

MY FIVE EXPERIENCES IN SAVING ROBERT'S LIFE

While I was on the George Scholl farm at White Mound, I came back from the Cheese Factory with my Ford Model T truck, I stopped by the house door on a hill. Robert, my son, was three years old, he came out of the house and got in the truck on the opposite side. I didn't see him as I got out. He got in and loosened the emergency brake. The truck was going down the hill backwards. I ran after and got on the running board and started turning the steering wheel to keep from going in the creek. The worst scare in my life.

It was on this same farm, I was up on top of the hay mow about twenty feet in height putting down hay for the night. Robert was with me, about three years old. We had a kerosine lantern with us. Robert had the lantern, when the handle came off and fell to the floor below. We were then in the dark. I took him in my arms and slid down before the hay caught on fire. We were both safe and lucky.

Another scare I got while on this same farm. Robert and his cousin. Lucille Kaney, wandered off in the big woods, a couple of miles away. It was getting dark, both of the kids were three years old. I tracked them for awhile, then lost track of them altogether. I hiked a long way, then I found them playing in the sand. They were both too young to find their way back.

I was working in Chicago, Il. I came home about twelve-thirty AM and went to bed. I started dreaming. I dreamt that Robert was laying on the floor sick. The dream bothered me a lot. I said to myself that it was only a dream. I got up the next morning to go to work, I was worried all day. I came home from work at five PM and then I got back into the car and drove to Morton Grove, Il, to Robert's house. He was in bed, I asked him if he was sick. Robert said that he thought that he had the flu. He asked me to help him go to the toilet. I helped him up and he couldn't walk. I put him back on the bed and called the hospital. Then I carried him out to the car and laid him on the back seat. I drove to the hospital's emergency room. I jumped out of the car and got a cart and brought him in. It was Saturday night and a Japanese intern met me at the door. He started bawling me out for waiting so long. I told him, no more lip out of you and get busy and do something for this man. Robert had a ruptured bleeding ulser and they operated that same night to save his life. I will always believe in dreams.

Robert and I were building the garage here on the farm in Adams County. Robert was still working in Chicago, Il and came out on weekends. We had the cement floor in and the side walls up. We had the tresses made and started to put them up. Robert was up on top and Charles Dennis and Al Smith and myself were down below handing the tresses up. We had one up and fastened it down. We put the next one up and leaned it against the fastened one. We put the next one up and Robert leaned it against the other one. The tresses started to slip and they both came down on Robert. They fell across his chest. I went up the wall like a squirrel and put my shoulder to them and took the weight off of him. I was then seventy-two years old, Robert was then safe again.