

## FOREWARD

When I was reading and studying, and translating Grandmother Schultz's Autobiography; I recalled many of the incidents she had mentioned to us, in days gone by.

I also realized what a talent my grandmother had for writing. If she only could have made use of that while she lived. I noticed that she could describe it all so vividly. I tried to bring out, in my translation, as much as I was able; her feelings and her thoughts.

What faith, what courage and determination our foreparents had. What a Heritage was ours, where God and His Word, was number one in their Daily Living.

I remember Grandmother more from the time Aunt Albertina was so sick with typhus, and died. We were a privileged family, in that, nearly all of Grandmother's life, we all lived within driving distance. We had many, many a family gathering. I can well remember some of the sing-songs we had there around Grandmother's old organ, when some of my Aunts were still at home. I do remember one time especially, when a young man named Mr. Rempel was there, and he had a lovely tenor voice. They sang. "Alles, Alles, ist mir Jesus."

And the large strongly built swing they had. How I used to love to swing on it, so high, that I could look over the top.

As I grew older, in my early teens, I sometimes helped my Grandmother plant potatoes; also helped her houseclean. She was the one that taught me, there is a place for everything and everything should be in its place. I recall she gave me cloth for a dress once after I had helped her. And once she had knit a pair of stockings for me in a fancy lacy stitch.

Then I also remember, after my Aunts were married, when we would go down the river hills; first to pick Saskatoon berries; and in late summer, we would pick choke-cherries, and high bush Cranberries. The Cranberries were a pleasure to pick, they were in flat clusters larger than the palms of an adult's hand, and in a short time a milk pail would be full. And before long a flour sack was filled. They were picked before they were ripe, they ripened after they were picked. We would make Cranberry Jelly, or Cranberry and Chokecherry Jelly, etc. The Cranberries were high in pectin.

So the years passed by; my Uncles got married and established their own homes. I got married. Grandmother moved to Waldheim into a small home, one block from the Schultz Garage - owned by Uncle Alex and Uncle Arthur Schultz. In the fall of 1941, my husband Benjamin Loewen and I with our family moved to St. Catharines, Ont. In the spring of 1942 my parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Schultz, and my sisters Hilda and Lena moved to St. Catharines, Ont. In June of 1943 my parents came to Waldheim for a visit; especially to visit Grandmother Schultz, who was not well then. She passed away September 1st, 1943.

Since my parents had been to see her in June, and Dad could not get time off from his job, my youngest son, Reuben aged 5, and I came west for her funeral. That ended her Chapter in Life here on Earth, in her seventy-seventh year.

Mrs. Harry Keyes  
Nee - Annie Schultz



Grandmother                      and                      Grandfather Schulte  
Daughter Lena    Daughter Anna    Son Henry

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MRS. ELIZABETH SCHULTZ nee UNRUH

Many years ago I had written down some of my experiences, but did not complete them. I will now put it into book form, as a remembrance for my children.

I was born on October 7, 1866, in a village in Russia called Heinrichsdorf, near the Polish border. My parents were Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Unruh. I can remember so many experiences of my early childhood. I was their first born.

My parents were then what they called big Farmers. They owned two holdings or farms. My father first owned the one farm on one side of the road. After the death of my mother's mother, father bought that farm too, which was just across the road from our farm. Both farms had all necessary buildings and both had orchards of apples, pears, plums, cherries, and apricots which were delicious. After Grandmother's death, my mother also had to look after her three younger brothers, until they grew up and left. My Dad had hired help. The tilling of the land he hired done. He enjoyed weaving canvas very much; with one helper they kept two machines going day and night. I remember the noise of those machines, as though it were just recently.

Our village was a large one, several hundred inhabitants, with a large church and school, several stores, a tailor and a Shoe Repair. A large Grist Mill and towards the outskirts of the village there was a Hotel. Due to the fights that often resulted from excessive drinking, my Dad who was a Deputy was often called.

My parents also had a maid at that time, her name was Eva Voth. I loved her dearly. When I would hear her up in the morning singing, usually, "My God now it is morning again," I would take my clothes on my arm and hurry to Eva and she would help me dress. Through her I learned my first morning prayer also the Lord's Prayer. She taught me to sing, which I enjoyed so much.

One morning, after she had made fire in the big heater and was going to the barn to milk the two cows. She warned me not to go too close to the heater. But when she was outside, I stood with my back towards the heater, to warm my back. All of a sudden the back of my dress was on fire, more I do not remember. They said they found me running around outside. Father and Eva found me. Father wrapped me in a blanket to smother the flames. My back was quite badly burnt, but it healed in time, leaving some scars. I was about five years old at the time.

Of my mother's mother, my dear Grandmother, I can recall a few things quite clearly. One morning I ran away across the street to Grandmother's house. It seems I can see how small I was at that time. She picked me up, kissed and hugged me, and said, "You're a bad girl, running away, Mother will spank you." But whether I got a spanking or not, I do not remember.

Then I can remember that she died, and I saw her in the coffin in church. Mother took me on her lap and showed me Grandmother in the coffin, but I cried and said "She is not dead, see how red her cheeks are". Some time later I got sick, and in my delirium, I thought I was burning again, but I got over that in time.

One Sunday, I can remember; we were going visiting, my Mother's two sisters, Eva, our maid, and my sister Anna and I. Anna and I had just received new wooden shoes, and were we pleased. But we did not really know yet how to walk with them, we always lost them. The water is very shallow there, no homes had cellars; everyone had outside cellars. And beside the roads were ditches filled with water. At every approach was a little bridge. I insisted on walking too close to the ditch, was told I would fall in. All of a sudden I stumbled, my shoe fell into the water first and I after - was I soaked, my new dress all wet. Well - Eva took Anna and me, both on her arm and carried us home. Dried the dress and pressed it, and parents never knew of the incident until years later when we were grown up and told them about it.

I always begged parents, I wanted to go along with our neighbor children, herding cattle. After hesitating quite awhile, because my parents thought me too young; They let me go along one day. While there, we smaller children were picking and eating ripe strawberries. All of a sudden we heard the cattle lowing and running as though in fright. We ran for home - the cattle were there ahead of us. A neighbor came running over to see whether we were all alive, for he said ... just where we were ... someone had seen a big wolf jump the fence, after he killed a yearling calf.

Another experience is very vivid in my mind still. We went to play in an area called "bleach field", that is where the canvases were bleached. There was a well close by, water up to the top. One of the little ones fell into the well. We all screamed for help. Father came running, and pulled him out, he was floating on top. Father told us, if we were found in that vicinity again, we would all get a spanking. We did not doubt our Father's word.

Then the beginning of my schooldays began, with a lot of advice and admonition, I was sent to school. I knew the A, B, C, also knew quite a bit by memory. There was a big boy in school who was still at his A, B, C, although having been in school for several years. He was always being punished by the teacher. One day I asked my father to tell the teacher not to punish that boy so much. He said I should just watch myself. Then one day a girl whistled during school period. The teacher scolded her, she never came back to school again. She became very ill and died not long after. We always thought she took sick and died because of the teacher's scolding. But the Doctor said she had typhoid.

I remember the "peddlers". And The Gypsy's, of whom all we children were scared. Also the day the railroad was built across our land, only a quarter of a mile from our house. What A Day! When the train stopped against our place. A few of my uncles took a ride on it. Some of my aunts cried, they were scared the men would be taken away. They got off at a nearby village and were soon home again, filled with the wonder of it all.

How it drove! Never dreaming that soon "the train" would be a common sight.

Then a time of great excitement came to our home. My aunt, mother's sister, was getting married. There was a hustling and a bustling going on at our house - rolls and Stritzel were being baked; and I was allowed to fire the outside Baking Oven. Cooked ham and a fruit mousse were being prepared. While I was at the oven, and the others busy, a terrible message was brought to our place. The Family Wedel's were all murdered. (There was a lot of unrest in that area at that time. A delegation of our men had been sent to the Kaiser, to ask for permission for the Mennonites to immigrate to America.) Mrs. Wedel had died recently. The Wedel two sons were not at home. Mr. Wedel was killed. The two daughters seemed dead, they were so badly mutilated - but they did recover. The girls identified the boys later, who were responsible. The Wedel's were the richest family in that village, they also wanted to migrate to America, if that were possible. (The two sons and the two daughters did come along to America later.)

My Aunt's wedding was the next day as planned. The goodies that were in that oven, which I heated and heated, when most everyone ran to Wedel's, were burnt to a cinder. It was a good day. Relatives that had come for my Aunt's wedding, also stayed over for Mr. Wedel's funeral. Mrs. Wedel was my mother's right aunt. Everyone felt sorry for the Wedel children, losing both father and mother in just a few weeks. The father in such a terrible death.

This all happened in the month of August. Soon after the news came, that a Government Official was in our village; Father was to come quickly. He usually was spokesman if any government officials came to our village. Father put on his best clothes. When Father came back from the meeting with General Herr von Todleben, the General had warned them not to leave, they should stay. There was work to do - forts to build - trees to plant on the bare (Steppen) land. And that was no sin, only a privilege to serve the government that way. (The Mennonites were conscientious objectors. They felt it a sin, to be a soldier, to go kill in the wars.) There were a lot of Lutheran Colonies who had to serve as soldiers in their armies. They begged the General, if they could not be released? - they would rather go and plant trees. The General, replied that he had nothing to say to that. He was sent to talk to the Mennonites.

Fall and Winter passed. Our delegates returned from America with good news, that in America was freedom of speech and religion. And that the Mennonites were exempt from military service. Father's cousin Tobias Unruh, was also one of those that returned, and because father's mother and sisters lived in Poland - he drove along with some others on a wagon, to see how everyone was; he also had a longing for the Molotschna, where he had worked for six years in his youth, he had an uncle and cousins living there too.

The news came that many were going to move to America that summer, Uncle Tobias Unruh with his whole family too. But many to the Molotschna. The relatives in Poland were anxious to see Mother before we left. So it

was decided, that mother with some others, would drive to Poland to say farewell.

This may have been the middle of June, for the first fruit was beginning to ripen on the trees, also strawberries and gooseberries. So Mother got ready to go, when father suggested, I go along, to help tend the smaller children; for by now we were three girls and a little brother. Was I ever thrilled. When the neighbor children heard of my chance to go along, they tried to scare me, told me of the wolves, etc. I told them I was not scared, I'd be sitting on the wagon. I got a very pretty cotton dress, I thought so, and my friends said too, it was very pretty.

So the time arrived when Mother and us children really went with Uncle Ratzlaff, (Mrs. Ratzlaff was Mother's sister), in their wagon, and headed for Poland. For me and my inquisitive mind, it was a pleasure trip; for there were so many new and beautiful things to see. For I was always very enthralled by nature. The road went mostly through bush, only sometimes there were some meadows and grain fields. The many towns we passed through, with their big churches, all a glitter - the Market places with their booths, were all too much for me to grasp - to understand - my questions were without end. My uncle laughed at me, and said, he could not answer all my questions. (Later when my own children were at the "question age", I often thought back to that time - yes - most likely all parents experience this - ).

Yes, there was so much to see, that I had never seen before. Now we came to a dense forest of fir, so dense that it was dark as we passed through. In some open areas were beautiful flowers and ripe strawberries, that we picked and ate when we stopped for a meal.

How I enjoyed this trip, even though the road was very rough through the forest. Auntie would say to Uncle, "Be careful where you drive." He would answer, "It is the road."

One night we drove by moonlight, still in the dense forest. Who has never driven through the forest by moonlight in the night, has no inkling of how ghostlike everything looks, and the sounds of the crackling of the trees, the bird's cry, the hoot of the owl, the noise of the bats flying around, and then the howl of the wolf - makes one shiver - then I became very still and snuggled up to Mother as close as I could. At first Uncle teased me and asked me if I did not have any more questions? All of a sudden a wolf howled close by - and Uncle too became quiet. He used the whip on the horses to get them to go faster, to get to a stopping-place for the night as soon as possible. We were all relieved when we got there.

It was about three or four days drive until we were thus far. The next night after this night we arrived in a big town. What a noise around the Market Place, where uncle bought some rolls and buns, also some sausage, and some fruit to eat. Market day was on a Friday, and we had left home on Monday. There lived many Jews in this town. Whether it was Lodz or Wymyschly, I do not remember, we had to pass through both to reach our destination. The home of our relatives.

The next day we drove through many towns and villages with their beautiful churches, then through a town called Ostraga, this name I remember, it was next to a Mennonite town. And I had a real lesson for my very inquisitive nature. Here Uncle fed his horses, also went to the Market, took me along to buy some more food to eat. Was I glad! - There was so much to see - and Uncle had to always tell me to stay close by him, so I would not get lost. I meant also to do that. All of a sudden Uncle had disappeared and I started to cry and call him. I heard a Jew say (in German); A lost Child! Just then I saw Uncle hurrying towards me. He really warned me then, and when I told him what I had heard that Jew say. He said "Aha, he might have taken you and sold you to the Gypsy's". I sure stayed close to him after that.

We could have reached our relatives that day, but the horses were too tired, we had to find lodging for the night here. What a place! - it was crowded, only one large room for all - many were drunk, the room was dark with tobacco smoke. We were so tired, but it got very late before we finally could fall asleep.

The next morning we started out real early, we arrived at the Mennonite village Karolswalde, at Mother's uncle Peter Unruh's place for breakfast. What a joy it was to greet the dear ones again. It seems to me, as if I can still see the small, skinny Uncle -, how his whole face smiled as he helped us down from the wagon, while his whole large family came out to greet us all. We hurried in, for breakfast was ready. It was a beautiful Sunday morning. Such a large dining-room I had never seen, the high ceiling, the large table standing in the middle of the room, with high-backed chairs. At home we had benches to sit on and the table was usually up against a wall. I remember how slowly I followed, being led by Uncle and put on a chair beside Mother. He spread a piece of buttered bread for me and gave me cheese and milk, and asked me to eat hearty "Little One". I thought I was quite grown up at my eight years old.

Whether we went to church there, I cannot remember. Uncle Peter Unruh's large buildings were all painted. They had a lovely yard and fruit garden, cherries and some apples were ripe already. They also had a large pond stocked with fish, and for the first supper we had fish. They were little fish, they were cleaned and drawn and fried whole. Shyly I watched all and remember asking the girls who cleaned the fish, whether they fried and ate the heads too? Oh yes! they said. Their dialect was different to ours, they laughed at me so often, when we both could hardly understand what we meant, especially me with all my questions. They often teased me. As a whole I did enjoy our visit.

This was a large village; another village named Antonowka, was close by, all very beautiful, most likely mostly rich people lived there. This Uncle was of the richest of the Mennonites in Poland. There they had irrigation canals all over, the grass so lush and green. Mother's Aunt (The Samuel Koehn's) lived quite a distance from here; quite a few of us drove to visit them, had to go through heavy oak forests, where great big wild apple and pear trees stood laden with fruit, also hazelnuts. They had two grown up sons and a daughter named Elizabeth, but she was sickly. These relatives later immigrated to Kansas in America. Elizabeth died there. They joined the Holdemans Church there.

In later years my mother told me, we had visited with the Koehnen's for three weeks. Some had such lovely large brick homes and large machine sheds. The buildings in this area were much better than where we lived. I could not understand why they wanted to sell and leave it all, either to move to America or Molotschna. In a newly established village, Jadwania by name, we were too; it was situated more in denser forest than Heinrichsdorf was. My father's youngest brother and family and his mother lived with them. They too had sold their place and were going to move away. At a lot of places that had sold, the new owners were occupying the best part of the house, while they lived in a few secondary rooms, until they moved. So we came to Tobias Unruh's, (father's cousin) a delegate, returned from America, and they lived in two rooms in the barn, after they sold his lovely home and barn to a Mr. Unger, who was a drunk and quite mean natured. At Uncle Peter Unruh's, the new tenants lived in a granary, they had a summer kitchen, which had two rooms, where mother and we children stayed most of the time, while we visited in that area. He had very nice fat horses, and took us visiting all over. Uncle Tobias Unruh looked so much like our dad, only older, that I often called him Father by mistake. He often took me in his arms, his wife was a tall, quite thin lady with very stern eyes; and for some reason I was afraid of her. (I learned to know her better later on, as a widow, in South Dakota, and learned to love her.)

So the day of parting had arrived. Many from surrounding areas (our relatives) had come to say good-bye. House and yard were full of relatives. Some brought the news, that my father had a chance to sell out too, this made Mother impatient. Many a gift was given to us; from one Aunt I got a lovely shawl, for which I was very grateful (wore it so seldom, for I treasured it so). Uncle Peter gave Mother some cheese, cloth for a dress, also cloth for us three girls. Mother's parents were first cousins, Unruh's from both sides. There was a large Unruh relation present.

The moment of parting had arrived, horses hitched, everything loaded, everyone was weeping. Uncle hugged and kissed me and put me into the wagon. We all loved him so. (He lived in Kansas to a ripe old age of over ninety years). Father saw him later in Kansas, but Mother and I not. (The Unruh's lived in the towns - Montezuma - and Lonetrien. Kansas, U.S.A.) They sang a farewell song for us when we drove off. We travelled the same road back home, but I cannot remember any of it. Only that it had rained and was very muddy.

We arrived home - Father had sold our farm to a Ukrainian. The village was full of the new owners, of different nationalities. A lot of places, the new owners had moved into the homes, with the old owners living in granaries, barns or summer kitchens. What they did not buy they often stole, even the dishes out of the kitchen cupboards. The men spent too much time in the hotels, eating, smoking, and consuming too much liquor, and accused each other and brought charges before the Courts.

My father, being the Magistrate was often called, even in the middle of the night, to make peace between the old owners and the new owners. It was hardest for my dear mother, for her only brother and her youngest sister and their families were moving to America, and our father and another uncle, married to mother's sister, wanted to move to the Molotschna. So

there would be a sad parting of loved ones. All the preparations were made for the trips. They were all looking forward to their day of departure, for living together with those lazy, and angry new owners, was quite an ordeal.

Those leaving for America, left a few weeks before those leaving for the Molotschna. All of a sudden there were some wagons and people there from Poland, to take those along from here who were also going by wagon. My dear mother and Mrs. Eck, had helped Uncle's wife get ready. I can remember that day so well, the belongings were all transported to the Station by wagon, and we all walked. Even the new owners came to see them off, even some from the two nearby villages Korowintz, and Ussponie. The weeping and talking one does not forget. Mother's youngest sister, only sixteen, found it very hard to say good-bye to Mother. She had been staying with her brother, and he wanted at least one of his family with him. He had married a rich widow, and all her brothers and sisters were going to America too.

The call came: ALL ON BOARD! After a final farewell, they started on their journey to the unknown world beyond. We watched the train go out of sight. (If we would have known the future then, we would have done better, if we had gone with them then.)

Several families remained in Heinrichsdorf, but they too moved away some years later, except three families stayed. A Schmidt family stayed back too, Mr. Schmidt was my father's nephew, (later they too came to the Molotschna Colony). We said our farewell to the remaining ones and started on our journey to our new home. We also went by train; as we passed by so many towns with all those beautiful churches, and their steeples glistening in the sun; it was a sight to behold, for a nine year old. (When a child I was very tiny, but from the age of eight, I started to shoot up. By my thirteenth year I was fully grown, only as thin as a bean-pole.)

Just how long it took us to reach the port City or town of Odessa I do not remember. Only know we passed through many cities and had to change trains in several. Odessa was a beautiful city, where we had to wait a whole week, near the Black Sea.

We stayed in a four cornered yard surrounded by a stone wall with a large gate, which was locked at all times. We dared not go outside that wall; along the two walls were living quarters, a kitchen and a dining-hall - where we all ate. Along the other two walls were stables, where they kept pheasants, hens, geese, and ducks, and a few cows. It was a very dirty yard. We sure were glad when one morning Dad said: Today we are going sightseeing. They would take all the children and Eva, that day; and the women folk the next day. For me this was a thrill, to be able to drive in a carriage and to see all the wonderful new things in Odessa. The driver took us first through the elite part of the city, the Kaiser Avenue, past the Palaces, etc. He took us also to the top of the steps (several hundred) that led down to the wharf. When we saw how rough that sea looked, we felt kind of ill at ease, wondering how we would fare, sailing on it. Back the driver took us another route, so that we saw a large portion of that city.

The hour came when we had to embark onto a small steamboat. Our

belongings were brought by wagon to the top of those marble or iron steps; and from there they had to be carried into the boat. There were a lot of passengers on board, so that it was very crowded. Our group was located on the upper deck, surrounded by a railing. Soon the ship was in motion and we had started our journey across the Black Sea. The ship swayed and staggered because the sea was so rough. It did not take long before many were sea-sick. My mother, being only a frail woman, was among the first to be sick. I tried to act brave, but one day I was beginning to feel dizzy, and went to my father (who was talking to an Uncle and the Captain) to tell him; the Captain took me by the hand, gave me something strong to drink; said I should go stand at the railing and stand and look at the water, that would help. Well, I did as he said, and it passed over and I was never sea-sick. How long we were on the ship, I do not know. We sailed around Crimea, past Sewastopol and Kertsch. I well remember and as though I can still see the line in the water between the Black Sea and the Asowschen Sea; for the black water and the clear water do not mix. Finally we arrived at a coast town Berdjansk, on the shore of the Asowschen Sea. Here we got off with all our belongings, then transported horses and wagons, until we came to the town Hierschav, where father's brother, Peter Unruh, was waiting for us.

The relatives that had left home by horses and wagons, had arrived ahead of us. Uncle Peter Unruh had rented a house for us all, where we could all stay, until we found out where we would go to live. Mother's one Aunt lived there too, so we had to go there first for awhile. That is where I tasted Zwieback for the first time. Their name was Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Unruh. They had no children. We stayed a few days with them, and then we too moved in with the others into that rented house. (I was now nine years old, my little brother not quite one, with two sisters in between). Two families had five children each, in ours were four children, and a sister of mother's, they had no children yet. The men went in search of employment, leaving the mothers and the children. Many a time we got a spanking, often not guilty, sometimes guilty.

Father found employment with a farmer, Mr. Jacob Stobbe. There we enjoyed it, had a home of our own; the house had two large rooms, a pantry, an entrance room, with an attached barn. We soon had some hens and a cow, with what father earned we had everything we needed. Mother and I also could earn a little by doing some housecleaning and taking in washing. We could not go to school in this village, the school was overcrowded.

So parents taught us at home. So we lived here nearly two years in peace and quiet. So it was in the month of May, when one night somebody hit the window, that the glass shattered into the room and shouted: "Unruh's, up and out, everything is burning." What a shock! to be awakened by such news. It seems as if I can see my mother carry the heavy cradle, little brother asleep in it, across the yard, through the gate, onto the street, where we huddled. Father had brought an armful of bedding, and told us to sit down on the bedding and stay there. We obeyed. Mr. Stobbe called to Father to come help him take out the cows and take them across the creek. Then he wanted to save a sack of flour yet, but all was in flames.

What a fire! Seven large homes burned and ours was the eighth. It was lucky for us all; that a bunch of young people were gathered at a

home; when they stepped out of the house to go home, they saw the fire, ran to the homes, to awake the people and helped them carry out what they could.

This happened in May, everything was lush and green, but it all burnt as if it were tar, the fire thundered and roared. One cannot know what it is like, until one has experienced it. The burning smoked hams flew through the air, starting another fire where they landed. We children sat on our bedding only in our night clothes. Only Dad and Mother had dressed more fully. Father helped wherever he could, it looked as though the whole village would be wiped out - then the "fire brigades" arrived and they could bring the fire under control.

Near noon Uncle Peter came riding and saw us children still sitting on our bedding, there in the street, (all others had been taken in, and because we were strangers there, we were left.) He called from afar, "What, Cornelius, you and your family are still out on the street?" Father said nothing. Neighbor Wall must have heard, for he came and took us to their place for a meal. Uncle then rode to a nearby village and bought cloth and some groceries for us. We were so thankful to him, we would have some clothes to wear.

Now parents were all poor again; had to start right from the beginning again. Mr. and Mrs. Stobbe had worries of their own, trying to restock and rebuild what they had lost through this fire. They did not really want to let us go, but that would mean living together again. Father found a job with a rich farmer, by the name of Weber, who lived in Hierschau; owner of a General Store in Steinbach. He hired father to haul wheat to Berdjansk, and bring back goods for his store at Steinbach. The other families were still living together in that rented house. The husbands all had a job at the White Clay Pits near Waldheim. The women being alone at home with their children.

We were lucky, with father transporting goods, dry goods, and groceries; we often got damaged articles, such as cookies and sugar which Mr. Weber gave to us, plus, sometimes a pound of coffee or some rice.

This job meant that Father could only be home every second Sunday. The other men were able to be home every night, leaving for work again each morning. Then Father found us a place to live with an eighty-two year old, a Mrs. Elock, in the village of Gnadenheim, and we were going to move there. Everyone warned parents not to move there, that she was a "bad one". Mother and I helped a lot here in Hierschau, doing housecleaning and washing clothes. I was eleven years old, quite tall, and they expected of me as much as of a twenty year old. Sometimes I was so tired, I could hardly keep on, and an aunt would say, "A big girl like you and tired already?" Children in those days, all had lots of work to do, without any grumbling, that was an understood thing, the way it should be. At that time there were Hungarian and Russian men that came to beg for work, offering their services for a very low price; the Russian boys got very angry and mean if they were not satisfied. This made the people hesitant to hire them, were afraid of being murdered.

That big fire in Hierschau; a Russian lad had lit, because he lost his job. He believed they owed him 35 Kopeken, he had worked for them four

years.

We moved to Gnadenheim, in with Mrs. Block, in spite of all the warnings we received; parents never regretted it. Here we had enough room. She lived with all her belongings, in what they called "the Big Room", we had the rest of the house. There was a lovely garden, with roses, tulips and begonias blooming. An orchard with large and small pears, apples and cherries, and Mulberry trees. There was also a large lawn to play on. We soon got used to each other, we loved Mrs. Block and she loved us children very much, and were soon called her grandchildren. My parents were called her children. She was an experienced, and well educated woman, and people had said, she was a proud and hard woman. She had lost her husband when quite young, the two children she had raised, had families of their own now, and had moved to America too. She had had a nephew and his family with her for a short while, that did not work out; so they up and left here. It was nearly two years that she was all by herself. Neighbors did some jobs for her, which she could not do; and now we were there to do it all for her. Parents got free living quarters, fuel and all food from her. People in the village could not understand that we got along with her so well. The smaller ones just loved this "grandmother", and we older ones often sat by the hour, listening to her, telling us all about Holland. She was grown up when her parents moved to Germany, where she got married. Then the war broke out between Poland and France. She had been so scared of the French soldiers. She was a lovely singer; taught us whole songs and Psalms by memory. She taught us to be mannerly, how to behave, the good and the bad, telling us what to do and what not to do. In spite of all the admonitions and constructive criticism she gave us, we revered and respected her. When she noticed that we did not obey our mother instantly, she would call us to her side, and told us how wrong it was, not to be obedient, encouraged us to ask Mother's pardon. We looked after her for two years.

By this time I had a job, but could always come home for Sundays. I used to comb her hair; and while we were intimately talking, I would tell her all my experiences of the week, and she would caution me and told me of some of her experiences in her youth. (Oh how often I have thought of her advice in later years), for I had very much trouble with a stubborn nature. This she told me was very unbecoming and bad for my health.

Grandmother Block took sick: she was bedridden for several months. (In the meantime we got another little brother, Peter). When I came home again, she had died. She had requested her lawyer, she wanted to leave all her property to my parents, the lawyer had called my father into the room, had said, "that was not right, she had her two children and friends." They then decided, father would buy all her property for 500 Rubel. She died soon after and was buried. So the place was ours, we had our own home again.

One morning after we got up, we noticed our big nice cat had fallen into our well; it was deep. What to do now? Father got a long strong rope - called a few neighbors - the rope was fastened through the wheel, then the end of the rope was tied to a basket. My sister was to go down in the basket, but she felt dizzy right away. Next: it was my turn: I too was scared of that deep hole. They set me in the basket, securely tied me.

Down it went; was not near the cat yet, when she jumped into my lap, it startled me. I quickly called to them - they slowly pulled me up. Was I glad to be up on solid ground again. Ever after, the lid on that well was always closed.

Father bought himself a loom to start weaving canvases again, during the winter months. There was great demand for the canvas by the Russians and Germans. In the summer he got jobs as a shingler and carpenter. The crop was put in by a renter. So we had enough for our needs.

We attended church in Alexanderwohler Church, in a nearby village. In winter we sometimes had services in private homes. Here in Gnadenheim, I went to school for one year, mostly to learn to write and to learn to read the writing. Now I was nearly thirteen years old, I had one year of school in my eighth year, when we still lived in Heinrichsdorf. That is all the schooling I ever had. We enjoyed it here, had many friends. It was a beautiful country around the Molotschna Colony area, every kind of fruit and so many mulberry trees grew here, although everything had to be planted. For it was a bare area, not even a willow grew there, they too had to be planted. In the heat of summer in the haze, some were known to have lost their way going over this vast stretch of flat bare land.

By now there were rows of fruit trees and other trees growing from village to village. Even planted bushes and small forests behind the villages. The Mennonite Settlements were always thought of as model achievements.

We had lived here in Gnadenheim for five years, when all of a sudden a great "migration fever" took hold of many, this time to Asia. Services and meetings were called, much preaching and praying and singing. They hoped, there we would be exempt from military service and wished they would not have to plant any more trees for the government. They called a special meeting in Friedensruh for the men; where they elected a few delegates, to send to the Kaiser, to ask for permission, to migrate to Asia, and to assure them of freedom of speech and religion. A few were elected and made the trip; and were cordially greeted by the officials. They stated their requests: The officials asked them, whether they believed in the whole Bible? They said "yes". And they were shown the verse, where it says, we shall be subject to our government. Were then cautioned again; they should rather stay where they were; that in that uncivilized part of Asia; they might lose their wives and children. They were asked to come again the next day.

The next day they were introduced to a Governor General from Taschkent in Turkestan from inland Asia. He asked them many questions, also of their convictions and their faith. Pointed out the dangers and hardships this move would present to them, going among uncivilized people. But our men were determined, their minds made up. All of a sudden this General said to the Kaiser, "Magistrate, let these peace loving, and ambitious people come to Turkestan, I will give them lasting peace, for there is a lot of arable land in inland Asia." The Kaiser then wished them luck and Godspeed and gave them the necessary papers.

So the delegates came home with this good message. This was early in spring. Everybody was offering their place for sale. Father soon had sold ours to the son of the lawyer of the late Mrs. Block for 750 Rubel. Next Father built a new, large strong wagon, and some strong bracing and covered it with strong canvas over the top, "A Covered Wagon". He also purchased a good quiet team of horses. Everything was made as securely as possible for so long a trip. Then there were auctions, and with sad feelings, we saw our possessions sold. Now again - to start out for the unknown - leaving behind our homes, the good times we had, relatives and friends - a sad parting. If one could know the future, many things would have been done different. To think - for many weeks, that wagon would be our home; for parents this must have seemed a hardship. But for an inquisitive youngster of fourteen, like me, who was always interested in the New, the Unfamiliar, this seemed like an adventure. Quite a bit of sewing was done, and some materials bought to take along; a lot of baking done, some of it roasted or toasted in the oven, like bread and buns; which will then keep for a long time. Dried fruit, pot barley and beans, also cured and smoked meat. Received many a going away gift too. How we ever managed to pack it all into that wagon, I will never know.

At the back of the wagon, they fastened a trunk like box, to hold our utensils, kettles, pans, etc., also a small barrel had to be fastened to hold our water supply. At the front end of the wagon, they put the same type of box, for the horses feed. Under the wagon were hung a lantern, the old iron pot, etc. A folding table and chairs were securely fastened with a chain on top of the back axle. When the wagon got into motion, we had a mixture of noises - klinkety, clanketty, clang. Finally the day arrived when everything was packed and ready. We said our good-byes to all our loved ones.

The horses were hitched, and slowly we started out, away from all that had become so dear to us. We passed the nearby village Waldheim, and came to Wernersdorf, where the Cornelius Ecks, mother's sister lived. They were ready with their wagon, taking along a small family with them, which proved later to be too heavy a load. We passed through Landskrone, then through Hierschau, the place of the fire, where we used to live. Waldheim was nearly as big as a City, with it's mills and factories, also large churches. We drove to Ausjagd; when we arrived there, very many had arrived ahead of us, it looked as crowded as a Market Place. Our horses were unhitched; parents had a lot of friends here. So they did some visiting, for the next day was to be a big farewell for us all. It was to be in a large orchard, with lots of benches under the heavily laden apple trees, some apples and cherries were ripe already. They gave us some delicious fruit for our journey. The day of our farewell, was a day never to be forgotten. Several hundred people came, just to see the big farewell.

For the night we drove to Father's sister, the Heinrich or Henry Ratzlaffs, also to father's youngest brother, the John Unruh's, both families stayed, and we have never seen them again. For the farewell service, several ministers or preachers spoke. It was a day where a lot of tears flowed. I listened to it all, although it did not stir me as deeply as the older folk. They figured that there were a few thousand present. The farewell

for many families was very sad. I remember the family Dirksen, where the married daughter stayed, and her parents, one little sister, and six brothers, were leaving. It was a parting of parents, children and brothers and sisters, never to meet again.

The morning after our farewell, we started out early; through many villages where relatives and friends lived. In one village lived a daughter, of a used to be neighbor, when we lived in Gnadenheim. They stopped the wagons on the street, to water all the horses, and we all had a snack. These friends came to say farewell to us too. We were a long caravan, eighty families, with 125 wagons, many horses to water. Then there was a company wagon, empty, driven by the leaders of the caravan, always going ahead scouting for places to stop to eat or camping places for the nights and to attend to other things that were necessary. On Father's side was brother Peter Unruh, wife and one child, two of Father's sisters, their husbands and families, and the Grandmother, went with us. His oldest sister and youngest brother and families stayed. We stopped at Pastwa for a few days; this is where our real leader and preacher, Mr. Abram Peters, joined our wagon train. (His son Dietrich Peters, with his wife, were killed in a car accident in California years later.) Besides Mr. Peters, there were four other preachers with their families in our caravan. Here they had a farewell for us too, and everything more organized, between each wagon a space of about ten paces, each wagon was numbered, ours was No. 44, the number put on at the back of each wagon. No one was to pass, we had to have a system, it did not always work without mishaps. At first they tried to put the wagons in rows, one behind the other, when making camp for the nights, which was not satisfactory; so they decided to try forming a circle, which was much better.

Most of them had brought small tents, these were set up in front of each wagon (inside the circle of wagons); they ate and slept in them. Mother and the three little ones slept in the wagon, Father and us two older girls in the tent. Time was going, we were here three days already. The Dirksen's married daughter, had followed the parents till here, once more to see her parents and brothers and sister. (Her parents and some of her brothers died, before she was brought to Canada by her brothers during the famine in Russia), lived in Manitoba. We were asked by many then, why we did not move to America, where so many of our friends and relatives had moved to. Oh, we would stay in Asia. How little man knows of the future. We came to a Hutterite Colony at Johannesruh, with its streets lined with beautiful trees, and big orchards. Stayed there over Sunday. They came in groups to admire our wagons, etc. The men had quite long hair, parted in the middle. It was a clean place, many stone fences, so well built. Here they gave us baked stuff and apples and cherries.

Before we left here, a messenger came riding, telling us the sad news; a young man loved a girl, but the parents did not allow it. The parents of the boy forced him to come along, the parents of the girl did not allow her to go along to Asia. So she committed suicide by hanging. This was a bad shock for the boy, he had a nervous breakdown, had to be watched day and night. A sad thing to happen at the beginning of our trip.

Next we camped at Mariupol, for the weekend. We camped across the river from this town. Sunday morning most all the old folk walked across the bridge into town to attend church service, then they wanted to visit some

relatives there. Most young people stayed in camp, so did my two sisters and I. There was the bridge over this river and there was also a ferry there. All of a sudden an ominous thundercloud appeared, it thundered and lightened as though all would be torn asunder, and it started to rain - a cloudburst; soon everything was under water, the horses stood knee deep in water. Oh! were we thankful that parents had taken our two little brothers along.

When it stopped raining, some of the men, from our caravan, visiting in town, came to the river; the bridge and the ferry were both washed away. They called across the river, to see if we were alright, and had to stay there overnight. We were alright, had enough to eat, but we three sisters did not enjoy it. The water soon drained into the river. Monday someone brought out an old, small steamboat, and the visitors from town were transported back to camp. They all said they had never witnessed such a bad thunderstorm before.

Tuesday morning we started on our journey again, towards a place where we were to join up with another caravan, but they had gone on already. I am sorry I have forgotten so many names of the villages and towns we passed through. For in Russian villages and towns, it was a sight to behold, their churches decorated in silver and gold, against a bright blue background, glistening in the sun. Some of the places I remember were - Mariupol, Nowousensk, and Rostow. In Nowotscherkask, we stayed over Sunday, camping on their huge Market Place. There we attended service in one of their churches, each one got a burning candle to carry into church.

The inside of the church was beautifully decorated. The service was so different from our own, with all its rituals and ceremonies. To hear the Priest talk in a language we could not understand, intrigued me.

Then we travelled a week, through many a village and town. Late Saturday afternoon we arrived at the river Don. It is a big river, there was no village close to the river, some miles away. Close by our camp, there were large vineyards. To cross the river, we had to take the ferry, forty-three wagons crossed by ferry Saturday, because the ferry could only take several at each time, it got too late; so that seventy-one wagons had to stay on this side, where we camped. We were glad we were on this side, now we could go to the vineyards.

Sunday forenoon we had our church service in our camp, had our dinner, and then to the vineyard. The keeper there welcomed us all, told us not to step on or break anything down. So we walked between the rows and rows of grapes. He told us we could eat all we could, for they had picked all they wanted. We could pick enough for those who had stayed at camp, there were blue ones, white, black and red grapes. Then he took us to their house, which was at the end of the vineyard, there they had a lovely vegetable garden. He picked watermelons and muskmelons, cut them and gave us to eat. We had to finally say, "no more", so we would not get sick from overeating. We spent an enjoyable Sunday here. There was lots of lovely grass for the horses.

When we were all ferried across the river Don, on Monday morning, it seemed like a different world, for it was desolate, bare country, nothing like what we had the privilege to enjoy on our side. The town next to where we camped was Donetz. But in this group across the river from us, a child was born, one more for this journey, but he died. So we stayed two days more here. Then we travelled two weeks, when our dear old Grandmother said, "Children, when you have had your supper, go for the night to Uncle Peter Unruh's wagon". - The youngest brother Peter, four years old, did not want to leave Mother, but after some coaxing, he came. I did not see Father anywhere, they said Mother's head ached. In the morning when we got up, I could not see our wagon - then I saw it - somewhat apart from the others. Then I heard one of the aunts say, at Unruh's it was a fight between life and death this night. It was such a shock to me, I went alone and cried. Grandmother came and said, I, alone was to go to our wagon and cook breakfast. She stroked my head and said, "We nearly lost your mother this night". I had no idea yet what this was all about. But when I came to the wagon, and an aunt, a midwife came out of our wagon, I guessed, then I heard a baby and heard Father talking. I was shocked to see Mother, she looked so near dead. That little brother, I did not want, I did not want to see him. Mother said, "You do not want to hate him".

I quietly made Father's breakfast, said I was not hungry, but Father made me eat something. An aunt gave Mother her breakfast (How my tiny frail mother, or any of the women could endure that long, hard journey). The wagons had no springs, must have been very rough. For Mother's sake we waited another two days. Then we slowly went on again. Mother being very sick and weak, regained her health slowly. Little brother Henry increased daily in health and height. The further we travelled, so often in the morning we would see a wagon aside, another death, sometimes both mother and child dead. So the road to Asia was lined with graves of loved ones. But they stayed steadfast in the Faith, feeling they were in God's Will.

After six weeks we came to the Wolga River, near the town of Saratov. This was Friday, the next day Saturday, we were to be taken by ferry steamer to the town Saratov. But after we made camp this side of the river, a furious thunderstorm appeared, much worse than the one we had at Mariupol, as though we would all be washed into the Wolga River. It was terrible, then the men were all asked to come and help. There was a large log lying higher from where we camped, it was used to roll the ferry and houseboat into the river, when needed. They had to fasten that huge log or it would take our wagons along into the river. The road, on which we had come down, looked like a ravine now, unpassable. Down the road to the ferryboat, were deep ruts and holes, which would first have to be repaired before we could go on.

We stayed here over Sunday. Saturday was a very busy day, scores of people came to see all the damage that was done. There was lots of work to do, getting everything organized and more or less back to normal again. We heard that a large boat full of young people were caught in the storm and drowned in the river. The town was just on top of the hill. Here lived mostly German Lutherans, Catholics, and there was one Baptist Church where

many of ours went to Service that Sunday morning. It seemed, these people had never witnessed such a bad thunderstorm. Lots of people wondered at our undertaking, wondered whether we had weighed the Pros and Cons enough.

Monday morning our transportation across the Wolga was underway. It all took a long time, the river was very wide here; which really took two full days to get us all across. Past the town it was near like a desert, only sand, and maybe an odd shrub. The fuel problem was something. We had to gather whatever we could, while walking beside the road, a sack over the shoulder, into which we put dried chips (manure), bits of wood and also dried Russian Thistles. Sometimes we had to look for some, after we camped, and it made our meals later. Often we only found bad water, yes, many hardships without end. When at night before retiring, after all the necessary chores were done, we all had Evening Worship together, after, which made everyone feel they could face a new day again with renewed strength. The singing we did, seems to me must have echoed into Heaven. Then we went to sleep. Mornings, just before breakfast, we had Morning Worship, then our breakfast - and we were ready to start a new day. This journey was a serious chapter in the lives of all those taking part in it. We had funerals and we had weddings.

So often it was almost impossible to get boards to build a coffin, sometimes the corpse had to be taken along, in our special wagon, until we would get to a town or village, where we could get the necessary lumber to make a coffin and bury them. That was sometimes a whole day before we got to the next town.

Soon after the experience at the Wolga River, we came to a town called Nowousensk, there we stayed for a week. Here too we had one to bury. Here we were not far from the Trakt Mennonite Colony; there were quite a few there already, when we arrived. And always more arrived, mostly by horseback. The caravan that we were going to unite with, had gone on three weeks earlier. We made camp here, we also had a few sick among us. Some of the men from Trakt brought us lard and cured smoked meat, it was to be for those that had none.

Well, here something happened, someone suggested selling this meat by auction, it going to the highest bidder. Going far too high in price. While they were at it, one of the men who had given the meat, came back, wanted to know what was going on. When they told him, he was perturbed and said, if they had known, he would never have brought any. The men felt ashamed, the money was returned, and the meat divided among those that had next to none.

So our Uncle Cornelius Eck, who was sick, also received a fair share. In a way this whole experience was a lesson to most, for we had some very rich folk in our group, who had had lots of hired help, and thought themselves just a little above the others. While here, some repairing was done on wagons and wherever necessary.

A well known preacher, Mr. Klaas Epp arrived, accompanied by a few other preachers. We had Bible Studies in the forenoons, and services

in the afternoons. Such explaining of Bible truths, ours had never heard before. Some joined the church, the Lord's Supper was held. And introduced, for the first time, to having a Love Feast. These people here felt that having Love Feast together, was for greater fellowship together -- we could all partake whether poor or rich. For God loved us all alike. After this the rich in our Caravan were a bit more humble.

We had quite an experience when we got to the town Zaritzyn. We stopped on a street in the town, to enquire where we might find a place to camp for the night. We were suddenly surrounded by the people, asking us, what we were doing? Who we were? Where we were going? With so many people and so many horses? And one of our men answered unwittingly, "That is none of your business". In a moment there had been before them an official, telling them to come appear before their Magistrate. We were all scared, we were mocked at, whistled at, even mock songs were sung to us, while the men went with the official.

Our representatives had to be very cautious in the replies they gave. They wanted to know why we were making this trip? They told us we were to go back to the Kaiser, where we came from, and serve him, the way they had to, for we were no better than they. Because my father was fluent in the Russian language; he was asked to take the floor. Father then had asked them politely, whether they had received orders from the Kaiser, (who had given us, lovingly and willingly, permits to leave his country) to stop us and send us back, or to hinder us from going on? They said no, to both questions. But they wanted to see, said papers. They had to read what was on these permits, also the paper with the written invitation from the Turkestanian official "Kaufman". They even tried getting these documents from them, but ours were careful not to hand them to them. There was a hush in the room for a minute, when they turned friendly, but warned ours to stand guard that night, so nothing would happen to any of us.

Immediately they showed us a camping spot, just outside of town, under some lovely large trees. All evening we were bothered by people coming and going, like no other place we have ever been. Late evening there was suddenly a young lad in our midst. He went from one wagon to another, told us he had no parents, wanted to stay with us, go with us on our journey. He only spoke Russian. Then the men decided (talking in German) they were going to keep him in the Special Wagon overnight, and take him to the Magistrate in the morning. He was gone in a flash, he had understood them, they searched for him everywhere, they could not find him. They set up double guards for the night, but all was quiet, no disturbance during that night. They went and told the Magistrate about this lad, in the morning; he thought he might have been a Gypsy lad. Told them that we should always be on guard all the time, for we would be going through some rough country. How true this proved later on.

We travelled through desolate, uncultivated plains, passing villages - tent towns, also Gypsy camps, living in fear many a time, but so far nothing was ever stolen. Mostly always found water, and feed for the horses, though quite expensive at times. Sometimes we also had a chance to buy a fresh loaf of bread, which tasted just delicious, even without butter or syrup.

And then we saw before us the town, Orenburg, its churches glittering in the sun, which we could see afar off. Orenburg was situated on the boundary between Europe and Asiatic Russia, on the river Ural. In this town there were lovely sounding church bells, which were a delight to hear mornings and evenings. They even had a certain way of playing those bells, when someone had died, we could know if it were a man, a woman, or a child. We could hear the festive ringing of the bells so clearly, mostly because we were camped just across the river Ural, from the town. Our campsite was in a lovely park. There were several Mills and Factories situated along the river. Here we stayed a few days, to make some repairs again, and also to buy some more provisions. Back of the town were the Ural mountains and it was colder there. Here we also got warmer footwear, for we older ones and father walked many, many a mile on this trip, it was so crowded in the wagon and also to lighten the load. Going into town we had to cross a nice large bridge. There were big stores, lovely homes, and besides the streets, were ditches filled with water. When we passed through the town onward on our journey, always people would run alongside our wagons and ask "where from and where to?" When they heard we were heading for Tuskestan, they were astounded.

Leaving Orenburg behind, we started ascending up into the Ural mountains, often through gullies, then higher, not meeting a single person in days. Here below it was lovely weather. Sometimes we were above the clouds; and it was suddenly so dark - we thought it was fog, and in the middle of it, we were in rain and snowstorm, with a cold wind. It took a few weeks to get through the mountains. Then we came down into a beautiful valley, around us the towering mountains, all we could see was the road we had come down on, and the road leading out. We barely had room to camp here, for in the middle of this valley, flowed a spring fed stream, came out of a mountain and disappeared into one again. The shores glittered like gold, it was so green in this valley, so many flowers blooming, the like we had never seen before. It seemed as though we were in a tropical country, we could hardly grasp it. I'm sure that in the Ural and Himalayan mountains are many buried treasures, such as gold, and silver, mica, coal and precious stone to be found, which we saw on our journey to Asia. They did not allow us children to take any along, (it was too beautiful to leave); we were forbidden, it would make our loads heavier, and it was so heavy already for our horses.

We saw beautiful cliffs covered with snow. When we saw Marble Stones in Asia, we realized that we had seen them in the Ural Mountains too. From Orenburg on we had come through Asiatic Russia; leaving this lovely country, we came into a desert country. It was lucky for us that they had well posted road signs along the route; otherwise we would have never found our way without a guide (which was not possible after Tashkent.)

Here and there were oases to be found in the desert. Here everything was green, like grass and trees, where one family or sometimes a few families were living. I have not mentioned the Cossacks, until now; they lived between the rivers Don and the Ural river, also in villages and towns, such as Rostov, Nowotscherkask, Uraljesk, also at Chutoren. Their houses were entirely built different than those in Russia. They had steep gables,

often they looked as if they would collapse. As a whole, they were unfriendly people, towards us, did not want to let us have water, we had to buy it. They would dip it with their pails and then pour it into our pails. They had very light baked goods, and good fruit; were always careful to put it into our containers, they were afraid we would contaminate them.

Wild plums, pears and small red apples grew plentiful beside the road. They told us we could pick and eat as much as we wanted. One day about thirty of us girls were picking fruit into our aprons, when all of a sudden, a large wolfhound came running towards us, followed by some Cossack rider, it startled us so, we dropped all our fruit, ran as fast as we could back to camp. Some of our men talked to the Cossack riders, and the riders were puzzled at our flight in fright. They hoped that we would not get sick, running so in this heat. For some reason, we were always scared of them, so we did not go back to pick any more fruit.

We drove long areas of country, where we could not find good water, only deep sand. Mostly stagnant water, that even the horses got sick, an odd one died. Sick people, we had nearly always, of whom some died. And some were born. Going thirsty was very hard for the older folks, we younger ones did not like to go thirsty either. At such times we would take a piece of hard rye bread crust to chew on, that way our mouth would be moist. What a joy when we would come to a green area, where there were wells or a stream, and we all could drink and fill up our barrels with water! There these people owned camels and sheep so there was a chance for us to get some feed for our horses. Our horses mostly were fed some whole grain, feed. These seemingly did not bake bread; some kind of Kuchen, which was their bread, it tasted quite good, so long as it was not baked with camel chips, then it tasted very strong, and we did not like it. Usually they baked with coal.

When we got through this desert, we passed villages and towns, built to Asiatic style, with high stone walls around them. Here lived Turks, Jews and some Cossacks, all the way to Taschkent. While we were still in this desert we came, on Saturday evening to the river, Ssyr-Darja - to a town situated high on a plateau, called Tschinas. It was damp and cold here, the narrow river had high steep banks.

A few families from Waldheim, had their eighty year old father with them; he had to get up in the night, and instead of finding his way back to his wagon, wandered far away. In the morning they could not find him, and it was raining and hailing - a real storm. All the men formed search parties, they searched all day Sunday, also until into the night, but could not find him. His two sons, and two daughters, with their families of grown up children, were sick with worries. Finally a troop of men from the town Tschinas, found him miles away on a knoll, they brought him back half dead, he soon died.

Here I had a personal accident. It was windy Sunday, so we took our small cook stove down to the shore of the river, more in the shelter. A few other ladies brought theirs down too, and bade me tend their stoves too, while they attended to some other chores, which I did. I reached down for some wood, when the wind pulled out a flame - and my dress caught on

fire. I was with one jump down in the water and the fire was out. But my nice dress was ruined. I ran to our wagon. Mother was shocked and said, "But child, one of these days you are going to have a fatal accident." "Oh, no", I said, "I'm only so sorry about my dress". No one saw me, and I never told anyone.

After the funeral of old Mr. Wedel, we started on our journey again, it was Tuesday afternoon. It was very steep down to the river, and we had to ford that swift flowing river. Mr. Wedel's son was in the first wagon to drive through. When he directed his horses into the water, one horse started to jump and buck, pulled the driver out of the wagon into the water. The horse bucked all the way until they reached the other shore. The man was not hurt, but the wagon damaged. Next we came to a village Peronsk, where he bought a small "Russian wagon".

So we travelled further into Asia. We came to many Kirgisen-Auls (Mongolian Race - Turkish speech), they were very friendly; when they saw us coming, they came to meet us, with a drink called Kumys, made with Camel's milk, it was delicious and quenched the thirst. They always showed us where the wells were. Sometimes water was scarce, so they sold it to us cheap. We also bought feed and bread. When we came to a stream, we had plenty of water. We passed through many stretches of desert. Had to ford many a river, some quite wide. Some wide dangerous waters we were "guided" through.

So we came, after sixteen weeks of travelling, to a large town, Tschinkent. It was Saturday evening. The town gates were locked for the night. After much talking and coaxing with the officials of that town, they opened the gate and led us through, and into an open field that had many mounds. They showed us also a water ditch. We could hardly drive without driving onto those mounds. The men however, while they parked the wagons for the night, kind of suspected something, forbid all of us, not to go away from the wagon, not to go for water - they would get it. After supper we all retired, for we were all tired. Next morning after we awoke, we heard a scream - one girl had not heeded the order - had gone to get water, finally walked over a mound - broke through, and fell in to her armpits, was she scared. They pulled her out - and realized we were parked on an old graveyard. Over which we were quite puzzled, for they always revere their dead. After breakfast we went to look through the graveyard. Some had only a stone wall around, some were broken or fallen in, and we could see a lying or sitting corpse in the holes. Our Leaders went to talk to the town officials, asking them, why had they put us in this graveyard? Said they had not known where to give us a camping place, and thought of this old graveyard. Nobody knew how old those graves were, they had wanted to do away with it for some time, or who was buried there. They were somewhat scared of us, and in a way, no wonder, a wagon train of 125 wagons, 80 families, must have been quite a sight. (I have often wondered how we would have welcomed so many, if they had come to our villages). For we must have caused many a worry too. They all knew, that this caravan came from Russia, so many were scared, for they too were under the rule of the Russian Government, all the way to the Bucharest boundary, for they knew the Russian guns and cannons well.

Nowhere did we ever again see a graveyard like this one, where the graves were round mounds, and on such a level spot of ground. Usually they were more on a rise with the high wall surrounding them.

After we left this graveyard at Tschinkent, we had very bad roads, sandy and holes and mounds, without end. So that nearly always something broke on the wagons; and we had to stop to make repairs. There were the sick, for my parents and the old folks it was a hard trip, especially when the road was this rough. I, for my part cannot remember anything difficult for me, I enjoyed most of it, there was so much to see, to experience. (I was busily keeping a diary this trip, but somehow it got lost in later years. It would surely help me now, while I'm putting it all into a book.)

We had been on this journey full eighteen weeks, when we reached Taschkent, arriving shortly before Christmas. When we were still a distance away from this town, we were met by a band of riders, did not know who they were. Then we saw they were our people, of a caravan that had gone ahead of us. The roads we had travelled, some areas, the tracks were too narrow, and some were too wide, our wagons would bump out of one track into another, which was rough on everybody. We had buried nine along the way. To think of the miles that some of us had walked, up hills, down hills, and through valleys. We drove a few hours yet, in company of these riders, until we came to their camp ground. Most of them had found living quarters for the winter, and had scouted around for us too. There was a place for us in the Market Place, Exhibition Ground, also right in Taschkent, but the town officials had not given their permit yet until we were there.

We fed our horses here, had our dinner, a wagon had to be repaired. Finally we arrived at the city of Taschkent, actually it was a twin city, one side lived the Russians, and on the other side the Sartische - maybe Turks? My parents with us children found a place to live outside the Market Place, close to the Russian Exhibition grounds, where from early until late at night was a lot of noise by people, horses, shooting gallery close by. This was a square, surrounded by high cement walls, no windows, neither outside nor inward, a large locked gate, only a few small doors, called the "Needles Eye", for we had to crawl through them. It was really a square yard that we were in. At each corner was a small door to the outside. In the center of this yard was a pond, and rows of shade trees. But we got our drinking water from the river. We were from twelve to twenty families living in this yard.

The river Tschirtschik, near Taschkent with its deep steep banks, was full of fish. Along its shores grew lots of fruit, wild and also planted. On either side of the streets were irrigation ditches filled with water. There was every kind of fruit one could think of, apples, pears, plums, cherries, peaches, apricots, grapes, Pomegranates, lemons, oranges, also strawberries and raspberries and so many kinds we knew no names for. They also had dates and figs and olives, then also the large luscious watermelons and muskmelons. We could get everything very cheap. Oh, it was lovely here; if only a severesickness had not befallen us.

But it was among us newcomers, it attacked the twenty-five to

thirty year group the hardest. We had not heeded the warnings of the native people there. They warned us not to work between the hours of 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. for it was so intensely hot, as though things would catch on fire. Since ours felt our stay here might be a lengthy one, the men and young men all got jobs, in the quarries, where the stones were crushed, to be used for gravelling the highways. This the Russian Government paid for, quite moderately too. But ours had worked to 11 a.m. and started at 2 or 2:30 again. The result -- many of our real strong young people got this kind of a "climate typhus".

We stayed in Taschkent nine months, and in that time eighty persons died of our group, some were only sick three days, before they died. We could live free, and they brought us so much fruit, nearly buried us with it. All groceries were so cheap too, and feed was cheap and good too. We dried a lot of fruit, so we could use it later. Father had bought a cow nearly right away, and sold 5-6 lbs. of butter per week to a Russian Priest. With that money our groceries were bought. He also worked for the road crew, he had to haul gravel. We were so used to eating our bread without butter on our trip, so we never ate butter here in Taschkent either. Every morning Father usually brought us fresh bread or some kuchen, it usually cost five cents a day. Of course we ate a lot of watermelons and melons, they were quite filling. Sometimes father brought us rye bread, which was a treat for us.

I will try and explain now, why our stay in Taschkent was so long. General Kaufman had waited to draw up a contract until we, our caravan, from the Molotschna Colony, had arrived. All our wagons were driven into this huge square courtyard, unhitched, the horses put into stable room, and we and our provisions unloaded, and assigned to our living quarters, which were situated along the walls of this courtyard, the stables being along one wall. We were there a few days, when a few men came of the other caravan, a few of our men were delegated, my father was to be spokesman for our group, for he was most fluent in this language. They were to appear before the Governor General. When they arrived at the Palace, only two were allowed entrance. The Governor General was a real German, working under the Russian Government. One of the other men had gone in first, but came out soon after and said, "Unruh, you better go in, he is a hard man to deal with". Father had felt rather shaky, but made up his mind, that he would try and be as courteous as he knew how. When he entered the room he took off his hat and bid them "Good Day", and waited until the official would talk to him. All of a sudden the officer asked Father, if all were well? How the long trip had been? He was sorry that we had had such a long hard journey. He hoped that our living quarters were satisfactory and much more.

At last he had looked at Father and asked, "And what are your desires and plans now?" Father had looked at him and said, "Now we wish to accept your welcome and gracious offer you made us back there in Petersburg; with that in mind, we have ventured this so long and dangerous journey, and have arrived here". Good, there will come some men tomorrow, who will show you a tract of land, not far from Taschkent, whether you will like it, and then let me know.

The next day after they had looked at that land, they reported to the General, it was alright as far as the distance from Taschkent was, but it was too stoney and too close to a certain (Kirgisen) village. The General said, that was alright, it really belonged to some Mohammedan Priests, and there was a loan against it, and the buyer would have to pay that. He then mentioned another possibility of a tract of land in the area of Auliata, near the Siberian border, this was a ways back westward, and we had been travelling eastward. But most of our group wished to go see about this possibility, although it was yet a few hundred miles from here, more among the Turkish-Mongolian tribes, farther away from the Russian governed area.

Father did not accompany them on this trip. But the others without him were not well received.

There was to be another meeting with the General, but he said he felt sick, his throat was sore, he had a headache, they were to come back the next day. The next day the doctor did not allow the General to talk much, because of his sore throat, and the next day he could not talk at all. (The General had also received a telegram, that Kaiser Alexander was killed by a bomb). The General had suffered a stroke and was paralyzed on one whole side, he most likely had this climate typhoid. Father came home very discouraged, all would be for nought, maybe the Governor would die, no contract had yet been made for land.

The next day when Father and a few other men went to the Palace -- General Kaufman was dead. The black flag was flying at half mast. The funeral was a very large ceremonious affair. Most of us attended it too, with a mass multitude of people gathered in front of the Palace, where the procession was to start from. All of a sudden the church bells started to chime, and then came the wagon with the open casket, the lid decked with flowers on a second wagon. Next came the widow, followed by a group of girls, walking two by two carrying wreaths of flowers. They first went through the Russian part of Taschkent, then followed the Cossacks on horses, followed by a band of fifty musicians. By each horse hitched to the Hearse, a black clad man was leading it. Towards the end of the procession was followed by cannons. The streets were as full as possible, followed by Turks, Sarten, Chinese, Indians, Jews, Kirgisen, Russians, Turkomen, Armenians, Bucharists, and others - all in their native dress, an unbelievable sight to behold. We have never again seen such a mixture of nationalities at one time, at one place, as at this funeral.

It is said, that in Taschkent one can meet representatives of most every nation of the world. The funeral procession finally arrived at a large Russian Church. After about a half hour of a Dedication Service, the bells started to ring again, and the body was brought out and onto the wagon, and the procession headed towards the graveyard.

Everywhere were soldiers to keep order among these multitude of people. After a short ceremony there, they all of a sudden shot off the cannons. It took so many of ours by surprise, some even fainted. I thought my head would blow off. They do that to honour the dead. It made my mother very nervous, and everybody was concerned for mother's health, for she had

the feelings in her fingertips, so that she could feel if the muscles were out of place or stiff or if the bones were out of joint or broken, she could fix it.

For the sake of Mother, we moved to a new location. It was so very noisy at this place (day and night). We moved a few blocks from here around the corner, more into the Sarten side of town. Across the street from us was a Chinese area, some fifty families lived there. We learned to know them a little too. We felt so sorry for the 5-6 year old girls, whose feet were bound, so that they would remain small for their life, for they thought it was an honour for girls and women to have tiny feet. The little girls asked us, why we had such big feet, we told them, so we could walk well, run and jump and play well. This made them sad, they wished they too could run and jump and play.

We learned to know a little girl, who was wishing her feet could be like ours, but her grandmother said, No, she had to have small feet. Soon after we never saw her outside anymore. One morning when we went over there, we heard her whimper and moan and cry. She begged her grandmother to loosen the bandage, but she would not. Her grandmother did not want us to come anymore, so we never saw that little girl again.

In the corner rooms were stores, where the storekeepers sold their goods. There were also sugar makers and syrup cookers, yes, there was a trade of every sort. We now lived close to the street that led to the Russian part of Taschkent, also close to the Military Barracks, where every morning from five a.m. the soldiers came marching, riding, accompanied by the band and a few times each week by cannons. What a noise from early until late at night. The life in Taschkent was something - any way you looked at it. There were several thousand soldiers in those Barracks.

The Asiatic part of Taschkent was surrounded by a high mortared stone wall. The Mohammed, Sarten, Arabians, and Turkomens, wanted to live in peace. They wanted no interference from any outsiders. At first, when the Russian Government took over, some soldiers had forced their way in, and treated them rough. Then word came to these soldiers, from the Kaiser from Petersburg, that they should leave these people live in peace, not to disturb them.

And issued a decree that no soldier should molest or disturb these people, inside these walls, but try and live in harmony with them. There lived thousands of Asians in the outskirts, many Jews, and also many Cossack. Regiments, with their fine fur caps, each tribe distinguishable by their different dress and colour. Quite a sight to see.

Those nine months in Taschkent, I cannot remember a single cloud in the sky, only hot sunshine. Even the stars and moon seemed hot at night. Everything was irrigated, no rain while we were there. There were so many kinds of sicknesses among the people, all kinds of boils and sores, some sores covering heads and hands, others covering the feet.

Many an accident also happened in the stone-quarry. A young man of about twenty, was injured in the quarry, broken and crushed bones, ribs were broken, jabbing into his lungs, he could hardly breathe. At first we thought he was dead. They wanted Mother, have her see what she could do for him. Because Mother was a frail woman, my father would help her all he could, even I helped to tear bandages, sew them together and roll them into a roll. Mother set his bones, smoothed out his ribs. They (my parents) had a, what they called, a Bloodstone, they rubbed it with vinegar, and that liquid, they gave him to drink, that made him vomit, and all the blood he had in his lungs was vomitted up. Recovery was slow, but after three weeks, he could walk over to my parents, only with the aid of a cane, to have Mother examine him and put fresh bandages on. It was like a miracle, for so many times we had thought he would die. He later moved to South Dakota and lived to a ripe old age there.

Many workers got hurt in the stone quarry, but the worst that hit any of us was this climate typhus. In our immediate family we were all spared from this sickness, in Taschkent. (But we got it later). In the other caravan, were many that took sick, also died, how many I do not know, we never got together with them. Except some of the men would ride over and enquire "What now". Both the men, the Officials, Kaiser Alexander, and General Kaufman, were dead. The acting Governor would arrive before anything definite could be decided. And so our stay here was nine months long.

The new General did not have much sympathy with our situation, said we should not have gone on this long journey, leaving home and loved ones behind. In the meantime an invitation had also been received from Bukhara. Believe it came through the Trakt group, for they were still determined to go east, and not west. Our father too felt we should go to Bukhara, for he felt we all wanted to stay together. But then we found out that our Leader and Preacher, with seven families of our group, wanted to go to Auliata.

They sent some men to Auliata, and some to Bukhara. Those from Auliata, came back first, with good news, the irrigation canals, in good order, they liked the lay of the land, lots of land along the southern border of Siberia, with a big river there. There was the big town of Auliata, also some smaller towns. All those that wanted to go there were really enthused. The younger men and young lads were especially anxious to go; the older men talked of planting fruit trees there, and building homes, and then bringing their families there. Then we found that only our family, and Uncle Peter Unruh's family, father's brother (grandmother was with us) were the only families of our group, to go along with the Trakt caravan to Bukhara. Mother's only sister, with her husband and two children, were also going with the other group. So it meant a separation of families again.

Father had traded in a fresh horse, which was larger and looked stronger, but what the owner did not tell Father, was that it had a tendency to be bucky. So Father hitched the horses to the wagon, they wanted to buy a supply of provisions, for our further journey. All went along, except my little brother and I stayed at camp. When they got to the next corner, a regiment of soldiers, accompanied by a band, met them, the new horse started to jump and run like wild, Father could not hold them back, in a circle they

went, until they were beside an irrigation canal under construction, no water in it yet. All of a sudden it tried to jump the canal, tossing everyone out of the wagon, in every direction, when the wagon overturned, and the horses fell over each other down in the canal.

Mother's right arm was broken in two places, all crooked. Then a ten year old Cossack boy came, he looked at Mother, helped her onto her feet, had been worried about her. In a moment he had ordered the canal-workers to come and help, to bring the children out, tip the wagon back, took some lumber pieces to repair the wagon. He was in command and the men obeyed him. Now that horse stood like a lamb. And when hitched with the other horse to the wagon again, it behaved well.

Miraculously nothing had happened to Father, or my sisters and brother. So they arrived back, with the broken wagon, without having been to the Market. What a shock I got, when I saw my mother, so pale, groaning and whimpering with pain. I had to quickly run and get Mrs. Eck, mother's sister, to help mother set her own arm, which was not going to be easy. That would be near impossible, and the arm looked bad. Close to the wrist the bones were nearly through the flesh. Several men, including Father, and Mrs. Eck, my aunt, helped, she fainted several times during the process, but finally they got it fairly good, so splints were made, and her arm bandaged. A few days later she found out that her elbow was out of joint too, it was swollen before. When she put it back in place it did not want to stay.

My dear mother sure suffered a lot until that healed, they had to dress and undress her, which Father did. Everyone wanted to see Mother well again, Mrs. Eck, Mother's sister, fed her most of the time. For she remembered how she had had two broken arms, falling from a swing, when a young girl back in Russia. And my mother set her bones then, and she got well again.

All of a sudden the people from the "Trakt", the other caravan were ready to leave, and here Mother had the accident, and we could not go yet, for fear that Mother's arm would break again on so rough and bumpy a road. That whole wagon train could not wait so long, so it was decided that two of us, that wanted to go east, to Bukhara, went with the Trakt caravan, leaving six of us families behind. It took full three weeks, before Mother could move her arm even a little, and very slowly. It was a hard time for us all. And my Parents questioned themselves many times, wondering whether they should rather go along with our original caravan to Auliata, along with out many dear friends, for they wanted us to go along with them so badly. Mother and we children would gladly have gone with them. But Father's brother, Uncle Peter Unruh, and a Mr. Dirksen, said, "Oh, no, we are going on east and not turning west."

They argued and discussed, read and talked! Some even thought it was a warning to us, because Mother's arm broke, not to go east, but stay with them. Some thought they were following God's leading, but really following "their own desires", and for personal honor.

There were seventy two families of our caravan, that stayed here in Taschkent, who later, after the men had gone on before to Auliata, to build some houses to take their families to. We said our good-byes, and slowly started on our journey eastward towards Bukhara.

I still remember Auntie, Mrs. Eck, and her two children, how they cried, especially the oldest, Henry, how he begged us not to leave them, not to go so far away, maybe we would not see each other anymore. And we never did see each other again. This Henry later moved to Brazil. Yes, so it is in life: worries, sorrow, and joys, suffering and farewells, disappointments and death.

We passed through Taschkent, and soon came to a large Sartan town named Pinas. These people were rather shy and did not want to sell us anything. We had learned their language somewhat, in Taschkent, they had a little different dialect, so could not understand each other too well. They too wondered what we had in our wagons, what we wanted in their land - they were puzzled. We let them think we might have guns in our wagons, for they were scared of the Cossacks and their guns. That way they did not crowd around our wagons so much.

Past this town there was no more road, only a trail made by camels or donkeys, that we had to follow, to get water and feed. When I think now of the dangers, the near impossible situations and the hardships, especially for the older folks, we had to come through. I cannot understand how anybody came through it alive. The wagons shook and swayed from side to side, most unbearably rough. Mother suffered very much pain on her arm. Father and us older girls nearly always walked, where the trail was so bad, but Mother and the smaller ones had to endure it. My small brother often cried and said, "it hurts". Nearly every afternoon or evening we had to repair some wagons.

After a few days, the tongue on Uncle Peter Unruh's wagon broke, close to noon. He was kind of discouraged. Father said to him, "Yes, so it goes east". He said, "East not West". Father said no more. They had their blacksmith tools along, which they often had to use. We had travelled over two weeks, already, hired a guide, to guide us through rivers and through the desert areas ahead of us, to our destination. Luckily we were all well now, no one sick. We knew the name of the big village close to the Bukhara border, but did not think we could have found it without a guide. It was now in our third week.

One afternoon we saw a troop of riders, thirty men, come to meet us. We were scared, not knowing if it was a band of robbers, or what.

Then our Leader said - that is people dressed like us, horses like our own. We did not think of the caravan that had left ahead of us. Were we pleased to see them. We were surprised that they were not farther away yet. They had travelled very slowly; for they had sickness among their group, so had stopped; were camped for a whole week already. Had had some deaths too. And broken axles, and broken tongues, so that their progress had been very slow. So they wanted to wait for us, so we could all travel together.

Before we reached their camp, we had to pass through a desert area again, through dangerous rivers, without a bridge or ferries. But just before we reached their camp, Uncle Peter Unruh's axle broke. Well, they got a pole and fastened it as best they could, and on we went, clang, clang. It was evening before we reached their camp. It was situated under tall shade trees; they had hung lanterns in the trees, with long tables set for our anticipated arrival, ready for a Love Feast. Our wagons were parked on the outer circle of their camp, horses unhitched and fed. Then our greeting. We all were seated - a song was sung, Grace said, and we all enjoyed our meal. For we were truly tired and hungry. Afterwards we had evening devotions and we sang: How that singing resounded into the tropical night. It did not take long when we were singing, we had an audience, but when we quit singing they went home. (We were close to a town, but I do not remember the name.)

Yes, we were a wonder everywhere we came, also many were a bit afraid of us. The Trakt caravan people had hired quite a few camels to help them. Now they hired several more to help us too. The Trakt people were so thankful that in our group we were all well. And Mother's arm, though still in splints and well wrapped, was a lot better. Due to the rough roads, many had dislocated joints. Father usually helped her, and now she fixed a broken arm and a sprained ankle.

After we had rested here awhile in this town, we loaded all that was possible onto the camels, so it would be lighter for our wagons and horses. We hired a fresh guide here who was familiar with the whole country, he was to take or guide us to the Bukharist Boundary to the town Syrabulat. I am not sure, but I think we were forty-five or fifty families in this caravan, most families had two wagons, then with all the camels, we were a long caravan; a scarey sight I guess for the natives there.

In this caravan of the Trakt group, they seemed to be more orderly and peaceful. If there were discussions or disagreements, they would pray about it. In the Molotschna group, that we first came with, if there were disagreements, they would take sides, then the feeling of the rich towards the poor. None of that was present in this group. They would often come and check our wagons, and if needed, would together help repair it, without anyone owing anything for it. There was also an old very rich lady, with her two sons, and one daughter, in this group, who in all this time of wandering around, helped twenty families, for four years, with food, clothes and feed for the horses. She said, after she had dedicated her life to God, she felt, that what He had entrusted to her, she wanted to use to help others. There were some others who helped out financially, but some of them wanted repayment. She was very concerned about our mother, because she was so frail, and always said, "We need Mother Unruh". She found out one day, that our coffee was all, and mother was only drinking Prips, a type of postum (roasted whole kernel grain, and then ground.) She brought Mother some coffee, and asked Mother whether we were short of cash, Father was to come to her that day and she would help us, for Mother needed to drink coffee to give her strength. Mother told her, she hoped Father would soon be able to earn money, then he would buy coffee again. But she requested that Father should go to her that evening, she wanted to talk to Father. (I put this in to show the attitude of these dear people of the Trakt caravan).

In these desert areas, we often came to small Kirgisen-Aulen people, some five families in one wall enclosure. They would see us coming from a distance, and the women and children would come to meet us, and offer "Kumys", a drink made of camel milk. The Kirgisen women were to be veiled, but here in the wilderness they were slack with that rule. But if unexpected one of our men appeared, to ask for a drink too, they kind of shrank back, and they would all take flight and run, even forgetting their crocks where the drink was in. They also offered us some bread or Kuchen, out here in the wilderness, they were quite hospitable, if they were not robbers.

We had an accident happen on our trip, before we reached Bukhara. So many of us walked beside the wagons. A nine year old boy had walked beside their wagon, wanted to step onto the wagon, while the train was moving, missed, and fell between the wheels, and the heavy back wheel went over his head and chest. The wagon behind could stop right away, the whole caravan stopped. They pulled him out from under the wagon, onto the grass. They got Mother right away; he lay as though dead, full of blood and dirt. His parents knelt beside him and cried. Mother was examining him for broken bones, when all of a sudden they saw his one eye hanging out of its socket, but the cords still intact, Mother cleaned it with spit and pressed it back into its socket and closed the eyelid. They raised the boy a bit, and Mother massaged and straightened his crushed and broken ribs, and all of a sudden he started to breathe. She put a bandage across his eye. After a few days rest, she examined the boy again, set some more bones where necessary, and the boy recovered, grew up to be a strong young man, even his eye was fine.

So many things happened on our journey, which I saw and heard, was witness to, what I cannot write all here, for it would fill books. Now we came to Russian held territory, where they could shelter us, or punish us. Twenty miles from the last town, we came to a Cossack town was Katakurgan - and the Sarten - village was Seradulak. Finally we arrived at the village Sartysch, from here it was about 3 to 4 miles to the Himalayan Mountains. This they said was about the nicest country in the world, not as hot as at Taschkent, but lovely weather; no snow in winter, only some rainy and foggy spells. In February the cotton was in bloom already. But here too was the danger of getting this climate-typhus. Everything was irrigated here as in Russian-Turkestan, for this was Asiatic Turkestan. The wide, shallow Saraftan river was about a half mile from the town Syrabulak, where we made camp on the outskirts of the town.

We were here about two months, when some more of the Trakt families arrived, some were still on the way, who had started later, some twenty families. So we had a large camping place here, outside the village, close to the Market Place. Several of our leaders and the guide had left right away, to go to Bukhara, across the river, to the next big town, to see the Government Officials, to tell them, we were here, and to ask for permission to start a Mennonite Settlement there.

Several Bukhara Priests came to our camp, and offered us a strip of land (which belonged to them) which was between the village and the river. They said we could have it free, they encouraged us to build, the windows

would look towards the Russian side, the door would be towards the Bukhara side. The river would be the boundary. Here neither the Russians nor the others could trouble us. Here we could live free for always.

Being tired of travelling so long, some thought it a good idea; measured out for a straight street, then staked out building sites, and some started to prepare for building. But some were suspicious, and rode away scouting around in surrounding areas. My father was busy digging, preparing for a home in the bank of the river. But the unrest grew, as these men returned from their scouting trips, telling of what they had seen, so that the few that did think of building here quit too. They had ridden towards the Himalayan Mountains, and they had found a wonderful valley there, sheltered by the mountains in a half moon shape. In the gully, there was a spring. They had enquired at a nearby village there, "whom the land belonged to" and they had said, no one, it belongs to Bukhara, and has lain uncultivated all these years.

Now everyone started to talk of this valley close to the mountains. My father thought they should be satisfied for once, and accept what was offered to us. But more went to have a look at that "valley", those that had started to dig here, to make an earth-house, quit. There were especially three women in our group, who thought they were shown in a dream, that we should move to this "valley". Then a Mrs. Janzen died, and we had to get permission to bury her, as soon as possible, for in that heat, the dead were buried soon after they died. They showed us a corner in their graveyard, and we buried her there. They were astonished at how we buried our dead, and we were astonished at how they buried their dead, for they had some standing up - some on knees and elbows - some sitting in their graves. The graveyards or cemeteries, were surrounded by high walls, usually situated on a high knoll. The grave or room in the ground, enough space for the whole family. In this room, along the sides, were cells or little rooms for each corpse. Their gravestones were of marble or porcelain.

These people wondered at our mode of burial, why we lay out dead into a box (coffin) on their back, and nailed the cover down. When the Lord would sound the Trumpet, for the dead to rise, ours would not be able to get out, because of the nailed down cover. We buried a young man who died suddenly of a heart attack, also a few children here.

Before we broke camp and really started for the Himalayan area, Father felt very bad, first we had asked the Bukhara Government for permission to settle here, which it had given us; and now we were not satisfied, and wanted to go elsewhere, to that mountain area. He felt God might punish us. But the majority rules. The area where they were determined to go to, they thought was better. They wanted to call Prayer Meetings for us, that did not feel like going to that mountain area. They felt that here would be a place where God would especially protect his own. Here we would be surrounded on three sides by mountains, an acreage for cultivation with a ready supply of water out of a spring.

Well, we all hitched our horses to our wagons, and travelled those several miles to this mountain area. We arrived there the beginning of November. And everybody got to work, hoping to have some dwellings (homes)

ready before Christmas, for then it started to rain in this country. Some made some bricks right away and dried them in the sun, for the red clay here with some sand made good bricks. Some even hired some Sartan men who mortared up houses for them, the way the natives here had, they were strong structures. Where ours got the lumber from, for floors, windows and doors, I surely do not know, they may have brought it from the Sarachtschan river, for there were no trees to be seen anywhere here. Of course some were always riding from the village to village for supplies, they also rode to the Russian town, Katakurgab. Only in the desert areas, when we came to an Oasis, did we see trees planted, like Palm trees and Mulberry trees. We were here a few weeks, everybody busy at work, when the climate-typhus and the pocks, I guess small-pox broke out. There was not one family where there were not sick ones, and many died. Those that were well, kept right on building and working, some were so glad we had found so nice a place. Everybody bought cows and feed quite cheap, also groceries were cheap. It really was a prosperous country, if only those blackpox had not been. It wiped out nearly all the children. Although our youngest three had them, only my youngest brother died. Those that got well, had so many pox marks on their bodies, their faces so scarred, they hardly looked like themselves.

And the Typhus took its toll too, there was one funeral after the other, our men that built the coffins were kept busy. Where they got the lumber for it I do not know. I know that for my brother's coffin, father took the boards we sat on, on our trip. Christmas was nearly there (word about our settling here, had been sent to Bukhara). Often we had seen large flocks of sheep and goats grazing on the side of the mountains, the shepherds and dogs with them. When we went for water to this spring, we had met them, they looked us over, wanted to know who we were, where we were from, and what we wanted here. We wondered where they lived. When ours told them why we were here, they only nodded and said nothing.

We had lots of stones to build a fire on, but we mostly used our little cook stoves which we used on our journey. It did not get cold here, but the rainy season, made it damp and cool out, and unhealthy for us, who were not used to this type of climate.

Early one morning, we saw coming over the hill, a troop of some thirty men. I think we all felt uneasy, for they came riding, in all their pomp and glitter, straight for our village. They were a sight to behold, but we were scared, what did they want from us? They rode along the street looking at everything, very sober; talking to each other in their Bukhara language, came to the last place, where our Mayor lived, whose name was Mr. Herman Janzen. I was working for them at the time, (I was sixteen years old). Then they asked in the Sartish language, whether they were at the home of the Leader, we said, yes. They wanted an interpreter, he was Janzen's eighteen year old son and a Herman Bartch. It seemed as if they knew well, who knew their language. They then entered the house, took possession of the best room, sat down in a circle on gold trimmed blankets which their servants spread out for them on the floor. Their cook made them some tea, and they sat quietly and drank the tea, acting as if this was their home.

Our two interpreters had to sit with them in this circle. When

they were finished drinking tea, the Waterpipe, or peace pipe, was lit and everyone in the circle took a puff on it. Otherwise they never smoked cigarettes, cigars, or chewed tobacco. When their ritual was completed, they asked friendly how we all were, what we wanted and were doing here. Ours gave them answers, they only looked at them, nodded or shook their heads, but said nothing. They stayed a few days, fed their horses of our purchased feed, The soldiers were everywhere in our village, slept outside, ate their own prepared meals. Fed their horses at the feed stacks of our Leaders. When they were told, they said it didn't matter. That seemed strange? We others had to keep quiet. All of a sudden they acted as if they had stayed long enough - told our interpreters, that we were to leave here right away, we had no right here on land that belonged to others. We had no right to build here, we absolutely had to move away from here. They had come to take us and show us some land, where we could live in peace for the rest of our lives. They begged us to listen and be willing to do as they asked. But our interpreters asked them to leave us here, for we believed that God had given us this place. But they answered and said, God had given this land to someone else, before us.

All of a sudden they all got on their horses, and told our interpreters to get some horses too and come along with them, they would take them to some Bukhara Officials; our two interpreters and two of our leaders, accompanied the troop of officers. We all felt shaky, did not know what would happen now. I believe many were beginning to doubt if they had done right, by just going on their own to settle down here. Many prayed - and then some still thought we had done the right thing, but our Father and many others were quiet. Father quit building - and every day there were more sick - and many died, our cemetery grew larger - many a father and mother lay buried there. Finally old Mr. Martin Klassen died also, the man that had written a book on Mennonite Church History.

In our family we were all well again, except our youngest brother who had died from the pox. (Now I will describe somewhat this Himalayan area, and some of the things we did here. Some of them thought, "This was the place where God would protect His Church, the Christians, from Tribulations, in the end times". In reality this was a lovely country here, there really was only a narrow strip of land, surrounded by these mountains. Where there were no mountains, there were gullies, narrow ones, wide ones, deep ones, leading towards the mountains. The flat strip was very green, but I never saw even a small tree anywhere, not even on the sides of the hills, where we saw every day the sheep and goats graze. The spring was in a wide deep gully, with its high cliff like banks, when the goats looked over the top, they looked real small. Out of this gully, were other, smaller and wider gullies leading into the mountains.

We girls decided, that one Sunday afternoon, we would take a walk in one of these gullies, to see what we could see. (For there was always something new to see). In one narrow crack, in this gully, a Salamander got stuck, the Shepherds thought he must have been scared of some bigger animal, and ran and fell into this crack. The Shepherds had heard its scream in the night, they killed it and had to dismember it to get it out, it was the size of a native cow there, not as high though. I did not like the looks of it.

As we were walking along, we were all of a sudden followed by a type of owl-like birds. They flew down over our heads. Me being the inquisitive one, I spotted their nest, so I crawled up the cliff to see their young, the young were ugly, featherless creatures. Just then the others called to me, "The old birds are coming!" - I nearly fell down backwards, the other girls were screaming for help. And surprisingly, the parent birds did not notice me, only flew low over the other girls, one bird hit one girl on the back, with its wings, hurting her back, it got all blue. These birds fed on the meat of goats, sheep or calves. Before the birds noticed me, some of our men had arrived on the scene, making so much noise that those birds flew away. We never forgot this experience.

Another Sunday we decided to take a walk along another gully, even though we had some hair-raising experiences, we still wanted to see more of the country. On the other side of this gully, was a cave, where our men sometimes went into, to have private meeting. So all of us big girls plus a few of the young married women, went for this walk. We were astonished at all that we saw; the cliff like banks of this gully, were steep and high, it looked as if they nearly touched at the very top. In the wall of it we could see the veins of gold and silver all a glitter, with all kinds of colored stones, and looked like precious stones lying on the ground.

So we wandered on; wondering at this and that - resolving to take some specimens back home with us. There was a lot of sheep dung on the ground, but we thought nothing of it, looked and walked on. All of a sudden the gully was wider - Oh my! we heard the loud barking of dogs. At first, we thought, that is something else, where could dogs be here. We walked a little farther - and there in a valley ahead of us was a Tent-town - The Shepherds with their families, and their sheep and goats lived here, lovely sunshine here. All of a sudden those many dogs started to bark again, louder. We turned and ran for home, forgetting all about what we wanted to take home. We kept this walk a secret, for we were scared we would get a scolding.

But we had not lost our wanderlust. So all us young folks, the boys too, planned to take a hike up one of the Himalaya mountains. Again on a Sunday early morning we were to start. As I stated before, I was working at the Mayor's place, their married daughter lived with them. I had received my permission awhile before, to go on this hike. But now Mr. and Mrs. were not home, and the son-in-law made up his mind, that he was going with the group, and I had to stay home with his sick wife. The other young folks stopped at this home to have me come along, when he stood there ready. They told him to let me come; he could stay home with his sick wife - but no, he went, I had to stay home. Was I sad.

I stood and watched them until they were out of sight. I asked the young lady, whether I could do something for her. No - she said, I am only so sorry you had to miss this on account of me. She thought I might be cross at her. I told her - no, that I loved her. Then she smiled at me. Towards evening Mr. Janzen arrived home, in the meantime it had started to storm, a rain. I kept the fires going, and as soon as he arrived, I got him something to eat. He said, "Well, Elizabeth, how is it that you are not on this hike with the rest of them?" I told him. "The others went".

He asked where Mrs. Janzen was? "I do not know," - and where is Mary? (the daughter). I said "She is sick", - and where is Jacob? (the son-in-law) - "He went along to the mountain". He was quite upset that I had not been able to go.

The mountain-climbers told of many things they had seen. How they had been able to reach the top, above the clouds, in clear sunshine. And beyond the mountain, they had been able to see another sheltered valley, also surrounded by mountains. Down the other side of the mountain they were on, was like a steep wall. In that valley they could see the windows glitter on the churches and large buildings and a lot of trees. Ours asked some of the natives, who those people were, that lived beyond that mountain, they said they were people, like you, they fled from somewhere, found refuge there. They did not know what country it was there. This was close to some snow capped mountains, that we could see in the distance.

The mountain climbers said there had been very beautiful flowers all the way up the mountain, also sweet smelling herbs. They talked so much of all the beauty they had seen. Then some of ours were a bit more hopeful again, maybe we could stay here and live in peace, like those people behind that mountain. When our delegates would return from Bukhara, maybe they will have or bring back permission for us to stay.

A few mornings later, early at sunrise - somebody called! Now they are coming back! What a sight! A larger troop of soldiers, than the other day, was coming over the hill. Their uniforms glistening and their white turbans gleaming in the early morning sun. It is something that one has to personally see and experience, to really know it is true. We stood there and watched them approach us, our men's saddle horses were tied to the side of a soldier's horse, and one of our men, each sitting in front of the soldier, hands tied.

We all felt this was something serious; when they stopped in front of us, they untied our men, and let them go. They again made themselves quite at home, the Janzen lad, the interpreter, had to sit down in the circle with them, have some tea; and when they had enough tea, he also had to take a puff at the Peace Pipe. He was a very polite boy, and they admired him for it. They set up a place, in the middle of the room to cook their meals, nearly smoked us out of the house. It was kind of funny to watch them, but also very inconvenient to have them there.

All of a sudden they asked us, whether we were ready to move away. For they would show us a valley, also surrounded by mountains, where there were lots of grapes, and fruit trees; with only a walking path and a path for riders leading into it. Then they said, there was a colony of people living in there, who were dying out, for at the entrance to this valley was a swamp, and steam would rise at times, which made it very unhealthy. We told them we were not interested - for then we should really chase these people out or kill them, and we wanted no part in that. The next morning we saw a large caravan coming over the hill and settle on two sides of it. The soldiers that were at our place left to go to the caravan, only the officers, with their servants and their cook stayed. Those wagons in that

caravan, were two-wheelers and a lot of camels. Now they talked very friendly to us, we should willingly move away, before they had to use force, but ours did not want to move. Then by day they joked yet, talked, teased the children, just as if they belonged, But all this time some were riding back and forth, as though reporting.

It was starting to rain more and one morning there was even some snow on the ground; which was very unusual, and they said, they thought we were being punished by God. Then they said, "You have to go back to Syrabulak, there were living quarters for us there". We were shocked, what should we do back in Syrabulak. But no begging helped. They said, they did not have time to wait any longer or to watch us. For the Shepherds who had leased this land for many years, wanted us out of here.

This warning should have been enough for our people. But there were still those who thought we should just pray more, then they would let us stay. Ours thought they just wanted to scare us.

When I think of it now, how befogged a person's mind, even a Christian's, can get, when we do not want to listen to reason, but only think of ourselves. The officials had shown us a lot of patience.

But now they showed that they meant business; they started to chop and break up the homes. I went home to my parents house, Father was very busy packing our wagon, and I helped, they had also carried my oldest, pox-sick, brother into the wagon. I was barely home, when an officer with some soldiers came, when they saw us loading: "Good man, pack up and go", he told his man to go on. But first they went to see my sick brother and gave him some sugar cubes, said they hoped he would soon be well again. Father told me, to just stay with them, for my clothes were all home too.

While we were yet talking, others of our group were passing, going to our place of worship, to pray for God to do a Miracle in the minds of these government officials. They wanted us to come along too, but Father shook his head and said, "Back in Syrabulak we will discuss this further". Yes, how people will act when they become spiritually blind, and fanatic. We were nearly fully packed, when they suddenly came with the dead body of Mr. Martin Klassen, who had to be buried yet. He was carried on a flat board, was buried in a shallow grave there. The officials had lost their patience with our group; they watched every move we made. Also witnessed the burial. Then some of the soldiers came, bringing the ones who had gone to pray, others (soldiers) tore down the roof too. The soldiers took all valuable lumber and packed it onto camels and their two-wheelers. It was a tumult. Camel's cry, the children crying - So ended our Place of Peace.

We were hurried back to the village, Syrabulak, because it was the raining season, and no homes for us to live in. We were given rooms in some stopping place, which the villagers had prepared for us, to orders from Bukhara, also out of fear of the Russians. From Khiva we had had an invitation, earlier; but we thought we wanted to settle down on the border lines of Bukhara, now that was spoiled. Then we had also had an invitation from Samarkand; but what would happen now, we did not know.

We received the message, the two small caravans of the Trakt people were on their way here, soon to arrive; and it rained and rained day and night, our earthen dwellings were springing leaks, and always had to be patched. All of a sudden the whole roof caved in where an elderly couple lived. They were close beside the room my parents had, which was a good sized one and had a cookstove, where we could bake bread; they moved in with parents.

I had to leave home again, and work in the brother's home, from where I had worked before. His wife had the climate-typhus too, they had three little children. How I longed to be able to stay home and help my mother. But they needed help, so I had to go. I was there only a short while, when I too got typhus, I was delirious and had a very high temperature. They carried me home to parents, and (my next sister) had to go help these *Anna* people, to take my place. I had just been saved, had become a child of God. A Sarten young man had stolen something from one of our young married men, who lived further in the village, close to the spring, more among the Sarten people. And our young man caught the thief, and gave him a beating. The Sarten people wanted our man to be punished, who was very sorry about what he had done.

The Sartens had to give us lodgings, against their will, by orders of the Bukhara Officials, and out of fear of the Russians. They were quite bitter. They would have killed our young man right away, but feared the Russians, especially the Cossacks. The church told him he had to go and confess and ask that Sarten lad's forgiveness. This seemed very hard for him to do; but after much prayer he became a Christian, and had the courage to go and ask this Sarten boy's forgiveness. In our evening worship period he got up and gave his testimony, how he had taken Jesus as his personal Saviour, and asked their forgiveness for doing wrong. We were all stirred by his testimony. I too started to ponder deeply, how good it must be, to have one's sins forgiven, and become a child of God.

When I got back home, where I worked, the lady asked, "Elizabeth, was it a good evening Devotion?" I said, "Yes, young Abrams, was taken back into the church". Just then the husband came in, and he said yes, I wish you could have been there. It was a stirring evening. It seemed to me as though they felt, that there was something missing in their lives. I surely felt as though I needed something. Although I had often prayed, I knew for sure the Lord had often answered prayer; especially when quite young, when I had been forced to work so hard and long that I thought I would drop. I had prayed for strength to carry on, and had believed that He would answer, I had soon felt revived again, and could sing again. Which I enjoyed so much. As soon as I thought they were asleep, I went outside behind a building to pray. I prayed and prayed until I found forgiveness of my sins, and gave me peace in my soul. The night air was damp, I was outside longer than I thought, the typhus germ was in me already.

When I was sick in my parents place, it did not take long, until they were all sick, except my father stayed well. Mother too was quite sick, but in a few weeks she was well again. The sisters too were sick, but not for long. I had a temperature for eighteen weeks, could not eat, therefore

became very thin. The elderly couple that had to move in with parents, had to be moved in with some other family. The old couple were sick too and died later. Since mother was so frail, grandmother came by day to help make them meals. Everyone thought that I too, would die, because I was so sick and delirious most of those eighteen weeks. And I often prayed the Lord should take me, I wanted to die. And then, like in a dream, the Lord showed me clearly, that it was wrong for me to always think of dying, there was a lot of work for me to do in my life time, which would be a long one.

Yes, such are the ways the Lord goes with many a person, some have to suffer so much. Some are plucked in their early youth, to be transplanted into Heaven. (So as one of my beloved daughters, later, in her nineteenth year, to her, the Lord said, her work was done, she should rest).

Many things here in our life we do not understand, but will be clear to us, when we are with our Heavenly Father in Eternity. I slowly began to improve, the fever was getting less. But I was so hungry for mulberries. But I had been forbidden to eat them. I had a very dear friend, and she told her mother of my craving for ripe mulberries. Her mother told her that usually if a fever sick person has a great craving for something, and gets it, that usually makes the fever go away. Then this friend brought me several hands full of berries, and I ate them all, they tasted so good. And my fever was gone. The next day the doctor came, he said the fever is gone, and he wondered how come? I told him that I had had such a craving for mulberries, and I had eaten some. He looked at me with big eyes, thought I had taken a risk. He came the next day, and the fever was really gone.

Which made me very glad. I was carried outside into the sunshine and fresh air every day. The older girls told me of many things that happened while I was sick. Two of our young men had been ordered back to Taschkent by the Russian Military Regime. But the one was very near sighted, and the other one lame, so they finally were sent back, after the young Kaiser (son) sent word, that they were to be released. Soon after a new caravan from Trakt, arrived, fifteen families. In this group was the well known preacher Klaas Epp. Ten of our group, who were fond of that mountain area - had stubbornly gone back and lived in tents now, for the buildings had been too badly destroyed.

When I was able and well enough to walk around by myself; a great Revival broke out among our people in this town. It was a time of Blessings. Many made things right with each other, also with their Maker. Were personally converted and received Jesus as their Saviour. So many young people got saved, also an evangelical couple. This was a blessed time. Up until now they had had to learn the Catechism, and then were baptized by sprinkling. Now we really got saved and were baptized, we were twenty-one of us. We all gave our personal testimony before the baptism, and after, joined the church. For it says in the Bible, "that Baptism is an outward sign of a clear conscience with God".

We were slowly starting to prepare to move on again, hoping to finally go where we could make our home; before they maybe would call some of our young men into military service again. For the new General at

Taschkent was not friendly inclined towards the Mennonites. We were here in Syrabulak, about seven or eight months already. When I think now of that time, I do not understand how they let us stay there that long, rent free, were friendly, gave us most everything we needed. With fruit they nearly buried us at times, so we dried most of it, which we could use later.

I could not write down everything that happened here among our own people. Will put down some happenings that I thought were interesting. First about those ten families, that went back to the mountain country, and thought now, and believed, that they were the Righteous, the Elect, out of our whole caravan. They had no ordained minister in their group. So they said Jesus had said all his children were priests and preachers; and they felt they were all preachers. They had made a few new rules: one was no one was to wed anymore, that was a sin. Had communion every Sunday. Seven of them were not baptized yet, so they baptized them. My father rode to visit them one day, also to tell them that our whole caravan was just about ready to leave again, into Bukhara, or maybe even to Khiva. But he had hardly been able to talk to them, they thought they were so Holy, if they would come too close to father to talk to him, they would besmudge themselves by such unholy people. They believed God would send them more of the Elect. They did not want to come back with us. So our men came back quite discouraged, for they hated to leave them behind.

After the last two small caravans arrived, we always had Bible study in the afternoons and Prayer Meetings at night, in our camp. Mr. Klaas Epp, explained more the Books of Daniel and Revelations, also some out of the first five books of the New Testament and Isaiah. They felt that our journey was somewhat like the journey the children of Israel made. All of a sudden we received word, we had to travel through Bukhara, for there was no other route or road to Khiva. Ours felt we wanted to keep faith, and trust the Lord, when the time was there for us to go, God would show us a way.

Just a few days before our departure, the ten families from the mountain area, came back; but in what a way! The men were tied together on top of the two-wheelers, the women and children on their wagons, escorted by the soldiers. This time they were not begged to leave there, as before; they they had used whips this time, when they still did not want to leave. They loaded their stuff, and brought them back, telling them, that the caravan was nearly ready to move on; and they did not want them there, they were to leave with the rest. They brought them close to the camp, and unloaded men, and their stuff, not too friendly. Forbid them to ever come to that hill country again -- for we should all see that we got away.

We had emptied and cleaned our rooms where we lived here in Syrabulak, and had loaded our wagons, and stopped at the camp, when the families from the mountains were brought in. Some felt ashamed. Preacher Epp ordered them that they should ask the church's pardon, for being so stubborn to all of us and also for being disrespectful to this government. Some found this hard to do, to humble themselves like that. But after some prayer meetings all was made right. Some were baptized and taken into the church. We had a wedding too, a widower and a widow were married. Only one, one of our interpreters, Herman Bartsch, thought they had been right all along; before

we left from Syrabulak, he left and went back to Taschkent, and later back to Russia.

Then there was another incident, an extraordinary one happened before we left. A young lad, John Drake, very tall and strong, had recently come out of Germany; and had come with the last Trakt caravan. He had fled because he did not want to join the Army in Germany. He had a good education, so they asked him to be our teacher, for the young children in our group. Whenever our caravan stopped for a few days. He was a sober boy and called himself a Christian, and was quite shy, and was by himself a lot. He stayed with the Jacob Toews family. Then one Sunday morning, he did not go along to their place of worship, said he did not feel so good.

When they got home at noon, Drake was gone, he had taken someone else's horse, and rode away, as some children had seen. They waited a while - thinking he might come back - but no. By afternoon lunch time Mr. Toews found that his writing desk had been broken into, and several thousand Rubel taken. They felt he would ride back to Taschkent, and from there try to cross the border into Germany. A few riders rode a day to a place called Kataburgan, which was on the way to Taschkent, and he had passed through there. The men called a meeting, for the money belonged to all in the caravan, and they could not afford to lose it. And the horse too, was a good, an expensive breeding horse. They knew he had a head start. They did not know what to do, so they decided to call a Prayer Meeting, and pray that God would stop him in Taschkent, and not let him go on. They all believed that God would answer their prayer. For we needed this money, for in our group we had this rule, that we all helped each other, as was necessary.

They fasted and prayed a whole day, at a quiet secluded spot until they felt the assurance, that God would stop the young man. As Jesus has said, "Where two or three will pray in my Name, believing, it shall be given unto them". Maybe it was a week later, when a special delivery letter came to Mr. Toews, from Drake, from Taschkent, whether he may come back, he could not go on? The message was sent, "Come right away, we are waiting for you". Mail was sent by camel riders in those days, by the shortest routes.

He arrived back: and told his story; first, why he had got so discouraged and got so far that he even stole - was, he had courted a girl and she had refused him. He thought out this plan, he would go back and revenge himself, for it seemed she was taking someone else. His mother had also recently died. (The trip had been a good one, the riding he had enjoyed, for he had done a lot of it when in military training). He had arrived in the Russian part of Taschkent, sold the horse for a good price - and rented a room, and rested for a few days.

The next day Drake went shopping; bought a good military rifle and a Smyrna-rug, which he wanted to take along to Germany. He took these back to his hotel room, and went to have his dinner. In the afternoon he wanted to buy a ticket to Germany on the Trans-Siberian railway which was completed by then to Taschkent, and while Drake was walking towards the railway station, he saw a fine looking polite young man come to meet him, and said, "Where to Drake?". It had startled him, and he said he had not known

this stranger. The stranger looked at him and said again: "Where to in such a hurry, Drake?". Then Drake had told the stranger, it was none of his business, and who are you? Go out of my way. Drake had then crossed to the other side of the street, looked around to see where this stranger was - and he was gone. He wondered where he could have gone, he felt kind of uneasy. When he looked up, here was this stranger again, in front of him, stood still and said to him: "John Drake, until here but no farther! You are a thief, go back right away, from where you came, and make right the wrong you did". When he looked up, the stranger was gone again. Drake said, then he knew that God had sent an angel to stop him from making more mistakes. He had gone back to the Hotel, determined to come back and make the wrong right. He fought quite a battle with himself in that Hotel room. The devil told him he should rather commit suicide, instead of going back facing shame. But through prayer he found courage to come back and confess his wrong, and asked for pardon.

Pardon was granted him. The money he returned, except what he had paid for the rifle and rug, and the money from the sale of the horse, he gave back to the owner. What was done with the rifle and the rug, I cannot remember. So there was incident after incident that happened in our group, that it would fill books, lots of it would seem unbelievable, though true.

Finally we were all ready for our departure - when we saw a Bukharan Military troop, of fifty men arrive in this village, with the High Official at the lead. We did not know what this meant. But they soon explained it friendly - they were here to guide us to our destination, through their land Bukhara, so that no harm would come to us. We felt that this was God's leading. They must have asked the Young Kaiser (son of the late Kaiser who gave us permission to leave) and he felt obliged to help us and give us Military escort, in esteem of his father's wishes. And also after receiving the Gracious Invitation and welcome from the late General Kaufman, we had undertaken so long and so treacherous a journey into Asia. They had received orders from the young Kaiser to give us this military escort through Bukhara, so no harm would befall us.

How thankful we were and happy and full of renewed faith, to be able to make our journey with such protection. Without it, none of us would have gotten through. We came to the river Saratschan, where along its banks was so thickly populated, soon we saw some soldiers ride ahead, to open a way for us to pass through, such thick population I have never seen anywhere else, every foot of land was in use, rice or Dschugarie planted, vineyards, orchards, and towns and villages, not even a mile apart. Often there was no other way, but straight through a vineyard or an orchard, where our wagons could go through, which the owners did not like too well. Often an irrigation ditch had to be closed, and a few times an opening in a wall had to be made, to let us through. When they had to tear down something, which they had built, then they were quite cross, then they did not want to sell us feed or food, when we set up camp in their Market Place. But when the soldier officials went into town with their requests and orders, it took only a little while, when they came running - brought us more than we needed, Often running back without waiting for their pay.

Bukhara is only a small but a very rich land. On all our travels

we have never seen so many people, so richly dressed, in silk capes, with gold and silver embroidery. Just beautiful: and their saddles gold and silver trimmed. Their main colors were bright blue, fiery red, bright yellow and a lovely green, all embroidered with gold and silver. It was a sight to behold. We girls were so sorry, that we could not walk beside our wagons, so we could see more of these towns and villages we were passing through, for there was so much to see. But in this area, we had to be heavily veiled, and stay in our covered wagons; for here there was danger of women folk being stolen. Here women were sold like horses.

When the streets were wide enough, so that a soldier could ride on both sides of the wagon, then they would let us walk a ways. But mostly the streets were so narrow, that a wagon could barely get through, then we had to sit hidden in the wagons. We obeyed them in all, for they did it for our safety. It took only a few days, when we arrived at Samarkand, (this is an old Nebuchadnezzar town, for the Palace "Shushan" is there, with its high towers at the four corners, which can be seen afar off glistening in multicolor in the sun). It was to be five thousand years old, its gate was so huge that hundreds could have sat under it. It states in the Bible how the townsmen sat under the gate and had meetings. It was all so beautifully painted in many colors, and decorated with china porcelain figurines.

There is also a Mosque like building, said to be four thousand years old. So large, that with its surrounding wall is at least as big as a city block, also beautifully painted, and decorated with figurines. They are a common thing in this country. Here in this burial place lies Tamerlan, the Great or the Gruesome one, who in his time wanted to rule the whole world.

Tamerlan's grave is being guarded day and night. A long time before, an earthquake had made a crack in this place, from top to bottom. They used to pray at his Shrine, now they only considered it as a Holy Place to look at. The Shushan Palace was also damaged by that same earthquake. In this Shushan Palace Daniel stayed when he had to do some business for the King. This town had nice wide streets, lined with large shade trees. Here we stopped quite awhile, here we could get off our wagons and could look around, we were completely surrounded by the soldiers. These people seemed better educated. Many of them had white hair and beards. The Sarten men had no beards.

All of a sudden they told us to drive, we drove through many wide streets, until we came to a large Palace, surrounded by high cement or stone walls, it was said to be as old as the other buildings we had seen. No one had lived here for some time; seemed they had removed some dust, before they had directed us here. It seemed as though they had not known where to let us camp, therefore the long wait. Here was also a large square, with the cement pond, in the centre, filled with fresh water, surrounded by several rows of shade trees. The wall also had a huge gate. Along the walls were buildings, here we had enough room for all our wagons and horses, for along one wall were stables for our horses. The other buildings were where we were told to stay in, to sleep in. Samarkand was a good sized town, all the walls glistening with all kinds of artistic drawings, in mosaic fashion.

The one large room had many big windows, with ovens and doors, which looked as big as gates. The floors were of many colored glass pieces in mosaic pattern. In the middle of this huge room, were a row of booths, also beautifully decorated with scenery etched in gold, all done in harmonious colors.

In this huge room, they told us to stay, and to sleep here. This room was so large, that we felt like ants in it. Maybe Balshazzar, lived in a Palace like this and had such a huge room where he fed thousands at a meal at one time. The other dwellings on the other sides, must have at one time belonged to High Officials, were closed and locked. Even though old, it all was well preserved. Along one wall of this large room, were low marble benches, edged with gold. When new it must have been most beautiful. When Esther became Queen, in the history of the reign of Xerxes or Kores. In the Bible, where the Palace "Shushan" is mentioned, by reading it one can take note of the beautiful large palaces they built in those days. We were able to see all this personally at that time. It was all so unbelievable, and beautiful. But we also saw a lot of misery and filth, on our journey, which too was unbelievable.

One thing we girls were sorry about, the high walls surrounding this palace, where we stayed, we could not see out; and no women dare go outside the wall. Around 7 a.m. the Gate was opened for the "traders", who were already waiting, with various baked goods, fruit and all types of cloth, which they offered to us cheap. It was very good tasting fruit and baked stuff we enjoyed there. So many, and such big grapes, and so many kinds of fruit - what we did not buy from them, they dumped at the Gate at night and left. By 9 p.m. our men all had to be in, and then the Gate was locked for the night. Here too we dried a lot of fruit again, for we had to stay here quite long, ten days or even longer. From here Mohammed Priests were to be our guides and take us to some land, where we could stay for always and be free.

This town of Samarkand really did not belong to Bukhara, it was along the border between two countries. No matter how many streets our fathers walked, criss cross, through this town, but they never found the Priests, where they were supposed to be. We were through Bukhara now, the Priests did not show up, the military had done their duty, the soldiers still looked after us. When the Priests did not come, and we were to journey to Khiva, they helped us hire a good, dependable guide, who knew the whole way we were to go. What happened to the Priests, we never found out. One evening we were going to have communion after our supper, it was somewhat late and dark already, so someone lit the lamps; and in a moment thousands of bats were flying over our heads. Where all those bats came from in a flash, we did not know. Of course the lights were put out immediately, we were all quite stirred up, whether we had communion I do not remember.

We were sorry that our Military Escort had to leave us, they had been so good to us in every way. But now they went back to the capital of Bukhara. It was a large town surrounded by a high wall, with very narrow streets, which were covered over the top with lids, to keep the heat out

during the day. The streets were always watered, for which they had large barrels on two-wheelers, who constantly sprinkled the streets. We who had to stay inside our wagons, while passing through these towns, nearly perished with the heat. The streets were so narrow, that we could just barely get through. In this country, there was always lots of fruit, fresh ripe, also watermelons and muskmelons. But what we found nowhere, that was our precious potatoes, but we also learned to get along without them. We were barely through one town, when we could see the name of the next town. Every foot of land was used to grow something, rice was their main course, then meat and bread. The biggest grapes and berries, we have seen on all our travels were in this country.

We arrived at a camping place, at a very large Market Place, with many large shade trees. Under them, it was nice and cool, and green, because everything is being watered there, and irrigated. The irrigation ditches full of water are everywhere. We arrived Saturday evening, stayed over Sunday. Sunday we had church service in the forenoon; in the afternoon the men went out to look at the town. We womenfolk had to stay in. A few soldiers were keeping watch all the time. But I cannot say whether the men saw Emir, the King's Palace, On Monday forenoon, the foremen of our escort decided that all our boys between the ages of seven to twelve years, should march past them, like the Russian Military did. Our fathers did not want to give permission at first, but then, out of respect for the way they had watched over us, while they escorted us through Bukhara, they consented.

So the boys, Monday forenoon, marched two by two, in step; they marched past several times. The older boys had learned to march in school, for some military training was in the Russian school curriculum at that time already. Later these lads were taken over by the Russian and German Governments. The men enjoyed the boys marching, laughed and clapped their hands, praised them, and some gave each boy a piece of money, called "Poll", and handed each boy a very large bunch of grapes; were told to carry it to mother, but they could not carry them, they were so heavy. This gave the soldiers fun. My two brothers, John aged nine, and Peter aged seven, could not carry them, so one soldier gave them a short stick, put it through the two bunches, and they could barely bring them to mother. Yes, in our whole life, we have never seen such big grapes again. (I will mention here, that in those irrigation ditches, the people not only sat close by them, but often in them; this was often quite hard to take, when we also had to use that water for drinking.)

In these dry lands, one sees these irrigation ditches full of water, all summer long, even though it never rains. Not even a cloud in the sky, over. For in those surrounding mountains, as also the Himalayan mountains, there must be a lot of strong, big springs, to keep these ditches constantly full of water, despite the constant heat. And so our God has created it so, that even there in those hot desert countries, people can live. With how little, people there are satisfied, they will work all year, if they only got enough to eat and have some clothes, they are satisfied.

So now we started to go on with our journey to Khiva, under a new Leader, whom we had hired, who was to take us to the river Amu-Darja. He

knew the general direction, but not a good road there. We had now left our palace where we stayed in Samarkand. The new leader guided us through the streets out of this town. Samarkand was populated with mixed races. So there were different shaped homes. They said, that some Jews lived there, also Russians, and also German Doctors and Business men. This was the only town in the interior of Asia, that had wide streets. In some towns they were so narrow and curved, which made it very hard for us to get through.

Soon after we got out of Samarkand, we got onto very bad rough, bumpy roads, it was like a desert, they called that area, the "Hungar Steppes". All through this area, there grew a cactus like plant, ten to twelve feet high, which had no pricks, had arm thick like, knobs, were called Saksaul. Even though green it burned like kerosene, so our fuel problem was solved. But the road was near unbearable, the wagons swayed, jarred, shook and cracked. We had only gone a few days, when many got sick, from all that shaking. Axles and tongues broke, daily a repair job. So we came to quite a large town, where many olive trees grow, laden with ripe fruit. We were permitted to pick and eat as many as we wanted, tasted real good, something like dates, real sweet. I do not remember the name of this town. Here many hired camels, to carry goods and food. Some families put all their stuff onto camels, for their wagons were all broken. One mother who was quite sick on their wagon, she got onto a camel and by evening she was very sick, she died that evening yet, had a high temperature. They dug a shallow grave in the sand, for the water level was so shallow. She was buried in the morning. The wells were all shallow holes, often uncovered, which was dirty with camel dung and dirt. We had to drink that water, for there was no other.

We were a large caravan and needed and used a lot of water. I walked most of the way from Syrabulak, except when we drove through the towns, and we womenfolk had to stay in our wagons. After a few days we came to a town, about a mile from the river Aris, where we were to ford the river. We had to come, the last day, driving through deep sand. Most of us still on our wagons, which was a surprise to these people. They mostly used camels (riding) or a two-wheeler hitched to a camel, who could get through most anywhere. To get to our camping place, we had to cross a swift stream (river), cross it over an old old dam, which was not too safe. Between the town and the river were palm trees and mulberry trees, laden with fruit, which we could eat.

A crowd of people came; our camel leaders and our guide stood and discussed for a long time, how they would help us over this roaring river. The next morning early, twelve riders came, they had big horses, they carried heavy long ropes, and a lot of people too, came to help. When we were all ready - then one of their leaders and our guide rode slowly into the river, and commanded the wagons to slowly drive forward, it was shallow on this Dam, the first little while, then the water was half way to the horses knees. So the wagon after wagon; ours being No. 444 (we had kept this number) slowly moved forward. On each side of the wagon a rider with a rope, guiding the wagons, until we came to a bend, then there were two riders on each side of the wagon, to steady it, so it would not tip over.

It went quite far upstream. Oh, the water roared as it went over

this dam. We went real slow, what a train! What a sight! It would take us hours to cross to the other side. All of a sudden the wagon just ahead of us, tipped sideways, and the cry went out, "Stop! Stop!" The whole wagon train stopped, the water roared and thundered, soon they had straightened that wagon, and they started out again, except the second wagon ahead of us stood, it only had one horse hitched to it: the horse stamped and pawed the water, and would not move. Then the riders helped the wagon, just ahead of us, past that one. Then they wanted to help us pass him, but - Oh, my, our wagon would not move, but sank lower on one side! Right away a few riders were off their horses, to see what might be the matter. They said they could not move it now, for a large stone had wedged against one wheel. This wagon had to stay until all the others were through. They suggested taking us across on horseback, but the water roared and rolled so, that we were scared to venture it. So they let us stand there, and helped the others across first.

The single horse, that would not move, all of a sudden that horse took one plunge into the water and swam away, almost under water. Several of the camels too got balky, and jumped into the water, when they came to our wagon, getting everything wet and losing a lot too. When all the rest of the wagons were across, they finally came to get us. Then one of the leaders said, they would have to unhitch our horses and lead them across, for they were tired from standing in the water this long. Our Uncle Peter Unruh swam through the water leading them to the other side, where they were looked after. They had fastened chains together, and wanted to pull us without a horse being hitched to our wagon; but that did not work; they could not guide the tongue. When the men lifted the wagon, it swayed to the sides, we thought we would drown. With a rope father had to lift the chain that was fastened to our wagon, the men lifted, the riders on each side guided us with ropes. It was a treacherous trip across that river; without the help of all the people, we would have never made it. But we got across, safely.

Some stayed right beside our wagon, pushing and guiding the wagon, when the wagon would sway from side to side, we were deathly scared. It took us all day to cross that river, until we were at our campsite. Everybody was wet, all our stuff was wet, also our bedding, and it was evening. Such an experience, such a trip, one never forgets. While I am writing this down, it seems to me as though I can still see and feel the agony we went through at that time, only my youngest brother thought it funny at the time, he always clapped his hands and said, "Bathe-Bathe". When we got off our wagon we were all shaky, and were very tired, for we had sat in our wagon in the middle of the river, from before noon, until evening. At our camp, the lanterns were lit, and they had prepared a Love-Feast in thankfulness to God, for bringing us all safely thus far. It seems as though I can see it all, as in a vision.

Close by from our campsite, was a Sarten village. The people came running to see, what was going on here. I am sorry I have forgotten the names of so many towns and villages, I had it all written in a book, but lost that book.

The towns were usually surrounded by walls, outside of the towns,

were usually little suburbs, not surrounded by walls, where they had a watchman walking back and forth. It didn't take long here either, until they brought us more than enough food for us and feed for the horses. Here we had to stay several days, for we had to unpack everything, to get it all dry, some was even spoilt.

This was the deepest and swiftest river we have crossed in all our travels in Asia. The shores of this river were wide, shallow and sandy. They warned us that no one was to walk anywhere else along the shore, except at the dam, for there they had put fine stone to the water's edge. That was the only place we were to go for water, for everywhere else was sand, and we were liable to sink there. Next morning, when we were up only a short while, we heard a scream for help. It was two half grown boys sunk into the sand. A few Sarten men ran to help them out, forbidding everyone to stay away, they pulled them out onto solid ground, and scolded them good and proper, and told them, if they would sink in sand again, they would leave them there.

We were coming now into real desert land, came to another Sarten settlement. Here we stayed several days, for all our wagons had to be taken apart, packed into crates, all our stuff had to be packed into boxes and sacks. They hired 405 camels - 10 for each leader, these were one-hump camels (or Dromedare), all the boxes and sacks were fastened around this hump - then a kind of a saddle, to sit on, two sat in front of the hump and two in back of it, over the top were put rods or bands, over which was put some material for cover and curtains that we would close, the saddle fastened with a wide girth under the belly of the camel. The leader for each 10 camels, had a rope fastened to the nose of the first camel. There had to also be a dependable leader for all the men and the horses, to lead them around the sand to Khiva. We, the women and children had to go on camels through the desert. For camels and donkeys could walk through deep sand, but horses could not. I, myself had to go along with a sickly woman on one camel, she had three children, for her husband had to go along with all the men.

I had two children seven and eight with me on my seat, and the lady with her five year old on her seat: then we also had to have enough to eat and drink along for the whole day, and whatever else was necessary for the day.

The first two days, the sand was not so deep yet. But - ouch - we got our fingers and hands pinched so often. The worst was, when the camel got up. They told us not to take hold of the saddle, for our fingers would get caught under it, and pinch us, and we should not sit up straight, but give with the animal. When the camel gets up, we find ourselves in four positions: first the camel is on one back knee, then, at the front on one knee, then at the back on its legs, and then at the front on its legs, and every time you feel as if you are going to fall over forwards or backwards. And one naturally grabs for the saddle to hang onto, and gets pinched, and I forgot about my head, and cracked it against the poles (that supported our tent-like covering) so that I nearly lost my hearing and seeing. Yes, we had troubles without end.

In the desert it was very hot and still (but sometimes they also

had sandstorms). Even while walking - the camel takes long strides, and you rock to and fro, like on a ship. Many got sea sick the first days. I was so interested in everything, some had their curtains closed; but I always had mine open, so I could see all there was to see. Some read books, some slept; but I knit during the day, and looked about; the sand was like sparkling silver, and rippled like water on the sea. Often we saw in the distance an Oasis, where trees were growing, there were walls, where it was quite good to live, with usually a small clear river.

On the first day when I was looking ahead, I thought I saw a herd of camels going in a zig zag way: I thought there goes another caravan? - when I noticed it looked the same way back of us, so it was our own caravan of 405 camels - a long train. They zig zagged around sand hills and sand gullies. And in between the camels, their leaders. These people do nothing else - but transport people and freight through the desert. The first two nights we camped at an Oasis, where our riders also met us for the night. An oasis, was an interesting spot, surrounded by high walls, there lived people who raised sheep, goats and had herds of camels. They grew clover, cotton and rice, with Palm trees between the fields. They also had many mulberry trees, also some peaches, apricots, plums and olive trees. The mulberry leaves were used to feed the silk worms, for they used silk a lot in these countries. And so many other kinds of fruit, that we knew no names for, also lemons and bananas. We were a wonder and a puzzle to these people. I am sorry I have forgotten the name of the desert.

On the third morning, our leaders told us: that we had to take enough water and fruit along, to last us three days. For now we were entering the deep desert, where there was no water. They would ride steady now for 3 days and 3 nights. And our riders on horseback had to go way around.

It gave us all uneasy feelings, to have to be separated from our fathers 3 days and 3 nights. So we had to prayerfully trust God to bring us through safely. Now the leaders prepared these camels for this long trek, coaxed them to drink and to drink until they were full. Some did not want to drink more, and had to be coaxed over and over, when they drank enough, their throats were thicker. Then they had to lie down to be loaded, some groaned, they were so full. It was all so interesting for me to observe, but I felt somewhat scared too. One old couple got on one camel, the girth was not tightened enough, it jumped up, and the couple fell off, were hurt some. The lady did not want to get on that one again, wanted to change, but she had to get back on again.

The third day was Saturday, and we came to an Oasis Sunday morning. The three days and three nights travel was not too good, and very, very tiring. Had to sleep sitting up, for I had most of the supplies and the two children in my seat. The lady was sick and had to lay down most of the time. But we had no mishap these three days. They had to help us get off, for we were all very stiff from sitting so long. It was hard for the old and the sickly folks.

Our fathers and young men, the riders, had gotten here ahead of us. They had started a fire and made coffee or tea and something to eat.

Oh, how happy we were to be able to lie down and stretch out, we all walked around rather stiff-limbed and slow at first. They called this "Oasis, an Island in the Sea of Sand". Our fathers had scouted around and found all kinds of fruit, oranges, apricots, all kinds of plums, and of course those good tasting mulberries. And best of all - a crystal clear river. The people that lived here were dark skinned. They brought us more fruit than we could eat. Also milk and kuchen, which they called Mauschki; there were also groves of Palms with coconuts. We all had a good rest, at least I did; when we got up the next morning, it was a wonderful, still, sunny day.

Some of the young people and some fathers, were up early to go look at the high walls that surrounded a cluster of buildings, which we could not look at; because the big gate was locked. It must have cost a lot of money and labor, in the long ago, to erect those lovely buildings of stone and brick. Here now lived sheep, goat and camel shepherds; they lived in tents or mud huts.

Mud huts one saw often in unexpected areas in the desert. Also buildings of stone and brick. These people too said, they had never seen a long caravan like ours before; they all found out from our guide, that we were from Russia and were going to Khiva. They always thought we had Russian rifles with us. The camel leaders were very obliging men, would often walk beside us, and encourage us; were worried about the old mothers and the little children. We were gone only a half an hour, when we came back to our campsite, and everyone was in a state; the leader of the caravan had suddenly told them, that we should all very quickly pack up, for we had to leave right away, because a sand storm was coming, and we had to hurry, in one or two days it would be here, and anyone caught in the desert in a sand-storm would surely die. Everyone hurried and packed, then ate yet, and our group wanted to have morning devotion, so they consented, gave us time until 10 a.m. In the meantime all the freight was loaded onto the camels, and the men were walking back and forth, looking at the sky. We could see no signs in the sky, but it was very very hot right from early morning. But the natives could see the signs in the sky and the stars, and regulated their activities accordingly. But this storm had not been forewarned.

Our men with their horses and their leader, had to go another way, where there would be water for their horses, but it was a route that no wagons could travel on, and also not with so many camels. When we started out now, the camels went with fast long strides, as though they knew there was danger coming. This time they did not even bellow, like when they showed their unwillingness, or let us know that their load was too heavy. After we had gone a few hours, they started to rebel. The leaders pulled on their noses and talked to them, but a few threw themselves down, they started to sink right away, if it lay a few minutes. That was really dangerous. The old couple was thrown off again, and I was telling the lady this, with whom I was travelling - when - Plumps! - we were on the ground too. The camel did not want to get up and started to sink. Oh, the terror of the thought that we might drown in this sand. The lady lamented and said, now she and her children would die here, without her husband at her side.

They helped us off the camel, they wanted to try and reason with the animal, three other camel drivers had come to help. We had to keep walk-

ing back and forth so we would not sink. Finally we could get on again and they hurried to catch up with the caravan. It was a tough journey, it was very hard for the mothers and children to manage without their husbands. They pushed the camels all they could, for they figured that by noon the next day, they would be through the deep sand. When our camel threw himself down was about midnight.

So that bad night passed; hardly anyone thought of sleeping. I looked out here, then there, trying to see if I could see a sign anywhere of the oncoming storm. By moonlight everything looked weird, it looked once as though we were going down hill, next up hill. In the sky it looked lovely, but all of a sudden, I saw streaks high up in the heavens, which looked kind of silvery. The "leaders" observed them, and made the camels go faster, the camels started to groan - the leaders kept on talking to them, all of a sudden the camels all raised their heads, and ran as fast as they could, for they knew they had to run for their lives too. For the camels have learned to know the speech and mannerism of their leaders. The streaks in the sky were becoming clearer. About three more hours and we would be out of this deep sand.

All of a sudden, the leaders of our camels, cried out in alarm and fear, hit their chests and prayed to God (they were Mohammedans) and called to us, to pray too, that God would save us all. I looked behind us and saw in the distance a jet black cloud: I told the lady, the cloud is behind us. She was so scared. But I told her that God could protect and save us, if it is His will. All the others were praying too. It was an hour never to be forgotten. The camels were all quiet, going as fast as they could, in spite of their heavy loads.

Then a light wind was felt, which right away raised the sand in the air; the camels raised their heads higher, and groaned. The leaders looked ahead and looked back at that black wall. I looked a few times too, it looked terrible, and was coming closer. All of a sudden a leader called to us, to cover the children and close our curtains, encouraging us, we would soon be on solid ground again. And all of a sudden we were in darkness, the camels started to go slower, then we heard lots of voices, a calling by our leaders: Alla Ihlalla! Then we knew: now we are out of danger. We could see trees and people and came close to them. Then we also saw our fathers and brothers, who had been so worried for our safety, they had had a Prayer Meeting.

We had escaped death by suffocation in the sand by a few hours. Oh, how thankful we all were to our Merciful God, and the endurance of the camels, to be alive. Here we rested a few days, and washed all our wash. Here was a Kirgisen and Bedouin town: an altogether different language and habits, but we could make ourselves understood. They wondered why we were going to Khiva, and travelled so far in so many hardships. They feared that we would come to nought among the Turkomen in Khiva. The lady's and my feet were very sore, from when we had to walk about in that hot sand.

Now we had arrived at the big river - Amu-Darja - from where we should be transported along the river on boats. The camels would stay here

now, until they had to transport some other people or freight again. Some of the camel-loaders lived here. How much money any of these transportations have cost, I do not know. When they finally had enough boats gathered, they examined, pitched them afresh and fixed them, then they were loaded, five families to each boat. The people here said, they had never seen so many boats at one place. Our fathers and young men had to ride horses again, with a good guide. They could hardly ever ride close along the shore. Often they had to camp alone for the night, for they could not get close to the shore for underbrush and clinging vines.

So we drove downstream along this river, six oarsmen and one who steered the boat. From the side where we started from, were large groves of olive trees, laden with fruit, and many wild animals in there. There were also oak trees, hazel and walnut, wild plum and apple trees. But on the Khiva side of this wide big river, were dams - high cliff like banks. At places the Amu-Darja river is wide like a sea, and at other areas very narrow and swift. On this boat trip, we did a lot of singing. At one stretch, 56 boats drove side by side, and we sang; did it over echo up those banks.

So we drove day in and day out for several weeks. At noon we rested one hour. For the nights the boats moored in a long row along the shore. Sometimes we had to go quite awhile before we found a suitable place to stop for the night, the oarsmen knew all this area well.

To try to settle down for the nights, to sleep in the boats, was too hot and cramped. But on land, it was not always safe either, for there were tigers, hyenas, big white lynx, leopards, wild pigs, and many small jackals, who cried like little children. When we would come to such a place, the guides would advise us not to sleep on shore. They themselves always did sleep there, alternately standing guard and keeping a fire going all night. In those high steep cliff like river banks lived cliff dwellers, thieves, we often saw their caves. Along the shore were also mud baking stoves, and the wild rabbits and doves by the thousands lived in holes in those cliffs. There was all kinds of wonderful and interesting things to see along these banks. For the aged and the sick this was not a pleasure trip, and we nearly always had someone sick. For we were a very large group, I am sorry I have forgotten how many. There was a baby born on one boat. Just how this could all be in such crowded boats, I do not know; but he grew up and later lived, married in Nebraska, U. S. A.

On the boats were also a few old men, who were too old to ride, and they had sons to ride their horses. Yes, what did we experience on our so long Asiatic journey. On this journey we ate a lot of olives, a dark brown, tasted like dates, also many nuts. Along these shores lived many wild cats, and we were constantly warned about them, they were vicious and dangerous. Once we saw some of these cave dwellers, two men and a woman and a child. We suddenly came around a bend in the river, took them by surprise, but they disappeared into a cave.

One day some fishing boats met us; and offered to sell us large sturgeons. One fish to a few boats, they were as large as an animal, had to be butchered, and cut and sawed up - one fish was enough meat for four to five boats. Some did not like the taste, but we enjoyed it, it was a

nice change. And so we experienced a lot of comical, but also a lot of serious things, that one never forgets.

One evening our oarsmen said: here we could not make camp on shore, for here were usually large tigers, hyenas, and many more. But this one man took his half grown son, and went ashore, and bedded down for the night. Close to a bush the oarsmen had made a fire, they were eating their supper, ate nuts and were telling stories, and watched, how this man with his son, was preparing their bed for the night. After everyone was asleep, only the watchmen were patrolling back and forth - they heard this man scream and run with his son, saying the hyenas wanted to bite them. But the watchman only found the little jackals around, that scampered for cover (they cry like little children). This man was cured, he did not go sleep by himself again.

After several weeks of travelling along the river Amudarja, by boats, we arrived in the land of Khiva. We landed at big dams, our riders, the fathers and young men got there ahead of us. They had picked a camping site for us, just back of two large dams. (These Cossacks must have been here for many years, exiled here by the Russian Kaiser). Khiva was outside the Russian Territory. It was close to south Siberia; but here lived Turkish and Sartish people. It was hard to unload all our stuff and to transport or carry it all over the high dikes. Then they set up all our little tents, which everybody had. But - Oh, my! What a place! No trees, no grass, only some small brush with thorns. And some kind of plant, they called "sweet wood", green it was feed for horses and cattle, dried it was good for burning. We had come out of a land of plenty, into a desert. Father said here the water was shallow, we would have lots of insects. For this was a flat beside the Amu-Darja river, it was a low lying area. This was sweetwood and thornbush country, full of wild animals. The jackals went by, by the hundreds and the hyenas went by unafraid. The worst were the tigers and wild pigs; and large peacocks, that could not fly. The male had a long multi-colored tail, and he dragged it, I never saw it spread out. The wild pigs and peacocks did a lot of damage later on. The Cossacks came later and shot a lot of pigs and peacocks.

We did not like it here: before we all had homes to live in, we were in constant fear of insects. First they assembled all the wagons, so they were useable, then they built mud huts, the roofs of brush, bamboo straw, and then covered with earth. On one end of the hut was a window on top of the door. Inside the partitions were made of bamboo and plastered with mud. Over the door they built a porch, with a roof of bamboo and made water tight. They dug walls, which were only five to six feet deep. The ground was red loam, intergrown with sweet licorice wood roots. They were very hard to chop off, the outside bark of it was tough as leather, where the inside was a sweet pulp.

It was getting near to Christmas, when the rainy season starts. We were barely in our homes, when it started to rain, day in and day out. They had promised us, that this land was to be ours, that no one lived here for miles and miles around; but we saw right away, the first days, that there were farms surrounded by walls near by, and they came to see who we were.

At the beginning these neighbors brought us feed for our horses,

bread and some other necessary things we needed. They also sold us some cows, which they got from somewhere else. We found out that they were Turkomen. (Later they gave us a lot of trouble.) My father right away built a small barn of bamboo reeds and brush, and top of it, he packed our feed for our stock; for the neighbors had all their stock running loose. But - one morning when we awoke, there were a number of large camels eating all our feed. It was some job to chase them away, the owners had to be found; they got them, but soon they were back again, they ate the others' feed too.

It had rained for only a week, when water started to seep out of the ground in our homes, and we knew we had built too close to the river. Father laid brush and bamboo on our floors; which helped, but it did not take long when everything started to mold. Father went to search for a higher place to build, where some had gone right away, to build there. It was close to a bare and steep hill named "Lausan". They measured off a street along the side of the hill, there was a government irrigation ditch about 1 1/2 to 2 miles from the river, its name was Aryk. The land here was on a higher level, but no other greenery than the sweet wood and bamboo. The village was built along the street. In the middle of the village they started their church, with one end dug into the hill. The other buildings on the side of the street away from the hill. So that the street was between the hill and the homes. It was a nice long village; the homes were all built of bricks we made ourselves; for the red loam mixed with white sand and dried in the sun, made very good bricks. Some had their brick barns attached to the end of their houses. Some had their barns a little distance from the house, and they had made theirs of tightly woven bamboo. For the brick barns were too hot for the horses and cows.

We were of the first that moved to higher ground. For down in the flat everything was getting moldy, and mother was always sick with the fever. At first Father built a close brush building, so we were in a dry place. And as soon as it quit raining, he built a good house of brick, also the floors were made of this red clay and sand and were just like cement. The wood for the joists, windows and doors, had to be hauled by camels from the large Cossack and Russian town, Petro-Alexandrowsk, about sixty to seventy miles away; we had passed it when on the canoes or boats.

Christmas we celebrated in the flat yet. And the building of our village was begun later. The town Petro-Alexandrowsk, was a large town, with many Russian Churches, factories, sawmills, and flour mills. Here they bought rye flour, and potatoes, which were unknown in Asia. (The Cossacks were quite at home here now already. Their families had been sent to them later, and had established villages and towns.)

They lived across the river from the Khiva side; there they had lots of wood for woodwork and boards etc., like nut trees, olive and oak trees; where on our side, the Khiva side, no trees grew. Later we often rode to this town to buy cloth to make clothes. In our village, the building was progressing. In the flat, close to the river, the church building was finished, close by on a little rise ten families lived in a square, their homes were of brick too; later they built a school, also built a high wall around the whole. Then there were two more places there, with each five families

with a wall around each, these families were quite well off living down in the flat - twenty families. In our higher locality six families located in a square, with 10-12 foot walls around, the walls were wide enough for two to barely pass, no windows or doors, except gate that locked and a few small openings, they called Needles Eye, where one had to crawl through. On these walls, watch was kept.

To prepare this land was a hard job, it first had to be worked, this red loam, then a half foot of sand put on and mixed in, then irrigated: then it was quite fruitful. How we all worked from early until late, to raise something for our livelihood. I had come home too, to help my parents, for Mother was always sickly and feeble, she often sewed for others too, and Father's eyes got sore, and he had gotten a sore leg from all that riding. So I had to help make bricks, help dig cellars and wells, and was only in my 17th year. Often I was so tired, I thought I could not go on. Yes, all these hardships that we had to go through and all for nothing. Here it never got cold, only cool in the rainy spell. I never saw any of the natives wear stockings, some only wore low shoes, like sandals, and most all went bare-foot, and clothed very light.

We wore good shoes and stockings on Sunday. On every day we wore wooden or leather sandals. We made most all our clothes ourselves, we had shoe-makers, seamstresses and other hand workers among us.

I am thinking now of an incident that happened to me, on the day before Christmas, before we moved to our settlement close to that hill. Father and a neighbor had gone to the Sarten Market, and Mother lay sick with the fever. It was early morning and I wanted to do some washing before the holidays. My sister Anna had come from her place of work, to see Mother, she was working for the wealthy Mrs. Enns. We borrowed a pail from a neighbor and told Mother we were going to get a few pails of water from the river, for washing. Mother then said, "Children, be careful, so no one will fall into the river". We told her, "Oh no, we are grown up, we will be careful". I had gone to get water several times before, I know how dangerous it was. Father usually carried all the water from the river, for it was heavy to carry it over two dams. Between these two dams - lived a Turkomen butcher, who butchered every morning and often brought us meat; we went with three pails, I had two and my sister Anna with one, and it had been frosty for several mornings. On the mountains was always ice and snow, and when it rained so much, a lot of ice washed down into the Amu-Darja river. Overnight several thin layers of ice were shoved up against the shore, at the only place where we could get water.

We stood and looked awhile; my sister said right away: Let's not try at all. But I wanted to wash. I said I'll see if it is strong enough for me to stand on; we knew the river was very deep here, and roared and rolled. It held, so I told my sister to stay on shore, I dipped one pail full and set it on the shore, took the other pail, and when I stooped to dip, the ice suddenly cracked - I wanted to step back. I had just set one foot back and as quick as lightning, holding tight to the borrowed pail, I was down in the water. It still seems as though I can feel how the water closed over me, how I could hear my sister scream. It seemed as though I heard a clanging, also as if musicians played. I did not know where I was. Because

I was still holding onto that pail, I could not quite come to the top. All of a sudden I knew where I was, I was in the cold water. Then I cried and prayed to God to save me, for I knew He could do it; as he had saved the sinking Peter once. I stretched out both my arms and cried: Lord, help me and forgive me. And it seemed as though Jesus stretched forth His hand to me and said, "I will do it, be saved", and I was saved as quick as lightning, I said yet, "Don't let my parents suffer this shock". But before I had said it, I was lying on the shore. My sister told me later, that when I disappeared in the water, she had run back and forth, and called for help. I had come up three times, but twice only half the head out and the third time only one hand. She had tried to get that butcher to come and help, he had stood on top of the dam and looked, how all of a sudden a foamy wave came over the stream onto the shore with a splash, and there I lay, the wave threw my sister down, which scared her. Then she heard me call her name, when I tried to get up. The Turkomen had seen us go down to get water, then had heard the scream of my sister, left his work, climbed upon the dam, while he looked, wanted to call (so he said) the words stuck in his mouth in amazement and shock, for he saw this cloud-like wave come across the stream, hit the shore where my sister was, and threw her down. He felt that God himself had come down into the water, to save one of these stranger's child from drowning. He ran into the village to tell everyone, they should come and see, where I had fallen in was very very deep. Then some took long, long ropes with weights on the end, and they could not find bottom. And he explained that out of such a deep hole no one could get out, if God had not lifted me out, I would not have come out either. And so I knew that God had saved me from drowning. (For in a flash I had seen my whole life before me, and saw how often I had grieved the Lord, said and done things I should not have. So I asked the Lord to forgive me. And he said to me, "I have forgiven all, you are mine". Then I said, "Lord, you can save me, and give me back to my parents", and he stretched forth His hand, and I was saved.) I lay on the shore, it all happened in a flash. This I experienced while in the water.

We slowly walkod homoward; sister Anna said, as she carefully took my hand, "Oh, Lizzie, how terrible it was, but our loving God threw you out of the wator, He did not want us to die yet." I answered, "No, He did not want it". We walked quietly the rest of the way. I sat down by the stove, for I was soaked; Anna's dress was wet too, so she stood by the stove too. Luckily the other children were out playing with the neighbor children. But Mother noticed that something was amiss. She called, "Are you both there?" Anna said, "Yes", Mother said, "Lizzie fell into the water". I answered slowly, "Yes". She wanted to see us, but Anna said she would first help me put on dry clothes. Mother got up and stood in the door, and said, "But child, how do you look?" I told her nothing had happened to me, I was only wet, but I had let the borrowed pail fall into the river, and what will Father say to that. Mother said, what would he have said if you had drowned, forget about the pail. Then I told her all that had happened to me in the water, how Jesus had been near me and had helped me. And sister Anna told how this wave had come and just lifted me out of this whirlpool and put me onto the shore, and that the Turkomen had witnessed too. Mother prayed and cried and said, "God has done a miracle for you today, don't ever forget it, Elizabeth, not even in deepest sorrows. All of a sudden my knees and my

legs started to pain, and they were all bloody, my skin, even the flesh was torn; and we had no salve in the house. Mother found some lard and bandaged my legs, and that gave relief. Mother worried whether I might get that fever again, but I told her I would not, and I stayed well, only it took quite awhile until my legs were healed again. And Mother, through all this scare and shock, was rid of the fever too, she never got it again, as far as I can remember.

We had barely finished bandaging my leg and talking about it, when people from the neighborhood came to see if it was as the Turkomen had told them; and if I were sick, for the whole story was spread through the whole village. Of course some were right away ready to say, that served me right, I was always so bold, it would teach me a lesson. But one of our men said, "Let her be, she has courage, and soon ventures something - but not carelessly; this could have happened to any of us". This was a lesson for all of us, and especially for those who lived carelessly. This he had said in the evening service. I could not attend, for the pains in my legs.

When Father came home, and heard what had happened, he was all quiet. Just looked at me, ate his supper in silence and went to the place at the river where it happened. The Turkomen was there too, and told him all that he saw - and said again and again: That it was God that had saved me. Father went from there straight to the Evening Service, where he heard more about me. He came home and said, "Well, Lizzie, you were not in Church". I explained that my legs and my feet pained so, I could not go. Well, no, he said, I'm only talking. Mr. Toews preached about you - I asked shocked: What, preached about me? Mother wondered too, but he said, Mr. Toews had related everything just as it had happened, even what the Turkomen had told him. But there had been some who had voiced their opinions about me.

So it is, where some worried about my mishap, others thought it served me right, would be a lesson to me. As long as the accident did not happen to them. Especially if the talk is against a working girl.

Now I will go on to tell of our new settlement, close to the mountain or hill, our village we called Lauson, it was the name of the hill and the irrigation canal. I stayed at home now to help as much as I could. I helped Father make bricks, for building the house, also for the barn. We had two horses, one cow, and 25 hens. Every opportunity I got, I sewed for others, that way I could earn some money. I also did some washing for others. I had more than enough work, Mother had so much headache, I was only glad if she could make the dinner, the rest of the work I did. My two sisters were both working out, also attending some classes, where my brothers went to school.

Father had prepared a fair plot of ground for a garden, potatoes and some corn. They erected a water wheel at the canal, plus a dip wheel, which was horse-driven. They had dug smaller canals leading the water to the prepared fields. The fields had little dams around them and that way they irrigated our various fields. It took work and careful watch to keep it all working right. The canal was two miles long, we had four large dip wheels going for our area. Some had their barns attached to the end of

their brick houses. Ours was a short distance from the house. Around our gardens we had thorn brush packed, which had to be handled with long handled forks, for the thorns pricked through the gloves. Under the thorn brush lived the peacocks and the jackals, then the hunters could not find them.

Our gardens and potatoes grew and looked lovely. It all was near ready to eat, the melons were starting to ripen, large pumpkins were on the vines, and the beans were full of pods. But we had not reckoned with grasshoppers, for them that thorn fence was no hindrance. One evening just at sundown, they came flying like a dark thundercloud, they were nearly as big as sparrows. The natives told us we should make smoke in our gardens, and make a lot of clattering noise, then maybe they would fly over, without doing any damage. Well, we did as they said, and they did fly over; we made fresh smoke in the garden and went to bed.

This was just before the rainy season, and the nights were cool. The next morning early before sunrise, Father went to see - not one green leaf was left, they had eaten all, right into the ground, the gardens were black. And at the edge of the small ditches, the grasshoppers sat in large clumps.

They dug holes and buried these clumps of grasshoppers before the sun could revive them again. We young folks had never seen grasshoppers before. There was a lot of work and sweat ahead for us, for we had to start all over again. We had also lost our feed, the sweetwood. So the neighbors, the natives, who had not lost all feed brought us some, which we had to buy. The grasshoppers had laid millions of eggs in the bamboo, and they advised us to burn it, for if the young hatched, they would eat all we had again.

So one morning the bamboo flat was ablaze. We prepared our soil again and planted; and it grew; and we were all so happy, for then the natives said, the grasshoppers would not come back in seven years. But - Oh me! - One morning there was a large wild sow with her young ones in our garden, the thorn fence had not kept her out either. Some hunters came and shot many of them. That helped and we got a taste of our garden. But then another thing happened. Soon there was a cow or a horse missing here and there, which were not locked, most everyone chained and locked their horses and cows, which we were used to from our travels.

Our church here in our village Lausan, was not finished yet, which was being carefully built, with two large rooms, one for church service, and the other to be used as a school. So we went these Sundays, to the church to the flat, close to the river, built close to the large square. We walked in groups. One Sunday evening we were walking to that church, we were passing the burned out bamboo field, when we noticed someone jumping around, that the ashes flew, when he saw us, he started to sing and clap his hands. We womenfolk had stopped, waiting for our men, but he started to laugh and scream and sing like a wild man, we ran in fright, for we recognized him by his laugh. It was young John Drake, with whom we had some experiences back in Syrabulak. He came along with the menfolk, singing to the church. He marched in like a soldier, right to the platform, stopped and sang a Prussian National Anthem, although the preacher was just talking. He was a tall strong man of around thirty years. Two of our strongest men went to get him out

of the service, for he had disturbed the whole meeting. He was mentally deranged, he put up such a struggle, it gave such a fuss, several of the ladies fainted, and we young people all ran out. We found out that it was all due to his broken engagement, first his mother had died, and now his father had also died. Everything together made him snap mentally. They had to lock him into a room, where he had to be watched continually for several weeks, he improved again, was very quiet. (Later he saved a man's life.) He sat and thought a lot. One Sunday, when we were coming home from church, from the flat, before we reached our village, we saw someone standing on the hill, like a statue. Someone said: That is Drake again, in the service he had not been. The men went to him, Father too. They were shocked at what they saw: Drake stood leaning kind of backwards on his staff, a small book sticking in his mouth, he could not swallow it nor get it out. A man named Bior tore it out of his mouth, that his mouth bled. He nearly choked on the book. Mr. Epp asked him, if he wanted to swallow that book? He had answered, Yes, the Spirit told him, he was one of two chosen, he should swallow that book, and go prophesy. They asked him what would have happened to him, if they had not saved him from choking on that book. Then Drake had been quiet.

So one incident after another happened among us. We were here in Khiva about one year, and had experienced so many things already; that it would be impossible to put it all down on paper. We were nearing our Christmas Season again. Our church here in our settlement was completed, a nice large building, with a lot of room. We had built long eating tables, to use for our Love Feast when we had communion. We often used them for the meals at weddings. The stealing had quieted down some, even some of the stolen articles were secretly brought back. It seemed as though they wanted to try us out. (That we were only trying to make our living, and were willing workers, and only craved to live in peace, they found out.)

We, the young folks, learned to sing for Christmas, with violin and flute accompaniment. For under the Prussians were well educated people, in singing and music. We had had several weddings already, but many more funerals, for many mothers in their prime years died suddenly, also many babies. We had a fair sized graveyard here close to the hill. So Christmas drew near, so a few masters in woodwork had whittled a lovely Christmas tree, painted it green, and decorated it, it looked so real. For spruce or pine trees there were none in our area. Everyone was so happy to see that tree Christmas evening. The children sang with happy clear voices, several songs were sung by the choir, and recitations were recited. Yes, we enjoyed the evening. They had bought some goodies, so each one received a gift of treats.

Then the thieves started in earnest. They broke into the homes, and when they had chased the people out, they searched for money, cut up the bedding and pillows, scattering the feathers, broke the watches or clocks and much more.

If some wanted to prevent them from taking something, they said, why did we not want to let them take what they wanted; for our Bible told us that if someone wants to take a coat, we shall also give him our cloak.

They explained, that they were the Devil's servants and he told them to steal, even to murder. Which they did a little later, they murdered a young man, a Mr. Abrams. Then a portion of our people decided to go to America, if they could get permission to go. My parents were among those too. We all know it would take a long time before any message would come from America, for it had to go by camel-messengers.

In the meantime the Chan from Khiva sent some messengers to us, to find out if there were any among us that could paint on glass. And they should come along right away to make a trial painting. They told the messenger that there were some who could paint - but no one wanted to go anywhere, for we were scared, were robbed and even murdered, like young Mr. Abrams. So some of their messengers stayed for our protection, the others rode back, and soon after, a regiment of soldiers was sent for our protection. A few of ours that could paint, had made some trial paintings and sent them along to the Chan, they were told they were good and were accepted. Those messengers that had stayed here, often rode to the Sarten village, to the Market, etc. Then nearly all the stolen horses were returned, even Father's big roan, only a few horses had been sold a distance away. Not all the cows had been brought back. One of our cows they had recently stolen, it stood tied in our barn one morning. But the hens no one got back, most likely they had eaten them.

My parents were among the twenty-five families that wanted to migrate to America. If the Chan's offer would have come sooner, maybe everything would have been different. But some were so discouraged and disappointed in all our senseless moving about, they did not know whether they could trust what the Chan offered. They wanted to venture once more this long journey to America among civilized people, than to stay here among thieves and murderers. Those that wanted to stay, the Chan offered them a large garden, surrounded by a wall, not far from the town of Khiva, located in an Oasis close to the desert. Our carpenters had to make a mosaic type floor, out of pieces of wood, on a palace floor, in a palace he had for his Jewish wife, whom he had brought from Petersburg. He had been in Petersburg for the Coronation, had seen such a floor in the Palace there. So he wanted some modern things installed in his home here. And since he was so satisfied with the paintings and work some of our men had done for him, he had promised protection and help, and was going to punish all the thieves. It was told now that the Chan had mistaken our Mennonites, for the Cossacks, and thought we had Russian rifles in our trunks. We carried no guns at all. But before this all happened, the thieves had murdered young Mr. Abrams. They had come there friendly in the daytime, looked at everything, told Abrams they wanted to steal his pretty wife. But he just took that as a joke, at night they came to steal and to murder.

When the cry came, that the thieves had broken in to steal at the Abrams, and most likely murdered him, was a shock for all. So all the men, including my father, went to see if they could help. Mrs. Abrams had jumped through their window and ran across the street, into a house, where two young couples lived; crawled under a bed, and had said - Be quiet, they are coming! These people were taken so by surprise and were scared, did not know what they should do. All of a sudden she had groaned and said, "Oh my Henry, they are killing him, go get him". Then the two men ran and

woke people, asked the men to come along, and so they came also to get my father. When I let Father out, to bolt the door after him, a band of the thieves came riding by shooting, they turned short and shot among our men, but no one was hurt.

When they got to the Abrams house, all was still, slowly they lit their way in, found Abrams lying in a corner - they lifted him onto a bench, but he was dead, was bleeding badly, had 31 stab wounds, and a bullet through his forehead. When they came out of the house, the men from the lower village were there on horseback - and they looked all over, but could see no one. When they rounded the mountain, there were all the bandits, dividing what they had stolen. Our men went towards them, with my Uncle Peter Unruh in the lead, on his horse and had called out: You thieves and murderers, what are you doing? They had cried out in surprise and surrounded Uncle Peter, fifty men. (There were well-known men in the group,) They ordered Uncle to kneel down, and pray to God, if he wished to, for they were going to shoot him right away, because he had called them thieves and murderers. Then Uncle had said: Who are you, and why did you mercilessly kill that young man?" And they answered, "Because he did not want to let us have what we wanted."

Ours all stood in a circle and begged them to let Uncle Peter Unruh go, but they would not listen. Uncle had been on his knees praying to God for help; also begged them to let him go, for he had a wife and children who needed him. They had said, "No", and raised their rifles to shoot - when John Drake stepped out of our group, picked up Uncle, put his arms around him and said: Brother, I will die for you -- turned to the thieves and said, "If you do not have enough in the death of one man, then take me in place of this man. For there is no one who will miss me or cry for me, my parents are both dead, I am alone, and I am willing to die for this man; for he has a wife and small children who care." They said, "That we cannot do, our religion does not allow it, and it is also against our conscience; go away and let us quickly kill this man who called us thieves and murderers."

Drake kept Uncle in his arms and said: My life for his: The band were surprised, Drake did not waver in his decision. The bandits murmured to each other, lowered their guns, stepped apart and said, "We grant you both your freedom and your life". They got on their horses and rode away.

Ours all felt as though saved from death, and all returned slowly to the villages. Uncle Peter Unruh came and stopped in at our house to rest awhile, before riding home. He begged Father, that we should move in with them in their high wall enclosed square, where they lived. So we would not have to live in fear here every night; it might take quite awhile yet before the migration permit would come from America. We all said, "Yes, Yes, Father," -- all of us that wanted to move to America, moved down with the others. We had lived here in "Lausan" close to the mountain for two years, in our own nice home; now we had to live in with others again. Here in Khiva we had gotten a little brother who cried a lot, but grew well.

The sorrow of Mrs. Abrams was great, soon after her husband's death, a son was born to her. (He later was a bank director in the U.S.A.) There were a lot of hardships that we encountered yet. Outwardly things were

somewhat quieted down after the Chan sent his army to protect us. Those that lived in wall enclosures, had for quite some time had Cossacks as watchmen on their walls. Only once had bandits tried to climb those walls, when the Cossacks shot over their heads, they fled, for they were afraid of the Cossack shooting. So there was finally peace and quiet in the upper and lower villages.

Those of us that wanted to go to America, sewed dresses; the wagons were all overhauled. For now we were to go an altogether different route, not through the sand desert, but direct to Orenburg; not on the river but over the Usstjurt Mountains beside the Aral Sea, through most of Khiva, Turkomen Afghanistan, past Bukhara. But many things happened yet before our departure, some before we received the army from the Chan for our protection. During that time the bandits were busy, in one night, they had wounded thirty persons with bayonets, they hit the women with the back of the bayonets. One woman was hit so bad on her back, that she could not walk. My mother often had to set bones, and massage their muscles. One old man they chopped off half his one ear, another they cracked his skull. Soon the Chan sent us men for our protection. Good News had come from America.

But now they called us, that wanted to migrate to America, "outcasts". How harsh they were towards us, now, even though we had made such a long journey together, had helped each other whenever possible, just because we could not see eye to eye with them now. We experienced much bitterness, also love and goodwill from others. We big girls who were going to America, wanted to have a few patterns cut for us, by a dear friend, a seamstress. We were working away at our patterns, the friend was cutting, the window was open, we were discussing how sorry we were about all this bitterness, etc. A lady was passing, heard us, and listened. Then she came and told us we were all ungodly, and were heading for the devil's wrath, and when we would be on the ocean, our ship would sink. She said more; we were shocked and scared; one girl told her: Dear lady, how can you say such things to us, we have done nothing to you: (and you do not know, maybe you will move to America too). This I said to her. Then she told me off, things I had never thought to hear from anyone. Then the seamstress said, "Now, now, Auntie, please do not say too much, it could happen like Elizabeth here said. You should be ashamed to talk so unkind, this should be told to the preachers and brethren." I was amazed and surprised, because she had always acted kindly towards me; she had often said she felt sorry for me, when I had so little time for myself, because I washed and sewed for others such a lot. We girls were scared of her angry talk, and discussed it with the preachers. The woman had gone to the preachers too, and blackened our name. But when at the Evening Service, the seamstress had told them all that had transpired, that it was not us, but the lady who had started the argument. The preachers told her, that she was in the wrong, had shown a bad example, and had to beg pardon ... And what happened? -- In two years she and her family, lived in Kansas in America. Afterwards many more of those that were so opposed to us leaving and going to America, came to America. What people will do, when they are spiritually blind, we were at the receiving end many a time.

The special woodworkers or carpenters, were already working for Chan in Khiva. They had gone to see this offered Garden area called "Ackmatschet". It was a very large square plot, surrounded by a high wall.

We would have all had more than enough room. On the inside along those walls, dwellings were to be built, enough for everyone, also enough stable room. In the middle was to be the church, and the school, then an orchard, and vegetable gardens.

We were twenty-three families that were now going to America, and seventy families staying.

Later many families came in small groups, from the Khiva's Garden area, to America, and with many of them we have visited many a time. Through them we found out how those were getting along, that stayed in Khiva. Mr. Klaas Epp prophesied a lot, but hardly any of them came true. Many out of the Khiva Garden area moved to the Auliata Colony, where there was quite a settlement. Some thirty-six families, maybe even more live in Khiva. The elderly of that time, including Mr. Klaas Epp, have died; the young of those days have married, and in later years, several hundred families fled from Russia into Khiva, and are living there in peace. They had started towns outside their walls, and put walls around them. I saw, at a newly arrived family from Khiva, a drawn map of the settlements in Khiva, inside and outside the walls, and the names where everyone lived. So many familiar names I saw on that map. They have good roads there, and surveyed fields, some do woodwork, some sew dresses for stores. Khiva is only a small country or province, if it were not for this useable flat land, that can be irrigated; besides that there are desert areas, dry steppen, without irrigation, nothing would grow. There would have been more people there, for most of the babies always died. Then also in the new settlement, the Garden area, so very many died of the Pox and the fever, for the Sand Desert being so close by, was not good for their health.

Mr. Klaas Epp, who was such a well known minister, did a lot of prophesying, some things that he foretold, came true. So he started to think too highly of himself. He thought that everything he told them would come true. Finally he ordered that they use his name, beside that of God, when they baptized or so. Then one day he thought he would go up into Heaven, sitting in his easy chair. He made the people all stand and wait and fast all day, that everyone had to put on light clothing. He had a large crowd of believers. When it was evening, Epp got up, told them they could go and eat, the Lord tarried to get him. This he did three times, each time nothing happened. Then he said he had to make a trip, from this he would not return. All of a sudden he was back with his family, but did not talk of his travels. Soon after he took sick and died of cancer of the stomach. (This some of his at first staunch believers, who moved to Nebraska later, told us, I have put this in, to show how sad it is for us to become spiritually blinded and then we exalt ourselves, think too highly of ourselves.)

Now we started in earnest to prepare to move to America. They baked buns and bread, most of it being roasted again, that way it will keep without molding. We said our Good-byes. The group was moving to the Chan's offered Garden Area - left two days ahead of us. The Chan sent camels for them, it was a long caravan; for they took all their furniture, all lumber from their buildings, plus doors, windows and such, which had cost them a

lot of work, time and money. Many an intimate friend stayed in Khiva, and saying good-bye was not easy.

We started on our journey; stayed on the Khiva side, along the Amu-Darja river, mostly always through desert areas, but often passing stations where there were wells. Often bad water, also places where we could buy some clover for our horses, sometimes a chance to buy some grain. We also passed many a little village or town, where the Sarten or Turkomen, also others lived. The roads were near impassable, broken wagons often had to be repaired. But luckily we all stayed well on this trip. I only remember the names of two towns - Irlik, and Hielkul.

After several weeks of travel we came to a large town called Arnkrat, where we could go no further. First there had to be a dam built across a wide stream, for us to cross over on. Here we waited and watched. We had guides, and they got some 100 people to do the job; some laid a lot of brush, others laid logs, and bound them together, Some mixed wet loam and spread it on, and at the last they put a layer of dry earth on top. All this material was lying on the side of a mountain. The men worked three days steady, with a lot of shouting, for they rolled the big logs down from the mountain side.

On the fourth day, the dam was barely passable, all of us that could walk, walked across; then the men walked beside the horses leading them slowly across. Sometimes it looked as if the wagons would tip sideways into the water. Whether the people that helped, received any pay, I do not know. What tribe of people these were here, we did not know, they dressed and talked different, but our guides could always make themselves understood.

Our horses were quite skinny by now, so we rested several days on this side, for we had had a lot of bad water and little feed so far. We bought some feed and some groceries here, for we were to pass through a larger desert; with worse wells or maybe none at all; then to pass around the Aral Sea, towards the Ustjurt Mountains, some 15,000 feet high up and through these mountains. First we passed through the Sakseul Desert, or they were called the Hunger Steppe. In these deserts, it was hot, not a drop of cool water to drink. We boiled the bad water, let it settle, and then cooked thin water soup. It was almost impossible to swallow this, but thirst and hunger makes one take it. Then we came to a few real good wells, and we all had a good drink and filled all the containers. For the guide told us, it was three more days till the Ustjurt mountains and no water all the way. We should use our water sparingly.

The weather was getting hotter; we travelled as fast as we could. A few times we came to some camel dung water, the horses drank some of it, it was a heavy road to travel. The last day we travelled without a drop of water. Mother could not talk any more for thirst, some others were the same. We, that were walking were chewing on some dry crusts, that kept our mouths a little moist. The worst of it was, our horses were playing out and going slower. Finally on the third day we came to the Aral Sea, where the mountains start. But - Oh, my! - was that water bitter, not man nor beast could drink it. Being so thirsty - to see so much water - and not be

able to drink a drop. Now they had to ride with those tired horses in search of good water. They took our company wagon and water containers along, to fetch back some water for the thirsty. They hauled some more to fill up again.

Here we rested two days, before starting the climb up through the Ustjurt Mountains. One man thought it took too long before they came back with water, so he took his team and dog to the Aral Sea, to water them. They drank some, the one horse and dog died right there, and the other horse died the next morning. No wagons had ever gone on this trail. It looked quite hopeless, how we would get up and through the mountains, and with water scarcity and the many insects.

The guide told us, that seldom were camels used to go through these mountains. But higher up there would be snow water. The horses could only be fed with some grain, barley, for clover we could not get anywhere here. How long it took us to make the ascent up these mountains, I do not know. We sometimes climbed up the mountain, then down again, in kind of zig zag. When one team of horses could not pull their wagon, they hitched another team to help, strong ropes fastened to wagon and horses and strong men helped to pull too, others followed, to put stones against the wheels so the wagon would not go backwards. So they helped one wagon after the other up the very steep ends, until they were all up to the top.

Before we started up the mountain; we could not understand why we could not take some curios along from around the Aral Sea. They always said it will get too heavy for the wagons and horses. But now we could understand it. When we all reached the top, there was only a small place of snow water, it was full of insects. The atmosphere was clear and light and no dust. But every morning there was fog, which we were not used to. We were now driving above the clouds, on a sort of a plateau, where ice and snow was on higher cliffs of the mountains, this also lay in gullies on the sides of the mountains. We had to get the ice and snow up in bags and sheets. We stayed up here several weeks; because we stayed on that plateau such a while, and we needed drinking water, also for cooking; so they lowered one man tied to a rope, with a pick axe, and he chopped steps into the side of the mountain. Then after, they fastened a strong rope at the top and one after the other went down, holding onto the rope with one hand, then filling sack or sheet, put it over their shoulders, and come up again. At some places they found a small pond of snow water, and it was not so steep, so they could lead the horses down to drink.

Some days we young folks went sight seeing, we went down towards the Aral Sea, there we saw the turtles large and small go grazing like cattle, some were as large as washtubs. One morning Uncle Peter Unruh, with Auntie going along, he was ahead of us close to the shore of the sea, suddenly Uncle Peter called and waved, and we all ran to him, even our guide came riding there too.

What did we see? Uncle had killed a very large snake with his big gnarled walking stick. While he was looking at the glitter of the water, suddenly he saw a huge snake come uphill, and as she raised her head, he swung and hit her with his heavy stick, just below the head; she had raised

herself and thrown herself uphill. The guide was very shocked that Uncle Peter had hit the snake. He told us then, that these snakes will bite their tail, and roll like a wheel, and that way they go after their prey. The fastest riders could not get away. So Uncle Peter was glad that he killed the snake.

So there were all kinds of wonderful things to see and dangers to overcome. I mostly walked on this trip, although I think the road was not rough, for I do not remember of anyone complaining or taking sick from driving. Here we felt closer to Heaven. How our singing echoed into the heavens; for most of the time our altitude was over 1000 feet, at the highest we were driving 15,000 feet above sea level.

When we had been driving in these mountains for a long time, it was foggy and cool one morning; when the fog lifted, we saw a large stag deer with big antlers. Then our guide told us, that we would soon come to a place where some Sartens lived, where we would be able to get clover hay for the horses, who would also have bread and water. By noon we reached their tent-settlement. The dogs barked, there were sheep and goats, and the people were standing in astonishment, wondering what this was all about, they had never seen such a caravan before. Here was a good fresh water spring, where we could all have a hearty drink. After the guide talked with them, we could buy some necessary items of food. There were two families living here. From here it started to go down the mountains gradually. It was pretty here, flowers and sweet smelling herbs blooming. Everywhere it was green, small waterfalls. Further along another plateau - then down hill - a good road, sometimes quite steep, until we came to a narrow passage (like a gate) through the rocks, it looked as though some one had cut it through. The saying was, that Tamerlan The Great had had it cut through there. When we were through the gate, it sloped slowly downward into a small green valley, surrounded by mountains. Only to one side where the road led out, there were steep rocky banks. In this small valley was a clear river, it came out of a mountain and disappeared into another. The sand along the shores of this river glistened like gold, and at places the banks of it were rock and straight like a cement wall. Oh, the wonders of God's creation we saw without end.

In this valley we stayed over Sunday. We barely had room to camp here. Some had walked up the mountain, they said we looked so small, our wagons looked like toys. When we broke camp in the morning and started on again we saw we were not nearly to the bottom of these mountains yet. It still went down, down, sometimes quite steep too and dangerous.

It looked so pretty going downhill; sometimes green grass with flowers blooming there, then cliff like rock walls as though they would fall on us, all in beautiful colors. I at least could not see enough of it. Finally there came a sharp curve downwards, into a large green valley, where in the middle stood a long high hill, like an Altar. We girls were way ahead of the wagons, so we decided, we were going to climb this high hill. The young men wanted to climb another mountain. We girls climbed the Altar-like mountain, and looked around, all of a sudden we saw the dust of our wagons passing us, without knowing where we were. We came down the other side of

it, which was very steep, some of us crawled down backwards on our hands and knees, some simply rolled down, and if there had not been a high stone wall, they would have rolled into a swift stream. We were bruised and tired - then we saw the whole caravan stop. We got a good talking to.

The young men had a worse experience. They barely could make it down, barely escaping with their life. We were told, if we would try something like that again, they would leave us, not wait for us. But we always had to walk, so we often did something, but were more careful, so the wagons would not pass us.

As soon as we were out of the Ustjurt Mountains, we were in Russian Asia, among the Kirgisen. Soon we were among Cossack settlements. The Kalmucken, are small people, have flat faces and flat noses and small eyes. On our return trip we came to a large Russian and Sarten town, close to Russia's Salt Flats, the name of the town was Ijitzkaja-Saschtschita. We arrived here Saturday evening, stayed over Sunday. They showed us a camping place, outside of town, close to a clear small river, close to the Salt Works.

The salt was brought up out of the mine. It was a huge square surrounded by a high wall. On two sides were sloping plank roads down, they drove with oxen down and brought the salt up in wagons, there was fine and coarse salt. There was work for a lot of men. In one corner they had a salt-bath-house, where some came to take health baths. Then they had piped in warm water from the river, so the ones taking a bath could rinse off the salt water. We also came by mountains of slate and mica, also many mountains where there was lot of coal.

There was a young man in our group who was troubled with a bad itch for some time. He took a free salt bath, several other young men did too. Out of the Salt Bath, he went into the river, he was very sick for a few days, was all stiff, could not eat or sleep. We often heard him whimper. All of a sudden he got quieter, started to eat, was completely healed of his itchy rash, got clean new skin.

The Sunday we were close to the Russian Salt Mine, was a wonderful still, sunny day, and for the first time after four years we heard lovely sounding Russian Church bells. In nature too, everything was so nice and green, the flowers blooming, and all kinds of ripe fruit.

When we started travelling again, I do not know how long it took, before we arrived in Orenburg. The west Asiatic Russian towns were of a different character than the large Sarten towns in inland Russian Asia were. When we arrived at Orenburg again, they gave us very much the same camping site, in the large park, close to the Ural River. (The town Orenburg was on both sides of the river.) We thought we would be here only a few days. The man that was here, the Kaiser's Governor General, was sick; when ours went to get our migration passes, they told ours to wait until he was well again. But he died. The Acting Governor General did not even listen to their case. So they had to send a message direct to Petersburg, to the Kaiser. After nine weeks of waiting, we finally received the necessary papers. (In Russia everything goes slow as long as the officials are paid enough money.)

The funeral of this Governor General and its ceremonies was very much like the one in Taschkent, only here we saw three children in the vehicle with the mother.

We were here about one week at our campsite (Park) in Orenburg, when it started to rain, and rained nearly four weeks without stopping. We had to move to a new campsite and three times more, and always no message yet of our papers. I had next to no free time here; a man soon brought me a hand sewing machine; and I sewed very much for others. Many of our young men took the train and went to the Trakt Colony, to help in the harvest there. And some from there came to visit relatives and friends in our group. And then of course they begged us to rather stay here in Russia. But all of us were decided to go to America. When we were ready to leave after nine weeks of waiting, the young men were not back. They sent them a telegram to meet us at the train at Samara or Saratov - but when we arrived there, the boys were not there. So five couples, parents, had to stay there, they did not want to leave without their children. They thought they would surely catch up with us, to be able to go on the same ship. But when our ship was ready to leave the harbour, these families were not there yet. Most of these we never saw again, for they moved to Kansas.

Now I will relate some things yet from while we were still in Orenburg. One of the last campsites there, outside the Park on a green, flower bedecked area, the flowers were tulips, lilies, poppies and violets, all growing wild and on the ponds, water lilies, just beautiful. Otherwise we did not like it here so much, our fathers had all taken jobs, mostly on the railroad, worked from early morning until late, and only the men who were too old or too young were in camp. They too would walk up town to see the sights. And we womenfolk were not allowed to go sightseeing, without male escorts it was too dangerous. I of course had very little time, the other girls sewed and knitted too. Sunday afternoons, our fathers did take us sightseeing. For sewing I got a small wage, so that I could earn enough for dresses for my two sisters and my mother. For the mens' clothing, a tailor cut them, then they were brought for me to sew. I had patterns for the ladies clothes. I learned a lot by doing this type of work, which helped me in later years. How good it is for us to learn all there is to learn about housekeeping, while we are young. We girls even took over standing guard at nights.

Our fathers got so tired working such a long day, and then take turns standing guard at night. So we girls tried it - two before midnight - and two after midnight. They had made us something out of wood, that if we noticed anything which was not natural, we had to make a clapping noise. Our horses were all chained and locked, their front feet to the wagon wheel. They had noticed thieves in the nights. We had made our round and were sitting down to rest a bit, when I saw two horses raise their heads high, I quickly told my partner - there is something wrong! - I went a little closer, she followed; she said, there are two men stooped down by one horse. We both dashed into a tent and clattered all we could, and a man stuck his head out of his wagon and said, "Why are you making so much noise". We told him there were thieves among the horses. There was quick life in camp then and the two thieves ran, they met two others and they all disappeared. They

had the chain nearly filed through. The man said he had wanted to scold us for making so much noise when he wanted to sleep. But now he was glad, we could make as much noise as we wanted, as long as it protected us from thieves.

Our fathers were scared now, so they took on being night watchmen again. They also arranged it that each one had only half a night watch, and could sleep half the night. It was tiresome and dangerous too.

When we finally received our "passes", we sure were glad to finally be able to leave here. We sold all our horses and wagons, and some other things we could not take along. My parents had some good copper ware and some nice pans, lamps and water kettles. I cleaned and polished everything and mother packed it. Later in Nebraska, I was amazed at all the stuff that some had taken along, which they could sell for a lot, in America, what they did not need. I got material for a good black dress; then we three sisters got enough cloth of shimmery material, for each of us a dress, which we took along not sewn.

So the day of our departure arrived, and we could use our horses and our wagons to take all our belongings to the train, then the new owners took them. We were sorry to see our horses and our wagons go, where with we had travelled so far and experienced so much with. So we got on the train, and it slowly started to move on. How many days we travelled through Russia, I do not know; only know we had to transfer many a time; which was always quite hard, for we had a lot of things to carry.

In Russia we travelled in various train cars, some had benches to sit on - some had none; some days our cardoors were locked. For there travelled so much mixed folk those days. One time I remember, our menfolk had gone to get some coffee for dinner, when they got back to our car, there were so many strangers in there that they had to stand. Soon the train stopped at an open area, and the train officials came and tossed all the strangers out, that did not belong to our group.

We drove through many small and large Russian towns, Kiejew was a very old town with hundreds of glistening churches. We passed many small villages, past large farms that had cattle and herds of sheep. I nearly always sat or stood at a window, looking out, seeing what I could see.

How far it was to the German border, or whether we passed through Poland, guess we did. After we passed the boundary town of Eidkunen, we came to Danzig. At the boundary we all had to get off and go through customs. How long we had to wait in Eidkunen, I do not remember. One evening we heard them talking in German, and when we were finished here, we had to get onto a German train. What a difference! We had good seats or benches to sit on, the bathroom facilities were better. But the baked goodies we liked best in Russia.

We young folks did not mind our travels, they were not pleasure rides. But for the mothers and little ones it was hard, mostly so crowded. In Germany we passed through towns like Danzig, Frankfurt and Koenigsburg, and through the Weichsel area, which is a lovely area, the river is a deep and fast flowing stream, dammed in sections, it is close to a thriving

# Mennonite settlement.

Many of these river dwellers live in dangerous flats always from every February, they live in danger of the dykes breaking. It floods the flats, and they are very productive. I have never seen such good looking red and white cows on pasture, as I saw there. In Frankfurt we had to transfer again, here the lights were all electric. They looked through our possessions again. Some Prussian Mennonites had come to see some of their friends and relatives, who were going to America. Here we had to walk quite a distance from one station to the other one. One place was called Halbstadt. Then one noon we got to Berlin. One of the officials said we would have a three hour wait here, and we were to go to the Hotel across the street, there was dinner for us, ordered by the Americans. We came into the Depot - it was huge - wide and long. There were 5 - 6 trains standing and chugging, but we could see no smoke. There were big elevators going down, which the men took, we womenfolk and my father, who carried the youngest brother, walked the stairs - that was tiring, especially for the weak and the old. I helped my mother down, and we had quite a lot to carry. Before we got to the Depot, we could see the Kaiser's Palace, where the soldiers were on guard, walking back and forth, their rifles pointing upward, with their helmets glittering in the sun. At any open space were beautiful flowers blooming, and large shade trees. (They said at the time that Frankfurt had the nicest Depot in the world; later Winnipeg in Canada built a similar one.)

When we came into the Hotel in Berlin, there stood the tables all ready for us. Because the men wanted to look at the town yet before we left, they ate first. We went into the washrooms to wash; when we came back the men were ready to leave; so they invited us to take our places at the tables. They brought us each a bowl of flat tasting soup and a piece of bun, for the little ones a glass of milk. The soup did not taste good. We were told we were to get some meat and potatoes yet. We waited and waited, finally they brought bread onto the tables, and waited, we were hungry, had not had a real meal since we left Orenburg. All of a sudden a Policeman stood in front of us, and told us with a thunderous voice; all of you that have come from Asia and want to go to America, shall go right away, for your train is ready to leave. Some said to him, "This cannot be right, we are barely here, and want to eat the meal, which was paid for us here; and our men have gone into town, they are not back yet". He got gruff and said, "The men will follow in another train, and you can eat in Bremen".

And strange all this time none of the waiters showed up, until this officer or policeman had told us this. Then they came with the food, making excuses for being so long, told the man he should let us eat, it all looked as if planned. We had to hurry out, and there was really a train all ready under steam. It was a special train put together for us, to take us to Bremen, it was to be a nine hour non-stop trip. They were in a hurry to get us onto the train. They started to push us, as though to help us get on. In this rush they even got children separated from their mothers, the mothers worrying where their children were. But the officials did not care, just hurry! hurry! And one took a hold of my mother too, she looked at him, and told him, in all our travels in Asia among uncivilized people never had they been treated as roughly as here, in this so called civilized fatherland, where

the people were loaded into the train like cattle, what have we done to you, why are you doing it? Then the conductor had said, "Let them get on by themselves". And they let the rest get on by themselves. One old man asked the conductor, "How is it we are treated so different, different than we were told when we arrived here?" The conductor said "Orders".

So the train started off in a hurry, but only past a few stations, then he turned onto a siding and waited. No conductors were to be seen; it did not take long, when a locomotive with one train car came, and all our men folk and those that got separated from their families came onto our train, now we were all together again. No train officials came to us in the train, until just shortly before Bremen. Then we found out that the Hotel officials and the Train officials had done this often before, the meal was paid for by the Americans, and they would not let the people eat their paid-for meal, so the hotel officials could sell it to someone else for the second time. We drove without interruption to the harbour town of Bremen.

We arrived there tired and hungry late in the evening. When we got out of the train, we were met by officials, due to the orders by telegraph from America. Were we ever pleased to be welcomed by officials, in a strange place. In the fifth storey of an immigration house we were given lodging. It was not far from the harbour. Our hot meal was all ready and waiting for us, and we could eat it without being hindered in any way. How happy and thankful we all were.

The next morning, after a good night's rest, and morning devotion, we all felt refreshed again. Then we got orders, we all had to take a bath, and they washed all our clothes; they found no insects, so we were declared - clean. Here we waited several days, until our ship was prepared for the journey. I often stood by the hours at the windows, looking at those tireless waves. The harbour full of large and small ships. None of us women-folk had a chance to go to see the town. In Germany you cannot just go and look anywhere; at one place a sign will say, "Forbidden To Touch" - "Forbidden to go close" - "Forbidden to Go on The Grass", etc. We often talked about it, wondered why they did not have a sign up, "Forbidden to Look". We could see it was a large town.

Our father took us older children along one time, and we went to see the harbour, close to the water. My! The ships that were there, large ones and smaller ones, steam-ships, sail boats - motor boats - row boats. Wonder above wonders for us to see. I thought the water looked so dangerous, and to think we would have to travel on it for a long time. The few days here passed quickly, and of the five families, that were to join us, here, were not here yet.

When all was ready, we were loaded with everything into a small steamboat, to be taken to the big Ocean Liner, that was anchored a few hours drive from shore. The small steamboat was so heavily loaded, that we all had to stay on the deck. Before we left, there was an old couple saying farewell to a young man, who was reluctant to leave them, but finally did come on board, standing close to the railing. When we were going farther away from the shore, the young man looked around scared, It did not take long when we could not see shore anymore, only the sky and the water. All

of a sudden, someone called: Man Overboard! The ship stopped, a diver dived down to search for the body. We saw that this young man was missing, but they could not find him. They sent a message back to land. The ship went on. One of the sailors said, they thought it was a son who had been in trouble at home, and the parents were sending him to America, to make a new life for himself; as was so often done, and many lost courage, as this one must have.

Soon we saw a huge ship ahead of us, against that, ours, the one we were on, looked very small. Our ship stopped along side of it, and right away they lowered two gangways, for us to walk up onto the Ocean Liner. There were ship's officers at the upper and lower end of these gangways to command our ascent into the big ship -- slow and be careful. All of a sudden a half grown boy fell into the water between the two gangways, they soon had pulled him out of the water, he got a slap on his ear, and was told to be more careful, he had tried to pass someone else. Finally we were all on the big ship, at that time it was one of four of the largest Ocean Liners of those days, it's name was EMS or EMDEN, it was to make this trip in six and a half days from Bremen Harbour to New York. We were going third class.

When they showed us our cabins, or saloon, after our stuff was first all organized; we organized ourselves. We from Asia had one and a half rooms for us, the other half, the women and children from Germany occupied. Half of one room was filled with long tables and bolted down benches. When we had everything arranged, we hurried up on deck, to see when the ship would start, but we were going already, it was going so smoothly. The music was playing. "We Praise Thee, O God", and "A Mighty Fortress is Our God". What a different feeling it gave us, to be separated by this ocean, from everything we had held dear, from everyone we had known so far. And beyond this ocean world, was the unknown, with new hopes. Now we were really on the ship which was to take us to America. And what would await us there? The future looked dark, uncertain. How must our parents have felt.

When one is eighteen years old, like I was at the time, future worries do not bother you for long, one lives in the present; what had I experienced until now. I was born in South Russia, between Poland and Odessa, there I lived till in my ninth year (then with my mother, went to visit in Poland). Then we lived in the Molotschna, from the age of nine to fourteen years. And then we went by caravan, 125 wagons, travelled eighteen weeks on wagons without springs, to Asia, to Turkestan, Taschkent -- Oh, what have we all seen and experienced there. I nearly always walked, over mountains, above the clouds, went through strong streams, over bridges, through deserts, where no man lived, and on camels through deserts, for several weeks we travelled on a river by boats, in constant danger of murders or robbers; then back again from inland Asia, by wagons, nine weeks, past the Aral Sea, and over the 15,000 foot Ustjurt Mountains to Orenburg; from there by train, through all Russia and Germany. And now we were on the ocean, where we could only see sky and water, on our way to America. What wonders of God's creation we had seen through our travels.

The first day or so we were all fine, and then some started to be sea-sick - my mother, also the sister next to me. My father and I and the other sister and brothers were up and around, still had a good appetite. For

breakfast we got pancakes and coffee; for the sick and the children they gave milk and oatmeal porridge; for dinner we sometimes had Borsht and potatoes and meat, bread and butter; sometimes stewed meat and potatoes. Our young men went into the kitchen to help peel potatoes and to wash dishes, so they often got the leftovers from the class one and two passengers. So we often got good baked goodies, good soup and other things. I liked nothing better - as soon as I could - than to be up on deck, watching the ever changing waves, and other ships coming and passing us. Sometimes they look as if they are coming out of a hollow - and sometimes as if they were coming over a hill. When we neared land there were always very many ships and boats. At sunup and sunset, fish would jump out of the water.

One day we saw a very large fish swim along the side of our ship. It swam beside our ship for quite sometime. We asked the sailor if it was a whale, he just smiled, we were always full of questions. We could never see its head, he was long and wide. All of a sudden someone said, we were close to England. We could see white cliffs. Here we passed. But we stopped at another harbour, and some passengers got off and some got on.

They were English passengers that got on here, women and children, they were put in the other half of our quarters. And we heard the mothers talking English to their children, and we could not understand them. They made a swing between two bedsteads and their children were swinging on them and singing. I think it was the next day when some girls and I were on deck looking at the water, while down below many were sea sick already. The sea was noisy and the waves rolled; we enjoyed watching it. When all of a sudden one of the sailors told us to quickly go down to our quarters - sit down on those benches and hold tight. For there was a storm coming, and the waves would be high. We ran down and told our own. We obediently sat down on the benches, and watched how some of the German women had their trunks open and were unpacking.

They were looking at their dresses, smoothed them and laid some on the table, and some over the lid of their trunk. They had begged so long, until their luggage was brought to them from the lower baggage room. The steward had warned them, we're getting a storm. But they disregarded that, had even opened the port holes. Well, we stayed on the benches. The women thought we were only scared. One of our men thought so too, Oh, that is not so bad, and tried to go up the stairs to go on deck. But he only got close to the stairway, when the ship suddenly lurched on its side, he barely got hold of a bedstead and swayed back and forth. And those women rolled back and forth with their goods, the water "splashed" through those open round windows, among all their stuff. They screamed and acted as though they were among murderers. Their stuff got wet and dirty. The steward told them, that they were punished for their disregard. But he closed the windows and helped them up, also others had fallen. We began to worry whether it would become worse and the ship maybe sink. The man who got so shook up had hurt his arms some.

(Later when we lived in America and visited this man we sometimes talked about this experience. He asked me how it had looked, him swaying back and forth, hanging onto the bedstead all he was worth? I told him, it had looked pathetic, but also very funny. And his sons laughed.)

Yes, many of them whimpered and groaned. But as soon as the storm let up a little, we girls went up on deck, into the fresh air again. I took my youngest brother on my arm too. He always wanted to cry when out of Mother's sight, mother was quite sea-sick. The ocean was calm now, one could hardly believe that just a little while ago it had stormed so. I was not sea-sick, even for one hour on the whole trip. Only one morning I thought the bread tasted like sulphur; so I only drank a hot cup of tea and went on deck. Two of the other girls stayed well too, we three spent most of our time on deck. The stewards washed the ship right after the storm. The waiters that brought our meals were called stewards too.

Now I will relate a stirring incident. One still, clear moonlight night on the ocean. We were all on deck, those of us that were well, enjoying the nice music, that we could hear there. All of a sudden the ship's officers came hurrying; the music stopped - told us to all go to our cabins. They came along and showed us and put life belts on all of us. It startled and scared many, some protested, but they gave strict orders to follow orders. For in a short while, there would be a very dense fog, which we could cut with a knife; and that shortly we would be meeting an American passenger ship.

On deck no passengers were allowed, only a few men were overlooked, and they never knew any of these orders. They told later, that the fog was so black, there was nothing to be seen, they stayed just where they were. The lights on deck looked like little sparks. Down below we could only always hear the fog horns, over and over, our ship barely moved. All of a sudden we felt as though our ship was being shoved sideways, we heard a kind of scraping, the whole ship quivered - what feelings went through us one cannot describe, whether all of a sudden they would say: the ship is sinking.

Then the door was opened and they said we could come on deck. Were we thankful. We went on deck as fast as we could, then we could hear the ship's organ playing, "We Thank Thee, O God". When we got on deck, the ships were side by side, calling salutations to each other. They were playing the same songs on both ships, both decks were packed with people. The fog had lifted - the moon was shining on the water. Both ships were undamaged, ours was scraped some. For on this same place in such a fog, our ships on its first journey, had rammed another ship, which sunk, though all people were saved.

To me the whole ocean voyage seemed like a dream. It seemed like a pleasure trip to me -- at eighteen years old -- without worries and healthy all the way. For several days we saw markers in the water, fastened to chains. We also saw small islands in the ocean, whether they were inhabited I do not know.

On the sixth day of our voyage, they told us: tomorrow if all goes well, we will arrive in America. Everybody was all a flutter, one said this, the other that. But before we arrived, something happened. There was a man on board who declared himself a recruiting officer for a large hotel in South America, and had offered a big wage. He had won five of the German girls to his side, and they wanted to go with him. But the Secret Police

had observed him secretly; all of a sudden he was cordially invited to come to see the Captain.

After the Captain talked with this man; the Captain explained to the girls, what their lot would have been. They would have become playthings, behind locked walls, for the Plantation owners. Their lives would have been ruined in a short while. The girls were ashamed of themselves, to have been so easily taken in by this man. And they were so thankful that they were saved from that fate. So there always happened the bad and the good things.

And on this same day we all of a sudden found out, that Father's brother Uncle Peter Unruh, and Grandmother, they were our only close relatives, were going to Kansas. Our father had signed a paper for Nebraska. How that happened and stayed a secret so long, I do not know. In Kansas, lived a Mr. David Goertzen, whom Uncle Peter Unruh had known already when we still lived in the Molotschna. And he had advised Uncle Peter to come to Kansas. So it would give a parting of ways again.

On the seventh day at noon our ship docked at a "pier". Whether this was an island, I do not know, there was so much to see and to remember, that I have forgotten where this was. Here we were unloaded the next morning. For first there came a doctor on board and an inspector. Those that had been inoculated and it had not taken, had to be done over again. We in our family, and really all our group, were all declared as healthy, and could leave the ship. As soon as we were off the ship and had gathered, we saw a familiar man, a Mr. Henry Zimmerman, he had a paper and called out all the names of the ones going to Nebraska, our name was in this group. Then Mr. David Goertzen, gathered all the folks together that were going to Kansas, it showed that most of our "travel friends" were going to Kansas. And Uncle Peter said, to my father, "Cornelius, you could come to Kansas too". But my father said, "We are all going to go to Nebraska". And so our paths separated here, and we never saw Uncle Peter alive again.

We loaded into a smaller steamboat and then we headed for the New York harbour, some hours drive away. We passed the Statue of Liberty, it glistened in the sun. There were so many small and larger ships in the New York harbour, so very many - some were row boats - some were sailboats. And all of a sudden our ship stopped in the harbour, and we all had to get onto a train. Everywhere, Mr. Zimmerman and Mr. Wiebe helped us, there were also policemen and women, who always asked us, where we were going and whether there were some friends to get us, etc. It seemed to me - we only drove a short distance - when we had to get out again at a huge round building - called Castle Garden. Oh there were so many people in there, it seemed like a little town itself. There was a Bank in there, and Restaurants.

We must have stayed night there - for I do remember, how we went the next day and looked at this building, went in and out. We also looked at the town close by. There was one street that was so clean, and there were large shade trees on each side. We were here until the next day towards evening. The Castle Garden building was a huge round building, and inside the people milled around, reminded one of a Russian Market Place. This was in 1884, and New York was already a large city. The next day in the

evening we got onto an American train, which was to take us to our destination, without any changeovers. When we got into the train, we saw for the first time in our lives, jet black Negro women, dressed in trim white dresses, they were getting onto another train.

So we started out on our train; it was to take us to Beatrice, Nebraska, without any changeover. We went through the State of New York, so we passed through large and small towns, at some places the train stopped; and they would bring us food to eat, to the open windows; so much ripe fruit, also oranges and bananas. Our overseers, Mr. Zimmerman and Mr. Goertzen, looked after all our needs very well. The train stopped at Niagara Falls, and everyone that wanted to and could, could get off the train and take a closer look. Oh, the thundering and roaring sound of the water as it goes over and down those Falls, we could not hear what the next one said. The Aryk river and the Amu-Darja river we thought were swift and loud, but they were nothing compared to the Niagara Falls. On the other side of the falls, there was a path among the rocks, there was also a platform -- and close to there a small ship was stopped, its smokestack smoked; we could see some people there. Yes, such sights are wonders of God's creation. Chicago too was a large city at that time, so many railroads, trains were puffing here and there, and factories too.

Our train stopped here maybe fifteen to thirty minutes, then it went on. We could notice, the towns and cities we passed through, looked a lot different than the ones in Europe. So many here had Street Cars - some were horse drawn. It all was so different from what we were used to. I nearly looked myself blind, I wanted to see and know everything.

Even at night the American towns and cities looked lovely with all their lights. Yes, now we had come all the way across the ocean, without an accident; and were travelling through part of the American States in a comfortable train. So we drove for three days and three nights, when we arrived at Beatrice, Nebraska, on the "Santa Fe" line, near the Blue River. Close by was a huge water mill, where they also finished a lot of furniture. On the platform stood Mr. Cornelius Janzen, whom my father knew from Berjansk, Russia. He used to be a German Consul in Berjansk, Russia. He came to especially get our family and another family from the train. His home was only a block from the Depot. He had a lovely home and orchard and vineyard. He took us to their home. Many found that they had family or relatives here, who had moved to America earlier, and were made welcome by them. Mr. Janzen told us to come along with him, he was very friendly, it is only one block to walk; and your belongings will be brought too. So the two families followed him to his home, where Mrs. Janzen and her older sister were awaiting us at the door. We were so thankful, that we had learned the high German language on our travels, from the people, that were in our caravan, from the Trakt. For the Janzen's spoke only the high German language.

We were all shown to the washroom, where we could wash off the travelling dust; from there we were taken to the fully decked table, where also the daughter of the home welcomed us friendly. We were set in a family group, the two families, Mr. and Mrs. Janzen too, and Aunt Anna and daughter Helena served us. We all enjoyed our meal. And after the meal,

Mr. Janzen had evening devotion. Only their youngest (highly educated) son was not around. Since they had been the rich German Consul in Russia, they felt they were a "prominent family", and it seemed they thought we might be a bedraggled lot, from all our travels. But they found us to be educated and well mannered. The other family were a high German colonistic family, with a different accent, they were hard to understand. So my parents had to do most of the telling of the experiences on our travels. They also discussed our immediate future. Our parents and also this other family were to work at Janzen's married sons, on farms, for wages.

The oldest daughter of the other family and I were to be hired maids. The both mothers with the other children should for the time being live in Beatrice, where Mr. Janzen had rented a large house for the two families. Later after we had our supper, we were escorted to a modern Bathhouse, where we were all to take a bath; and there were a fresh change of clothing for all of us, it was all ours. And we all got good beds to rest in. (For supper the young son was present too, and seemed friendly and interested in all the conversation.)

The next morning we were moved to the temporary home. Mr. Janzen asked them again, whether they were satisfied with the arrangements, and parents said yes. Then Mr. Janzen told them that nobody owed him for any of this, even the money for the trip to America, he had done it to help some needy people. This rented home was two blocks from Janzen's. They came along to show us, we were surprised; for in this house was everything that both families needed, enough beds with straw ticks, blankets, and pillows; a cradle for the baby, enough furniture, stoves, cookware, washing facilities, everything even to needles. And as though they knew how feeble Mother was, they had assigned the downstairs rooms to my parents, and the upstairs for the other family, each family could be completely separate, no need for disagreements. They told us with which people we could associate, who also talked German and were Christians. He had also ordered a milk man to leave two quarts of milk each morning for each family. Everything in the smallest detail was looked after for them. When Father and I were gone, at our jobs, the milk man often asked Mother and the children over to their house, did a lot of favors for Mother. When the people first found out that she could set bones, she soon had a lot of work and they paid her well too.

Before Mr. Janzen left us that evening, he made a list of all the clothing and shoes we had need of. And the next day a Store Proprietor brought it all to us, and said it was all paid for. We rested here for two weeks, after our long journey. Then my sister Anna was hired by Mr. Janzen as maid. Father and I and the other man, name was Waegele, and his oldest daughter, Marie Margaret, were taken twenty-five miles to farms close to the town of Janssen, Nebraska. Father and I were hired out to Peter Janzen's, I as maid; and Mr. Waegele and his daughter, at the other son John Janzen, two miles farther. Father was to get one dollar per day, a good wage for those times. And I was to get two dollars per week, also the highest wage girls got in those days.

We both enjoyed it at our place of work, but we were lonesome for Mother and the little ones. Sister Anna, working for the father Janzen in Beatrice, could go to see Mother every afternoon for a little while. She

wrote us in her letters how everyone was. I soon felt at home with my new Masters; but first I was put through a severe test.

I was there only a few days, when my boss called me into his office, (I felt rather ill at ease, thought I had done something wrong). But they looked friendly at me, the Mistress was there too. Then he said, Elizabeth, we love you, and believe that you are an honest, and respectable girl; when you first know and love us, we would like it, if you would call us papa and mama, and then we would like to call you, you. I told them, that was fine with me, for I love you both now already. They left it at that. They were first going to Beatrice for a whole week for a visit; and during that time, their ex-maid, and her husband, would come to stay with me, and show me and teach me their ways. For my mistress was often sickly and Mr. Janzen was often absent, he was a Senator in Nebraska, and was often in Washington. I listened to all they told me, did not understand all that was meant, and I was a bit afraid of the maid, that had worked for the Janzen's for six years. As there was no other way to learn all there was to learn - I had to be willing.

It was not bad: the ex-maid and I got along fine right from the start. She may have laughed at many of my ideas, for I had worked for many people since I was eleven years old. And of course nearly every household has different ideas of doing things. I also worked for some rich people, who knew very little themselves, for they had always had babysitters and maids. And so here too I had to learn new ways in most everything. One thing was, I was willing to learn, it came easy to me and I could remember well. From my parents I had learned the biggest lesson: - to be honest, love the truth, and observe cleanliness. Which was a constant source of help through my whole life time.

Mrs. Janzen had also laid a few traps or tests for me, of which I knew nothing. Right away the next morning after they had left, and I went to dust all over - and to straighten up in the rooms - at one place I found a small bag with candies - at another place a bag with bananas - and even an open purse with some change in it. They had three children at home. Well, I took everything and laid it into a bureau drawer, without counting how much there was of each. And in myself I thought, how easy it would be for either one of the children, or even someone else could take some of it, and they, Mr. and Mrs. Janzen, could think I had taken it. I told the ex-maid about it, for I thought that Mrs. Janzen, had left those things lying around by mistake, the maid thought so too; and said it was good, I put it away into a drawer. When Mistress came home, Mr. Janzen had gone away again, I called her Mama, and told her what I had found and what I had done, she said that was good. Some time later she told me that she had tested each one of her maids like that, to see if they were nibblers, or dishonest.

I could hardly understand this, to put up such traps. It could have been a good girl, who did not mean any harm and had thoughtlessly taken a candy, and would be branded a thief. She smiled and looked at me and said you were lucky, nothing was missing. I did not like this experience. I remember back, when I went to school - and so many children brought dried

fruit to school. One day I was going to take some of our dried plums and apples (I had not asked Mother) and she caught me at it, she asked me if I wanted to become a thief? She scolded me, asked me if she should tell Father, and he would punish me - Oh, I did not want that, I begged her pardon, and promised never to do it again. Later on I remember, when sometimes I was hungry for something that I saw; and I was tempted to take it (but knew through early training) that it was wrong.

It was nearly three months that I had worked here, and I enjoyed it. I had to manage all the work myself, it was all inside work. I was treated as one of the family, received many a gift from them. I loved their four children and they loved me. And once a month Father and I could drive to Beatrice to visit Mother and the sisters and brothers. So we found out, that Mother had received letters from her brothers and sisters from South Dakota. My sister Anna had answered a few letters for Mother. They wanted us to move to South Dakota, for we had not seen each other for ten years. So it happened, that one day my father came with a strange man, on a tent wagon, to Janzen's where I worked. This man had come from South Dakota, to take us all along, and they came to get me. Mr. and Mrs. Janzen were surprised, wanted to know whether we were not satisfied with their place. Father told them, it was because our relatives were there. Father also told them that we owed them very much, a debt we could never repay. Janzens told us that if for some reason, we would not like it in South Dakota, as long as we would come back within five years, our jobs would be waiting for us. They had said from the beginning that they were going to help my parents get a farm too.

The man that had come for us was Mother's first cousin, Mr. Kornelius Ewert. My uncle, Mother's brother had not been able to come for us, due to sickness. (If we would have known the future, how different we would have done things.) My bosses, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Janzen's thought that I could stay with them. But Father said, we first wanted to go to Beatrice, to our family, and also hear what Grandpa Janzen would have to say. It seemed quite at home to me, to be driving in a covered wagon again, the wanderlust got hold of me again. So that on these twenty-five miles to Beatrice, Mr. Ewert heard of many an incident that had previously happened on our travels. He was looking forward to all the stories he would hear of, on our journey to South Dakota.

We arrived in Beatrice towards evening at our home there, Mother was very surprised. There was so much to talk, between my parents and Mr. Ewert. Then he also wondered if all those offers that Mr. and Mrs. Peter Janzen had made were genuine? And Father said, yes, and I said, they meant what they said, for I had learned to know them that much.

The next day was Presidential Election. Our home was only a block from a large building, where many Government Officials were in most of the day. It was a noise without end. There was music being played all the time. If the Democrats thought they were winning, then their music would be playing, and their people would cheer, and if the Republicans thought they were winning, then their music would be blaring, and vice versa. It was evening before it was decided the Republicans came in, Grover Cleveland was their

new President. Old Mr. Janzen said, it was good, that the Republicans won, was good for the land and for the people.

Because Father and Mr. Ewert had not had a chance to talk to old Mr. Janzen during this Election Day, they talked to him in the evening. He invited us all over for dinner the next day; then we could talk.

We went for dinner to old Mr. and Mrs. Janzen the next day. We had a good visit; when the parents mentioned the debt to them of their fare here, both Mr. and Mrs. Janzen said, they had felt that their duty to help some needy folk come to America. They were only sorry that we could not take all the furniture along; for if we stayed there, it was all ours.

Mr. Janzen told Mother then, that any smaller things she could pack was all ours, she should just pack it. And the rest would be there for parents if they chose to come back. When Mr. Ewert heard of all these gracious offers, he felt he maybe had not done right in coming for parents. But first he wanted to take us along, even if only for a visit to all the relatives in South Dakota.

We tarried here in Beatrice for a whole week, visiting old acquaintances from Khiva, and newly made friends, since our three months stay here. Mother had so many patients too, who were sorry to see her leave. Oh and so many new experiences I too had in Nebraska; I had won new friends here too. (Learning to know new friends and to have to say farewell again, had been a common thing, all through my youth). So our journey started again, leaving Beatrice, Nebraska, then our road past the son's farm, where Father and I had worked, we stayed with them one night, so I had to bake bread for her, she called it German bread. This was my best working place, with Mr. and Mrs. Janzen, that I have ever had.

The next day we went on, and since we altogether were a heavy load, we could only drive slow. But we were more comfortable - for now our dear Mother sat on a good spring seat, and we others sat on a spring mattress that was laid over our stuff in the back of the wagon. My sister Anna and I rather wanted to walk, we thought it was too heavy with us all on the load. But Mr. Ewert said, that was not necessary, for we had walked so much on our travels, when we had to. His horses were in good shape, we should rather stay on the wagon, and sing for him, which we did quite often. But so often we felt like walking, which he would let us, for a change, when we drove through open prairie. When we got to more opulated areas, he urged us to stay on the wagons, so the people would not think that we were gypsies. We quickly obeyed, because from childhood we had always been scared of gypsies.

Where we stayed the next night I cannot remember. The next day Mr. Ewert said: tonight we will come to some friends (this was on a Friday) and we will stay there over Sunday. He had talked this over with them on his way to Nebraska. Their name was Ekkert, the man was a grandson of Father's oldest half sister.

Our parents and Ekkerts were well acquainted from in South Russia. Mr. Ewert was a minister, so there was to be a Church Service Sunday fore-

noon, and he was to preach. We arrived here towards evening, and were received with loving open arms. Here Anna and I enjoyed it very much. They had two grown girls our own age, one was a pretty intelligent girl, and the other one a teacher. Then they had four younger children, two boys and two girls - and two older boys, whose name was Nikkel, they were Mrs. Ekkert's from her first marriage. Altogether (some were married) there were sixteen children. They lived on a farm, they had a lot of cattle and sheep, lots of pigs and horses, had a lot of land, had two hired men too. The two older girls helped with the milking. Everybody was jolly while doing all the chores. And after chores we played hide and seek and other games all together. Sure enjoyed it there. It was mid-November and still there were so many apples on the trees.

We were accepted here just like one big family; our Father was Mr. Ekkert's great uncle. So Sunday arrived - and early the people started to gather for the service. There were quite a lot of German people in the area, but they had no church building yet. So the Ekkert house got to be full. Mr. Ewert was just a humble speaker, his sermon was, where Kornelius said to Peter: Now we are all gathered here before God, to hear what He has to say to us. After the service we were all asked to a Love Feast, at noon. After dinner or in the afternoon our parents had to tell of a lot of their experiences on their trips and of in Asia.

We young folks were gathered outside on their veranda. We were kept busy answering questions. Someone asked us if we had seen cannibals in Asia. We said, no, and were shocked that there was supposed to be such people. But we told them of the wild or cave people we saw when we travelled along the Amu-Darja river, also of the rabbits and pigeons living in the cliff walls, how we had once run from the tiger.

While we were sitting here in a close circle and exchanging experiences Anna and I also told of my near drowning at the Amu-Darja river. How God had lifted me right out of the swirling water, in a cloud like wave. Yes, how many serious, and interesting things, and light hearted things one has experienced in one's youthful years, in those carefree years, where one does not take things so serious, and still remembers so much of it.

We were going to leave on Monday; but Ekkert's wanted to show Father and Mr. Ewert their whole farm. They also stopped in at some of their married children. So we first got away on Tuesday right after dinner. They gave us some eats along yet. We did not mind the longer time there at all, the girls had a lot of handwork to show, they were such jolly people.

Now we had three days to get to the Missouri river, on the other side of the river was South Dakota. Mr. Ewert said, the people at home would be waiting already. The first night we came to unfamiliar people; it were two farmers side by side. The one farmer said, they had no room in the house, the other one said, he had no room in the stable, -- well, Mr. Ewert unhitched and started to feed the horses; I made a fire, to make us some coffee, since no invitation was given, we were puzzled just how we would arrange things for the night, for it was cold at nights already. Mother was tired, the baby cried. All of a sudden both farmers were at our side, asked

us who we were, from where we came, and where we were going? They both said it was too cold for us to stay outside, for us and the horses. Then the one invited us to come into his house, for his wife would give us supper and a place to sleep. The other farmer said, we were to drive our wagon onto his yard and put our horses into his barn. When we came into the house, the woman spoke German to us, begged our pardon for being reluctant -- and gave us a delicious hot supper. Then the questions and the telling began -- the other farm couple came over yet too in the evening, and we had a good visit together. They gave us lovely beds to sleep in, as though we were their best friends. They said from now on they did not want to hesitate to give lodging to travellers, for they might need it some day too. In the morning when we wanted to pay, they would not take pay, said they had enjoyed our visit.

So we went on again, and that evening we came to a place, where two medium sized homes were on one yard. These people knew Mr. Ewert, he had stopped here on his way to Nebraska. Their name was Boehmen, they were good people, he said. They told us we could use the smaller house, all for ourselves, it had a stove, was nice and warm. It was the hired help's house, but they went to sleep in the hayloft. They brought us a huge armful of bedding, and told us to come in to their house for supper. When we came in, the table was set with a large bowl of Borscht, wareniki - good butter and light bread, it felt just like home.

Then we had to stay and visit awhile with them, from where, and where to: - all in Russian, which these parents still knew, but we could not talk English. The children wanted to visit with us, but we knew no English, and they could not talk German. This evening they were making two large barrels of sauerkraut, they were a large family and had hired help. They had a lovely large vegetable garden and orchard, there were still so many apples on the trees. This had been a good year for fruit and also a good year for corn, which is Nebraska's main crop.

So we all had a good rest in our little house, and when we were barely washed and dressed in the morning, they were there, to invite us in for breakfast. It consisted of cornbread, pancakes, bacon, and butter and syrup. We and their whole family sat down at the table, and Mr. Ewert had to say Grace. When we wanted to pay, they again would not take any pay, just wished us a lot of luck and a good trip. We travelled a whole day and came to an English farmer, where Mr. Ewert had also stopped. They welcomed us right away. Mr. Ewert could talk with them, they asked us to come into the house, the supper was on the table, and they told us to help ourselves. They asked us if we would baby-sit their two children, that night, while they and the wife's sister went to a dance, they would not be home before 4 a.m. in the morning.

We all got a good bed to sleep in - and the two fathers (my father and Mr. Ewert) kept watch until the folks came home. The man made the breakfast for us, he said his womenfolk were too tired. Mr. Ewert asked him what we owed them; he wanted to pay us for babysitting. We thanked them and travelled on again.

We got to the Missouri river rather late that evening. It is the boundary between Nebraska and South Dakota. A small steam-boat took us across

the river. Then we had six miles to go yet to get to Mother's youngest sister, we first arrived there at ten p.m., where a lot of friends and relatives had gathered. This was now the second Saturday since we left the Janzen's, and had experienced many interesting things on this trip too. We were greeted and looked at, for they had not seen us for ten years. Then we all went to the table to eat our supper, we were all hungry and tired; so we did not talk much, it was late. So all the guests went home and we all went to rest. The next day, we started all over again, to look at each other. My aunt looked just like when we parted ten years ago. Of course we girls were grown up now. It seemed we all could hardly believe it was really us.

So the next day, Sunday, we all went to church. No one was sick - there were so many friends and acquaintances of the parents. Our Uncle Kornelius Unruh, Mother's only brother, was just as friendly as before, and cried for joy. What a time of greeting, especially in Heaven, where there will be no more parting. Uncle Kornelius invited the people to come in the afternoon to their home, they wanted to visit with us. So a lot came for dinner already; and many more came in the afternoon, the house was over full. It was a sunny day. All of a sudden a man came in, and I thought he looked so familiar, and I asked, whether that was Mr. Jacob Schmitt? He said "yes". "But girl, do you still remember me?" I said, "Oh, yes, how is your little John?" Then he told of when I was about six years old, I wanted to know where the baby came from, and he told me the Stork had them in the chimney, and brought them, and when I had not quit asking questions, he had given me a piece of sugar. He told me many things yet about all my questions of that time, everyone had a good laugh. I also remembered getting pieces of sugar for rocking Johnny in the cradle. This John Schmitt later became a missionary in China.

So we visited here until ten p.m., it was near like a bee-hive, so many people. My sister Anna and I were to stay for a few days with some relatives. But it started looking very much like a snow storm, so we all went along to Mr. and Mrs. Isaak Schmidt's, for there we were to stay for the winter, they had more room than at Uncle Kornelius Unruh's. Mr. Ewert, because he had gotten us, thought he should have first choice, we should stay at his place; but Aunt Nettie, Mrs. Isaak Schmidt, mother's sister, would not hear of it. We enjoyed it at Schmidt's very much, although it was a bit crowded, we were eight persons altogether. They also had two little boys, but no bigger ones all slept upstairs, so they had enough room downstairs. Friends and relatives gave so many necessary supplies, so that they had enough for all.

The first Monday, the parents and Schmidts were asked to help butcher pigs, I was to go along. I believe we helped at from nine to ten places. I had to help with the meals and with rendering lard. I did enjoy it, but here too, so many things were new to us, for in the last four years in Asia we had never seen a tame pig, only wild ones.

Father once bought a piece of pork from a Cossack in Khiva, and we could not eat it. We helped butcher until nearly Christmas, The weather was mild, during the day time it was warm, the snow had all disap-

peared again. For around the Christmas time, we were invited to a wedding among our relatives, some eighty miles away in Turner County. There lived a lot of parents close relatives, Mother's two Aunts with their families, two of Father's sisters and their families, many cousins and their families, also Father's cousin Tobias Unruh - whom we were looking forward to seeing again, he looked so much like my dear father. But before we got there he had died. I remembered him so well from when I was eight years old.

It was decided to go there by wagon. My younger two sisters were old enough now to look after themselves, so my father thought I could go along to this wedding too, for later I would not stay at home anyway, because I had promised to be a maid at Mrs. Schmitts for a whole year. The wedding was to be on a Sunday, a few days before Christmas. We left early Friday morning; stopped at Mother's old Aunt and Uncle Benjamin Tesko. Was that dear old couple ever pleased to see us alive again. They had feared that out of that heathen land Asia, no one came out alive; and here we were all well, and looking good. I enjoyed every place we visited, because I was happy and so carefree. Among relatives were a lot of grown young people, so that often I was not with parents for days on end (for without my parents I always felt shy).

It snowed quite heavy when we got there, but it soon disappeared. The wedding day was a beautiful day. The ceremony was at 9 o'clock in the forenoon; then for dinner, it was at the bride's sister, they were orphans, Unruh sisters, the bridegroom was Henry Schmidt, he was from our area. The bride was lovely, but in a dark dress, I thought that strange (but was dressed, later, very much the same for my own wedding). Because I was a close relative, I was chosen as bridesmaid, another girl and I and two young men, also relatives. We had to sit beside the bride during the meal. Oh, I was so scared I would make a mistake, their language was a bit different from ours, we had to stay with the bridal couple until evening. I was mostly quiet and when I did say or ask something, they laughed at me, which made me feel embarrassed, and I sure was glad when it was evening and we did not have to stay with the bridal couple anymore.

For the night I went along with a cousin, she only lived one mile away. Later while I was visiting, I found out that most of the young folks talked more the Molotschna dialect. That made me feel more at home. Where I was born at Heinrichsdorf, they spoke one way, in Poland another dialect and the Prussian Mennonites spoke a different German, so it finally was a mixture of different languages, really a mixture of different German dialects. There was a lot of visiting going on here, they loved to hear parents tell of our experiences in Asia and of all our travels. The homes were always full, and Father and I often had to sing our travelling songs.

The young people were mannerly and upright folks. I cannot remember of any that smoked. I was not used to young peoples crowds, was rather shy when in a group. But I found three close girl friends with whom I was real intimate. We visited here three weeks among relatives and friends.

The weather was still mild. Oh, how we four girls visited, and the castles in the skies we built for our future. I could not think too much

of the future, it always seemed that was dark before me. One thing I used to do before, and we did that now too, we had a box with cards in it with Bible verses on them; and I would draw one out each morning as a comfort. Many a time I believe I was protected from doing something wrong, by drawing and reading the verse. I was given a Bible verse box here too, For there was one of these boxes in every home we came into.

After three weeks of visiting here, we went home again, and found everything in order and everyone well. So I started to work for Mr. and Mrs. Isaak Schmidt, because we all lived together all winter, I often helped Mother sew and patch and helped her wash. Sister Anna worked for Mr. and Mrs. Ewert, for Mrs. Ewert was crippled and could not do her work alone; they only had a small girl, they had two foster daughters, but they were married already.

When spring arrived, and the seeding was done; a cousin of Father's gave my parents a 40 acre plot of land for ten years free use; on this Father built a home, with the help of friends. There were many stones on this plot -- the house was built of sods, with a hay roof, inside it was lined with wood, also a wooden floor, it was mud plastered and white washed. Father made a chimney, also built a big brick baking oven outside. For our fuel was mostly grain and mace straw and manure chips, so this outside oven was real handy.

When it was all finished, my parents had a good roomy house, to begin with, friends gave them the necessary furniture, it was homey, and they were alone and in their own home. Father built a barn too, they got some hens given, some one lent them a cow, until they could buy one. I took a young cow as my pay, which was \$18.00, she soon freshened and had a heifer calf, which I gave to the parents, that was a beginning for them. They lived in their own home, had no debts - were happy and satisfied. Someone gave Father a pair of oxen, but he did not like to work with oxen. So he traded them for a horse (young); it was a good horse, then he also bought a good horse. So he enjoyed farm work better, for he still had to do it all by himself, my brothers, his sons were still small and had to go to school. He put in a few acres of wheat and the rest he planted with corn. The crops were good in those days, also lovely hay.

We were not quite a year in South Dakota, when my little brother David was born. I went home for one week at this time to nurse my very weak mother. Also to wash and mend, for my three brothers sure could tear clothes. My ~~youngest sister~~ could not do it alone. *Our mother - Agamether*

My mother stayed sickly and weak a long time, and when my year was up at Schmidt's, I came home to help. Mrs. Schmidt wanted me to stay longer, or also to come back, she felt she could not get along without me. But I felt that I had to go and help look after my mother. I told her I would come back to help her, in between, especially with washing and sewing. But none of this happened, I got so much work sewing and knitting for others that I had no spare time. Still I did sew some things for her while at home. (I worked for Schmidt's for \$50.00 for the whole year. And often I helped choring the horses, for he had very bad headaches, she had had sunstroke

once and also partially hit by lightning).

So I worked six months at the parents, sewing most every day, and evening I knit mitts and gloves, I do not think I am wrong when I say I knit many dozens of them. I also had to knit woollen caps, which everyone seemingly wanted to have. They did not know how to, but the girls were learning; my sister Anna and I had learned to knit quite young, and then were taught more on our travels, so that we could knit all kinds of fancy stitches too, which was a wonder to all.

When we were about six months in South Dakota, I received material for a lovely dress from my former bosses, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Janzen, in Nebraska, from Grandma Janzen, some lovely wool for Sunday stockings and a set of knitting needles, and besides that all kinds of vegetable and flower seeds which I appreciated very much. I used a lot of that for Mother's garden too. And one kind of those beans I had for years and years. With sewing and knitting I had earned more than I earned a whole year at Schmidts. I usually let them pay me what they thought it was worth, but for the mitts I asked ten cents a piece and they gave the wool. Yes, so most of my life was a busy one - but I can say that I enjoyed it.

Now a new chapter in my life starts; for in the meantime I had learned to know and love a young man. Who on a Thursday evening at a wedding, asked whether he could come and talk to my parents. I had an idea what that meant, and I thought we were too young. I was soon going to be twenty, but he was not quite nineteen years old. He told me, his mother was very anxious for us to marry, so that she would get some help and company in her home. She was so lonesome, since her youngest daughter had married only six months ago and had moved to Turner County. So everyone was taken by surprise - the wedding bans were announced of Abram H. Schultz and Elizabeth C. Unruh. So preparations were made, the wedding invitations were sent. The wedding balls were kind of loud at times - some were for it - some were against it. Some warned me against living with his mother. Often I did not know what to say, so I said nothing. Sometimes I told them; I am only marrying Abram. He had three younger brothers, the youngest only seven years old. The wedding took place as planned on June 17, 1886, and it was a lovely day.

The wedding celebration started at 9 o'clock in the morning. After a short speech and the wedding ceremony, the guests all gathered at my parents home for dinner and then also later for supper. While we were sitting down to our meal at noon, someone came in, and whispered to my maid of honor, that her sister was deathly sick, and wanted to see her. She went right away, but was too late, her sister had died before she got there. She had had a baby daughter just a few days before. What a shock, Oh, there were all kinds of thoughts ready right away, they thought this an omen for our life. And when we sat down after the ceremony, my Abram, sat down a trifle sooner than I did, and they said, that he would die before me, I would be left. (Whether it was a prophecy or what - anyway it happened that way.) The next day we still had wedding celebrations in the forenoon, when all relatives and friends came for the noon meal, many had come from the Turner County. In the afternoon was the funeral of this young lady. Her husband, Peter Unruh, was my second cousin, and was a school teacher. No one could think of a wedding like mine, for one day before my engagement a little six months

old boy was buried, and now this.

So two days after our wedding we moved in with my husband's mother. His father had died nearly eight years ago. It was only one mile from my parents, so I sometimes could go and help mother. When we were married one month the harvest started, and one of his brothers and I stooked the sheaves after the binder. We enjoyed it, until the last day, and it was very hot right from morning. And Mother-in-law said to my husband, "Abram, do not let Elizaboth stook today, it is too hot". At first he did not want me to, said his older two brothers could do it. And I said, if the one will help, I want to finish. This was an especially hot day. We heard later, that that day many people had died of the heat in America. When Abram had just cut the last, and I was going to stook the last sheaves - I wanted to say to the young brother-in-law: My, it is hot -- but I fell backwards, and hurt my head. My husband was right there, I had been like dead, he carried me in, and called my parents, they did all they could, but I was limp and unconscious. Then they thought of a well known midwife, and got her, and she put ice on my head, for my head and face were swollen and my face was brown.

They also gave me some water which I had swallowed, but I first regained consciousness on the third day, and my color came back. At first I did not know what I was doing in bed, and why everyone was looking so sober. I wanted to get out of bed, and could not use my one leg. Mother examined it and found that the hip bone was out of its socket. Oh, that was pain to endure! They had to help Mother, they had to pull and turn on that leg to get it back into its socket again. There was puss in the joint already. My leg took a long time healing, and my head was dizzy and weak for a long time too. There was all kinds of work to do, and I could only do a little hand-work. I surely did not enjoy that experience, and only married a month.

Then the winter came, and by and by I could start to work again; got nervous very quickly and that makes it hard too. Then in February the message came, that my husband's sister had a son, and at my husband's oldest brother, they had a daughter, since October, he lived close by. The sister-in-law was lonesome for her mother, so my mother-in-law went to visit her daughter. When she got back, she had a lot to tell of her two grandchildren. And especially that sister Lena, was so lonesome for her mother.

Otherwise we enjoyed living together. I was quite well and strong again. I noticed that my husband did not always agree with his mother. When we were by ourselves, I begged him not to argue with his mother. She had lots of worries and then she would say something, she would maybe be sorry for later. How often it can give misunderstandings between parents and children, and it takes a lot of patience, love and understanding. Parents find it harder to adjust to children or young folks, than young folks can guess.

It was spring, and when the seeding was done, we were surprised one day by the arrival of Abram's sister Lena, and her family, from Turner County. She was mother-in-law's only daughter, also my husband's only sister. We were all overjoyed with the visit. The mother especially was very happy to see her daughter, who got married at sixteen years old and moved away to Turner County. We did a lot of visiting around together. But before they left for home, it came out, that the main reason they had come,

was to see whether they could get Mother's farm, so that Mother could always live with them. Because Lena was so lonesome for the Mother.

Mothor Schultz was for it in a way, for she would love to have her daughter with her. But she was also worried about us, her son. And then she kind of had doubts about her son-in-law. But Lena begged the mother, but her husband would not do it any other way, but they buy the whole farm. We did not want to argue - so we were quiet - but where should we stay. When my husband Abram's Uncle Tobias Schultz heard of this arrangement, he said he was sure Mother Schultz would regret it all later. He said he knew of a piece of land, close to the Shoto Creek Hill, forty acres of land that were to be had. It would be ours, and if Abram earned some besides, we should make out. So Abram went to town, and applied for those forty acres. Lena and her husband were always writing letters, how they wanted this place. They came yet once to make sure the deal was for sure. He did not sell his before he was sure of this here. My husband was very displeased with it all, he had a lot to look after at his mother's yet; and we were expecting a little one in July. So my parents took me in with them for this time - and I was there only a few days, when on July 5th early morning, in 1887, our son, Henry was born, named after my husband's late father. During the day we had visited at my Uncle Cornelius Unruh, with visitors from Kansas, who had spent the night before at my parents. Mother Schultz came to visit me every day, brought me good things to eat. Was so pleased with her grandson, and missed my companionship very much. It took a whole year before Lena and her husband and family moved in with Mother Schultz. So it made it doubly hard for Abram, for he had the work on his Mother's farm to do too.

When he had cultivated the corn for the last time on his mother's farm, with friends and neighbors and with the help of my father, he built a home for us of sod. But with a shingle roof, with a good ceiling and good floors. The house was built halfway into the hill. He also built a cattle and chicken barn together. Besides he also built all our furniture, also a small cradle. The house was well plastered with loam, and we whitewashed it all, one color, blue.

We caused ourselves a lot of work and worry, which we could have spared if we would have known the future. When the harvest was all done at Abram's Mother's place, we moved into our own home at the hill, as we later called it.

I had started many flowers in pots, so I had my three big windows filled with blooming flowers, and I was proud of our home. It was only too bad that the windows we had, gave us no vision of our settlements. Which proved dangerous later on, for the Indian Reservation was just across the creek from our land. At first we never suspected anything. We had three good milk cows, two young good horses, also some pigs and hens. My father had helped, we had broken all possible land on our place, which was twenty-five acres.

When we had lived one winter in our home and it was spring, my husband sowed five acres of wheat right away; and the rest was to be put into corn, which my father was going to do for us. Because my husband still

had to work his Mother's land, the sister and her husband were not coming until fall. This was hard for us, we were three miles apart, and I could not possibly stay alone, for the Indians had made a road across our yard the first summer, which they used continuously. Our well was close to the house, so they stopped to drink water, although they always drove through the creek. There was kind of a low area, beside our forty acres, which we rented for pasture, for cheap. We had to tether our cattle all the time. So I had a lot of work at home to do too, and my parents let my brother Peter stay with us too. He played with our little son Henry, whenever I was outside. And because Abram had to work at his mother's place most of the time, one of his brothers was at our place mostly too.

This year we had a good crop. We got one hundred bushels of wheat from our five acres. We had enough for us for bread and also for seed. How much wheat we got for our share at the mother's, I do not remember; he sold it, and for the money we bought some pigs and a young bull. We had lots of potatoes and vegetables - yes, enough of everything. If only those Indians would not have lived so close. They knew exactly when my husband was not at home, and that I was scared of them. So they often came, and stopped and came in - and wanted a lot given to them, they did not like it if I had or did not want to give them anything. We had heard of murders by Indians already, before there was military protection. Oh, how I feared them.

One evening when my husband came home late, when he was coming down that hill, we heard a terrible scream and noise over and over. He quickly came to our door, thought the Indians were in our house, he was all pale and so was I. The Indians were having their War Dance close by. When I think of those fears at that time. How often the joys of my home vanished in those days.

One evening when I thought that my husband would come home late, because he wanted to finish planting at his mother's. My brother Peter was with me. We had all the chores done, except I had to milk the cows. We were inside; all of a sudden two wagon loads of Indians stopped on our yard, in front of the house, unhitched the horses, hobbled them and let them go to graze. But we were busy inside too. We barred the windows and door, Abram had made strong bars. We put heavy furniture against the door, the drapes were pulled before; the baby was quiet and my brother Peter hid under the bench, and I sat down in a corner where I was sure they could not see me. The Indians were walking around the house, tried to see in through the windows. Oh, how scared we were. I prayed to God to protect us and help us. Then they tried to break down the door again, Brother Peter cried quietly and said to me, Abram will soon be here.

All of a sudden they were all quiet, did not break on the door anymore, and I wondered, what will they do next. Finally we heard them drive away from the house. I looked through a crack in the drape or curtain and saw, my husband coming down the hill towards our home, and the Indians were driving uphill. We quickly put things straight and opened the door for my Abram. He was so shocked at our sight. Wanted to know what had happened. Peter and I were near sick from fright. Later that evening we heard the Indians drive by again. I could not sleep at all that night. In the morning when we had done the chores, we went to see the garden, and saw all the damage

there. One of the men I recognized. So my husband went and got two neighbors, who could talk to the Indians; the Indians had been at one of these neighbors too.

When this neighbor asked them what they had wanted at our place yesterday, they denied that they had been there. But my husband told them that I knew the one man by name. Then the neighbor told the Indians, that they would send a telegram to the white Fathers, so that they would send soldiers to come and protect the women and children. Then the Indians were scared, and begged them not to send for the soldiers - for they would send them away and kill them. My husband told them then yet, that he had a good rifle, and he would teach me to use it, and that I would shoot them down if they came on our yard again. Then they were scared and promised, they would not go over our land, and would not scare me again. They had then explained, that they had only wanted to water the horses, and to beg for something to eat. Then they were told that their horses they could water at the creek; and if they would disturb us again, the soldiers would be called right away, and the results of that was up to them. And they were not to come into our gardens again.

Well, this helped some, even if they sometimes passed our place, they at least did not bother us. But on Sundays, when they knew we always were in Church and were not at home; we would see their tracks, for they could not keep from stealing. So sometimes a few hens were missing, and a few melons, but they at least did not destroy everything, like before.

The Indians were a lazy people, they would rather go and dig out the wild radishes and dry them for winter use. They ate dogs, cats and even skunks, and often a dead animal they found. I had been so scared by them, could not forget it, was so nervous, if I heard any sudden unnatural scream, I would shake all over. Their War Cry sounds so terrible, one never forgets that. They often threatened, that they would kill the whites, and they did kill quite a few families, also some single folk whom they found crossing the Reservation. After these scares, my parents let my youngest sister *Agnetha* come to stay with me, brother Peter was there too. By fall Abram's sister Lena and her family finally moved in with Grandmother Schultz. So that my dear Abram could be at home with me.

Soon we were called to come to Mother Schultz, her lawyer and her preacher were there. The Land Sale Agreement, between Mother Schultz and her daughter Lena and her husband, was to be made. She sold them her farm for \$1,200.00 dollars, without a dollar down, and without interest. She was to live with them, and as long as she lived, he did not have to pay on the land, it was to be paid to the children after her death. And because she was selling so cheap to the son-in-law without payments and without interest, he was to keep two cows, enough feed for them, also fifty hens, and pigs for selling with enough feed. She was to get the income from the cows, chickens and pigs, so she would have something to buy clothes with etc. She was to eat with them at their table. She had a room of her own. Now they had arranged pretty well everything - only for the three young brothers who were still going to school no provisions were made. I only remember that the brother-in-law said: If the boys will do his chores, also the chores of Mother's cows, they will get their meals.

The clothes for the boys, Mother had to provide. I only know there was a lot of friction there. We were only so thankful, we were on the sidelines. As soon as the young brothers were out of school and old enough, they went to work for others. Mother Schultz lived forty-five years with her son-in-law and daughter Lena, she reached the age of eighty-seven years. She had saved of her produce over the years, so that there was enough for her when she took sick and for her funeral. How lucky are the couples that can stay together until in their old age, to care for each other. She visited her sister and brother in Kansas twice, the boys were working in Minnesota, and she visited them a few times. And then two years after my husband's passing, she visited me here in Saskatchewan. After her funeral each child got seventeen dollars of her saved money. But of that money from the sale of her farm, no one ever got a dollar.

So the first winter passed in the hills, as our place was always called. It was a very mild winter, not much snow, and because we had had a good crop, my husband got some more pigs, they were a good price then, corn was cheap, we had 800 bushels of corn. Then in spring the seeding was done. Abram helped at his Uncle's place, could earn some that way. But this summer was dry, windy and very hot, so that everything dried out. My husband was a great worker. There was no crop to thresh, no corn. We had 36 pigs, over 100 hens and no feed. So my husband went working all fall. He took wheat and corn as his wages. We were very fortunate to get some grain, because there were a lot of farmers that had pigs, and did not have much feed to spare. Our products were very cheap, but what we bought was cheap too. A young pig cost from 1 1/2 to 2 cents per pound, but some of them were 400 pounds and more. A pound of butter or a dozen eggs cost 5¢ each. One yard of print or flannel cost only 5¢ per yard. One pound of coffee cost eleven cents. To get syrup, we cooked sugar cane. Fruit we could get a lot too, which we canned or dried.

Our second winter in the hills, on January 12th, 1888, we got a terrible snow storm, a blizzard, like no one had ever experienced. It started at three p.m. and lasted until the next morning. Anywhere where the barns were a little distance from the house, the cattle had to be left unfed. The storm was terrible, it whirled around, the wind circled, one could not know no wind direction. They had telegraphed it that morning over all of the U.S.A. My husband was just feeding the pigs when it started, I looked out, so I called him, and he quickly came running in. In the morning it was so calm and clear, so several farmers left in the morning, to go to the Missouri river for wood, they were Norwegians and English.

There was a father with his two sons, they left the river bed right after dinner, they only had about three miles to their home; besides them there were two other vehicles. When they had barely gone one mile, they came suddenly to a snow wall it seemed, it was impossible to see anything. They stopped close together, and the father and the two sons got onto their unhitched horses, and let the horses take the lead. The horses walked slowly, sometimes stopped and sneezed and coughed and then slowly went on. They could not see anything, nor did they know where they were. All of a sudden the one horse stopped, and it seemed to the rider as though they were against an object. He got off and noticed he was at a wall and there was a door.

He opened the door and went into the barn, and another rider and horse and after that one, his brother. The brother had pulled the snow crust off his face, for it nearly smothered him. But where was the father with his team?

The sons waited awhile in the barn; all of a sudden they thought they heard something at the door. They opened the door, and there the father's team stumbled into the barn, but no father. Just then the mother and sister came into the barn; they tried to get the snow off the faces of the horses. The sons had snow crusts on their heads too. Mother asked the sons, "Where is Father?" They could not say, so she wanted to go out. They went with her together, to open the barn door, but they had to close it, for their eyes, nose and mouth were clogged with snow right away. So they waited all night for father, but he did not come. After the snow storm had finally quit the next day; one of the children opened the back door of the house, when a very big snow bank fell into the house. And when they wanted to shovel the snow out the back door, there was their dead father. What a shock! The other two men were later found with their horses. The one was found weeks later, not far from the river by a haystack.

Many school children were frozen to death or suffocated in the snow. At two places - a school teacher had tied all the children together, and wanted to follow the fence, not quite a mile from a farmer, but they all fell down together at the gate and were covered by snow and died, 13 children - four out of one family and the school man, they also found them a few weeks later. (They had had no fuel in the school, and she had hoped to get to the next place). Some they first found next spring. The son of our neighbors spent the night in the barn, three times he had tried to go to the house, but each time he landed back at the barn door, so he did not try again.

Some, that heard the snow storm or blizzard warnings, they fastened heavy ropes from house to barns, so that they could barely feed their cattle during the storm. When I looked out and saw how bad it looked, I could just barely see my husband, so I called to him, he should quickly come in. He came running right away, took a long rope we had there and fastened it to the house and walked to the barn and fastened it there, so he could finish the chores and find his way back to the house along this rope. I was so scared until he was in the house again, and he said, without the rope, he was sure he would not have found back to the house, even though they were just a short distance apart. The snow blew in through the smallest cracks, where we knew of no cracks before. A lot of snow had come down. Just around the buildings there was not so much snow, but by those hills.

The next morning when we wanted to go see how it looked in the settlement, how everyone was. We got past the hills, but then we stopped to look down into the valley, we could see next to nothing of any buildings, but we could see smoke coming out, as if out of the snow banks. We turned around, the horses could hardly walk, and went home.

The next day, which was a Sunday (the blizzard was on Friday), the snow had settled some, so we got ready early to go and see how our parents were. We could go very slow; it took us 2 1/2 hours to drive three miles. But when we arrived at our parents home, were we ever glad to see them all well. They had heard many sad things. At my parents and also at my husbands!

family we heard of the sad happenings, like what I have related to earlier. One rancher lost 600 head of cattle, they found them later, dead in a planted forest. The Indians got those carcasses and ate them. They got a sickness from it, and a lot of them died, even one of our neighbors, who often came to beg at our place, also stole many a hen, he had confessed to the stealing before he died.

The second fall, on September 2nd, 1888, a little daughter Anna arrived. Our son Henry could not walk alone yet, he was a fat baby. It was hard for me, and so I would not have to be alone, also for my fear of the Indians, my parents let me have my youngest sister with me. I sewed and knit a lot for others again. This summer we got no crop either, and we found it very hard to get feed for our pigs and our cattle. It was a hard winter too. And because we had often talked of the Janzen's, when we visited with my parents. So my husband started to show interest in them. He wanted me to write to them to see if we would have a chance to work for them. Then we would be rid of our worries here, and I would not always have to be scared of the Indians. I thought I did not want to go so far away from my parents and brothers and sisters. I did not either know whether my young husband would be able to adjust to things at the Janzen's in Nebraska. I told him they only talked high German. He thought that would not be so hard.

So we went to talk to my parents, well, before my parents left the Janzen's in Nebraska, the Janzen's told them that they could have their job back anytime, if they came back before five years were up. Father thought that were two good reasons why we make the move back; one - we both only had forty acres of land, on which we could not achieve much; and secondly, because the Indian Reservation was so very close. I was sorry to leave our own new home, but to be constantly in danger of the Indians. I wrote a letter to the Janzens, and we soon received word, that we were welcome and they would send us the fare, and would like us to start March the first at their place.

So we had an auction with the little we owned, cleaned up around the place. Then we drove to Turner County for a wedding and also to visit our relatives and friends there for a few weeks. We enjoyed it. When we got back from our visit, we stayed with my parents until our departure, and got everything ready. Now it meant, carry on with what we had begun, make a new move again. I often had such ominous feelings. Since my marriage, I had received a little sister yet, she was only two months younger than our oldest, Henry. But she was such a bright wide awake child. Although so young, as soon as we would talk of moving away, she would cry, and would say, if you, my big sister, go away, I, Lena, will die, and we won't see each other again. (And so it happened, when we were nearly two years in Nebraska, she died of diphtheria, she had asked so often; why did Abram go away, so far away with my big sister? And when a letter had arrived from us, she had always wanted to know, "What does sister say on the paper?")

When our "farewell day" arrived, I found it very hard to take, it was a few hundred miles away where we were moving. If my father had not always encouraged me - now my mother-in-law felt so bad that she had sold to her son-in-law, if it were not for that, we would not need to leave - But my father said, he thought it was God's will, that things had to go this way.

To the Missouri River, the whole family, even mother-in-law, came along. But over the river and to a railway station thirty miles from there, my Uncle, Mother's only brother, Cornelius Unruh, took us by wagon. We had had a mild winter, we had to cross the ice which was not too safe. We had to go through hilly and gully country and finally we got to a little town, "Wuerdegruen". There we stayed night in the only poor Hotel they had, there was no bedding, and very poor meals. It was in a poor area.

Early the next morning our train stood ready, it only came to this station twice a week. So we quickly ate some breakfast, and went and got settled in the train. This was the first train-trip for my husband. I told Uncle I was so worried about him getting over that ice. He promised he would send me a card as soon as he got over safely. (The next mail time we had a card from him, and he said he just barely made it across, it had always seemed as if he were going uphill on the ice. And the water had started to come through the ice.)

While we were sitting in the train, it worried me so much, whether we had done right, to leave our parents, brothers and sisters, and friends. Finally I said that to my husband, he said, he found it very hard too, to leave parents - but it was not as if we were going to complete strangers, I knew them before. On the second day on the train, we got to Beatrice, Nebraska. Grandpa Janzen was at the station to welcome us. He was very friendly, called me Lizzie, and my husband Mr. Schultz, that seemed so strange to me. I wondered what would happen later? He was friendly and took us home to his place, where Mrs. Janzen, his wife, and her sister Anna, and their daughter Lena, welcomed us into their home. We got our meals there too, and stayed there for the night; for the train that would take us to their children, our place of work, left the next day. Mrs. Janzen took us visiting to some friends, there I met a very intimate friend of mine, from our travels, Miss Katherine Seiler; she told me, she was maid at our new bosses, Mr. and Mrs. John Janzen. But that she was visiting her married sister here in Beatrice, only for a few days.

Since the five and one half years, that we lived in South Dakota, so many of those out of the Garden in Khiva, had come to Nebraska. So I found a lot of those friends here, and they became the friends of my dear husband too. And we visited with them a lot as the best of friends. I always felt proud of my husband, wherever we went, for he was a handsome, polite, good mannered man, spoke the high German language with them, as though he had always spoken it. (Only our little Henry, he could talk low German quite good, they often laughed at his talking. But it did not take long when he could talk the high German too.)

The next day the train arrived at Janssen, Nebraska, and our boss, Mr. John Janzen, was at the Depot awaiting our arrival. Why we could not go to my former boss, where I had worked before, his brother Peter Janzen, was explained, they had helped a few families over from Germany recently, and they were now working for them. Mr. John Janzen, called me Lizzie, and said to my husband, your lovely wife is no stranger to us, and we hope we will all enjoy it together. We told him too, that we hoped we would all be happy together. Mr. Janzen then told me that my best friend, Katherine Seiler, was their maid now, but was visiting in Beatrice just now. I told him, we had met her already.

While we were thus talking, we reached the house, - Mrs. Janzen greeted us friendly, and invited us to come to the table.

After we took off our coats and sat down at the table, Mrs. Janzen said, "I hope, you will enjoy it at our place". I said, "We hope so". I looked at my husband, and felt a little discouraged, how he would be able to adjust to all those strange ways. He had done work for others for the past two years, but to be a hired man? Janzens told us now, that for the time being we were to live in upstairs rooms, maybe for a few weeks - until our dwelling could be prepared for us. For the winter an Englishman would move out of it, then the place should be cleaned for us.

Right away, the next day, my husband went at his job, and I helped Mrs. Janzen inside, for her maid was visiting her sister in Boatrice. She also had a roommaid, who was very fond of our little Anna, I also knew her from our Asian journey. So I let her watch the baby and I helped Mrs. Janzen. They had a lot of fun with our Henry too, for his baby talk was so funny, but there were two other little boys a littler older than he; so he learned to talk the high German real soon. My husband was soon fluent in the high German, and the English language he knew well too. He was a very handy man at most anything. And before long, he was Mr. Janzen's right hand man. Oh, how happy that made me, that they were not disappointed in him, but got along good together.

He only worked two years on the land, then Mr. Janzen made him Foreman and the Coach man. All went well. When we were living by ourselves in our dwelling, we enjoyed it very much. One evening my Abram came home and told me, that he and Peter Janzen's worker, Karl Bernard (I knew him, he had worked twelve years for Peter Janzens), were to go in two days to Chicago, with a rail car full of sheep, to the Market. I cannot say why, but a dread filled my being, at this news, that I quivered and shook, and said: But why you? My husband was astonished at me, why I was afraid for him, nothing could happen to him, and he would be careful. But this feeling stayed with me, I could hardly eat or sleep. It was as if I had a premonition of something.

This was the beginning of much suffering for many years. I calmed myself, thinking that Karl Bernard, was acquainted with these trips from before. But he was a heavy smoker and drinker and an unbeliever. He told me not to worry.

So my husband left with a carload of sheep for Chicago. He was inexperienced on the train, and he was young and I thought this whole responsibility was too great for him. But I had to put that out of my mind, for we were not our own boss, but he was responsible to his boss now. I sure missed him in the evenings and the nights. And I prayed more earnestly again. The girl friend Katharina Seiler was a great comfort to me, in his absence. We talked of a lot of spiritual and natural things. She told me then that it was an honour to my husband, for the Janzen's to put such trust in him. That first time they came home on the tenth day, all safe. But my husband's cheeks looked so red, which was strange for him. When I mentioned that, he thought it was not anything special, but he believed he had spoiled

his stomach with the cold meals, and he thought he had caught a slight cold, always climbing into the car while driving, to sort the sheep apart or else they would crush each other, they lost two that way. And Mr. Janzen, had said they had done very good.

He told how they had travelled 1 1/2 days, then they unloaded them into a feed-lot, that Janzens owned there, and had workers there who helped feed the sheep. They were fed there one day and night, and reloaded them into the stockcar, and got to the Chicago Stock Yard in a half day and a night. Here some Commissioners took over. That spring he often had to take sheep to the Chicago Stockyards. The Janzens and an English man together usually fed from 25-36,000 sheep. They had big stockyards at the town of Janssen (the Janzens). At John Janzen on the yard were usually around 4,000 sheep, and at the brother Peter Janzens, they usually fed 12,000 sheep. One got tired of hearing those sheep bleat all the time. It used a lot of corn and hay, which they bought also where ever they could get it. They had a few hundred oxen, and very many pigs. There were two men who did nothing else daily, but feed the sheep. My husband had to drive around to buy corn and hay from the farmers, and was gone days on end, and had to be on the weigh scales from morning until night many days. Mr. Janzen had two family fathers and two single men who always worked on the land and made hay; and in winter the feed had to be hauled to their feed-lots. In the house there were two cooks, for there were lots of meals to cook, and they often had company in for meals. At Peter Janzen's, the brother, two miles away, the farming was on a bigger scale.

At Peter Janzens they always kep six married couples, on the yard; and two to three single men. A few maids were kept; they also had a school on their yard for the Janzen children, also all the workmen's children. (When our little Henry started school; up to Peter Janzen's school was too far; so we sent him to a school a half mile away, that stood on John Janzen's land). My Abram had spoilt his stomach on that first trip to Chicago, by eating those dry cold meals. It meant a lot that the Janzens showed such trust in my husband, but it also meant great responsibilities. That first spring, for every trip he made for the Janzens with the shoep, he got five dollars extra. Otherwise he only received \$20.00 per month, later \$25.00 per month. We bought some furniture and a cookstove. We got free fuel, free cow pasture, we could keep from 75 to 100 hens, for them we got the feed cheap, and mostly we bought a pig in the fall for butchering.

Abram complained of stomach pains, his stomach felt so heavy, he said. So the harvest arrived, and on July 1st they went with the binders into the field. As was done then, as soon as the grain was down, it was stacked. And my husband had to build the stack. When he was finishing the last stack, he fell off from the top of the stack. They brought him in, unconscious, had sent for the doctor. When they wanted to lay him into the bed, he had to sit, he had the cramps, the muscles in his whole body twitched. The doctor soon arrived and gave him an injection, soon the spasm left him somewhat, so he could be laid down. Mr. Janzen and the doctor rubbed his hands and his feet, until circulation came back to them. The doctor said, that he had had one of the worst stomach cramps, anyone could have. That many had died with just one of such attacks, more than three such attacks

no one ever had. The doctor then asked me if my husband had been bothered with stomach cramps, I said, not that I knew of. Then he said, if it is not a family trait, then he can get all well from this attack.

Now the worries started right away, the doctor had to come two more times, each time it cost \$10.00. And we were here only five months; it took more than three weeks, before he could work at anything. His limbs were partially stiff for a long time, and was quickly tired. It took all summer until he felt completely well. (The later six years in Nebraska he often had stomach trouble, but not as bad; could always work, but watched very much what he ate.) In fall he went along with Mr. Peter Janzen, to Denver, Colorado, to get several thousand sheep, to fatten them during the winter.

The Janzen brothers found that they could trust my husband in every way. I never noticed any misunderstandings between him and his bosses; for he often had to do business for Peter Janzens too. Besides looking after the sheep transportations, he also had to give reports on all business dealings. He became Janzens' confidante. Mr. Peter Janzen, was often in Washington, because he was Senator of Nebraska. At first it was hard for my husband to give orders, in Janzen's place, he was still so young, and there were quite a few workers older, and who also had worked for longer years for Janzens. But Mr. Janzen, called all the workers into his study, and told them, what Schultz will tell you, will be as though I am telling you, you are to obey him, as you would me. So now he was always on the yard, and had to supervise everything, we had a nice pair of horses for us to drive with, and he also had to look after Janzen's driving team. A riding horse had to be ready all the time, for Mr. John Janzen rode every day to see if all was right on his brother's farm. He often rode to town, Janssen, to see to their feedlots there. If either one of the bosses wanted to drive somewhere, my husband was their driver. So my husband was much busier than the other hired men; he often had to stay up late, and still always get up at 4.30 a.m. That did effect his health - it was always busy, winter or summer. Only Sundays we had to ourselves, we could come and go as we pleased.

When we were at John Janzens a little over two years, our second little daughter was born, her name was Helena. So there was more work for me too, I always had a good vegetable garden; always milked our cow before breakfast, so Abram could take her to pasture with the rest. When we had been at John Janzens one and a half years, my youngest sister came to work at Peter Janzen's. She stayed nearly two years, then she had to go home. At this time we all drove to South Dakota to my parents and relatives and friends. It was a joy to see all again. They had just had a large Revival there, many got saved, and many were baptized and joined the Krimmer Mennonite Brethren Church, among them were my parents, and Mr. & Mrs. J. J. Schmidt. This was at Christmas time that we went home to South Dakota, they had had a good crop; and they tried to persuade us to come back again. We felt our place was still in Nebraska.

*Agnetha  
Unruh  
(Mrs. Isaac)  
Boese*

So we drove back again, and the next spring our little daughter, Elizabeth, was born. She was a good quiet baby, or else I do not know how I could have done all my work. But even then I took on sewing and knitting for others again. Often sat up until 11 p.m., when the little ones were

asleep. But that proved too hard for my eyes, for I got my headaches and dizziness again. After effects from the sunstroke. So I quit doing so much at nights, did it more in the daytime, and could do what I had intended to do, anyway.

I got a lot of used clothing from the Janzen women, of those I made a lot over for our little ones, also some for myself. And to make things over from used clothes, gives a lot of work. I also did a lot of reading. In the third year, after my sister had left for South Dakota, my parents came to visit us. The Janzens gave us one week holiday, so we could visit together with my parents, at old acquaintances and Asian travel comrades. My father went from here to Kansas, to see his mother and relatives. During this time, my mother stayed with me. This was a wonderful time for us. After my parents went home again, my mother-in-law came to visit us. Abram's oldest brother John and wife was here now too, at work. So at this time she had two sons here. After her visit, and she had gone home too, I was beginning to be quite homesick again. Even though I had more than enough work to do, my thoughts seemed to work overtime. Before my brother-in-law John Schultz's moved back to South Dakota, we had a bad accident happen. One night in May, the Janzen barn burned with eighteen of their best horses and about 20 tons of hay, also a lot of corn and all their harness. It was a terrible fire, reminded me of the fire we experienced in Russia. Not one horse could be saved. They believed it was arson.

The Janzen families had given free land to the town of Janssen, with the promise that the town would never open up Saloons for drinking. All of a sudden they had secretly opened up some rooms in some buildings for drinking, which stayed secret for a long time. When some of Janzen's workers had to take hay and corn to town - and came home drunk. The Janzens went to town and enquired and forbid them to have these places, they were promised they would close them. But still the places were kept open, and again they were forbidden; this time the drink lovers swore at the Janzens, and threatened them, that something would happen to them. The Janzens then had called the Police, who locked up those places. After this the Janzens started to get anonymous letters, telling them that something would happen to them, which they would not forget. Now it had happened.

It was a beautiful quiet May night, and inside it was humid. So our little ones wanted to drink water many a time. And since I had no more in our bedroom, I got up to get some water out of the dining-room, where I had a pail of water standing. I had brought the pail, and carried it back again, and took a look out the dining-room window - and I looked straight into someone's face. I got a shock, felt like screaming, but it was as though someone was shutting my mouth, and telling me to be all quiet. I quickly went back into bed and pulled the blanket over my head, and listened whether I could hear some one entering. All of a sudden I heard a crackling and a scream - and it reminded me of that fire in Russia, but this now was the death screams of those burning horses.

I was up in a flash and at the door, which I tore open; and called: My God - Abram! .. He was instantly at my side, and grabbed me when I started to faint, and saw right away what was happening. Now he quickly wanted to

run and see whether he could save some, but I was conscious right away, and got hold of him and did not let go until he promised me, not to go into that burning barn. For just when I opened our door I saw how the fire came out of all the windows. He did run to the big barn door and opened it, and two horses with burnt heads came out, the others in the barn just fell, the one that came out fell right away, the other with its burnt out eyes, ran around until it too fell and died. My husband ran to awake the Janzen's and all the workers. For blobs of hay and shingles flew into the air, and started fires wherever they landed. They had to watch and put out small fires all over. It was a very calm night or else the whole yard might have burned down.

The worst yet, what the arsonists did, was, they turned the water on so it would run away, so that out of their pumping water supply, they had none now to fight the fire with. They believed that the mangers had been filled with hay, and coal oil poured over, and then set fire. It did not take long until there were people from far and from near to help put out the fire. Close to the barn was a pond, the men formed a chain, and with pails they managed to quench any fires that started, and also poured it against the walls of nearby buildings. Their water system was pumped by two motors into very large tanks, and from there into the homes and the barns. Until they thought of it, that the taps on the large tanks were turned open, the water ran down a hill, and they could not get any water in Janzen's house nor any other place, but they closed them when they thought of it.

These are experiences, one can not forget. I got phlebitis in my one leg from the shock of all this, from which I have suffered a lot all my life. When I talked of - that when I looked out of the window, I had looked into someone's face; they thought maybe I had seen something different, but Abram's brother John's wife had also heard someone walk around their house. Then later one of the other workers, out of a neighbor's house said, he saw two men run by his house, and had run across the railway, he had thought of them as the ones who set the fire, and had called after them: "Where to?" They had disappeared quickly. He thought he recognized one.

Right away the next morning, they found in Janzen's business books a letter, with the warning, that if they would try to find out the reason for the fire, there would be more. They did nothing about it, although they had a notion who it was. After everything was cleared away and cleaned up; they built a very large barn again. My husband had to go along to Kansas City, to buy fresh horses. They also brought two large angry "Mastievs" onto the yard, they were to be chained during the day, and let loose at nights. They were fierce dogs, only my husband and Mr. Janzen could calm them down. They were to be watch dogs. But they could do very little with them, they were so angry, they tried to make them get used to the other hired help; but they even went after them. They would come so stealthy, quiet towards you, and if you tried to take one step farther, they would stand on their hind legs in front of you. One day I got a terrible shock. I had sewed something for Mrs. Janzen, and right after dinner while the little ones were sleeping, I went over to the Janzen house, to take what I had sewed to Mrs. Janzen. Did not think of it, that the big dog may be at the door. When I rounded the corner - he jumped up and was standing on his hind legs, growling and looking into my face. I screamed in fright - if Mr. Janzen would not have

been in the kitchen close to the door, was out in a flash and jerked the dog back on his neck-band, away from me, I hate to think what he might have done. Mr. Janzen called my husband (for he was the only one now that could come near to him to put the chains on him), to put him on the chain, and to never let him loose again during the daytime. They only kept these dogs one year, then they had to get rid of them.

From the shock and the scare, I got very nervous again. Had so much headache. And five weeks after the fire our daughter Aganetha was born. Then I was sick and weak for a long time. My phlebitis leg gave me a lot of pains again. These incidents happened in May, June and July. Then towards the end of July, we received a letter from home (my parents), that my dear old grandmother (my father's mother) from Kansas was coming to visit us; and that father would come later to get her from our place. I think, it was the next day, that my husband went to town, to meet the train, he watched as they helped an old Grandmother off the train, and went to her, and asked, where she wanted to go to? Then she looked at him and said, "You must be Elizabeth's husband Abram". He said, "I am -- and you are our dear Grandmother". He took her into a store while he did the necessary business, and came home. What a joy at meeting again. I had not seen her since we said good-bye in New York, when our ways parted. She was so pleased with our healthy children, especially took to the baby, Aganetha.

My grandmother was at our place full two weeks, before my father and my ten year old brother David arrived. Father drove to Kansas right away, to visit his brother Peter Unruh, but his brother had ridden to Oklahoma, to get a homestead there. This was the second time Father went especially to Kansas, to see his brother Peter, but each time, he was not home. He visited his family, also visited his sister and husband there, and other friends. He came back with the conviction that the people in Kansas were financially better off than the ones in South Dakota. After a week Father came back, David stayed at our place, and was together with my husband, at whatever job he was. Together with Father, we drove to visit at Beatrice, for a few days. Grandmother Unruh did not want to go along, she stayed home with another grandmother, I had often had to stay with our children, only the baby we took along.

We came home after three days of visiting. We were planning Father's trip home for the next day. But his birthday was that day, so he postponed it one day. I had sewed Grandmother a new dress, the material she had brought along. So in the evening we had Father's birthday gathering. There were quite a few from Asia and other friends. The next morning Father was very sick with the colic, was unconscious, and delirious. Grandmother and I put on hot compresses, and often gave him ice water to drink. All of a sudden he could vomit and that gave relief. He improved quickly, put off going home another day. Because he was leaving four days later than planned he had to take a different train, to make connections with the train to Wuerdegruen.

We talked of a lot of things on our way to the town. Father wondered whether we would not do just as good by coming back to South Dakota again. We could rent a farm, he thought we could do just as good as we were doing here. We naturally should not go back to the "hills", for the Indians were still bad.

We could not make up our minds to leave the Janzens yet. We were here in Nebraska at Janzens for five years already. We felt, we wanted to stay at least one more year, so we could earn a bit more money, if we wanted to start anew somewhere else.

Our intentions to stay longer in Nebraska were good ones. For one thing, we wanted to earn a team of horses and a wagon. And my husband enjoyed working for the Janzens very much, and he got experiences here in so many ways. (Whether it would have been better, for the sake of his health, if we would have never come to Nebraska - God only knows.)

Now Father took a different train home, the "Rockland Flyer"; this train stopped in no small town, he did not want to miss that train, that only goes twice per week to Wuerdegruen. So we all drove to Janssen, Father, Grandmother and brother David, the children I had left home with Grandmother Seiler, as sometimes before. It was four miles to Janssen. They had barely bought the tickets, when the train came, they only slowed down a bit, the trainmen bodily lifted our three passengers aboard, and the train went faster and faster, we could see how the cars were swaying from side to side. We stood and watched them go, and I said: Oh, my! What a train that is, hope they will not have an accident. I got to feel so scared and ill at ease. My husband said, he had such odd feelings too. The Depot agent came out the door yet, and said, "Hope no accident will happen, the train was going so fast as if he were going to hell". I prayed quietly to God "to protect our loved ones". We went into a store to buy a few necessities, also a clock. In the meantime I felt more and more scared, so I said to Abram, "Let's go home, for I am nearly sick with worry".

We drove home. I got off the wagon, stayed standing close to the barn for awhile, I heard Abram talking to a man. Then I went into the house, was so restless, looked in on the children, they were all asleep. I always looked out, as though I were expecting something. Then I saw Abram with Mr. Janzen coming towards our house. They were coming kind of fast, I went to meet them and said: Don't keep anything from me, the train had an accident, not so? - and our loved ones are all dead. They were startled and were quiet. Mr. Janzen said, "Don't be so disturbed, your Abram will go with Mr. Martin B. Fast, to see whether they can bring them back". Then my husband said, "The first news can be wrong, it was that the train fell off the forty foot bridge at Lincoln". I asked, "The whole train?" My husband said "Yes". So I thought, they must all be dead. I was walking back and forth, to calm my fear, no one could comfort me, for my fears were so great. Still I noticed Mr. Janzen saying, Mr. M. B. Fast is back already. Now ours were going to our station Janssen, and from there with a relief train farther (most likely to the scene of the accident). Then they came with the message, "all are dead, and the wreck is in flames".

I had cried so long, I couldn't anymore, I was all tired. Mr. Janzen always came to see how I was. Around midnight I was led to draw a Bible verse, out of my Bible Verse Box, maybe I would find comfort from that. I took my box down from the shelf - and drew the verse and read: "The Angel of the Lord compasseth round about them that fear him, and helps them". I read and reread the verse - and asked the Lord, "whether He really had sent an Angel to protect my father, my grandmother and my brother?"

The answer came as clear as though someone was talking to me, saying: "Yes, only believe". And all my doubts and my fears were gone in a little while. Soon after, Mr. Janzen came again, and asked, "Mrs. Schultz, how are you?" I answered him and said, "It goes, Mr. Janzen; I believe we will receive good news". He looked at me - and hurried away; soon Mrs. Janzen came in all pale, it seemed, they feared that my nerves had snapped. And I told her, that I fully believed that my loved ones on that train were alright. Then she asked me, whether we had received later news. I then told her, "No, but Assurance from on High, and I do believe it". Thereupon Mrs. Janzen said, "From my heart, I hope that is true" - and quickly went out.

I went and lay down then; Grandmother Seiler slept without a worry all through the night. She had gone to bed at 10 p.m. I did not want to disturb her sleep. Never in all my life have I believed so strongly in an answer to prayer, as I did that night.

I wrote at the beginning of this trip, that the train went so very fast; had increased in speed, so that the passengers all got scared. Besides our three, in that train car, there were three other women, and one man who stood just outside the back door. We saw him standing there when the train left. And because he was scared of an accident, did not go inside at all. In another section, farther to the front, of this car, were some men, who were playing cards at a table, laughing and smoking; Father too was getting scared and had said: Mother and David - pray - and hold tight to your bench or something, I think we are going to have an accident ---

But maybe the Lord our God will protect us - or he'll take us Home! Then something cracked and rattled, and the lights were all out. Father had again told them to hold tight .. and then all plunged down. The man that was standing at the back, noticed that the train was giving, so he jumped off and rolled most of the way down. He quickly got up and went to the broken train car, broke the window and called to Father, "Old man, are you still alive?" Father had answered right away. The man coaxed David to crawl through the window, Father had tried to pull objects away from the door, but did not notice his one limp, helpless arm. Some new comers helped from outside, and they could help the passengers out the door.

Two of the three women were dead, the third one soon died too. Father said, that shortly before the accident, the conductor had come into the front part of the car, where the card players were, said, "the machinist is driving as though it's going to hell. And we are at the curve by the bridge now". That was the last he said, he was crushed to death. Oh, yes, just before he died, he gave his watch and his wallet to the man that stood on the back end of the train, and could help the passengers, he urged them to get off that could, for the Locomotive was burning, and asked him to write and tell his mother, that her son James had burned to death, but with the assurance that he was going to Jesus, where she would see him again. One other man of the passengers, most likely one of those that played cards, had been lying on the floor, both legs crushed under some heavy object, he had begged them, chop off both my legs; the fire was getting closer, when the one had chopped into his one leg, he had cried, "Let it be, let it be". Then the fire had been there and they had not been able to do anything for him anymore.

When my husband came to the train wreck, this man that had stood at the back all the way, and was able to help the passengers. He said to my husband, "Schultz, you came about that old man, and the grandmother and the young boy. Well, besides me, out of all the passengers on that train, only your three are alive". He had told my husband then, that the old man had a limp arm that hung at his side, the grandmother had a hole in her forehead, and nothing had happened to the young boy. He believed that they were in Lincoln in a hospital. They received treatments there, Grandmother's hole was sewed shut. Father's arm was put in a sling. Father had told them, that his wife could set bones, she would do it when he got home. David had only had a few bruises. The doctor could not understand this, all others dead, eighteen persons; and only these three and the one man who stood outside of the back door, were alive, and not hurt much. They had wanted to keep them longer in the hospital, but father insisted they had to leave if they were to make connections.

So Father, Grandmother and David headed towards home, South Dakota, almost unbelievable after such an accident, that they really could go home. At home they were shocked when they saw them, for they had heard nothing of the accident. Father had them write us a letter from South Dakota, for he could not write.

On the way home from Lincoln, my husband and Mr. Martin Fast, stopped at the scene of the accident. Many had gathered to identify their loved ones. Some were burned beyond recognition. And we could again rejoice in the fact that God had so wonderfully watched over our own and protected them from a terrible accident. My father had asked that man, that jumped off the train, and helped them get out of the train, to be sure and let us know as soon as possible, that they were alright, and that he was the father-in-law of Abram Schultz.

My thoughts often lingered on the fact that my husband so often had to drive by train on his business trips. Many a time I felt concerned when he took those trips. But there were dangers too in the big cities. We had only been with Janzens two years; when he and a partner went with a train load of sheep to Chicago, he was alone, and walking on a side street, when a man met him, acted very friendly and as though he knew him, and asked him to come to a Restaurant to eat a meal together. He did not suspect anything, so he went with him, they were welcomed very friendly, they took his hat and seated him at a table. They were very friendly, and questioned him about his business in Chicago, which made him feel uneasy, and he looked around, and saw that the door to the room they were in, had been quietly closed. He jumped up immediately, hit the door and cried: Open! The door opened, and there had stood a man with a key in his hand. The waiter tried to hold him, but he jerked himself loose and ran as fast as he could go to the Depot. After awhile his partner also came to the Depot, and told Abram, that a cattle buyer, whom they had met at a feedlot, who had a train load of oxen, had disappeared. Most likely some men had set a trap for him and robbed him. Then Abram had told his partner of his experience, his partner was shocked, he believed these men would have forced Abram to turn over the train load of sheep, and made him disappear too. They were glad they got away from these men unharmed. The train was not due to leave yet, so they went and bought Abram a hat, for he left his behind, when he ran.

My husband told Mr. Janzen of his experience. He had said then, that the story about the "Oxen Buyers Disappearance" had been in the English paper, such things happened quite often. People will act as though they know you. He had advised my husband then, if and when such an occasion should happen again, he should go to the next Policeman, or just call for one -- then such a man would quickly disappear. He often had to go to Kansas City to buy horses, and to sell them. He was a good horseman and a good trainer. During the six years we lived in Nebraska, he went to Chicago 36 times, 8 times to Denver, Colorado, and 5 times to Kansas City.

When he was training the horses, I often lived in fear, when they would buck him off, and threw him off, it made him very tired, and he would eat so little. I still believe that those years in Nebraska, with John Janzens, were hard years on my husband's health, for the beginning of all his stomach ailments was when we were working for Janzens. The Janzens of course did us many a good turn too. One morning our milk cow lay dead in the barn with a broken neck. Then Mr. Janzen right away drove the next morning to a big farmer, who had a lot of good cows. When this farmer heard what had happened to us, he called his wife out, and asked her, if she would let Abram Schultz pick out a cow he would like. She answered and said, "Yes". So he picked out a cow, and said, "I'd like to have her". Then the wife had said, "Surely, you are not going to pick our best cow!" To which the husband had said, "You told him, he could choose, and this is the cow he will get". The she had said, "Good, the little children need the milk". Mr. Janzen paid for the cow. And they brought it the next morning. And we had a very good milk cow, she had her second calf and was tame.

That was a good gift. But the longing for my parents and family grow all the time. Although we had lots of friends, we got a lot of visitors, and visited a lot. We sometimes attended church in the Krimmer Mennonite Brethren, in the village Rosenort, only two miles away, also sometimes to a Peters Church, where a lot of Asian acquaintances attended. We really belonged to the Prussian Mennonite Church in Beatrice, Nebraska, twenty-five miles away. For there we had to leave early. Or sometimes we went Saturday evening, for we had dear friends there, a preacher and a school teacher. Mr. and Mrs. John Penner, lived there on the school yard, in a large house, with his large family. With this family I had travelled, in our travels to Asia, to Khiva, on those boats on the Amu-Darja river. It was one of their children that was born on the boat. So we were always welcome here, as though we went to our parents. I had often washed and sewed for Mrs. Penner. He was a talented Preacher.

I was always so glad to see how Mr. Penner and my husband had such interesting conversations together. They thought we came too seldom to church in Beatrice. In those days, no children were taken to church. The Penners had four grown girls, and they would look after all the children, including the babies. Often they got visitors in the afternoons, which were the most enjoyable times for us, there would be discussions of all sorts, and singing and music. Such an afternoon would always pass too quick for us.

It was such a wonderful change, from our daily work days. In Asia, Mr. Penner was our Youth Leader, he had Bible Studies - Prayer Meetings -

and Choir Practise with us. He seemed to understand the youth. He was a spiritually gifted man, we all loved him. He was also our preacher and teacher. He was also very interested to hear how my parents were doing. For he had had many a conversation on our Asian tour. When I told him, that my parents got baptized by immersion in the river, he said, "Yes, your father took everything very serious". Another dear friend of father's said; "That is a sign of a true child of God". This made me think earnestly for I could not understand my parents at the time. Hardly believed at the time, that I would ever take that step too. So there are so many experiences in all directions, that one so often cannot understand, some of them we can never understand in our lifetime. If we would only believe that the Lord will make it all right.

One thing I forgot to write down; which was for me a very important time; namely that my youngest sister worked here for Peter Janzens, for nearly two years. Every Sunday she came to our place, if at all possible, and went along with us, if we went anywhere. It was an enjoyable time for us all. But my mother was often sickly, so that she had to go home. So we decided to take her home, and just for the Christmas Season. We drove a different road, so that we arrived there unexpected. What a jubilant greeting that was. Mother's cooking tasted so much better than my own.

Just when we arrived at the parents in South Dakota, there was an epidemic of Typhus fever. A friend of my husband had died the morning we arrived. He was that Mr. Ewert's son, who got us to South Dakota from Nebraska, the first time. This son was a student in Newton, Kansas, was training to be a preacher; came home to visit for a few days, and died. Both parents of our brother-in-law Isaak Schmidt, died a few days apart. Out of another family, the mother and the oldest son died. Abram was a pallbearer for the Ewert son.

In the three weeks we visited there, we were at four funerals, all were grown-ups. At some places the mothers were taken, at other places, the fathers. Many found forgiveness of sins on their sick bed. And a Great Revival started in that area, where many accepted Christ as their Redeemer and Saviour. Parents said, this Revival had been similar to the Great Revival we had once in Asia, close to the Bukhara boundary. Those are blessed times when the Wagon of Grace draws through a community, and blessed are the ones who respond to the call of repentance.

I myself witnessed three such large Revivals. The first time in Russia, at the Molotschna in the town of Gnadenheim, where Mr. Abram Shellenberg, Preacher of the Mennonite Brethren, was holding Services in the homes. At the time I was in my thirteenth year, and I went along with some neighbor girls. Everybody respected my father, so many asked him for advice, thought to be an honest, upright man. But he was against the Brethren, and father's word was law. They were very strict with us - but whether it was always the best was questionable, because father was so very sorry about some things later, wished he had done it different. So I could not talk about these meetings at home, for then I knew I would not dare go again, so I was quiet about them and attended the meetings in the evenings. I learned many nice songs and Bible verses that I still remember.

The second one in Asia close to the Bukhara boundary, where I was one of the first converts; and right after I got Climate Typhus, I was sixteen years old then.

And the third and largest Revival was here in America, in Saskatchewan, where many got saved, among them my grown-up children. So many beautiful songs were sung: Jesus Saves, Oh, Happy Day, and many more.

(I have gone on ahead - I will return to the Christmas time we were visiting at my parents.) We returned to Nebraska, to our place of work, the John Janzens. From at home, they wished us God Speed. But talked a lot about it, that they wished we would come back to South Dakota again. They believed our daily bread we would have here too. But God leads His people in mysterious ways, before we reach the Goal. When we were back with the Janzens, they said, now we would enjoy it there more, after we had visited parents and relatives again. We did enjoy our place of work, but underneath was always that inner longing for one's family. One thing was we had close friends here. We had been here in Nebraska at John Janzens six years, and we had five children.

In fall, in the beginning of October, one Friday evening, we were surprised by the arrival of my sister Anna, Mr. and Mrs. Isaak Schmidt and my brother John. They had come for a Church Conference which was to be in Rosenort. The surprise was nearly too great. The joy so great at seeing each other again, there was so much to ask and talk about. My brother John was impressed with the big farmers, the Janzens, especially the big barn, with all its new gadgets.

Right away on Sunday they had the Love Feast, to which we went too. Then all week was their conference. I was not too well, so all week while they were attending their conference, I often had red eyes from crying. Mr. Janzen had observed this; so one day he told my husband (he felt sorry for me), it is two years now since you have been to see your parents. I will give you one month holiday, and when your relatives go back, you can go at the same time, I think that will be good for your wife. I will gladly let you use a team of horses and a wagon free. When you will all come back safe again, you will enjoy working more.

When Abram told me of Mr. Janzen's suggestion, I was overjoyed, although this would be a hard trip for me. There was so much to get ready. They had come by wagon, and when they heard that we would be going back with them, they were so glad. Sister Anna wrote parents right away, to let them know of our coming. So we got everything ready.

My husband, my brother, and my brother-in-law, covered our wagon, for I wanted to take our necessary bedding along. Before we left we visited friends at Beatrice, also at Grandpa Janzen's, where sister Anna once worked for three months as house-maid. Also here at Janssen and surrounding area, we visited for two days.

Early Saturday morning we left; we wanted to go 75 miles that day, to York County Henderson, where some of our very dear friends, from our Asian journey lived. There we wanted to stay over Sunday. We had a good pair of

trotters, so we made the trip in good time. We were warmly welcomed, but the next morning one of our horses was very sick, it had diarrhea. We doctor'd it, it seemed to help some. We went to church in the forenoon, went to see a family after. The horse looked very thin, and the next morning it was dead. Now, what could we do? Then a Mr. Quiring said, "I have a very hardy 'Buckskin' that I am willing to let you use, to go home to your parents and back again for no charge". Then my husband remembered, that any time they had driven the "Fallen" horse fast, it had always gotten diarrhea, but they thought nothing of it. He wrote and told Mr. Janzen what had happened. Then we went on, the borrowed horse was a dependable one and we made good time. In three more days we were at the Missouri River, where the ferry took us across. And Friday evening we arrived at my parents, after a week on the way.

On Sunday the Church Service was in my parents house. Many a person was surprised to see us there. Some had heard about it Saturday evening. The house was overfull. Monday we went to visit a deathly sick dear old friend. We had to sing for him yet; he died Tuesday evening. His funeral was to be the next Friday. We were going to attend that funeral too. His wife was my Mother's first cousin. But our fifth daughter decided to put in her appearance on Thursday evening, November 8, 1894. Albertina, was her name, named after Mrs. Janzen. I felt good, so both mothers and grandmothers stayed with me, and Abram went along to the funeral. (On this trip, we had really been taking a chance, although we had expected her three weeks later. But all was well anyway.) My sister Anna had written and told them about it all in her letter, but they did not receive that letter, until we were there ourselves. So we were a big surprise to them all. We notified Quirings of our safe trip, also the Janzens, and also told them that we could first come back for Christmas. Our chores were being done by dear friends. I felt better now than I had ever felt so soon after having a baby. We enjoyed it together, our school children went to school with the others.

Towards Christmas it got quite cold, so we were concerned about our trip back to Nebraska. Then my father said - if it would not be better - for me to stay there with our little children, and Abram could go back by himself now, and come back next spring, to his family, for he thought it was time we came back to South Dakota, with our fast growing family, to become our own boss again. Just now there was a farm to rent close by, the man wanted to quit farming and move to town. So it was discussed, thought about, and prayed about. If it was to be, that we would get that farm, it would seem best to start here with our own farm. It was strange, although my husband was so very fond of his boss Mr. John Janzen, he was much sooner convinced of this idea, than I was. I hated the thought of him going back alone. Was worried, that if he would be lonesome, his stomach trouble would get worse again. But he comforted me, as I had comforted him when he suffered so with his stomach. The Lord will make it all better. We wanted to believe that it was the Lord's Will, that we come back here, and also that the Lord would keep him well on his trip back and also when he was there alone. We worried, it might be too much for my parents, to have me and the children the whole winter. They said they would gladly have us; and there were a lot of friends who would help out materially, for it had been a poor year again.

So my husband, father and Isaak Schmidt went to see that farmer;

he was an old school friend of my husband. When our men came back, my husband had rented the farm for one year - the fourth bushel - and we were able to move in, the middle of March. Abram had also bought a team of horses (run-aways) for only \$36.00, plus the harness, he had tamed so many horses, so he was not worried about this team.

So my husband left right after Christmas, so he could start work January 1st. While I stayed with my children, with my parents. At Janzen's Abram wanted to try to buy another team of horses, and also a wagon. He sent me two post cards from on this trip, telling me, there was no snow yet and he was well. Then he wrote from Janzen's, how Mr. Janzen was surprised, that he went straight to the barn, and not stop at the house first. So Janzen had come and asked him to come into their home, to tell them, how everything was. He had gone to Janzens right away, the table was set, so they sat down for coffee. First Abram had told them of the dying horse. And Mr. Janzen had said: Schultz, that was an accident and you are not responsible for that. About our moving back to South Dakota, Mrs. Janzen had said, she did not blame us, if we wanted to live closer to the parents and family. She did not think that she could have endured it as long as we had. They had a son born to them in our absence.

The Janzens had then invited Abram to have his meals with them, also sleep in their home, for they thought he would not like it alone in our house. But he felt he would rather sleep in our house, and watch that nothing would freeze in the cellar. After one week of sleeping alone in our house, he felt so lonesome and missed us so much, that he felt sick. So he and another hired man accepted Janzen's offer, and boarded at Janzens. We exchanged letters weekly, how long those two months seemed to me. It was a foretaste of what was to come later on - a separation for ever.

Sometimes I thought of this in those days, what I would do with the children, if the day would come when he would not come back again: then the thought would follow: That I could never live through, I would lose my mind ... (But we take a lot, if God gives us the strength; but to know what it is like, one has to experience it.)

So I, with the three youngest, was with my parents, and the three oldest were with Abram's mother and there they also went to German school.

The winter passed, and the last days of February we started to look for our papa, for he had written, that he was expecting to arrive on March the first. We had waited for him a week, and were really getting worried that he was sick or something had happened to him. The three older children were with me already too.

It was the Sunday again, when the turn for the Church Service was at my parents. The people were gathering, when my oldest son Henry came to me and said: Mama, Anna and I are going to go and meet Papa -- and away they were, we did not know where. In a little while he came dashing in and shouted: "Mama, Papa is coming", and away he was again. I went out quickly and looked along the street, and could see him coming, about a mile away yet. The children had recognized him from afar and ran to meet him. To

describe such a happy reunion is impossible. When he came onto the yard, the children surrounded him and clung to him. I was outside too, then my parents and many others came to greet him. My brothers took the horses to the barn, where our Henry was very helpful already. And we guided our papa into the house, where we gave him some refreshments. Then the Service began. After the service I was anxious to know why he had not come when he wrote he would. He had been sick with his throat for several days; his throat had closed up. And then he had arrived at the Missouri River too late in the evening, so the Ferry man had not taken him and another man across at night, they had to wait and sleep out overnight.

I had so much to tell him too, from mine and the children's doings. We both were still young and interested in each others experiences; though both young we both had experienced a lot till now. I enjoyed the songs in the service so much that day, for how thankful we were, that God had kept and protected us all. Would that He would bless us with our family.

The farm that we had rented, was only two miles from my parents, also from mother-in-law's farm. The Janzens had dealt very generously with my husband these two months. They had given him free board and lodging and even done his laundry.

He sold Abram a team of horses with harness and a very good wagon, all for \$80.00. Janzens were very sorry to lose us. Mr. Janzen had told Abram, that never had he had a man like my husband, on whom he could rely and whom he could trust so completely. Mrs. Janzen too, had said, that she missed me very much: I sewed and knit a lot for her. And we often cared for each other when we were sick. I was at her place and she at my place for coffee. There was never a misunderstanding between us. We also belonged to the same church. Janzens were our employers, which we never forgot, but our feelings towards each other were close and intimate.

Now we were with our parents and family who were closer to our hearts. After the Easter Holidays we went to see this farmer, when he would move out. For there was so much to prepare for the seeding time. He was going to sell his stuff by auction. Told my husband, he should just buy what he needed, for he thought it would all go cheap. He let us have some grain, to return in fall. I kind of could not trust this whole deal, I feared that if he would not like it in St. Louis, he would come back. The farm and yard were very neglected, and I knew my husband would soon improve things, for he could not stand things disorderly. But I said nothing for there was no other place to be had close by - and as soon as he moved out, we moved in.

I found a lot in the house to clean and fix. It was a large house of stone and mortar. One end and both half sides were dug into a hill and the walls were made of cement, and divided into rooms. Down below were two nice rooms, a pantry and a cellar, and an entrance, if one came in from outside or came down from upstairs. At one end it had three stories and at the other end two stories. It was all arranged very comfortable. The house was very empty at first, for our household goods were still at Janzens in Nebraska. Right after seeding time Abram wanted to get it all, also our cow

and hens, for I had the black laying hens and did not want to sell them. It all took until in May, for the corn had to be planted first too, quite a few potatoes, vegetables, strawberries, rhubarb, gooseberries and currants. The apple and plum orchard had to be cultivated too. It really was a good place, lots of flowers, lots of work for a housewife who liked to keep everything in order.

Finally they started out, Abram took our eight year old son Henry along; brother-in-law Isaak Schmidt went with one wagon and Abram's cousin, David Schultz, went too. In all they had four wagons to be able to load all our stuff.

It took a few weeks, before they came back. Our good cow that had freshened only a few weeks before, had from that long walk, ruined her big udder, we could do nothing for her, and soon had to sell her, we were sorry to lose her and to be without milk. Now we were settled here in South Dakota close to the parents and relatives and friends. We took the church service at our house, when our turn. We would have enjoyed it all very much, if only there had not come more trouble for us again. One evening (Saturday) while bathing the children, I noticed our oldest son had a growth, told and showed it to my husband right away. We soon went with him to see a doctor, he thought that he must have had a bad fall or was badly hurt. Most likely he would have to have an operation, we should wait two weeks, and come to see him again. But before we went to see the doctor again; we were on our way to a church service, driving on our wagon sitting on a board seat with a lean. Suddenly the horses turned out of a rut in the road, and I fell off the wagon, with the baby in my arms, we fell between the wheels, the back wheel went over my elbow and broke it. Luckily the baby in its blankets fell clear and nothing happened to it. We were close to the home where the service was to be, we drove onto the yard, knowing my parents were coming too. We had to wait quite awhile, and my arm swelled very much and sure pained. When mother was there, she had to first cut off that sleeve. Mother worked with it, and she put the elbow joint back in, I fainted - there was also a broken arm bone below the elbow, so it was a difficult situation. She first had to set the broken bone and splint it well, then set the elbow and bandage the whole well, and put it in a sling. Oh, how sorry I was that such a thing had to happen - so much work with six children, in the house so much to do - and now I could do next to nothing. It was one luck, it was my left arm. So we had to get a maid to do the main housework. And so often I had to sit idly by and watch. The time came when my husband had to take our son Henry to the doctor again. He came back with the news, that Henry had to be operated soon, for the growth had grown three inches in these two weeks. We did not want to have Henry go to the hospital, so the operation had to be done in our home. On the appointed day, the doctor brought a helper along; my parents and Abram's mother were notified of the day and they came to our place right after breakfast, he only could drink some water. He had gone out into the orchard, and there he quietly cried, both hands in his pockets. My arm still pained me so bad and I was upset about the operation - I could not eat breakfast, I walked into the orchard too, and was quietly watching our sick son.

When he noticed me, he came to me and said: Don't let the doctor

see your broken arm, or else he will want to cut it too. He looked at me so discouraged. I could have cried, but he was not to be upset. From a small child he was a wide awake and clever child. The doctor thought that if that growth were left unattended, it could cripple him or he could die.

When the doctor arrived, they called him in, I helped prepare the table in the large room, gave him a white nightgown I had sewed for the purpose. I watched from the door, when they put him onto the table, they asked him; if he was scared - he said, "No". They talked of other things. My husband stood by the table next to Henry, my mother next, and my brother-in-law Henry Unruh. The others all left the room, I watched until they started giving him chloroform. The Ewerts and sister Anna and husband Isaak Schmidt came and looked in the door but came away quickly. Then I went and peeked through the door. Henry had his eyes open and wanted to cry. Then my husband told him to close his eyes and go to sleep. Then I saw how the one doctor poured chloroform on his mouth onto a white rag.

At the beginning he had sobbed and then groaned during the operation. The brother-in-law had to go out, then they came and told me the operation was done. But then because he had to have so very much chloroform it took awhile before they could rouse him, they gave him an injection, shook him, called him - but he lay as dead. Finally he opened his eyes; and vomited. He was very serious and quiet, the doctors thought he acted like a grown-up and praised him.

So everything was all right, the doctor came out six consecutive days to take care of him, until he could remove the stitches. From then on my husband could look after him. He healed quickly, and we were thankful that it was all over. But we had a big doctor bill to pay, \$175.00. The doctor had come ten miles - first the day of the operation and then six days more, and the other doctor had come from across the Missouri river.

My arm was healing too, although I had pains in it yet for a long time, but finally it was all better. Henry was soon up and could walk around. One morning, baby Albertina, who could barely walk, fell from the high veranda and broke her arm. So we quickly drove to my mother, she set the bones in her arm, splinted it and bandaged it well and in a few days she could move her fingers already.

So our beginning in South Dakota was not without difficulties. It seems one should ask: Lord, why this and not another way? For all this we had no answers. It was close to the harvest time, when all of a sudden our house door was pulled open by brother-in-law Unruh and shouted at us; "Everybody quick into the cellar, there is a terrible cyclone coming this way", he grabbed a few children on his arm, my mother was just at our house, took a few by the hands and hurried into the cellar. I myself ran upstairs to see where mine and Abram's brothers were, who were both working the summer fallow, and the cloud was heading towards them.

Our house was close to the section road; the storm came whistling, raging, crushing towards us. I cried, "Please God protect everyone". My husband was outside somewhere behind the barn, doing some hammering, so he

was oblivious of any danger nearby. While I was looking out of the window, I saw the brothers on the field for just a moment, then in a moment everything was as black as night, the whole house shook, but it did not fall. It sounded terrible - one cannot describe it. I stood at the window stunned - it all went so fast - the cyclone was past our place but was heading towards our neighbors farm, where everything looked as black as night now. That is something to experience, before one knows what it is like.

When I saw my husband at the barn, I called so loud to him he came from behind the barn and looked about in fear. Soon the two boys came from the field safe and sound, their faces were black with dirt. When they saw the storm coming they were close to the fence, so they fell to their bellies and clung to the fence posts. When the storm was over they and the horses stood turned the other way. They were unharmed, which was a miracle and a protection by God. Of the neighbor's buildings, only the foundation was left of the big barn, and of their home there was nothing left but the cellar. Even the orchards were ruined, the bark was all peeled off the trunks of the trees and wound around the top branches. A marvel to see what power a cyclone has.

The neighbor lady had been alone with the two children, saw the cyclone coming, and ran outside with her children, she had wanted to run along the road, but only got under the large apple tree. Under this tree, the storm covered them with a corn crib, but did not hurt them. That is where the menfolk found her when they came home from the fields. Similar things had happened at other places, cattle were killed, and a few people. This cyclone went through most of South Dakota.

Yes, our first year back in South Dakota was an eventful year. The crops were good and the prices were better than in former years, and so we were, in spite of all our misfortunes, full of hope for the future. (I must mention that about ten steps from our house, the cyclone took away the smoke house and a small chicken barn.)

I did not like it when the boss wrote, that we should just put his share of the crop into a granary. I told my husband I have the feeling, they will all of a sudden be here, and we will have to see where we can stay. He did not like to hear this, for he had improved so many things in the barn and on the windows. But one nice day in December, they were on the yard with two full loads. We were disappointed that they had not informed us of their intentions. But we had no written contract - it was only for one year. It had cost them so much in the city, and the jobs were too small. They were sorry they had come back unannounced. The man said he would help us get a place close by. For the winter we could live together; we would use the two rooms in the lower story, the cellar we could share. Otherwise they wanted to buy the milk, butter and eggs, also potatoes that we had to spare, from us.

We had to agree to this arrangement, it was their property. And I must say, we enjoyed our stay together. Our children went to school with theirs, also played well together. So the time went fast, they were very pleased with the improvements we had made on their place. They often came upstairs to visit us, and we often went to visit them, and we always remained friends.

During the winter the man came to us and said, that the next neighbor wanted to leave the farm for several years, for their grown sons were to take high school. This neighbor was willing to rent us his farm, for he could see that Schultz was a good manager. So my husband went to see the neighbor, and when he came back he had a three year contract, also on the fourth bushel share. He said to me: Now it will be just the other way, here we had a large house and a small barn, on that place we have a large barn, but a small house. That place was better because there were two quarter sections of land and two good wells. Here we had only one quarter of land and had to haul our water four miles from an artesian well.

On March the first, we moved one mile to our rented farm. There was a big fenced in pasture. But now we were out of the Mennonite district. The house was sure small compared to the one we just left. But - Oh, my! The bad luck seemed to have come with us. After a few days our heavy sows took seriously ill. We had bought them at a high price. In the pig pen had lain a pile of hedge mustard seed, which we did not know of, and they had eaten too much of it - no remedies helped, so they died. Then we bought two more bred sows, and one of them died too. That was a loss we could hardly take.

I asked then again: Lord, why so? I could not understand, why always these misfortunes. Why we could not work our way up once, we worked so hard and were thrifty. If we could be happy and enjoy ourselves for awhile then all of a sudden another blow of some kind. What was to blame? Were we not thankful enough to our Heavenly Father? We had the church services at our house, when it was our turn, as believers, otherwise we stood on the sidelines watching. Abram was a member of a church, but was not saved, not a born again child of God. I had my assurance of Salvation, from the time I got saved in Asia. At that time I was baptized by sprinkling. I felt that if I decided to be baptized by immersion I was denying the first baptism, that was what we had been taught.

I knew I had gotten lukewarm and cold in my Christian life. I cried for God to revive me again, but I had such a battle to overcome the doubts that beset me now, the Devil always told me I had never been saved the first time, or I had denied the Lord Jesus later. It is much harder to pray through when one has back slidden. And while I was praying and asking for forgiveness; it all of a sudden seemed light, and I could believe and thank God, and he gave me the verse 2 Corinthians 12:9 - "My Grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness". Now I believed where I did not see, I simply believed and praised God. When we arose from prayer; I arose and told all that I had received renewed faith and peace in My Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. My father started the song: "Down at The Cross Where My Saviour Died", and I followed with the song: "No'er a Soul Did Perish Who was Trusting God"..... "Safer than the Heavens, is Thy Precious Word".

Our neighbor came to us, to invite us to some special meetings that were held in the neighborhood, by two Preachers who said they were from The Church of God. The meetings were first held in homes, and then in a tent. There was a lot of uproar among the people. They preached that although

you were a Christian, you had to have a second experience, to be filled with the Holy Ghost and you were dead to sin. They preached on many other topics, and many wrongs were made right, and sinners got saved. My husband was one of them. There was a lot of confusion among Christians and sinners. So many thought they were filled with the Holy Ghost, and found out later that they were still able to sin. My husband would like to have joined with these preachers. But something which he saw in their dealings; convinced him they were not the only ones who were right.

Then on August 15th, 1897, our sixth little daughter Mathilda was born. She was a skinny little baby, did not look well at all, and I was weak for some time, then I improved and got strong again. The little one grew but stayed thin. So the summer and the winter passed by.

Towards the end of March she fell over with the high chair and hurt the back of her head. Soon after she started getting convulsions, suffered bitterly with them, nearly impossible to observe.

Till in October she had the convulsions thirty times already. Strange it was, she got them with every moon change. She was so pale and thin and cried so much. One day my husband wanted to haul away a carload of wheat; he had asked friends and neighbors with their wagons to help him, and were just ready to leave. Then Mathilda got the convulsions for the second time that day, she had bit her tongue so bad that the blood ran out of her mouth. So I quickly called Abram to come in, I could not stand to see that any more. He came in, so did all the others. I had her in a baby bathtub (wrapped up) on the floor, we knelt around her, and asked God to heal her, or I was willing for Him to take her. I trusted the Lord that He would do the right thing.

All of a sudden the jerking of the convulsions decreased and she fell asleep. After awhile she awoke and smiled, and her cheeks were pink. When my husband and the other drivers returned from town, and saw the difference in our little Mathilda, we all rejoiced and thanked God for answer to prayer. She never ever had the slightest attack again. She improved daily and grew.

The following winter, I got very sick with my throat, such severe pains in my throat as I never had had before. My throat wanted to close, I thought I would choke, and I lost consciousness - everyone around me thought I was dying - I had a vision - I felt myself in my sickbed choking - I felt as though I were leaving my body and hurrying into the next room, I saw myself lying in bed. Then I saw myself leaving my body in a hurry - young, light and well - something in my throat opened up, and I could breathe again, and regained consciousness.

I have often thought of that experience - whether it would be like that when one dies? Who can say. I got well, and never had a throat like that again. Not long after, I went into the pasture to get a fresh milk cow home; and a long horned heifer came after me, she wanted to gore me, I fought her, got a hold of her horns, and she pushed me backwards up to the fence, there my small children were crying in fear. I suddenly let go

of her horns and slipped out under the fence. Then the heifer ran to the other cattle. When my husband came home in the evening, he sawed the heifer's horns off.

Next spring my parents moved to a different place six miles from us, and also out of the Mennonite district. We had been on our rented place for two years, when people started talking about moving to Saskatchewan. Some men from Turner County went to Saskatchewan to have a look at the land, and if they were satisfied, to secure some right away. My father was very interested in going - for he had three sons and there was no chance of homesteads here in South Dakota, and to rent land had its hardships. My brother-in-law wanted to go too, also Abram's oldest brother with his family. But my Abram was not interested to go yet, for he and an Englishman had bought a threshing outfit together, had made many repairs on it, they had used it for two years, had made some profit, because there was lots to thresh. A laborer got one dollar a day, they threshed wheat at four cents per bushel and oats two cents per bushel. That was cheap, but so were the things we bought. Living on a rented farm made living tougher, with the odd sickness and the family increasing like ours.

Before Mathilda was two years old, our seventh daughter Mary was born. Did I have my hands full. When little Mary was two weeks old, I got a stroke like attack on my phlebitis leg, just at noon. I had such pains in that leg, I could not lie down - I could not sit - the pain was increasing and swelling more. Abram was threshing at a neighbor; so I sent son Henry to go ask papa to quickly come home. He came right home and wanted to get a doctor. But we got unexpected visitors, his sister with her family, and his mother, they brought a guest along, a Mr. Aaron Wall from Minn. and he was a doctor. He applied a home remedy, which helped right away, that by evening most of the pain in the leg was gone; but that whole side seemed somewhat paralyzed. He ordered warmth and complete bed rest. I had to have a maid, got one that was older. In her previous jobs, she had often looked after sick folk. She did very well by me, she often massaged my whole left side, and often put on hot compresses, and it helped very much, so that my whole side soon was better. Only my leg stayed sensitive and weak, had to keep it wrapped with cotton batten all winter, to keep it warm.

As soon as I could do my work again, the good maid left me, for there were others waiting for her. We had hired her for three weeks - but she was with us five weeks. Now I had my hands full with all my little girls and son Henry. Henry and the three older girls went to school, and I had the youngest four girls at home, they often made my head hot.

How much there was to sew, to knit and to patch or mend; and to cook and to bake. Well, yes, anyone who has such a regiment to call his own, will know what it means to raise so many children. There was so much joy, often a mixture of crying and laughing, the doings of such a group is capable of at times. It was close to Christmas and everyone wanted a little verse to recite, and I had to teach them to them. They all recited so bravely at home, also in church. I enjoyed to practise something with the children, I can honestly say that my children were my Greatest Joy, even if I had so much work with them - they were never a burden to me. We loved

each other dearly, and they respected us as parents. This my parents had taught us, in our youth. And I have never been sorry, if I sometimes had to refuse them a wish, when it was for their own good.

The oldest two girls had to stay home from school alternately, to help me after our maid had left, they did not like it because it was going towards Christmas. But we got along. My strength increased and I got well, and little Mary was a very good quiet baby. So we were able to celebrate a Happy Christmas.

I still remember how proud I was of all my children that Christmas, how they recited so unafraid in all their innocence. Once an older woman said to me, after she had watched me play with my children, yes, yes, now they press your lap, but when they are first grown-up, then they press your heart. When they are small, they are with you, we care for them, watch over them, nurse them when they are sick, many sleepless nights, and have many worries, but we do it all in patience and because we love them.

When the men came back from Saskatchewan, Canada, some had taken homesteads, and some had bought land. They were going to leave the next April. From Turner County were quite a few, from our immediate family were - my parents, sister Anna, the Isaak Schmidts, Abram's brother, John Schultz with his family, the Benjamin Dirk's, my brothers and some other single men. They wanted us to go along too, for our rent contract was nearly over. But we felt no urge to go yet, but we rented another place; and there was a lot for me to clean in the house, for the last two years, a bachelor had lived in that house.

But here we first did all the house cleaning, before we moved in. This house was small too, but it had a larger bed-room and a large added-to kitchen, where we could eat in. This also was a half section, with a good well, only it was far away from the yard, the water had to be hauled with barrels.

At the time of my parents departure, we were living at our new place already. My husband and I and our baby went to Turner County for their farewell, also my oldest married brother, who also lived in this area and was staying. Around 4 p.m. the train was ready to leave. That meant saying good-bye, maybe never to see each other again; for Saskatchewan was about 1200 miles from there. It had rained heavy the day before, so it was muddy all over. We were getting tired, I could hardly stay on my feet, I was especially worried about the children at home alone, had not expected to stay overnight. But my husband, when he had met one of our neighbors, before we left, had begged him to let his wife, go to stay with our children, and tell our children they should not be scared. She had gone to our place before supper.

Later the neighbor lady told us, that the children had been waiting for us very anxiously, but had remained calm. She had wanted to stay overnight with them, but the children had said: she need not, they would all go to sleep. She had looked after the fire; the children had not lit a lamp, but went to bed before dark. The next morning when she went over to see how they were, they were busily choring, had had their breakfast already.

When we arrived home that evening, they had been very worried about us. What deep thoughts come to me now as I try to remember that time.

Here at our newly rented place, Abram bought some more pigs, for here we had a large pig pen; and lot of corn from the year before. We planted some more corn; the corn was cheap, the pigs were a good price. But many went into more pigs, so the selling price of the pigs went down.

At this place we experienced a prairie fire that first year. Our son Henry had chased the cattle out of the corral, had taken the load of hay out of there, and begged a neighbor to plough a few furrows around the yard. The girls in the meantime had taken bedding and dresses and loaded them on a wagon. And one was high on a pole, keeping watch how the fire was progressing. Then the neighbor lady and I returned home, we had gone to a store in the afternoon. Our place was only saved by the furrows that had been ploughed around our yard, and also around the pig pen. We had to do a lot of fire fighting, but we did not fare too bad. Our pasture burnt off, also many of our freshly planted trees burned. At many of the neighbors they lost all their hay and straw. Such fires often occurred in South Dakota, and mostly through carelessness. This fire was started by a man, who wanted to burn the trash along the boundary between two fields, and it got away on him, and did all that damage.

After nearly a year at this place, a new boarder arrived at our house, after seven daughters, our son Alexander was born, weighed nine pounds, cried a lot, it seemed for his own pleasure, for he was a sturdy baby.

So the winter passed amidst a lot of work, and the second spring at this place came and went. When all the spring work was done, my dear husband got those terrible stomach cramps. It seemed worse than that time in Nebraska. We had to call the doctor, who helped him, but he got so weak and thin. It gave a lot of worries, and doctor bills; now my parents were far away and could not help us.

How much we prayed in those days, that God would heal him completely from this ailment. He got over the attack, but his recovery was very slow. Deep in my heart I had a feeling of dread, of coming doom and sorrow. I tried to hide my feelings and acted happy. As far as I know, I never felt that we wanted to move to Saskatchewan where my parents were, although I missed them very much. Every time I thought of moving to Saskatchewan I felt ill at ease, had a feeling of coming tragedy and sorrow. When my husband felt some better: He said, "Listen to me, I think we would do right, if we too would move to Saskatchewan, closer to parents; then we would be close together, if all of a sudden something would happen to one or the other --". I was startled, and told him then of the ill feelings I had about moving to Canada. He said, "Why do you worry so, it seems to me you should be only too glad to move where your parents are, for they have done so much good for us already -- I told him, that is true, but I am scared of Saskatchewan, and I was shaking as I told him this. He looked at me in astonishment and wet eyes, and did not say any more. I cried, I hardly knew why, guess because I felt so unhappy. Then he went out, came in after awhile and said to me; I should get ready, we wanted to go visiting

to Minnesota for Pentecost time. He could not work anyway, and so we could at least visit his brothers and one uncle. I had some second cousins there.

So I prepared everything for our visiting trip. We got someone to stay with the children, Abram's mother wanted to stay at our place too during our absence. So we left before the Pentecost, got to Mountain Lake, Minnesota, early the second day, early morning. It was dark yet, we asked the Depot Agent, where David Schultz lived. He showed us, it was about a quarter mile to walk; we had brought our two youngest, Mary and Alexander, along. So we each had to carry a child, besides a large suitcase too. When we arrived there, his brother David had just gotten up. This was a surprise visit, we knocked, he opened the door, and recognized us. When he saw us he hardly knew what to do first, for joy. Then we met brother David's wife for the first time. We were not quite finished eating our breakfast - when Abram's two single brothers came there too, we had not seen them for 4 or 5 years, and naturally the joy was great at seeing each other again. But all three brothers looked worried at my husband's sick appearance. Abram told his brothers, that he felt good now. He only looked so thin, because he had not been able to eat for a long time, while he was sick.

It was Saturday, the day before Pentecost, and the two single brothers had asked for the day off. They were working in town for their board, they were going to high school. That Saturday the four brothers talked about a lot of things, and my husband told them frankly, that next spring we were moving to Saskatchewan.

Abram's second youngest brother Jacob decided, he too wanted to go along. But first he wanted to come and visit his mother and others of the family in South Dakota. David's wife said, she did not want to move to Saskatchewan; and Abram's youngest brother intended to get married next fall, so he wanted to stay in South Dakota, or in Minnesota. I liked it very much in Minnesota; everything was so green, large shade trees along the streets. Lovely farms outside of the town, they had lovely orchards. There were also many there that wanted to move to Saskatchewan, for the sake of their children, who could take up homesteads. There was also the chance to buy cheap railroad land. If there was any land for sale in Minnesota, it was expensive.

We visited three weeks in and around Mountain Lake, Minnesota, for we found, we had many more relatives and friends than we thought; and everyone wanted us to visit them in their home at least once. This was the best visiting trip, I ever made with my husband, in our whole life. It all reminded me of the Molotschna Colony, like no other place in the United States, that we had seen. Only in the Molotschna, there were far more kinds of fruit. Here besides the many orchards, were thick poplar trees. Yes, what had my eyes seen in all our travels, and how far had my feet walked; over mountains and valleys, through deserts and rivers. I can honestly say, that I ... have seen God's Wonders and His Mighty Handiwork in Creation. And have been astounded at the Wonderful Works of Art, that were made by hand, in the Palaces we saw in Asia, and also other things.

While visiting here, my husband regained his health and strength;

so we went to our dear children, who were patiently waiting for us already. My brother who had worked for us a whole year, wanted to move to Saskatchewan too, to be with the parents. So we had to find someone else to help us. It was decided, that in spring we would move too, our brothers-in-law, brother with his family was preparing to go too, also a bachelor. There were also several families from Turner County that were moving to Saskatchewan. This year we had a good crop, but the prices for all products were cheap. We had many hens, geese, ducks, and turkeys; had a lot of pigs; a lot of work, with very little profit, but we were used to that already.

My husband got a Header Machine, which cuts mostly the heads of the wheat and loads it into wagons right away, then they stacked it. The oats, he cut with the binder. When all was cut, he went with the thrashing machine to thresh for others, for he wanted to earn as much as he could yet. He had only threshed a few days, when one afternoon a hurricane came.

This hurricane took a ten mile width through South Dakota and Iowa, destroyed and broke everything in its path. It was terrible, and together with hail and a down pour of rain, so that the air looked green. At our place it broke a double corn crib and all our wheat stacks were gone, when the hurricane was past. The neighbor lady and I were just coming home from the store; we saw the cloud behind us, black as night. And we drove the three miles home, as fast as our horse could go. She got off at her place, then I only had a quarter mile to go, which I barely made. I just got behind the house in shelter, when the corn crib hit the house. Henry stayed behind the house in shelter, holding the frightened horse, until the storm was over.

The hurricane lifted a colt from our yard, carried it over a woodpile and dropped it into our pig pen, unharmed. When I came into the house, my scared children surrounded me, who all stood ankle deep in water and cried. The storm and the hail had broken the windows on the wind side. The hail and the rain were wind-driven till into the next room. The children all clung to me and cried, and Henry was still outside holding that horse, he was looking in through the window and was crying too. It was a time of anguish and fear, like when the cyclone passed over, only that time we were not damaged. It only took about 15 to 20 minutes for this storm to pass. The house, thank God, stood. But outside - what a sad sight! Nearly all our hens and turkeys were drowned, for our hen house was partially in the ground, and was half full of water, and across the yard a stream flowed - it looked sad and desolate outside.

The storm did not hit, where my husband was threshing, only a heavy rain. But they saw the storm pass by; so my husband came home with the whole threshing outfit, and got a great shock when he saw all the damage done. The wheat stacks were almost completely gone. The next day he tried to scratch some of it together with the hay fork, and later when we threshed it, there was very little wheat. Corn we got good that year, over 3,000 bushels, large kernels, which were a joy to see. But the price was very low, that by the time we paid the corn huskers and for the threshing, there was very little left over. The pigs were very cheap too, and we had many; and my husband was determined, he was taking them along to Saskatchewan.

Father and my brother-in-law picked out a homestead for us, and wrote, that up until now, they were satisfied, they liked the climate, and believed that Abram would be just as healthy, if not healthier than in the States. And then we would all be together again. The trip would be expensive, that we knew.

We knew we would have very little left of our savings after the trip. We could not sell a farm for we were only renters. We slowly got ready, we acquired a lot of sacks, for we wanted to take provisions along for a whole year: Feed, seed grain, and food - so we took 100 sacks of seed wheat, 200 sacks of shelled corn, 40 sacks of flour; then we butchered nine large pigs, cured and smoked all the hams, and packed them; over 100 gallons of lard, 80 gallons of canned meat, and cracklings, a lot of canned fruit and syrup, and a lot of dried fruit - that was an enormous amount of work to prepare it and to pack it all. I had not lost all the practice from all our many travels, and my youngest sister, who with her husband lived in South Dakota, came often and helped me. What we did not want to take along, we had an Auction beginning of February, we sold all the rest of our pigs, except 3 farrowing sows. We took 3 good cows, 12 horses, and all our machinery and household goods along; also some paint and other necessities. The cows had freshened sooner, so we sold the calves.

When the day of our departure drew near, the relatives and friends came to help. We had one and a half wagons full of stuff and so had the other family, that went with us. We had to say good-bye to all the brothers and sisters, Abram's mother, and to so many Uncles and Aunts. (My dear husband never saw any of them again). So we left Tindale, South Dakota, to go to Turner County, where the other families were, who were going too. When we got there, they were far from ready - loading. So our cows and horses had to be unloaded into the corral, for feeding and watering. My oldest brother who lived there, and was staying, helped my husband with the chores. Here the Immigration Agent came to us (for Canada), he lived in Mountain Lake, to help us with our tickets, we could go on two and a half tickets. My husband, our son Henry and Uncle Jako (Abram's brother) went free on the freight wagon. My brother took the children and me into their home, and my husband came there too for the night. Abram's brother and a single man, who also had a wagon, stayed in town with our goods. Abram and my brother drove each forenoon to do the chores, and milk our cows. We visited Abram's old Aunt and one of my cousins.

The day of our farewell arrived, and away we went, towards our unknown home. When we arrived at Mitchell, South Dakota, they weighed all our wagons. It showed that the wagon we shared with the other family, was far over weight, and it then cost double the freight, so we owed this other family over \$100.00 so we would arrive at our new home with a debt, which we disliked very much. From Turner County, there were five more families and several single persons going too, these had five freight wagons, so we had a long train. From Turner County we drove one day and one night; then they put all us immigrants into an Immigration train car, where we could spread out our bedding to rest, but there the comfort ended.

This passenger car was at the back end of the train. There was an old big heater in there, but it did not work; they simply could not get

the fire going, so we got no heat. We all started to feel cold; the worst was - we could not make ourselves any hot drinks, and it was getting colder and windier, the children had to stay in the beds, and we grown-ups in our overcoats and overshoes. I will never forget this trip, I thought it was worse than our Asian journeys we made.

When we were barely past the Canadian border, there was deep snow, and it was snowing and stormy. When we left South Dakota, the men were working on the fields. The train made very slow progress, and our feet nearly froze from sitting still, but of course we were going farther north. We were one day and one night into Canada, it snowed and stormed without end. When we were over the Manitoba boundary into Saskatchewan we saw another immigration train coming from another direction. All of a sudden we were stuck in the snow at about 10 a.m., after the train had gone very slow for hours already. We had passed a small Depot about three or four miles. We were stopped just over a hill where the wind, snow and storm were so much worse. We stood and stood there without end, finally my husband came and told us that we were stuck here, until they could come and help us out of here. They had telegraphed for the snow plow and another locomotive, but it might take until morning until we could get away. It was so cold in the car, the stove did not work, we only got cold meals and milk - and I was not fond of milk. Little Alexander had earache and cried day in and day out, I was getting all weak. Due to the slow trip, the Turner County people were out of feed for horses and cattle, so we from Springfield had to help them out. We were a few hundred miles from our destination. The children could hardly stand it inside anymore; when the storm let up some before evening, my husband let the children go outside, so they could get warm by running around. The men helped to shovel snow into the locomotive, so it would keep some water. The Manitoba train stood a ways back of us across a bridge, from there a man brought a spoonful of Alpenkrauter, for our sick baby. I gave it to him and he soon fell asleep and slept for several hours.

The next morning our men told us, the plow had worked since early in the morning, plus a big locomotive had come loaded with men. They shovelled snow from behind our train to get all the soft snow away. The Manitoba train was backed up a ways: for its locomotive was to help push our train too.

The children were outside watching; they all came in and called: Now we will soon go, and so it was, first we went backwards, the Manitoba locomotive pulling from the back, and two locomotives pushing from the front, back to that little station on a side rail. Then the huge snowplow passed us. It was such a big machine as we had never seen before. The children were interested in everything. When the snowplow was past us, the train gave a jerk forward and we were on our way. We started to drive again at 10 a.m. We were stuck exactly one day and one night. Now they had two locomotives on our train and were going a good speed, so that by 8 p.m. we were in Rosthern. When our train had stopped, my father, my brother and my brother-in-law came to greet us with smiling faces. We were all nearly frozen. They had ordered hot coffee in the Immigration House, and had brought food, which was very necessary, for ours was all gone.

Now we wanted to quickly walk to the Immigration House. I had only walked a few steps on the high path when my one foot slipped and I fell into the snow up to my armpits with the baby in my arms. He was still so shy, he would not let anyone else touch him. I could not get up, but my father was at my side and helped me up, and I said to my father, But where have you moved to, and now we have come too. In South Dakota they were working on the land already - and here one falls into the snow up to the arms. - Father said, "Yes, there is a lot of snow here yet, but soon it will disappear and then the weather is good here". I was silent then. When we came into the house there was good coffee being put on for us, and we had had no coffee to drink since leaving South Dakota. Well, we all enjoyed our meal, the talking we would let go until the next day or so. We all retired soon for we were all overtired. The men and the children slept on blankets on the floor and the other lady and I got a bed to share, with some bedding. Oh, how good it felt, to be able to stretch out again. We had left home on March 6, and arrived in Rosthern at 8 p.m. on March 18th. Five days and nights we lost in our wait in Turner County, South Dakota, and by being stuck in the snow. The trip had been a slow one due to long waits at stations, for another train to pass. Often they had to stop to feed and water the cows - the one locomotive was too weak to pull such a long train.

The next morning, we all had to get up early, for my brother and some other men who had kept watch over all our goods, came to wake us early, for by noon all the train cars had to be unloaded; and right away in the afternoon we wanted to drive with the wagons with the most necessary articles, the 19 miles to my parents, and with the cattle as far as they would get.

For us, four big sleighs had come, and we had two along that could be assembled quickly, so we could take six loads full along for us. For the other two families that were going to stay in this area too, there were sleighs for them too. Mino families wanted to go a different direction. So we could take all the necessary things along also the young cattle and pigs; only the milk cows were left and Abram's brother and a young man that came along with us, stayed with them, until our men could go back and get them and all our machinery and some other stuff. So we left Rosthern that afternoon with fifteen highly loaded sleighs, and so many people that were walking, for it was a very nice warm day. The sleigh track was four feet high, the whole area looked like a snow desert. We had seen that in the United States too.

We had gone about seven miles; when we saw coming towards us, a long row of sleighs hitched to oxen. Someone said, "There come the Galicians". We all stopped for we could hardly turn out of the way with our high loads. When they saw our high loads, they turned out of the way; first helping one, then helping the next one, until all ten loads were passed us. When the oxen stepped off the track, they just about disappeared in the snow, but after several had broken the track, it went some better. They came to talk to us, to see who we were, but they recognized my father and Isaak Schmidt. They offered to help us, for we could not go on; we were stopped at a longsnow dam, and at the other end stood a single sleigh with

one man on it, in a fur coat, we saw he was one of our people. He would not budge, he could have taken the path out of the way the Galicians used, they went to talk to him, they told him they would help him, for he was alone. But no sir - he would not move, did not even give them an answer, only crouched deeper into his fur coat, he kept his place on the road. Everyone was surprised, he was a well-known man.

Well, we could not stay standing there; so we tried to pass him. Our big load with all our fowl was the first, as many men as had room went to help, but hitched to this sleigh was a young team of horses and when they drove off the road they took a big jump; and all the crates fall off and some broke open, and hens scattered, some we could not catch in that deep snow. The turkey gobbler was killed, It took us at least an hour, and all the damage and loss we had. Another sleigh tipped because the horses jumped in that deep snow. Everything could have been avoided, if that one stubborn man had followed the Galician's track out of the way. He said later that he had only a small load of wheat on in sacks. Nobody knew why he would not turn out of the way.

It was interesting, that later we visited a lot with these people, and they did a lot of good for us later on. But as far as I know, no one ever mentioned that incident on the road.

It was getting dark by the time we got to my parent's home. The sleighs with the fowl and our pigs were taken to my sister's, the Isaak Schmidt's, he had built a good straw barn for them on his yard. We nearly tipped with our sleigh when we got to my parents, close to the house was a ten foot snow drift, but we did get to my parents without any more trouble. After two years it was good to see them all again. My dear old grandmother was there too. I knew her from childhood and always loved her. She helped me again so much with the little children, for the house was really full now. My brother Peter, who followed the parents one year before us, had soon gotten married and lived with the parents. But he was building a house for themselves on their land about two miles away; they had a one and a half month old baby that cried a lot.

We arrived here on a Friday, and then Saturday they went to Ros-thern to get the cows, grain and some other things. The first Sunday in Saskatchewan we went to the church service at Isaak Schmidts. The house was overfull; they only had a two-roomed shack.

On Monday we went to look at the homestead they had picked out for us. But we both did not like it, for there were too many willow bushes and little lakes on it, and there was no possibility to get more land close by. On such a poor quarter we could not make a living with our big family. Then my father said that close to the river was a quarter section of railroad land that could be bought and another one in the river hills to be taken as a homestead, or to rent it. There was a lot of bush (trees) and pasture there for the cattle, so we went to see it right away. This land appealed to us.

We picked out a building site right away; then the men went to

Rosthern, the next day to get more of our belongings. And then also to go to the land office to make a change over, to cancel the first mentioned quarter - and to take as homestead the second one we had looked at, and also bought the railroad quarter. We had no trouble with the changeover and now we would only live one mile from my parents, while the other place would have been five miles away. That quarter the single man took that came along with us. We had brought enough barb wire along, so we could put fence around the whole river quarter and have enough to put up a fence around the yard later. So my husband made a road from parents yard to our building site. Between our newly bought quarter and the parent's land, lay a quarter that belonged to a bachelor; an old acquaintance out of South Dakota who wanted to sell his land as soon as he got his homestead papers. He offered it to my husband, who decided to buy it if possible.

For the time being, we lived with my parents, and as soon as it was spring, my husband and his brother Jacob worked on our land. They broke eighteen acres and seeded that to oats. For wheat, we rented forty acres from the bachelor who owned the quarter between ours and my parents. It was a good year. Right after spring seeding, my husband built a small building, which was to be a workshop later on. We moved into it as soon as it was finished. For to take meals along all the time became bothersome, and to come to my parents for the meals took up too much time. So the summer passed with a lot of work; but that was not enough - for on September 16, 1901, our son Arthur arrived.

The crop turned out good. We got enough to live and enough feed for the cattle and horses; also had some of what we had brought along; so we were full of courage. I could not go out yet; then suddenly my grandmother died. She had wanted to see me yet, she was only sick two days when she died. She left me material for a dress - I was so sorry that I had not been able to see her but the baby was only one and a half weeks old and the harvest was due.

We got nearly a hundred bushels of oats, and the wheat went 35 bushels per acre. This all looked good and at times I was glad that we were here, and in such a way we could acquire something, I thought. We had brought a good-sized tent along, in which my husband always slept when he threshed in South Dakota. Abram's brother Jacob and our older children slept in it now, it was large enough so that we could store tools and the like in it. For storage room - room of any kind, we were short of those days. The building that we lived in, was only one room, there we had our bed, a clothes cupboard, a cupboard for the dishes, cookstove, table and chairs and the crib - then it was full, so no more could go in. But we managed and were full of courage.

I was still sorry that I had not been able to see my dear grandmother before she died. A few days before her death, she had told my parents, that her chest which she had always used to store her clothes, was to be mine, and she had put something in it for me. (Later I used it for my flour bin). She had reached her 88th year, could read without glasses, and was a strong robust person to the end.

On our new home we worked in between, it was 30 feet by 18 feet, and it was finally finished, enough so we could move into it by the end of October, for it was getting real cold. We put up the heater and the children had been sleeping in it for awhile already, as soon as the chimney was done. It was only finished with siding on the outside, and later inside was to be logged and plastered, which we did in the winter. This was hard on me with all that noise, besides all the work with our large family.

When we moved over, Arthur was only three weeks old, the house was so draughty, and nearly always cold winds. The inner walls were not up yet, and it snowed a lot that winter. I got rheumatism so bad, was in pain day and night. What we had to go through the first part of that winter in an unfinished house, is undescrivable. Lucky for those who do not have to go through such hardships. But with a lot of courage and God's help, we got through that hard, busy and cold winter in Saskatchewan. Now we had a home - and what we did on it, was done for us, not for strangers.

So we had lived through one summer and one winter in Canada. In spring, after seeding, the men went to the river and felled large trees, which were hauled home, and were prepared for building logs. They built a long barn 72 feet long by 20 feet wide, for the cattle, pigs and chickens, partitioned. It was roomy and warm.

After the house was lined with logs and plastered, and later whitewashed it was quite cosy. The downstairs was divided into two rooms. Upstairs we had two by four's up for a wall, the outside walls and the ceiling were covered with a cheap sheathing. Otherwise the partitions were curtains. Our Henry and Abram's brother Jacob, and later a hired man slept up there. They broke as much land as they could, made hay, and after the harvest, they built a large barn for the horses, with extra space on one end to put the oats in. Many things happened this summer; first another couple and we decided to be baptized by immersion in the river, and join the church there. So on September 16th, 1902, we were baptized, and joined the Krimmer Mennonite Brethren. The leading minister, Brother H. A. Goossen, baptized us, and with laying on of hands, we were welcomed into their group. He gave me two verses, "The Lord Bless Thee and Keep Thee" and etc. and the second verse, "My Grace is Sufficient for Thee, for my Strength is made Perfect in Weakness". I thought at the moment, what verses to give me. But later these two verses were a blessing and a strength to me in my darkest hours.

So many jobs were accomplished this summer, it was hard to believe. We were getting a good crop again, had four cows, about one hundred hens, eighteen turkeys and many geese. We still had some of the brought along food and feed, enough clothes. The crops looked good, for which we were glad and thankful, and we should have been satisfied as things were. But now something happened which brought us grief, and a lot of worries (especially for me and the children). Presently there were very few threshing outfits in the district and since my husband had owned one in South Dakota for five years, he was persuaded to buy one, and because he enjoyed that work, he readily agreed. I was against it, for I knew that his frequent absence from home and the family, would put such a heavy work load on me and the children, and then there was the danger of his stomach troubles

recurring due to irregular meals. But all my pleading was in vain.

My husband right away wrote to the Case Co. with whom he got acquainted in the United States. They answered back right away, they were willing to sell him the outfit, but he should get a written guarantee from four or five farmers that they would let him thresh for them. So that they, the Company, would get the necessary down payment. There were six farmers willing so they set up a written agreement for three years to thresh with Abram.

Then the news arrived, the machine had been shipped already but he had to pay the freight. My brother Peter went in company with Abram. That at first was a help, but the payments were alone my husband's worry. The freight alone cost three hundred dollars, which he had to borrow in a private bank in Rosthern, which two men owned. When the machine arrived, there were many things that were needed that were not with the machine. So he had to borrow a few hundred dollars more, for he needed two tanks, a caboose, a steel cable, and many more things. The outfit was good, but that he had to mortgage our land, to be able to borrow the money. But that all did not seem to worry him, if he only stayed well, for by his figures he had work until winter set in. So with the Company (Case) and in the Rosthern bank we had \$900.00 debt. I was so worried when my husband told me all this: That I said to him: "How are we going to be able to pay all that debt, that will leave us homeless again - ". Then my husband said I should not worry myself about his business ventures, I had enough to do in the house (Yes, if he could have guessed how things would go with his business ventures, I am sure he would have done different. But a person makes up his mind to something, thinking it will all come out all right - and it brings only bad luck and sorrow.)

He had a lot of threshing jobs, but in those years they could first start cutting the end of August or beginning of September -- mostly always the stocks were stacked, and threshing was late. He only got 5¢ per bushel for wheat and 3¢ for oats. The pitcher one dollar per day, the water man a bit more. The first years he also had a straw dragger, which was replaced later by a straw blower on the machine. When he was finished in our area, he got some work some distance away, with some big farmers, who had up to one hundred acres of wheat to thresh. So he got ready to go and thresh at this one farmer, who showed him where to drive, but had forgotten about an old wall hole, which he ran into with the engine, ruined it, broke the front axle.

My husband could have been injured too. That stopped his work for a long time, for all the repairs had to be ordered from the Case Co. in the United States, and an expert had to come and repair the engine. This cost my husband over two hundred dollars, the farmer advanced the money against the threshing bill.

This was a hard blow to my husband. The payment was due so he had to sell off our crop, to have the five hundred dollars, first payment to the Case Co. So now there was no money for our payment on our land. When I think back now, to that time, I got a headache. For my husband to have ventured so much, and through that to have brought us all into so much trouble.

They threshed until Christmas in a foot deep snow and 25 degrees below, so that they nearly froze. This of course affected Abram's health, so that his stomach trouble came back, only not quite as severe as before. So he had to watch what he ate. His brother Jacob was still at our place. The next spring he got married. So he moved onto his own homestead which was not far away. My husband helped him build his house, also helped him break some land. Besides that Abram helped build at other places, for he was a good carpenter, he was also a good blacksmith, got a lot of work there. Then he was also called upon in the whole community as a veterinarian.

When I think back to that time after so many years, I cannot understand how he did it all, but of course many things were neglected at home, and much of it fell on the shoulders of our young Henry. He had to work too hard, especially in cutting down trees; but we hoped for better times, and wanted to build our own comfortable home, to have things easier in time for we were quite young yet and had a large family. The older children helped a lot. We had to move so many times when we were on rented land; that now we were happy here in spite of all the work. We took the Church Services in our home now too.

When I think back now, it seems to me, that the load of debt my husband took on, did cause him to feel heavy and discouraged. For so many times, when he came home, he was depressed. I felt sorry for him (but I did not suspect yet, that, that heavy load of debt, would fall on my weak shoulders in the future). I often tried to encourage him, and helped him pray. Of course he never really let me know, how worried he really was, for he felt then I would worry too, and he thought I had enough to worry over in the house. When he went shopping for me and the children, he brought better things, than I would have bought; but of course they cost more.

Lots of wild fruit grew closer to the river, so we always picked and canned a lot, for our large family for winter use. A lot of pails full we sold and bought sugar. I always had a large vegetable garden, we also planted a lot of potatoes. The second spring we found out, that there were a lot of saltpetre areas, a lot of stones, was also sandy, if we got enough rain it grew lovely crops. Until now we had always had enough, nearly too much rain; so that we got frozen wheat, and it was cheap and did not make good bread, which seldom happens now. This situation we could not remedy, because seeding could be done too late in spring, and it got cold early in fall.

In time, those of us that had come from the States, plowed our stubble fields in fall. Then they could seed somewhat earlier in spring. Now the second harvest arrived, and on October 3, 1903, our son Phillip was born. He was only three days old, when I took seriously ill, my head and left side. Many prayers were sent to God on my behalf, and I slowly started to improve. My mother came to stay with me right away, they also asked my youngest sister to come and help. My head was weak for a long time, and I had much pain in my left side (to this very day).

Philip was about five weeks old when we were fully in the threshing

season. When one day, they brought my husband home, with bad pains in his stomach. He had to stay home two full weeks. He had his brother John Schultz, tend the separator. My father took my husband to Rosthern to a doctor, he did not know what my husband had in his stomach, he gave him some medicine which helped some. If my husband would have been able to relax at home - every day someone came to complain about the thresher crew. John Schultz was a very impatient man, and the separator did not work too good, so Abram had to often go to the outfit, to get things going right again.

My brother Peter Unruh did not like to work in company with John Schultz, so he resigned from the partnership; but stayed that fall, for John Schultz did not know enough about the outfit; he was also too loud - that often, damages resulted. Oh, this was a hard time - it all worried my husband, so that it nearly robbed him of his Faith. When one day he came home from the machine, they had called him again - he was so discouraged and said: I will soon ditch everything, for to serve God, does not seem to help. Everything is against me and goes different than it shall - nothing helps anymore. I tried to encourage him, and asked him, "What has God to do with it, if they break everything on your machine?"

I advised him to go and be watchman, that would help the whole situation, and he could see to it, that the workers worked as they should. I talked lovingly to him, that he should not blame God for all this, for we would have to deeply humble ourselves before our Saviour, that He would be gracious to us, so that we would not experience more bad luck. He calmed down and I noted, he felt I was right in what I had said. He was quiet and went to bed, when I came to bed later, we both knelt down, told our Lord all our troubles; and asked His Forgiveness for doubting Him, and for being discouraged and asked Him for Strength, Wisdom and Love. When I now remember that evening, how my husband received Joy and Peace, and then thanked God for the wife he had, who was so unwavering, such a help and strength for him. I felt so unworthy and weak. We were so thankful that the Lord had drawn near to us, in hearing and answering our prayers.

My husband started to feel stronger and well again, so that he could be with the threshing outfit daily as Boss, or overseer, then it all ran more smoothly. It was a hard fall, for he had all strange help, and it took fully until Christmas. They made a small snow plow, so they could push away the snow from the machine, so they could move from place to place easier. This fall my husband had also bought a strawblower and attached it to the separator; we hoped for better times to be able to pay all our debts.

Our house was not finished yet, some walls were only partly finished. It all waited for the time when we would be able to earn more with the threshing machine, any gains he made with threshing, went for repairs. The debt on the machine had mounted, through the fall into the old well hole.

So the third winter passed. My husband hired a man in fall; our Henry he took along as fireman, and for an Engineer, he hired Henry Quiring. Those farmers that were here longer, had broken more land, also sowed more -

many intended to thresh straight from the stocks, if possible. This pleased my husband, for he believed, that way he would be able to save on his expenses. He had a long run promised for the fall. We had enough land broken, so that we could seed over 100 acres of wheat. For feed we had rented some land; so the future looked good.

After the third spring, followed a good summer; the rains always came at the right time, and everything grew, we were so happy and full of hope. At the river there was so much good wild fruit - red cherries, and choke-cherries, high bush cranberries, some currants and gooseberries, also wild raspberries, and strawberries, more than enough for us.

I have to mention that my sister Anna, who was a Mrs. Isaak Schmidt, died July 24th, 1903, from a high fever after a premature birth.

A good thing was now, that my husband was feeling well; so in June he bought that mentioned quarter, which was located between my parents place and ours, from that bachelor, for \$500.00, and a \$500.00 mortgage, altogether \$1,000.00 more debt. I wonder now how he got that much credit. The last \$500.00 were backed by his brother John Schultz at the British American Bank. For that, my husband had to back his note of \$600.00. This was all arranged very bad. When the land deal was made, and he returned from Rosthern, he brought a load of lumber home, to build a shed for the threshing outfit. Later this evening, he said to me: "What would you think, if I would buy a Stallion, that could pay for itself." I felt as though I got hit on the head ... Did we not have enough debts already? A fear shot through me, I could not answer right away. He was quiet, but looked at me expectantly. Finally I said to him: Abram, how did you get such an idea, for such a bad job. You will get so disgusted with the whole thing before long, and then also think, that you will have to be on the road all the time, which will be very bad for your stomach again. He looked at me and said: I thought it to be a light job; and that the driving would affect my health - did not cross my mind. I said no more, for I knew: if a few words did not help, many would surely not change his mind. If he had made up his mind to do something, he finally would do it anyway. He did not mention that subject again. But when he got ready to go to Rosthern the next week, he told me, he would tell that man, he would not take the horse, for the whole deal gave too much to think about.

So he left and I was quite content and confident that he would not buy the horse. He said, before he left the house, that before ten in the evening, we need not expect him; for he wanted to bring a load of lumber. I thought no more about it, for I had enough to do with all the work, and our eleven children; with us parents, we were a family of 13. Although the oldest two girls helped, I did not want them to work too hard, so a lot of the work stayed for me. It was difficult with so many children, it cost a lot of bread, and clothes, so much to sew, to knit and wash. At that time I had to do all my own sewing, which I enjoyed, for ready made clothes were hard to get.

This happened in the middle of June. With so much work the day passed; after supper the children all went to bed, after all the chores. I was doing some hand work and was waiting up for my husband, for I wanted

to give him something warm to eat, when he came home. It was around 10 p.m. when I heard him come, I heard how he talked to the horses, heard the wagon rattle, the dog barked, but different than usual.

Then I heard him drive past the corner of the house, and stop in front of the door, then all was quiet. I lit the lantern and went out in front of the door - but what a shock - there was no one - but I had heard him so clear. I called: Abram, where are you? No answer. I stood awhile, holding the lantern high, and looked around. The dog came around my feet and whined, then I ran to the Barn- the dog followed me and whined, that seemed strange, and I was worried, he might have had an accident. It was not his way, that he would let me wait unnecessarily, and to stay overnight some place, when he had said he would be home. There was nothing I could do, so I went to bed after awhile. In the morning, I told the children of my experience, the night before. Then my son Henry said: "Papa will bring that horse home anyway". I felt so uneasy, I could hardly do my work. The baby took up some of my time and thoughts. But always I had to think: What will happen to us, if this keeps up?

The worry of it all wanted to overcome me; my whole body quivered. All of a sudden the children called: Mama, Papa is coming, with another man, he is leading a horse. Oh, I felt so sick inside, I could hardly walk, I was terrified and discouraged. I took the baby and went into the far corner of the bedroom, and cried and cried, I could not control myself. Yes, it gives sad experiences in life, that one does not understand at the time. My husband was used to, me greeting him friendly at the door when he came home. Now I had not gone out, for I felt disregarded and forsaken. I heard him in the kitchen, asking the girls: "Where is Mama?" They told him, "In there". He came to where I was and said: "Good Morning, Mama ... What is it?" I looked at him, but said nothing. Then he saw my red eyes from crying, stood and quietly looked at me, and walked slowly outside. Outside he had said to the man: "I cannot keep that horse, for it is not right, that I did this against my wife's wishes, she is angry at me now, and I do not like that. You can take that horse back, for the friendly face of my wife is worth more to me". The other man told him: "All women are angry, if a man brings home a Stallion; she will get over it". I could not get rid of my downhearted feelings, and I felt as though I stood at the edge of a bottomless pit. I had to get over it, I could not stay cross at him, for I thought too highly of him.

The horse stayed on the yard. One evening, when we talked of so many things, also the horse, I could not agree with him, when he talked of his future plans with the horse. I then told him of my experience of that evening when he did not come home. How at ten in the evening, I had heard him come onto the yard, how I had gone with the lantern, looking and calling for him. At that time he had realized he would not get home, leading the horse, so they had stayed night some place. He had known I would be waiting for him and could not fall asleep right away. He had thought, that with this horse he could pay debts. I was quiet, for I did not want to argue.

Now my husband had made a contract for 100 tons of baled hay, at \$4 per ton, with a man he had borrowed money from. Far too much work for

himself, our son Henry and our hired man. So my husband started his trip, with the horse, in the neighborhood. It was a large, clever, but ill-tempered horse. I can remember, when my husband hitched the horse to the cart, for the first time, how it proudly held its head high; and my husband stopped at the door and looked at me. I was quiet and only looked at him and the horse. Then he said: "Well, Mother, don't you even wish me luck?" I said "No, not for that job". I was surprised at myself, but this time I was so disappointed in my trust, that I had always had in him. When he left, I told him: "I hope, you will get so disgusted with that horse, as you have never been with anything in your whole life." He stayed away a whole week. When he came home Saturday evening; he was quiet about his travelling, and said to me: "I think you were right; I am getting so tired with that steady driving in that small cart, and then to come to different people, with the various moals, that sure does not agree with my stomach. He looked so sad, so I did not say anything.

The next morning he came in from the barn, holding his hand high; the blood running from his second finger. While cleaning in the barn, the Stallion had snapped at him and bit his second finger at the first joint, so it only hung by its skin. He wanted me to cut it off, which I did not do; I cleaned it, straightened it and bandaged it. The boys went to get my parents, and mother rebandaged and splinted that finger. The damaged finger healed surprisingly fast, only the joint was stiff, which bothered him a lot at work. Otherwise he was well, and travelled around a lot with that Horse, also in the Doukhobor settlements across the river.

The boys started to make hay in the latter part of July, Henry and our hired man, and mostly always one of my brothers.

The 100 ton of hay were to be for a Mr. Bashford for payment on a debt we owed. Mr. Bashford and a Mr. Adams had put a mortgage against our land, for the money that we had borrowed from them. And we wanted to repay that debt as soon as possible. In delivering these 100 ton of hay it would decrease our debt by \$400.00. The crops looked good. We had 70 acres of a beautiful stand of wheat close to the house. While the boys were busy making hay, my husband built the machine shed and put the threshing machine into it. Then he helped haul the hay into stacks. The 12th of August was my husband's 37th birthday. A married couple had been converted and wanted to be baptized and their Testimony Day was August 18th on a Friday. The Sunday before, they had voted for my husband to be a Sunday School teacher. He felt unworthy for this job. While we were driving to this meeting, we were discussing the different subjects, and I told him, I thought he could be a Sunday School Teacher, for he had often helped, and was familiar with it. Then he asked me to teach him the song: "I will venture, to let the Lamb alone lead me, etc." I sang it to him slowly, and so many times, until he finally could sing along with me. Those experiences of those days, which were of such intimate nature, are for me unforgettable.

The meeting was in a home. I had just taken a seat with the 10 month old baby on my lap, when he smiled at me, and passed me to go into the next room, where all the men sat. I was so happy in my heart, my husband was a young man at 37, just in his best years, and I was 10 months older. After the meeting the hostess invited us all for the noon meal,

she had baked "potatoes" and had made "doughnuts" which were rather fatty. My husband did not want to take any; for fatty foods like that were not good for his stomach. I never baked them at home for that reason. But the hostess begged him to have some, so he took a piece. It did not take long when I could see red spots on his cheeks - a sign of his stomach trouble. I mentioned this to my Mother, and said: "I hope Abram does not get sick again." Mother said: "Let us hope, he will not get sick". Then Sunday we all went to Church Service which was at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Goossens. My husband opened his Sunday School class with the song I had taught him, "I will venture to let the Lamb alone Lead me", etc. He had the young people in his class, and he did very well. During the class period, he had felt the pains in his stomach, as he told us later (this was the last Sunday School class he had.) The baptism was announced for the following Sunday, and was to be at our place, at the river. My husband had recently brought home, a new house, not finished on the inside, from the newly bought land, which he was going to use as a granary. A few neighbors came to help fix it up for a Church Service room for the baptism.

On Friday and Saturday before the Baptism Sunday, he felt very poorly and could do no work; the one man had asked him yet, "Are we doing all this work just for the baptism?" Then my husband answered, "Maybe for more". The last few days he had not eaten, only drank hot water. That night between Saturday and Sunday, he had hardly slept at all. Spent it mostly on his knees in prayer, for the Devil had sorely tempted him, but found Victory when he told the Devil of Jesus shed Blood on Calvary on his behalf.

All through this night, I slept, I was so tired of all my work, I had done so much baking too; for after the Baptism they were going to have a Love Feast. He told me further, when the Lord had Forgiven him all his sins and shortcomings, he had said to the Saviour: "What will happen to me now, for I am so sick and so weak?" Then the Lord had said to him: Come and see - Then he saw himself as in a vision go outside on the yard: outside was nice, clear sunshine and he felt so light and well. All of a sudden the whole yard was full of people, who looked so sad. He heard two talking together, but he could not see the one for the crowd. In the middle of the crowd there seemed to be a light, when he went closer to see what it was all about - in the middle he saw a bench standing and on the bench was a coffin. Then he went closer and looked between the people, and saw himself lying in the coffin, in a white robe, and he had seen me and the children standing around the coffin and crying. He had wondered how that could be: He was alive and feeling well - still there he was lying in the coffin dead. The sun had shone on his face, and he had wanted to talk to me, but I had taken no notice, which had puzzled him, nor had any of the other people taken notice of him, they had not even looked at him. Then he heard a voice, which told him: You wanted to know what would happen to you - That you will know in one week ....

When he told me all this Sunday morning, I was so deeply shocked, I could not even cry. Finally I said: "My God, what will happen then", and cried bitterly. I sat close to him and he stroked my face and hands and said: I maybe should not have told you all this, for our Dear God can change things, and make me well and strong again. But I could see it in his face, that he did not think so (for the vision from God had been so clear). What

a morning that was for me! When the people were gathering for the Service, I went out and told my father and Rev. Henry Goossen, that they should go into the house to see my husband, who was very sick. They came in, I went into the other room. What the men talked of I do not know.

When they came out, I knew they had been crying, were quiet and shook hands with me. Abram wanted me to attend the Service too, but I stayed in the house with him, and later made dinner. When we had eaten our dinner, he said he wanted to walk to the river, I and others advised him not to, but he insisted: said he would walk slowly and the walk would do him good. My father and others walked with him; I wanted to walk with him but he said I had the little one to carry, I had to drive along with someone. When we that drove arrived at the river, those that walked arrived too. We had to drive quite a ways around to get there, those that walked had a straight fisher's path down. My husband told me now that he felt quite a bit better already, but I saw those red spots on his cheeks.

After the baptism, they walked back home again. He attended the Service and the Communion, and took full part. Then he prayed for the newly baptized ones, for the whole church, for his dear wife and children, the parents and brothers and sisters. Maybe some were wondering at his long prayer, for he was a man of few words. This was his last prayer in a Service. Later some said: It had been a High Priest like prayer for all to remember; some had had the feeling it was the last time they would see him alive. And this eventful day ended.

Monday morning he felt quite good. He was outside the whole day, helped a little, rode to see how the boys were getting along with the hay. (For the hay he had rented an extra quarter of land.) We were beginning to feel hopeful that he would get better. Tuesday morning he really felt better and said he was hungry. Oh, how happy I was, I made him a piece of toast with some butter on it, which he ate and drank a cup of hot water. Then he said he would like to eat more but he knew his stomach was so empty he had better not eat too much right away. He said to me: "Now you will have to watch me like a child that I will not eat too much". I told him that I knew he would be careful himself, and I would, to begin with, only give him a piece of toast at mealtime, and then when he could I would give him a soft egg.

Wednesday morning he did not feel so good, but he ate part of the toast and drank his hot water, then his stomach let up and he soon felt better. This day he built a large door for the Machine Shed, and he was so pleased with little Arthur, who always wanted to be close to him. He set up a nail for little Arthur, and called me to come and see, how our little boy could hammer down a nail.

It gave him great pleasure to see his little son hammer in the nails, and he said to me, "Mama, he will be a good carpenter some day". The wild berries at the river had ripened, and quite a few people came that day to go and pick berries; and each time my husband stopped his work at the shed and went and opened and shut the gate for them. And I said to him, "But, Abram, why do you tire yourself so, those people can open

and close that gate themselves". He answered, "Today I will do it yet". I looked at him and he looked so friendly at me, and I said concerned, "Abram you go back and forth as though this is the last day, you are making yourself so tired." Then he answered, "Maybe it is the last day for me to do good". I was standing just outside the door and a shock went through me, that all my courage and faith at his getting well were gone. Anguish and sorrow filled my heart now and did not leave me anymore.

For Evening Devotions he suggested the song "Many a Heart Grows Weary, for the Days are Passing By". The whole song made me so sad that I could not sing along. He was a good singer, and this evening he sang so clear with the children. I was so near tears. I quietly left the room and went into the next room, with the little one. So I did not hear the text of his last Devotion. The evening before it was: What Jesus said: In my Father's house are Many Mansions... and then ... Believe in God and Believe also in Me: When we were going to bed and he took off his shoes, he said to me, that his feet had been freezing all day, and were still so cold. I touched them and was shocked, for they were as cold as ice. I heated the sad irons and laid them at his feet, covering them extra with wool shawls; that helped some, so that he fell asleep for awhile. But after midnight he could not sleep, walked back and forth saying his feet were so cold. I got up and heated wet bran and put it on his feet, also on his stomach. I gave him some hot water to drink - which all together helped some.

So the night passed, and in the morning he said right away: If we want to do something then we have to do it right away, before it is too late. I thought we should get the mid-wife, Mrs. John Peters, she could maybe do something for him yet. But he told me that I hitch the horse quickly and go tell my father to take our outfit, and drive to Hague, to the man that makes stomach plasters, to bring one home for him. My mother was to come to our place for the day and warm him. I did mechanically what I was told to do, I hardly knew how I did it. I went to my parents, but my father had left for Rosthern a while ago. I went back home and told him that. He was standing and talking to a neighbor who had come there. After I told him that Father had gone to Rosthern, he said, "You hurry and try to catch up to him, let him take our horse and wagon and go to that man, and you come home right away with your father's vehicle". Then I said, "Oh, no, how could I leave you alone sick at home, and drive away: Then maybe you will do some work and your stomach will get worse, no, I cannot do that".

He answered quite calmly, I should just go and take one of our little girls along for company. He would watch what he did, and I should bring a large piece of ice home, he was so hungry for ice cream. I suggested Henry could go and tend to it all, but he said the boys had to stay at the hay. For the harvest was about ready. Then the neighbor said, "Do this favor for your husband". I repeated, I am so scared he will do something that will make him sicker. My husband said, "No, no, hurry and drive".

So I drove, but I had the feeling it was all useless. When I got to parents place Mother was just ready to go to our place. She wondered

what was the matter. I told her all, and how bad I felt to drive away now. Mother said "Amazing": To me she said, "You drive quickly, and I will be with him until you come home". I drove, but the road seemed twice as long as usual. When I got to Rosthern, my father came walking and he was shocked to see me, and asked what has happened? I told him how things were and he looked at me with tears in his eyes, and said he had some boards on the wagon and would only be able to drive home slowly. I guess I looked disappointed: Then he said we would arrange it all right, he would tell my brother David to hitch their team, as soon as they ate their feed, we could leave. He would tend to my team and would leave as soon as possible; father talked as though the tears were always close. This made me feel heavier, and I noarly ran to tend to my business, I had a fair amount of butter and eggs along to sell, for in summer it was 22 miles to go, and the closest town where anyone could sell any produce. Then I bought a fairly large piece of ice and packed it well. All of a sudden I remembered, that my husband had said recently, that for the winter, he would love to have a black sateen shirt for Sundays. So I went back to the store and bought a few yards of black sateen.

I had taken our little Mary along and she said: Mama, I am hungry - I had forgotten all about eating, but I had some lunch along, so I gave her something to eat. So my brother David, Mary and I drove home as fast as we could. I soon asked David if we could not go faster, and David said we are going faster than usual. I was quiet, when we had gone seven miles, close to the Eigenheim Church, and David said there is a buggy coming. I looked and said, "That is Henry Unruh". David said that will be someone else. But I said, "No, no, that is he". Then David said, How can you tell, they are still a mile away. I said you will see it will be Henry, Abram will have done something and got the cramps again. And so it was, I cannot describe my fears of that journey home. I cried and prayed to God for the life of my husband, but I received no peace nor assurance. Finally I said; Oh, God, let me see him alive yet, so I may talk to him, and immediately I felt the assurance that my prayer would be granted.

Before my spiritual eye everything seemed dark. When I got off at home, I could hardly walk into the house, all my limbs felt so heavy: I had not eaten since breakfast. When I came into the house, my husband was sitting on the bench, and my mother beside him with the baby on her lap. He reached for me right away and I took him and sat down in a chair close to my husband. He took my hand and said: The boys came home with a broken sickle, and I welded it for them; but that was too much for me and I got the cramps; can you forgive me? For I did wrong in this against you, against myself, and always against my Lord: From the Lord I have received forgiveness - I could not say anything, then he asked me friendly whether I had brought ice, I answered "Yes". Then he said, "Let the children quickly make some ice cream". I went into the kitchen to prepare it, then the girls made the ice cream. My mother came into the kitchen and told me all that had happened. How he got so very sick and had always gone to the window to see if I was coming. All of a sudden he had said, "What will my poor loving wife say now". I am so thankful she did not see these last terrible cramps. How sorry he was that he had done work, when he had promised not to, further he said it was good she was not home

during my cramps, also this way it was easier to let go of her. The children had all stood around, then he had said to my mother, "God will take care of my dear children - I cannot do anything any more" - and he had cried bitterly. Then my mother said to me, "You poor child, I guess your dear Abram will die because his courage is gone".

We went back in and sat down beside him, Then he said he had so often overworked his body, and now with his sick and starved body, there was nothing for him in this world, now he felt, as is written: He must go, in the "prime of his years". The youngest five children stood close by and were quiet, some stood at the door and cried. Then my husband said: We should not cry and worry about him so, for God could make him well if that was His will; Grandfather would soon come with a stomach plaster, and we would put it on, and it will help. Then he said to me again: He was so sorry he had not obeyed today - now he had to suffer for it.

The girls came in and said the ice cream was ready. I got him a dishful with a few crackers, he liked that. He ate it slowly and enjoyed it, and it relieved his pains. He could soon burp and felt better, he asked for another little portion which I gave to him with one cracker. I did not think that it might be too much. (But I hardly think so, for he felt so light and good after that cool treat.)

We could talk of so many things, of all the ways, that the Lord had led us. My mother was tired, so Henry had to drive her home. The children were all tired, so went upstairs to bed. He was still sitting, he could not lie down when he had these severe stomach pains. After I put the baby to bed, I put pillows and blankets around him, to make him as comfortable as possible. We had so much to say to each other, and I could not grasp it yet, that I was to lose him soon. It seemed so impossible, for I knew not what I alone should do with our large family, I did not know what I should, or wanted, or could do without my husband. I had always relied on him and now I felt as inexperienced and helpless as a child. I said again and again to the Lord, "Oh, I cannot get along without him, let him stay with me and the children yet". For we loved each other so dearly, even if we sometimes had misunderstandings. I grieved so much about our many debts, for his sake - because they made his life burdensome. (I had often been without some necessities in our married life, but I could always take it because I loved him so, but the deal about the Stallion I could not get over.) But I was not cross at him because we loved each other. He had a quiet friendly character and a giving attitude, he would have loved to help and do good wherever he could. He was well loved all over, and I believe that was why he got credit so readily, or else we could not have made so many debts. I believe he would have managed if he could only have stayed with us, and had been well. That was the sore point - all these things we discussed that night and I said, "Oh, Abram, if I could have rather died in your place, that last time when I was so sick, what shall I do with such a large family without you?" He answered, "Just think what would a sick man like me do without you, I am so thankful that our Loving God has arranged it so - that if one of us shall go first, that it be me in my condition; for God knows best and He will be with you, and will provide for you better than I could: Believe me - and see here, you have so often comforted me when I was discouraged, and pointed me to God - and now you will find it

hard to have Faith in His Help?" Then I said, "That was different". (Oh, I was so miserable, I could not grasp it nor understand why it should be thus, and that it should be right; Oh, those inexpressible hours.)

My husband was quiet for a while; many times he had begged me to go and lie down and rest a while. Then he said to me, "Now listen, you will need all your strength to stay above water".

Then my husband talked about the horse and the threshing machine. He said that Henry should take the Stallion back to its former owner, and tell him to take him back, for he, my husband had requested it, then he believed the owner would do it. His brother John Schultz should go along with Henry, so it could be settled. About the threshing machine he said, "Go threshing with the machine, people will thresh with you; Let Mr. Henry Quiring be the engineer and tend the steam engine, Henry can be fireman again, and your brother Peter Unruh can be separator man, He will do that for you; Let them thresh so you can slowly get the land and home debts paid. Always pay the notes that are due first, then see to it that you pay the debt at Bashford and Adams - there are over a thousand dollars. Then he talked of further debts for machines and repairs, from when he broke the engine by falling into the old well hole; that had to be paid and also the mortgage debt on the land. Then he sighed and groaned so loud, I said nothing.

A thought had flashed through my mind while we were talking about the threshing machine. I did not want to mention it for I was scared that would upset him; Maybe God would let him live a little longer, so he could organize all these things himself yet. He was quiet awhile, then he said again how we should do it all, for he believed it would all go without him, for the Lord was the widow's comfort and the Father of the orphans. He looked at me with a smile and stroked my hand.

All of a sudden I said: "My God, why did we have to come to Canada?" And he said, "It is so wonderful that you have your dear parents close by, who can comfort and sustain you and also help you". Then I said, "You talk as if you really have to die, I cannot stand any more" - and I wept bitterly. He sat quietly awhile and looked sadly at me. Then he moaned and said: "I see that now, there are some very important business matters that I should have attended to before I got so sick".

Then he ordered, that tomorrow morning early we should call his brother John Schultz, and Henry was to go and get him, and he said: I must tell him, that he shall help you and stand by you. I asked him not to think of that threshing machine again, for things will be all right. So we talked of a lot of other subjects, and the night passed, we did not think of sleeping. Father got home late with the stomach plaster, so they came to our place in the morning. We put the plaster on his stomach but we soon had to take it off - he could not stand it. Through the night at intervals I had put on hot bran, and now again, that seemed to soothe him. He said to me, "Go, and have something to eat". I gave him some hot water to drink, and I went to eat. Then several of the neighbors came to call, they had heard he was so sick. In the morning he went outside by himself, but he came back all doubled up. I told him he should not have gone out alone, for my father

would willingly go along with him. He answered, "I guess I will need steady assistance from now on". It shocked me, for as long as a person lives he should have hope.

I took his one arm, and Henry came too, and together we helped him into the rocking chair, he could hardly breathe. My mother wanted to put hot bran on his feet and stomach again, he pushed it away and said it is enough. He sadly looked at me and begged me to kneel down; and let him go, to let the Lord take him. The children all came and knelt around his chair. I had put my head on the arm of the chair, and cried and prayed, that if it were possible God should let us have him, He would just need to say the Word and my husband would be well. He begged again, Let me loose for I have to go. Then it came over me like a Revelation, that I was not to pray that way, for the Lord was not going to let us keep him, but take him from us, and I could feel his cold trembling hand on my head. Then I cried unto God, "If it is not Thy Will to let him stay with us, I give him to you, Thy Will Be Done". Then he folded his hands and prayed earnestly for all of us, my parents, and several others prayed. It was an earnest hour, before the face of God, near the death of my husband and father. His hand took a hold of my wrist, his head sank onto my shoulder, he gave us all a last kiss. Then he said, "Jesus, Jesus" - he breathed his last breath, and his spirit fled to the One who redeemed him with His blood. It all went so fast, barely he had talked - and now he was a corpse. His hand let go slowly from my arm, and I stood at his side with the children, they had no father, and I had no husband. Those that have not experienced this do not know how it hurts, and how forsaken one feels. His brother John and his wife came just when he was dying.

My husband had built a new sod hen-house that spring. Just two days before his death he had the boys bring a load of sand to put on the floor, and helped them put the doors and windows in, so that nothing could go into the new barn. A blanket was spread on the sand, and his body was laid on the cold floor and covered with the ice I had brought the other day from Rosthern, which he had ordered to be brought. The men of which my father was one, who looked after him now, wondered at this new place he had himself prepared, for his temporary resting place, until he would be put into the grave.

Oh, how we cried in all our pain and sorrow, while he lay there so peaceful with a smile on his face. The neighbor that was there the day before when I went to Rosthern, came over to see how the sick one was, did not know that he had died already. He stood a long time and looked at my husband, wiped his tears from his eyes, and said, "Do not cry over him, for he was a Christian of few words, but many good deeds, and he is well now". Then he told me of the day before, after I had left for Rosthern, my husband had said, the plaster would not help him any longer, but he wanted to do it for the sake of his dear wife, for she is not willing yet to let me go. For that reason he wanted her to go herself, so that in her absence he could let go of her, for he could hardly stand to look into her sad eyes, his heart was nearly breaking, for he knew he had to leave us. But that it would go this fast the neighbor said, he had not expected. It seemed we could not stop crying until they covered his face.

Now we all had to go out, our pain and our sorrow was too great, for his departure had come too sudden. For thirteen years he had suffered with his stomach, and so often had been close to death but he always recovered. Now we had wished and hoped, as long as he was breathing, that he would stay alive. It seemed to me, that the Lord should have pity on the dear children and me, and let us keep our father. The Lord did look after us, but in an altogether different way, than we wished or hoped for.

Why it happened as it did I do not know until today. Since my husband's departure thirty years have passed.

(I am copying this off pages I wrote years ago.) And I will never understand it all until I too will be worthy, to enter the rest with the Holy, for there everything shall be light and be revealed, what is in the dark and unexplained here. So for us all that Friday ended. The people all went home; my parents went home, they promised they would come the next day again. Telegrams were sent to South Dakota to Abram's mother and brothers and sister. We also notified my sister the Isaak Boeses at Dalmeny, also my husband's cousin the Bergman's at Langham, Sask. Some neighbors undertook to look after the digging of the grave, and some other arrangements. That Saturday there were a lot of people here and helped with everything. How I lived through that day I do not know. For two days I had hardly eaten or slept, my head felt very heavy, I remember, that a lady asked me, if she could sew dresses for my two youngest girls, out of that black sateen the older girls had shown her, and which I bought for a shirt for Abram that last trip to Rosthern. I said "Yes, my husband will not need that anymore". I then walked outside with the little one on my arm, intending to go to the new sod chicken barn. When three wagon loads of funeral guests arrived from Dalmeny, the Isaak Boeses, and friends from there. We all went to the building where my husband's body lay. From South Dakota a telegram arrived, stating that they intended being here for the funeral on Sunday.

Through sending the telegrams to Dalmeny and Langham, the word of my husband's passing had spread rapidly. He was well known far and wide and well loved, and they knew he had a large family. We were in Canada only a short while. Friday at noon he died and the funeral was to be on Sunday. Today it still all seems to me, as though it all happened in a dream, how that all was prepared in such a short time. For my husband, a white gown was sewn (where I had helped too - but which I do not remember). The Russian neighbors across the river we notified too, and many came to the funeral. The neighbors and relatives had baked and cooked, brought food for a few hundred people.

Sunday, the day of my husband's funeral - it was a bright sunny day, just like he saw in the vision he saw the week before. The minister he saw and heard preach in that vision, came to the funeral and was asked to give the funeral message. The graveyard was three miles from our place. When we left with the coffin for the graveyard, there were seventy wagons and buggies in the funeral procession. Many of the guests, left their own wagons on our yard and went with others. The people could not recall such a large funeral: They had counted five hundred adults for lunch be-

sides many children. (Of course these days it is nothing new if a thousand people gather for an occasion, but now they drive cars, and in those days, only horse drawn wagons and buggies.)

When we all got back from the graveyard, and the people were seated at the table for lunch, they had looked for me (all I remember is, that I did not want to eat). My husband's cousin, Mrs. Bergman from Langham, found me in the new hen house, where my husband's body had lain, with my little son in my arms, standing and crying. She had taken me inside to a table and requested me to eat. I can remember that she said to me, "You have to eat and no other way, for your own sake, that you won't get sick, and for the sake of your children, who have no one else, and have only you to rely on. To take it so hard will affect your health, and Abram does not come back". That was all true, and I needed that encouragement but one does not think of all those things, when one's heart is so heavy with grief. I did not know what good I was on this earth without my husband, who was gone now. Barely three years here in Saskatchewan - everything unfinished - the harvest ready for the sickle - just Saturday night before the funeral it ripened and froze and I alone with my children; the oldest son Henry seventeen years old, the youngest Phillip a little over ten months, and in between nine others. Anyone that has not had such an experience, cannot know what it would mean to raise all that family.

Right away Monday morning, according to my husband's wishes, I sent Henry with that horse to Rosthern, to its previous owner, and also asked John Schultz to go too. Henry stayed overnight. But it had all been in vain, he just would not take the horse back. We were so disappointed when we saw Henry come back with the horse. What should we do now? - My husband did not want Henry to travel with that horse - and I did not want it. How often I had cried over this situation, I could not believe that man could force us to keep that horse. Later ninety-five dollars foal money came in, I took that to the bank, I did not know how much we owed there until they showed me.

My husband's note book in which he kept track of all business was lost. Right after his death, someone took his clothes he was wearing and hung them out on the line. It must have fallen out of his pocket and the wind blew it away. We searched and searched for it but never found it. My husband had told Henry that in that book, he had everything marked down, receipts according to the payments he had made - for the horse - to the hired man, etc. The previous owner of the horse had also said to Henry, that if we could not use the horse otherwise, we should hitch it to the plow. So the horse stood in the barn till spring.

We had the whole crop seeded, when one day the Isaak Boeses (my sister) from Dalmeny, came for a visit, and the next day I went along with them to my brother Peter Unruh. My son Henry and young Henry Unruh our hired man, were doing all the work on the farm. After we were gone, they decided to hitch this horse to the plow to work the summerfallow. For a while all worked fine.

The horse all of a sudden got mean and bit a piece out of the neck of the horse beside him. My son Henry had shouted at the horse,

jumped off the plow to unhitch them. When he got behind the horse it kicked with both hind legs; the one hoof hit Henry's chest, and the other broke Henry's leg above the knee, but he was able to jump and catch a hold of the wild horse's bridle. My daughters heard the noise, they ran out, when they saw Henry sink to the ground in front of that horse, they were afraid the horse had bit his head, they screamed and called Henry Unruh from the barn. He quickly ran there, released Henry from the reins, and the girls carried him to in front of the door on the grass, thinking that he was dead already. Henry quickly unhitched the horses, gave the mean horse a sound whipping and put them into the barn. Jumped onto the bicycle to go and meet me on our way back from my brothers. When I saw him come towards us I said; Now the horse will have killed Henry - but the brother-in-law said - Oh, No, it would not be that bad - But my fears were not far wrong.

When we got home, my parents were busy with Henry. They had carried him into the house and laid him on a straw tick on the floor. Mother had straightened his ribs so he could breathe again. He found it hard even now to speak, then he had stabbing pains. Now they were examining his leg. When they moved the leg a bit, the bone jumped to and fro, it was pathetic to see. (The bone was not quite broken.) It was very hard to straighten that leg, it was too hard for my parents, they wanted my brother-in-law to help pull, but he said he could not, and one could see he was close to fainting. So I knelt down on the floor, took a firm hold and helped pull, until the leg was straight, and until Mother could bandage and splint it well, which was not easy under the conditions.

When it was all fixed up and the chest examined again, then Henry could breathe better, and also speak some. He had to lay still on the floor on the straw tick for several days until the break was more firmly set. Those were hard days and weeks. I sent the hired man to Rosthern again with the horse. I begged John Schultz, to ask the previous owner of the horse that he should take it back; he could also have the money that had come into the bank for the horse. And to give me back the promissory note. It had seemed as though there was a buyer, he had acted interested and looked at the horse all around. Then John Schultz had called to him and said - "Look out, that horse kicks and bites". Then the deal was off. And the previous owner ordered my hired man to take that horse home, and not to come to Rosthern with that horse again. When I think now of that period, I do not know how I and the children managed.

As long as my father lived he helped me as much as he could. He often came to see what we were doing. We had the Stallion two years after my husband's death. Finally I could sell him for two hundred dollars, my husband had bought him for four hundred; so I was finally rid of him. But the debt had carried high interest which I only found out later.

The Sunday after my husband's funeral, they had a baptism for Mr. and Mrs. John Schultz, at our place at the river.

The threshing machine had cleared \$1200.00, and I thought now we could pay off some of our debts. But the machine was not working in my name, so we got no income from it. And I had to pay thousands of dollars for debts I did not owe.

I could not manage to pay my debts, and was forced to sell a quarter of land my husband bought shortly before his death. I also sold a work horse and a foal. I could have managed the debts if the interest had not been so high. For the land I received \$300 more than my husband paid for it; I paid some in the bank, and some to my father whom I owed some to. Then followed three total crop failures. The land taxes were not low either; and eleven children to clothe and send to school was a big responsibility.

I had a new binder, a drill, a grass mower, and a rake, which my husband had bought before his death, and the debt was for me to pay. That was almost too much for me. For all the implements we had brought along from South Dakota were useless here. Through all these worries I got my bad headaches again, and could not rest night nor day. Often I have run around in the night crying, not knowing which way to turn.

I had lost trust in people, for if I ever asked for guidance or advice, they acted unconcerned; and often I felt God had forgotten and forsaken us. Often I was called to Rosthern; by one creditor or another - often in winter at 25 to 30 below zero weather, I only had an old thin overcoat, that I sometimes thought I would freeze to death. But - Thank God - nothing ever froze, it was too cold sometimes, so I had to stay overnight. It is a wonder that in spite of all these difficulties, we came through and stayed alive.

Three years after my husband's death, our debts had mounted to over \$5,000; on the land and other debts. By then I had paid for the stallion for which by now I had paid nearly \$700, had paid the debt of \$290 on a work horse and a bull, I also paid \$500 I owed in a bank, but they sued me (and I had to hire a lawyer) before I got it paid. The lawyer cost me \$27.00. This \$500 concerned the money my husband borrowed to buy that last quarter he bought before he died. This quarter section I was selling now, but because it was someone from the United States it took somewhat longer for the deal to go through. And they wanted their money at the bank before I had my money from the buyer.

I went to the Brethren of the church to ask for advice, so five decided to go along with me and back my note for three months. I tried many times, for them to accept my signature alone, but they would not - this is how it was always. The big reason was we were all beginners in this new land and everyone was afraid to guarantee for another, for they were all struggling to get ahead. I could not blame them, but what was to become of me with my family - and it was not my fault that they had given my husband credit to make so many debts. In a few weeks the money arrived from the sale of my land, I went and paid the debt in the bank right away, paid what I owed my father. My father was pleased for they needed it. The buyer of my land, rented it to us on fourth share, for as long as we wanted it. He had bought it for that reason, to help a well known widow with her children, that was a noble act towards us.

About that agreement for those 100 tons of hay, just before my husband's death; the boys were too young to bale it - the man that ordered it, never asked for it. A lot of it was stolen, some of it rotted, and my debts increased. One hired man I always had to have, for it was all arranged so, that it was too hard for Henry to manage alone. The girls were still

going to school.

Due to the debt my husband had made with Adams and Bashford - they hired a lawyer, I was to pay higher interest, the debt had increased to \$1300.00 so it was only a little I could give to each creditor each year; for I divided the sale of the crop between them. But I did all I could. One year I had done the same thing again, divided it among the creditors. But Adams and Bashford were not satisfied, they wanted more, so I was in difficulty.

I was walking along the sidewalk in Rosthern, and crying. A well-known man in that town met me and said, "Mrs. Schultz, how are you?" I said, "How can I be, I do not know which way to turn today". He said, "What is wrong?" I told him the whole situation, my experiences with my creditors. Then he said, "I am sorry, I cannot help you, but this way you will go under, but come along with me, I know a man who, today got a sum of money paid back, he had lent out. I will go along with you and back you, so that you can get out of this situation". We went to that man, and he was willing; we went to the lawyer, and this man bought me out, and that made it easier for me. He also paid the three hundred dollars we owed at the land company, and I owed only him, the sixteen hundred dollars at seven per cent.

I had to stay overnight in Rosthern, it got too late to go home. The income of the crop I used to pay the threshing bill, binder twine, and the hired man, but forgot to buy a supply of flour. Well, what now, then I thought of it, that I had a young horse to spare; I sold it and received \$125.00 for it. One sack of flour cost \$2.00 at that time, so I bought 25 bags of flour, and other necessary things for the family. The last spring my husband had accepted 25 milk cows on half share. We ourselves had 3 milk cows, the first year we had no luck raising calves, they were always bull calves, then the best cow went lame, and I had to sell her cheap, etc. Later we raised three year old oxen and could sell them at a good price; which helped. We kept quite a lot of pigs, from the income of the sale of the pigs, I used for the upkeep of my family.

The twenty cows we took back to the owner, that first fall after my husband's death. Thought the owner might not be satisfied with the yearly results, and that would give me more worries. During the summer months we had some income, by taking cattle into the pasture. With the horses we had good luck, the first few years after my husband's death: We had brought along good horses from South Dakota and in four years after his death we had eighteen good horses. We had a lot of blacksmith tools which I really wanted to keep, but a lot of things had disappeared already, so I decided to have a small sale. They talked me into selling the blacksmith tools too, for they said the younger sons would destroy a lot anyway. Well, I went myself and put away what I wanted to keep of them. But when the sale was over, and the people were gone, all the blacksmith tools I had put aside, were all gone, and not paid for. We had our suspicions, but could not say anything, many sacks were taken too, little by little, did not know who took them. In those days all grain was put into sacks, and my husband brought four hundred sacks along filled with seed grain and feed etc. Also a lot of smaller tools were taken, which my husband had a lot of.

So a lot of our wood disappeared too out of the bush. I do not know how much he had had cut down, and marked with his name. When the boys went to the bush to haul it home it was nearly all gone. Yes, we had a lot of trouble and trials and I had to beg to keep peace. Often the children knew, who had taken this or that, for many in the neighborhood did not observe what is mine or what is yours. The sale brought five hundred dollars, and that money I needed to buy a new binder. We had an almost new McCormick binder, but it just would not work, we always got stuck with it. So I bought a Massey-Harris binder and a large spring wagon. Two items that were sold at the sale, one of twenty-five dollars and one of seventeen dollars were never paid for. These people moved to California and I never heard from them. It was the money for the pigs and buggy they bought.

We all worked and saved. The children worked hard and conscientiously; after Henry got married, the girls did all the jobs that were to be done. One fall they even pitched bundles while threshing. They took one of the younger brothers along to drive the horses from stook to stook. One daughter was on the binder for two summers. The girls ploughed, disced, harrowed, made hay and stooked etc. This is what my children and I experienced after my husband's death. In spite of it all, we stayed together and worked together for our livelihood. In general we enjoyed ourselves, we were usually quite well, and full of courage.

We sometimes had good crops and most of the time had good luck with our pigs. My son Henry took on a homestead across the river, about 12 miles from us. He got married and they moved onto his homestead. Then I had to keep a hired man all the time, for the girls alone it was too hard and in the winter too cold; the grain had to be hauled to Rosthern for that was our closest town for years. The hauling of the grain they could do, but the shovelling was too hard for them. My youngest two brothers worked alternately for me. And later for many years my brother Peter seeded the crop for me; the cutting of the crop, one of the girls did while the others stooked. When I think of those years how much money we worked for and saved, just to pay it to some other people.

Over the years we had paid most of our land debts, except the interest which had mounted. We could have managed to pay those debts too, for the wheat was a good price during those First World War years; but then came three consecutive years of crop failure and no feed. So we had to buy all our feed. My son Alexander, who was grown up by then, was working at Drake, Sask. He worked there, and sent us a carload of baled straw and a carload of oat sheaves. By that time the horses had eaten so much musty feed, and the swamp-fever virus was in the country and twelve of my horses died. Then Alexander and Arthur bought a few horses, but they too died of that disease.

I had kept five work horses and bought one, besides them, I had four two year olds and two yearlings - but they all died and also the best cow. That was a hard time for us, we had to buy horses again, to be able to do our work, and the crops looked poor; the dust blew and it was hot and dry. Then we had to start paying for those horses, and for the oats and feed we had had to buy the last four or five years; also to get enough flour

for bread and to pay for that, was hard for a lone widow. Then in spring I had to go to the bank to borrow money to buy seed grain and to pay the taxes - had to pay this fresh debt that fall. By this time my credit was good at the bank, and I could do business with them on my own signature alone. Only once I had a bad experience - I signed for two people, they did not pay their debts, and their debts were put on my name; and through this I lost my credit.

All the experiences I have had to go through. How often I was at my wits end, but there always came a way out, so that we could go on again. My greatest worry was, that the children and I would not lose our home, and God gave Grace, I could keep our home, as long as I had children to raise. I did not have to move from my home, where I suffered sorrows and worries, but where we were also happy. We also experienced many blessed hours here - for in the earlier years, we also had the Church Service in our home. In 1905, the year after my husband's death, a Revival came to our area, the Evangelist was Mr. Peter A. Wiebe, from Kansas. One evening when the service was in my home, eighteen young people found forgiveness of their sins in the Flood of the Lamb of God, also a married couple. Oh, what praying and forgiving one another, took place that evening. There were testimonies, thanksgiving, and singing, that must have been heard in heaven. My oldest four were among those eighteen that night. Oh, the Blessed Happy Times. Two years later my other children got saved, only my youngest two sons not, who were quite young at the time. I believe that they too will make their decision before it is too late, for as long as I live, I will pray, that they will become children of God. My prayer is also that the Lord will keep me physically and materially, that I may never become a burden to anyone, but be a Blessing.

May the Lord give me Strength, Wisdom, Love and Patience to Endure in all of life's battles. May He Lead me by His Hand in the Path of Righteousness, for His Name's Sake for I am still a sinful person, and often make mistakes, for the Devil never lets up, in tempting us to do wrong, but only with the help of God can we be victorious. Without a battle, there is no victory, and without victory there is no Crown.

So one's life passes, as God had planned it for me, many a time I made mistakes in business dealings, saw my mistakes too late, and had to suffer the consequences.

My dear children are all married and are all respectable people. My one daughter died in her nineteenth year, she was happy in Her Saviour, she died of typhus on the ninth day. Ten children are alive and happy with their families. There has been a lot of sickness among the children already.

My oldest son Henry married Anna Goossen. They have had eight children, one died in infancy. Their oldest daughter is married, has a small son and an adopted daughter.

My second son Alexander married Paulina Heppner, and have three sons. Alexander broke his one leg below the knee when a young child, on

which he suffered great pains for three years, bacteria settled in his bones, holes opened and pus came out, even splinters of bone and his leg could not be repaired. So for three winters he could not go to school. When he was nineteen years old, the separator pole fell on his foot, and he suffered a lot of pains where it hit. The spot was swollen and brown. Twico a doctor cut it open which helped for a while. Then he got those severe pains again and he had an operation. They found that he had a pus filled growth on the bone, which healed in time. Recently he injured his one arm and blood-poison set in. He came very close to death. It took four days and nights before the doctors and the nurse had the poison out of his system; the arm was cut open twice, he got well and is healthy and strong now.

The third son Arthur married Elizabeth Ratzloff. They have three children and are healthy. Arthur suffered with exzema for many years.

Now my youngest son Phillip married Martha Friesen. They have two little daughters.

My oldest daughter Anna, married Jacob Schultz; she was operated on in a critical condition on her appendix, but she got well. They have seven children and their oldest daughter is married and has two children.

The second daughter Helena married Abram Leopky. She had three major operations, the last one in Rochester. She suffered very much, but recovered completely. They lost their oldest son in his 15th year, in a terrible elevator accident. They only had one son left who suffered with asthma.

The third daughter Elizabeth, married Peter Fleming. They had three children. Their oldest daughter is married too. Elizabeth had an appendix operation on October 21, 1933. She had a bad leg all that next winter, but recovered and is well now.

The fourth daughter Aganetha, married Erdman Nikkel. They have eleven children. She had an appendix operation some years ago in Chicago.

My fifth daughter Albertina, died of typhus in her nineteenth year.

The sixth daughter Mathilda, married Abram Riachert. They have three children and are all healthy.

The seventh daughter Mary, married Bill Thiessen. She has had stomach trouble for years, had an operation on it a few years ago. They had four children, and their oldest daughter had polio, when quite young.

And so it is true when the children are little, they press our lap: Even when they are grown and on their own, we feel their sufferings deep in our heart as a mother.

At present I have forty-five grandchildren, two grandchildren died, great grandchildren are four.

My dear parents have both passed on, also one sister. Yes, experiences I have had many. Eight years ago in winter, I fell down on some icy spot, in such a way, that I nearly knocked out all my teeth, had to have the remaining ones pulled too. The bone close to my ear was cracked. I suffered very much pain, we had to go seven times to the doctor because of it. It healed very slowly. The doctor was very worried about that cracked bone, but through prayer and the remedies they used on it, it healed and has never bothered me again. My mouth was so swollen, that false teeth never fit me for which I was sorry. I have also had a lot of trouble with rheumatism in my back, my hands and in the joints of my fingers which are quite crippled. Many years ago I fell into a cellar, and broke my shoulder and put it out, no one could fix it now, for my mother had passed away; and she could not set my shoulder any more. But it improved so much that I could use my right arm in spite of the break; although I had pains in it day and night.

It seemed that was not enough yet, as though I am prone to accidents - they come unbidden. So it was in the summer of 1933. Towards the end of July I walked down towards the river hills, to see if the Saskatoon berries were ripe already. I found some ripe ones, and picked a few hands full to take them home. It was a very dry summer, and nearly always wind and dust. The weeds and the grass were all very dusty, and I walked through the grass, high spear grass and the spears came off easily. Finally I crept through a barbed wire fence, and some of these spears stuck to my stockings in the shin bone area, which I did not notice right away. But soon I felt something prickling, examined my leg and found three spears stuck in my stocking, and one spear point stuck in the flesh there and caused me a burning pain. I rubbed it a little, but by the time I got home it itched and pained quite bad. I washed my feet right away and put a white bandage on it, but the pain and the itch increased. Then I washed it with Borax water, when that did not help we went to a doctor. Where the point of that spear of grass stuck in so deep I got a hole. The doctor was surprised that I suffered so long before I came to see him. He told me that poison had set in, in the flesh and blood in that area. Then he said if the poison had spread into my blood veins already, he did not know if I would have recovered from it, because I was too old already. He examined it thoroughly, gave me medicine for the burning and the itch, and also some salve.

This helped awhile, then it got worse, that days and nights I thought I would die, did not know what to do. Then I started to put on hot compresses three or four times each day; hot water with Lysol, it gave some relief, but later I got such unbearable pains: I got no rest, was sick and weak, was at wit's end. Then my son Arthur said I should come to Waldheim, and go to his mother-in-law (who was a mid-wife, and had taken a years nursing course from her sister who was a registered nurse) to see if she could do something to help me, she would use bluestone on the wounds. At first I was scared of the bluestone treatment, but the pains increased so much. So the beginning of October they took me to Arthur's mother-in-law, Mrs. Carl Ratzlaff. The first four days she gave me the bluestone treatment on that sore leg, three or four times each day. That burnt so and the pains that followed, nearly made me lose consciousness. After the treatment she

would put on milk compresses, then she put on Arnika Salve. Then she took cotton batten dusted with corn starch and wrapped my leg up to my foot. From my foot to my knee my foot was all swollen, brown and blue, there were several black blisters on that leg, which became holes. Altogether I got ten holes, a few were nearly to the bone. The leg looked terrible, and not until the fourth day could we see, that this healing method might help. Oh, I had a hard battle between hoping and doubting. And on the fourth morning we saw a slight change, Mrs. Ratzlaff said that if those holes do not start to bleed, then I give up hope. But then those festering holes started to bleed, and it started to look different. She was so happy she went to the telephone, and phoned my son Arthur at the garage, and told him that she had hope for recovery now, for the treatments had helped. They came over that evening to see for themselves. But the leg still looked so terrible that they could not see any improvement yet, but we were glad it was improving, and especially that I could sleep some at nights. I could hardly put my leg in such a position that it did not hurt very much, nothing should touch it. I had brought along a few soft pillows, which I used on a chair where I laid my leg on. I used them in bed too and could barely manage to make my leg comfortable. Altogether this was a very hard time for me, and my hope for recovery was very small, but this I kept to myself, for I did not want to discourage Mrs. Ratzlaff.

Finally after sixteen days in Waldheim I could go home nearly healed. Twelve days I was with Mrs. Ratzlaff, and four days I was with Arthur and his family. The largest hole in my leg, took until Christmas until it was completely healed. The back of my leg is all brown because the small blood veins were all destroyed. I always had to be very careful that my leg did not get cold and always had to have it wrapped, and is still that way into my old age.

I have reached my 67th year and have suffered and had so many accidents in my life time. Otherwise I felt healthy, and strong. I have always worked hard from early morning until late at night, even now I do not feel right, without some work to do, unless I am sick. I also had a severe attack of influenza, was not over it when my one daughter took sick with it; so I kept a weak lung from it, and when I would catch a cold, I would get a very bad cough, and I have difficulty in breathing.

Well, I have had an eventful life; often had very interesting and wonderful experiences. Even if I in my married life and as a widow, have not had much to spare; but Thank God we have never gone hungry, even with my large family. We always had enough clothes, had a home, did not have to move from one place to another, always had enough wood for fuel. In time we finished the whole inside of the house. We had God's Word, which was a Daily Source of Strength and Comfort, a Light and a Guide on our pathway, to Daily Show us How we Ought to Live for Him. Though poor we were rich. In the thirties the whole country suffered materially - dust storms, no crops, low prices, etc. Many believers have become discouraged and cold in their Christian Life. Most likely it will be like that; when Jesus will come Again, and will find so many of little Faith. May the Lord Be Merciful to Us All, that we may be found worthy when He appears to Receive His Own. There would be a lot more I could write about, things that have

happened to me, and many interesting experiences I have had - but everything cannot be put down on paper. One great joy and blessing was mine before Christmas in 1933, my youngest son and his wife Martha, got converted and accepted Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour. What blessed happiness for the ones that experience it.

Now there is one more important point to overcome - then my joy would be complete, to endure to the end, to obtain my Eternal Reward. Now I will quit for the time being, and sign myself -

Mother Elizabeth Schultz