

Mother & Father were married in La Grange Ill Nov 8 - 1905. It was there where they lived when I was born Jan. 29, 1907. My Mother has remarked that I came in a snow storm and that Father paid the doctor a \$20 gold piece. Upon the delivery

There seems to be a bit of the farmer in most men and Father was not without this urge. My parents laid money down on a ten-acre plot of soil adjoining the Miss. river in Little Falls, Ark. when I was two years of age. The two seasons they kept the farm were dry years and the Father worked in Little Falls at the power plant it was evident that the farming adventure was a failure.

Father & Mother left Little Falls and moved to Kenosha, Wis. in 1911. Friends had told them of the possibility of work in the Jeffrey Motor Co. plant there. Jeffrey later became the Web Motor Co. and finally American Motors. Which now seems to be extinct, ~~it~~ having been acquired by the Chrysler Corp.

My sister, Esther Linnea was born in Kenosha, March 12, 1912. There were five years between us which probably explain our deep respect and love for

each, tho we were never close to each other.
Upon graduation from Hi Sch I attended
HDS. It was to this school that Esther
went after Hi. Sch. It was at HDS that
Esther met Edwin C. Nelson and whom
she married shortly after Jan July 11, 1926
Edwin took the pastorate of the
EFC in Truckley, MN. ~~and~~ the work in
Truckley was most primitive. A call from
Hesper WA in the Puget Sound area to revive
the EFC there brought them to the P.N.W.
It was a good church to serve. Edwin had
however been raised in the Bapt. church in
Salem, Ill. so when an opportunity arose
for him to take the pastorate of a Baptist
Church in Preston, MN - they accepted the call
and severed their relations with the EFC.

Edwin & Esther adopted a boy whom
they call Myron. Myron after completion of
Hi. Sch. entered the Army armed forces where
he served for twenty years. Myron married
while in the service in England. They
were blessed with three sons. It was
not Esther's lot to get acquainted with
them. While in the P.N.W. she developed
scurvy from 145 from which she was to
suffer for the rest of life, finally
becoming immobile and helpless. Edwin

was most faithful in caring for her until her death in 1980, December.

Some exceedingly happy were experienced in company with each other, Esther and I. Mother had bought a used violin for me as a Christmas gift when I was about 14. Esther took piano lessons and became a good pianist. She played the Pipe organ in church in her later W. S. years for the congregational singing and such. We spent many happy hours making music together. It was a joy to play with her, and I know it pleased Mother & Father.

Home life for us was normal and we found much security there. Except for the year that my cousin John was with us, they were years of material development for Esther & I. As I remember it we had so little social life in our home. Church was our sole interest outside the home. ^{Aloneness} Loneliness became a constant companion — a companion who has been with me all my life. But the difficult days are behind us. I have only thanks to God for the home into which I was born. I was planted in "planted places".

I have very little remembrance of school life in the elementary and the school years. Grades, I presume were average. In elementary school we had a class in vocational training (woodwork) which I enjoyed so much. Working with wood has always been fascinating. I remember a class in Plane Geometry which I thoroughly enjoyed. Algebra was never a problem. As to social life with students at school - there was none.

Upon his graduation in 1925 I sought employment at the Nash Motors Co. which I secured with the help of a friend, E. Paul Mahoney, my A.S. teacher at the Baptist Tabernacle. Mr. Mahoney was employed in one of the offices of the company, was a committed Christian who lived and testified to his faith and had a very special interest in young people.

I worked at Nash's for a year in the shipping department. Shipping out parts to dealers, I became quite familiar with an automobile anatomy. One of the parts most often ordered as I remember it was water pumps.

The water pumps of those days were quite vulnerable to ^{the} freezing of the water in the cooling system of the car. The metal fins on the pumps would snap off when the water froze in the cooling system if owners were not careful. Most sold many of them to owners who were careful. We "punched the clock" at seven each morning, and left for home at five. My pay was \$5.00 per hour - making a weekly check of about \$25. Many were supported their families on that remuneration.

When a year had run by, I became restless. I had not found a social niche in Kansas. I wanted to get away, and I was hungry to learn. I thought of going to Summer College in Appleton, Wis. but somehow my matriculation attempts never materialized. My S. S. teacher, Mr. Mahoney, then made a suggestion that I give one year of my life to the study of the Bible at MKS in Chicago. His reasoning: One year of Bible study would prepare me to be a more effective layman in the church. Having no other option open at the moment, I left that

September 1926 for MBS in Chicago.

The big city thrilled me. Riding the North Shore train and the "Z" was always an exciting experience. But the most elevating thing about that year which stretched into three years, was what MBS was to come to mean to me. I entered what became to me the three most significant years of my life. I loved the Bible studies and related subjects. The teachers were most inspiring and though I did not get personally acquainted with any of them, my respect for them remained high. The companionship with classmates was nourishing and up building. I was happy there.

I had enrolled in the Chr. Ed course but after a year I switched to the Bible music course from which I graduated in August, 1929. We studied sight reading with Talmaidge and Bitterkofer, the latter composer of the music of the hymn, "Complete in Three". Alfred Holzworth was our instructor in musical notation. We studied the elements of music and did some hymn writing on our own. Each

graduating class of 1948 selected a class motto - basically a verse of Scripture. The Ours was: "Stewards of the manifold grace of God" from I Peter 4:10. Members of the class were then put in competition to write a stanza hymn, and the music majors were given the task of setting it to music. Being a Music Major, I submitted an entry and it was ~~accepted~~ chosen by the music faculty as the class song. The class memorized it and sang it at our graduation exercises. It was exhilarating - leading the class at that graduating ceremony.

I am most thankful to God for guiding me to MBS. It was there that my faith was strengthened and the values to which I had given my life were reinforced and became dominant in my life. ^{many} friendships formed there that have ~~been~~ given me strength these three years. I secured an assurance of the truths that have sustained me these subsequent years is that there is human nature is sinful and that every person needs a savior and a sanctifier, and is my Father in

~~_____~~
Heaven and Jesus Christ is my Saviour.
I came to see most clearly that there
is a heaven to gain and a hell to
shun. I gave my life to Him. My
service has been so unadeguately
rendered, but my heart has not wavered
in my desire to please Him.

Graduation from MBS brought a crisis to my life. I had no where to go. I had made no plans for anything beyond the enjoyment of each day at school. I have often made this mistake since. I'm a slow learner.

At MBS I had met a fellow student on my first day. I guess he could read ~~without anything~~ but was completely confused - matriculating, being assigned to a room - getting a roommate. It seems providential that we should work for a friendship developed which has lasted a life time. His name: Alford Bjorklin.

Al was eventually to marry and to spend his life in missionary work in Venezuela.

Al graduated a year before we could went back to his parents home in Farwell, MN. He ~~had~~ become interested in missionary work in Northern Minnesota, working with the F.F.C. superintendent he wanted to think of The Seck Lake area - particularly the community of Bliflot on the lake's south side. Anticipation his work which today would be called church planting, he wrote me, asking me to consider working with him. It was not

a difficult choice for me - it seemed to be a divinely made appointment. This was in the spring of 1930.

Our work consisted in ~~the~~ organizing religious services in homes and school houses. The community was entirely bereft of a church. It organized S. S. and held D.V.P.'s classes in the summer. Several girls from the New Bible School (then under Dr. Rieky of 1st Baptist Church Minneapolis) came up for the summer months to assist ~~with~~ with the V.P.S. work. Their help was most appreciated. Two ~~boys~~ who came three of four years in succession were Misses Rose Beckman and Mable Lidquist.

The whole community and county wide seemed to be affected. Plans in the summer were planned a series of evangelistic meetings to be held in an abandoned boarding lodge. This was arranged with a itinerant Methodist evangelist came thru the area and did the preaching for us. It was a time of Divine Visitation, many souls were converted and fortified to their new found faith by their changed lives. The spirit of revival and renewal lasted into the next year.

Harper was our closest town, 13 miles to the west of Whitewater. Here it was that some families, having been spiritually touched by the work in Whitewater asked to have a regular church program there. So we began with a series of tent meetings, which we pitched in the lake front park. The tent was the property of the District ~~house~~ and used by the churches of the District as pastor asked for it. I do not remember the meetings as being very successful as far as crowds were concerned, but a number of Christians wanted a church so it was decided to go ahead with such a project. We rented a store front room in the old Chase Hotel building owned by a fine Christian business man, Mr. Bert Fuller. The Fuller family joined in our work. God blessed them with ~~three~~ ^{four} sons and one daughter, all entered Christian service as missionaries. Dwight in the A.T.C. where he and his wife, Lorena Bonn - ministered in Japan. Later they returned to teach at Trinity and later to serve as a District Sup.

It was about 1934 that Al left Minnesota to take the church in Harper, W.D. While there he married and soon left

for Venezuela having been accepted for
missionary service under the E.T.C.A. I
continued to pastor the Whipholt & Walker
~~the~~ fields, driving the distance
regularly - holding 550 services in
Whipholt and the evening Sunday service
in Walker.

In one of our District Conferences
held in the St. Paul E.T.C. I met the girl
who was eventually to be my wife. She
was singing in the church choir when I
first noticed her. We made an
acquaintance and after about a
year of correspondence we were married
in St. Paul, 9/14/38. Pastor ^{Carl} Nelson
performed the ceremony which was held in
the Osland home.

The 1930's were depression years
in U.S. Economically life was fearful &
uncertain. There was much unemployment.
Pres. Roosevelt inaugurated social
services thru the government, many in
effect today. The dust storms of the
30's threatened the fertility of the
land. The world then saw the rise of
Adolph Hitler and rumors of what
was to be next were heard. The years
were difficult. Yet there was a noble

and vibrant spirit which sustained
the people of the land. Indeed there were
bread lines and riots, for many
- the 30s were hard. But there was
also an undisplayed strength of
character amongst the citizens, many
of them like our parents - immigrants
from the "old country". In many cases they
had seen worse. The depression did
not really lift until 1940 when WWII
brought work and opportunity to many in
the war industry.

After a honey moon trip to
Niagara Falls we came back to
Minnesota where we saw the most
beautiful scenery of the trip with the
fall colors on the trees were at their
most beautiful.

I had at this time been holding a call
to the Bock EFC in Minnesota. I
kept them waiting until we returned
from our trip. Upon return to Walker
we learned that the church there had
in our absence, decided to build a
church in Walker. They had actually
begun the building on a piece of
land donated by The Bove family,

who lived directly across the street from where the church was to stand, a large hole in the ground which was to be the basement of the church greeted us on our return. We could not leave a church which had such vision and ~~our~~ faith to go forward. As the first two years of our now so long life together were spent here, we saw the church built by the members themselves, and on a joy as young basis. The church was unencumbered by any debt when it was dedicated in the spring of 1940.

We were not a large congregation. We had no affluent members. A splendid group of nurses from St. Swathing (Michigan State TB Hospital) stood by so faithfully with both attendance, encouragement, and giving. Three families in particular were stalwart in their support of the young church, The John Bone family, the John Collins family and the Beat Fuller family. They gave. The spiritual level of the church was high. These were Depression years when the church was formed. But no depression radices was seen.

expressed in the gatherings. Singing the old Gospel songs was always a delight to us. Testimony time was usual; the messages brought from the Scriptures were not profound, Scriptural, and always delivered to comfort and strengthen and relevant the lives of the people.

Something about the young people should be said - a large group was in evidence tied together in spiritual commitment to God and to each other. Several of them entered Christian service and have been used of God through the years. The blessing of God rested upon the work. They were days of revival and divine visitation - I have long to see a repeat performance of these days. But they never came. God's visitations are sovereignly dispensed and hearts are blessed indeed when His grace falls upon us.

While the work at Walker flourished, the work at Chip took long withal and finally died. There is no church there now. The country side is like a barren desert.