

I was born at Harlan, Iowa on March 16, 1882 in a pioneer village founded by my ancestors. Indians came to the back door begging food. Wild turkeys roosted in the Cottonwood trees over our home. My father was an engineer and my mother worked in the church. When they died I was cared for by my grandparents, the Griffiths. The Wylands wanted to adopt me but the Griffiths would not give me up. The Wylands were the bankers, business men and politicians. The Griffiths were contractors and builders of homes and churches. In the Griffith home they had morning devotions each kneeling at his chair to pray after reading the Bible. A large Bible was on a marble top table in the parlor where visitors were entertained. When the Bishop came he was entertained in our home. When the Ladies Aid came on a quilting party I had to get underneath the quilt frame and push the needles back up. I was trained to work. I had a super-abundance of energy. Nothing daunted me. I hoarded \$30 from odd jobs; secured a stock pass and went to the University of Iowa. I was taught by my Mother and teachers that I must go to college and prepare myself to be Governor or President. I waited tables for board. I was an assistant at the Congregational Church and held several committees at the Y.M.C.A. I worked for the University and Professors. The Lincoln Who's Who tells the story. The cost of my four years at the University was \$897 from accounts kept. Haircuts twenty-five cents; room rent for two months \$5.40; laundry 10 cents; repair shoes ten cents etc. etc, living was cheaper. From here I went to Yale Divinity School and entered the ministry. I was a member of athletic teams at both universities. I've run in Madison ^{Square} Garden. I had a good sense of humor and laughed at difficulty. I gained the approval and help of prominent people.

So I bow into Worcester, Massachusetts. I was in a home among other homes with my family. My children could walk to school with other children and play after school with other children until Mother said supper's ready. Then lessons for next day prevailed until bedtime. I could sit before the fireplace, logs blazing, reading the paper and then help mother put the children to bed upstairs. Our family's future engrossed us. Any calls for need I could take as a good neighbor.

One evening a fellow Kiwanian rapped at the door. He said, "I'm leaving home.

I said, "Wait a minute until I get my hat."

As we walked down the hill to his home, I asked why.

"My wife talks too much, I can't stand it any more." He had his suitcase packed, ready to go.

I said: "Sit down and wait. I'll see what I can do."

I went into the kitchen. Mary was getting supper.

"Mary, your husband is leaving."

"Yes, I know that."

"He says you talk too much."

"Yes, perhaps I do."

"Well it comes down to this, what do you want to do best, talk or keep your husband?"

"I'd prefer my husband."

"You can't have both."

"I know, I promise."

I went into the front room with her. I said, "John, she has promised to quit her talking. Kiss and make up. Goodnight."

Across the street lived the president of my trustees, Judge Dunn. This afternoon when he came home from work I crossed the street to advise about some church matters.

Alice came in and said, "Fred, you have got to do something about those boys. They have been bothering me ever since they came home from school."

Fred, Jr. was on the stairs hanging onto the rail listening to our conversation. His father said, "Fred, you heard your mother, now be a good boy, go upstairs and wash up for supper." He didn't move. The judge in his younger days played basketball. He whirled and Fred, Jr. beat him to the bathroom. Inside, the Judge said, "Now Fred, I don't know what this is all about. We will do this if you promise to be a good boy. You make a big racket and holler at the top of your voice to satisfy your mother. I'll do nothing."

He did, and Alice came to the foot of the stairs and said "Fred, don't you hurt that boy." And so our families lived together thusly.

The first World War was brewing and events pushed me into public service. Union Church is a beautiful Gothic church. Dr. Frank Crane, a famous newspaper editorial writer later for a New York City paper was its pastor. I followed him. We lived on Richmond street. Here Molly and Bob were born. Dr. Watkins was our physician. During Mother's labor pains he had the stomach ache! That made Mother laugh between her labor pains.

While Mother was carrying Bob, I took her to church. After service she met an old maid in the church who said "you poor thing." I think often of Bob who graduated from Yale with honors, and went out to the South Pacific as an officer leading the Marines. He

covered himself and his family with honor. Judge Forbes' wife wrote me later a beautiful letter of eulogy that recalls I married her daughter. At the rehearsal she said please omit the word "Obey." Agreed. At the service I had done the service so often I was repeating it by heart. Suddenly without thinking I said "to trust and obey." She looked at me and smiled, saying, "to trust and obey." We all joined with laughter after the service.

Worcester is built on seven hills like Rome. We lived on one of the hills and could sit on our front porch and loved the view. The trustees bought me a Buick. In those days you got in and drove without a license. A deacon from another church was opposite. He came out to find me deep in his garden in the beans and peas. With a laugh, he helped me out. I had difficulty learning to back. I serviced the car myself. After grinding the valves, I missed the screwdriver. I had to take the engine block down. There was the screw driver inside.

We camped each summer packing the tents and equipment on the running board. From Maine to the Rockies we camped. The trip to the Yellowstone we had graduated into a trailer. One night I heard Gordon come running pell mell breathless back to the tent ker plunk. What's up? I asked. ~~We~~ We went down a dark path to the comfort station. He stopped to listen to the night noises. He dropped his hand to his side and it touched a bear. That touched off a sprint for home. As I looked at a campfire party next to us - a girl said I hope we can see a bear. I said turn around and look. Silhouetted against the fire was a bear taking it all in.

The bears were bad that year so I bought some cannon fire crackers. Hearing the dogs barking one night, I slipped out in my pajamas and sat in the Buick. It was facing a garbage can. Hearing a rattle I switched on the lights. A bear was standing on his head in the can. Off went the lights. Then I lighted the cannon firecracker tossing it up on the platform where the garbage can was. Bang. I switched on the lights and a 100 feet down the road the bear was turning the corner.

One night the bears were very bad. Along came a ranger with a chain on a whip handle used to whip the bears. One bear racing for refuge came under my trailer, breathing hard, to escape. He stopped three feet away, he stopped at my pail of water and drank between breaths.

Well, we took our family home happily. In those days neighbors lived happily together. Fun for everybody. One day at breakfast Mother very subtly kept referring to something. I did not catch on. Downtown at the church office, I woke up. It was our Wedding Anniversary. Remembering her wants, I went to the china store. I said, "do up a dozen sherbet glasses and make the package look like a million dollars." And I hurried home as if I had remembered all the time our natal day. She took off the fancy wrapping and a funny look came over her face. In big letters "a dozen anti-colic nipples." Well I said "let's go to the theater tonight. It's a Shakespeare play. John Hampden is playing. I have two tickets."

"Do you think it appropriate?" she asked. "It's the Taming of the Shrew."

Well one summer we went to Cape Cod to Provincetown. Mother sent Gordon to buy some groceries. He was a little shaver. He

stepped out from behind a car and was hit by another car. It broke his ankle. I was in Worcester. When they found me I started at once a 150 mile trip. It was at night. I was driving fast. Near Waltham there was a long straightway. I saw ahead a flashing light. I questioned whether I should stop. I did. A police officer said, "Why are you driving so fast? I said because I can not drive any faster. Why? My son has been hurt. He took my name. Then he turned me loose. "Look out for there is another cop at so and so." He checked my statements and found them true. My son was picked up by two young sailors on a battleship in the harbor. They took care of my son, Gordon. They rigged up a sling in the back of my car and I drove him back to Worcester. He never whimpered. Dr. Rose broke the ankle again and said if I did not he would have had to drop the rest of his life.

The flu epidemic swept the country. All churches and schools were closed. People died like flies. I set up a private hospital. Nurses were called out of retirement. The county commissioners gave us funds. Private benefactions came in. People used their autos as ambulances. They brought in the sick and dying. As the war ended, great supplies of food piled up in the warehouses at Boston. I became chairman of the Food Commission. But let me inject here the aftermath to the young sailors or gobs who helped Gordon. I wrote one a letter of appreciation saying his character and kindness would carry him far. War II came and the war with the Japs exploded in the South Pacific. You may recall the three American cruisers sunk among the islands north of Australia. This young sailor that had helped Gordon had risen to the rank of Captain or Commander of one of the cruisers. His body washed up

on the beach. Later his mother living on Peach Street, Atlanta was going through his little personal things. She found my letter he had treasured. She wrote me. I wrote her my sympathy and continuation of admiration of her son. His character had carried him to death for his country. He exemplified the words of Jesus, "greater love hath no man than this to lay down his life for his friend"

Now to my food campaign. The warehouses at Boston had piers to load 7 ships at once. Rooms held articles in quantities of one million. Worcester, like all cities on quotas, a starved community. I bought canned goods by the carloads - blankets by the thousands - sugar by the ton. We tried to sell at cost but could not split pennies. So we piled up a treasury that later bought a public park. We gave quotas and they backed trucks to the car doors and distributed to their employees. I was chaplain of every Masonic Lodge. I was president of this and that. I was inexhaustible, irriducible, incorruptible. I needed to be. At this time Albert Einstein came to America lecturing in Boston at the Arts and Science Building on relativity. A member of my church, Dr. Arthur Gordon Webster took me. It was said that only two could understand him. So I sat and drank it all in. Next Sunday I preached on it and said there was no relativity in the Moral law. Webster said I guess you got something out of the trip.

Well along came the K.K.K. Religious prejudice ran high. The Knights of Columbus opposed them. There were running fights at night all through the downtown streets. The K.K.K. hired the Fair grounds. Aeroplanes flew overhead advertising the event. I put on

a mass meeting in my church condemning the whole business. A K.K.K. came to see me. I would not let him sit down. I said you hide behind a bed sheet to say your piece, I can stand in my pulpit and say anything I please if it is true. Get out. Then came a religious boycott, Catholic and Protestant refusing to buy of each other. I fought the whole business of bigotry. Businessmen told me economic chaos was coming. I was supported by the community and broke it. Then came the International Bible students. Pastor Russell was their hero. They were pro German. I analyzed their literature and proved my points. They tried to make their religion the habitat of draft dodgers. Liberals thought I was nuts. Judge Forbes took my information to the U.S. District Attorney, Boston. Pastor Russell was sent to the prison at Atlanta. After the war he was on parole and came back to Worcester. He hired a theater and a full page in the paper paying his compliments to me. I said if he will speak on a week day I'll see that he goes back to Atlanta.

Yes, I had time for my church. But the times required public service of all. I'll always remember Monadock. We had many picnics there. It has a special meaning to me this time. I used to go to New York City often. Coming home I preferred night driving. In those days the roads were free of traffic. The 150 miles were quickly done. On this trip as I came into Worcester with a mile yet to go a milk truck hit me. I was going too slow to miss him. He hit me at the driver's seat and drove me across the road. The impact took the door off the opposite side of the car. I was catapulted out. My only memory was this. A tree stood opposite there. I beat my car to the tree and whirled around behind it. The

tree held the car off me. I sat down on the curb. The Milk truck driver said "are you hurt?" We'll see. Now you take me to the police station. He did. I instructed the police to go back and measure the distance he slid with locked wheels and report later. Friends took me home. My new Buick was a wreck. Later they gave me a new one. I told Mother the story, I took a bath, kissed Molly, the baby and went to bed. Don't wake me up, I'll sleep late. I didn't get up. I had shell shock. After two weeks the Trustees said we are sending you to Mt. Monadock to an Inn at its foot. I said to Dr. Watkins when can I come home? He said when you climb Mt. Monadock. So I hobbled and was helped to the train. They met the train and carried me to the Inn. A beautiful place in lovely winter colors. The trees were loaded with snow. The first day I managed a half mile. The next day I climbed Mt. Monadock over the Appalachian trail. My strength flowed back as quickly as it left. The next day I climbed the Mt. in a snow storm again. I rejoiced. I called home and said to mother the prodigal son is coming home. Hallelujah. That's the way shell shock works. I went back to public service. I conducted noon day meetings in the factories talking on religion and patriotism. I was invited to Graton and Knight, the largest leather works in the city. The owners put me in the hide room, the dirtiest hole I ever was in. We threw hides around. It smelled to high heaven. As I worked with others, one laborer said, "I understand there is a preacher here. Have you seen him?" No, so they shifted me around and I had a good look and was free to say what I thought. Later the whole story came out in the papers. At this time the

chatauqua was popular. I was invited to give my lecture on "the human factor in industry." A tour of 12 weeks took me through West Virginia and Kentucky. In one town they had an outlaw strike. They burned bridges; broke up churches, schools and lodges. So I handed it to them straight on their hoodelism and un-American conduct. The District Attorney was there to see what was going to happen. My reputation naturally got around, but we survived. We were sent into a coal mining town. Nothing but, On arrival they were having a baseball game, deciding who's what between two miners teams. They asked did I know the game? O Yes! And then the 64 dollar question. Would I umpire. Guilelessly and impudent as to fate I said yes. The ball field was in a pasture. The crowd packed the base lines. They crowded around home plate. They gave the batter and the umpire just enough room to breathe. The 9th inning came - game tied - 2 out. The batter had 2 strikes and 3 balls. A blanket was spread on the ground. They began to bet a dollar he strikes out, 5 dollars he gets to first. A runner was on second. The umpire had no place to go, except to glory, if he called him out. Then the pitcher put one over and he whamed it for a home run. I breathed heroically. He saved me and his team.

That night I delivered my lecture in the Community Hall. They all came by families with kids and dogs. Their dogs were parked under the benches. During my lecture two dogs outside got into a fight. In a flash every dog came out from under the benches yelping "me too." They all tried to get out the door at the same time, owners following. None wanted his dog chewed. So I said, "I don't want to be dogmatic but we'll wait until this dog fight is over. When they had finished, they all returned, dogs in place and

we resumed. Mountain whites at work and play.

One more episode among Mountain whites on my lecture tour. We got off ~~W~~ C&O train at a pasture stop. No buildings. Waiting was a little jerk water train. The R.R. was 7 miles long. It had a civil war coach and wood burning engine. The fireman pushed logs in. The hot ashes came back to nip you like mosquitoes. At the end of the line an old model T Ford met us. Where was the road? None. He was to take us up in the mountains to the county seat. The Ford followed a creek bed. Hogs lay in puddles of water. They scared them out to get through. Bumpity to bump, over rocks all the way. We arrived. The main street - one main street was filled with possibly 100 mountainneers horse back. They let us through. What were they doing? They were swapping any and everything, horses, saddles, bridles, what have you. And tending court. We were among true real mountainneers. The Judge in opening said, "Behave or I'll give you the limit." That afternoon he adjourned court for my lecture. I ascended the bench for my lecture. Before beginning I said give me a real Rebel Yell. And did they! Real^l enjoyable^l, thrilling^l, throat splitting^l! Afterwards I paused outside at the street corner. I listened to an Old Chaucerian Bard, twanging his guitar and improvising verses as he went along - murder, courtship, moonshine, law - all had their turn by the hour. His hat caught the pennies. Noticing a hole in the window of the courthouse I asked what's that? O when they shot up the town they gave one to the law. Do they shoot up the town anymore? Yes. It was to be expected. And it came that night as they left. The grocery store had piled a long line of 100 lb bags of sugar in front of

the counter. When the shooting started his customers hid behind the sugar bags and he doused the lights. I shut off the light in my room. They rode madly through the streets shooting at every light they saw. After the fun was over the Sheriff and the Judge got in their work. Everybody was happy until next time. One final episode regarding Hugh who was assigned by the Kiwanis to guard a school crossing - the danger of trucks was present. One noon a child darted across the street. Hugh rescued him from under the wheels of a truck. He was seen and honored by the local and national Kiwanis. The two boys, Hugh and Gordon were prevented graduating by a teacher who objected to their father in public affairs. They resented me so I took the affair up before the school board. They gave the boys an I.Q. test. They passed high with a college entrance exam 125. That settled it and they were graduated by order of the school board. What a life. It was fun. Now after these happy years we went to Lincoln, Nebraska. Goodbye Worcester.

Breaking our ties with Worcester and moving to Lincoln, Nebraska was some jump and story. Lincoln had a union of two churches, unfortunately fighting each other. They sent J. C. Seacrest, owner of the State Journal, to look me up. Judge Forbes in my church told him I was the No. One preacher of the city. I went out to candidate and be looked over. One of the editors, ^{William Owen Jones} a member of the church told me, "We want a man to save the church; not to save the city." Well, I preached to a full house. All the town leaders were there. They wanted a New England preacher; a man of culture. They asked me to stay over a week. I went over to Harlan, Iowa, my old home ^{100 miles away} where my sister Alma lived. I stayed on the farm with her about 100 miles from Lincoln. When I was at the University of Iowa, I was on their debating team that debated the University of Nebraska, so I knew the city a bit. After the second Sunday, they voted to call me and I wired Mother the news. Then I went over again to Alma. She lived near Portsmouth, Iowa, and by working on the powers that be they stopped the midnight express for me to Chicago. When the train ground to a stop unexpectedly, the sparks flying, the whole town jumped out of bed. What's up? Alma said it was town gossip for a long time after.

Well we packed. One of my godfathers, in a church at Brooklyn and later President of the University of Minnesota went thru the same experience I was now in, packing. His little daughter on the street was cross-examined by a deacon. Is you father going to leave us? I don't know but Mother is saving the papers. So Mother was saving the papers for us and packing began. It was different than my ancestors who went west in a wagon train. My

Grandfather, Washington Wyland, a preacher, was also a surveyor. He surveyed the first railroad west and preached in the labor camps at night. Taking Gordon and Hugh with me, I took the auto and drove west. Mother took the two youngest, Molly and Bob and a train west.

I was working before I left to "get out the vote." So I voted at 6 A.M. and then started west with tears and farewells from old friends. When we came down the hairpin turn in Western, Massachusetts, a car with no brakes hit me. With apologies and no taking notes about insurance we went into a repair shop for a brief repair and then on. The boys were weeping about the girls left behind. On we went. I worked to erase their dubious feelings. It was wild and wooly in the land of nowhere to them.

Our home was a new home on 1910 A Street, a lovely home. Our furniture arrived and we unpacked in a snow storm. Mother directed and put things in order. Lincoln friends came with food and what can we do to help. Bedrooms for the children were set up and their spirits revived. We were royally received and entertained. You couldn't ask for more.

I started in at once to get acquainted with my leaders and get advice as to the real problems. The waring members filled the church. I became very frank. I said if we are to build a church we must stop finding fault with each other, etc. Don't come and talk to me finding fault. I'll find out what I want to know.

The Charles Stuart family were one of the key families. He was a builder. Melinda said to me she couldn't go to church and see all those hypocrites. Her aunt said, sit on the front seat

and you can't see them. It worked. L. C. Chapin, a stalwart pioneer said to me, "get Frank Woods and your financial problems are solved." He owned the dial telephone and other vast interests. He told me that he had paid \$50 for the dial telephone. He owned the telephone company, the addressograph, etc. I had an interview with him. What do you want of me? I want you to be chairman of our financial committee. How much will this church cost?⁷ At first \$500,000. How you going to get the money. I had been primed so I said, "If the 14 leading families give \$300,000, the rest of the church should raise \$200,000. Are you going to give the church the \$100,000 for their two properties, I said. Yes, because they are the small wage earners and have little background at present. So Frank said Yes. It was a memorable day when he called the 14 into his office. I showed the picture of the Carillion tower. I spoke of Magonigle and Mclaughlin, builders of the Kansas City War Memorial. We are to build a church that will be a National Memorial. Later that proved true. Later Lorado Taft, the sculptor, ^{lecturing at the University} said, "it's the most beautiful church in America." Well, Frank Woods took a small card from his pocket. He said "I will give \$75,000." Charles Stuart said, Frank what have you got me down for? Frank said \$50,000. Too much Frank. No! A pause, then he said \$50,000,¹ O.K.¹ In 30 minutes Frank went down the list and all accepted and paid their pledges, a total of \$300,000. When the cost went up a million, they raised their pledges and paid the million and we dedicated the church free of debts. The Carillon of 48 bells was separate. I sold that to the community. Each bell was dedicated to a person or an organization. Senator George Norris, whom I knew, put a bill through Congress exempting

Carillons of custom duties. When dedicated we had the famous carillonneur from Lake Wales the Bok tower to play it. Later I took Mother over to the Bok tower and he played for her "Love's Old Sweet Song." *Our Carillon is in the famous book on Carillons.*

The brick work was patterned after the brick work in the town hall of Stockholm, Sweden, the most beautiful town hall in the world. Robert McLaughlin, one of our architects, brought to us the brick work. Later he was Dean of the Architectural School, Princeton. George Abel said, "I will give you the brick from my brickyards in Kansas. Tell my ceramic engineer what you want and he will do it. So I took McLaughlin down there and the bricks were secured. The bricks were in three colors to represent our western sunsets and our harvest fields. There were seven shapes. When delivered they were piled in seven different piles. The brick tenders were told to put 54 bricks in each load. The Masons then placed them in the wall as each pleased. Thus you got a most unusual portrait. Study it and you will see the most unusual brick wall in the world. Experts who have come and studied it say so. The windows are English and in wrought lead symbolism and opaque glass. Wilbur Chanoweth, our organist and I travelled and inspected and tried out organs to New York and elsewhere. We got a \$50,000 organ. There are three historic stones I secured in my travels abroad. In the Carillon tower is a stone from Eisleben, Germany, the home of Martin Luther, the beginning of the Reformation. I secured from Plymouth, England the door step from the house our Pilgrim Fathers stayed in before they sailed on the Mayflower to America. It represented Congregationalism. I was an exchange preacher that year representing

sent to the National Council of Churches

America. It was my honor to preach in famous cathedrals and churches.

Dr. George E. MacLean, former president of the University of Iowa, was then head of the English ^{speaking} Union. He was a good friend and knew me when I was a student at the University of Iowa. From President Calvin Coolidge I got the motto carved on the stone "more light shall break out of God's word." This was from the farewell sermon of John Robinson's farewell sermons as they sailed from Holland. I've stood on that spot. They sailed to Plymouth and joined the Mayflower to America. The Antiquities Commission of England gave us the stone.

The third stone came from Bethlehem where Jesus was born and represented the ^{The Jerusalem Cross at the entrance is historic} beginning of Christianity. Charles Stuart was our builder and on him was laid the heavy responsibility to make all this come true. He delivered and we owe him much. The best materials and workmanship went in to the church. The contractor Charles Olson worked for Charles Stuart on a 6% cost plus basis. That's all he got. Charles Stuart said, "You will make no money off the church, but off me when you build for me."

One more thing, the head of the Astronomy Department at the University gave us a star map. The stars over the pulpit are as they were over Bethlehem when Jesus was born. Beauty and historic significance was built into this church.

Well, here is a family episode involving others. We moved down to D Street. Here we invested in an old Ford car for the boys to tinker and drive; cheap in those days. Herbert Browne II, Attorney General under Eisenhower had a younger brother Phil. He and our boys were cronies. Phil wanted to take his girl out that night so

he borrowed the old Ford. Out near the Penitentiary he put his arm around the girl (supposedly) and the Ford hit a telephone pole and smashed one of the headlights. That night we were having a church supper. Cars were parked all about the church. Phil came along and looked them over finding a Ford the same vintage as ours. He took a headlight off one and replaced the broken light. The next morning at breakfast, Phil came running down the alley. Hurry, he said Help! That headlight, I want quick. The headlight belongs on my father's car and he is hopping mad. Someone is going to jail. So back to its rightful owner went the headlight. It has given us a good laugh these many years.

Out of Lincoln many years we went west to our summer vacation. On one trip something broke our windshield. We said don't worry, the next town we'll repair it. Then we looked at Molly. Her face was broken out; - measles we said with one voice. Well let us eat lunch; repair the car and then turn back for home. After lunch and rest we looked and behold the supposed measles had disappeared. The dust and sand through the broken windshield from the road had given her the false appearance. Rejoicing we went on to the Rockies. We camped at the foot of the Grand Tetons. Every evening snow blew down from the Grand Teton. Wild game was all about us; bear and bull moose. The government had a big ranch nearby with stacks of hay that fed deer and moose which came down off the mountains. When we first arrived a rancher greeted us. Any moose we asked? Yes, there goes one now. And so it was. At night we had a big campfire. We cut down ridge pole pines and pulled them into camp. They made a good fire. We roasted in front and froze behind. We

slept with our clothes on. Finally we decided to move. We found the battery on the Buick was dead. The nearest help was Salt Lake City, several hundred miles south. So we had a crank and started to crank the engine. After long hard work we got a spark and a cough. Then it started. Over the pass out of the valley we went down into green pastures. We fought the engine all the way south. At Salt Lake City I went into a bank. I was broke. Could they help. Yes, they said. In an hour we got money out of our Lincoln bank. Again we rejoiced.

Then the Chamber of Commerce directed us to the shortest road from Salt Lake City to Denver. What a nightmare that was. No pavement. Just clay, and when wet greasy. The cars slid out of control when the rain came. To amuse ourselves the children counted the ravines ahead of us. Up and down forever. Rain came and the clay turned to grease. We waited until it dried. One mountain pass was closed until it dried. We waited and then chanced sliding into the valley. After breakfast the sun came out. We burst into song. "O it haint going to rain any more - it aint going to rain any more." An old mule in the pasture beyond echoed it with a loud bray and "he haw he haw" that nearly strangled him. But home we went to thaw out; clean up and relax.

One other experience deserves telling. I was taken for Dillinger, the most daring outlaw at that time, a bank robber, his specialty. I was driving my Buick. We filled it with preachers and headed for the National Conference at Oberlin, Ohio. We stopped at Defiance, Ohio for lunch. After lunch in leaving town we mistakenly drove into the public park. Unknown to us at the

time that Dillinger had held up the bank where we lunched. All roads thereabouts were being watched and covered by the Sheriff and police. They saw us. They noted that our car was filled with men. When we found our way out of the park to the main hiway along the river we were being watched. I noted someone tailing us. After sauntering along we looked at our watch, we said we had better step on the gas if we are to make Oberlin before night. So away we went. Also our follower stepped on the gas and came up close. We came to a patch of woods. He pulled up beside ^{us} pulled out a gun and said stop. We did. He said get out. He stuck his gun in my ribs and said stick your hands up. I said what's the idea? He said I'm looking for Dillinger. To me that was a joke. I said I'm not Dillinger but that guy there is. So around the car he hopped and covered the preacher friend. In the back seat a preacher was lying down recovering from sickness. Well, I finally said, you're mistaken. This is a bunch of preachers on their way to Oberlin to a National conference. Open up the trunk. He was expecting to find the loot from the Defiance Bank. Finally he was satisfied. Now he said, look out, these roads all are covered by machine guns and police. When ordered to stop, do so. Well this episode followed us to the conference. The news went back to Lincoln that their preacher was taken for Dillinger. There must be some relationship friends said because he held me up and got plenty of money out of us when he built the church. And the joke followed us long and about.

The final chapter in public service then came. J. C. Seacrest, owner of the state Journal, said to me, "there is more corruption in Lincoln than any time since I came. I don't know what to do."

I said, "J.C. if you back the churches we can clean it up." He said "Go ahead, I will." I sat down with Ray Hunt, pastor First Christian Church, a public spirited preacher like myself. Lincoln was a composite city. Each precinct was a former bordering village. So we persuaded each Mayor of his former village home to run in that precinct as Councilman. As a climax for Mayor we persuaded Governor Charles Bryan (four times governor) now retired to run for Mayor. We elected our entire slate after a mud slinging campaign. The crooks were driven out of office. Now to the family.

Gordon was studying architecture at the University, conceived the idea of raising tomatoes in a hot house loaned him by J.R. Roberts the milk man. He proposed raising tomatoes in winter at winter prices. He began studying the Wall Street Journal to invest his fortune. All went well. The plants grew and were loaded with green tomatoes. Hurrah. Then a bug hit them and the vines wilted and died. And, a defeated millionaire returned to his studies. Later I took him to Yale where he finished. Hugh began his career at the University to be a doctor. Then he developed Leukemia. By all tests that was it. We placed him in Dr. Bailey's hospital. The red corpuscles began to decrease and the white to increase. The fatal decline had us all worried. One day I met Dr. Bailey. I was going to the hospital. I stopped him. What is your verdict? I'm sorry, Mr. Wyland, but Hugh is going to die. I took the load on my heart and drove out into the country. I parked the car. In an agony I poured out my agony and heartbreak in tears and prayers to God. I've given you everything. I asked ~~you~~ you to save him. Turn the tide. I went home but I did not tell Mother. Days passed. One day I visited the hospital. Dr. Bailey said, "something is

happening, a miracle is coming, the white increase has stopped. The red corpuscles are increasing and a cure is coming. Hugh came back into the family by the Grace of God.

This is the last church our family were all together. Bob and Gordon went to Yale; Hugh to the University of Iowa, Molly to Barnard. But I finish Lincoln after the years with one more story. Their Centennial came in 1966.

I was invited back by the Chairman of the Centennial Committee. The original pioneers were gone and their sons had taken over. Present were Judges of the Supreme Court; the Governor; University officials and Bishops of all denominations. A stone with inscription was after the address buried in the walk outside the site of our first church. Our church was forerunner of all institutions. Later a plaque was placed on the entrance wall of First Plymouth Church to my work. Molly unveiled and my son arranged its character. Goodbye Lincoln and God Bless you.

My Centennial address and Centennial program I attach.

So now, I find myself in Brooklyn, the home of great churches and great preachers. Dr. Marion L. Burton, my old teacher, and now President of the University of Minnesota felt that was my destiny. I was promised a great church. S. Parkes Cadman became my godfather and took me under his wing. He was a Welsh coal miner; very direct and eloquent. When once someone asked me how to be eloquent, I said, "be sincere." Cadman never wasted words. At a church dinner I heard him give the Blessing. "O Lord, bless this food; now sit down and eat." He gave the Beecher lecture at Yale. He told me he composed them while shaving in the bathroom. In those days, it was a long razor with a six inch blade and required a steady hand. I sat at the feet of this great preacher. I was in a city with all kinds of people -- the poor, the great, the ragged, the hungry, and with them I dealt. My religion was tested.

It was Christmas morning in our home. The tree lights were winking at the children on the floor, playing with their toys. Mother was in the kitchen basting the turkey and softly singing to herself. So, to the church I went to hand out baskets to late comers. Then one of my Boy Scouts came in saying, "Come, my father is dying." We walked down a street lined with decorations and bright colors. Music was in the air, blessed Christmas Carols. Among them was the dark of sorrow and impending death. A tug boat captain, unshaven, pale, lay silent, his eyes searched my face for an answer.

"The doctor says I am going to die."

With assurance I said: "Your doctor can not decree death. That is in the hands of God."

In confirmation I read the great passage of faith from the Bible. The 23rd Psalm speaks again and the words of Jesus, "have faith in God." "Do not fear I am with you." "Ask and it shall be given unto you."

Earnestly I poured out my heart and faith. Do not give up. Believe in God. Then I rose, pressed his hand and left. I walked slowly back to the church. Heavy thoughts weighed me down, oppressive. Then clearly a voice came, "WHAT ABOUT THIS JESUS STUFF."

I was startled. That was the language of the world. I paused, looking about. Across the street a bum in rags was shouting at the closed doors with their Christmas lights and music.

Yes, he challenged my faith to believe what I said to that dying man. Days went by. One Sunday morning I stepped down from the pulpit to greet people. Down the aisle came a well-dressed man. He gripped my hand. It was the tug boat captain.

I walked home, a sense of confirmation filled me. The tug boats in the harbor were grunting and whistling. Their voices were sounding a glad note - "Welcome back Captain, we need a pilot." So do we all.

In this hour of peace and hope, infantile paralysis came. The epidemic swept the children of the city. Children were dying everywhere. "No cure" ravaged the hearts of fathers and mothers in all homes.

I said to Mother: "I am going to save our children. Get things together . . . we will go up in the country to our first parish in Connecticut. They've said come. In the time of storm

we want you; we love you."

Mother said, "I fear we will be stopped. Children from New York City are being barred."

"Let's go," I said.

We took the west side train to Pawling, New York. Charley Johnson and his team of greys and the Town Marshall were waiting for us at the railroad station.

As we got off, the Town Marshall said: "You can't stop here. Get back on the train." *we jumped in Charley's buggy. he whipped the grey & in 10 miles we were home light & safe & sound.*

When fall came some new thoughts came to me. I wanted to get my children off the streets of New York and into a city of homes. The winds off the sea were blowing sweet and strong. The cruel side of New York had gripped me with its good ^{and bad}. I had buried paupers in pauper's field, four in one grave. The big bomb explosion in the War I in the harbor blew out the windows of homes all about my home and lower Manhattan. In Wall Street, the windows of the skyscrapers were rubble in the streets below. Ammunition cases were floating in the harbor and in the ferry slips.

The Congregational Church at Lansing, Michigan, wanted me. The University was at their doors. Then the church at Worcester, Massachusetts wanted me. The trustees of my Brooklyn church offered me a life pastorate. I said No, and Yes to the church at Worcester, Massachusetts. So, they gave me a farewell dinner and a generous check. The desk they gave me was a replica of the desk in Independence Hall on which the Declaration of Independence was signed.

Repeatedly through the years I visited them and advised with them on their troubles. Life long friends are a blessing.

So East I go to finish my career in New York City; Baltimore (my war work) and finally St. Petersburg, Florida. At New York City I was associated with former President Herbert Hoover in his great food program. I was his liason and public relations with the churches of America. Daily I met him in the Waldorf offices. About him were some renowned men. I was sent to the national church conferences. I knew him intimately and admired a truly great man. Some of his letters followed me to my last job. Now I turn to Baltimore and war work, one of my great jobs. I became Liason chaplain for the Council of Churches of Maryland. I regarded this as one of my best achievements. The Saturday Evening Post played up my work as their lead article with me on the front page. Citations came from the US Army Headquarters, 3rd Army. Eleven army camps surrounded that area. I served the G.I.'s in and out of camps. Mother and I were living alone. The children were on their own. It was a lonesome affair for her after raising a family of four.

The Baltimore residence and work covered the duration of War II. The G.I.'s came weekends and slept in parks and doorways. Some hotels barred them from restrooms. We rebelled and so did the churches. We mobilized the churches to serve their needs. We arranged recreational centers in the heart of the city and furnished dance partners and food. We fixed dormitories; bed and breakfast in eleven churches. The U.S. Army officials welcomed me with open arms. One-hundred sixty-three thousand five hundred and eighty G.I.'s were thus cared for. Torpedoed ships coming into port were cared for. One captain told me (tears came into his eyes) when he saw the lights shining at night when he entered our port.

When he left England it was all dark because of the bombing they endured. A citation came to me from English Naval authorities and the 7th Army. Its a long, happy story. When the Saturday Evening Post put me on their front page thousands of letters came in thanking us for our care of their sons.

The final report is at the end of this statement. I married G.I.'s going overseas. I furnished ships outbound with complete reading and recreational materials. One chaplain wrote me bound for the South Seas Jap areas. When the fleet learned of our materials they circled us and made us share. When peace came he wrote me I'm in the crow's nest in a Japan port looking down and the men are playing the music box you gave. His ship was in a Jap port waiting the peace treaty. They looked on and saw the proceedings. Here is our record. Let me insert a personal note here. Our youngest son, Robert, enlisted in the Marines. He was a Yale man and from there went a large contingent to the South Pacific. He was a First Lieutenant and led his marines when they stormed ashore at Pelieu. The Japs were in the jungles and pinned them down on the beaches for three hours before they got a toe hold. Then they finally pushed inland and took the island. By the Grace of God, he lived through it and came home.

Attached is our record and the Saturday Evening Post's article.

So to St. Petersburg we went; my final victorious desperate struggle for human rights for Negroes, Jews and Catholics. It was January 14th, our wedding anniversary we moved. The Van packed our furniture saying what are you going to do with all that stuff? We put our silver in the trunk of the car. I stopped and bought flowers for my wife. We stopped at good hotels and had a special dinner. To the unknown we went with faith. Nothing daunted me. We reached our destination and were housed in a cottage on the banks of Crescent Lake - our permanent home. From our porch we could enjoy the sunsets and they were brilliant.

The Van came saying cash before I unload. Mother set things to rights. One room had three 9/12 rugs; piled one on top the other. Later we put one in our car when we went north for our vacation and gave it to Gordon. Hospitality and new friends welcomed us. We brought 125 churches together for the first time. We engineered the first religious census and began new churches for the unchurched. We drove the gamblers out of town. We had a religious parade -- miles long, the largest parade ever in a city of parades. We began Holy Week and Easter services and filled Al Lang field. We mobilized the churches as a political power against corruption in civic affairs. We made the churches a power for welfare. ^{Now} Our big struggle for integration and human rights for the Negroes; Jews, Catholics; a bitter ugly vicious fight began. They despised the Negroes; Jews and Catholics all alike, so said the political and social hierarchy that ruled the city. They called me a white nigger, lower than the black negro. My life was threatened. They posted signs on our lawn. They called me on the telephone threatening death. I said "If you name the

place and the hour to get me, I'll be there." Don't disappoint me. At night I slept easily and comfortably. My beloved wife said "Dear when I married you I thought I was going to have peace." She called my doctor to find out if there was something the matter with me. "When I went to bed I went to sleep so quickly," He said "No, he is just well adjusted." I organized trips into the negro slums to acquaint people with their meanness and filth.

Two business men riding downtown on a bus; behind sat a friend of mine. The new comer said "what is the best investment here." The answer was "In the Negro slums. Few repairs and high rents made it so." The Negroes were exploited. I showed it up. My reward was a bitter hatred. The rent collector for the owners collected the rent weekly. If they could not pay he took the screen doors and screens off the windows. When the flies became bad he then could collect his rent. The collector knew me and when we met downtown they would walk to the gutter and spit. Finally then came a break. A Methodist millionaire (whose wife was a church leader) came to see me. I'll build a modern apartment house for the Negroes if you'll help. I said certainly. Negro land is the most expensive. We bought from the city for one dollar an old abandoned Negro cemetery; the oldest in the city. Overgrown with weeds at 16th and 5th Streets South. We dug up the graves and moved the remains to a new negro cemetery. Among them I found a Negro confederate soldier. The stone was fallen but legible. We excavated the remains and the colored guard of the American Legion came; I gave the ritual of the church and escorted the body to the new Negro cemetery. While I was reading the ritual, one of my

white haters stood his car on the nearby road and watched me unbelieving. But it was so. The new apartment house built on that ground became a monument to Brotherhood. Then I bought a house from the city for one dollar; moved it into the Negro section and established a Negro Y.W.C.A. I preached in Negro churches and schools. In the Negro High School I sat with Eleanor Roosevelt who was to give the address. The police came and said get out. We have a bomb threat. So we moved out. It was a false alarm. The fight now by the die hards was to send me to jail as a Communist stirring up the negroes. The Lake Co. Sheriff was a rough hater of the Negroes. One case where ~~he~~ he tried to kill two Negroes which he said he did in self defense. It outraged me and the community. I got in my car and drove to his bailiwick. I collected the evidence and presented it to the Governor, who thanked me and set his power to work to cure the injustice. Now I was summoned to the Grand Jury as a Communist. It was a face to face fight. The Lake Co. Grand Jury tried to indict me. They failed and I was discharged. I now prevailed on the Ministerial Association to integrate. I stood against violence by either side. We had the first non-violent integration in Florida. The Negroes in the state knew and supported me. Their colleges knew and supported me. They had a brotherhood meeting at the Bethel A.M.E. church here. A hymn and its music was dedicated to me. I received letters of commendation from Former President Hoover and Thurgood Marshall, now a member of the United States Supreme Court. The United Churches at a testimonial dinner presented me a commendation. The St. Petersburg Times wrote an editorial as a fitting tribute. Fine citizens of a great community commended me.

As a bit of travel to find peace of soul and renewed spiritual strength, I went to The Holy Land. Walking in the footsteps of Jesus the last days of his life I wrote back to the Times thusly. I learned again that no cause can be advanced without sacrifice. At home again I learned from my oldest son he was expecting a baby. I wrote happily to the Mother, Helen, the following letter. My children gladdened my heart.

And so I end these memoirs with Tiny Tim's Prayer, "God Bless us, everyone."