

Th.B. Degree, May 1905

In the summer of 1904 in some of the Baptist Rallies the subject for discussion was sometimes Foreign Missions. That was the subject one day when I was presiding. When everyone was silent for a moment, a voice called out from the floor. "Hasn't the chairman something to say about this?" I did have some what to say. But one sentence uttered then rather lingers in the memory. "Brethren, if the Lord calls me to the foreign missions field, I will go."

The announcement of the Volunteer Band's meeting on a certain night was usually heard in the dining room at supper on the evening the Band met. But after coming back for the second year, some ears heard it a little more clearly. Pretty soon I was a member, and began to hear about the "Fields" about needs, about the "Call", and about many practical questions.

It was customary to put down against one's name the field for which one had volunteered. I put down Argentina as the field of my choice. It was a new field in our work and was generally thought of as a land of the future.

Miss Miller, a volunteer for China, a trained nurse, gave a class of us a course of lectures on practical nursing.

Comes Commencement, our Second Year.

I had worked steadily, this second year, in all my classes and had missed maybe a day or two when my vaccination for small pox exploded so tremendously that some of the negro waiters in the dining room were reported to be on the point of giving up their jobs.

But as commencement drew near there were a number of my classmates who were signing up for the degree of Th.B. (Bachelor in Theology), and since I had the required credits, and it cost only about five dollars extra, and the future is always uncertain, I signed up and received the degree.

Summer at Louisville 1905

My oldest living sister, Miss Laura Bouldin, who was teaching at ~~Gr.~~ ^{Gr.} Worth, Texas, wrote me she was going to Toronto, Canada early in June to a North American Sunday School Convention, and said she would pay my expenses if I would join her there. I gladly accepted and made the round-trip with a classmate C.W. Knight who was also going to the Convention.

After seeing Niagara Falls we crossed Lake Ontario on a boat and it was my first experience of being out of sight of land. Homes were furnished delegates to the Convention, and I was sent to a nice Christian home for the period of several days. It was the beginning of my acquaintance with Canadians and I have had so many good friends among those good neighbors of ours that I could easily say that if I were not an American, I should like to be a Canadian.

Back from Toronto, I settled down in Louisville in a life that was new to me: accepting invitations to preach on Sundays, sometimes Saturdays and Sundays. It worked very well, giving me enough income to meet my expenses, and opportunity to get better acquainted with other students who were doing as I was doing.