing the repairs under a shade tree, and our place became known as "The Shade Tree Garage." Ramona was a cute little thing with long blond braids, and full of energy and pep. It wasn't long until she acquired the nickname "Pep," and she's still called that most of the time. She was fascinated by car engines, and usually had her little head under the hood with mine, watching everything I did. The boys were always working with me too, and learned to be very good mechanics. I'm proud of them and what they have done through the years with their natural ability as well as their training.

My Dad had cancer and was failing, and it saddened us all when he died August 10, 1936. Jean especially was heartbroken because she had an attack of appendicitis and was in the hospital, so could not go to his funeral. And that's another story. Our family doctor, Dr. Schwartz, had been called to active duty in the Armed Forces. But Jean needed a surgeon, and Manhattan's chief surgeon had recently had a heart attack on the golf course and died. A new surgeon, Dr. Bascom, had just arrived at the hospital to replace him. Jean's appendix were within minutes of bursting, but Dr. Bascom came on the scene just at the right time to operate and save her from disaster. Because he was so new in town, he told us that he would not charge us anything for the surgery, but would appreciate our recommending him to our friends if we were satisfied with his services. How thankful we were. Yes, the Lord had worked another miracle.

When we were farming the Patterson place, we had alfalfa hay down there on the bottomland. A good share of the time we had wet weather, and we would have an awful time getting the hay put up in any good shape because some of that bottom land was wet,

you might say, practically all the time. You just had to fight to get the hay mowed and dried and put up. One time we were mowing, and Leland and Phyllis were riding on the back of the tractor, hanging onto the seat and standing on part of the mower where they could stand. I was driving the tractor and I was really foolish to let the kids ride back there. But anyway, when I made a sharp turn at the corner of the field, Leland lost his footing and slipped. The power-take-off shaft somehow grabbed hold of the bottom of his overalls' pant leg and jerked them clear off of him, and threw him off the machine. The mower cut him up quite a little, and he was lying there in the field in his underwear and covered with blood. Phyllis ran to the house to get Mother. When Mother heard the terrible news, she nearly panicked and had a hard time getting the car started. What seemed like an eternity was only a few minutes, and finally it started and she drove to the field to pick Leland up. Grandma's house was close and made a good hospital emergency room, and Grandma was a good doctor. She fixed carbolic acid in warm water and bathed his wounds and cleaned him up, then bandaged the deep cuts so he could be on the mend. We had lots of experiences that way. It's a wonder Grandma ever let us take the kids out of her sight.

We had never taken a family vacation, so in the summer of 1938 we took a trip to the Ozark Mountains. On the way down we stopped in Shell City, Missouri, and visited one of our uncles and his family. The other nights we just camped out. One night we slept in a haystack. Another night we slept on beds of pine needles in the forest. We went on down into the Ozarks, and we were going to see the Ropers. They had been our neighbors and worked with us in the logging business, cutting cottonwood logs. They called it a "holler" where they lived. We'd ask neighbors if they knew where the Ropers lived, and they'd say, "Yah, they live right on up the holler." So we kept going until we finally came to the holler where they lived. We had been so disappointed when they moved from Keats because we had tried our best to persuade them to stay and continue to be our neighbors. What we found down the holler (or up the holler depending on which way you were going) was that they leave a little crack between the flooring boards so they don't have much trouble getting rid of the dirt that is carried in. They just sweep it down the crack. And I guess when the crack gets full, they take a scoop shovel and take it out and throw it in the yard. It makes good fertilizer. It was the same way with the walls. There were cracks between the boards so they would wad up newspaper and push it in with a knife and seal up the ventilation to keep it warmer in the winter. They also used newspaper to paper their walls. Our kids felt like we were really rich after we visited them. We were sorry we weren't able to persuade them to come back to Keats. They were fine neighbors and excellent workmen and really knew how to take care of timber. They would cut it down and trim it and saw it up, and whatever else they wanted to do with it.

In the summer of 1941 we had a real good trip driving to California. We camped out almost every night. Sometimes we could sleep out, and we even slept in the car some because, to tell the truth about it, come night in the mountains it got very chilly. It poured rain when we were in Salt Lake City so we spent the whole night in the car. That was something else, since there were eight of us in our little 1937 Ford "Sixty." It was about a sixty horsepower and a small engine. Actually, when we got on out to the Grand Canyon, one of the water pumps quit on us. (You see, it's a V-8 and it had a water pump

for each cylinder.) We thought we really were going to have a terrible time finding a water pump out there in the Grand Canyon for a thing like a Ford Sixty. Believe it or not, the first Ford garage we went to had one. That was surely providential. And the price was providential, too. I thought it would probably be two prices, but instead it was cheaper than it was in civilized country. So we got that taken care of in pretty good shape.

One of the highlights of that trip was seeing the Rocky Mountains for the first time. Naturally, we all wanted to go to the top of Pike's Peak. The drive up there was something else! Once in a while the hairpin curves were so sharp that it was almost impossible for the little V-8 to make it up the hill, so we had to get out and help it a little. But it did make it all the way up Pike's Peak. I guess that maybe I enjoyed the scenery on the trip up there more than anyone else did. The kids like to tell how I scared them spitless. I don't recall that there were any guardrails around those sharp curves. As I was driving along I would say, "Oh, look at that, and look over there!" They all had their eyes glued to the road, afraid that I was going to plunge us all over the side of a precipice. I remember, too, that one of the kids got altitude sickness up there, and I think it was Paul. I said that it might be all right to go up that pile of rock once, but anybody was crazy for going up the second time. However, the roads have been much improved since 1941, and so have the cars, and we have gone up several times since then.

We surely enjoyed seeing the Colorado River very much. The mountains formed walls that went straight up on each side of the river. In most places the railroad was on one side of the river and the highway was on the other side of the river. The mountains were so high, when a train would whistle you could really hear it echo up and down the canyon. And it wasn't very wide either. It was just about room enough for the river and the railroad and the highway.

There were many places along the Colorado River where there would be high mountain cliffs, and there were rapids where they boat down the river. We never did take any boat rides. I think a person would want to live along the river a while before they did much rafting, because some places where it had rapids the water was very swift and rough with huge boulders in the river. It could certainly be very dangerous. There were many places where the river was cut down into the mountains a mile deep, and it was really amazing. There were places where they had camps and a person could take a horse or a mule, mostly mules, and ride down trails clear to the river. It would be quite a sight to go down and see that.

There's one thing I remember very well. Of course, it has been more than fifty years ago since we made this trip, but up there in the mountains they were harvesting wheat. They said the wheat in that field would make ninety bushels to the acre. We could hardly believe it. They really raised some good crops up there, and they raised many different crops. There were fruit trees all over the mountains in certain places.

Uncle Vern was with us the first part of the trip, but he was determined to go to Yellowstone National Park and we wanted to go see more country and visit friends in



California, so we parted ways in Salt Lake City. The eight of us headed on west to California, and he went north alone to visit Yellowstone.

When we got to California, we visited quite a few of our friends who had paved the way and gone out there some time ahead of us. We went through Sacramento and on to Vallejo to visit George and Pansy Snavely and Norman Dean. George was working in the shipyard there. We had a wonderful time with them, seeing the sights in that area, and talking about our many happy years working together.

From there we drove down to Southern California, for we had several friends we wanted to see in the Los Angeles area. We visited the Howard Ham family that we were friends with at Manhattan, and we had kept in contact with them by writing after they moved to California. Then we visited the Ray Davises and had a nice time with them. Charles and Ethel Davis and Charles Elton had also driven out to California to visit Charles' brothers, John and Ray. We all went for a picnic on the beach, and Ray kept saying, "I'd rather be home than sitting out here eating all this sand." Our family wasn't experienced in how damaging the sun's rays can be on the beach, especially on a cloudy day like it was when we were there, and some ended up with painful sunburns. Jean especially suffered, having lain on her stomach with her feet off the blanket on the sand. The top of her feet were blistered and severely burned, and I doubt that she wore shoes for several days after that.

We had been very awed after seeing the Pacific Ocean, but now it was time to head east and begin our journey home. We stopped in LaSierra for a lovely visit with the Bert Rhodes family. I mentioned earlier that he was the literature evangelist leader, and we enjoyed having him spend time with us there in Manhattan. They took us over to see Loma Linda, and the big SDA hospital. That was very impressive.

Oranges were a real delicacy at home in Kansas, and seeing the countless orange groves in California made us envious. We really ate a lot of oranges while we were there, and they were so good. Our money was limited, but we did splurge a couple of times and stopped at an orange-shaped stand to buy fresh-squeezed orange juice. Delicious! We had gotten some oranges to eat on our trip home, but when we came to the Arizona border, we were told the regulations wouldn't allow us to take them across the border into Arizona. We learned it was the orange peel that might contaminate their crop, so we found a shade tree to park under and peeled our oranges, then put them into our large thermos jug, and left the peelings with the border patrol.

On the way home we took the southern route, and visited Lake Mead and the Boulder Dam, which I guess is now called the Hoover Dam. That was really a sight to see. The amount of concrete was amazing. When they built that they just dumped carloads of concrete down into the wall of the dam. I suppose we did hear how many workmen lost their lives when they were building that dam, for it ended up being a lot of men's tomb. There are so many things to see one could spend a lot of time there at the Hoover Dam.

We also stopped to see the Petrified Forest National Park in Arizona. You realize, of course, that they have guards or rangers along the highway to enforce the restriction



posted on signs that it was unlawful to pick up any pieces of petrified wood. If they didn't enforce this, the first thing you know there would be pieces of the Petrified Forest scattered all over the United States. So they have to keep an eye on things and keep the forest home there. As we were leaving the park, one of the guards stopped us and asked if we had any pieces of petrified wood. I assured him that we didn't, not knowing that some of the kids had picked up a few pieces. After we were down the road a ways, Mother told me the kids' little secret. She hadn't known it either, but when the guard asked the question, she had glanced in the back seat and some of the kids looked so guilty she knew what had happened. Fortunately, the guard hadn't looked in the back seat. I think the guilty ones learned a lesson: "Be sure your sins will find you out." Their guilty looks had betrayed them to their Mother.

Safely back home again, we were refreshed and ready to get back to work on the farm. The entire trip was really wonderful. We saw so many things we hadn't seen before, visited special friends who were like family because of our close relationships, and stored memories that we still like to talk about when our family is together.

In God's Word, from creation onward, the number seven indicates completeness. Our family was finally complete when David Loren was born October "7" 1942. Our faithful Dr. Schwartz delivered him in the hospital in Manhattan. What a blessing he has been to our family. Our other children were old enough to really enjoy being a part of his growing-up years. But eventually they had gone away to school, some had gotten married, and David was the only one home with Mother and me for quite a few years. From a very young age, he was my right-hand man on the farm, and we wonder what we would have done without him. After he was born, Mother liked to tell her friends, "When Phil and I got married, I wanted to have three children and he wanted to have four, so we had my three and his four." Yes, now our family was complete.

In 1956 we were still living on the Patterson place and farming jointly with Fred and Vern. We were growing certified seed for Kansas State College, and also sold them hay and grain. I still had the dairy, and all of us kept plenty busy. Neither Fred nor Vern seemed to have any interest in getting married, at least not right away. Both of them liked to travel. They came to the place where they didn't want to be tied down with farm work so much anymore, and they wondered if I would be willing to oversee all the farms so they would be free to come and go as they wanted. Vern had the Murphy place down toward Manhattan, Fred had the home place on Silver Creek Road, and I farmed the Patterson place. We talked about it, and in the end that's what we decided to do. We got along for a while doing that. The biggest problem was that when it came wheat harvest time, we'd go to church when they felt we ought to be combining wheat. So while we went to church, that was all right, but the problem was that when we would come home from church, they would be out there combining. I didn't like that very well. I didn't feel like that was pleasing to the Lord. It happened the same way with hay. When it was nice weather and the hay was ready to be put up, we'd go to church, and when we came home they were out baling hay. I couldn't take that very long, so we discussed it and I just told them that I didn't feel like this was pleasing to the Lord, and if that was the way they wanted to do it, they would have to get somebody else. And that's what happened.

Just about that time, the dairy industry was upgrading the dairies that were supplying milk, and there was quite a bit of expense involved in making the required changes. Mother and I talked it over and decided that because of these unfavorable circumstances, we would be better off to move some place else. We let this be known to our children and others who we thought might help us find suitable work in another location.

Dick and Naomi were working at Maplewood Academy in Hutchinson, Minnesota, at the time, and it just so happened that the academy furniture factory had more work than they could do. They called us and wondered if I would be interested in coming up there and helping in that area. That sounded interesting, and I said that if they thought there would be a possibility of working that out, I would be willing to come and try it and see what they thought of my work.

So I went alone to Minnesota, driving through a terrible blizzard, and arriving there the night of November 15, 1956. I went to work the next day, and a few days later most of the students went home for Thanksgiving vacation, and then they were really short of help. I worked in the furniture factory during the Thanksgiving break, and they felt sure I could fill the bill there. So we talked it over and they invited me to come up there and work. I went home and got things ready and had a farm sale, and before Christmas Mother and I had packed up and moved to Minnesota. David was a freshman at Enterprise Academy so finished up the first semester there and then joined us in January 1957 and enrolled as a student at Maplewood Academy.

I worked in the Maplewood Furniture Factory, and in other areas as I was needed. They were short-handed in the Maintenance Department because the maintenance director was also the conference mover. Gene Ewer took care of most of the maintenance area, like looking after the boiler and doing wiring, and he would have me help him with the maintenance work. I guess he soon saw that I would fit in there very well, so he would have me go with him most of the time. They asked me then if I would be at all interested in doing the maintenance work, and I said I thought I would like that. So I started taking care of the boiler, and doing some wiring, and different things like that. They saw that I was a real asset in that area, and I was glad because I felt much more comfortable doing maintenance than what I had been doing in the furniture factory. I kind of worked in both places until school was out, and then they turned the maintenance job over to me.

The Academy needed help in the bookbindery, and they asked Mother if she would like to work there. She thought she would try it out, and she did, and liked it all right. She started working there in Maplewood's bookbindery and worked there for seventeen years.

Uncle Vern came up to Minnesota two or three times and tried to convince us to come back to the farm. We felt like the Lord was calling us to Maplewood, and we didn't want to go back. We felt like that was where the Lord wanted us. Fred and Vern weren't very happy with the situation on the farm. The people they got to work with them took advantage of them, and things didn't work out at all and they were having a rough time. I suggested that they just sell the farm and do what they would like to do. They said, "What would we do?" I told them they wouldn't have any trouble. I said, "You could work with Kansas State College because you've been working with them. Fred could get

a job working in the forestry because he likes to be in the timber and work with timber." I guess they didn't feel like they wanted to do that. They didn't feel like they would fit in there and get along with that kind of program.

One summer we decided to go up to Alaska to see David and Dottie while he was stationed in the military service up there. We planned to spend our vacation with them, but we had a hard time deciding how to go up there. We talked first about driving up, but we soon thought that was crazy because we had two weeks' vacation and we would spend all the time on the road if we drove up. So we decided to fly. We got our plane tickets and flew up there. It didn't take very long to fly up there, so we had the two weeks to spend most of the time up there. We really had a great time. David had been assigned to Alaska, and a short time after he went up there, Dottie decided to go up there and try to get work. She got a nursing job at the Army Hospital there at Anchorage. Both of them were able to get some time off while we were there, and we had a great time.

After we landed there we made plans to go out on the highways that were available. We would pack lunch, and all you could do at that time was go out on the highway and visit the various places along that highway, and then come back home by night on that same highway. We went up to Fairbanks and thought we would go see Mt. McKinley, but we never got to see Mt. McKinley because it was a cloudy day. We did get to visit the University of Alaska in Fairbanks, and had a nice time there. We went to different places. Stemple Johnson had a relative in Alaska and we went to see him. He was working at the college on the farm a short distance from Anchorage, and he showed us around the school and the farm. We also saw the results of the earthquake in Anchorage. There was a place where a street in Anchorage slid clear off one side of the street and dropped down about twenty feet. That was quite a sight. A lot of people lost their lives. When the earthquake took place, there was a lady who had a couple of kids out in the yard playing. While she was watching them play, the earth opened up and swallowed those kids. That had to be a terrible experience.

Both Mother and I enjoyed our work at Maplewood Academy and never regretted moving there. Countless young people attended the school while we were there, and we pray we had a positive influence on each one. The MWA staff seemed to have a good word for me, but I don't know why. There were times at staff meetings when we had some disciplinary problems, and I would mention that we should have more of a Christ-like spirit in dealing with the individual who needed to be disciplined. I said that we would get farther with them by showing compassion and a Christ-like attitude. One day I was out in the field hoeing cockle burrs and weeds, and one of the staff members in the group was complaining that he had to do that. He said, "I didn't get my education to hoe weeds." I thought, "Mister, you are in the wrong 'field' with that attitude." One of the things I really admired about Lyle Anderson was that he never felt like he was too good for any menial job. If there was a water leak, he would get right in there and take care of it. Many times he helped me with my work when there was an emergency. Another man I appreciated very much and had a lot of respect for was Stemple Johnson. He loved Maplewood Academy, was dedicated to helping in any way he could. He gave untiringly

to help with the farm, and was always willing to give advice. He also gave me a hand with the maintenance work many times.

I was eighty years old and still working at the academy when Mother had an aneurysm of the aorta. Shortly after that she had a massive heart attack and died on February 28, 1982. That made a major change in things.

After Mother passed away, I thought it was time for me to retire from maintenance, so soon after that I quit working at the academy. I had worked there for twenty-five years. I also decided to sell our home there in Hutchinson, Minnesota. Leland and Arden were living just a few blocks away. They helped me get ready to sell the house at 810 North Elm Street, and after it sold, I lived with them at 304 College.

After we sold the place and I was at Lelands for a while, I decided to go back down to Keats. I moved to Keats and was there with Zellers, and then just started "bumming around," spending time with each of our kids and their families. When anyone asked me where I lived, I would tell them, "Everywhere USA." I finally came here to Lincoln and stayed with Phyllis and helped her do some building. Last September I fell and broke my hip. I've been in the hospital, and now I'm back with Phyllis. I've had nurses, a physical therapist and an occupational therapist come from home care to help get me back on my feet. I've been doing exercises, and continue to do them, but probably not as much as I should.

This has gotten much longer than I expected, and now I must close. There are so many more things I could tell, but I just want to say that our family has brought us so much joy through the years. Each birth, and each graduation, and each marriage has been a special moment in our lives. There have been sad times, too. We mourn the loss of loved ones, including my own dear Mother who died on Valentine's Day in 1978, just eight days after she had celebrated her 110<sup>th</sup> birthday. Brothers and sisters are resting in their graves, some of which I have already mentioned. We all grieved deeply when Phyllis lost her beloved husband, and Linda and Ray lost their daddy, who died of leukemia. That same malicious disease claimed the young life of my great-grandson, Matthew, after he had put up such a valiant fight and suffered so much pain. Pain which was shared by his whole family, but especially by his parents, Nola and Jerry. JoAnn is sleeping till Jesus comes to give her a perfect body and mind and reunite her with her loved ones. I was truly blessed to have such a wonderful companion for over fifty-eight years. She deserves the credit for my long life because she took such good care of me. I loved her very much, and I still miss her every day.

Well, the Lord bless each and everyone, and may He keep us well, and may He keep us all faithful, doing and having Jesus be our Saviour, our Redeemer, and be ready to meet Him when He comes to gather His family for His Kingdom. May the Lord bless each and everyone, and Goodbye till we meet Jesus when He comes to gather His own. And we thank Him for all His many blessings and all the goodness that He has shown us and blessed us with, and help us to be ready when He comes.

We ask in Jesus' Name, Amen.

## ADDENDUM

After reading their Dad's autobiography, David, Paul and Leland began reminiscing. Their stories were so interesting, they are included here as an addendum.

**David remembers** -- When the folks moved to Minnesota, I was a freshman at Enterprise Academy. As I recall, Paul took me up to Hutchinson to spend Christmas with the folks, and he also took me back to EA so I could finish up the first semester's school work and take my exams. Then Dad came back to get me about the middle of January. He was driving the Mercury and pulling a trailer loaded with my things and some odds and ends that needed to be moved. It was snowing and the slushy snow was freezing and making the roads very slick. We were traveling north and near Beatrice, Nebraska, the highway makes a sweeping turn to the right. When Dad tried to turn to make the curve, the car and trailer slid across the highway, over the shoulder and into the field. We were headed straight for a huge sign, with our hearts in our throats. Just as we reached the sign, the car stopped. The left front fender had gone a short ways under the sign, and the only damage was a diagonal crease on the top of the fender. We got out and found that the frozen snow and ice had formed a channel under the fender, and the wheels couldn't be turned out of that channel until we broke the frozen snow and ice away. How thankful we were that there was so little damage to the car, and after clearing the wheels, we were able to back away from the sign, return to the highway and resume our trip without further incident. Yes, God is so good!

**Paul remembers** -- Dad was very frugal and because of his desire to save money, he and Uncle Vern drove a truck to Buffalo, NY, to pick up a new piece of machinery and save the freight.

When we tried to save money and let the sheep eat around the house, one night the folks woke up and the sheep were out feeding, so Dad put them back in the corral. By the time he got to the house, they were out again. After investigating, he found a gate by the road open and a truck parked down the road a ways. We are certain they had planned for the sheep to go that way and they were going to throw them into their truck.

Our place was almost a second home for different folks from Manhattan. Many Sabbaths were special when we would have friends over, and after chores we would make ice cream.

During the war many things were rationed: sugar - gas- tires, to name a few. We would trade stamps with neighbors in order to get by.

So many ways God answered prayers. When we started farming more on our own we needed to get a tractor. This was during World War II and tractors were very scarce since most metal went to make war equipment. We heard of a tractor being sold at a farm auction near Wakefield which was some miles away from Keats. After much prayer, Dad went to the sale. Since so many farmers wanted the tractor, rather than getting to bid on it, they had set a price and anyone that was interested put their name on a piece of paper



and put it in a ten-gallon cream can. Although the cream can wasn't clear full of names, there were many, many who had put their names in. What a thrill for us when Dad's name was drawn! Of course he did the settling with a thankful heart, and started driving the tractor home. Several people stopped him and wanted to buy it, offering him quite a lot more than he had paid for it, but he insisted that it wasn't for sale.

When Dad started to remodel and add on to our house there in Keats, he dug out a big hole for the basement to put the furnace in. I was quite small but very inquisitive so was out investigating the progress. Not surprisingly, I got too close to the edge when I looked down into that big hole, and I fell in head first. Fortunately, I ended up with no more than a broken arm and some bruises and scratches. A couple of years later, on her first day of school, during recess Pep was on the teeter-totter with a classmate. When she was high in the air, the classmate jumped off, causing Pep to plummet to the ground, breaking her arm. What a way to remember your first day of school! As I recall, Pep's and my broken arms were the only broken bones our family sustained during those growing up years.

I was old enough to vividly remember the day the flue burned out and the flying sparks set the dry wooden shingles on the house on fire. Since we lived right across the road from the high school, the students there saw the fire and the boys came pouring out of the school and across the street and formed a bucket brigade to put the fire out. It was a windy day and could have been a real disaster if those boys hadn't providentially come to our rescue.

Remember the run-away car on the way to Manhattan? Dad had just overhauled the Chrysler and Mother was going to town with the six kids piled in the car (Dave wasn't born yet). Lee and I were in the front seat with Mother and the four girls were in the back. The Chrysler was purring so nicely that as we approached that long stretch of straight road there by Simmons, someone suggested that Mother put the car to the test to see how fast it could go. She stepped on the accelerator and we picked up speed and we were all ecstatic. When the accelerator reached the floor, Mother took her foot off but the car just kept going faster and faster and she realized the accelerator was stuck. In her attempt to reach down and pull it up by hand, her steering had much to be desired and we swerved from one side of the road to another as we barreled along at top speed. Cars approaching us drove clear off the road and stopped. The girls in the back seat were screaming their heads off in fright. We're sure it was the Holy Spirit who impressed Lee to calmly reach over and turn off the ignition key, and we coasted safely to a stop. Yes, we will always remember that wild ride!

Another memory is that of the soldiers from Fort Riley running around the neighborhood, and even our yard, practicing when they were on maneuvers. And the long lines of infantry marching down the road in front of our house. And planes landing in our field once in a while. During that time, the famous Gloria Vanderbilt was living in Manhattan because her husband was an officer at Fort Riley. One day when his troops were on maneuvers near our house, he knocked on the door and asked if he could come in and use our phone to call his wife. Of course, the folks were happy to oblige, and we kids were awestruck.

On the lighter side, we all got a good laugh the time we kids helped Mother play a trick on Dad one April Fool's Day. It wasn't unusual for us to find a mouse in the house, so this particular evening we faked seeing a mouse. Dad was busy reading the newspaper, but he finally put it down and joined in the search. Someone yelled, "There goes the mouse under the piano." So, to our delight, Dad got the yardstick and, getting down on his hands and knees, began swishing it back and forth under the piano. Can't you picture it--just the perfect time for Mom to give the signal, and in unison we shouted, "APRIL FOOL!" Dad sheepishly got up, put the yardstick away and went back to reading his newspaper, while the rest of us were hysterical with laughter.

We all remember how we would wake up and get dressed and go to the barn to do chores and find bums sleeping in the barn. And lots of times they would want something to eat and Mother would fix them a fried-egg sandwich. And although it was a rule we were NEVER to play on the highway, it always seemed to beckon to us, and we had several close calls. We all took part in that, and dreaded it when a car honked at us, for Dad or Mother would hear the horn and that usually meant a whipping with the "Hoover strap." We knew it was for our own good, but we were slow in learning that lesson. We kept our Guardian Angels busy and have much to be thankful for.

Dad was known to many of his friends as "P.W." I was always proud that the folks named me Paul Wendell, so I shared the name P.W. Schwab with Dad. When Clarice and I had a son, we continued the tradition and named him Perry Wayne. And now there is a P.W. Schwab IV since Perry and Teri's son is Patrick William Schwab. We are getting quite a collection of pictures of the four generations of P.W. Schwab.

**Leland remembers** -- Back when I was maybe 12 years old, we were out putting up hay. The uncles were all there and we were baling with Uncle George's Farmall tractor on the baler. For some reason I was sitting on the tractor. The baler plugged up with too much hay at one time, and before the tractor killed I quickly hit the clutch and it didn't kill. Well, the men rolled the plunger back, and Dad went to getting the plug out. But it was taking so long that my foot was getting tired, and so I reached down to release the clutch with the clutch lever. I thought that I had it, and so let my foot off the clutch. But, as it turned out, I had pulled the lever only part way, and when I took my foot off the clutch, the baler started. Dad had his arm in to get another handful of hay out, so the plunger went against his upper right arm at about the middle of his muscle. Well, our Blessed Lord and Savior had in His plan another miracle in our father's life, and instead of the plunger cutting his right arm off, the LORD HAD THE TRACTOR DIE INSTEAD. You can imagine how that made me feel and, of course, the other uncles as well. The next thing I heard was Uncle Vern yelling at me saying, "What are you trying to do? Take his arm off!!!" Again the men rolled the plunger back and Dad pulled his arm out and, to everyone's surprise, it had only a short cut wound in the top of his muscle. But, of course, it bruised his arm very badly and it was hurting him a lot. I don't remember for sure, but I think someone took him to the hospital and had X-rays taken to see if it had done more damage than could be seen. The miracle wasn't over. The Lord saw to it that there was no more severe damage and he would only have a very sore arm for some time. God blessed our father again for his faith in Him. Praise the Lord!

Another miracle happened when at the time our dear Mother passed away and Dad wanted to sell his house, he went up into the attic and got the round FOR SALE sign that was in the yard when he bought the house. He put that same sign in the yard again, and he never advertised it any other way. As it turned out, the neighbor across the street on the corner next to Ben Christensen had a sister who wanted to buy a house instead of renting, and she had been saving for this purpose. So when her brother told her about Dad wanting to sell, they came over and looked at the house and ended up buying it. Now if that isn't a blessing sent directly from God, I don't know what is.

I remember another little "big thing" that happened one day to Dad as he was helping me prepare our house for repainting. He was using an electric heat gun to warm up the paint so he could scrape it off up under the eaves. There was an open area where the heat went into the attic, and it just so happened that someone had put newspaper in the crack for insulation. I'm sure you can guess what happened. Yes, the newspaper got so hot it started to smolder, so it was putting out a lot of smoke, and that alerted Dad that there was serious trouble. He immediately put out the alarm, calling "LELAND!!!!" with the tone of voice that I knew he was in desperate need of my immediate help, as the "hhheeeillppp" tone was in his voice. I was just inside the house at about the same area as Dad was outside, so I heard him quite well. But I was on a ladder doing something, and before I could get off the ladder the same call came again in the same tone of voice. I thought he had fallen and was hurt, and in my anguish and hurry to get to him, I fell off the ladder and hurt my side and was in a lot of pain. But knowing that he needed me, I made myself get out there to help him. Well, it just so happened that a hose was right there already hooked up to a hydrant, and as I came around the corner of the house, Dad yelled, "Get the hose. Get the hose. I've got a fire!!!!" Once again the good and gracious Lord had in mind for nothing serious to happen, and the smoldering glow was extinguished before there was any damage. So nothing more took place than a bit of excitement and a lot of praising the Lord.

Another time, on the same job but on around the corner of the house, as I was coming home for lunch one day, there Dad was up on a rigging that when I saw him it just about took my breath away. I really don't know how to describe it, so all I will say is that to see it, it would make your hair curl!

I think I've gone on long enough. I don't mean to sound like Dad did a lot of foolish things in which the Lord had to look after him in any special way, but it is evident that He did keep a watchful eye over him at all times. That is just the way I have to look at it because I truly believe it to be true. This is my statement, that it was evident God was leading in Dad's life because Dad truly believed in Him and trusted Him to protect him.

I just want you all to know how much I truly love each and everyone of you, and I hope that I can continue to be blessed by God and be a blessing to each of you in some way as long as we are on this sin-filled earth. Let's all pray earnestly that the Lord's work can be finished and we all can be found ready and waiting for our blessed Lord to come and take us all home with Him to love and praise Him for ever more.