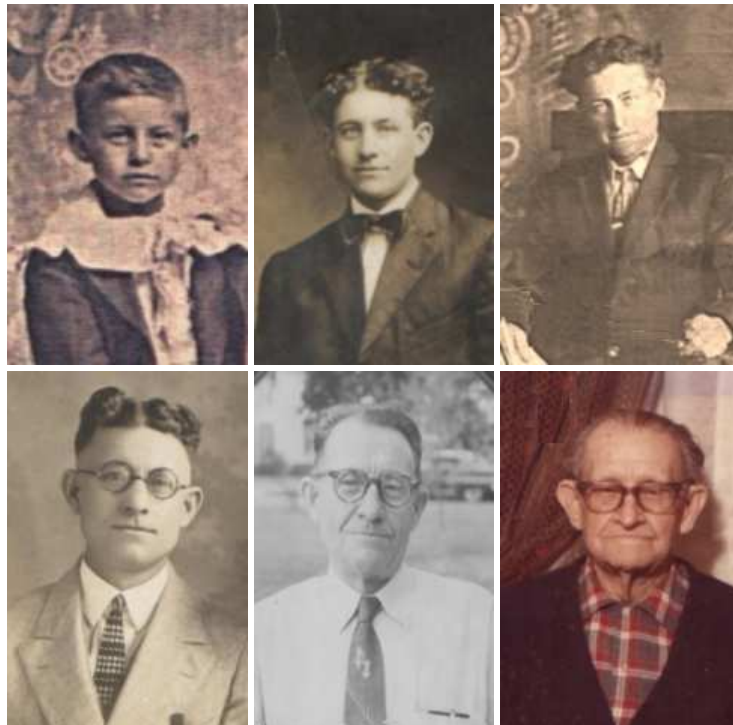


**FROM
EIGHT
TO
EIGHTY**

**AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF
HERMAN W. DAILY**



From Eight to Eighty

Born: August 7, 1892

Parents: George H. Daily and Anna M. Daily.



Brothers: Leslie A. Daily and Harry L. Daily

Sisters: Etta Mae Daily and Clara McClellan Daily.

Chapter I: Beginning at age eight, because so many things happened that year that seems of the utmost importance in my life.

First: Our home up to that time had been in a very out of the way place; about four and a half miles from McLeansboro, Illinois, northwest and about the same distance from Delafield, Illinois, southwest. Our farm was small, forty acres, that mother inherited from her father, Thomas P. Leslie's estate. We had to go up a lane, east at least a mile to get to the main road that went to McLeansboro or Delafield. Our house was small for our family and the barn was old. Our barn lot was rather large though and there was a pond at the east end that was well stocked with fish and our father enjoyed many hours fishing in it. I remember once just before a rain we went fishing and we boys went to the south end of the pond and beat the water with poles. This seemed to scare the fish to the other end and father caught three or four catfish about a foot long. However, as I remember, once a year, after the crops were laid by we would all go to Lick Creek, about fifteen miles away, starting about four in the morning, getting home late at night. Father enjoyed the day fishing, but we boys soon tired of fishing and would wander around in the woods until father got ready to go home. Only we three boys and father went on such trips, sometimes we would take a cousin or two, but mother and the girls would stay at home.

My father was a school teacher and farmer. He began teaching at the age of twenty and only missed one winter until his death. He had his thirtieth term of school engaged when he died at the age of 49 years, 11 months and four days.

Becoming dissatisfied with our home, father began to look around for another farm. We sold our home and farm to Uncle Joe Leslie and bought another forty acres a half mile west from Shady Grove school. We wondered why he was anxious to sell it, but soon found out that most of the water on the farm was full of alum, and was not fit to drink. We had to carry water from a well about one-half mile away on the Frank Marsh farm. Father tried to dig a cistern and cement in the bottom. As I recall, he put about eight inches of cement in the bottom, but the alum ate through it and ruined the water for drinking. We dug a pond at the southeast corner of the farm to have water for the stock. However, in dry times it would go dry and we would have to haul water both for the stock and to wash with.

There happened to be a place in the Oliver Hills, about one mile north of us that had lots of soft stream water. Farmers came for miles to haul water in dry times, sometimes would gather very early and wait for the water to fill up. My father was said to be a water witch, could take a forked stick and hold it in such a way

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that it would bend down when he found water. He found a large stream, and they dug to it and found lots of water.

As stated before we moved to the Stelle place when I was eight years old. We were then out on the main highway and only about one-half mile from Shady Grove school. The road ran alongside a large deep ditch and when it was dry we would walk in the bottom of the ditch part of the way to school and had lots of fun running up and down its banks. Our house was almost new, but as I recall, was built mostly out of rough lumber. Even the weather-boards were oak lumber, but the roof was pine shingles. We had a cellar at the back of the house where mother kept her canned fruit, and a smoke-house in the front of it where father smoked his meat and hung it up. In the winter time the water would seep into the cellar and we would have to put planks in the cellar so we could get in the cellar to get the fruit.

The smoke-house was also used to store our sorghum for the winter. We generally put out two or three acres of sorghum cane, hauled it to the Henderson Lamberts who had a mill and generally had a barrel, two or three lard cans and several jugs and jars full for the winter. Sometimes the barrel would go to sugar before spring and we would have sugar molasses, which we boys greatly enjoyed. Mother generally made biscuits for breakfast and sometimes we had eggs and gravy and a piece of bacon and a glass of milk. My, what a breakfast.

We always kept several cows and would raise several calves; the males we sold for veal at about six weeks of age, and they generally brought a good price. Most of the time we shipped them to St. Louis. We kept the heifer calves for milk cows, and mother gave me one of them, a Jersey. She made a good cow and we brought her to Sesser, then to Du Quoin. Only having an open shed to keep her in, she caught cold and died of pneumonia. We hated to lose her. I had kept her in a pasture where the Marshall Browning Hospital now stands and would go milk her morning and nights, sometimes riding my bicycle to the pasture.

While on the farm, I remembered that we always let the cows run in the woods pasture where there were briars, and they sometimes had sore udders. One old red cow had a large bag and large udders and they got so sore that she became an awful kicker. I tried to milk her one time and she kicked so hard I quit. Father said he could milk her, so he tried, and when he got the bucket about half full she kicked him on top of the head and stuck her foot in the milk and spilled all of it.

We kept so much stock and mother so many hens, ducks and geese that we had to get up real early to do all the chores before breakfast. Sometimes we would take a lantern to feed by, then carry feed to the hogs, then if we had time before breakfast, would curry and harness the horses and be ready to start to the fields after breakfast which would be about sun-up. We would work until about 11:30 when we would begin to listen for the dinner bell. An old mule got so he would almost refuse to go a round after time for the bell to ring, hard to even get him to finish the row we were on.

Back to a most important part of my story. This was one year when, I think, father was teaching at Shady Grove school. He was

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always interested in organizing Sunday Schools to meet Sunday afternoon where he taught or let preachers come for services at night. I recall that an old preacher, Johnnies Wes Stelle, lived in the district and he was preaching at the school house one night on the subject, "Wrapping Up Sin," and that night I felt that God wanted me to do what he was doing, and I date my call to preach from that experience. I don't think I ever heard a sermon after that that I did not remember that experience and have the same feeling come over me.

The winters seemed harder then than now; at least we seemed to have more snows, and they layed on a great part of the winter. We generally cut the corn and put it up in shocks in the fall and hauled it in on Saturdays. Sometimes we would spend the entire day hauling and shucking corn off the fodder and bundling the fodder and stacking it up for weeks to come. Sometimes father taught school away from home and either came home very late or only came home on the week ends and we had to spend the day getting in wood and feed and preparing for the next week. I was considered as the boss of the family and it fell my lot to get up and build the fires most of the time; then mother would get up and get breakfast while we boys did the chores. Mother was a very busy woman; she made lots of clothing, trousers, gloves, shirts, and scarfs. She also knitted our mittens and put a long string on them so we could hang them up or put them inside our coats and not get them lost. She knitted them out of yarn and they were very warm.

We generally kep a goodly number of hens and a rooster or two, a few guineas, geese and ducks. The guineas roosted in the trees and warned us when bad weather was coming, and generally would warn us if anything unusual was going on. They were not very good to eat and didn't bring much on the market, but mother always wanted a few of them around. Before we owned a store of our own, mother made it a practice to save up the eggs and butter and maybe would take a hen or two to town on Saturday to do the grocery shopping. Father would sell our wheat in the fall, but always put some flour on deposit in the mill so we would not have to buy it. Sometimes we bought shoes or clothing that way, but only until father could get his school check. Sometimes the school would run out of funds and father would have to wait for his check; then it would be necessary to buy something on credit.

When I was about fourteen years old I remember that father became interested in becoming a merchant. Chester A Gibbs had started a grocery store about a half mile west of our place and father went into partnership with him. They added a stock of drygoods and shoes and called it a general store. I recall that they handled Star Brand shoes, which were thought to be the best, and Oshkosh overalls. Father grew suspicious of his partner when he noted that some things were missing from the store that he could not account for, so he decided to sell out rather than have any trouble about it. He never got over wanting a store though, so when I was about sixteen he made a trip to Ewing, Illinois and rented a house and store building and decided to move to Ewing.

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There was a good college there and father thought it would be a good place to educate his boys. He started a store in what was called the Miller building and put in a small stock of groceries. I recall we boys were supposed to go out and take orders for grocery

orders, but we didn't do very well at it, as most people had their own place to trade.

A man named Seaton had a general mercantile store in Ewing and father heard that he wanted to sell out and go to Kansas to run a farm. Father made a deal with him, and he took most of our stock to the store. We moved then, and father engaged a school to teach and planned to let Leslie manage the store, and we twins help out in spare time. We started to grade school, and things seemed to be started well when father took sick, just a week or so before his school was to begin. He had typhoid fever and didn't last long. Sister Clara came to visit and try to help, and she took the fever and laid ill for forty days, and finally recovered.

Backing up a little; while we were still on the farm I recall that my father taught school at Shady Grove and the enrollment was about eighty. Father thought the district was large enough for two schools so he led out in the plan to build another school about two miles west of Shady Grove and made the district one mile square. This they voted to do and engaged a man named Herbert to build the school. I never did hear how they financed it. When it was finished, my father became the first teacher. It was named the Fairview school district.

Now, back to my story. When father died at Ewing, we found out that the people living in the house where we had lived had had typhoid fever and the germs were in the water in the well. We were not told of this so did not take precautionary measures against it. Mother was not satisfied to live there longer, so we rented a place from a half uncle, Con Standerfer, and moved to the north part of the town. We did not live there very long until mother decided she wanted to go back to the farm.

Charlie and Clara (my sister) Gunter had rented our place when we went to Ewing and they agreed for us to move in with them until he could find a place and finish his crop. We decided to build a store building and move the store from Ewing and run a country store. We bought the framing from a saw mill and Leslie hauled it and Charlie Gunter built the building for us. It was probably the beginning of his career as a carpenter later on. We went back to the Fairview school as we lived in one corner of the section. We moved the store from Ewing and for thirteen years mother and we boys ran the store by getting some outside help in the winter.

I recall that before Clara and Charlie found a place to move to, Clara helped some in the store. They had a little boy named Leroy about two years old, and one day while they both were busy at the store he slipped back into the house and got a chair and climbed up and got some matches from a shelf or cabinet and sat down and began to strike them. His clothing caught fire and he became scared and ran out the back door with his clothing a flame. I was hauling manure at the barn and heard him scream and looked out the window in time to see mother come out of the back store door and start toward him running as fast as she could. He also ran to her and she gathered her skirts about him and smothered out the flames. But it was too late. He had inhaled the flames and didn't live very long. He was buried in Blooming Grove Cemetery on the

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plot where Grandfather Daily was buried and I recall that Rev. Joe Allen came from Dahlgren to preach his funeral and would not even accept train fare for his services. Preachers in that day seldom accepted anything for preaching funerals and few of them received much from the churches as pastor.

Clara and Charlie found a place near McLeansboro belonging to a school teacher, Lawrence Lambert, and they moved to his farm and Charlie did a great deal of work for him. Lawrence Lambert taught the school at Shady Grove one year while we were going there and I remember that he gave me my first whipping in school. I was trying to memorize a poem, had put my book in the desk and was truing to say it over. He didn't see my book and told me to get to studying. I told him I was studying and he thought I

was lying to him and came back and whipped me. I afterward explained to him what I was doing and he apologized for whipping me, saying he acted too hastily.



Business became very good at the store. We all worked at it, going to town after groceries and taking off produce on Saturdays mostly. At that time there were four country stores on the section of land where Fairview school was located. C. A. Gibbs continued about a year or so; a man named Hullinger ran a store on extreme north side of the district and a man named Carson on the northeast corner.

Before Charlie and Clara moved away, I remember that a very important thing happened in my life. We heard that Stephen Neal who lived in the Gunter district about four miles away was to have a sale. His youngest son, Charlie, had a bad case of asthma and the doctor had advised them to go west for his health. They decided to go to New Mexico and were selling out to go. I went with Charlie and Clara to the sale. I didn't find much to interest me at the sale, but spent most of the day playing with some boys and girls. I remember that one was Hattie Gunter and the other was Mabel Neal, ten or twelve years old. I fell head over heels in love with Mabel that day and decided before the day was over that she was to be my wife some day and that it was the Lord's will for it to be so.

Three or four years later they returned from New Mexico and a revival meeting was going on at Ten Mile Baptist Church. I knew she would be attending so I went one night and sure enough, she was there. That very night I was told that if I wanted a girl friend he knew some one I could take home. I did not ask him who, for I thought I knew and at the close of the meeting I asked to see her home, and she said yes; so the courtship began. We had a very happy courtship of nearly four years and when I asked her to be my wife, again she said yes.

We were married in the home of Rev. F. M. Latham, a Methodist preacher, pastor of Pleasant Grove Methodist Church. I had hoped to have a Baptist preacher, either John Maulding or Ola Allen, perform the ceremony, but both were away on preaching appointments. Attending the wedding were my brother, Harry, and his girl, friend, Naomi Brake, the preachers's wife, and a school mate, Ruby Bennett. It was Sunday afternoon about 4 P. M. on the 21st day of March 1915. It was snowing Sunday morning, but the sun came out in the afternoon. We spent the night at Mr. Neal's home and very early the next day left for Carbondale to attend spring term of school there. We obtained an apartment on Mills street; it had one room and an annex, furnished for light housekeeping.



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We got along nicely for several weeks; then there was a smallpox scare. They said the little girl was exposed, and we were afraid of being quarantined so we went home and did not finish the term.

I recall that on our first trip home, after a month, we were met in McLeansboro by brother, Harry, and when we came over the hill near mother's home we saw several rigs and a crowd was gathered. They soon began shooting and ringing bells and we knew that they had come to charivari us. We had nothing prepared to treat them with so I believe the boys rode me on a fence rail. We returned to Carbondale as said before, but did not finish the term.

When we returned home we found out that Harry and Leslie wanted to go to Oklahoma to teach school and as I had engaged Union school to teach that winter, we agreed to stay home with mother to help run the country store, do the chores and teach school. Sure was a very busy winter, but we were happy. Our first child, a son, was born January 23 of that winter, and we named him Cyril Neal Daily. Don't know where we got the Cyril, but the Neal was after his grandparents on his mother's side. It was a very bad night when he was born and I recall that I called Dr. Willie Hall from McLeansboro and asked if he could come. The roads were very bad and he came on horseback and stayed most of the night. Walter Gibbs, our near neighbor and wife, also had a baby born that winter and we had a great time discussing our sons when we visited together.

Back to school matters: I recall that when we returned from Ewing at age about 17 we went to Fairview school. Pearl Harper, Harry Gibbs, and Ola Allen were some of the teachers. The last year I went to grade school I recall that several of us were preparing to teach and that the teacher, Ola Allen, met with us at night to help us get ready for the examinations. A retired teacher, Mr. Jenkins, also met with us.

He was determined to stick to the old rules and definitions and would not give them up for the new, so when we went to take the examination we made a very low grade. I passed the examination and obtained a second grade certificate. I recall that when I was taking the test on one of the subjects, one of the applicants sitting next to me fell over on the floor and had what we then called fits. It so unnerved me and I did not get finished writing on the subject. The County Superintendent called me up later and said I made good grades on all the other subjects and he wondered what went wrong on that one. When I explained it to him he said to come back to town and he would give me another test. I did and remembered that I made 92 on it.

I was not successful in getting a school that fall and when school opened I went on to the grade school. However, after about two months the County Superintendent called me by phone and asked if I thought I could teach school. I told him I was willing to try and he said, "Get on your horse and come to town in the morning and bring enough clothes to last you a week." I went the next day and he told me they had run teacher off at a school near Norris City and asked if I'd like to take his place. It was about twenty miles from home, but I arrived at one of the director's home about noon, and he said come in and eat dinner. He told one of the boys to go tell the other two directors to come over and soon I had signed a contract to finish out the term of school at \$40.00 per month. They sent word around and school began the next day.

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Chapter II



I was twenty years old when I began teaching at Pig Ridge school. I found a place to stay with an old soldier named Bob McKenzie, and his wife. He was 75 and she 74 years old. They had two of their grandchildren staying with them, named Roy Cook and Essie Cook. Essie went to the school, but I'm not sure what Roy did; he didn't go to school. I believe it was Mark Turntine that started the school. They said all he wanted to do was stay in the house and spark the girls at recess and the boys didn't like that. There were some very large boys in the school and they were so unruly that he soon quit. The first day of school I said to the boys, "come on, let us choose up and play ball or something." I played with them and they liked that so I got along fine with them. I taught the next year there also. Mr. McKenzie said he and his wife were getting too old to keep me so I found another place, but had a small house and no private room. So I went and begged the McKenzies to let me come back to them and they let me do so. They had cows, hogs and horses and I told them I would tend the stock and milk the cows for them, but they said, if you want some exercise you can saw some wood and put it on the porches. They used King Heaters and hauled the wood up in poles. I sure had good exercise that winter at that woodpile. They only charged me \$2.00 per week board and room and 25 cents per week for horse feed. The second year my salary was raised to \$45.00 per month and I paid them \$2.75 per week board and room and 25 cents horse feed. I could have taught at Pig Ridge another year, but got Shady Grove school and decided to stay home.

I believe that my brother, Harry, taught at Fairview the year before going to Oklahoma. After one year there Leslie married Rella Dewitt and she went to Oklahoma with him. Harry stayed with them. Also they took a cousin, Everard Leslie, but he did not stay long. However, he married an Indian girl and brought her home with him and they lived on one of his places not far from our old home about a year and separated and she went back to Oklahoma. He afterward went to her and tried to live with her, but they soon separated again, and he came back to Illinois, by himself. They had one son, named Chester, but he stayed with his mother.

Father had been a very religious man though he did not show it by outside emotions. He really lived it in his home and school life. He and mother belonged to Blooming Grove Baptist church near McLeansboro, Illinois. He and mother are both buried there. Now to spiritual experiences: I have already stated that I had a feeling at age eight that God wanted me to preach the Gospel, but my next spiritual feeling came at the age of sixteen when my father died at Ewing, Illinois. Father had been a very religious man though he did not show it by outside emotions. He really lived it in his home and school life. He and mother belonged to Blooming Grove Baptist Church near McLeansboro, Illinois. He and mother are both buried there. His grave is very near that of Rev. J. D. Hooker, a preacher whom father greatly admired. I believe he was the one who preached father's funeral. I recall that T. W. Biggerstaff and J. D. Underwood had both been County Superintendents of Schools in Hamilton County. They sang in the choir and both gave testimony of the religious life and work of father in the schools. It was at his grave when I saw the casket being lowered into the grave that I felt that though father's body was being lowered into the grave that his soul was in heaven, and I desired to meet him there. I believe, I would have become a Christian then if someone had talked to me about it.

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The next spiritual feeling I recall was when I attended a revival meeting over in White County while teaching at Pig Ridge. I went with Roy Cook to the meeting and a man came back to me when the invitation was given and asked if I was a Christian. I told him I was not. He pointed his finger in my face and said, "Young man, don't you know that you are not fit to teach school not being a Christian." This offended me very much at the time, but I went to my bed that night meditating on what he said, and knew that he had spoken the truth. The next year, while teaching at Shady Grove, I attended a revival at Ten Mile Church. J. A. Musgrave was the evangelist and Rev. Oscar Bell was the pastor. Rev. Bell came back to me several nights to try to get me to go to the altar but I refused. Finally, after he had come several nights, and the evangelist preached on why a school teacher should be a Christian I went to the altar to seek the Lord. After going to the altar two or three nights I decided not to go back, but when night came on I couldn't seem to stay away. I went to the altar again, but didn't seem to get anywhere; finally in desperation I said, Lord show me the way and I'll take it. The scripture came to me, "I am the way, the truth and the life," and I seemed to see Christ on the cross dying for me, and I said, "Lord, I'll take Him," and suddenly the burden was gone and I knew that my sins had been forgiven and I was saved. I rose and made open profession of my faith; I asked Harvey Lambert to forgive me, for I had thought him to be a hypocrite and I went back in the congregation to try to persuade George Denbo to go to the altar. I'm sure I would have joined the church that night, but it was the last night of the revival and the pastor was away and the evangelist never gave the invitation for church membership. It was two years before I joined a church and was baptized, but I knew all along that was what I should do.

When Leslie and Harry came back from Oklahoma, Harry and I decided to go to Brown's Business College at Centralia, Illinois, and take the combined bookkeeping and shorthand course. By enrolling together we could save ten per cent on our tuition. We went to Centralia and rented a duplex house for \$6.00 per month. We each took three rooms and furnished them with cheap second hand furniture at a cost of less than \$50.00 each. While there we tried to attend the Northern Baptist Church, but found it too uppity we thought for us so we decided to attend a mission that was being held in a store building. We organized a quartet and sang some and I taught some in Sunday School, but was never asked about church membership. Along the latter part of the winter a man came to the college seeking a bookkeeper for a coal mine. He was W. S. Burris from Sesser, Illinois. Harry and I both met with him and he said that the first one of us finishing come to Sesser and he would wait for us. I finished first, because Harry had to be off about a month when his first daughter was born. I moved my family to Sesser and began working in a coal office in spring of 1916.

We had only lived in Sesser about three months when our second child was born, a daughter; we named her Imogene. Later in life she complained because we only gave her one name, but we told her we thought Imogene was about the same as two names. We lived in a small three room house on West main street not far

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from the Catholic Church. Mabel's mother came to stay with us a while, but only remained two weeks. Mr. Neal drove down and took her home.

About a week later Mr. Burriss took a trip to Chicago and when he returned he came into the office and said, Herman I have been fired, but have been to Du Quoin and bought out a small mine and would like to have you go along with me and help develop it. He said he would make me chief clerk and I could grow up with the mine. Said he would pay me a little more now and raise my salary as he became able. I accepted the proposition. He said Charlie Booker was going along to be top boss and they were loading his and Charlie's things in a car that afternoon and if I'd go home and get my things ready he would send his wagons after them. We went home and made ready and by 4 P. M. were on our way back to McLeansboro. Imogene was only three weeks old. Mabel and the children stayed at her parents and I went September 1st to Du Quoin to find a place for my furniture. The car had arrived and they were unloading it and Mr. Booker said I could store it at his house until I found a place. I found a place the next day on East Cole Street, a five-room house, very nice I thought, and rented it from Harry Eaton for \$12.50 per month.

I moved the furniture in one day, then rode my bicycle to Sesser and led our little cow back the next day. I thought I could ride the bicycle and lead her, but she wouldn't go a step, so I had to walk and push the bicycle and lead her all the way. She became so tired I almost had to drag her the last few miles, but we made it. I went up town, through the park and saw that they had built a large tabernacle in the park and were having a revival meeting. All the churches were cooperating in it and they were having large crowds: I went in late and sat down on the back seat. Steve Burke was the evangelist and a man named Hobbs was assisting him with the music, etc. That first night when he gave the invitation I saw a black headed man come down from the platform and start down the aisle. I had a feeling he was coming to me and sure enough he was. He came to me and said, "Young man, you're a stranger to me but I'm wondering if you are a Christian." I told him I was. He said, what church do you belong to; I said none. I said I've been a Christian two years and you're the first man who has spoken to me about church. He said he was the pastor of the First Baptist Church and if that was the church of my choice he would be glad to have me come forward as a candidate for baptism and membership in the church. I said, "I'm ready." So I joined the church that night.



My wife and kiddies came to Du Quoin a short time after that and she joined the church and we tried to become faithful members. However, with two small children to care for, she could not take a very active part, but I sang in the choir, taught a class of Intermediate boys, was treasurer of the church for four years and acted as counselor for the Royal Ambassador band of boys.

Rev. C. W. Culp was our pastor for six years and then Rev. R. F. Doll came from Louisville, Ky., to be pastor. They were both good preachers and pastors, and I learned many things from them. Rev. Culp was a simple, plain preacher, but Rev. Doll, a seminary graduate, of Louisville Seminary, preached over my head. He spent

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lots of time in study preparing his sermons. It was while Rev. Culp was pastor that we put on the seventy-five million campaign for foreign missions and other mission causes. We signed up to tithe our income, made a pledge to pay both Home expense and Missions and found a great blessing in rendering our tithe through the church.

It was while Rev. Doll was pastor that Evangelist Perry Evans came from Fort Worth, Southwestern Seminary, to help in a revival meeting. I became a volunteer for special service and surrendered to preach during that meeting. I decided I wanted to attend Southwestern Seminary to prepare for it. I enrolled in the Extension Department of the Seminary and took some correspondence work that was very interesting and helpful to me.

Not long after we came to Du Quoin to live Mr. Neal decided to leave the farm and come to Du Quoin. He came with his team and wagon and started hauling coal from the Jewell mine. They stayed with us for a while and he kept his team in Albert Davis' barn on North Vine Street. Dallis, having lost his wife and a baby in death, stayed with his folks and they moved down and rented a house from William Greenwood. Later they bought a place from a Mr. Taggart on South Walnut Street and Dallas started working at the Jewell mine. Mr. Neal had quite a lot of ground and he began to garden it. He lived close to the mine and Mr. Burris gave him a job as night watchman which he kept for a long time; and raised lots of garden truck in the summer time.

Quite a few of our relatives came down from Hamilton County to find work. Seems like at that time farming was at a low ebb and wages were good here so our relatives became many and prosperous. Charlie Neal was small when they came here and Mr. and Mrs. Neal kept Willard. Both boys had paper routes and did very well with them. When they finished high school, Charlie and Harold Neal decided they wanted to be barbers. They went to St. Louis and attended a barber college and Charlie became an apprentice barber in the upstairs shop of an old barber on West Main Street. Later Charlie decided to build a shop on the corner of West Main and Walnut Streets and has been a successful barber for many years. Now he is in semi-retirement and seems to be doing well. He married Velma Hill from Pinckneyville and they seem to have had a happy life, though they have no children. Harold went to Chicago to work in barber shops there and his wife worked at Goldblatts for several years. They finally returned to Du Quoin and opened a restaurant on West Main Street, and seemed to prosper. They later sold it and opened another on East Main Street, but did not keep it long. They sold it and built a motel on South Highway 51, later selling it and building another in Eldorado. They sold it and went to Florida and built another, then sold it and took a nice home in trade. Lucille worked for a Presbyterian church many years and Harold at a race track, but now both are retired and still live in Ft. Lauderdale.

Now from 25 to 35: Salary was raised to \$90.00 per month when we came to Du Quoin and we began to try to save a little each month and invest in government bonds. Harry Eaton raised our rent to \$15.00 per month and I asked him if he would sell the property to us. He gave us a price of \$1,250.00 and we paid \$250.00

down and borrowed \$100.00 from the First Bank and Trust Co. and bought it. Also bought a lot from Tom Mifflin just west of ours for \$200.00 and paid \$10.00 down and agreed to pay \$10.00 per month. We agreed to pay \$25 per month to the bank with privilege of paying more, so decided to try to double up and pay these amounts every pay if possible. We paid them out at that rate and decided to build another house on the vacant lot and did so. Bought a ready-cut house from Sears Roebuck. Walter Gibbs came down to help build it, but he got home-sick and went home; then we got Charlie Gunter to help finish it. It cost \$2,600.00, but we borrowed the money from the Bank, agreeing to pay \$30.00 per month, but paid that amount each pay until we had it paid out. We moved into it and rented the little house for \$20.00 per month and that helped us meet payments on the other one. We lived in the new house about a year, then decided to rent it and move to an apartment over the store building on North Division Street.

It was while working at Jewel Coal office that I asked for a vacation and was told that if I would go between pays and get back in time to make up payroll, it would be O. K. So went to McLeansboro for a week and returned to find Lyle Flavel in our place. He had returned from the Navy and he and his father had bought an interest in the mine and I was let out. I was not told this but Mr. Burris said I was too much of a church man to suit him, said he would give me a good recommendation. I told him I didn't want a recommendation from a man like him, so I took up my typewriter and left. Brother A. W. Essick offered me a job helping him work up a Perry County Honor Roll for the soldier boys and I began work for him. This was only a temporary job so I began to look around and found a vacant building at 22 North Division Street and suggested to Dallas Neal he go into poultry business with me.

Dallas Neal was working at the mine and he agreed to go into partnership with me, so we rented the building at \$40.00 per month and made chicken coops and egg cases and advertised that we would pay cash for produce. I think that Mrs. Frank Dry was our first customer. She said she was thankful that now she wouldn't have to take due bills for produce, or trade them all out.

We put about three hundred dollars each into the business and after the first days business we were just about broke, but we shipped poultry and eggs to Chicago and the second day after, we got our first check. We made a good profit on our first shipment, and were over the first hurdle. We soon were able to add a small stock of groceries and we employed Lillian Neal, bought a hack and horse for delivery and to haul off produce. The first year was very good, but Dallas was not interested in continuing. I had engaged to teach Wheatley school and had only been in the store on Saturdays, but decided not to continue teaching. Harry agreed to buy half or Dallas Neal's part and be a silent partner with me. I bought the other half and continued to give full time to the business. Dallas Neal and Lillian Kelly decided to get married, and I hired Thelma Fullerton, a niece, to help in the store.



Mother and Leslie wrote me that they had decided to sell their store to Mr. Tom Smith and wanted my advice about it. I wrote them that if they decided to sell out to come to Du Quoin and I would sell them part of my interest in the store and we could enlarge

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the stock and all made a living in it. They sold the store to Thos. Smith and he afterward sold out to Mr. Ed Jenkins and he moved store and building to his home across from Fairview school. Mother and Leslie moved to Du Quoin and we all went in together in the store, each having one-fourth interest. Harry retained his interest as silent partner. We each added \$100.00 to the business, put in a new meat box and Leslie took over as butcher. We hired a boy to do the delivering, I managed the grocery department and mother helped as clerk and we prospered in the business. We bought meat from Armour & Co. and Swift & Co. until Du Quoin Packing Co. started business, then bought most of our meat from them. Mother bought some stock in their business. We arranged to buy cream for the Du Quoin Creamery and really did a big business with the farmers.



About 1922 we figured we were having to pay such high insurance that it would be a good investment to build our own store building. There was a 45 by 80 ft. lot south of our store that belonged to the Pierce estate and we arranged to buy it and let N. C. Stacy have half of it and we built a building together. We talked to Mr. Smith at First Bank & Trust Co. about a loan. He suggested that we build a two-story building and let the upper rooms help pay for the building. Mr. Stacy agreed and we decided to take his advice. We paid \$2,500.00 for the lot and borrowed \$10,000 to build. We decided to pay ourselves rent on downstairs, rent the upstairs and pay all income, except taxes, insurance and upkeep on the building monthly, pay interest monthly and apply balance on principal. This we did until the debt was paid in full. We hired a Mr. Green to lay the bricks and Charlie Gunter to do the carpenter work on the building. Mr. Stacy suggested that I superintend construction and Clay Reid take care of bookkeeping work free gratis and it worked out fine that way. We finished the building and moved in some time in 1923.

Business in the store was good, but I knew that was not what the Lord had for me, so I signed up for correspondence work with Southwestern Seminary and began on Old Testament History, later New testament History and enjoyed this preparation very much. I wanted to go to Seminary but didn't see how I could leave the store, but something happened to change things. Jewell Mine failed to pay off, they closed it down, and Harry came in the store and said he was out of a job. I said, "No you're not." He said, "Why not" I suggested that he take my place in the store as he was already in the partnership and I would go to spring term at the Seminary. This he agreed to do and I made ready to go. Started May 18, 1924. and after a week's driving, arrived in Fort Worth, found a duplex furnished apartment, enrolled and started studying Theology and Music. After the spring term ended I came home and worked in creamery during the summer time.

We went back to the Seminary for the fall term. We rented our two homes on East Cole Street for \$55.00 per month and that helped us on our expenses a great deal. We worked some that year, I at a grocery store and during the Christmas season Mom worked at Montgomery Ward store and we got by very well that year. We came home again that summer and I arranged to do some colportage work for a book company in Memphis, Tenn.. Did not work steady at it, but did make over \$100.00 for seventeen day's work.

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Before returning to the Seminary in the fall, Daily Brothers decided to buy my interest in the store, which amounted to over \$1,800.00 and we made it through the second year without going in debt. The third year was a little harder, but I had become pastor of a small mission and it had begun paying some above expenses; also the Seminary Hill Church paid \$10.00 on our expenses and it helped considerably. When we returned home the second year, we told the Lexington Street Mission to secure someone else as pastor, and when we returned in the fall we became pastor of a mission just across the Trinity River called Valley View Mission. We enjoyed our work with them and it was also good experience. Had a good revival with a preacher named Warren as evangelist, and had several professions of faith.

We rented another duplex apartment the last two years in school, bought our own furniture, second-hand, for \$50.00 and sold it when we left to an English preacher named Hoy for the same price. he moved into the same apartment. Expenses were higher the third year, and that had raised the price on music lessons, rent raised some, and we had to borrow \$600.00 from mother to finish school, which we paid back with interest.

I came home about a month before graduating to supply as prospect for a pastorate at Carlinville, Illinois. Supplied for them two Sundays; they did not call me and I heard later it was because I was not a University graduate. We came home after graduation, and did not have long to wait for a pastorate. Dr. J. M. Pepper, State Secretary, recommended me to a church at Granite City. I went for a trial sermon and was called to be their pastor at a salary of \$1,700.00 per year. Their former pastor, it seemed, had become despondent, and took his own life. It made it difficult for us, but we tried not to let it hinder our efforts, and we never did learn the full particulars about his death. Church was very low when we went, but we did lots of visiting, attendance and interest increased and we enjoyed the work there. Our third child was born there and we named her Flora Ann, after both her grandmothers. Dr. Luster was the attending physician and was very good to us. Imogene, now just ten years old, suffered from kidney trouble and he treated her and furnished medicines without charge whatever. We have never forgotten his generosity.

We tried to lead the church into a real financial program, got them to adopt a budget and planned to make a canvass. We appointed a canvassing committee, mostly deacons, had a meeting with them, and urged them to make their pledges before going out, but most of them refused to do so. We went ahead with the canvass, got eleven families to agree to tithe income, and about twenty other pledges. It greatly increased the church income though and the second year when we adopted a budget and put on a canvass it was more successful. The treasurer told the church that he was sure that seven families had tithed their income and they had given more than all the rest of the members. This had its influence on the rest of the church. He also said he had noticed that these seven families had prospered more than any of those who did not tithe.

The church owned a tabernacle building, built on a 60-ft. square no parking space and no room to build larger, so we urged them to trade the building for a vacant lot much larger and start building a basement on it. A man had a much larger corner lot and offered

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us \$300.00 difference and a vacant store building to meet in while building. We began and finished the basement with volunteer labor and when it was finished we only owed \$400.00 on it.

We had taken up subscriptions on the basement, amount \$1,400.00, and asked them to pay within three months. While we were building, the offerings on building fund were more than was subscribed. We curtained off the vacant store building for classes, moved in and turned the old building over to the purchaser. He made a garage and filling station out of it, and we had better attendance in the store building than we had in the old building. We had a dedication service when we moved into the basement; the pastor of First Baptist Church brought the dedication message, and at a service in the basement at noon hour, the ladies presented me a little baked lamb that had a check for \$50.00 as a love offering for my labor and leadership in the building. In his message the First Church pastor estimated that the value of the basement was at least \$10,000. I must mention that a young man who said he was called to preach, and was out of work, spent most of the summer working on the church. I asked the men of the church to give \$1.00 each on a suit of clothes for him and we got enough to order him a tailor-made suit and pay for it. He sure was surprised and appreciative of it. I learned later that he went to the mountain region around Chattanooga, Tenn., and was pastoring mountain churches.

While at Granite City we had a great revival meeting. Rev. William Wigger and Evangelist Joe Jeffers came to visit me one day. They said that Evangelist Jeffers had a meeting scheduled in St. Louis, but for some reason it had been cancelled and he had a two week open date. Rev. Wigger recommended him very highly and I had heard of him. I told them I would take the matter up with the church and let them know. It was during the depression and work and money was very scarce, in fact the church was behind with the pastor's salary. Jeffers said he would come for free will offering and be responsible for and satisfied with what they gave. The church voted to have him come, and from the first night the house was packed. Many nights people were turned away or stood in the aisles or at the windows. We had over 140 professions of faith and 82 additions to the church, most of them by baptism. They raised more than \$300.00 for the evangelist and pianist, and the last night he asked for pledges to pay what was owed the pastor, it was oversubscribed and overpaid, I think.

I had an appointment to help the Community Heights Church in revival two weeks after our revival. They had 26 professions in prayer meetings the week previous to the revival and we had 26 more professions during the meeting.

Without solicitation I had three calls to leave for other fields. Elkville Baptist Church, Nashville Church and the mission work of the Nine Mile Association contacted me and I suppose because of so many relatives in Du Quoin I felt led to accept Elkville Church. We had a revival scheduled for Evangelist Musgrave at Granite City and he was much put out that I left before the time for the revival, but I thought he could help them get a pastor and it seems he did and they soon had a pastor living in the field. They built a \$7,000 parsonage for him on the rear of the lot where we had built the basement and the church seemed to make good progress.

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Now to digress a little about my relatives in Du Quoin. I've already written about mother and Leslie and wife moving there. Before that while I was working in Jewell Coal Mine office, the superintendent suggested I needed some help as he planned to

open an office in town, so I suggested that I had a brother at Christopher with same qualifications as I had. He said to have him come over and go to work. So brother, Harry, came, moved to Du Quoin and began to work in the office at the mine and I went to work in an uptown office.

Brother-in-law, Charles S. Gunter, lived in the central part of the state and desired to move where they could send the children to school and church. I suggested they move to Du Quoin and they did, and Charlie built a home on North Division Street, and also a rental home next to it. He then got into the Carpenter's Union and worked for Kimmel Lumber Co., Harry Eaton, and others.

George Fullerton and family also moved to Du Quoin and George worked for many years a teamster for Kimmel Lumber Company and he raised his family here.

For some reason George Fullerton lost his job at Kimmel's and he and Etta opened a cream buying station on West Main Street. They later moved to a building on North Chestnut Street and bought cream from the farmers for many years and made a fairly good living.

Many of the children and grand-children live in Du Quoin, but some have scattered to other places. Our son, Donnie, lives in California, daughter, Imogene, lives near Joliet, Illinois, daughter, Flora Ann, and family live in Morton, and son, Cyril, lives in Du Quoin. He has worked for the Du Quoin Packing Company for over thirty years, lives on North Winters Street and has been a great help to us in our retirement years. Cyril and Dollie lived with her father, and Dollie took care of her aged father and after his death she had a nervous break-down and has not been well since. On the advice of a St. Louis specialist she went to the Anna State Hospital for a while and is now improved.



On the death of Mr. Neal about twenty years ago, Mrs. Neal came to live with us at 208 South Division Street. We had a double garage on the back of our lot and I suggested that if the idea suited her I would build an apartment and she could live by herself. She said she would like that so we built a three-room apartment and she had some fainting spells and the doctor said it wasn't safe for her to live alone. She moved back in with us and lived with us until her death at the age of 86 years. We built another room on the apartment and sold it on contract to Patricia Riva. She and her grandmother and her mother lived there for several years. pat still does, but is not home much. Her grandmother died and her mother is now in the nursing home in Du Quoin.



As previously stated, we moved to Elkhaville to become pastor of the church about 1929. Our work started well there, but there had been a split in the church and a group had organized another baptist Church after the Boyce Taylor type. We had a good vacation Bible school with 157 enrolled and a fairly good revival with Rev. John Maulding doing the preaching. However, the Dowell Mine closed down and so many of the men were out of work and it almost ruined our finances. The treasurer suggested that she wouldn't blame me if I found another church. I did not seek one, but the

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pastor of First Baptist Church had been pastor at Carmi and told me they were looking for a pastor and he would get me an appointment if I was interested. I went with my family and preached for them one Sunday and was called the following Wednesday night to be their pastor. We spent almost five years with them.

Soon after we moved to Carmi they had a deacon's meeting. Most of them were elderly men, J. D. Mathias, then superintendent at the orphanage, was chairman of the Board and he said if I just hover up under their wings they would make a great preacher out of me. I didn't like that but said nothing. I was told by another pastor that he had run off the last seven pastors they had had within a year's time. We had some great revivals while I was there. Dr. W. K. Sisk, A. J. Johnson and Rev. Vernon Miles all served as evangelists and we had many additions to the church. I had lots of weddings while there. I suppose it was because it was a county seat town. They had a school at the children's home then, but used a bus to bring the children in to church and several of them were converted and joined the church. We spent many happy hours visiting with them in the home.

While at Carmi we started broadcasting once a month at Harrisburg. We had great cooperation from the church and choir. It was a great help we thought especially in enlisting the young people. During our last year at Carmi Cyril went to Bolivar, Mo., to a Junior College and Imogene went to Hopkinsville, Ky. Cyril went to Bolivar two years and received a certification of graduation, but Imogene did not find just what she wanted at Hopkinsville, so we sent her to a college that majored in music and she graduated there. She stayed with Harold and Lucille Neal most of the time while there. I think it was Parks Conservatory of Music in West Chicago, a Swedish college.

While at Carmi I made some mistakes, some funny and some not. First was I invited a member home to play checkers while wife went to a meeting. Mistake was that I beat him eight out of ten games and he never did ask me to play checkers again, and don't think he liked me from then on. Again the superintendent of the Children's Home was having difficulties with Bro. E. W. Reeder and he called Bro. Reeder a vile name in my presence. I rebuked him for it and told him Bro. Reeder was my friend, and he never liked me after that. Another time in a business meeting I had to call him down on a point of order and he got mad and went home. He tried to call the men of the church together to plan to get rid of me, but they didn't seem to get anywhere. I made the mistake of not letting it drop there. I asked the church to put him and another deacon on the inactive list for one year. They did so and the trouble really started.

A pastor friend in Granite City heard I had difficulties and advised a plan to have the church choose an executive committee including all the deacons and other church officers to meet and recommend solutions to problems. I did not do so, but wish now I had. A lawyer friend of theirs insisted we call another business meeting to reconsider the matter. I agreed and they ran in all the orphan children and workers that belonged to the church to vote and they only carried by one vote. I think I could have stayed on but I did not want to split the church, so decided to resign. Again, I confess that I made a mistake in not letting the matter drop after

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the men's meeting. Another mistake I may have made was in allowing the church to fire the treasurer because he would not send in the mission money that the church had voted to be a preferred item in the budget. I think I could have talked them out of that, but I didn't. Another mistake was in resigning the church and leaving so quickly. I think I should have taken two or three month's time to find another church.

We moved back to Du Quoin in the fall of 1935 and rented a house from Andy Guerretex on North Walnut Street. It was a large house and Willard Neal and his wife occupied part of the house. Daily Brothers had bought out the Frank Wells Grocery and asked me to manage it for them. I finally bought it and moved it to West Main Street in the Carl Bates property. Cyril came home from college and we started a Cloverfarm Store. We rented the building for a few months, then brothers and I put a bid on the building and bought it for \$3,000. We hired Charlie Gunter to help us remodel it, make apartments upstairs and it turned out to be a very good investment. We hired Willard Neal to be the butcher in the store a while, then took him in as a partner. I was called to be pastor of the Old Du Quoin Baptist Church, half time, but before a month they called me as full time pastor. Was pastor there almost three years when a committee came to ask if I would be interested in becoming missionary in Nine Mile Association. I told them when Bro. Propst resigned I had a feeling that God wanted me in that position, but I had said nothing to anyone about it. I sold my interest in the store to Cyril and Willard and gave full time to the mission work for four years. Cyril and Willard did not do so well in the store, did too much credit business, so I bought Willard out and we decided to close the store and Daily Brothers took over our stock of groceries. We did not go broke, for we paid every dollar we owed, but we lost over \$1,300.00 in bad debts in the deal.

We bought a home on East Main Street while Missionary of Nine Mile, then one day a committee from Williamson Association came to see me asking if I would come to their Annual meeting and preach. They wanted a Missionary and wanted their people to hear me. I was elected to be their missionary and bought a house in Johnson City, a six-room house for \$850.00 and hired John Vancil and Alva Bridges to come and help do some remodeling. We were only Missionary there about a year when the Committee from North Benton came and asked us to come to North Benton for a trial sermon. We went and were called to be their pastor and moved there about 1940. We sold the house in Johnson City for \$1,450.00 net, had free rent for a year and cleared about \$300.00 on it. We rented a house in Benton for a while, then the church bought a parsonage and we moved into it.

Rev. L. G. Hartley had been called to be pastor of North Benton and had bought a home there; then he decided not to come, and had the home on his hands. I persuaded the church to buy the home for a parsonage and did quite a lot of work remodeling it. The upstairs had not been finished and we put sheetrock on the entire upstairs.

We enjoyed the work there. While there we suggested that we put on a stewardship campaign and asked Bro. Reeder to come help us. He came and preached several nights and we put on an every-member canvass and got fifty-seven to agree to tithe. We only had



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about thirteen previous to that. The weekly offerings increased from about \$50.00 per week to over \$200.00 per week.

We left the North Benton Church in about 1945 and became missionary of the Salem South Association and moved to Mt. Vernon, Illinois. We bought a house on the east side for \$3,350.00 and did some remodeling on it, put double windows in dining room, put asbestos siding on, venetian blinds, and rented out the upstairs, or a portion of it. Spent about \$500.00 on it, lived in it a year and sold it when we left for \$5,500.00. We had a tent meeting in two locations in Mt. Vernon. Borrowed the tent from the Williamson Association or Franklin Association--forgotten which. But weather turned so bad that it was not very successful. I went on a trip to Miami, Fla., on a bus to attend the Southern Baptist Convention at my own expense. Enjoyed the Convention, but got nervous on trip and lost weight. Somehow nervous condition and loss of weight continued and I felt unable to continue, so resigned from the Missionary work and moved back to Du Quoin.

Mother died and left us some money, so we decided to buy a place at the edge of town, take only part time pastorates and give some time to recuperate. Decided to go into real estate and insurance, studied for them and took tests and became a real estate and insurance broker. Continued in this manner for thirteen years. Had an office over Daily Bros. Grocery for a while, then moved it to the rear of the downstairs. I became treasurer for the Nine Mile Baptist Association and also agent for Modern Woodmen Life Insurance Co. Kept both offices for twelve years. Pastored churches at Horse Prairie, Buckner, Sand Ridge, Rickview and Ashley and gave some time to a mission of the Old Du Quoin Church at the Highbank School house.

While pastoring churches at Sand Ridge and Buckner, began to have bowel and stomach trouble and constipation. Suddenly was stricken while preaching at Sand Ridge Church. Had Dr. Kelley come see me and he said I must go to the hospital immediately. X-rays showed that I had a stoppage in the large intestine which proved to be a tumor. Doctor prepared me for an operation, but in conference with another doctor, decided to send me to a specialist in St. Louis. Had a minor operation, then after a three week buildup, had a major operation and had sixteen inches of large intestine removed to get rid of the tumor. Sure was relieved when they announced that the tumor was not malignant and took some time to recover from the operation. Rev. Lester Teel, missionary of Franklin Association, supplied for me at Buckner Church. I resigned at Sand Ridge and when I got able, became half time pastor at Horse Prairie.

My wife called my attention to an ad in paper about some fabricated homes. We had bought bonds and saved some money so I decided to investigate. I went to St. Louis and purchased one for price of \$1,350.00 for shell home, bought a lot on Cedar Avenue and about 1950 began first one. We were well satisfied with this one. In fact we moved into it and lived in it a year. We afterward bought and built six of these homes and sold them on contract. We had Brooks Trogola haul most of them from the factory in Alabama but had to discontinue that on account of interstate commerce laws. Also the company refused to guarantee the price on them so

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I decided to discontinue and build some houses from scratch. Brooks Trogola sold me lumber, hauled from Alabama and I built three such homes and sold them on contract. At one time I had eleven homes sold on contract. Did very well with this project and continued to pastor part time churches. As I recall Clairman and Galum were the last two churches pastored when I retired at age sixty-five.

About this time, our son-in-law, Robert Jennings, who had been living in E. Peoria, was assigned by LeTourneau's to a job that took him away from home much of the time and they decided to move here. They moved into our apartment house that Mrs. Neal had vacated, but looked for a house to buy suitable for their large family. They finally decided on the Merrill Provart home, 218 South Division Street and purchased it. Leslie A. Daily financed it for them. The house needed lots of repair. Bob put in a new furnace and his Dad came and helped build cabinets in the kitchen. It had two old rooms on the back that seemed to be past repairing, so I tore them down and built a bathroom and utility room on the back for them and it made a nice home. After three or four years Bob was to be stationed in Louisville, Ky., he thought permanently, so they moved and we bought their home and moved into it and rented our home at 208 S. Division.



About this time L. P. Starkweather, our son-in-law, decided to buy a lot and build a home on the Pass Gate Road to the fairgrounds. We loaned them the money and I helped him build a three-bedroom modern home. They bought the lot from Harold Neal. It was a nice home. They lived there five years and he decided to accept a position with a coal company in Indiana and moved to Robinson, Illinois. We bought their home for \$10,000 and moved into it, and sold the home we had lived in in Du Quoin to Pleasant Vaughn and wife. He had four boys and somehow his wife took sick and died and left him alone to raise his four boys. He decided to live on there and try to raise the boys himself, but finally decided to put some of them in the Children's Home in Carmi and pay for their keep. This worked out for a while, but when the children got a little larger he decided to bring them all home. He decided to roof the house and put vinyl siding on it and we loaned him on contract the money to finance it. However, we purchased twenty feet of his ground and allowed him \$75.00 off his contract for it. We then sold 15 feet to Pat Riva and bought or exchanged five more feet on south for five feet on the north side of place and added it to our place. So now, Vaughn had 62 ft. front, Pat 50-ft front and we have 55 ft. frontage.



When Bob's left E. Peoria, they sold a place they had bought to our son, Don, and he was living alone, working days and going to school at night at Bradley U. We decided to rent our place on Pass Gate Road and move to E. Peoria and live with Donnie a

while. Rented our house to an Advent preacher who lived in it four years, then left and we rented it to his successor for another three and a half years. He decided to leave here and we sold the place to Charles E. Bishop, Jr. and wife, for \$11,500.00 on contract. They wanted some more ground so we ask Harold Neal and wife to sell us 50 feet off their place and they did for \$1,500.00. Bishop paid \$2,450.00 on it and we added the balance to his loan and made him another contract which now calls for a 125-ft. frontage. When Donnie decided to leave Illinois and go to Hawaii to work for the government we

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decided to purchase his home from him. We had let him have money to buy it from Bob and Flora Ann so when we decided to come back to Du Quoin we sold it to John H. Vandusen and wife, and they are still paying for it on contract. They are now arranging to borrow money from Community Bank in E. Peoria to pay out the balance due.

Back to sickness experience: My hospital bill at Deaconess hospital was \$357.00 and I was thankful that we were able to pay it in full. We had no insurance to cover it. Dr. Sauer, who operated on me would not charge for the operation; said he never charged ministers. We were very grateful to him and told him we felt he had saved my life. He said if it hadn't been for the Lord you wouldn't be here. We sure appreciated his attitude and generosity. In about two weeks after the operation I asked when I could go home and he said, today if you want to, so we called brother-in-law, Harold Neal, and he and his wife came for us. I had lots of gas on the way home and the first night suffered much pain, but began to improve and slowly gain strength. Doctor said not to do any hoeing or lawn mowing for some time. We had a nice garden spot on South Highway where we then lived and wife made garden that summer and had a good one, but it was hard to see her working in it and not be able to help her. In a few weeks I returned to my pastorates and went back to real estate and insurance work. Twenty-five years now since that operation and I am grateful to God for allowing me these additional years to live on this earth.

Back now to a real profitable real estate investment: When mother died as formerly stated, she left us some money, so we found a place on south highway, about two acres with a very good six-room house, for sale. We bought it through G. W. Allen for \$1,350.00 cash. We moved in it and had the finest garden spot we have ever had. Also built a double garage and repaired house some, and sold the house and 68 feet for \$3,500.00. We sold 55 feet off the ground to Frank Romeo to build a house on it for \$1,100.00, then bought a small house on northeast corner that had been sold off for \$1,000.00 and added it to our place. We remodeled that home, then built a garage on the property and built a four-room apartment above the garage. The highway wanted to make a curve and offered to buy a corner off our place for \$4,500.00, if we would move our house back on the lot. We sold it to them and moved the house back. Fritz Gunter came and moved the house for \$90.00 and we spent most of the \$4,500.00 putting in bath fixtures, furnaces, septic tanks and building extra rooms. Then we decided to build another house on the only lot we had left. So we ordered the lumber from Brooks Trogola, got John Vancil and Alva Bridges to help and built a nice home on it. We later sold each of these three homes for about \$4,000.00 each on contract. All these contracts have been paid off without any loss on any of them and we collected a lot of interest on them and furnished several people homes.

Lord's work: We had many wonderful experiences while we were pastoring churches. We attended most of the associational meetings, went to the Southern Baptist Convention many times, but never asked for our expenses to be paid. Carmi church did vote to pay our expenses to a convention in Memphis, Tenn. We stayed in a home at

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was \$50.00, so I gave the treasurer back \$10.00. I was a member of the Illinois Baptist State Board one time and chairman of the committee on recommendations for new Board members.

Now to retirement years: While pastoring at Clairman we reached retirement age and put in application for retirement. It took several months to get our retirement checks, but when they came through we received quite a goodly sum back pay. We also had paid into ministry Retirement for twenty years and made application for that. Mabel also was included in the supplemental plan. The Ministers retirement plan has really paid off. We have not only received a nice check each month, but have received a thirteenth check at Christmas for several years and the last two years have received double bonus checks, making fourteen checks per year.

One mistake we made however, was in allowing the Annuity Board to deduct \$10.00 monthly from fund to be applied on an additional amount to be received by Mabel if she outlived me. She would now have to live to be a hundred years old for that to have paid us.

Since retirement we have traveled some: One year we went to visit Don and Judy and family in Hawaii; three winters we have been to California to visit them and one winter we spent in Florida, at Floral City, Tampa and Ft. Lauderdale. We liked Ft. Lauderdale the best, next to Hawaii. We have traveled as much as around the world in airplanes, and have enjoyed everyone of our trips. Cost has only been about five cents per mile.



We have put out a garden every year since retirement, ten years on N. Oak Street, but they built the Boys Club there and stopped us from gardening, but we've had garden at Oren Furlow and Mrs. Chamness' places south of him and have raised much of our vegetables and given lots to our relatives and neighbors.

Our West Virginia experience: When I was 74 years old I had a desire to do some mission work, so applied to the Home Mission Board to give a year of free service on some mission field in the U. S. A. I had to take a thorough examination as to doctrinal and educational ability and get seven signatures recommending me for the work. It finally went through and they gave us a choice of nine different locations. We finally chose to go to West Virginia. A church at Fairlea, West Virginia, was sponsoring a mission at Marlinton, W. Va., and they asked us to come visit them for a month at their expense before coming to a definite decision. We went to Huntington, Va. on the 9th of October, 1966, attended the State meeting, then on to Fairlea church to preach next day.

My wife says she hasn't minded our travels and moving to different fields to work for the Lord.

Now back to mission experience: I preached at Fairlea Baptist Church October 9th or 10th and they seemed to approve us so we went on to the Marlinton Mission, 45 miles away over the mountains for the night service. Some of the Fairlea folks also attended the service and we had nine or ten in the night service. We went to a cafe with them and had lunch after the service, then went to Marlinton Hotel to spend the night. Their charge for room was \$5.00 per night. The Fairlea church said to stay there until we found a place that suited us. The next morning I asked if they

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knew of a place or apartment we could rent and the lady pointed one out, not a block away from the hotel. I went to investigate. It was a nice new three rooms and bath, cost \$65.00 per month. We rented it and moved in immediately. We only had services on Sunday night at first, then began having Thursday night services. Tried to have Sunday School and preaching service on Sunday morning but discontinued that on account of their lack of interest. We began visiting in the homes, tried to spend four afternoons a week, wife always going along; we made at least 200 house calls in the five months we were there.

The mission was in a vacant store building on E. Main Street, and we only had one oil heater to heat it with. We had two back rooms we tried to buy a heater for, but could not get it to work, so depended on one heater. Our attendance increased; we had a ten-day revival and had fair attendance. The Home mission Board allocated \$150.00 per month to our work and they sent the money to us; told us to pay our expenses first and spend the balance as we saw fit. We bought five linoleums for the floors, curtain materials for the windows, built a platform for the pulpit and had it looking respectable we thought. We had several professions of faith and several additions while there; also had a young couple at first helping with the work who were very capable, but they moved away and we missed them greatly. Enlisted a Baptist minister and wife who lived over in Virginia 16 miles away, but they were a great help; named Leonard Arnold. We joined the Fairlea Baptist Church and they contributed \$25.00 monthly for our gas expense, we gave \$8.00 per week in the offerings and put all the collections in the bank in the name of the Marlinton Baptist Mission. I think they had a good balance when we left.

Our work seemed to be making good progress when I began to have weak spells while preaching and teaching and would have to sit down a while. I went to a doctor for examination and he said I had a heart condition and if I had a home I had better go to it. He gave me medication and said to take it and come back in a week and he would tell me what I should do. I went back the following Monday and he said I was worse than the week before and he thought I should give up the work and go home. So, after five months, we took his advice and came home March 10th. Came through Charleston and spent the night with Guy Fullerton and family, then to near Louisville where we spent a night in a motel, then on home the next day. We were sorry to give the work up, but not in the least sorry we undertook it, for we have heard good things from the Mission. They have since built a mission or church house three or four miles out in the country, have purchased a bus and are having rapid growth. We hope we had a little to do with their success. When we left it was time to receive another check from the Home Mission Board, but I told the Fairlea church to send it back or use it for the mission as we would not need it. I think we had about \$250.00 left to pay our expenses home. We came home for Christmas holiday, but paid our own expense and did not charge that to them.

Conclusion: Now in the fifteenth year of retirement, I thank the Lord for fair health and a desire to remain active in His service. We rejoined the Second Baptist Church and have tried to co-

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operate with the pastors and interim pastors in every way possible. We are not satisfied with past achievements and wish we had done more and greater things for the Lord, but we have tried in our weak way to serve him faithfully. The Lord had greatly blessed our family and relatives these many years. We have two sons-in-law and two wonderful daughters-in-law and many grandchildren and great grandchildren and they all seem to be trying to live Godly and upright lives for which we are thankful.

Flora Ann's daughters have all married the past few years, two of them married Baptist boys and the other one a Catholic; however he expresses belief in the Baptist faith and doctrine and is attending Sunday School and church with her. He has also professed faith in Christ and we have hopes that he soon will join the Baptist church. Flora Ann and Bob have become foster parents of a family of three children from the Carmi Children's Home, two boys and a girl. All have professed faith in Christ and have joined the Morton Baptist Church and they are very proud of them. They are also becoming dear to us and we now almost consider them as our grandchildren too. One of our granddaughters married a Catholic and joined his church, but has since regretted it and has told him she could not continue to go to church with him as she couldn't believe their doctrine. She has three children and we are praying that she soon will return to a Baptist church and rear her children in the Baptist faith and doctrine. One of our grandchildren that has reached years of accountability we feel is still unsaved. James Wesley Daily, Donnie's son, is going on ten and we hope he will soon be convicted and converted and join a Baptist church.

I think I failed to mention that while we were in East Peoria living with Herman Don, we acted as interim pastor of three churches. They were as follows: Oakwood Avenue Baptist Church in E. Peoria, Roland Manner Baptist Church near Washington, Illinois, and North Pekin Baptist Church in Pekin, Illinois. We stayed with them as long as the Annuity Board would then allow, and greatly enjoyed doing so. Sometimes the weather was very cold and disagreeable, way below zero part of the time, and lots of snow was on the ground most of the winter, but we didn't seem to mind the weather much then. I also helped Donnie build an addition to his house, two rooms and a bathroom, lay about 100 feet of sewer pipe. They have since paved the street and we paid all the paving tax and added it to the contract.

Seven years ago we traded for a 1964 Belaire Chevrolet. it had only been run a year and had only 12,000 miles on it. We have driven it seven years now without much expense, but different things are now giving way and we fear we will soon be without transportation, unless we trade it in, and I feel that I am too old to get license to drive much longer. Not sure what we will do.

We are now closing this account, feeling that several important incidents have been omitted, and that probably we have inserted some that could well have been omitted. We pray that we may be able to continue going to church and taking some part as long as we live; however, we'll try just to live from day to day and let the Lord have His way in our lives.

Signed:

HERMAN W. DAILY



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