



by  
Walter A. Jensen —

## PREFACE

While rounding up a few head of cattle that had strayed from the pasture, I was thrown from my horse and sustained a severely sprained ankle which laid me up for six weeks. One day as I was agonizing for something to do, my resourceful wife suggested that I write up some of the incidents of my early days that our boys so enjoyed hearing over and over.

That was more than twenty years ago! Now that I have reached the sunset of life (I will be 79 years old next birthday) and have a little spare time on my hands, I was reminded of the forgotten manuscript. I began reminiscing again and the following pages are the result, written especially for our two sons, Phil and Jim, and eight precious grandchildren.

This little booklet was made possible with the help of my dear wife, Marie, who prepared and mimeographed the manuscript. The Lord willing, Part 2 and 3 will follow, as He enables. It is my hope and prayer that it will be of interest and a blessing to someone.

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3:16).

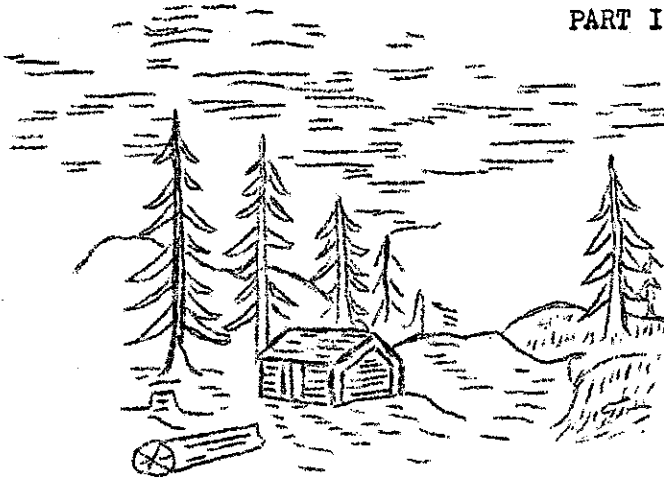
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Walter A. Jensen





" H E D G E D I N "  
PART I



PIONEER DAYS

America, the land of opportunity beckoned, and both my maternal and paternal grandparents emigrated from Denmark when mother was four years old and father thirteen. They settled in Waupaca, Wisconsin, where they farmed for many years. It was here mother and father met and were married. Eight children were born to Peter and Anna Jensen, but two died in infancy. Three sons

and three daughters lived to a ripe old age.- Frank, Lizzie, Walter, Al, Frances and Erma.

We children used to love to hear mother tell about those early days prior to the Civil War, when bears prowled around the clearing, wolves stalked through the woods, and Indians came knocking on the door demanding food and whatever they wanted. She told of one time in particular when she and her sister were left alone at home to take care of the baby while their father and mother went to town. All was well so long as the baby slept, then they took turns rocking the cradle the rest of the day so the baby would not cry out and let the Indians know anyone was at home. When they came pounding on the door, calling out, "Open de door," the cradle flew faster than ever. To the great relief of the little "rockers" the Indians finally gave up and went away.

We lived on a large farm many miles from town and there was little or no opportunity to get to church or Sunday School as the roads were nothing more than wagon trails, and the average family could not afford a buggy. There was no Bible reading or prayer in our home and we grew up entirely ignorant of God's plan of salvation. I do not remember ever seeing a Bible and didn't even know there was an Old and New Testament until almost grown.

My parents were very industrious and worked side by side in field and garden, and we children were introduced to farm labor early in life. I recall how my older brother Frank plowed in grubs and stumps at the age of seven. When his plow would hang up on a stump or grub, the two of us would pull and twist and weep trying to loosen the heavy old plow. In winter we had to work in the forest cutting cord wood and railroad ties in one and two feet of snow. Freeze and cry was the order of the day. There was but little thought of school due to the long distance to walk and also the need for making a living.

BOYS WILL BE BOYS

My life was that of any normal boy. With six children in the family, there were the usual squabbles, pillow fights, etc. It seemed I was especially doomed to accidents. One day my older sister Lizzie and I were sliding down the side of a huge strawstack, when suddenly an old cow came up to rub off flies just as I slid down, and I landed straddle of her back. The sudden jar brought my teeth together so hard that I bit my tongue in two except for a little skin on either side.

Shortly after this a group of us were playing hide-and-go-seek around this same stack. In attempting to crawl through the wire fence, my right leg got caught near the top of the fence. The more the barbs cut, the more I kicked and screamed, consequently I am carrying a scar two by three inches to this day.

Like most boys, I was crazy about a gun and one day sneaked the big double-barrel shotgun out of the house and ran down to an old log building. There between two logs sat a big rat. I got excited and started trying to find out how to shoot the gun. In fumbling around it was accidentally discharged and, as luck would have it, I hit the rat. I grabbed my game and ran to the house to tell mother how I had aimed so carefully and killed the rat! But, instead of commendation, mother gave me a good trouncing for taking the gun out. That ended my gun packing for a long time to come. However, my cousins, who lived only a couple miles distant, used to come over with their single shot 22 rifle, so we did get to shoot occasionally.

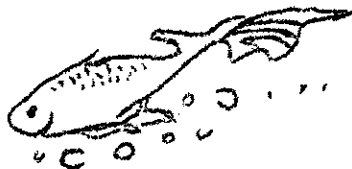
One day we were fooling around near the hog pen and I accidentally discharged cousin Harry's gun. The bullet went right between his legs, through an inch board, hitting an old sow right between the eyes. She started running and squealing, but she wasn't hurt too much. I hastily got some ears of corn to feed the hogs so father should think they were squealing for corn.

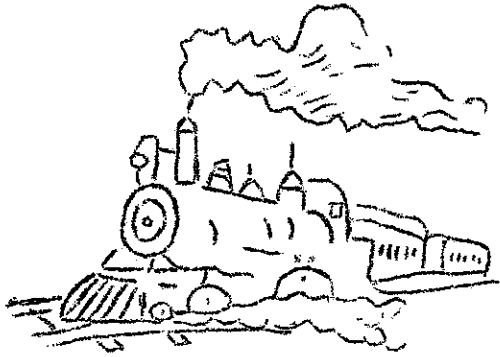
#### FIRST LONG PANTS

All we ever had to wear was short knee pants. Long pants were only for grownups and the wealthy. How well I remember when brother Frank and I got our first pair of long pants. We would put them on for an hour or two each day and strut down the road looking ourselves over ever so proudly, wishing someone would come along to see us. But as that was before the day of cars, we were usually disappointed.

One Sunday morning we were permitted to wear our long pants on a fishing trip. We went down to the stone quarry and while we were fishing at the flume, a huge fish about five feet in length came up to the top of the water. Quick as a flash I swung my heavy green cut pole and struck the fish square on the top of his head. He turned over but soon began to rally. I jumped in on top of him, new pants and all, but he was so heavy and slippery I couldn't hold him. Frank came to my rescue and soon got his fingers into his gills and pulled him out. Were we ever proud! When we put him on our shoulders on a stick his tail dragged on the ground. Away we headed for home. But instead of being complimented on our big catch, we got a good trimming for getting our new pants wet and ruined the first Sunday.

A couple hundred feet away from this same spot, where the water is 20 feet deep, I dove off a big granite rock and hit another down in the water, cutting a gash all the way cross my chest. I fainted and sank to the bottom. When I didn't come up when I should, Frank dove down and brought me to the top. It was none too soon for I had barely reached the surface when I came to, which of course meant I would have taken in water and drowned.





#### ON THE TRESTLE

When about ten years of age father asked me to lead a borrowed horse home. Instead of going around the road, a little farther than following the railroad right-of-way, I decided to take the short cut, forgetting there was a railroad bridge not far from where the horse was to be delivered. However, I decided it would take too long to go back and around, so proceeded to lead the horse over the trestle. The horse got his feet down between the timbers a few times, but pulled them out again without too much trouble; however, when we

came to where it was open, some 10 feet or more down to the water below, he hesitated. I coaxed the old boy along, placing his feet firmly on the ties with my hands, and gradually got him over. We had to go forward as it would have been utterly impossible to get a horse turned around on the open timbers.

The morning passenger train was due almost any moment and I had barely gotten my charge across the trestle and down over the bank when the train came thundering down the track. I never did relate this incident to my folks and was too ashamed to let anyone else know how simple minded I had been. This I have always considered a definite miracle of God alone.

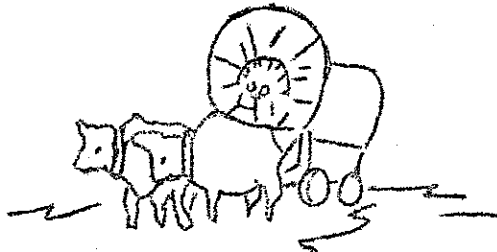
#### A TRAGEDY

Sunday visiting was the order of the day and we always looked forward to seeing our cousins and other relatives. On this particular Sunday we had ridden many long miles in the big lumber wagon to visit a very special uncle whose funny stories we always enjoyed. While our parents were exchanging early anecdotes with our uncle and aunt, Frank and I ran down to the lake only a block or two away.

As we came to the edge of the lake, where a big raft of huge logs had been floated, a young fellow was running on those logs as they rolled over under his movements. Frank called to him, "Say, you better be careful or you'll go down under those logs." He called out, "I'm not afraid of God or the devil," which had scarcely escaped his lips when like a flash he sank down between two big logs. As he clung to the logs they would roll over and down he would go again and again. Each time his head came above water he would call pitiously for help, and Frank and I stood there helpless. His cries were so penetrating that father and uncle heard him and came running at tremendous speed, but just too late, for he had gone down for the last time. Father was so excited, thinking it was Frank, his own son, whom in his excitement he had overlooked, and was about to swim under the logs to search for him. Uncle finally got him to realize Frank stood there nearby.

#### LUMBERING

Late in the eighties father went into the sawmill business, which gave us a chance to get some schooling. That was a glorious day for me. I was a bookworm from early childhood, though books were a luxury in those days. At this time there was a scourge of typhoid fever and when father lost more than half of his men, about thirteen or fourteen, he sold the sawmill.



#### WESTWARD BOUND

It has been said, "A rolling stone gathers no moss." This could well have been applied to father, though he was a good provider and we never lacked for anything. Whenever we had lived in any one place for three years or so, we knew

we were nearing the time for another move. We were very worldly and the dance was our delight, so wherever we went we were soon recognized as leaders in social activities. Because of this many strong friendships were formed, which made it all the harder to leave whenever it came to another moving time.

Father had spent a year in Colorado prospecting for gold and now he decided he wanted to go west again. He fixed up a covered wagon, the old schooner type, and on Christmas Day 1897, brother Frank, father and myself started an overland trip from Wisconsin to Nebraska. (Frank was 17 and I was 14.) It turned out to be a bad, stormy winter and we didn't reach our destination until late in March. You can imagine how happy we boys were to get out of the old wagon where for three months we had lived and slept, with nothing but frozen food to eat. So here we were at last, three miles south of Fremont, Neb., on the old Turner farm.

#### MIRACULOUS DELIVERANCE

One incident of those days stands out clearly in my memory. It was in the fall of the year after the last of the season's work on the farm was finished, that father took a job of ditching up above Ames. As a boy of fifteen I thought how wonderful it would be to be able to go to school, but no, father wanted to see to it that his three teams of horses paid their own way. It was a cold, dismal week and all through that never-to-be-forgotten week I shivered and wept and my older brother tried to console me.

At last Saturday came and we were ready to start back to Fremont, a distance of 15 miles. To our great joy father decided to pull up stakes and take perhaps a quarter ton of hay, several bushels of corn and oats, bedding and other supplies, and give up the job. He had doubtless seen our tears and heard our groans as we trudged through gumbo mud ankle deep ten hours a day until the last hour or two seemed unbearable.

Now we were on our way home. The horses were as fleet as ever when they knew they were homeward bound. All went well for several miles, when all of a sudden a train loomed up ahead of us with a heavy cloud of smoke rolling out of the huge Union Pacific passenger train engine down over the side of the grade, enveloping horses, wagon and all. At this the frisky horses shied off the road, overturning the wagon and hayrack.

I was lying on top of the load trying to shield myself from the cold, drizzling rain that was falling. As the load went over a large empty wooden bucket came down directly over my face, which saved me from being smothered to death. The 1800 pounds or so combined weight of the stuff held me so tight that I could scarcely move a finger. Father and Frank quickly unhitched, then with almost superhuman strength lifted that big hayrack and wagon off to one side and soon had torn away the hay and bags of grain, liberating me from what seemed a certain death trap. You can imagine my joy when again I stood there a free boy!

### STUNG!

We had a number of beehives and I was a lover of honey. Brother Frank said, "You had better let them alone or you'll get stung." I said, "I'll put a net on and then I won't get stung." So mother tied it on good and tight and down I went to the hives. As I took off the upper lid a swarm of bees came out and lit on the netting in front of my face. I got frantic and struck at them, and in doing so tore the netting and fifty or more bees were soon in the opening stinging for fare. I jerked off the net and ran for the basement. There in the dark the bees really did sting.

A few days later I was to help a neighbor and had been sitting waiting for him to tell me what to do. At last he said to a young fellow, "You run over and tell Walt to come at once, that he is way late." I said, "Why here I am, Hans, I've been sitting here for half an hour waiting for you to tell me what you want me to do." He replied, "You aren't Walt Jensen!" I said, "I sure am." He laughed and said, "I saw you sitting there. What did you do to get so fat?" I could barely see out of one eye for several days after my encounter with the bees. I have never liked bees since.

### CHICKENS DISAPPEAR

I was as crazy about pool as any young fellow could possibly be and learned the game under the tutorship of this same neighbor. But we had no money to spend - what little we earned working for the neighbors was collected by dad. So I had to do something. The best I knew was to get some of mother's chickens and I would sneak them out of the pen and carry off a couple big barred rocks to town, sell them and play pool till the money was gone. In a single winter I confiscated perhaps forty or fifty chickens. Mother constantly wondered what became of her chickens. Stray dogs got the blame. In later years when I confessed my sin, mother still persisted I couldn't have gotten away with so many chickens.

### THE DRINKING FOUNTAIN

We had been living in Nebraska for about two years when father decided to go into the sheep business. He heard of a flock for sale five miles north of Fremont, so he got a group of boys together and we went for the sheep. It was in the month of July, the hottest time of the year. We left about 10 o'clock in the morning and because of the stifling heat we had to go slow with the sheep.

We had no water along so for four hours we were without a drink. When we finally reached Fremont I ran to Hansen's grocery store, put my mouth to the faucet and drank three or four big swallows before I realized I was drinking kerosene. The water fountain had been standing there but had been moved nearer the front for convenience sake. For several weeks you could put your nose even to the bottom of my feet and smell kerosene. I had been troubled with chronic sore throat, but that was forever cured.

Only a few months after we got our sheep a pack of dogs got into the flock and killed a great number of them, so father sold the rest.





#### A MILLIONAIRE'S ADVICE

I had an inborn desire to become a millionaire, so while we were cutting hay for a Mr. Shriner I mustered up enough courage to ask him what would be the quickest possible way to make a million dollars. He himself was a millionaire and had made his money by raising sheep in Wyoming. He placed a hand tenderly on my shoulder and said, "Well, young man, have you aspired to be a millionaire? Let me advise you, as one who has missed an education very keenly, go to school for seven years - and there is just the school for you

at Council Bluffs, Iowa, across the river from Omaha." Oh, how those words thrilled me, but father seemed to think school was a good place to waste time. In fact, from the time I was eight or nine years of age I never got to go to school more than three months any year. And always during those months I sat in my seat studying during noon and recess.

#### JOHN THREE SIXTEEN

It was while we lived at Fremont, when I was 16 years old, that a young boy came and invited brother Frank and me to a Sunday School three or four miles away. This was the first time either of us had ever been in church or Sunday School. He came for us three Sunday mornings, but as soon as he quit coming for us we stopped going. We were both of a retiring nature and, being entirely ignorant of any Bible truth, we hesitated about going.

A dear decrepit old lady, Mrs. Morgan, together with this young lad had organized a Sunday School in her country home. Each Sunday she drilled us on John 3:16, and while I didn't remember the whole text, I never forgot the words, "For God so loved the world," and in the years to follow the impression of those precious words never left me. I have never forgotten this little stooped old lady (Luke 13:11,12) and she is one of the first ones I want to meet just inside the gates of glory. Oh, what a glorious privilege it will be to tell her how much John 3:16 has meant to me down through the years.

#### ON MY OWN

We had lived in good old Nebraska a little over three years when, as was father's custom, he pulled up stakes and moved back to Wisconsin. We had a good neighbor who wanted me to stay and work for him, and I was allowed to do so. Now that I was out from under the heavy hand of my parents, as I thought, I decided to learn to dance. One Saturday evening I drove three miles to town where I knew of a dancing school in an upper room. While I was standing there meditating on whether or not I should launch out on such an undertaking, the Salvation Army came marching down the street singing an old favorite, "As I was walking down the street," and cold chills seemed to run up and down my spine. I stood behind a big light pole and wept like a child. The influence of John 3:16 still lingered with me, but it was soon forgotten for a time and I went into dancing lessons in a big way.

I have often used the expression, "I would rather dance than eat." That was literally true until one day I came near to a tragic accident. I had been on the dance floor five successive nights until three and four in the morning, and on the fifth day I could almost



sleep while working. We were threshing grain and I was pitching bundles into the separator and was only a few feet from the cylinder when one of the men saw me falling. He quickly grabbed me by the shoulder and saved me from being ground into pieces. They asked me to go home and sleep, which I gladly did.

#### CAUGHT

I soon followed the folks back to Wisconsin. We lived on the big Daily farm six miles east of Spring Green and here we had a large hall above the pigsty (you can imagine the fumes) known as "Wilson Creek Dance Pavilion." There we danced nearly every Sunday evening as well as Saturday nights. Brother Al and I furnished the music by playing mouth harps and we also called the square dances. Here is where we taught our sisters, Frances and Erma, the dance steps. Mother wouldn't allow them to go out to dances and one day we decided to pull a fast one on her. We waited until about 9 P.M. and when mother and dad had been in bed about half an hour, we hoisted a ladder to the second story bedroom window and the girls, shoes in hand, slipped down the ladder. We had horse and buggy waiting behind the barn and off to the dance we went.

But the dispatch of our sisters at 3:30 A.M. didn't work so well, for mother, always an early riser, heard the commotion and caught us right in the act. That, of course, put an end to any future tricks like that. We boys were very proud of our sisters and felt like princes whenever we were able to present them. To us they ranked far above the average girls.

#### OFF TO MINNESOTA

We had lived in southern Wisconsin for about three and a half years when, in the dead of winter, father suddenly decided he wanted to go to southern Minnesota. He was a strong character and what he said had to go. No amount of argument had any effect on him. In order to get all the horses, cattle, grain and household goods to town and load three freight cars, we had to move at night as well as during the day.

On the first and most eventful night, Frank and I started out with two mammoth loads of grain. There was perhaps two feet of snow and a bitter north wind was blowing, so in order to shield our faces from the intense cold we allowed the horses free reign. About one o'clock at night they turned out of the track and over went my load. We struggled for two hours getting the sleigh out and the grain re-loaded. By that time our faces were so frozen that in time they peeled back almost to our ears. Then, too, we had frozen our toes and fingers so that we were weeks in getting over it. We finally reached our destination - Leroy, Minnesota.

#### OUT FOR ADVENTURE

My younger brother, Al, and myself didn't like it at Leroy and decided that since we had moved so much against our own wills, we would start out to see some more of the west. Unbeknown to anyone we got ready, boarded a freight train at night and headed for western South Dakota. We had money enough to buy tickets, but we were out for adventure - and we got it! In the first place we nearly froze to death, secondly we almost starved to death, and thirdly we escaped being crushed to death by the very narrowest margin.

We had been standing at the end of the freight car down behind the lumber so we wouldn't be seen when we came into town. All of a sudden the thought came to us that we would certainly be killed if we should happen to strike another car on a siding. We had barely gotten out of our hiding when that very thing happened. The car we were in, being heavily loaded, swung over on a rough crossing just far enough to reach another car ready to be switched onto our track, throwing it off the track and sending the lumber all the way through the end of the car where we had been standing for several hours. We then struck out and walked the ties, and it was a real "tie pass."

We walked twenty-seven miles until we had so many blisters on our feet that we had to doctor them for several days after we reached our destination. We finally decided to ride the passenger train rods underneath the coach. There the trainmen caught us and how we got cussed. I don't think I was ever called so many different things in so short a time before nor since. Needless to say we got in the coach, paid our fares and reached Selby, S.D. without any further adventure.

#### A GRUESOME TASK

We soon found work digging cisterns and finally wound up moving caskets from an old abandoned graveyard out in the country into Selby. We dug up one body, that of a girl about 16 years of age. When the father of the girl opened the box and we saw the gruesome sight, and the long dark brown wavy hair, it was just too much for me. I dropped my shovel and was through. It has been said that hair never ceases to grow and this seems to have been true in this case for her hair reached below her knees.

#### PONTOON BRIDGE

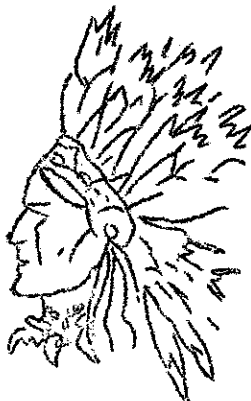
From there we went to Everts, S.D. at the end of the Milwaukee line to work on a pontoon bridge being built across the Missouri River to drive across fattened steers coming in off the western plains. After completing the bridge we had to cut a wide strip through thick woods and underbrush to the railroad yards. The boss on this job was a half breed Indian, a young man of perhaps thirty years of age. I was desperately afraid of him. He noticed this and came up to me and said, "Young man, you don't need to fear me. While our guns speak for us, we only use them on those who are quick on the draw."



One evening brother Al and I were sitting in our hotel room on the second floor when we heard gunshots just across the hall on the ground floor. A group of cowboys off the range had come into the dance hall, fired a few shots into the ceiling and cleared the men off the floor, took their girls and danced until about 11 o'clock. Then they turned the girls over to the men and left without another word. Such episodes were common out west in those days.

At another time a poker game was in progress and Al, who feared nothing, asked for a hand in the game. Each man had his pistol on the corner of the table. No game was ever played otherwise. I came out later and saw him sitting there. Consternation

struck me and I started begging him to leave the game. This he refused to do. I wept as I pled with him. At last one of the toughs said, "Kid, have you heard your brother?" Al said, "Yes, I have." "All right, then move." Al sat there. The man picked up his gun and said, "Do you want to walk out, or shall we carry you out." Al got up slowly and walked away.



When this job was finished we headed back to Selby. I spent my 21st birthday there. Al and I often went to visit the Indians, who had a large reservation there, and we got very well acquainted with some of them, especially the chief. He seemed so friendly and took great delight in showing us knives, brooches, stones and a variety of other things they had made or gathered. One day he asked us if we knew of any dead horses or cattle. We told him of a horse that had evidently been killed by the train as it lay alongside the tracks, but we said it had been dead at least four days. He said that didn't make any difference, and sure enough, the next day they went out and skinned the horse and brought it in. You can imagine what it was like lying there several days in the June sun.

We decided to go back home and bought tickets to Leroy, Minn. where the folks were living. During our absence father had made a trip to north central Wisconsin and bought a farm and he asked me to go there to look after the crop.

#### GAS FUMES

I started overland to Wisconsin with a team of light horses and buggy. When I reached Red Wing, Minn., I put up the team, had supper and started off to bed, being tired from the long, hard ride of fifty miles. As I went up the hall stairs the gruff old hotel keeper called out, "Now don't blow out the light." Did he think I was going to sleep with my light on all night? Anyway, he surely wouldn't come up to see if my light was out! I did blow it out, but as it was in the middle of the ceiling and my head was right at a window, the fumes didn't bother me much. How was I to know I shouldn't blow it out. We didn't have gas in the country and I didn't realize it should be turned out, not blown out.

Well, a storm soon broke. It seemed everyone in the building was out at the same time in search of the open gas jet. My transom was open and it wasn't difficult to trace it to my room. I thought they would knock the door down before I could get it open. The old man was just too mad to say much. He simply said, "I ought to put you out in the street." I had a hard time explaining my action since he had so recently warned me.

#### HAUNTED HOUSE

I finally reached Amery, Wis., and located the farm. It was on a side road a mile or more from the nearest neighbor - and I wasn't too brave in the dark anyway. Then to add to my misery, not a fellow in the country would come there to stay with me for the house was supposed to be haunted. I secured a big dog, but he managed to get

loose nearly every night and wouldn't come back until morning, so he wasn't much comfort. The man who built the house was said to have murdered his wife and baby there and from that time on a ghost had haunted the house, so the story went.

While I knew nothing about God nor ghost, I was satisfied there was no such thing and that it was all imaginary. So to satisfy myself, whenever that weird sound began (it began almost every night about eleven o'clock) in the dark I would try to trace it to the place from whence it came. First it seemed to be in one room and then in another, but I finally discovered it was downstairs and not up in the attic where the crime was supposed to have been committed. It took me several nights before I located the right window and finally on which side of the window, and then which sash. I ripped out the window and to my surprise found a little splinter no bigger than a fair sized needle sitting at such an angle as to make this strange noise as the night air was drawn through there. But, in spite of that, when the fellows came there not one would stay after sundown, though I assured them I had located the cause and had the sliver as a witness.

One day a group of us gathered at a neighboring farm with our guns for a concentrated hunt. I was sitting with my gun across my knees and accidentally discharged both barrels, blowing a big hole in a coal box after passing just between the shoulders of two children. This cured me forever of handling a gun. I lost all desire for hunting.

#### THE OLD STAMPING GROUND

Time wore on and at last father and mother arrived. Having been away from Nebraska for some time, I left a few days later by train for Fremont, the old stamping ground and the place I loved so dearly. So eager was I to be there that for months I had felt that if I could just go there I would be satisfied even though I had but one meal a day.

I was on my way to town one day when suddenly an automobile loomed up before me, the first one I had ever seen. I had heard somewhere that in the latter days we would have horseless chariots and I said to myself "Now the world is surely coming to an end." I was not ready for that day which troubled me much for a long time.

Shortly after arriving in Fremont I went to work for a widow and her son. Henry Hendrickson was a fine young man my own age. We soon bought a cornshelling outfit in partnership and did real well for a time; then he got married and moved to town and took a job as foreman in a factory. For nearly two years I took charge of both farm and shelling outfit until it became too much of a burden for a young fellow and I sold the cornshelling outfit and left for Kansas.

#### OH THAT I MIGHT KNOW HIM!



I was greatly influenced by Mrs. Hendrickson, who was a warm-hearted Christian and always had a word of commendation for anything done for her. Only the Lord knows how anxious I was for her to talk to me about the Lord Jesus Christ, whom I so often wished I knew. I often wept when she and her young daughter drove off to church on Sunday morning. I refused to go

because I knew so little about spiritual things, having been in Sunday School but three times in my life.

"Oh, that I might know Him" was the cry of my heart for years. Although I loved the dance and thought it was impossible to get along without it, yet I never returned home from one that I didn't have that same burden of sin and uncertainty.

I knew there was something better in life somewhere if I could just find it. I didn't realize that God was much more anxious for me to have the "peace that passeth all understanding" than I was to receive it. Yet, in all those years no doubt I sought it more or less on my own terms - I wanted peace of heart, but also wanted my worldly pleasures. It wasn't until I came to the end of myself that I found peace.

I recall going to a revival service under the preaching of a dear friend of ours, Albert Mygatt. He talked to me and I was ready for full surrender, but just as I was about to say the big "yes" he walked away, saying, "Well, Walt, think it over. What a mistake - I had been thinking it over for years and was never nearer a decision than just then. It actually frightened me and I thought perhaps the Lord was through with me and I would be lost forever. And so I stumbled on for another eight years till the final great climax came and I gave my first testimony on the dance floor.



#### OFF TO THE WHEAT FIELDS

I had a team of roadsters and a fine new rubber tire buggy, so piled my few belongings into this rig and started south to Ada, Kas., where I had some friends. They persuaded me to rent a quarter section of land and put in a crop of fall wheat. The next spring I harvested a fair crop.

About that time a young man came along looking for a job. I obtained work for him with the same threshing outfit I was then following. He told me of his misfortune in having a man get into his merry-go-round cable, breaking his leg up in the thigh, and sued him for \$2,800.00. In order to pay this he was forced to store his equipment and go to work. Through pity and wanderlust - for I really wanted to try something new - I sold my wheat crop and equipment and financed him so he could get back on his feet. And, of course, I got a job with him.



We made several fairs and finally a big Negro picnic. We had made a goodly haul, as we called it, and a bunch of toughs decided to clean up on us. It was a very dark night and as we were about to retire in our tent, I chanced to step off about twenty feet from the tent and leaned against a sycamore tree. (I was already tired of this glamorous life.) I heard voices nearby discussing plans set for an hour or two later and crawled back to the tent and related my story. The first bus back to the main railway line some twenty miles, carried Lyndon Brady, his wife and myself to the hotel. We waited for our equipment to arrive the next day and were off to another appointment.



At this place we met a beautiful young country girl working in a store and Brady wanted me to take her as my traveling companion, (none of these men had legally married wives) which I flatly refused to do, saying I hoped I would never get low enough for that. This created no little ill feeling against me. From there we went on to Hutchinson, Kas., and there they plotted against me by sending me on to St. Johns on the pretence they would follow the next day. I went, as was my custom, to arrange for concession rights and paid same for one week.

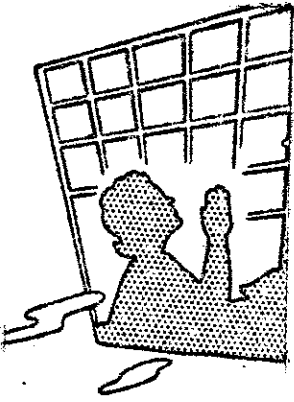
I waited one day - two days - a week, and no one came. I had spent all the money I took with me for concession rights and phone calls trying to locate Brady, but to no avail. I had but 20¢ left, and the depression of 1907 was in full swing. I lived on a 5¢ loaf of dry bread a day for four days and slept in an open barn. It rained every night until my clothes were soaked through. My money and all my clothes were gone with those culprits, and my last bit of change spent. Cold, wet and hungry, I was a pitiful sight.

I decided to go out into the country and offer my services for just room and board, but to my surprise no one wanted me. One gruff old farmer said, "Let me look at your hands." I showed them, hoping he would give me a job on seeing their size. "Naw," he said, "Those hands have no callouses. I don't want you." Sadly I walked away out of his front gate and there under a large shade tree fell on my face and called on One whom I hoped would hear me, and, of course, He did. After sleeping for two hours I awoke in great disappointment at being still on earth. Before going to sleep I had asked the Lord if He had heard me to take me out of this miserable existence.

Back in town again, I met a young fellow near a big hotel who noticed my eyes swollen from weeping and asked, "Are you in trouble?" I could only cry afresh. Then he said, "Are you hungry?" I shook my head in the affirmative and he asked me to come inside with him. There he said to the waiter, "Give this young man a good supper." Oh, such food - I never tasted the likes of it before nor since. As I was putting down the last of it he came up and, putting his hand on my shoulder said, "Have you had enough or do you want more?" I couldn't speak so he said to the waiter, "Bring him another meal and make it a big one." It was big, but none too big for my empty stomach. After finishing I went out to him and offered him a book on "Shorter Methods of Mathematics" that I had paid three or four dollars for, but he simply said, "No, young man, I don't need it." I inquired for his name and have prayed many times that I might have the privilege of meeting Ray Bales in heaven, and that he might be used to comfort others as he did me on that dark day. The next day I found a job painting a house at \$1.75 per day with room and board.

#### MOTHER SURRENDERS

The folks had moved back to Nebraska and I received a letter from father asking me to come and take over the farm as he was sick. He wrote, "Your mother has gone crazy over religion and is spending half her time down in the granary praying." I knew my mother had not lost her mind but rather was happy in her new life, though I had no idea just what it was like.



A neighbor, Mrs. Jennie Kirk, had persuaded mother to go with her to a revival meeting in Bassett. Mother said she heard the Gospel for the first time that night. As they sang the hymn "Down at the Cross Where My Savior Died," mother's strong will was broken and she humbly gave her heart to Christ, the One she now saw had done so much for her.

A tremendous burden now came upon mother for her husband and her six children who had been so neglected spiritually all the past years. She discovered a good secret prayer room in one of the empty grain bins in the granary and there she spent eight hours out of twenty-four daily, praying for her lost family. I was the first one to yield my life to Christ, but not until six years later.

#### A NEW VENTURE

My next business venture was a roller skating rink at Sac City, Ia. I put up a building 48x100 ft. and purchased 300 pairs of skates, going heavily into debt and using all the cash I had on hand. This went well for a few months, until Billy Sunday came along showing me up as the vilest of sinners. I had looked on myself as a pretty good fellow, though I could see no wrong in worldly pleasures, but when Billy Sunday finished I was through with the skating rink, dance hall and everything else pertaining to worldliness. I immediately set about to get rid of my outfit and was not long in doing so. But, sad to say, in the course of time I forgot my heavenly vision and was back in the world again, though with what I called a ruined conscience, for after that experience everything I did condemned me.

#### LAND OWNER

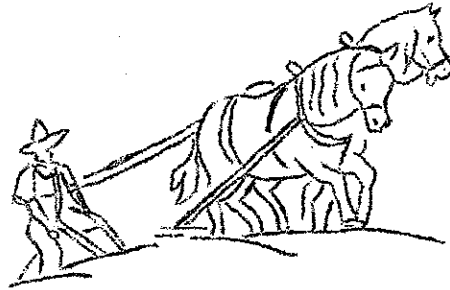
The folks moved back to Wisconsin again, but I stayed on in Nebraska. I loved the West and bought a section of land (640 acres) at \$1.25 an acre, with \$200.00 down and \$200.00 payable every six months. Land prices began booming and through the work of covetous men I lost it. My second payment was just one day late and they refused to accept it. It was a beautiful piece of prairie land. I went to work for the hotel man at Carns on the Niobrara River, riding his range and looking after his many horses. He had two huge stallions that were so mean no one dared try to handle them. The first time I walked into the stall with them, I let them know I wasn't afraid, consequently had no trouble. Shortly after I left the owner was killed by them.

#### RUNAWAY TEAM

One day I rode my little black more over to see my section of land. You know how a young fellow prides himself on his first real estate holdings. Half a mile south of Carns a man was coming down the trail and the thought struck me, "What if that team should run away, could I stop them!" Sure enough, just about that time the bolt in the fifth wheel, or swivel in the buggy broke and here came the team at breakneck speed. I reeled my horse around, running ahead of the team and soon had them stopped with no more damage than a broken bolt. The same thing happened to mother some years before and she was dragged into a wire fence and cut up badly.

## RATTLERS

In that rolling rocky country along the Niobrara River rattlesnakes were very numerous. When riding after cattle you ever had to be on guard that your horse didn't throw you as he lunged from side to side. A horse can smell a rattler as he comes up to it and will stop dead in his tracks or leap high over it, or to one side, if going too fast to stop. One day while driving a staple into a post on the bottom wire, there lay a rattler and I didn't see it until I heard a loud buzz. I assure you I moved right then. My son Jim and I went over that country a few years ago and now, instead of rattlers, it is stocked with deer. A deer will kill a rattler every time by striking it with a front foot.



## PRAIRIE FIRE

The most dreaded element of destruction was the prairie fire. One such fire started ten miles south of Carns while I was there. It covered that distance in minutes it seemed. We were soon out in force with horses and plows cutting fire guards and backfiring to protect our sleepy little burg from annihilation,

which often happened in case of wild fire. When the fire reached the Niobrara River (50 ft. wide) the fifty mile wind carried flying embers of dry grass across the water with no loss of speed. There was much damage to stock and property after the fire crossed the river as the river was considered sufficient protection.

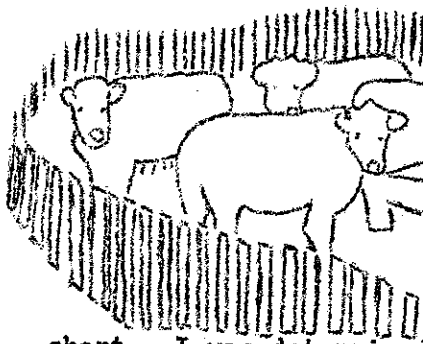
## A GOOD RESOLUTION

It was a lonely existence and I had a lot of time for meditating on the past and especially on John 3:16. At such a time it seemed all the more impressive. As I have often remarked, "I smoked like a steam engine." One Sunday evening I counted my cigarette stubs and found 29. I said to myself, "Walt, you are a fool, not only for the cost, the waste of good money, but for what it is doing to your nerves." You cannot be a cigarette smoker without paying the high cost. I vowed then and there I would never smoke another cigarette nor take another drink of liquor.

The next day I happened by the blacksmith's shop and he offered me a drink. I told him what I had done the evening before and he grabbed me in his viselike grip, threw me down and proceeded to pour whiskey down my throat. I asked him to let me say this first: "If you pour that stuff down my throat, I'll kill you as sure as I am looking you in the eye." He knew I meant business and hesitated, then let me up. He and I never spoke to one another after that time.

## THE BLACK STEER

After spending some time on the Niobrara River I chanced to meet an old friend of ours, Rich Putnam. On account of his health he was compelled to leave his 1640 acre ranch and move to town, and he asked me to go out and take charge of it. We agreed on a fair rental basis and I started buying up machinery, horses, cows, pigs, etc. Our bank at Bassett loaned me \$3,000. There were 800 acres under fence, which was supposed to graze one head to the acre, 500 acres prairie land and the balance in farm land.



There were 800 acres of pasture land so I advertised for as many head of cattle. One of my neighbors put in 100 head, including a big black steer. When it came to shipping time and we drove the cattle eleven miles to Bassett, the owner notified me that his only big black steer was missing. He called my attention to this repeatedly and in the stockyards we counted them over and over, always coming out one short. I was determined he must be there and finally the owner, calling me a fool, went away in a rage to get his lunch at a restaurant. I fell on my face before the Lord in a corner of one of the cattle pens and implored Him to bring me that black steer as I didn't have the money to pay for him. (It was arranged the cattle money was to go on farm rent.) I said, "Lord, I don't know where you will bring him from, but if you have to create him, you can do it." In faith I looked to the Lord and got up and began to count the cattle again. Sure enough there was the black steer. Now whether the Lord had closed our eyes so we couldn't see the steer, or whether he had to make him, I don't know. But one thing I know: the steer was there and it was an incident that had much to do with my soon coming to the Lord in complete surrender.

#### A HUNGRY HEART

For some time the Lord had been speaking to my heart and finally one evening I decided to go to a schoolhouse revival and try to settle it with the Lord. At the close of the preaching I went forward, much to the displeasure of some of the young folk, especially Earl Van Norman, my pal, under whom I was studying in this same little country school where he was the teacher. I had quit school when only in the sixth grade and now a new desire took ahold of me for more education. Although running this big ranch, I still found time to get to school three months during the winter.

Great joy filled my heart for a few days, then the young folks had a Saturday night card game and invited me to play. At first I refused, but finally yielded to the entreaties of Van, as we called him. I had lost all desire for such exercise and sat down merely to satisfy my friends. Having never had any previous experience with the Lord, I didn't know just how much I was grieving the Holy Spirit, but I soon found out. I had no sooner picked up the cards than all the holy joy left my heart. I was under deep conviction for several days, but it finally wore off and I was back in the world again.

#### THRICE DELIVERED

Again father came pleading with me to go with him to northern Wisconsin. We shipped six horses and three cows, household goods, etc., in two freight cars and arrived at Spooner, Wis., the latter part of February in sub-zero weather. Then came another trying experience. We had purchased a 245 acre farm fourteen miles northwest of Spooner and had to unload from the freight cars and haul all this stuff by sleigh. With four horses abreast and two on the lead, I started off with the first load of household goods piled six or eight feet high on a big hayrack.

All went well for two or three miles until we came to a long hill and the load pushed up on the two lead horses. The whiplash trees struck them on the heels and away all the six horses went at full speed down the hill and up on the other side of the next hill. When they reached the top the wind had blown away all the snow for some forty feet or more and when the sled struck the bare spot it stopped almost dead still, and I pitched out on the backs of the horses. I fell down and hung directly under the nose of the sleigh runner. What kept me from being ground to death only the Lord knows. When the front runners of the sleigh hit the snow on the other side of the bare spot the horses stopped. How thankful I was to have been saved from such an awful fate. Again we started off, but there were no more bad hills so all went well.

Two weeks later while father and I were replacing the hayrack on the wagon, the wind blew it over and again only the Lord saved me from being crushed to death as it fell on my neck. An unseen hand seemed to hold it just as it was a foot from the ground.

A few days after that I stepped on a rat while feeding chickens. She squealed and in no time 100 or more rats were swarming around me. I ran for the house with the angry horde of rats following close at my heels. Not until I leaped up on the porch did they turn back. I had read of rats killing a man and realized my danger.

These narrow escapes had a great effect on me and I walked in constant fear of what might happen next. I feared that I should be suddenly cut off and be eternally lost. All this time John 3:16 was prominent in my mind.

#### UNDER DEEP CONVICTION

I had met a host of young people in that woodland section in four months and, being a great lover of the dance, took an active part in conducting their social affairs and dances. One Saturday night at a dance (I had nothing to do with getting this one up) as we were waltzing, the fiddler changed to a hymn, playing it to waltz time, and looking up into the ceiling laughed a sneering laugh as though defying the God of heaven. This affected me so that in wrath I pushed the girl I was dancing with to a seat and left, saying, "If this is what dancing is coming to, I'm through!" The young lady begged me not to leave, but I did, with a heart yearning for the God whom I was getting so anxious to know. But it was hard to think of giving up the dance and I feared it would be impossible to do so.

Two weeks later I had arranged for a dance at the home of a girl friend, Mona Hathaway. Mother had noticed I was under deep conviction and had been more or less for several months. When I went upstairs to get ready she came to the top of the stairs and said, "Walt, are you going to that dance again?" I became angry and said, "Ma, that's my business. I'm thirty years old and will do as I please." She went downstairs crying, but quoted Gen. 6:3, "My Spirit shall not always strive with man." That went to my heart like a dagger and I dropped on my knees and promised the Lord I would make that my last dance. I decided then and there that I would become a Christian for a year and then if I found there was something to it, I would continue. What folly! What ignorance!



### PEACE AT LAST!

I did go to the dance, but for some reason it all seemed so different and I didn't enjoy it. When it came to the Home Sweet Home dance I said to Mona, "Mona, this is my last dance." To this she replied, "Walt, have you gone crazy? What has happened to you? You haven't been yourself tonight, but whatever you do, I'll do." Then and there I preached my first sermon. I said, "Mona, you can't do that unless your heart is changed." The joy I experienced when I gave that first testimony, words cannot express. I wanted to shout, I wanted to cry, and oh, I wanted to pray.

I started home afoot through the woods three and a half miles, singing and praising God, and for once I experienced the actual fulfillment of the text, "The trees clapped their hands" (Isa. 55:12). There were plenty of bears in the woods in those days and had I met one we would have had a dance, and my last dance would have been a real "bear dance!"

The next morning I went to Sunday School and the whole world was one endless ray of sunshine. I had to tell my story and one lady said, "Walter, you have become a preacher already." While I didn't yet know much about the Lord's salvation, I knew more actual facts in two minutes after my conversion than I had known in all previous years.

Brother Frank and I went down to the clearing to burn some brush piles the following evening. He and his wife were home for a few weeks to help us. The wind was blowing from the south, which would carry the fire into the forest, so I simply prayed like this: "Lord, if you are really a living God, prove yourself by turning the wind to the north." In less time than it takes to tell it, the wind changed and Frank called out, "Walt, do you see how the wind has changed?" I answered, "Yes," and at the same time I dropped into the ditch just outside the fence and asked God to forgive me for doubting Him and pleading His mercy and grace so I should never again doubt Him.

While doing chores I sang every hallelujah I knew and Frank told me to shut up, that I would disgrace the whole family and that I could be heard all over the country. We were a mile away from our nearest neighbor, so you can imagine how loud I must have been shouting. Only a short time after that, brother Frank was gloriously saved.

### SET FREE

I had been a slave to the pool table. Many were the games I paid for just to get someone to play with me. Two days after I was saved, as I passed the pool hall, as was my custom, I stepped in for a game. For the moment I forgot I was a Christian, (it shows what habit can do). I picked up my cue and invited the nearest man to have a game. As we started playing it dawned on me that I was saved, but I couldn't back down now, so I played the game. As I walked out the operator laid his hand on my shoulder and said, "Jensen, that is the best game I have ever seen played. Come in again soon." I never did and never wanted to.

Two weeks later there was another dance at the home of Mona's cousin and she begged me to take her there. I said within myself that I would go and give a real testimony, I wouldn't dance and that in itself would be a good testimony. So I went and sat back and watched the others, with Mona beside me simply dying to be on the floor.

While sitting there a very rough, debauched fellow came up to me and said, "Walt, why aren't you up here enjoying the dance?" I said, "I've been saved and am not dancing any more." To this he replied, "You might as well eat of the flesh of the devil as to drink of his blood." What piercing words - and they were said in an almost blood-curdling way! What he meant was I might as well be dancing as to sit there and wish I were. In a moment's time I was up and gone and that was the last of my dancing experience.

"If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed" (John 8:36).

#### GIVING TESTIMONY

Mr. Hathaway had a wonderful father and he took great delight in telling that his father had been an itinerant preacher for more than fifty years, many times walking long distances at night after a hard day's work on the farm. When his mother died his father shaved and dressed in his best blue serge suit, then lay down on the couch after praying the Lord to take him home to be with his beloved companion as they had never been separated for any length of time. That was at four o'clock in the afternoon, and when they went to call him for supper at six o'clock, he was cold and stiff in death. The Lord answered his prayer.

This story was repeated to me but once after my conversion. I emphatically warned Mr. Hathaway of the impending doom hanging over his head for having had such a living testimony and yet, in spite of that, he had lived in sin for more than forty years.

The young people sent a representative to try to get me to join them again. They had said, "We'll give Walt three weeks to get over this foolishness." He started his appeal by saying how much they missed me, then as that failed to bring results, he began with ridicule and finally with threats. I said, "Johnny, you started out well in your appeal but ended up like a fool. Ridicule and threats will never get you anywhere. Go tell your group I have found something ever so much better than the dance and no persuasion would have the slightest effect on me.

#### STEPPING IN THE GAP

Mother had been praying for her family for six years and now that I, the first one, had come to the Lord, she was literally beside herself with joy. We were soon conducting two Sunday Schools together and what a glorious, fruitful ministry we had!

John Hudson, the man who had charge of a Sunday School three miles north of us was killed by lightning just two weeks after I was saved, so mother and I took over this Sunday School. I only had the privilege of fellowshiping with John for those two weeks, but how I did learn to love him in that short time. On Saturday afternoon I came into the hardware store in Spooner where he worked and he said,

"Brother Jensen, just about twenty minutes ago I heard a voice as plain as you are hearing me now, saying, "He is coming soon. This was repeated twice. What do you think it meant? Do you suppose the Lord is coming for His church?" I said, "I don't know, brother John, if so I just got under the rope in time."

John drove home and being very tired laid down on the kitchen floor and fell asleep. Thirty minutes later a small cloud arose, there was one flash of lightning and a clap of thunder and John was a corpse. The bolt of lightning entered at the front door and passed out at the kitchen door, scorching John's body from his feet to the top of his head. What a loss to the community and the cause of Christ.

In that same two weeks period another tragedy took place. A Mr. Willan was giving a series of Bible studies in this same school house. Jim Suart was helping father and me put up hay. He, mother and I attended the meetings every night. Jim's sister was saved during the week and she and I pled with him to give his heart to Christ. On Friday night his sister cried and begged her brother to yield, but he said, "No, I can't, I have a date to the dance tomorrow night."

Jim left for the dance but never arrived there. On Sunday morning about 8 o'clock he was found sitting leaning against an oak tree dead, with his horse tied nearby. Perhaps in his last moments on earth he made his eternal peace with God, who knows.

#### FATHER'S CONVERSION

Father had just purchased a new rifle for hunting deer. Our school teacher was at our home for supper this particular evening, and spying the gun standing in a corner of the dining room, she called my attention to it and at the same time reached for it. Without warning she threw open the lock, pumping a shell into the magazine, and at the same time pulled the trigger. When the gun went off father, who was sitting at the end of the long living room, received the bullet directly in the center of his instep on the right foot. It splintered the bone and for thirty-six hours I never heard such moans nor saw such suffering.

Father was then 64 years old and had lived a very sinful life, and now faced what he thought, a black eternity. He groaned and pled for mercy from the God of all grace. Finally, after many weary hours of bitterest repentance, the Lord brought peace to his sinsick soul. There was a marked change in father's life from then on. Now he wanted to attend church at every service. The following winter we used to drive with team and sleigh fourteen miles to town every night to attend a revival meeting in the Methodist church. It was during this revival that father was sprinkled and taken into the First Methodist Church of Spooner.

#### AMBITION REALIZED

I became more and more anxious for an education, but father was determined I was going to stay on the farm. Under the pretence that I was going to work in the wheat fields of western Minnesota, I left the farm. When I arrived at Benson, Minn., the weather was so bad, raining almost every day, and the mosquitoes so fierce that it

was impossible to sleep at night, so after four days I decided there was something better in life than that. I started down to the railway station with my suitcase, praying the Lord to put into my mind which way I should go - east to Chicago or some point farther west. My mind was so full of the hope of going to Moody Bible Institute in Chicago that I forgot all about my prayer and bought a ticket to Chicago. I caught the first train east just ten minutes later, and at last my long wished for hour had come.

Upon arriving at the Moody Bible Institute, without any money, it really became a struggle for survival. There were three weeks before the opening of the new term so I decided to sell Moody Colportage books and at the same time give testimony to the Lord's saving power. With a good supply of books I took the Aurora and Elgin train out to Winfield near Wheaton, Ill.

I had often walked along the railroad and always had to try walking on the rail, but when I started down this track a man called out excitedly, "Get off that right-of-way." I was just heading for the third rail. I obeyed and then he told me how dogs, and even people had touched that heavily charged rail and been burned to a crisp. I was only two or three steps away from certain death. It was my first time on a third rail train, and it took a long time to get over the shock.

I was very lonely and I prayed earnestly for a real pal. It was the first time I had been in a big city where I couldn't even see the moon for skyscrapers. One day coming down the third flight of stairs I met a young man coming up. We stopped and looked at each other and both of us knew we were for one another. We began rooming together and sat at the same table. One fellow at the table, a newcomer, asked if we were twins. Another spoke up and said, "No, this is Theo Matthews and this is Walter Jensen." Words can never tell what a help Theo was to me in the months ahead. He had been in the ministry for several years while I had been a Christian for only a short time.

That first term I partly worked my way through school by scrubbing floors and I had callouses on my knees like those of a camel. Later I went to work for the American Express Company located near the Pacific Garden Mission.

One evening as I left work at 9 o'clock a young fellow approached me and asked for change for a "flop." He could sleep on the floor with a blanket for a dime and be out of the cold. I gave him 30¢ and told him I would pray that the Lord would strike him down if he spent a penny of that money for liquor. That really frightened him, as he told me later. I then explained the way of salvation carefully to him and he accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as personal Savior. It was my first soul won in Chicago and I could scarcely contain myself. In the midst of my ecstasy I found myself three blocks beyond the Institute, some ten blocks from the Mission. How I got there I never did know, unless, like Philip, the Lord took me away.

### CHANGE OF PLANS

Every one of the brothers and sisters had left home at an early age and as I was the only one without family ties, father naturally called on me whenever he wanted help. I was at his beck and call. Now he wrote me again demanding that I come home to help put in the spring crop. This I did very reluctantly and with a heart yearning for more of the blessed teaching I had been receiving. It was all so wonderful and new to me and the Bible had come to be such a masterpiece to me. I had hoped to be able to complete the course and graduate. However, the Lord had His own plan mapped out for me.

One day Mr. Peterson, our mail carrier, said, "Walt, all the young people are saying you must find something in religion that we know nothing about. This quickly gave me an idea. I knew a young man who owned a nice big tent, so I wrote Theo Matthews (my pal from Moody) for a date, which came some weeks later. In six weeks of meetings many of these young people were swept into the kingdom of God.

The mother of two of the young people who were saved in the tent revival was at a Sunday night service in a schoolhouse. My text was, "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." Mrs. Stumph was under great conviction and at the close of the service she gave her heart to Christ. The next morning she went to the doctor and the examination showed stomach cancer with but three weeks to live. Mother and I went to see her often and prayed and wept with her and the family. The Lord graciously gave her three months instead of three weeks. She testified to all her neighbors, always using her text, "And ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free" (John 8:32), and a revival broke out anew through all that section.

One of the many young people saved in the revival was Revoe Platz. One day he and his friend Johnny were picking up stones in the Platz field. They came to a huge one weighing several hundred pounds and Revoe called to Johnny, "Come help me on this one." Johnny said, "You are crazy to think we can lift that one." Revoe said, "Let me do it," and with a prayer, like Samson, he braced himself and up went the stone. This had a profound effect on Johnny who had gone through the revival without accepting Christ. Revoe told me afterwards, "I knew full well that I had no strength to lift such a rock, but I asked the Lord to do a miracle for Johnny's sake, so all I actually did was to go through the motion."

### AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION

Shortly after the revival the Lord sent a man to Spooner to commission me to go out as a missionary for the American Sunday School Union. How they ever heard of that little hidden away servant of the Lord I never did know, but in spite of all my objections I was called to the task of organizing Sunday Schools in eight counties of northern Wisconsin. I gave all the time I could possibly spare from the farm work and at the end of the first thirty days there were eleven Sunday Schools going. Three of these proved to be "ever-green," that is they continued the year around. This was a rare thing for that northern section where the snow often reached a depth of three and four feet and even more.



One Sunday evening while rowing across one of Wisconsin's big lakes to a school house service, I told the young man and his sister who were with me, the story of the disciples' fruitless night of fishing until Jesus directed them to the place where the fish were. I said that in order to make a success in life we must have Jesus to guide us. Unbeknown to me at the time, this young lady bowed her head then and there and asked the Lord Jesus to come into her heart and take over. She sent me this testimony some time later.

On one of my missionary trips I met two young women from Minneapolis who were going about the country preaching the Holiness doctrine and trying to organize churches. They were so exacting that they refused to ride with anyone who did not profess to be a Christian. Surely they missed many opportunities to witness for Christ.

They stayed at our home for a number of days while conducting meetings in the school house. When they left I took them to the train at Spooner and they told me I would go to hell if I didn't cease taking wages for my work as a missionary. Being young in the faith, they had me all upset. On the way home I stopped my horse and tied her to a tree, then went into the woods to pray. How I agonized before the Lord. Then in desperation I said, "All right, Lord, if I must go to hell, I'll go, but in the meantime I shall do everything in my power to win others to Christ that they might escape the same fate." Then and there a new joy flooded my soul and I knew I had been misinformed.

#### CONFERENCE TIME

While with the American Sunday School Union we were called to Beloit, Wis., for the annual conference. There we were given a test on our knowledge of the Bible. The announcement of this test frightened me and I hurried off for a few words of prayer. I told the Lord of my ignorance and implored His help. To my utter amazement, one other brother and myself had our papers marked "excellent!"

It was at this conference that I met J. Lloyd Hunter, who later became known as the father of child evangelism. For more than twenty years he was engaged in ministry amongst the children. Through the many branches of children's work organized from Canada to Florida and from New York to the Pacific Coast, thousands of boys and girls have found Christ as personal Savior.

#### A VISITOR FROM CHICAGO

My aunt came up from Chicago to visit us and she told me about her daughter's girl friend, whom she wished I could meet. She felt this girl was just the one for me - a consecrated Christian, and a secretary! (Even before I was saved I vowed I would marry only a Christian girl - preferably a secretary.) I immediately went out to the corn crib and began praying that I might meet this girl. Within a few weeks I resigned from the American Sunday School Union and was on my way to Chicago!

"Why is light given to a man whose way is hid and whom  
God hath 'HEDGED IN'" (Job. 3:23).

"H E D G E D I N "  
PART II

PREFACE

We hope you enjoyed the first instalment of "Hedged In" and we are glad to be able to supply PART II at this time. We did not think it possible to get it out so soon, but it seemed to write itself. PART III may not come until after the first of the year.

In sharing these little incidents with you we are merely trying to set forth a few experiences that have meant much to us, and to show how the Lord leads and cares for His own. At best we are unprofitable servants indeed. Luke 17:10.

"...Hitherto hath the Lord helped us" (I Sam. 7:12).

November 1961

Walter A. Jensen

" H E D G E D I N "  
PART II

By Walter A. Jensen

THE POWER OF A SONG

After a tearful goodbye to the many warm friends and young converts in northern Wisconsin, never to see them again, I was on my way once more to the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago - and, I hoped, to the girl of my dreams.



While sitting meditating on the train, I began singing softly to myself the song "Nor Silver Nor Gold Hath Obtained My Redemption." Looking up I noticed several people were listening, so I sang a little louder and then the last two verses in a loud, clear voice. At the close of the song a lady came up to me saying, "Your song has brought me face to face with my Savior and I have yielded myself to Him." Another said, "I have been a school teacher for thirty years and all those years I have neglected the Lord. Now I'm coming back to Him. Thank you for your song." Then a lawyer, well advanced in years, came up saying, "You have caused me to see how careless I have been all these years. Your song has brought me to my senses." I dare say no one was naturally more retiring than myself, but when the Lord leads we are given grace for the service He has for us.

A DISAPPOINTMENT

At last I had met Marie Ekwall at the home of my cousin. The following week I spent every available moment in prayer and fasted and prayed according to Matt. 6:6 on Thursday until three o'clock when I had to go to work as shipping clerk at the American Express Company. I felt the Lord was going to give me the desire of my heart.

I never did believe in letting any grass grow under my feet, so Sunday found me at her home. I reasoned that since the Lord had given me the assurance that she was to be my future wife, He certainly had informed her of this too. But He hadn't - consequently instead of a ready "yes" it was "no" when I suddenly "popped the question" that evening after church. I did not stop to realize that I was an almost total stranger to her. Furthermore, she was in no hurry to marry anyone as she had a good secretarial position which she enjoyed, and a widowed mother to support. Needless to say I was crestfallen at the turn of events. Had I made a mistake in resigning from the American Sunday School Union?

My cousin Sylvia, Marie and I worked together for three months conducting prayer meetings in preparation for the Billy Sunday campaign. This and other occasions threw us together quite frequently, but seemingly had no effect on my Hopeful. After a year and a half I left for Nebraska and points west, yet never losing hope that some day she would be mine for keeps. And so I left the Moody Bible Institute for the second time, much to the displeasure of the faculty.

THE EPIDEMIC

That winter the flu epidemic broke out that claimed so many lives. (Marie Ekwall also was at death's door, from whence the Lord delivered her because He had other loving service for her hands.) I was taken

sick at Wheaton one day, where I often went to visit our former Nebraska neighbor and dear friend, Mrs. Jennie Kirk, who led mother to the Lord. I stood on the rear platform of the train inhaling and exhaling the fresh air all the way to Chicago. I bought four grapefruit, which I ate, and then went to my room, covered myself up in bed and sweat it out. The next morning my flu was all gone and for several weeks I was one of three students to help the dying and to carry out the dead. One young man, the only son of a wealthy banker from Iowa, said to me over and over, "Oh, brother Jensen, pray for me, I fear I am going to die." How pathetic! He did die and his father was so bitter. I tried to talk to him but he refused to listen.

#### JEWISH CONVERTS

On one of these trips from Chicago to Wheaton, on my way back a young Jewish fellow came and sat down beside me. He was holding his hand over his eyes. I asked him what the trouble was. He said as he was out on the golf course suddenly it seemed as if someone had thrown a handful of fine sand into his eyes. There was no wind and the sun was shining brightly. I said, "This thing is undoubtedly from the Lord; He is trying to get your attention." I read Scripture to him and told him of the love of God, inviting him to come to the Institute. This he did a day or two later and yielded to Christ.

On another trip it was my privilege to present the Gospel to a young Jewish lady, who also came to the Institute, where she was given hospitality after her parents drove her from home because of her testimony. Later she took the course and continued to witness for her Lord.



#### IN THE HOSPITAL

For several years I had suffered much from a double hernia and the Superintendent of Men arranged for me to enter the Passavant Hospital for an operation. The surgeon asked how much money I had and when he heard I had only \$10.00 he said, "That is a \$250.00 operation for each side! Oh, well, tell him to come ahead anyhow."

The first incision was made with just a local anesthetic, but when I said I couldn't stand it, they put the gas mask on me. While they were adjusting it I heard the surgeon whisper to the house doctor, "He won't live through it, but we'll just go ahead." A great joy came into my heart with assurance from the Lord that He would see me through.

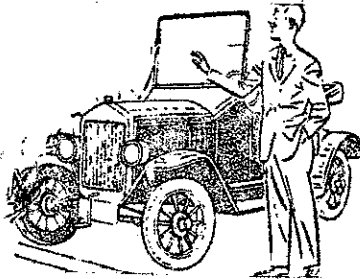
As I came to I was singing, "My Jesus I love thee." When I opened my eyes and saw tears in the eyes of the two nurses holding my hands and feet, I sang out loudly. They both stood there and wept. They told me later that just twenty-four hours earlier they had a similar case and the man came out of the anesthetic cursing so it was almost unbearable.

#### ON THE MOVE AGAIN

True to form, the folks had moved back to Nebraska, so I went home to help them for a year. Then I decided to go to Yankton College,

a Congregational school, in Yankton, S.D. Shortly after I was saved I joined the Congregational Church as the pastor from a neighboring town used to come out to our community occasionally to conduct services. (Incidentally, mother was saved in a Baptist revival and joined the Baptist Church, while father joined the Methodist Church.)

Not having enough money to take the course, I applied to the Guernsey Seed and Nursery Company for a job as traveling salesman. They offered me \$90.00 a week and expenses if I would take their most difficult field - North and South Dakota, Wyoming, Montana and Idaho - which I accepted.



#### MODEL T FORD

It was necessary for me to have a car so I bought a used Model T Ford. That was before they had self starters, and one day while cranking it the crank kicked back and broke several bones in my wrist. I happened to have insurance and received \$350.00 for the accident.

My first car was a Metz, which I purchased twenty-five miles from home. I came to a long hill and down near the bottom a man was driving along with team and wagon loaded with lumber. I put my head out of the window and called, "Get out of the road." He paid no attention and the road was so narrow I couldn't get out of his way, so I struck the back of his wagon with one fender and broke my headlight. I said, "Why didn't you get out of the road?" He replied, "Why didn't you put on the brakes?" I said, "I didn't know it had any brakes!" Of course he laughed - and I learned that a car has brakes!

#### ON THE ROAD

While traveling for the Guernsey Seed and Nursery Company I wound up the week one Saturday afternoon at Hot Springs, S.D. I was to be at Belle Fourche on Monday, but felt led to drive over on Saturday afternoon. As I came into town I saw a crowd gathered on a street corner. I parked the old Model T and walked up to the crowd. As I approached, the speaker said, "If you know the Lord, get up here and tell us about it." Brother Wimmer, for that was his name, had been saved out on the range just two or three weeks previously and had never seen the inside of a schoolroom. He was uncouth in his preaching and preached the same thing over and over every night for two weeks, but the Lord had used it and the entire town was under deep conviction of sin.

After I gave a short testimony the Methodist minister of the only church in town gave an inspiring message and drew the net. Two or three young fellows knelt at the curb and accepted Christ. Sunday morning at the church the minister again gave an invitation and the altar was filled. It was near two o'clock when the last one was dealt with. In the afternoon the pastor asked me to go up to "Hell's Pass," about fifteen miles, for a service. One old man ninety-two years of age was saved. I got back just in time for the evening service. Again at the close of the message an invitation was given and the altar was lined with seekers. There was a big Teachers College for Women here and it was these teachers who were at the altar. I dealt with six or seven of them and it was after midnight before the last one received assurance of salvation.



I had covered North and South Dakota, Wyoming and Montana, and was the third highest in sales. However, my only interest was to earn enough to go to college.

In coming down the east side of the Rocky Mountains on my way back to Yankton I burned out my brakes, low, second and reverse, and had only high gear left. Coasting at terrific speed with fire in the gear box, there was nothing to do but to rub the bank with my wheels in order to stop. This was taking a big chance, but again the Lord was with me and I finally stopped the old Model T. There happened to be a little mountain stream nearby and a sardine can alongside the road, so I got enough water to put out the smoldering fire. The eight miles to Helena were made in high gear.

#### WITNESSING

I arrived at Lewistown, Mont., on a Saturday evening and inquired if there was a Salvation Army meeting in town, as I used to work some with them. Someone said, "Yes, they are right there," pointing across the street. I entered the hall, but to my amazement, it was a Christian Science meeting. I listened patiently to all their testimonies of what Mrs. Eddy had done for an hour or so, and then the leader, a fine young man, said, "Now if we have anyone here who has a testimony to give, feel free to speak." I thanked him heartily and said, "While Mrs. Eddy hasn't done anything for me, there is One who has, the Lord Jesus Christ," quoting Acts 4:12 and 1 John 1:7. It seemed to have tremendous effect, especially on two young teachers to whom the leader had referred. Turning to them I said, "You two young, intelligent women know there is no salvation in Mrs. Eddy, don't you?" They seemed to be greatly moved.

The next day, Sunday, I arrived at a small town just in time for Young Peoples Meeting. The topic for the evening was "Mother." I had written some verses as a tribute to my mother, which I recited, and there was scarcely a dry eye in the place.

One day while harrowing in a field near the house I watched mother in her many activities and was especially impressed as she trudged through the plowed field with father's afternoon lunch. She seemed so weary and tired and that gave me the inspiration, so before I left the field more than half of these verses had passed through my mind. This can hardly be considered a poem as I knew nothing about rhyme or meter, but it expressed the sentiment of my heart.

#### M O T H E R

We thank Thee, O God, for a mother's love  
And a mother's prayer;  
For a mother's sympathy,  
And a mother's care.

Who but the ardent boy,  
Whose life and ambition adds to her joy,  
Can fathom the depths of such a love,  
Sent down by the Father of Lights from above.

A mother who toils from early morn till dark,  
In an effort to comfort those embarked  
In their duties of the tilling of the soil,  
And storing away of the harvest from spoil.

As she carries to the field her husband's lunch,  
Leaves never a thought, not even a hunch  
That her physical strength from the toil of the day,  
Seems almost exhausted and faded away.

As homeward she returns with a feeling of content,  
To resume her duties of the day far spent;  
As out to the barnyard she calls to mother hen and brood,  
Come now, little chicks, and have your bedtime food..

Then carefully she prepares for her family the evening meal,  
About which they gather and to the Lord reveal,  
Their heartfelt thanks and gratitude,  
For another day's life in a Christian attitude.

Then as a last resort of the day,  
Neatly and tidily she puts the dishes away;  
And with an already weary and tired mind,  
She opens and studies the Sunday School Times.

That she might those wonderful words of truth,  
Gracefully and intelligently present to the youth,  
About whom her heart is most concerned,  
And for whom Christ so long has yearned.

And now as late as ten as she retires,  
She pours out unto God her ultimate desires;  
That all her children while scattered abroad,  
May ever be kept in the love of Christ our God.

#### YANKTON

I arrived in time to register for the fall term. Not having had much schooling, I had to take a test on high school subjects and at the same time took the first semester in college. Latin was my favorite subject. We had many spelling matches, but only once was I able to put down a certain Miss McCormick. She seemed to delight in spelling me down.

At the beginning of each school year they had the customary initiations - and rough ones at that. One young lad lay near death for three weeks as a result of initiation. I was invited to come also, but refused and was given until a certain time to come freely or be carried out. I said, "Boys, I am not coming, I'm too busy." They came for me once, twice. Pointing to the floor at the end of my table I simply said, "There is the line of demarcation. When you cross that line you are in the hands of the Lord." They tried to cross that line but were stopped in their tracks. They left saying, "Oh, let him alone." I had no more trouble.

One day in science class the teacher proceeded to explain how we had evolved from the lower forms of life. I spoke up and said, "Miss Clark, you don't believe such foolishness and how do you dare to teach such stuff to these students, some of whom are from good Christian homes! God will hold you responsible. Your granddad might have hung by his tail from a limb, but I want you to know that mine was a real he-man." At that the class burst into a thunderous applause. The teacher said, "Now, Mr. Jensen, please sit down, you are all excited."

I sat down, but this spread like wild fire and an hour later as I was on my way to dinner, the superintendent came up to me and, laying a hand on my shoulder, said, (as I saw him coming I expected him to say "you go and don't wait for dinner") "Mr. Jensen, if you will stay here and uphold the truth as you did this morning, you and I can put this institution back on a Christian basis as it is supposed to be." He went on, "I am a Christian, but if I begin to fight this thing alone the board will put me out at once; however, if I have someone in the class to oppose it, we can stand together and see it through."

The dormitory had burned to the ground the evening before (I was at a prayer meeting at the time, so saved nothing) and as all my clothes, books and everything I owned were destroyed, I was almost compelled to leave. The student body gave me a purse of \$50.00 and I left for Revillo, S.D. three weeks later.



#### A WELCOME LETTER

After the dormitory burned I wrote my aunt of my loss. She told Marie Ekwall and a few days later I received a letter from her (after three years) with a nice big bill in it. You can imagine my boundless joy - a dead hope suddenly come to life again. From then on we corresponded regularly.

#### Revillo

The pastor of the German Evangelical Church at Yankton asked me to take the church at Revillo for three months until the new pastor arrived. All these folks wanted to do was dance, go to the theatre, etc. There was more or less opposition to my method of preaching (I was an exhorter - not a pastor) but it was said when I spoke on secret societies it did have quite an effect and was very helpful to some. On the other hand there were threats. The pianist had told me that her husband said if I preached against secret societies he and some of the men would catch me downtown and beat me up. I challenged them and preached with still more emphasis.

I recall one time in Wisconsin I spoke on the subject "How to raise children," using the text "Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it." At the close of the service a rugged old farmer came up to me and said, "Young man, how many children have you brought up?" I replied, "Well - I'm not married." Then he said, "Don't you ever preach on bringing up children again until you have raised a half dozen or so yourself!" He seemed to know what he was talking about. I never did!

#### IN THE SHADOW OF THE NOOSE

Wimmer, the cowboy, came through Revillo while I was there and when the new pastor arrived we joined forces, going from place to place preaching in pool halls, on street corners, or anywhere we could get an audience.

When we arrived in Benson, Minn. on a Saturday afternoon, we got in touch with a couple of the leading Christian men and they sent out a group of boys to drum up a crowd for a meeting that night in a large hall. It was filled to capacity. In the meantime, in the afternoon we held a meeting in the pool hall, inviting all to come to the evening

meeting. At the close I gave an invitation to accept Christ, but there was not a sign of response. I said, "Listen, boys, if any of you are interested in receiving Christ, make it known by going to the back table and drop a half dollar there. That will prove your interest and give us carfare to the next town. There was \$9.50 on the table.

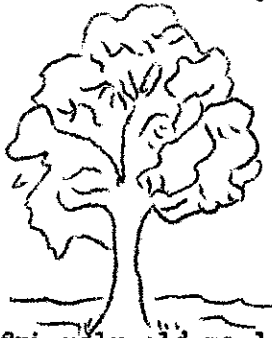
This was a stronghold of Catholicism and that evening we had plenty of opposition. Stones, watermelon rinds, brickbats and what not were thrown on the tin roof of the building, but Wimmer was fearless in his exhortations. At the close of the meeting the folks formed two lines, one on either side of the walk, and we ducked down as we ran to a waiting car that took us to a house at the edge of town.

Sunday afternoon we had a street meeting and a meeting was arranged for that evening in a hall on the south side. Shortly after the meeting opened, down the center aisle started the big, burly leader and half a dozen men with ropes to hang us, as they had threatened. Wimmer dropped to his knees with hands high in the air, calling on the Lord to stop them right then, and He did. They came as far as the middle of the hall, then after two or three efforts to proceed, the leader turned to his men and said, "Come on, let them alone." The rest of the meeting went off without incident and the power of the Lord was present. A few children and young people came to the altar.

Wimmer became interested in a widow there and decided to stay on, but I left early the next morning to resume my journey eastward which was interrupted when I met him. As I arrived at the depot a young lady stepped up to me and said, "Aren't you the young man who was at the meeting last night?" I said I was. She simply said, "The Lord told me to come down here and give you this \$5.00 bill."

#### RENEWED ACQUAINTANCE

My destination was Waupaca, Wis., the place of my birth, where we had many friends and relatives. I went to work painting barns to earn enough money to go back to finish my course at Moody. I also held services every Sunday night in a little abandoned country church.



a friendly old maple tree.

That summer Marie Ekwall came to Waupaca with my cousin on her vacation, and old acquaintance was renewed. We had been corresponding for a year and a half since the dormitory fire at Yankton. She later told me it was the tenor and spirit of my letters that won her heart. In comparing notes we found that we were both saved on the same night, June 15, 1913. We spent many happy hours there together and one evening pledged our troth 'neath

#### THE LAST LAP

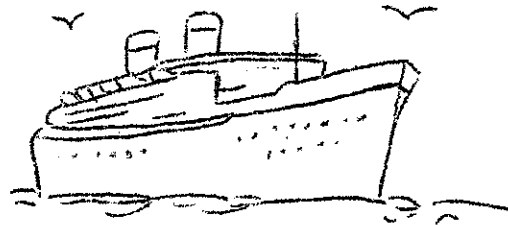
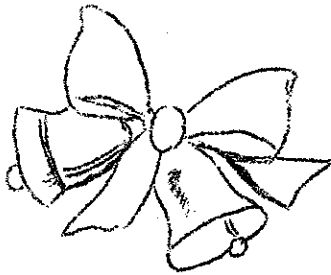
I entered the Moody Bible Institute for the third and last time and after a year and a half I graduated in the December 1922 class.

The folks froze out on the farm for three successive years and it was necessary for me to help them feed the horses and cattle. We were allowed only four hours a day off from school for work, so I took up window washing where I could make \$2.50 an hour. One day in attempt-

ing to open a window on the 6th floor that swung out, it opened suddenly, leaving me balanced on a six inch ledge. Only the Lord alone kept me from falling some sixty feet to the cement below. I also ran the elevator in the women's building every other night. They permitted me to do this in conjunction with the window washing.

#### WEDDING BELLS!

It was against the rules to marry while in school, but somehow we were granted permission to do so four months before graduation. We were married on August 8th (five years after we met) and took the sacred vow "until death doth us part" under a flower decked arch in the lovely, spacious six room flat where Marie and her mother lived. It would have been a church wedding if the pastor had not been in Europe at the time. There were sixty-five guests. Dr. Ralston, on the faculty of MBI, performed the ceremony. He and I had gotten quite well acquainted playing horseshoes together. As the guests were leaving, some of the young fellows kidnapped me and took me for a wild ride, then made me walk home barefoot. That was the first time I had been separated from my wife!



The Institute gave me two weeks vacation and we left the following day on a honeymoon boat trip to Mackinac Island in northern Michigan. We also stopped at Pellston, Mich., where the wife had forty acres of land. Though city bred, she always loved the country and wide open spaces and bought this piece of raw land when just a girl in her teens. On our return to Chicago I moved bag and baggage into my new home and went back and forth to MBI every day. Marie continued on in the insurance office in the loop, while dear Mother Ekwall kept house for us. "AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTERWARD!"

#### THE "BLIND MAN"

Shortly after we were married we bought a home in Wheaton, Ill., and went into the window shade and screen business as there was a big building boom on. We advertised quite extensively, using various slogans such as "The Blind Man" and "Springtime is Shade Time," and we furnished shades and screens for hundreds of new homes in the Chicago suburbs.

Our two fine boys, Phil and Jim, were born here, and life was very pleasant, indeed, in that wonderful Christian atmosphere. We lived only a block from Wheaton College and church and often entertained students, especially those who could not go home for the holidays.

It was a real privilege to be in the midst of such giants of the faith as Dr. Charles Blanchard and the other teachers and professors in the College. Dr. Blanchard's very presence was like a benediction as he moved unostentatiously among men. Christmas Day, 1925, was a sad one in Wheaton when dear old Dr. Blanchard departed this life and went to be with the Lord.

## KITTY GOES TO CHURCH



When Phil was about two years old he had a cute little kitten that he adored. One day it disappeared and he was so heartbroken we actually prayed for its return. A week went by, then as we were sitting in prayer meeting the kitten came walking right up to us. I reached down and tucked it in my pocket, where it snuggled contentedly until the meeting was over.

## A FEARFUL MOMENT

Father and mother were getting along in years so they gave up farming and bought a nice little home with a few acres of ground at the granite quarry, four miles north of Waupaca, Wis. They spent their last days here, content with their garden and chickens. We were eager to introduce them to our first born, so went by train to spend Christmas when Phil was only three months old. It was 23 below zero!

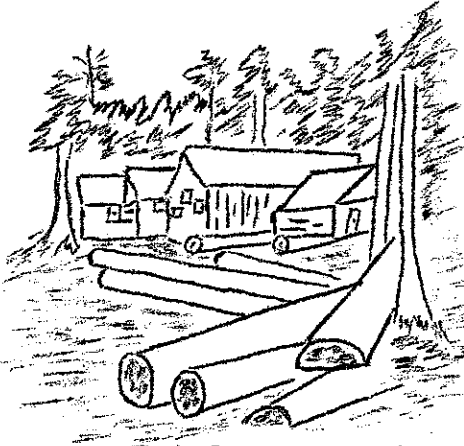
We used to visit the folks at least twice a year and usually spent a couple weeks with them during the summer. They lived beside a stream and the little boys loved to paddle around in the shallow water. One day as I was watching them in the water I called Phil's attention to a school of minnows, then called to Jamie, but he didn't answer. I quickly turned around and he was nowhere to be seen. In my excitement I stepped backwards and bumped against him under the water. His head was caught under a limb. The little three year old evidently had stumbled over the submerged branches. I hastily pulled him out and ran for the house. How thankful we were that the Lord had spared our little boy. If I had not happened to strike him in the water I would not have known where to look for him and he would have drowned in no time.

## EASY MONEY

We operated a paint store in Glen Ellyn in connection with the window shade and screen business for a short time until a buyer came along. One evening after closing the store, on my way home to Wheaton I overtook a hitchhiker and invited him to ride. As was my custom, I immediately presented the claims of Christ to him. Then, after a moment's silence, I asked him where he was going. He said, "Well, fellow, I was out to get some easy money tonight, but you have treated me so decent I can't do anything to you." I replied, "Will you listen to me for a moment?" He said, "Shoot." I said, "I have exactly 60¢ in my pocket. Search me if you wish. Here is the 50¢ piece, I'll keep the dime. Now if you had decided to take my life it would have hurried me on to my eternal reward, but you doubtlessly would have hung by your neck or sat in the electric chair for 60¢! Is it worth it?" He said, "No." I added, "Then let this be your last effort at getting easy money. Will you promise me?" He said, "I will," and I believe he really meant it.

On this same road I picked up another young man who was on his way home to Clinton, Iowa. His mother lay on her death bed anxiously awaiting his arrival so she might have the privilege of leading her son to Christ. He said he had no money so had to hitchhike and was almost fearful he might not get there. I asked him if he really wanted to be saved and he said, "Yes, I do." I said, "Listen, son, I have my Testament here and can show you from God's Word how to be saved, but I cannot take that sacred privilege away from your mother. Let us pray." I committed him to the Lord and in my own mind I am satisfied he reached home safely.

## IN THE LOGGING CAMPS



While engaged in the window shade business we also served with the Shanty-man's Christian Association of Toronto, Canada. The purpose of this organization was to reach men with the Gospel in lumber, mining and construction camps, and out-of-the-way places. I was Local Superintendent of the Chicago Branch. Our territory was Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota and we had several missionaries under our supervision, whom we aimed to visit at least once a year to encourage and help them.

A former neighbor from Nebraska, Olie Hallgrimson, also a Moody graduate, accompanied me on one of these trips. In order to cover as much ground as possible, the missionary, Olie and myself each took a camp. When I reached the one assigned to me I saw a sign posted which read, "This is a Bolshevik camp - no religion wanted." We had a standing invitation from the lumber company so paid no attention to it and went right ahead with the service. When I quoted John 3:16 and tried to explain the love of God, a big, burly fellow grabbed me around the neck and almost choked the breath out of me, saying, "This is how we treat you!" Another six footer quickly jumped to his feet and picking up a huge stick of wood demanded that he turn me loose right then. He did and all was well. This was in northern peninsula of Michigan.

The next morning we drove to Minnesota where we again separated. My camp was four miles beyond Olie's so we traveled together until we realized we were hopelessly lost. It was dark at 5 o'clock and snowing so the trail was covered with fresh snow. We started from a certain point several times and in less than thirty minutes we were back at the same spot. This went on for two hours or more. We feared the timber wolves so when we knelt in the snow to pray we were back to back with a flashlight shining both ways to keep any wolf from sneaking up on us. On rising from our knees we heard the brush crackle, but it wasn't a wolf! There stood a man before us. He said he didn't usually come that way back to camp but had taken a short cut. Of course we knew the Lord sent him. In a short time we were at the camp and the Lord seemed to own and bless the service that evening in a very special way. Several asked for prayer and a colored man definitely accepted Christ as Savior.

On another missionary trip at the close of the service a man asked us to come and pray for his wife who had been in bed for sixteen months. She had an infection in one leg which swelled and burst way above the knee down almost to the ankle. I have never seen the equal of such a gaping, festering sore. I confess I didn't have much faith that she would be healed, but we read from the 5th chapter of James, praying and anointing her with oil in the Name of the Lord. When the missionary later came to Wheaton he told us she got out of bed the next day and in two weeks was able to walk around, praising the Lord for His goodness and mercy.



#### NO STOPPING PLACE

It was my intention to go into full-time Christian service after two or three years in business, but there seemed to be no stopping place. The window shade business was thriving, we built and sold several houses and prospered financially. Just when we were praying about selling the business as the building boom was waning, a Christian friend came with a proposition to go into the development of 3, 5, 7 and 9 cylinder motors for cars. This looked very attractive and I figured this was an opportunity to make some real money to use in the Lord's work, so we sold the window shade and screen business and our home, and invested all in the new venture. Through my influence many of our friends and acquaintances also invested, some quite heavily.

A complete 5 and also a 9 cylinder car was built, with just a few "bugs" to be worked out. Success seemed assured when the man at the head of the company, the inventor, got the idea there was no limit to finances. He left his wife and family for a young girl and took a trip to Europe. Shortly after his return the depression struck and the banks closed, consequently the investors lost all. We moved into an old abandoned, rickety house (the boys called it "racket" house) where we lived rent free for fixing it up.

#### ON THE ROAD AGAIN

I went on the road for the Bond Slide Company, demonstrating visual aid equipment and slides and the wife worked in their Chicago office. Grandma Ekwall lived with us and took care of the boys.

The Catholic schools and churches were among my best customers. I worked largely with the priests from a big Catholic institution in Rockford, Ill. On a trip to LaSalle, Ill., with one of the priests, the head salesman accompanied us to make the demonstration as it was a very important school we were to visit. While the demonstration was going on I talked with a young man studying for the priesthood. Every now and then he would run to the church auditorium and finally after he had made half a dozen trips, I asked him why he did this. He said, "This is a special day and the oftener you bow before Mary the greater your blessings will be for the year."

I spoke up and gave him this illustration: "Your sister and brother have been in a car wreck and are lying in bed in Chicago." He interrupted and said, "I have no brother but my sister was in a wreck last Tuesday and is lying in a cast at home." I went on, "There your sister lies at home suffering with broken bones and cannot get to church, while you have the full use of your limbs. Do you think that because you are able to bow before Mary every few minutes while she cannot, that you should have the greater blessing? God isn't that kind of a God." He had to admit my reasoning was logical.

This same priest took myself and another fellow to Madison, Wis., for a demonstration in a big school there. I gave a talk as usual in demonstrating, but instead of following the manual with the slides, I turned it into a real gospel exhortation. The priest was sitting down on the front seat and got to his feet and held up his hand a couple of times, but I went right on, paying no attention to him, so he sat down again. Of course, I lost the sale, but I felt the Lord was leading as I saw the profound interest in the faces of those hundreds of young people. At least they got to hear the gospel once.

## HITCHHIKERS

When on the road out west I broke an axle on my car and had to walk six miles to town for repairs in a hot July sun. Several cars passed and finally a young fellow in a roadster, to whom I called desperately to please pick me up, but he swore at me and drove on. I vowed then and there that I would never pass up anyone on the road.

During more than forty years driving in both gospel and sales work, I have found picking up hitchhikers and witnessing to them a most effective ministry. There have been as many as three professed conversions in a day. My good wife never failed to warn me to be careful - I had several close calls - but my experience out west and the excellent opportunity it gave me to win men for Christ seemed to force me to stop and pick up the wayfaring man. However, the day came when it was not safe to do so and was prohibited by law in many states.

On a trip from Chicago to Springfield, coming back I picked up four young college students going home for the weekend. After talking with them for a while I told them of Wheaton College, a school where they believed in a spirit-filled school life. They laughed loudly, and I chimed in with them, then explained the difference in our laughs. I said, "I laugh because of the joy found in such a life, but you laugh in contempt of such a school." The impression that made on those boys words cannot express. While driving the next seventy-five miles or so I explained God's plan of salvation very carefully to them. It was snowing and blowing hard so I took them sixty miles out of my way directly to their homes in Rockford. On taking leave of them three of those boys said they would definitely take Christ as their Savior, go back to their modernistic school and start a prayer meeting and live an open testimony for Christ. The fourth boy was a Christian. This has always lingered with me as one of my most blessed experiences.

On another trip I picked up two wayfarers, one a Catholic and the other just an adventurous young fellow who didn't believe in anything but himself. We weighed every phase of the Christian life and experience in a three hour drive. A few months later I received a letter from the Catholic young man saying he had made the change I recommended and was attending a mission in Boston. On this same trip I had the privilege of leading two other young men to Christ.

Driving to Chicago from Wheaton one day I picked up a man at Elmhurst. I asked him his name and he said, "William." I said, "Mine is Walter; you call me Walter and I'll call you William and in that way we will seem to be better acquainted." As always I turned to the subject of salvation, and after some discussion I asked him if he wouldn't take Christ as his Savior. He said, "Yes, I would like to, but I must wait until I get better. Do you realize that I am a West Madison Street bum?" I said, "What's the difference where you are from, the Lord asks you to come just as you are." He replied, "Walter, you know you are a liar, you know I have to get rid of some of my sins and habits before God will accept me." "William, I said, "I'll prove to you in two minutes you are wrong. Let me ask you how much better are you today than you were ten years ago?" He answered, "I am many times worse and that is just what troubles me." "Then," I said, "By your own testimony, how much better will you be in the next ten years?" He had no further argument and I had no trouble in leading him to the Lamb of God. There on Washington Boulevard we drove in to the curb and he accepted Christ.

#### A NEW HOPE

When I graduated from the Moody Bible Institute I was among several others who would not accept the "security of the believer." Dr. Page called me into his office and repeatedly tried to get me to see the truth, but I was adamant and set myself definitely against his teaching. I recall his last effort, when he said almost in tears, "I'll be praying for you."

Later I met Dr. Dodd, pastor of the Wheaton College Church, on the street one day and he said, "Well, brother Jensen, are you saved today?" I replied, "Yes sir, I am saved today." But, he continued, "you could be lost tomorrow?" I said, "That is something we don't know." He took out his New Testament and asked me to read John 5:24. He kept me standing there for more than an hour reading John 5:24 over and over. I have been able to quote it from memory ever since!

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life" (John 5:24).

At last I said, "Dr. Dodd, if I really knew that we are eternally safe, I would give my life trying to win boys and girls to Christ. They have a whole lifetime before them to serve the Lord. He said, "Brother Jensen, you can be sure it is the truth." It was almost like being saved all over again and I walked home praising the Lord for such a wonderful, eternal salvation.

#### LOOKING SOUTHWARD

The wife and I had made two trips to Florida and had seen the great spiritual need among the children in the rural districts. We often thought of the possibility of starting a children's work there and were further encouraged in this by talking with our dear friend, J. Lloyd Hunter of the Canadian Sunday School Mission, and Garland Franklin who was beginning a work among the children in Kentucky at that time.

After the motor proposition failed, we were invited to share the home of Marie's cousin Carl and his wife Katherine, in Chicago, and we lived in their nice basement apartment for some months. Then we moved back to Wheaton into the "racket" house, where we lived for a year or so until somewhat on our feet and able to assume a loan to build a new home. The big Methodist church had burned down and I hauled enough brick from the site for a nice six room bungalow. We had talked much about moving to Florida, but I feared Marie and her mother would be reluctant to leave this lovely home and their many friends and relatives in and around Chicago.

But, to my great joy, while on a missionary trip to northern Michigan, I received a letter from the wife saying she had rented the house and was packing, getting ready to move to Florida! That was another great day in my life.

"Why is light given to a man whose way is hid, and whom God hath hedged in" (Job 3:23).



" H E D G E D I N "  
PART III  
(The Florida Story)

When father went to be with the Lord at the age of eighty, mother left the little home in Wisconsin in the care of my sister Erma and came down to Wheaton for a time. And so it was that she, too, as well as Grandma Ekwall, accompanied us to the Southland.

Our good friend, Frank Osterberg, came over on Monday morning Sept. 18, 1933, to bid us goodbye as we were loading last minute things in the four-wheel trailer I had built. After a brief but precious time of fellowship and prayer, the six of us got into the old Pontiac and we were on our way. Like Abraham of old, we started out, not knowing whither we went, trusting God to lead us.

ON THE WAY TO DIXIE (From Memory Book)

"The trailer followed the car nicely and we drove at a fairly good speed for about 200 miles, when to our dismay we discovered we had lost a rear wheel! The axle had dragged along the pavement before we got stopped and worn so badly the whole rear end had to be replaced. Walter saw the wheel lying in the road and ran back to retrieve it, but before he could reach it, three young fellows in a passing car stopped and picked it up and sped off, laughing at our dilemma. There we were, stranded! The two grandmothers stood guard over the load while we drove back ten miles to a secondhand dealer for parts.

"We did not dare leave the loaded trailer so stayed in the car that night. Walter and Jimmy slept on top of the load and, as a matter of precaution so the little fellow wouldn't roll off, he had roped him to his belt. In the dead of night as I sat looking out of the car window, I could scarcely believe my eyes when I saw my husband come tumbling through space, dragging Jimmy and the mattress with him! They took no more chances that night and crawled under the trailer.

"Morning came at last and at 5:30 a mechanic who helped repair the damage, and by 8 o'clock we were ready to go. Shortly after noon Jimmy complained of feeling sick and we had to stop every little while beside the road. As soon as he got back into the car he would have to vomit again, and by mid-afternoon Grandma Jensen got sick, so we stopped at a tourist camp outside of Vincennes, Ind. and put the sick ones to bed. Before long Walter got sick and then Grandma Ekwall, so we had quite a hospital ward in the little cabin. In the morning all had recovered sufficiently to go on and we started out once more.

## " H E D G E D   I N "

### PARTS III AND IV

We have been gratified by the many expressions of appreciation for the first two instalments of "Hedged In," which have helped to spur us on to complete this narrative.

You will note Parts III and IV are written in a somewhat different style, with many quotations from letters and articles found in our Memory Book. If perchance some portions seem a little lengthy and uninteresting, we trust you will bear with us, and that you will also overlook the imperfections.

We have enjoyed writing these memoirs together. As we have reminisced and recounted the Lord's leading and blessing (and sometimes chastisement when we got out of His will) we have been amazed and greatly humbled because of His loving kindness and patience with us. How oft we failed Him - but He abideth faithful!

"STRIVING TOGETHER FOR THE FAITH OF THE GOSPEL"  
Phil.1:27

March 1962

Walter and Marie Jensen

"The third day was uneventful and we somewhat made up for lost time going through Kentucky and well into the Tennessee hills. Again we stopped at a tourist camp and had a wonderful night's rest. We always prepared breakfast and the evening meal in the cabins.

"Now the most strenuous stretch of the trip, through the Cumberland Mountains, was before us. In going over Eagle Mountain we had to get out and walk up the steep grade to lighten the load. The grandmothers and boys were picked up by a truck that took them over the peak, and Walter and I rode in the faithful old Pontiac as she chugged up that terrifying height with the heavily loaded trailer. It took us an hour to go up that one mountain and as long to go down. We had mountains practically all day and stopped for the night about 30 miles from Atlanta. What a relief it was to start out in the morning knowing the mountains were now behind us.

"We made good time through Georgia and expected to reach Florida that night, but when 15 miles from the border we found such a wonderful camp that we stopped short of our goal. We had a cabin overlooking a lovely lake, in a beautiful setting among big towering oaks and pines hung with Spanish moss - a typical Florida scene. Saturday morning we entered the "Empire of the Sun," but alas, a fog greeted us that first morning. That northern section of Florida along the west coast is most uninteresting - a long stretch of pine and scrub oak wilderness with more or less swamp-land - and though the grandmothers did not say so, we know they were disappointed in their first glimpse of the 'land of sunshine.'

"We had intended going to Jacksonville, the gateway to Florida, but felt led to change our course at Macon, Ga., and decided to head for Orlando instead. Our hearts and minds were open, and while we were debating as to which way we should go, somehow we took the wrong fork in the road and found ourselves on the way to Tampa. We stopped at a Bible Institute about ten miles from the city and were told that Tampa had been flooded during the recent hurricane and more than 100 houses were still standing in water, so every available house was taken. Notices were posted everywhere to boil the drinking water. Under the circumstances we thought it unwise to stop in Tampa and so headed eastward, with Orlando still in mind.

"At a little crossroads station the car stopped dead, and no mechanic within miles! Night had fallen, we were very tired and not at all inclined to spend another night by the roadside. As Walter and a bystander were tinkering with the car, a man drove up for gas who happened to have tools with him and knew just what to do. The gas jet was clogged. We had just nicely gotten started when we had a blowout! Walter patiently fixed the tire and at last we saw the lights of a town - but no tourist camp! We were told there was one 10 miles down the road, so on we went, and then another flat tire! Once more we were off, but soon the car began sputtering again. Walter somehow managed to coax it along to the edge of Lakeland where it stopped dead and had to be pushed off the highway, right in front of some friendly tourist cabins! How thankful we were to lay our weary heads to rest that night. Several people urged us to look over Lakeland before going on to Orlando, so we rented a small house nearby. We seemed strangely drawn to this town and after praying about it, felt Lakeland was to be the center of our future ministry. Later developments proved it was indeed God's choice.

"And He led them forth by the right way..." Psalm 107:7

During the time we "camped" here we made several survey trips over the State to see what the possibilities were for beginning the Bible Memory Work in the schools of Florida. There were two grandmothers to look after the boys, so Marie was free to accompany me. We talked with many principals and teachers, and I also had opportunity to speak to the children in some schools. They all seemed favorable to such a program. One County Superintendent said: "If any of the teachers or principals object to taking this on in our county, you let me know and they won't hold their position very long."

ADAPTED FROM "IN THE MOULD" (October 1938)

#### THE NEW HOME

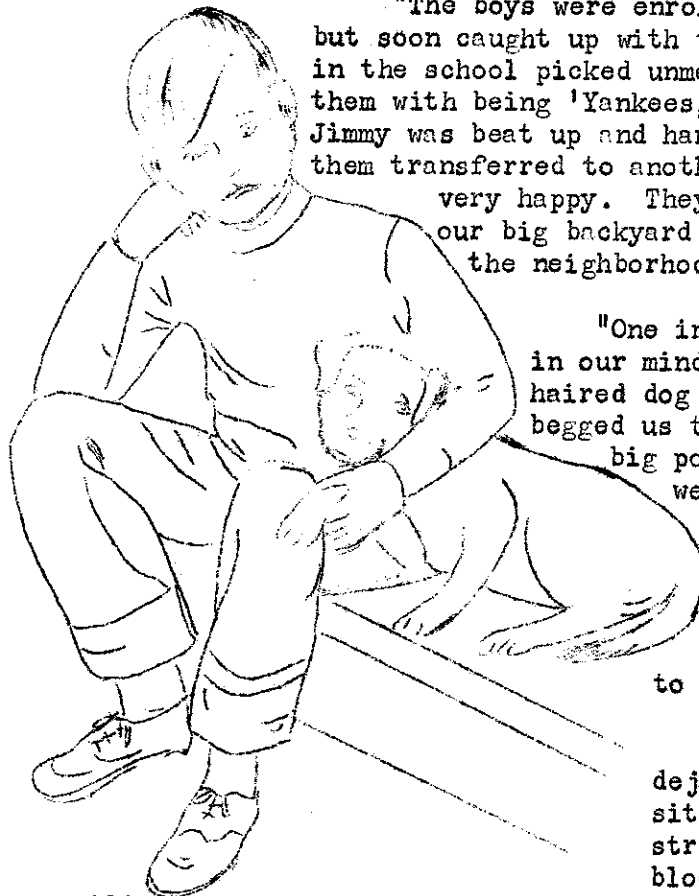
"We found a big old rambling house on an acre of ground, with a variety of bearing fruit trees - orange, grapefruit, lime, lemon, guava, papaya, persimmon, banana, and even a pineapple plant and a grape arbor, for \$10.00 a month. There was also a nice wash house with shower, two chicken houses, and a four-room cottage in the rear. It was wonderful to sleep in a bed again and to have sturdy chairs to sit on instead of camp cots and folding chairs. We had a near tragedy one morning when the camp chair collapsed that little Jimmy was sitting on beside the stove while he was dressing. He was thrown astraddle the red hot stove and severely burned. Walter built shelves, tables and cupboards and soon we were all set for the second trailer load of household goods that we brought down with us when we went back to Wheaton in the spring to wind up our affairs.

"The boys were enrolled in school a month late, but soon caught up with their class. Some big boys in the school picked unmercifully on them, taunting them with being 'Yankees,' etc., and 7 year old Jimmy was beat up and handled so roughly we had them transferred to another school, where they were very happy. They soon found playmates and our big backyard became the rendezvous for the neighborhood 'gang.'

"One incident stands out vividly in our minds. A beautiful white long-haired dog came to the house and Phil begged us to keep him, (the boys had a big police dog in Wheaton), but we said we couldn't afford to feed a dog and asked him to take the dog away. Boy and dog disappeared, and when Phil didn't return for quite some time, we went to look for him.

"We soon found him, a very dejected-looking little boy, sitting on the curb across the street in the middle of the block, with his arm around the

dog nestling contentedly beside him. We shall never forget that sight, nor his tear-stained face as he looked up at us. Needless to say, the dog stayed and Fluff was part of the family for many years.





"Our funds being limited, it became necessary for Walter to find work. Why not farm! He was reared on a farm and thought he knew farming from A to Z. But not in Florida! We leased three acres of rich muck land on shares and sold our nice flock of 300 chickens to put in a crop. How beautiful that field of beans and tomatoes looked, and those fine rows of strawberry plants. Surely we would have a bumper crop! Alas, we had not reckoned on the aphid flies, the cutworms and all the other pests, the lack of moisture - and surely not frost! At the end of the season there was nothing to show for all the hard work, and all those promising chickens gone! Walter then had to resort to painting, at 35¢ an hour! Those were depression days. Not being accustomed to farming and such strenuous manual labor, we often were too weary to do much of the Lord's work, the very thing we had come to Florida to do.

"He knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust." Psalm 103:14

#### A SMALL BEGINNING

"There was no church in the community so we started a Sunday School in our home; also organized another in a community known as the 'Sandpit.' Walter held services in the jail and convict camp and ministered wherever there was an opportunity. We made frequent trips into the rural districts distributing tracts and Christian literature and visiting in the homes. We continued doing what we could in giving out the Gospel, looking forward to the time when we would be able to reach boys and girls on a larger scale in the schools.

"A friend from Wheaton, Prof. Park, who was a chalk artist, spent two months with us and we were greatly encouraged by a visit from Mr. W.H. Adamson, President of the Shantyman's Christian Association of Toronto, Canada, with whom we were associated in the north. At that time plans were discussed as to the possibility of organizing a southern branch of SCA.

"The following summer we wrote Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Hunter that we were still hoping they could come down and help organize the children's work, but we didn't hear from them until late in the fall. The following quotation from an article written by Mr. Hunter tells the story:

'In 1934 a dear friend, Mr. Walter Jensen, wrote asking us to help him start the Bible Memory Work in Florida. We were so busy that there seemed to be no possibility of getting away. Mr. Jensen spent a night in prayer. He said later, 'When we received no answer to our letter, we decided to telegraph you by way of heaven to come and help us.' We were soon on our way with no more intimation that we were wanted than a letter that had been promptly laid aside and completely forgotten. In Florida we learned that there were 3,000,000 children south of the Mason-Dixon line who never hear the Gospel. Near Lakeland we found a rural community 22 miles through swamp and timber from any church or Sunday School. Much time was spent in prayer and the work started there early in 1935.'



THE PLAN was to encourage children to memorize the Word of God by offering the following awards:

John 3:16	- Gospel of John
25 more verses	- New Testament
25 more verses	- Wall Motto
50 more verses	- Story Book
100 more verses	- Bible
100 more verses	- Week at Camp



## ORGANIZATION

"Mr. Hunter and Walter went to St. Petersburg to try to interest some Christians there. Mr. Hunter had the names of two women who had been contributing to the Canadian Sunday School Mission - Mrs. May Vail and Miss Reba Graham. They were very much interested and a weekly prayer meeting for the new work was started in the home of Mrs. Vail. Dr. E.R. Barnard, pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church, became interested through these two dear saints of God; then Walter met two men in that church whom he felt led to speak to - George A. Field and H.A. Laurence. After he and Mr. Hunter talked with them, explaining the work fully, with the thought of establishing a Florida Council, a meeting was arranged for in St. Petersburg. In the meantime we had been in touch with Mr. Adamson, President of the Shantymen's Christian Association, who was in Florida at the time, and he came up from Miami for the meeting. The result was that the Southern Branch of the SCA was organized, Feb. 5, 1935, with headquarters in Lakeland. Dr. E.R. Barnard was elected Chairman, W.H. Adamson, Hon. Chairman, Walter A. Jensen, Field Representative, Marie Jensen, Sec'y and Treas., and George A. Field, Deputation Secretary.

"Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit..."

John 15:16

## HIS APPROVAL

"The Lord blessed the work from its very inception - it was born in prayer. We had forty-seven children qualify for camp just five months after organizing, although only thirty-two attended the full week of camp. During the first year or so we financed ourselves, (Walter doing painting when not on the field) and Mr. Field did the same. It was soon deemed advisable to have a name that suggested what we were doing, hence the name of the organization was changed to Children's Bible Mission. The personnel remained the same.

"Go ye, therefore and teach... and, lo, I am with you alway."

Matt. 28:19, 20

## THE EXCEEDING ABUNDANT

"In order to be relieved of as much home responsibility as possible and to save expense, we moved out of the big house into the four room cottage which we secured rent free for fixing it up. With the growth of the work the cottage was soon too crowded (there was no room for an office) and then the Lord did the "exceeding abundant." He gave us a home of our own once more, a five room plastered stucco bungalow! It belonged to an estate and as the heirs had no use for it and the house was fast going to ruin and needed repairs, we purchased it for \$10.00 and back taxes, a total of \$120.00. When we explained that we were missionaries and didn't have much money they offered to let us have it for \$50.00. We told them we didn't have it, so they practically gave us the house.

"As we were praying about the matter, wondering where the money was coming from, we received a check for \$25.00 (the earnest) specified "for your new home." Then we received another check for \$31.00 from a girl to whom Walter had loaned \$20.00 some twenty years earlier when at Moody. (She included compound interest.) At just the right time she had been impressed to send this and wrote to the Moody Bible Institute for our address. Walter built an addition at the rear of the house, part of which became the first office of the CBM. When we outgrew these quarters the office was moved downtown.

"Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think..." Eph. 3:20.



#### REINFORCEMENTS

"Mr. and Mrs. Russell A. Reed, who had charge of a little Mission in St. Petersburg, attended the weekly prayer meetings at the home of Mrs. Vail, and being much interested in children, they visited us in Lakeland to learn more about the work. The Lord laid it upon their hearts to help us at the first camp, where they were so greatly needed, and then they stayed right on.

"The Reeds and their young son, Melvin, moved to Lakeland and parked their house trailer close to our home. We worked very happily together for two years and then it seemed to be the Lord's time to open up that vast territory in the northwestern part of the State, the section that brought us to Florida, so Mr. and Mrs. Reed moved to Tallahassee. They have been greatly used of the Lord in this needy field. We praise Him for the many schools enrolled and the boys and girls who have been saved through the ministry of these faithful servants.

"Come over into Macedonia and help us" Acts 16:9.

(NOTE: It became necessary for the Reeds to move to Iowa because of the illness of Mr. Reed's father, and he has pastored a church there for the past 12 years.)

#### ANOTHER ANSWER TO PRAYER

"After the second year's camp we were so worn out that it seemed impossible to carry on. The work in the office was so heavy we groaned under the load, praying for deliverance. While at the beach for a week of rest, I developed two ugly big tropical ulcers on my legs and was confined to bed for three weeks. Dear Mrs. Reed came in every day to change the dressings on the running sores. During this time I sat propped up in bed typing or working on the books, and Walter did most of the routine office work.

"Just at this time we received a letter from a school teacher from Illinois who had come to Florida for her health, asking if we could use her services in the Mission (she had an introduction from a mutual friend). Could we! Not only in the office, but on the field as well. As a school teacher she was well qualified for work among children. And so Miss Mary Beer moved into our home and hearts, an answer to prayer. She lived with us for several years and was a dearly beloved member of the family.

"This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him..." Psalm 34:6

(NOTE: Mary is still with CBM and located in Greenville, S.C. as Branch Head of the work in that state.)

#### ANOTHER BLESSING

"It soon became apparent that we must have a stenographer. The Lord wonderfully supplied this need in the person of Miss Frances Grubbs, a young lady just out of business college, who was willing to give her services free for a time to get experience. She liked the work so well that she agreed to stay on for a very nominal salary. It was our great joy to

see Frances blossom out from a mere professing Christian and church member into a full-fledged consecrated missionary. She expects to go to Moody this winter.

"Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised" Prov. 31:30.

(NOTE: Dear little Frances, as we always think of her, is now Mrs. Winfield Buckman and the mother of a fine son and daughter, and has been on the mission field in Brazil for many years.)

#### HARMONY IN CAMP

"We lacked musical talent. Mr. Reed played the cornet to the accompaniment of the piano, but we needed someone to direct singing. One day the Lord met this need. Mr. Field brought her over one afternoon from St. Petersburg, and the very next day Mrs. Agnes Mackey and her two dear little girls, Betty Jane and Nancy, were established in Lakeland, part of the CBM family. The husband and father had suddenly gone to be with the Lord just a few months previous and left his companion and two little girls crushed with sorrow. But 'He healeth the broken in heart and bindeth up their wounds' (Psalm 147:39). Mrs. Mackey had come to Florida from New Jersey for the winter. She heard about CBM in Dr. Barnard's church in St. Petersburg and the Lord showed her very definitely that this was her place. We soon discovered that music was not her only talent, but many others as well, and that she had previously been engaged in children's work. Mrs. Mackey also wrote the correspondence lessons for the children.

"Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving.. Sing praises upon the harp unto our God." Psalm 147:7

(NOTE: Mrs. Mackey is now Acting Divisional Director of CBM work in Ga.)

#### BIG BROTHER

"Boys are hero worshippers and we felt the need of a consecrated young man as a boys' worker. One day we received a telegram saying, 'Coming by bus this afternoon,' and a few hours later we welcomed Roy Tillotson. Mr. Field had written that he might help at camp as he had just graduated from the Moody Bible Institute. He became interested in the work through Mr. Field, being a member of the same church. His coming was very timely - Mr. Reed was in the northern part of the State, Walter was busy with plans for building the new camp, and the fall work in the schools was just ahead.

"Being 'big brother' to the neighborhood boys and other groups, visiting schools and calling in the homes, as well as taking charge of several meetings a week, gave him a full schedule in just a short time. We wondered what we would have done if the Lord had not sent him.

"...Able to teach others also." 2 Tim. 2:2.

(NOTE: Roy spent many years as a missionary in Argentina, but had to return to this country because of the illness of his wife. They are now working among the Spanish speaking people in Gary, Ind.)

#### ONE FAMILY

"It is significant that there was never any extended correspondence with 'prospective workers'; the Lord sent His chosen ones at just the right time. We are one united little family, knit together in the bonds

of love, and what precious times we have at the daily 9 o'clock prayer hour, seeking His guidance and strength for the duties and needs of the day. How marvelously the Lord has answered prayer time and again!

"So, we being many, are one body in Christ and every one members one of another" (Rom. 12:5).

#### THE ELEVENTH HOUR

"A young man who was to help at camp was called away and could not be with us. It was just two days before camp and no one in sight! As we were wondering whom the Lord would send, we received a letter from a young couple in Miami asking if they could be used in Lakeland. They had come to Florida trusting the Lord to guide them as to their field of labor. We immediately wired them, 'Need you at camp beginning Saturday. Can you come?' Late Friday night Mr. and Mrs. Victor Voelker arrived. He proved to be not only a splendid boys' worker, but an athlete as well, thus filling another need. Their coming solved another problem. We had been concerned about leaving the camp without a caretaker and now the Voelkers are nicely situated in one of the cabins.

"...I sought for a man to stand in the gap..." Ezek.22:30.

#### THE HERALD

"The Children's Bible Mission owes much to the untiring efforts of Mr. Field who travels up and down the length and breadth of the land making the work known. Mr. Field also stepped out on faith, giving up his business to devote full time to CBM. He has gained many staunch supporters and friends for the Mission. The Lord has also given him a wide ministry in Bible teaching.

"Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all longsuffering and doctrine." 2 Tim.4:2

(NOTE: Mr. Field went to be with the Lord in May 1961 at the age of 82.)

#### A DAY OF PRAYER

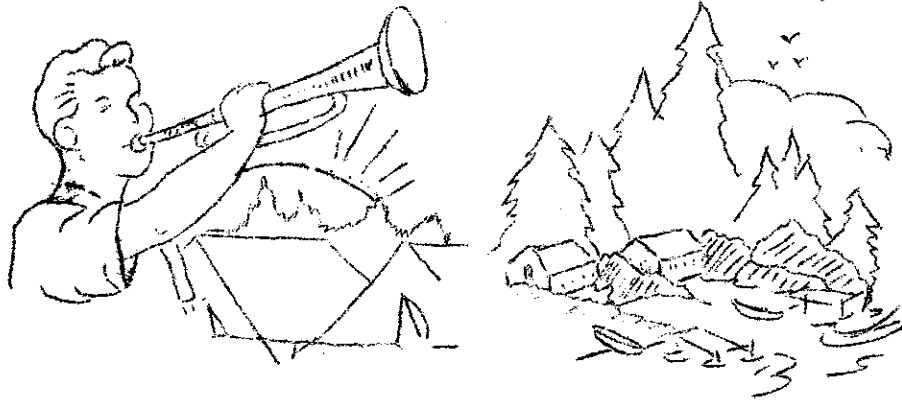
"We had outgrown the rented camp, which had a capacity of only sixty, and began looking for a suitable site for a camp of our own. We were unable to find anything within our means - and only four months until camp time. We called a day of fasting and prayer, and God marvelously answered!

"Call unto me and I will answer thee and show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not." Jer. 33:3

"The very next day when Walter was again out looking for a campsite, he approached the mayor of Polk City in regard to giving the old abandoned golf course for a children's camp, and he agreed to give the Children's Bible Mission ten acres on beautiful Lake Helene. We felt this was not sufficient acreage and they increased it to about twenty-five acres. Then came the problem of buildings. This need was presented to friends of the Mission and Walter went to Jacksonville to see Cummer and Sons, who have large lumber interests in the Lacoochee area. They gave 5,000 feet of lumber and several local concerns contributed 500 ft. or more each. On March 23rd the first load of lumber was placed on the grounds and by July 25th ten buildings were completed and furnished with the necessary equipment to accommodate 100 campers. There was a large combination dining hall and chapel, six cabins, a tool house and two large lavatory buildings.

"The work was done entirely by the missionaries and donated labor. Phil, who was then fourteen years old, came out after school and on Saturdays and sawed the dimension material on power saw for all the buildings.

"This is the Lord's doings and it is marvelous in our eyes." Psalm 118:23



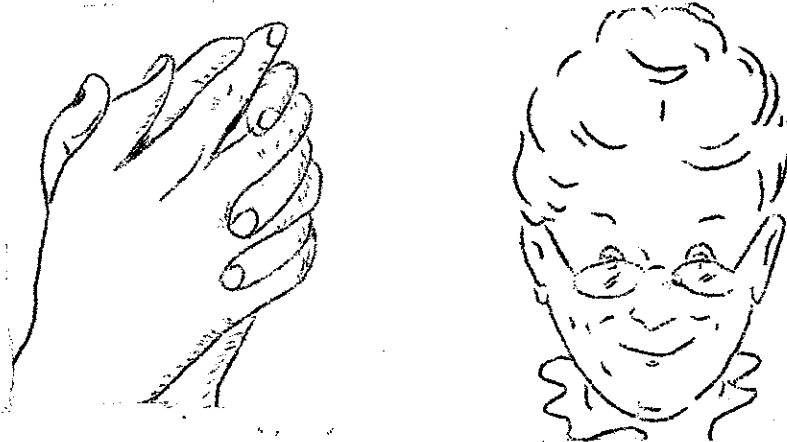
#### TWILIGHT

"This account would hardly be complete without a tribute to the two grandmothers who came to Florida with us. Grandma Jensen returned to her home in the North within a year, but she has a most important part in the work, that of intercession. She knows how to prevail in prayer and prays daily for her children and the ministry in the Southland.

"Grandma Ekwall is still with us. Her hair is snow white and there are tired lines in her face, but she has a cheery smile and a pleasant word for all. She is 'grandma' to both young and old. These many years 'she looketh well to the ways of her household' and has relieved us of many home duties so that we might give our time to the work.

"...For she hath been a succourer of many and myself also."

Romans 16:2



#### RETROSPECTION

"Like the children of Israel, we long wandered in the wilderness, and how oft our hearts cried out, 'Oh, that we might redeem the years that the locusts hath eaten.' We praise God because He did not set us aside altogether, but has given us a few years of service in giving the Word of God to boys and girls and winning them for the Lord Jesus Christ. It has not been an easy road, there have been some sacrifices, but how blessed to be in the will of God."

"Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then they are glad because they be quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven." Psalm 107:28-30

## THE BUD OF PROMISE



"It was in the summer of 1934 that a little girl ten years old hesitantly approached Walter when visiting the homes in her community, and shyly said, 'I didn't know what verses to learn, but I have learnt some in the Book of 'Easter' (meaning Esther) - will they be all right?' She had heard that a Bible Memory Program was to be introduced in her school whereby she would be given a free week at camp for memorizing 300 Bible verses, so on her own initiative she found an old Bible in a trunk and started memorizing.

"She memorized the required verses and came to camp, where she accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as personal Savior. She attended camp three successive years and it was a real joy to watch her spiritual growth and development.

"We saw her baptized in the lovely pond under moss-hung trees back of the little country church, and a prayer arose from our hearts that the Lord would keep this beautiful young girl close to Himself and use her in His service. A fine Christian young man from the North was baptized at the same time and they became very good friends. Their friendship ripened into love and one beautiful day in June they stood at the altar of the little church and took the sacred vow, 'until death doth us part.'



"The young husband took his bride up north to visit his folks and the wonderful Christian influence in the church there had its effect in deepening her spiritual life. When they returned to Florida we hardly recognized in that stately young matron the lively, fun-loving girl of camp days.

"When a little babe came into their lives their joy seemed complete, but the Lord saw fit to take this new little life unto Himself. The little garments so lovingly prepared were laid aside, but never a word of murmuring or rebellion did we hear. When the baby was taken they were more and more impressed that the Lord wanted them in active Christian service.

"On their last visit to our home Margaret said, 'You will never know what the Bible Memory Program and Camp have meant in my life.' Then she added, 'If it is the Lord's will, we want to go back up north to prepare for His service. We want to do His will, whatever it is.' And so they said goodbye to friends and loved ones to go to school for three years.

"Once more we were assembled in the little church among the towering pines, and again this young couple is at the altar, but this time in two white caskets, lying cold and still in death. United in life, united in death, and together forevermore with their Lord! As they were on their way to school to "prepare for His service" an automobile accident ushered them into His presence."





"The church was filled to capacity and almost as many people standing outside, a wonderful opportunity to make known Margaret's Savior. It was the privilege of the missionary to whom the little girl of ten had come in regard to learning Bible verses, to have a part in the service. It seemed most fitting that he should quote from memory the 14th chapter of John as she, too, had memorized that portion of this chapter telling of the home the Lord Jesus had gone to prepare. They were tenderly laid to rest in the cemetery beside the little church and there their bodies await the glad resurrection morn. God plucked the "Bud of Promise" to adorn His courts above.

"This is the story of a life that might have had a tragic ending instead of a triumphant entry, if she had not been reached with the Word of God in her youth."

"So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it" (Isaiah 55:11).

#### THE FIRST CBM CAMP - 1935

The first camp was held at a Boy Scout Camp in the deep woods on a small sand bottom lake, twenty miles north of Tampa. It was primitive indeed. On several occasions we heard the weird cry of the panther during the night.

"We had butchered a calf, which gave us enough meat for all week, served as steak, roast, stew and hash! All our bread, milk and ice were donated by wholesale houses in Tampa, also many staples and vegetables, and five stalks of bananas. Our good friends, Mr. and Mrs. R.L. Bryan of Bartow, came out with a crate of oranges and 15 big watermelons, and Mr. and Mrs. R.E.L. Farmer furnished ice cream for dinner. There were from two to eight guests every day.

One day while teaching a class of seven boys I was illustrating the Christian life by the use of an old shoe, and they started crying. I didn't realize they were actually weeping and thought they were only pretending, so I spoke up rather hastily and said, "What's the matter?" One of the boys said brokenly, "I want to be saved." We knelt in prayer and one after another prayed asking the Lord Jesus to come into his heart.

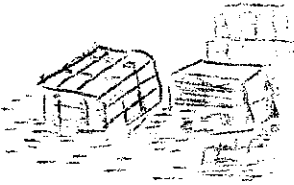
In less than ten days one of those boys entered the presence of the Lord. How often we have rejoiced that he had the opportunity to come to camp and hear the message of salvation.

#### REVIVAL IN CAMP

When the Reeds moved to Tallahassee they had camp for their children near Lake City. The highlight of that first camp in the northern part of the state was a message by Billy Graham, who had come up from Tampa where he was attending Bible school. The Reeds had met Billy when they were in Lakeland and also had been in his parents' home in North Carolina.

Billy's subject that night was "The Handwriting on the Wall." There was deep conviction of sin and it was after midnight before we got the children settled down. They ran from room to room, pulling one another out of bed and getting them down on their knees. There was constant singing and praising God and this was one of the most impressive services we ever had. Even in those early days the Spirit of the Lord was present in power in Billy Graham's life.

## STRAW FROM THE SKIES



"The buildings at the new Polk City campsite were completed and all was in readiness for camp except mattresses! There were no funds to buy them so we made ticks for 100 bunks and planned to fill them with straw. I went to the Cash Feed Store and asked if they carried straw. They almost laughed at me and said there was no straw to be had in Florida, no need for it. However, they told me Uncle Sam had flown in a lot of straw to be used as bedding for the crew in the airplane maneuvers to be held in Lakeland, which was stored temporarily in their warehouse. For some unknown reason orders were changed and the planes went on to Jacksonville. They assumed the straw would be sent on, and although they didn't think it would be possible to buy it, at my insistence they gave me the name of the man in charge. I went to see him and he said they would not ship it to Jacksonville and that we could have what we needed. So we got straw for our mattresses right in Lakeland!"

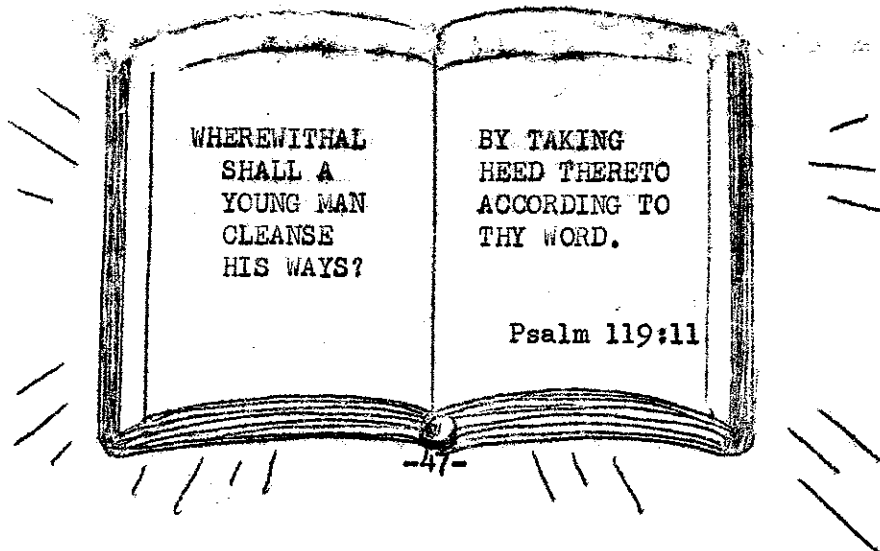
## A PROVIDENTIAL MEETING

"During the last week of camp there were two more days to go and no money to buy more food. The children were told about the situation and asked if they would like to pray, so instead of the usual class we had a prayer meeting and asked the Lord for \$50.00. After dinner it was necessary for Mrs. Mackey to make a trip to Lakeland and there on the street she met a friend who inquired about camp and then handed her a check for \$50.00! She hurried back to camp with the check and the children were called together and told of the Lord's provision in answer to prayer. It had a profound effect on them and it was a lesson they would not soon forget."

## WEDNESDAY MEETING

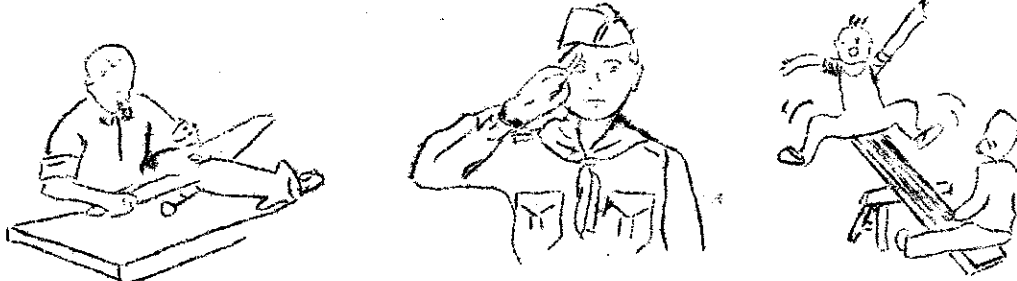
"The Lord continues to bless the weekly children's meeting in our home, now in the seventh year. A Christian neighbor in speaking of the mother of three children who attend said, 'I believe the Lord has been talking to Mrs. .... since the children have been going to your house. They come home from the meeting and tell what they have learned, and the little four year old sings choruses all day long. The other day when I was there she sang, 'Say, will you be ready,' pointing her little finger at us, and the tears just flowed down her mother's cheeks. And she went to church Sunday night.' Truly a little child shall lead them."

"Lakeland's west side was a real mission field in those early days. A cattleman said, 'Before you came to this section of town the kids would steal you blind. Nothing was safe if not under lock and key, not even the hub caps on your car.'"



## WORKSHOP

"We built an addition to our garage and fixed up a workshop with power tools, lathes, etc., which the Kiwanis Club purchased for the boys in the community. A fine Christian Scout Master took a real interest in them, and the city built a playground and recreation center in an effort to keep the youngsters out of mischief."



## OTHER ACTIVITIES

Times were hard and we tried to help out by supplying needy families with clothing sent to us by kind friends. One cold evening we went to call in a home just outside of Lakeland and found the family huddled around a little wood stove trying to keep warm as the wind whistled through the wide cracks between the boards of the house. The children were dressed in croker bags or gunny sacks, and the only light in the room was from a little lamp without a chimney! One would have to see it to believe such conditions existed right at our doorstep.

At one time I built a box for a little baby who had died and took it 150 miles in the car for burial in the family cemetery lot. When we arrived there was no minister available so I had to conduct the funeral service. Mr. Reed also had the funeral service for an infant. He built the little coffin and Mrs. Reed lined it and dressed the baby.

## GOSPEL CENTER

A group of likeminded believers banded together and opened up a Gospel Center in a large vacant store building on Lemon Street owned by Mr. John Higgins, one of the directors of CBM. He offered the use of this building rent free until it was sold. Brother Matthews from Georgia, an able speaker and a real spiritual man, was pastor. Later, when the building was sold, the work was moved downtown to a store building on north Kentucky Ave., and Brother Martin of Lakeland became pastor. He went to be with the Lord within a year and as there was no one to take his place, the work was terminated.

EASTSIDE SUNDAY SCHOOL (Taken from History of Southside Baptist Church written by George W. Curtice - 1944)

"A dear saint of God, Mrs. Preston Smith, started a little meeting in east Lakeland... She would often walk the three or more miles from her home, carrying her Bible and guitar... A year later, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Jensen learned of this little meeting and, with true missionary devotion, gladly gave of their time and talents to assist in such a worthy service. When Mrs. Smith moved to California they took charge of the work and it was under their direction that a regular Sunday School was organized.

"The Jensens were founders of the Children's Bible Mission and it was only natural that soon after they assumed supervision of the Eastside Sunday School others from CBM began to take an active interest. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. R.A. Reed, Miss Mary Beer, Roy Tillotson and Mrs. Agnes Mackey... The last who had charge of the work, at least for a time, were Mr. and Mrs. George W. Curtice... With money furnished by

Southside three lots were purchased on Combee Road two blocks from the main highway, on which the present chapel building was erected and occupied in June 1944."

#### A TELEPHONE CALL - From Memory Book

"Yesterday we received a phone call and a voice asked, 'Is this the Jensens who used to have meetings in ..... house?' Assured it was, the voice continued, 'Please come out here as Sam was killed in a truck accident.'

"Won't you go with us? It is an old abandoned phosphate mining community five miles from Lakeland. Winding our way through brush and scrub oak, we come to a little tumble-down shack where a toothless, dejected-looking man sits outside the door. He greets us with a silly grin (he is an epileptic and also mentally retarded) and points inside where his wife is lying in bed, a poor, ignorant soul who has never had an 'larnin' as they say. She had just come home from the hospital after a major operation.

"It was her only boy, just 19, and though always a problem, he was the pride of her life. Their little girl is in an institution for the feeble-minded. Oh, the despair, the mute, sullen resignation on that mother's face! It seems so hard for these folk who cannot read the Bible for themselves, to become established in the Gospel. Pray for this home and countless others like it, that the quickening power of the Holy Spirit may bring light and life."

#### BARTOW MISSION

Our friends in Bartow, the Bryans, Farmers and Mrs. Alderman, had a mission in a needy section of town and asked the CBM workers to help in the afternoon Sunday School and also to conduct evening services. We had a long and blessed ministry there.

I also assisted Mrs. Alderman in the Bartow jail work which she had charge of for many years. We had services every Sunday at the road camp. One Sunday ten year old Jimmy spoke on "Boy Preachers of the Bible," which seemed to make a great impression on those colored fellows.

#### LITTLE BIBLES

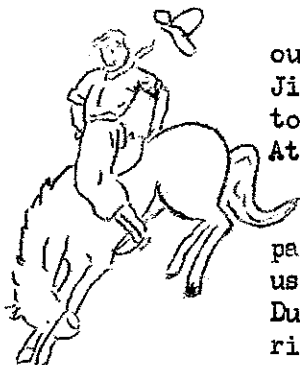
One day John Ray Hinkle from Virginia came to our home. Mr. Hinkle had selected appropriate scriptures on a number of different subjects for miniature Bibles, such as "Our Salvation Bible," "Joy Bible," "Youth Bible," "Promissory Notes," etc., and thought perhaps we could go over these with him and help get them in final shape for the printer. He also hoped we could distribute them in this section of the country through CBM missionaries.

Several years later I gave 50 of these Little Bibles to a Christian worker who presented one to a sailor boy just before he was sent across. His ship was torpedoed, but he was picked up and brought back to Florida. He immediately sought out the one who had given him the Little Bible and told her how much the book had meant to him, how he regretted losing it, and wanted to know if he could secure another copy. She had given them all out, but I had some on hand, so he got his "Little Bible."

This same lady gave one to a young woman who was gloriously saved through reading "Promissory Notes." She in turn gave it to a young Catholic woman, whose life has been literally transformed.

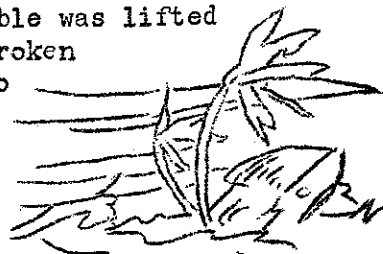
"Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days" (Eccles. 11:1).

## COWBOYS



Our boys loved the wide open spaces and the outdoor life of Florida. They each had a horse and Jim especially became an expert horseman. He used to ride bucking horses in the rodeo and even a steer. At one time he milked a wild cow and came out first.

They had 70 head of beef cattle in a nearby pasture and when Jim left for the army it was up to us to look after them and the horses. During a hurricane the stable was lifted right off the ground and broken into pieces, which were scattered as far as two blocks away. Miraculously the horses escaped.



At this same time, during a lull in the storm, I crawled up on six different roofs, nailing down loose boards and roofing as several of the neighbors had gone to the school for shelter during storm.

Phil was mechanically inclined and spent most of his free time with motors and machinery. When in high school he supplemented the family coffers by working in a machine shop afternoons and Saturdays under the DCT Program. He was their "trouble shooter" and earned as high as \$60.00 a week. At the same time he went to night school and took up welding.

### A STAR IN THE WINDOW

When Phil graduated from high school he was called into service and went as a V-12 Trainee to Georgia Tech, and later to Emory and Columbia University. On graduating from Midshipman School as an Ensign in the U.S. Naval Reserves, he was sent to Okinawa and China, but he did not see actual combat.

### TWO STARS IN THE WINDOW

A year and a half after Phil left for the service, Jim was drafted into the Army Air Force and was training as a tail gunner. At three different times he requested to be transferred to the infantry, but was refused each time - a definite answer to prayer. We prayed he might be spared that awful hand to hand combat of the foot soldier.

God was good in allowing both boys to return home from World War II unscathed.

### CHRISTMAS 1944 - From Christmas Letter

"This Christmas shall always remain with us as a fond memory. Phil and Jim - 'The Army and the Navy' - were both home on furlough.

"There were sixty boys and girls at our Christmas party in the afternoon. They were given lovely gifts and served ice cream and cake. Five boxes came from our home church in Wheaton, Ill., and one box contained gifts given at a shower held for us by one of the missionary groups.

"We wish you could have been with us at the Christmas program in the Ku Klux Klan hall and heard our boys and girls give their little recitations and sing their songs of praise. Before the program we had twenty minutes of carol singing by the adults, which was wafted out over the air by the use of a borrowed public address system.

"After the brief exercises a number of friends gathered in our home for a time of fellowship. The table in the dining room was laid for ten and all but two at that table were either preachers, or missionaries of CBM. There were two tables in the living room, one with eight missionaries and the other with four young people, and on the enclosed front porch was another table with six. According to an old Scandinavian custom at Christmas, we served rice and raisins with cream and sugar (in the south we eat rice with gravy) and we had Danish layer cake and iced tea. The weather was ideal and there was no need for a fire in the fireplace.

"It was not an occasion for merely eating and drinking, but one of real Christian fellowship, and we had a most blessed time in the Lord. There was much talent there - one would sing, another recite a poem, a verse of Scripture, a psalm, or some childhood recitation and so on. One friend sang in four different languages, another in African, all praises to Him whose birth we were commemorating. Song after song burst out around the tables and all would join in one grand chorus. It was a little foretaste of heaven.

"For old times sake we played 'Jingle Bells' on our water glasses as we used to do up north, to the great delight of our southern guests. Then after rising from the tables and joining hands in a circle we sang, 'Blest Be The Tie That Binds' and closed with a season of prayer.

"When our little family was alone we gathered once more around the Christmas tree as we have done down through the years on Christmas Eve. It was not without a touch of sadness as we remembered the boys who could not come home, the many lonely mothers and fathers, and especially the sad homes where that fine young man was missing, never more to return. Our hearts were lifted up in gratitude and praise to God for His goodness to us in permitting our little circle to be unbroken."

#### WESTSIDE GOSPEL TABERNACLE - From Prayer Letter

"First we want to share with you some good news, the fulfillment of our hearts' desire these many years - a Mission Building in this community. We had thought of going out into the woods and cutting logs for a rough shelter, but now the Lord is giving us the 'exceeding abundant,' a cement block building just a short half block from our home. This is how it came about.

"We have had the weekly children's meeting in our home for ten years and recently were urged to start a Sunday School also, which meant it was necessary to secure larger quarters, so we rented the Ku Klux Klan building temporarily. The Lord had been speaking to Mr. and Mrs. F.A. Smeltz, with whom we have been associated in Sunday School work for some time; they sold some property just at this time and felt led of the Lord to loan part of the money needed to erect a building on two lots which we had.

"The foundation is already in. We wish you could have seen the little ones trudging down the road with hoes, rakes and slingers, to help clear the ground of weeds and brush. One little tot, too small to handle a rake, came panting up to us and said, 'I told mamma you all need money for our church, but this is all I got,' and his chubby little hand opened and disclosed a penny, his all.

"The obstacles are legion these wartime days, but our God is able! Our greatest problem was lumber, which was frozen by the government. Again the Lord was mindful of His people and we found a small mill ten miles away where we could secure planed lumber if we hauled it away in two days. All trucks were taxed to the limit hauling citrus, but at the eleventh hour we found a semi-trailer we could borrow.

"We were also able to buy about twenty-five large trees. It is a lot of work cutting down the trees, trimming and snaking them out of the woods and hauling to the mill to be sawed into lumber. Again the Lord was good in permitting Phil and Jim to come home for the holidays and they helped with this and also with pouring the cement foundation. A block layer was hired and Walter mixed the mortar and carried the blocks.

"The greatest inspiration of all in the building of the tabernacle has been the enthusiasm of our boys and girls. After all, it is their very own church house, as they so proudly say. We gave them little church banks to fill and bring back as a love gift to the Lord Jesus. Two days later one little fellow came to the house and told us he already had \$1.50 in his bank - enough to buy a whole block and a half! We made crude sketches of the four sides of the building, marked off in squares, and for every dollar given one block was crossed off. The children are eagerly watching the crosses climb upwards, and the grownups too! The children's banks brought in \$181.60.

"At our Christmas program over \$350.00 was pledged. This was not on the program but a visiting evangelist felt led of the Lord to take a few minutes for this purpose. It was so unexpected, we were quite overcome by the interest of the people of the community.

"The Westside Gospel Tabernacle was dedicated March 29, 1945. The Lord sent various speakers from time to time and we had a thriving Sunday School. Brother Smeltz' daughter and her husband, the Bookers, pastored there for three years and then left to enter evangelistic work again. Brother Smeltz was Sunday School Superintendent and during the years we were on the ranch he had the full burden of the work."

#### BIBLE BAPTIST CHURCH

When Brother Spencer Williamson came from North Carolina in 1953 to pastor the church, the work was organized and the name changed from Westside Gospel Tabernacle to Bible Baptist Church. Brother Williamson was greatly beloved in the community and the Lord blessed his ministry. When he left five years later to begin a new work in Fort Lauderdale, Brother Jerome Noble became pastor.

Under Brother Noble's leadership many improvements have been made, a new parsonage purchased and an educational building erected. Recently the auditorium was enlarged to include a baptistry and an inquiry room and nursery added.

After working and worshipping with these dear people for twenty-five years, we felt a change would be good for us, so three years ago we began attending the Evangelical Free Church, where we are now members. Marie was brought up in a Mission Covenant Church in Chicago and used to attend the Evangelical Free Church in Ludington, Mich., every summer when on vacation.



## 10th ANNIVERSARY

The load had become so heavy and we both were broken down in health so we had found it necessary to resign officially from the Mission. However, after a year or so Marie went back into the office to work with Mrs. Beatrice Dash and Mr. George W. Curtice. On the 10th Anniversary of CBM the Florida workers gave a farewell party for us at the home of Mrs. Dash, as we were leaving Lakeland and moving to a ranch near Davenport (Fla.). We were presented with a gift of money and we received many letters and cards from the CBM missionaries in other states. Mr. Curtice read the following verses which he had written. (Mr. Curtice went to be with the Lord in 1955.)

God spake, and you heard,	God spake, but you knew not
Then you answered, like Samuel of old;	The portent of that which He said;
God gave you a burden	Some day you will meet,
To feed His children	And with joy you will greet
And bring them safe into His fold.	The children to Jesus you've led.

God spake, there was started  
A movement divine in its scope;  
The CBM children  
Whose number is legion,  
Your crown of rejoicing, your hope. (1 Thess. 2:19,20)

When the organization of the Children's Bible Mission was in process, and we were seeking to interest various ones to serve on the Council, the Lord gave me the following axioms in regard to the advantages of reaching children in the schools:

In the CHURCH we preach largely to those who come from Christian homes. In the SCHOOL we preach largely to those who come from ungodly homes.

In the CHURCH it is often necessary to get out and by some effort "drum up" a crowd. In the SCHOOL we have our crowd before us at all times.

In the CHURCH we have difficulty in getting the young people to stay for church service after Sunday School. In the SCHOOL we have only young people, who give most orderly attention to the message.

In the CHURCH we have to try to suit a message to both old and young. In the SCHOOL we prepare a message for the one class only.

In the CHURCH it is with effort that we get the young people to memorize Scripture. In the SCHOOL they seem eager to memorize Scripture.

In the CHURCH it is difficult to get fifty or more young people to preach to once a week. In the SCHOOL our average assembly is much more than fifty and often several hundred.

The Lord has blessed this work of faith and there are now over 100 workers. There were 47 camps in 10 states last summer (1961), with a total of 4,739 campers. During the last fiscal year 199,553 awards were given out to children memorizing Scripture verses. As we remember the humble beginning, we can only say, "It is the Lord's doing; it is marvellous in our eyes." Psalm 118:23.



"...SEND PORTIONS UNTO THEM FOR WHOM NOTHING IS PREPARED."

One night while waiting on the Lord for guidance, a voice seemed to say, "The colored boys and girls!" Then I remembered the little one room colored schools in the backwoods that I had visited when we first came to Florida, and the Lord burdened my heart to reach them also with the Word of God. In the early days of CBM the Bible Memory Program was confined largely to the white schools, but now they are reaching thousands of colored children and many attend camp.

A teacher in one of these little country schools said to me, "You look as though you think this is primitive! She apologized for her school and said the county superintendent had promised her new seats. In the center of the big room was a rough handmade table (some of the boards were one fourth of an inch thicker than the others) with a row of plank seats all the way around. At this table sat as many as could crowd in. These old tumble-down schools have long since been replaced with fine new consolidated schools.

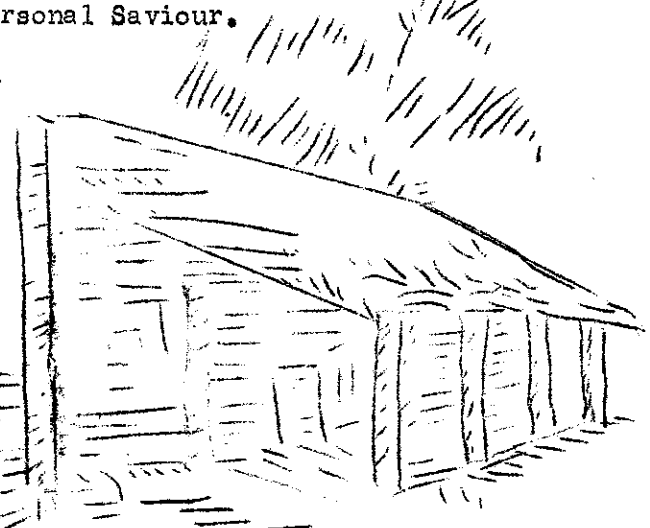
Every teacher approached was eager to accept the simple memorization plan whereby the children would receive a New Testament for learning 15 Bible verses and a scripture motto for 10 additional verses. They especially welcomed the offer of Moody Colportage Books as a circulating library. The teachers were calling for reading matter of any kind as very few of these schools had a library.

One Christian principal who was much interested in the spiritual welfare of his children, asked if I could supply him with a few books to get ahold of the truths of the Bible. It was a joy to tell him of our plan to furnish pastors with a set of 5 Moody books and that we would be glad to do the same for him.

After spending some time visiting the colored country schools, calling in the homes and talking with many pastors, I made a trip north to try to interest Christians in our southern Negro. I spoke and showed slides in many churches in Chicago and the surrounding area. Through our good friend, Mr. J.D. Hall, who was with the Moody Colportage for many years, we received grants of Moody books to be placed in these schools.

There were many precious experiences in working among the colored folks. In one two weeks period 11,000 scripture portions were given out, and four fine young men accepted the Lord as personal Saviour.

One incident in particular comes to mind. When distributing tracts in the colored quarters one day with Brother C.T. Patterson, who also had helped in CBM in Georgia and North Carolina, we led a young girl named Mary to the Lord. Some eight years later I happened to come to her home again. Her mother remembered me and said, "What did you do to my Mary? She has been so different from my other children. She won't go to dances or shows, and all she wants to do is to go to church and read her Bible!" "...If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature..." II Cor. 5:17



### THE LORD'S DELIVERANCE

As I was leaving town after a morning meeting in Boone, Iowa, two strapping young fellows hailed me. On opening the car door I said, "I guess I'm safe in giving you a ride." The spokesman replied, "I guess so - maybe!" I began witnessing to them, which they strongly opposed. One of them said, "Why do you have that old trailer hanging back there?" I told him it had been my home while showing slides in the churches on the need among the colored folk in the South. They ridiculed this and tried their best to get me angry, and every now and then they would say, "Now you are mad, so it's time for us to protect ourselves." I said, "Oh, no, you couldn't get me mad discussing the Gospel." Over and over they said, "If you just didn't have that old trailer back there!" Of course I knew they wanted my car.

All the while I was praying for the Lord's protection. At last we arrived in Early, Iowa, 100 miles west of Boone, where my sister lived. I suddenly turned off the highway at a corner where there were two or three gas stations, and told them, "This is as far as I go." As one of the fellows got out of the car he stuck his head through the window and said through clenched teeth, "...I would like to kill someone this morning." I said, "Yes, and hang by your neck and spend eternity in hell," to which he answered, "No I wouldn't - I'd go to purgatory for a hundred years to atone for my sins and then go to heaven." I replied, "Remember this, when once you get to hell you will stay there." Needless to say I was only too glad to get rid of those fellows.

On another occasion, just outside of Gary, Ind., I overtook a man on the road carrying a market basket. I asked if he were a farmer. He replied, "No." I added, "I thought you were since you are carrying that basket." He said, "That is only a ruse to get someone like you to pick me up. I am going to Tennessee and intend to get there tonight!" Oh, oh, I thought, "I am in for it again." He likewise resented any mention of the Gospel. I drove on for 100 miles or so, trying to keep him in good spirits until I reached my destination. Four men were sitting in front of a night club so I quickly swung in there, threw the door open and stepped out before he had time to think. He looked threateningly at me, hesitated a moment and then got out. That was the finale - no more hitchhikers for me!

I recall another frightening experience and close brush with death when four teen-age girls in a car deliberately tried to run me down. I had taken the little boys to school, as they were afraid of some mean boys, and was walking home on the left side of the road when this car, coming in the same direction, suddenly swung over toward me on the other side. I was facing the traffic so naturally didn't look behind me and didn't see them coming, but some unseen force seemed to impel me to quickly jump aside and up over the curb on the turf. They just missed me by a hair's-breadth and, as they drove wildly by pointing their finger at me, I heard one of them say, "Well, we nearly got you, you guy!" "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them" (Psalm 34:7).

"Why is light given to a man whose way is hid, and whom God hath hedged in" (Job 3:23).

" H E D G E D I N "  
PART IV

"LIGHTNING J"



The boys and I were sitting on the porch one evening considering a name, when a flash of lightning came and Phil spoke up and said "Lightning J Ranch" - "J" for Jensen and "Lightning" for action. And so we were in business as the "Lightning J."

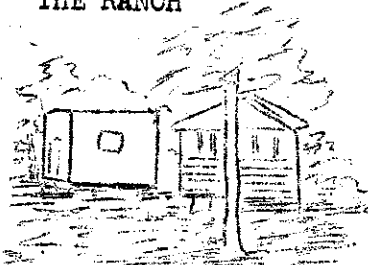
I had sold inter-communication equipment and fire extinguishers for many years to schools and institutions, stores, factories and business offices, which permitted me to give as much time as I chose to gospel work. When the boys were called into service and I had to look after the stock and couldn't travel so far afield, I began selling insurance. The "Memory Book" yields the following clipping from the insurance company news:

"Meet W.A. Jensen, the latest of the Lakeland lads to break out in that coveted Emblem awarded for three Plus Fifteens in a row. Started with us in December, landed his first Fifteen, and it's a habit. Congratulations on some great doing, Mr. Jensen. A man surely has what it takes when he keeps right on adding the stars despite a broken ankle, and we do mean you, Walter Jensen." (The broken ankle, as you will perhaps remember, prompted this booklet.)

The District Manager told me the Company expected me to be sociable and to treat prospects to drinks, etc. I said that was something I could not do and assured him it would not be necessary to do that in order to sell a client. I also related to him my experience out west with the Gurney Seed and Nursery Company when I refused to do this and in three weeks was the third highest in sales. "THEM THAT HONOR ME I WILL HONOR..." 1Sam. 2:30.

The boys sent their pay checks home to build up a nice herd and soon had 70 head of cattle. We kept them informed by regular "Lightning J" bulletins, playfully designating ourselves as "Walter Jensen, Foreman-Protem" and "Marie Jensen, Acting Secretary." It was not all play, however. There were many problems - doctoring for screw worm, dipping for ticks, strays to be rounded up, broken down fences to mend, etc.etc.

THE RANCH



The time soon came when we realized that rented pasture in the backyard of a city was no place for cattle raising, so when we had an opportunity to purchase two sections of raw land five miles north of Haines City at \$8.00 an acre, the boys felt we should do so. We made a down payment and put our home up for sale. We also had 25 lots which we sold.

In the meantime Jim had come home from the Army. He was so much needed at home that we requested his release, and he was discharged just as he was about to be shipped over to Germany. We parked our house trailer on the land and started clearing, fencing and building. The home was sold sooner than we had expected and as we had to give immediate possession, we bought secondhand doors and windows and enclosed the big storage and tractor shed we had built, installed a sink, built cupboards and a porch across the front, and covered the walls with flowered building paper. It made a cosy, comfortable five room house and we liked it so well that it was a year and a half before we built our permanent ranch house, when we needed the building for storing hairy indigo seed.

## A SAILOR'S DREAM

Our activities on the ranch were followed with much interest by Phil out in the Pacific. He was our financier and his Navy pay kept things going as it was all outgo and no income. While on his ship, the U.S.S. Rehoboth, (Japan) he wrote the following verses and sent to us.

It lies on the unending plains,  
Through it lazily wends a stream;  
The abundance of timber proclaims  
It's wealth of no little means.

It is the consumation of our hopes,  
Beyond even our wildest dreams;  
And in its very gentle slopes,  
The fortune of happiness gleams.

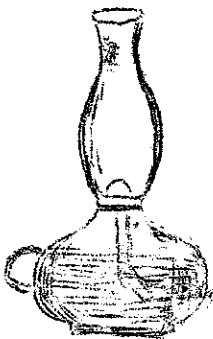
It is not so many acres of land,  
Far from that let it ever be.  
Although some may be like desert sand,  
Oil abounds beneath those trees.

May we always thankful be  
To the Giver of all good things,  
The God of our fathers and me;  
May we be worthy of His blessings.

The ranch was located on the edge of the Big Green Swamp and it was estimated there was more than a million feet of cypress on it. There was an oil lease on the place and that is what Phil referred to, but while we were there they never did start drilling.

## LIFE ON THE RANCH

We tried to drill a well in several places before we finally struck water, and for the first month we had to haul water half a mile from a neighbor's house. Later we had a deep well put down (178 ft.) and an electric pump installed, also a big water tank, so we had running water and electricity in all buildings, including the chicken and turkey houses, and also by the watering trough for stock. It was wonderful not to have to pump and carry water and to have electric lights after using kerosene lamps for almost two years. However, we all loved life on the ranch despite the inconveniences and hard work.



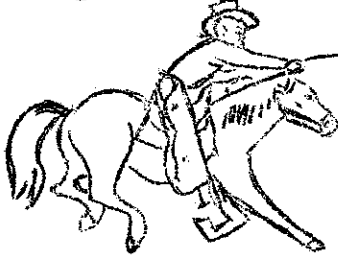
It was a glad day when Phil came home from the Navy. We needed him so much. (He arrived in Okinawa just after the shooting was over and spent some time in China and Japan.) Within a year there was a wedding in the little church in Lakeland and Phil brought his bride to live on the ranch in the little home he had built for her. She was Fern Houseman, one of six daughters in a fine Christian family whom we had known for many years. (Mr. and Mrs. Houseman helped in one of the early CBM camps.) In the course of time two fine little boys, Wayne and Kenny, came to gladden their home - and ours.

The only access to the ranch was through a citrus grove and when cars got stuck in the sand, as they often did, we had to go with tractor to pull them out. Finally the county sent out a crew of convicts to put in a fill over a big swamp hole and they built a good clay road for us. One day in walking over this fill I saw a wildcat playing with her two babies. They had her down on her back so she didn't see me until I was within twenty feet of them. I startled her so that with one leap she was off into the brush with the two little ones following. It was wild country and the woods and swamps were full of wildcats, possums, raccoons, alligators, water moccasins and rattlesnakes, some of which were thick as a man's arm. One year we lost a valuable quarter horse and two head of cattle, bitten by rattlesnakes. There was plenty of wild game, too, but we were too busy to do much hunting.

## LOGGING

We purchased a used sawmill and supplied 25 citrus packing companies with bulkhead lumber for six years, which we delivered in a big semi tractor-trailer. In order to get the big cypress timber out of the swamp we hired a man from Tampa to build us a tractor with rear wheels 14 feet high and 4 feet wide, but we found the cost too great so abandoned that and used a 1000 ft. cable.

The boys had bulldozers to clear our own land and they also did some outside work. We had two combines for harvesting hairy indigo seed and one year we combined 10 tons of seed. Phil kept all the machinery running and, having secondhand equipment, there were frequent breakdowns.



We bought and sold cattle and I made weekly trips with the cattle truck to the Lakeland and Kissimmee markets. The pasture was improved as rapidly as possible and we grazed about 200 head. Jim was a real cowboy. He could rope a steer or calf at almost any angle and speed and I saw him rope the feet as readily as the upper part of the body. He had trained his horse, Flicka, as a real roping horse and to stand still anywhere in the pasture where he left her. Phil's horse, Blaze, was of racing stock and had the speed. My horse, Maude, was very trustworthy, but not a real cow horse.

We went through two hurricanes during the seven years on the ranch. The worst one had winds up to 125 miles an hour and we were right in the center of the storm. We battened down the best we could and boarded up all windows, but the whole roof was taken off the ranch house so the water came pouring in and the whole place was flooded. We pushed beds and furniture to the outside walls for a little protection by the wide eaves, and piled things high on the piano, but it was weeks before mattresses and bedding were dried out, and many things were completely ruined. The turkey house was partly destroyed and pieces of tin were found wrapped around trees in the swamp a quarter mile away. We had 100 turkeys in the house when the roof went off, but we did not lose a bird. The turkeys were real watch dogs - not that we needed any for we had two good dogs - but the gobblers would make a terrible fuss whenever a strange car drove down the lane.

## TRAPPED


The wife loves to tell the following on me, as recorded in the "Memory Book." "One evening while lying on our beds reading before retiring, we heard a commotion outdoors and we feared there was a coon or possum in the chicken house. While Walter was struggling to get into his shoes, I quickly grabbed the flashlight and gun and rushed out. As I stood outside waiting for him I heard a muffled cry, 'Mother, mother, where are you?' I flashed my light through the bedroom window and replied, 'Why, I'm out here, but where are you?' After a moment's hesitation a meek voice said, 'I'm in the clothes closet and all the clothes have fallen down on me. I'll be right there.'

"Finding nothing amiss we went back into the house and when our laughter had subsided so we could stand up, we got busy and brought order out of chaos in the closet. When he finally got his shoes on, Walter hurriedly jumped up to join me and rushed through what he supposed was the doorway leading from the bedroom into the hall going outdoors, but instead landed in the closet. This, in spite of the fact that there was a light in the room. He had forgotten that I had rearranged the beds and furniture during the day, which got him confused as to the exit. Even when his forehead hit the rod with such force that he knocked it down, he could not get his bearings and called to me to find out where I was so he could tell where he was. It was funny, and we had a good laugh over it."

A SHADOW FALLS (From Memory Book - February 1948)

"The latter part of last summer we noticed Grandma Ekwall was failing. The local doctor finally said we must put her in the Lakeland hospital. After two weeks the specialist who was called said everything possible had been done and now the only thing to do would be to operate. Her advanced age (85) would not permit that, so we took her home. She was a pathetic sight, so thin and weak, could not even turn over and had to be cared for just like a baby day and night. It hurt us to see that loved one who had ministered so lovingly to us these many years, lying there so helpless, and we asked the Lord that she might be raised up to enjoy the new home a little while after pioneering so bravely with us. God answered prayer and she is now able to come to the table for meals. She is very frail, like a piece of fragile Dresden China, but not in any pain."

PRESENT WITH THE LORD - (Written Sept. 1949)



"We sorrow not as those who have no hope." "Our dear grandma went to be with the Lord June 27th and is resting from her labors. She would have been 86 years old July 19th. How we miss her! There is an ache in the heart and a big void in the home, but we could not wish her back in this old world of suffering and sorrow. The end came quite unexpectedly, as she had been much worse several times when we thought she would slip away from us. Just an hour before she passed away she got a severe pain and prayed so pathetically, 'Dear Jesus, take me home soon.' He did. Mr. Curtice of CBM had the funeral service and the beloved form was laid to rest in the Haines City Cemetery."

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints"

(Psalm 116:15).

We went back and forth to the church in Lakeland every week, and sometimes twice on Sunday, for a year and a half, but it was a sixty mile round trip and we could not keep that up. We didn't get any real spiritual food in the local churches, so it was very easy to just stay at home, with the result that our spiritual life was at very low ebb. We were so engrossed with our many activities that the work of the Lord was forgotten. Then Roy and Fern Tillotson, who had just arrived in the States on furlough from Argentine, stopped to visit us. They were a real blessing and the Lord used Roy as the instrument in His hands in leading Jim to the place of full surrender and fulltime service for Him.

Jim immediately enrolled in the Moody Correspondence Courses, and then went to Columbia Bible College under the GI bill, and later to New Tribes Missionary Boot Camp at Fouts Springs, Calif. Here he met Darlene Olsen, a sweet little blonde from Nebraska, who became his wife and they are now serving the Lord together in South America. It was a hard decision for Jim to make as he loved the ranch dearly, but the Lord won the battle.

We had an opportunity to dispose of the ranch at a good profit, so we sold out after Jim left. Mother and I went back to Lakeland while Phil and family moved to St. Petersburg. Phil loved the water and navigating, so he went into the boat and fishing business. This also gave him plenty opportunity to use his mechanical skill. And so we came to the parting of the ways.

"And now brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up..." (Acts 20:32).



THE NEW HOME - (From Memory Book - August 1953)

"How true the old saying, 'You can take the boy out of the country, but you can't take the country out of the boy!' Though city dwellers once more, our love for God's beautiful outdoors persists, and He has graciously given us, right here in Lakeland, a bit of the woodsy environment we so loved on the ranch.

At the back of our lot flows a little stream (a canal really) and Walter built a bridge across it and rustic seats and a table on the other side under the big live oak trees. Vegetation is profuse along the banks, and there are water oak, bay, cabbage palm and pine trees, wild grapevines and ferns in abundance, with many wild flowers. Beyond is an open field. Quail strut proudly, unafraid, around the yard, and the mocking bird sings sweetly as he flits from tree to tree. Little dips in the bed of the stream create miniature waterfalls which make delightful music as it trickles along. And so we have a lovely secluded nook right at our back door.

"We retained two lots when we moved to the ranch, just one block south of the old home, and started building a year ago the first of this month while winding up affairs on the ranch. As the boys had already left, we traveled back and forth every day for two and a half months (round trip of 60 miles). We got up at five o'clock to take care of the chores, left the ranch at six and began work on the house in Lakeland at seven, so we were worn out when we moved into an unfinished house the last of October. We did much of the work ourselves, hiring only one carpenter, and did all the painting after moving in. We planned the house so as to make two apartments and we have just fixed up the three room apartment for Jim and Darlene as we expect them to come home this winter. We are anxious to meet our new daughter-in-law.

"We had just tuned in on the Paul Harvey broadcast on July 9th when he announced that 14 missionaries from New Tribes Boot Camp at Fouts Springs, Calif. had perished while fighting a forest fire. We felt certain that Jim was among them as he was always quick to volunteer in any emergency, and then and there we gave our boy up as dead. We immediately put in a long distance call to headquarters at Chico, Calif. and learned that Jim had not gone out. He used to go out on the fire line but had to stop because of severe attacks of poison oak. Two urgent calls for men came through so he volunteered again to go and drive one of the trucks, but they would not permit him to do so because of the poison oak danger from smoke. We lifted our hearts in thanksgiving to God for sparing our son, but our hearts ached for all those who had lost loved ones.

"When the house was finished we started a small mail order printing business in our home, and Walter had many opportunities for witnessing as he called on trade. Our main objective still is to get the Gospel out. We also have a little ministry here in the old neighborhood where we labored for so many years."

FROM MEMORY BOOK - December 1955

Walter is as active as ever, witnessing for the Lord and giving out gospel tracts as he contacts people in his sales work; besides giving much time to the little church. Ever since we were married Walter has wanted to take me on a trip to see his beloved West, especially his old stamping grounds in Nebraska. As Jim and Darlene were up there this summer visiting her folks, it seemed an opportune time to make such a trip. But I was not free to go.



"We finally prevailed upon Walter to make the trip alone. He went by bus. They had a wonderful time at the Maranatha Bible Conference at North Platte, Neb., and visiting old landmarks and friends Walter had not seen for more than fifty years.

"I have been back in the office of the Children's Bible Mission since Mr. Curtice went to be with the Lord on Feb. 1st. My dear co-worker, Mrs. Beatrice Dash, and I simply took up where we left off when we moved to the ranch, and fell into harness again like two old war horses. That is the reason I had to forego the trip out west."

FOR THOSE WHO WORK BEHIND THE SCENES 1 Chron.4:23

My Potter's wheel, my hedge, is where I see a desk and office chair, And well I know my Lord is there.	And nothing is too small to tell To Him with Whom I always dwell, My Counsellor, Emmanuel.
And all my work is for a King, Who gives His potter songs to sing, Contented songs, through everything.	O Lord, Thy choice is good to me, It is a happy thing to be Here in my office - here with Thee.

(This poem has been on Marie Jensen's desk in CBM office through the years.)

FROM MEMORY BOOK December 1955

"Jim and Darlene and little Jamie left for Cuba five weeks ago to join some missionary friends, the Wares, who were calling for help. They are having a wonderful ministry and are so happy. The foundation Jim had in high school and Columbia Bible College has served him in good stead in mastering the Spanish language so he can make himself understood. He had been in Cuba only a week when he gave his first testimony in Spanish.

"Phil and Fern are still in St. Petersburg. Wayne and Kenny are such manly little fellows. They used to love to come over to visit us during school vacation, but now that grandmommie is gone every day we do not see them so often. Little Karen Lynn, the only granddaughter and the pride of the Jensen clan, is a year old. She is so vivacious and gets around like a streak of lightning; walked when nine months old. She loves to be out in the garden with her mommie. Fern's flowers and shrubs are the talk of the neighborhood. They have a lovely home on the outskirts of the city, with a big woods and open field on two sides - an ideal place for children.

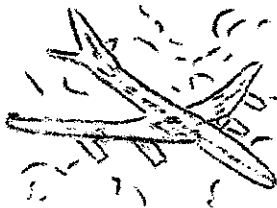


#### A FOND HOPE REALIZED (From Christmas Letter December 1957)

"At the present time Walter is studying Spanish! It has been his heart's desire to spend his 75th birthday on the mission field with Jim in Nicaragua, and when a friend handed him \$50.00 "for the Nicaragua trip," he felt that it was the Lord's will that he go. He hopes to leave in March. What a joy it will be for father and son to labor together for a little while in that river-jungle region."

#### FIRST TURBO JET FLIGHT

When I was a student at the Moody Bible Institute an urgent call came for missionaries to Africa and I volunteered, but was turned down because I was "too old" - almost 33 years of age! Now, 42 years later, I spent my 75th birthday on the foreign mission field!



On the last day of March (1958) I was one of thirteen passengers on the first Turbo-jet flight leaving Miami. The weather was stormy and it was a rough flight. The following "log" might be of interest.

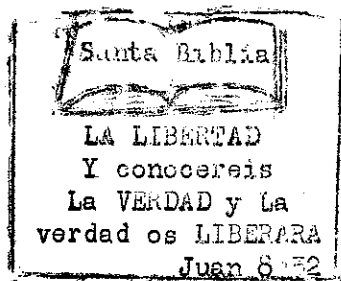
Left Miami Monday morning March 31st. Boarded plane 7:05 a.m., left runway 7:15. Breakfasted 7:30 - 8, dandy meal. Flying far above clouds, sunshine beautiful. Just passed through black cloud, rough; now smooth. Still clouds above and looking down see only haze. Great thunderclouds below. My ears are tingling. Seemed to hit a vacuum, dropped. Huge black clouds at our left. Rising above them. Dense darkness below. Thought we were about to tip over. Grabbed my seat and straightened the plane! Hazy out now, sun gone. Bumpy again - 8:30. Lightning flashing, rain beating, rough. Plane dropped bad. Pillows and clothes flying, children crying. How helpless is man! Praying. Sun shining again, what a relief. Stewardess picking up clothes, pillows, etc. Trying to comfort passengers. Pleasant sight now. This is the world. Weather fine. Haven't met SPUTNIK yet! Stewardess says we are up 18,000 feet. Can see nothing but clouds and space below. COMING IN - 11:05. Safe on the first lap of the journey. PRAISE THE LORD!

#### IN A STRANGE LAND

When we arrived at Managua, the capital of Nicaragua, the lady whose children cried so on the plane, asked me what I thought of the ride. I told her it was my first trip and it scared me aplenty. She said she had been flying many times a year for eight years as her husband works for the airlines and she gets passes, and this was the roughest flight she had ever experienced.

There were black heads everywhere; only saw about half a dozen blondes. The outstanding thing was that there was not an immodestly dressed person on the streets - no shorts, whether child or adult, and nothing resembling men's apparel worn by women. It is definitely forbidden by law.

A missionary, Brother Kensinger, was at the airport to meet me and took me to his home, where I stayed for several days until I could get reservation on the small cross country plane from Managua on the west coast to Bluefields on the east coast. Jim met me there at the airport and we went in his motor boat sixty miles up a river so crooked that we went north and south, east and west, to his home near Rama. There are no roads, no landing strips, and boat travel is the only means of transportation.



#### LA LIBERTAD (Freedom Headquarters)

Jim had purchased 4 acres of land in the jungle on the Siquia River and built a mission home out of rough "mahogany" lumber, which is very common down there. We sent tin from the States for the roof. In front of the house is a big attractive sign (made by Douglass Signs Company of Lakeland) with an open Bible and John 8:32 printed in Spanish - "And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free," which can readily be seen and read by all passing by on the river. Some stop to inquire about "this way" and many have been led to the Lord at La Libertad.

The believers meet here every Sunday for Bible Study, prayer and fellowship, and also several times during the week. The meetings on Sunday last anywhere from four to seven hours. One brother paddles 9 hours to attend the services. He cannot make it in one day so stops overnight with his mother-in-law coming and going.

The new converts are trained to go out and win others. There were ten or twelve real apt disciples, capable of teaching others. First they win their own wives and children. The women do not come to the meetings. Man and wife dare not leave their home at the same time as they cannot lock them (most have open sides) and the few things they have would be stolen. The people are so very poor. One night a six year old boy died and the mother couldn't afford to buy a few boards to make a box, so a man was asked to come and bury him. He dug a shallow hole and buried him face up, which is quite common here.

There were ten ready for baptism while I was there, but after the strong exhortation Jim gave them as to the meaning of baptism - an open testimony to the world of the power of the gospel to transform a life, and that such a testimony must be maintained at any cost, five of them turned back.

#### WITNESSING IN BLUEFIELDS

I spent some time in Bluefields with missionary friends while Jim and Darlene went on to Costa Rica, where little Davie was born. Two-thirds of the people here are Creoles and speak English. I gave out tracts over a large section of this city of 10,000 population and in practically every business place. In one store the man introduced me to his daughter. She said, "I feel like I know you already." I said, "How is that?" She replied, "One day you came by the house and handed me a tract and spoke so pleasantly to me, so each day I would be on the porch waiting for you to come by. You always nodded and smiled so pleasantly, I wondered if all Americans were like that."

One day I handed a tract to a man on the street when an American priest stepped up and said, "What is that you are giving out?" He looked at it, handed it back to me and said, "Take that, you heretic. Where are you going to be tomorrow night?" I told him I was speaking in the little palm-thatched church on the hill. Then he said, "I have a notion to bring a gun and shoot you dead and all those who hold with you." I said, "Oh, is that the kind of gospel you preach, a gospel of kill? We preach a gospel of love." He added, "Yes, I would kill every one of you heretics." I said, "I wouldn't care whether you were a heretic or not, if I could get my arm around you and lead you to Christ,

I would do so." At that he turned away, seeing he could get nowhere with me. About two hours later, on another street, I heard stones whizzing by my head and as I looked around three boys ducked into a garage. They missed me by inches.

It was my privilege to lead an 87 year old man to Christ. He showed me where he knelt 30 minutes a day praying for his ten children, and there were actually dents in the floor where his knees rested on the rough boards. I asked him if he knew he was really saved, to which he replied, "I'm not sure, but I want to be." It was a joy to show him from the Scriptures the way of salvation.

I said to two young men whom I had led to the Lord, "Now don't turn back as soon as I leave you. The one said, "What should we turn back to, the thing we have waited so long to get away from?" I thought of the words of Peter, "...To whom shall we go; thou hast the words of eternal life." John 6:68.

The father in a very poor home told me a pathetic story of how their oldest daughter had disappeared two years earlier. The priest had been there some months previous and asked for permission to have this daughter for the prayer room. He offered to give money for her, but of course the father rejected the offer. He feared they would never see her again. "That is Catholicism for you," he added, and wept. I gave them some coins, they were so poor, and left them. Little do we know the sorrow and grief in the hearts of people the world over.

One day I met a young man and asked him if he had been born again. He said, "I go to the Anglican Church." "But, young man, that isn't what I asked," I replied. He said he had never heard of such a thing as being born again. I took him to the 3rd chapter of John and he actually seemed to be frightened. I assured him that was the only way of salvation. We had prayer and I committed him to the Lord and the Word of His grace.



#### COSTA RICA

I flew from Bluefields to Managua and took the bus from there to San Jose to join Jim and Darlene. During the 15 hour trip I believe we passed at least 20-25 smoking volcanoes. A Christian storekeeper whom Jim met when he was in language school there, gave him the use of his new house for two months, and the school loaned him furniture, so we were very comfortable while in San Jose. I had very little opportunity for ministry there, however, as almost everyone spoke Spanish.

It was in Costa Rica that Jim met Ruben Rodriguez when handing out tracts in the immigration office, where he had gone to see about their papers. Ruben had come there from Panama to take up aviation. Jim invited Ruben to come over to the house, which he did the following day, and after dealing with him for about three hours and carefully explaining the way of salvation, Jim led him to the Lord - one of the most precious trophies man ever had the privilege of leading to Christ.

Jim was anxious to see this promising young man established in the faith and invited Ruben to come to Nicaragua for a month or so, and suggested he accompany me. I was taking their baggage by plane to Port Limon, C.R., and from there by boat to Bluefields, while the family flew by way of Managua. Ruben said, "All right, I will. I'll come by train and meet you at Port Limon. I really didn't expect him to come, so didn't even go down to meet the train, but went out distributing tracts and witnessing. When I returned to my room, there he was!



It was so stormy the boat would not venture out and we had to wait over ten days. Ruben spoke English so we had a wonderful time studying the Word, distributing tracts and witnessing. Just twelve days after Ruben was saved he gave a message in the church. He spoke in Spanish so I couldn't understand it, but the people where we stayed said it was wonderful. Finally the storm abated some and we were on our way, but it was rough sailing and Ruben was sick the entire time until we reached Bluefields. Ordinarily this trip takes four days, but we were 17 days on the way because of the layover. Jim and Darlene were very much concerned when we did not arrive on schedule, and especially so since there was a rumor that the boat had gone down. They learned later this was not so. Instead of spending a month in Nicaragua, Ruben stayed on permanently and he and Jim have been working together for four years now.

It is Jim's conviction, and the way the Lord has led him, that when believers have been disciplined and trained to win others, and a healthy, indigenous church established, that the foreign missionary should move on to other needy areas. When Jim told the brethren that it was time for him to leave and go on to South America, they said, "Yes, Brother Jim, you must go and teach others as you did us. If you had not come to us, we all would have gone to hell." They felt they were sufficiently well instructed to evangelize their own people and the first year 21 new believers were added to their fellowship. Ruben has been back to Nicaragua twice to strengthen the brethren, and he and Jim are in constant touch with them by correspondence. The church is thriving and they are going forward on their own, evangelizing and winning precious souls.

"And the thing which thou hast heard of me among many witnesses, the same commit thou to faithful men who shall be able to teach others also" (2 Tim. 2:2).

#### THE GOOD OLD USA

When it came time for me to return to the States after a five months stay in Nicaragua, they had neglected to enter my reservation (typical of Latin America) and I had to wait over two days. I knew Marie was waiting at the airport in Miami so we had to phone from Managua and have her paged! It was wonderful to have the privilege of making a trip like this. One can never be the same after seeing the tremendous need on the foreign field. But, oh, how good it seemed to be back in the good old USA, to enjoy pure, cool water instead of brackish river water or rain water alive with wigglers, and to have well balanced meals instead of rice and beans twice a day.

I shall never forget those dear brethren in Nicaragua, so wholly dedicated to their Lord. I brought home some good slides,

which we showed in many homes and churches. The Lord used them to challenge His people to pray for these earnest believers as they go up and down the rivers with the Gospel message.

#### LITERATURE FOR LATIN AMERICA

In Rama, with a population of 600, not a paper or magazine ever came there. Any scrap of paper found was hung on the wall as a decoration or reading matter. One man who had lived there for five years never had a paper of any kind to read during that time. He said to Jim, "Won't you please find something for me to read? It doesn't matter if it is three or four years old, it will be new to me." The hunger for "something to read" is beyond imagination.

When I came home from Nicaragua I approached Ted Ware, who had spent five years in Cuba, with a plan to put out scriptural wall cards to hang on the walls of the dismal hovels so many people call home. He had seen the great need and was immediately interested. A motto with such texts as John 3:16, Acts 4:12, John 10:9,10, etc., would bring hope and cheer to these needy hearts, and God has promised that His Word shall not return unto Him void.

We formed an organization known as the World Spanish Scripture Crusade, Inc., whose purpose and aim is to place these wall cards in Spanish speaking homes everywhere; also to distribute tracts and Scripture portions, by land, sea and air. A missionary base and headquarters have been established at Key Largo. This location affords ready access to the islands and one boat is already in operation. Many wall cards have been given out in Cuba and in Columbia, S.A., and recently the Lord provided funds to cover Mexico with them. Brother Ted is there now distributing these silent messengers and giving out the Gospel in the highways and byways.

#### FINALE

During the past ten years, since our return from the ranch, I have covered practically all of Lakeland with tracts and much of the western and northern half of rural Polk County. I was quite amused one day when a lady called to her neighbor, "Here comes our tract man! You know he hasn't been here for two years, and now here he is." While we have not seen too many definite results from this tract ministry, a few souls have been saved. I have especially enjoyed working in the colored section and with boys and girls.

I am still doing some soliciting and Marie continues on in the CBM office. The Lord has also given us a little ministry in entertaining missionaries. This is a sort of half-way house to Latin America. During 1961 eight different missionary parties stayed with us, and Ruben was here several months. Jim and Darlene went to Peru when they left Nicaragua, where they have labored for the past two years. They have four children - Jamie, Sharon, Davie and Becky. Phil and Fern also have four - Wayne, Kenny, Karen and Dale.

Mother lived to the ripe old age of 86 and went to be with the Lord Sept. 13, 1944, Brother Al and Sister Lizzie in 1957, so now there are only four of us left - two brothers and two sisters. When mother was converted she claimed the promise in Acts 16:31, "...Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved and thy house," and she never ceased to pray that all her family might be saved. Thank God for mother's prayers.

Whether our remaining days be many or few, may we "be found faithful." "Looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Savior Jesus Christ" (Titus 2:13).

"Why is light given to a man whose way is hid,  
and whom the Lord hath hedged in" (Job 3:23).