

## I MARRIED A PREACHER

LIFE STORY OF EUGENE V BRONSON  
BY  
MRS EUGENE V BRONSON

I married a preacher, though I had said many times that I never would. I had been raised in the Church, and loved it, and loved our ministers and their wives, but I thought that the preacher's wives had such a hard life. They seemed to be the target of all criticism. If they dressed nicely, they were extravagant. If they did not, they were careless. If they curled their hair, they were vain. If they did not they were slovenly. If they took charge of any Church activities, they thought that they were smarter than the other ladies. If they did not, they were lazy. And so it went. She just could not win no matter what she did. So I thought that it would be much easier to be a doctor's wife. She was not supposed to do the doctor's work along with him, but, if she did, she was a nurse, and was paid for it.

But when this tall, slender, fine-looking young preacher asked me to be his wife, I said, "Yes" in a hurry, before he could change his mind. I was married to him in spite of his being a preacher, and not because of it. He had not intended being a preacher. He had studied "Entomology" at the University, and was well on the way to becoming a success in that line, when he felt that God wanted him in the ministry. He went to Garrett Biblical Institute, and it was while he was in that school, that I met him. I was attending the University of Illinois, in his hometown, when he came home early one year, and I met him during the last week of the School year.

We found that we belonged to the same denomination, the Methodist Episcopal Church, so there was no trouble there. In three months we were engaged, but, because he had two more years in the Bible Institute, we waited till after his graduation, before we were married. We had both been Student Volunteers for Foreign Missions when we met. We had passed our examinations, both physical and oral, before the Foreign Missions Committee, and had received our appointment to Conception, Chile, South America. This has to be abandoned; as the preacher had had so many attacks of erysipelas his last year in School, and the doctor said the erysipelas and seasickness were always fatal. So that was that.

A short time before his graduation from the Institute he had met on a train, the District Superintendent of the Columbia River District. He said that if the preacher would come west, he would give him a Church, and even told him the name of the town, Odessa, Washington. So with our wedding invitations was our "At Home" card, which read, "At Home, after September 1<sup>st</sup>, at Odessa, Washington. We never saw this town till thirty-one years later, and, when we did, we wondered what the Superintendent had against us.

After a nice home wedding (Church weddings on Saturday nights were not the style then), we came to the Annual Conference in Spokane, Washington. We were sent to a country church, Belmont Circuit, in Hood River Valley, Oregon. That was a very lovely fruit valley, and with a beautiful view. If we looked out of our front door we saw beautiful Mt. Hood, and if out of the rear window we saw Mt. Adams. Both of these mountains were massive and beautiful. Mt Adams had on its side what looked like a sheaf of wheat. Mt Hood was what we had always thought a mountain should look like, a big dish of ice cream. We had three churches on the circuit. Oak Grove was three miles in one direction, and Menominee was three miles in another direction. The town of Hood River was three miles from Belmont, where we lived.

To get supplies from Hood River we had to have a conveyance, so we paid \$244 for a horse, harness and buggy. What a horse! She was everything that her owner said she was not, and was not every thing that he said she was. Her name was "Maud", but it should have been "Mud." She looked like a horse, but acted like a mule. She would pull the buggy if she had to, so we enjoyed many an evening roaming the valley, especially during apple blossom time. We loved to watch the colors change on Mt. Hood, and especially the alpenglow at sunset. Sometimes the mountain looked so near as if we could almost reach, and touch it. We did not do as one newcomer to the West did. He said that he was going to walk to the mountain, and back, before breakfast. When he came back, in mid-afternoon, he said that the closer he got to it the farther away it got.

Hood River Valley was a famous apple country, and when it was blossom time, the Valley was one huge flower garden. Some of the orchards were young, and not bearing, so strawberry plants had been planted between the rows to bring in some income. Several hundred Indians came in each year during strawberry picking time. They made it quite colorful. They could not add, or did not trust the merchants, so every time they bought an article, they would pay for it, and get the change. Then buy another, and pay for it. It was rather trying for the storekeepers, with a dozen or two Indians in the store buying. That was the only way that the Indians knew.

We had so many crates of strawberries brought to us that we could not use them all. We ate some, canned some, and dumped crates of them in the barnyard. I decided to make some jelly. That sounded good. I had never made jelly before, and, in those days, we did not have Certo. We measured out a cup of juice, and a cup of sugar, cup for cup, and then boiled it until we thought that it dripped off the spoon just right. I made the jelly and poured it into glasses. As there was some left over, I put it in a saucer, and put in on shelf in the pantry. The next morning we found a mouse stuck in it. I had misjudged, and cooked the jelly too long. The mouse had misjudged also and had been caught in the sticky stuff. If I had made more jelly I might have caught more mice.

We cooked, and heated, with wood, and my husband had spent many hours working hard at sawing, and stacking wood. He thought that he would beautify things, so bought some liquid stove-polish, and polished the stove in our bedroom upstairs. It did look nice, all black and shiny. The next morning he got up early and started the fire, so that it would be all warm when I got up. I got up early, also. As the fire got hotter, the polish began to burn, and I had to get up, or suffocate. For several nights, when the polish was burning off, we slept downstairs in the study. One night I woke up, and, in the dim light, I could see my husband standing by his bookcases. I said, "Eugene, what are you doing?" "Oh", he said, in a drawly voice, "this woodpile is falling over, and I am trying to hold it up." I persuaded him that the woodpile was all right, and that he had better get back to bed.

When apple time came, the people brought us so many apples that we did not know what to do with them. My husband ate all that he possibly could, and used to throw apples at cats fighting at night. Whenever he went to the barnyard he would take an apple to "Maud."

We never refused anything when the people brought it, for we thought that sometime when we did need it, they would not bring us anything. During the strawberry season, the berries were supposed to be picked every day, so many of our regular attendants stayed home from church to pick berries, for they said that the berries would spoil otherwise. A few of our main members came to church every Sunday. They said that they paid their tithes, and God had promised that He would protect their crops. They never lost any berries because of over-ripeness, but some of those who picked on Sunday had their berries rejected at the packinghouse. It pays to go God's way, and the tithe is God's way, but sometimes people have to learn by bitter experience.

One time my husband had to make a train trip to an out appointment. He did not have any money of his own, and, instead of asking God to supply, he borrowed from the tithe. He paid it back, but what a hard time he had doing it. Later on, when the same need occurred, he walked the twelve (12) miles to the out point rather than borrow from God's tithe.

One year, one of our members took the Lord's tithe to buy tomato plants, enough for several acres, and he was going to make a big profit. He said that he was going to pay back the tithe with interest for the privilege of using the Lord's money. An unusual early frost came and killed all of the plants. He had no tomatoes, no profit and no tithe money. He, too, learned his lesson. God's money is for His work, not for train tickets or garden produce.

On our first circuit, in Hood River Valley, we had afternoon services at an out point. One afternoon, as we were returning, we saw some very beautiful bright yellow "lilies" near the road. My husband stopped the horse, and went down to pick some of them for me. He picked a few, and, when he put them to his nose to smell them, he gave a war whoop, and threw them as far as he could. I did not have any lilies. We found out later that the lovely flower was "skunk cabbage." I do not know why the name "cabbage", but the name "skunk" was very appropriate.

One minister, who had recently come from Mississippi, picked an armload of poison oak to decorate his church. He thought that the beautiful colored leaves would make good decoration.

Our first move was to Harrison, a sawmill town in Northern Idaho. What a contrast to our fruitful Hood River Valley. Nothing in the way of food was brought in there. It meant a move of 367 miles by train for us. We had bought some furniture, and, since the big massive "Mission furniture" was in style then, we had bought that kind, not thinking of moving. We sold some of it at a great loss, but there was some that we wanted to take, and we did not have enough money even for our train fare. Let alone enough for the freight charges. A wonderful thing happened. We received a telegram from Illinois, stating that there was \$100 down at the bank for us, and it cost \$70 to move. In all of our experiences of moving we never had our expenses paid by any church.

One place we would move to would have no parsonage, and we would have to rent a place, and maybe buy furniture. Then at the next place there might be a furnished parsonage, and we would have to sell our furniture, always at a great loss. Concerning that first move we wondered how we were to pay our expenses, but my husband had lots of faith, so he wrote to the Chairman of the Official Board in Harrison, notifying him that we would arrive Saturday morning, and we did. A few days before we were to leave the telegram concerning the \$100 came from a relative in Illinois. Later a letter of explanation came, stating that she was awakened one night, feeling that we were in need. We praised the Lord for a person near enough to the Lord to hear His voice. Our parsonage in Harrison was just above beautiful Coeur d'Alene Lake. Instead of the beautiful quiet of the Valley we had the unceasing noise of about nine saw mills.

My husband had three (3) other preaching places, two of them 3 ½ miles away. He would go to one on one Sunday, and the other one the next. There was no way to get there but walk, so he walked the seven (7) miles each Sunday afternoon. He walked it in rain, in mud, in heat and cold, and once in snow a foot deep. Sometimes, when he arrived at the preaching place, no one else was there. They thought surely the preacher would not come on the bad days, but he did. He would preach at Harrison in the morning, at Springston one Sunday afternoon, and at Bridgeman the next Sunday afternoon. Then preach in the evening at Harrison. The other preaching place was Lane, 15 miles away, and it was a Friday night appointment.

One afternoon, when he was returning, half frozen, he saw a number of our young people skating on the slough near the Coeur d'Alene River. He was rather perturbed, because they could go out in the cold for pleasure, but not for a service in the church. He did not see any fun in it, but I did, when, at the close of the service, the song was "Shall we gather at the river?" My funny bone was quite prominent in those days, and often helped in a tight place.

One time we were very hard up for finances. The pantry shelves were almost empty, and there was no money to buy food. I was bemoaning our fate. My husband said, "do not worry. Something will turn up." "Yes", I said, rather disgustedly, "It will probably be our toes." Then it struck us funny. We both laughed and the tension was broken. Something must have turned up, for we did not starve.

It was while we lived at Harrison that our first little son, Harold Eugene, was born. What a ray of sunshine he was. With his golden hair, dark blue eyes and sunny disposition; he was loved by everyone. A gift from God, we felt, but he was only loaned to us, for, at the age of fourteen (14) months, he left us to go back to God. His father had gone to Mica, twelve (12) miles from our town of Rockford, Washington, to hold a meeting, and Harold and I had gone back to Harrison, Idaho, to stay while he was holding the meeting. On the way the baby had been badly startled by the shrill train whistle. That night, when we went to bed, he was very restless, and seemed to be in pain. At four a.m. I took him up and was holding him in my arms, when he sighed or gasped, and stopped breathing. Our baby was dead. His father was phoned to, and he walked the twelve (12) miles down the railroad track to get home. Two friends went on the train with me from Harrison to Rockford.

We decided to take him back to Danville, Illinois, my home city, and he was buried beside my only little sister, who had died when ten (10) months old. How hard it was to leave the little fellow out there in the cold ground, with the rain pouring down that night. They say that you get over sorrow, and, of course, you do, but you can never forget your baby. It is forty-three (43) years ago today, as I write this (April 10, 1955) that he left us, but his sweet memory is very vivid to our hearts and minds. We have two other fine Christian sons, Richard and Robert, that we love dearly, and are proud of them, but they are grown men now, and have families of their own, but Harold is still our baby.

When our second son, Richard, was born in the Deaconess Hospital in Spokane, Washington, we were living in a country community, Kiesling, twelve (12) miles south of Spokane. There was one store. We had church services in an apple packinghouse. We lived in a big two-story house on a hill. We used the downstairs only but my husband thought that he would have his study upstairs, so he moved up. When he was nicely settled, he noticed that between every two boards in the whole place, there were thousands of bedbugs. They must have in so tight that they could not get out, for we never did find any downstairs. We used so much coal oil, in killing the bedbugs, that the whole place would have gone up in smoke if a match had been lighted.

Some one at Kiesling gave us a live hen, and, instead of killing, and eating her, we let her lay eggs as we could use them. We called her our "religious hen," for she laid an egg every day except Sunday. I do not how she knew, but she seemed to know.

There were no electric refrigerators in those days, and there was no ice to be had, so we dug a hole under the porch, and put an apple box in it, to try to keep things cool. One other time we had an old wash boiler, and my husband punched some holes in the bottom of it, filled it with water, and let it drip on a box with a gunnysack over it. Thus we had our refrigerating system. It was not very effective, but was the best that we could do.

We had an embarrassing thing happen while we were in Kiesling. It was the first, and only, time that we ever "crashed the gate." The most prominent woman in the community became peeved at us, because we did not fall for some of her ideas. She decided to have a garden party, and invited every one in the neighborhood but us. We had nothing against her, so we thought that we would make a nice, friendly call, and, of course, we would decide on the same afternoon as the party. We did not know about the party till we called. We dressed the baby, Richard, in his best "bib and tucker", put him in his buggy, and went gaily down the dusty road. When we got within sight of the house, we saw people all over the place. What to do? We had been seen, of course, so could not turn, and run, as we would have liked to do. The only thing seemed to be to go on, so we did. We did not know whether we would be denounced as intruders, thrown out, or what. But she acted the lady, and gave us refreshments, which, you may be sure, tasted like dishwater, under the circumstances. After visiting a while we decided to leave early. As we were leaving she shouted, "Scandal in the neighborhood." We walked down the driveway. We did not run, and that took will power. I suppose she thought, "I must have made a mistake, and sent them an invitation after all, for surely no one would have the gall to come without an invitation."

The next few years were uneventful. But the year our third son, Robert, was a year old, while we were living in Edmonds, Washington, we went through our hardest financial struggle. It was during the First World War, and the bottom dropped out of the shingle business, and Edmonds was a shingle mill town. Many men lost their jobs, as the mills closed for the most part, but others had a drop in wages. We received \$254 from the church for the whole year, and had two small children to feed. We had been paying \$10 per month rent for a nice five room modern house, but soon that became more than we could pay. Some members of the church were moving away, so they said that we could live in their house up on a hill overlooking Puget Sound, and the Olympic Mountains, perfectly gorgeous scenery, if we could have lived on scenery. All of the boats, to and from Seattle, Canada, Alaska and the Orient, went by the window. My husband's study was at the front of the house, and had a big picture window, and he did not miss seeing any boats. It was while living there that we saw our first airplane. We heard a strange noise, so went outside to see what it was. It looked like a big box kite up in the air, but with no string attached.

When we moved up on the hill there was a small spring there, but it soon dried up, and left us without water. My husband had to walk back up the hill a quarter of a mile, and bring twenty eight (28) buckets of water, two at a time, for wash day. He had to go down one hundred and twenty (120) steps, and a quarter of a mile down the railroad track for drinking water. We were a mile from the church and the stores, and either had to go through a swamp full of frogs, garter snakes and lizards, or go down the 120 steps, and along the railroad track. When we took the baby, Robert, we had to bump down the 120 steps, and pull up when we returned. Some fun for both baby and puller.

The first Sunday that we were there, I decided not to go to church, but Richard, now four, went to Sunday School with his daddy. We expected him to stay till after church, and come home with his daddy, but he thought otherwise. After Sunday School he came home alone. He came down the railroad track, and arrived home safely enough, but, just as he reached the house, the train whistled for the bend around the hill. My heart almost stood still, for just a little while before Richard had nearly lost his life there. We had had some friends visiting from another town, and had brought them up to see the beautiful view. As we were going down the steps, we had stopped at the landing to get our breath, but Richard, childlike, had gone on ahead, and was standing in the track. All at once his father heard the train coming, and dashed down the steps, and grabbed Richard off the track just as the train whizzed by. He was the only one who had heard the train, as it did not whistle for the bend as it was supposed to. Daddy wrote to the Railroad Company

about the experience, and they claimed that the engineers always sounded the whistle, and said, also, that we were trespassing on the railroad's property. Richard was warned to never go on the track alone again.

The people who owned the place had planted a small garden, but when there was no water the plants soon died, all but one cucumber vine. We saved every bit of wastewater to put on the vine, hoping to have at least one cucumber. Some one gave us some apples, and, since they were not very good for eating, I cooked them, and strained the juice one afternoon, and left it on the kitchen table expecting to make jelly the next morning. But, in the morning, there was no juice to be found. My husband had thought that it was dishwasher, and had taken it out, and poured it on the cucumber vine. Even after such good care it died.

It was while were at Edmonds that we decided not to into debt again, even if we starved. We had never gone into debt before, even though our salary had almost never been more than \$500 a year. When we went to a new place they would promise to pay us \$500, or \$600, but they never paid it, and, and at the end of the year, would forgive themselves the debt, and start the next year with a clean slate. But this was worse, \$254 divided between fifty-two (52) weeks. That did not mean much each week, and sometimes, there would be several weeks when we did not receive anything. Rather than let our boys go hungry we ran a bill at a grocery store. When the bill got to \$77 we were so ashamed of it, and felt so sorry for the grocer, that we quite him, and went to another store. When he heard of it, he came over to the house, and shut us off from buying anything more at his store, and cursed us fearfully. We realized, when he told us so forcibly, how unethical we had been, though we thought that we were doing him a kindness. Then and there we declared that we would not go into debt again, even if we all starved. Many a meal we had on a ten (10) cent can of tomato soup, or a ten cent box of vermicelli, and many days the baby, Robert, cried, "Di, di" (drink) for milk which we could not give him. It was a hard time, but somehow God saw us through. It did not stop the boys' growth, as they are each over six feet tall. We paid the grocery man gradually, and then quit him for good.

Keeping out of debt is not popular in these days of time payments, but we still think that it is the best policy. We are not always paying money for something which we have already worn out, or eaten up. I know that we have done without many things which we could have had, but we have gotten along very well without them, and have had peace of mind with no bills to worry about. Especially should a minister be careful about going into debt, as it often hurts the Lord's work. Often, also, the next Pastor has a hard time living it down. If we do not have to be paying money on debts, we can save, and when there is a real need, we can pay cash, and save the interest.

When the World War I came along, we were in Stanwood. My husband went into the Army as a Chaplain. He was the first Chaplain in Camp Lewis, and, for two weeks, was the only Chaplain in the Camp. The boys and I went to Glenn, California, to be with my parents, who had bought a prune and almond ranch in the Upper Sacramento Valley. In almond harvest time, I earned my first money by working on an almond huller. I saved enough to buy Richard a good bicycle. He had been given a small bicycle, when we lived in Stanwood, and had learned to ride it. It was quite a task to go the three (3) miles each way to the school at Baylies. It was a dirt road, and sometimes there was rain and wind to contend with. We were both happy for the new bicycle.

The Chaplain went to France, and later to Belgium, with the 91st Division. He wrote every day. In the course of time, one letter came, in which it said, "We go into battle line tomorrow." Then no more letters for six (6) weeks. Of course, I supposed that he had been killed in battle, and I expected each day to hear from the War Department stating, "We regret to inform you" but finally, one day I received thirty-seven (37) pieces of mail in one delivery, and the next day,

several more. We did not know what had held them up so long. What a relief to know that I did not have to raise my two lively, all-boy sons alone.

The Chaplain was under shellfire most of the time, as he followed up the lines burying the dead, but he was never wounded, though some of the 26-man burial detail were wounded. He became ill with a terrible carbuncle on the back of his right shoulder. He was in two hospitals in France, two in England, and then was sent to the United States. He was discharged from the service while in the Letterman General Hospital, in San Francisco. Armistice had been signed over three months before.

After some years in Washington, in Marysville and Bremerton, and three years in San Leandro, California, we were sent to Nevada, to Gardnerville and Minden. This was a punishment for becoming too interested in the Pentecostal way. Instead of being a penal colony, we enjoyed our two-year stay in Nevada, as much as we ever did in any place that we had been during our eighteen (18) years in the Methodist Episcopal Church. So many things in Nevada were new to us. We were near the Washoe Indian Reservation, so there were Indians everywhere. It was rather startling sometimes to look out of the window, and see an Indian staring in. They never knocked, but would stand there until some one came to the door. They were quite colorful. The women, (or squaws) wore their gaily-colored blankets, and they had black, shiny hair done up in braids over their ears, and down the front. Some of the men, (bucks) also wore braided hair. They would work if they had to, and, when they had a little money, they would congregate in little groups, sitting flat on the sidewalk, or in a field, and play an Indian gambling game. They would play for days until one had won all the money from the rest, and then he had to feed all of the others until work time again. I never could see where they made much.

We were living in Gardnerville at 4,746 feet elevation, on the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, in the Carson Valley. It was very cold and stormy in the winter, once getting to 25 degrees below O. We would hang the washing on the line, and each piece would freeze stiff before the next piece was up. The thunder and lightning were terrific, and we expected at each storm to lose our church steeple.

We had our first radio set there. A sloping panel, 3-tube, dry battery Kennedy set. On account of the high altitude it was like an enormous high aerial. My husband had logged 107 stations. He was like a child with a new toy, and would stay up late at night trying to get new stations. The boys and I would get tired, and go to bed. Soon we would hear my husband coming as fast as he could to the foot of the stairs. The boys would say, "Daddy has got a new station", and so it proved to be, north, south, east and west. We were one hour ahead of the Coast in time, so we would have our evening Church service, and then the people would come over to the Parsonage, and get another service, mainly from Angelus Temple, in Los Angeles. One little girl was so puzzled over the radio, which was a new thing then. She walked all around it, looked back of it, and under it, thinking that we had the people hidden somewhere. Finally, she said "You cannot tell me that those people are in that box." I wonder what she would have thought if it has been television, and she could have seen them in the "box."

There were many flocks of sheep in the Carson Valley, and they were very interesting, especially the lambs. In the spring we would go out to the ranches to see the new lambs. They were so funny, and everyone did just as the others did. One would start to run from one end of the corral to the other, and then all the other lambs would go pell-mell after it. Then they would turn, and back they would come. If there was a beam of sunlight, and one jumped over it, they would all jump over it, though they did not see it. How like humans.

Sometimes the ewes would have two lambs. One was taken away, and given to someone to start another flock. If a lamb died the mother was given a "bummer", as the extra lamb was called. She knew her own lamb by smell, and would not receive the bummer until the skin from her own lamb was bound on the other lamb. When she smelled the familiar scent, she would let the lamb nurse. After a week, or so, the two scents would intermingle, and then the extra skin was removed.

They say that sheep are the dumbest, and most helpless, of animals. I wonder if that is why God calls us "sheep." They do not know poisonous plants from good ones. They do not know the danger from rattlesnakes, and so the shepherds go ahead, and kill the rattlesnakes, which abound in the Carson Valley. They have no defense from wild animals. In severe storms they pile up in a mass, and many are smothered. The shepherd has to go ahead, and clear out all enemies, find water and good food, and guard them every minute. As the forage dies in the floor of the Valley, the shepherds lead their flocks higher up in the mountains. He finds new pastures for them. He dams up a place in the rapidly flowing streams to make a quiet place for the sheep to drink. "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters." The shepherd watches over, and cares for, his own flock, and never leaves his own to go over to another Valley to care for another shepherd's flock. So God's shepherd should feel his responsibility to his own, and not be too concerned about the flock of some other shepherd.

We took very few vacations while in the ministry. For one thing we never had the money to spend. Our deacons evidently felt like the one who was praying for his Pastor, and said, "Lord, you keep him humble, and we will keep him poor." But the main reason was that my husband felt that when the shepherd was away was the time when the wolves get in, and scatter the sheep. In these days of meetings very night, and the added stress of trying to keep the sheep from going astray, the shepherd needs to get away to a "quiet place apart." To rest and refresh his mind and soul, but not on a preaching campaign.

When the owner of the sheep wanted to send some of his sheep to the market, he uses an old billy goat to lead the sheep into the freight car. He marches up the ramp, and into the car, the sheep following. When the car is full he makes his way out, the door is shut, and the sheep are trapped. How Satan, the old billy goat, likes to trap God's sheep if they will just follow him.

Our District Superintendent, in Nevada, Rev. John Wilson, gave to Richard and Robert a baby goat. We had to raise him on a bottle, and, of course, the task fell on me. I would sit on the back porch step, with the bottle. He would come running, and climb into my lap, and have his dinner. Whenever I would go around the yard, he would follow me, calling "ma, ma, ma." That was one time I was really "Ma" to a "Kid."

Near the end of our first year in the Carson Valley, the Church was behind three months (\$300) on our salary. They asked the preacher if he would consent to them having an entertainment to try to raise some money for his salary. He said, "No, I have turned away from all such methods of raising money." He felt that the "poor Lord" did not need socials, suppers and entertainments to raise money for His work. Just to show how God works, a State Senator, William Dressler, who lived in Minden, and whose daughter came to our Sunday School, set aside one whole day from his very busy life, and stayed in the Post Office all day, asking people how much they would give to the preacher. Mr. Dressler admired my husband, because he did not go around to the business houses each month soliciting money for his own salary, as the two preachers before him had done. Some gave to him \$1 and some \$5. One man cursed, and said that he would not give anything. Mr. Dressler took hold of him, backed him up in a corner, and said, "You will give



something before you get out of here." He gave \$1. That night Mr. Dressler brought to the treasurer of our Church \$304. An entertainment might have cleared about \$10 or \$15.

The only way we had to call on the people was by walking. My husband walked nine (9) miles out into the country one day to call on one of our families. One or two miles was my limit in those days. My husband called once at each house in the community, and in each room of the School. In one room that he visited one little girl came up to him and said, "I know who you are. You are the janitor of the Sunday School." He usually was, too, preacher, janitor, Sunday School teacher, and "jack of all Church trades."

After our two years in Nevada, which we enjoyed very much, we went back to California. My husband was a teacher in Glad Tidings Bible Institute, San Francisco, for three months (1925). Then Pastor in Watsonville for three years (1926-1929), and Glendale sixteen months (1929-1930). Then he became Principal of Berean Bible Institute, San Diego, for four years (1930-1934). Southern California Bible School, Pasadena. two years (1934-1936). Then on to Northwest Bible Institute, Seattle, Washington for fifteen years (1937-1952).

He has been happy in Bible School teaching, as that was his calling from the Lord. He was a teacher while he was a preacher. He loved the young people, and they loved him. He has quoted many times, "If you want to keep young, associate with young people, but if you want to die young, try to keep up with them." He has a little black book that has always interested the students. They always wished that they knew what was in it. They would see him take it out of his pocket in Chapel, or class, and jot down something in it. They wondered if he had written something about them. They did not want to have their name in that little black book. So tried to behave well. I think that it had the same influence as the glass eye of one of the missionaries. He used to take it out, and place it on a stump, or rock, when he wanted to go away. The natives worked hard, and could not do any wrong, because the Master's eye was watching them.

I have ended almost forty-six (46) years of being a preacher's wife. We have not done anything startling. We have never had hundreds saved in one service, as some have. We have not built large Church buildings. We have just plodded along year after year, trying to be faithful, and use what little talent we had. Not being able to go to the Mission Field ourselves, has made my husband a missionary pastor. Our son went as a missionary to Eastern Europe. If faithfulness will be rewarded, I feel that my husband will get a reward, for he has always been faithful to the work given to his care.

We have had both hard times, and pleasant times, full years, and lean years, a few enemies and many friends. I may have been right about the criticism of a Pastor's wife, but we decided early that a preacher and his wife both had to do what they thought was right, and best, for God's work. And then neither praise nor criticism could affect our peace of mind. We have walked side by side, although, at times, one has had to get behind and push. Some things are hard to take at the time, but, as we look back, they are laughable. We feel that we have done what God wanted us to do, and the increase is His. All in all, we have been happy in the work, and I am glad that I married a preacher.