

Alonzo Ephriam Whitworth

interviewed by

Mrs. W. A. Schmidt

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BICENTENNIAL TAPES OF
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Rev. Whitworth: My full name is Alonzo Ephriam Whitworth, and I was born in Texas near Ennis--four miles northeast in what was then known as the Elm Thicket. They called it that because there was a dense thicket that they had to dig out by the root before they could put the farms into cultivation. It was next to a prairie area that extended toward Waxahachie--that was more or less prairie.

My mother was reared in Lawrence County, middle Tennessee, right down next to the Alabama line. Lawrenceburg is the county seat. Her father's name was Joseph Haynes. He had lived there for quite a long time before he died.

My father's full name was Thomas Jefferson Whitworth. His people's home was up in Giles County, Tennessee. My parents were married near West Point, Tennessee, and lived there for nearly two years, then came to Texas in 1882. They saw the country opening up in the west more and more. I was born on May 12, 1883, the first child to live. Then they left here soon after I was born and went to *Gower's farm*. Another relative lived down in Hayes County, so my father went there and lived for maybe two crops. After getting the crop out, he went back to Tennessee where he worked for a saw mill company at West Point a few years. In February, before I was eight years old the following May, we came back to Texas and stopped at Weatherford, staying there for a few months, and then going back to the Austin area to get started there. Now I say this, my life, on account of my mother's health was transient. My father tried to be a farmer, sometimes he would hardly get a crop started and would sell out and go somewhere else--in different areas of Texas--mainly, in the eastern part of Texas.

My mother lost four of her children in infancy. There were four of us who lived to be grown and have homes of our own. I was the oldest of the four. I have a brother that is still living in Glen Rose, Texas.

Interviewer: Did you find it difficult to make friends, or to feel a sense of identification in a community with your father moving around like that, or were you with enough of your family that you did not feel a loss?

Rev. Whitworth: I never felt a very great loss because it was almost always with some of the relatives, or Tennesseans, as they often called themselves, that they were friendly with. That naturally gave me a feeling that was a part of us.

My opportunities for education were very limited in the sense that I never did finish high school or a regular term of school activity.

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We called Round Rock our home for several years but stayed there only a very short time as compared with my life up to the time I was 16 years old. My father left there and went to Van Zandt County to buy 80 acres of land--it was the first time he ever owned any land. He had very little money or means of livelihood and worked timber off of that land to pay for it. I was 13 or 14 years old at that time.

I made a hand with him, pulling a cross-cut saw across the logs and things of that kind. My father made what they called clapboard and used them in place of shingles for homes and for barns. It was black, white, and red oak. He would make the clapboards and sell them to the people who came for them to cover their homes and cover barns. He also made what he called palings which they used to make fences around gardens. I started to school there that year and went a couple of weeks. He had hired a man to help him do the work; when the man did not prove to be diligent, he let him go and took me out of school to work with him. It was always my thought as a child growing up that I wanted to find out all I could about anything I heard about, and for that reason I was very studious, even though my schooling was limited. That has been my policy through life.

I lacked one day being 18 years old when I married. I found a girl that was a real homemaker whose mother had died two or three years before that time. There was a family of nine children. Her name was Trudy Langford. We made our home in Van Zandt County. We married on the 11th day of May, and on the 9th day of the next April she passed away, leaving me with a baby a few days old who died when it was five months old. I have a picture of that baby when it was sitting alone, propped up with its nursing bottle set in front of it. Nursing bottles were not very much in use in those days. We were living in a very severe malaria area at the time. We were poor people and yet trying to be diligent and keep things going. If the doctors had known in those days what they know today, I don't believe I would have lost my wife. Dr. Tucker, in the little town of Ben Wheeler was our doctor.

We lived seven miles east of Ben Wheeler. Soon after she passed away, I sold my crop to my father. I was farming a little piece of land that did not belong to my father but was next to my father's home. I went to relatives in Ellis County, Texas, and began to pick cotton. I picked cotton for awhile and then the relative hired me for monthly wages until the next year. I was 19 years old when I left him and came here to visit relatives living close to Joshua. I hoped to work and go to the Methodist College to train myself for the ministry. I had the misfortune to come down with what they called walking typhoid fever. I fought with that for 3-4 weeks and stayed on my feet. Then I went to the doctor at Josua who gave me some medicine. I took two doses and went to bed. I don't blame the medicine for it, but for three

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more weeks they despaired my life. And I was so near death and so enfeebled, and though I was a full grown man in size and had weighed 165 pounds, I weighed only 117 pounds when I was able to go to the fields where they were picking cotton and weigh on the cotton scales.

My father moved to near Glen Rose in Summerville County. I went into the home with them and was just one of the children again. When I was 21 years old I married another little woman on August 14. Jumping over a long period of time, I lived with her 62½ years. She had a French name--spelled two ways, but her people had chosen to take the shorter way--it was Doty--actually her name was Daughty. We had five children, four lived to be grown. Three of them are still living. My older daughter was 70 years old the 5th of this past May, and she lives in the old town of Whitt in Parker County, Texas. I moved there when she was 16 years old. She found her husband there and stayed there.

My son lives in what is called greater Tulsa, Oklahoma. We call him Robert Quinton. We named him after one of my mother's brothers. My other daughter is Clytie Valera^{ia}~~na~~. She lives in Fort Worth. My wife remembered some of her distant relatives that had the name of Clytie that came from French descent, which, means "sunflower." My son's name of Quinton is also French. It means "fourth."

I was near four years old when we moved back to Tennessee. I can remember my mother cooking our meals in the fireplace; father fixed hooks haging in the fireplace. She did that when we bought that place in Van Zandt County. My father went to the woods and cut logs 20 feet long, fitted them together and chinked them with mud and grass to make the walls of the house that we moved into. The big hearth that he made out of mud and grass became so firm that she could actually set her vessels on it.

The chimney was built by taking sticks and pieces of timber, building it up into the shape he wanted, and putting this mud around it. The clay was very similar to adobe.

Interviewer: Did he make the floor like this, too, putting water and making it real hard?

Rev. Whitworth: No, we had a little sawmill near by that he bought some puncheon lumber--12" wide, and floored this house which was 20' long and 14' wide with no partitions in it. For a side room we did have a dirt floor which was just the hard packed soil of the country.

He had no glass windows. There was only one window and that was at the north end of the house. The door was in the center in the south end, the chimney was in the center on the north end, on one side he had the window with no glass init. In the winter time we had to depend on little coal oil lights that you carry around in the room. They had a wooden shutter on the window that they opened so air could come into the room, and air also came through the door when left ajar.

We had a wagon for transportation. I don't know how long we went with just a wagon because I don't remember our family ever having a buggy until I bought one myself.

The grown folks would sit on spring seats in the front where the driver sat and one or two sit by him. The children sat in the back on a pile of quilts. Incidentally, my father at that particular time didn't use oxen to try to farm his land--he had horses.

Before that, my father had used oxen. My brother and I broke some yearlings, and we joked them; then we had yoked oxen.

Interviewer: Tell me more about your home.

Rev. Whitworth: The 20' by 14' room was our living room, bedroom, and parlor. We had one bedstead that was high enough for a trundle bed to slide under it, on which my sister and little brother slept. I slept on a pallet of grass or straw on the floor until we moved back to near Austin. We would put the pallet on the trundle in the day time. We also had a dining table and chairs in this room for awhile until the side room was built. My father used hand tools and made our chairs, tables, bedsteads, chests, cupboards; and even hoe, axe, and hammer handles. I remember that he would sell some of the handles to neighbors who did not seem to be able to make such for themselves.

He made my mother a rocking chair especially for her size. She was only 4 feet, 11 inches tall. I never remember when she weighed more than 85 pounds. After we returned to the place in Van Zandt County, we built a room in front of the log house, using lumber for the floor and walls that had glass windows and a store bought door, and used it as a bedroom and sitting room for some time. Before, we bought lumber and built a three room and hallway home, the year before I married. In the fall after I was married I took two bales of cotton that I had harvested from a piece of land I had cleared and put in cotton, and went to Grand Saline and sold them for \$100.00 and bought a cook stove, some cooking vessels, a bedstead, some chairs, and a kitchen safe with some dining dishes and etc., and moved into a little house on the little

farm next to another farm my father had bought. There was where we lived when my wife died. The farming equipment I used to farm with was only a one horse 6 in *turning* plow, a georgia stock with shovel plow and sweeps to lay off and plow the row, planter to put cotton seed in the rows, the corn was dropped in the row by hand and covered with a shovel plow on the georgie stock we plowed the rows with the stock with sweeps on the stock by going on one side of the plants and back on the other until the surface of the ground between the rows was all plowed, sometimes as much as five times to the row. We planted corn, cotton, and peas in the field and Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes, beans, beets, cabbage, collards, and several other small plants in our garden.

My father was fortunate enough to get what we called a strap hinge which was pretty large because it was a heavy door made out of this unplanned lumber. We had two homemade bedsteads. Wooden with no springs or anything of that kind--just what they called slats. They went to the fields and got crabgrass--which we still have. Fields of it would grow up after their crops were laid by. My mother would get good substantial cloth and make what they called bedticks and fill them with this grass so full they would look fat. They would last a year before you had to get new grass put in since they would break down. They were comfortable because we were accustomed to sleeping on a pallet on the floor.

We had enough chickens to lay eggs for cooking use and to raise fryers, and we also began to raise geese for the feathers for our own use and also to sell. I didn't know what it was to cut grass in the cottonfield until we left that country because we kept our geese in the cottonfield and they ate the grass down. The first year we had maybe 20.

Interviewer: I was wondering how you could keep track of those geese like that, turning them out in the field.

Rev. Whitworth: Well, they were pretty good to come to the house for roosting. My father first fixed a brush goose shed.

Interviewer: What did you do about fences?

Rev. Whitworth: We cut this green timber, split them into what we call rails, and built a fence around the farm with rails, building it into what we called a horse high, bull strong, and pig tight fence. That way, the geese could get no further than the fence, except when some old gander would decide that he ought to discover some other territory. He would raise himself, flop his wings, and over the fence he would go.

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Interviewer: Your mother was pretty well tied down to the home with the little ones and cooking; you said she cooked over this open fire?

Rev. Whitworth: She had a large dutch oven, and she had some hooks that she could hang some pots that she wanted to boil things in. She had a frying pan that she could use even out on the road with a dutch oven as we traveled from place to place and stopped at night. They would gather the wood, make a fire, and cook the meals.

We had cornbread because we could not raise wheat there. We didn't have finances enough to go to the store and buy things all the time. We had corn and a grist mill close by that ground the corn and left the bran all in it. Mother had to sieve that out to make her bread.

Papa raised his own hogs for our meat and we had plenty of that.

I came to Fort Worth with my uncle a year before I married. I was only 16 at the time. My uncle, my father's brother, lived down close to Joshua. He had an occasion to come to Fort Worth so I came along with him in a wagon to get something he couldn't get down there for the farm.

With all sincerity I thought Fort Worth was a peculiar place. One of the reasons was that they had this fort here. I looked on that as being a preparation for war and I did not altogether understand why people wanted to have war. I felt like maybe we were afraid all the Indians would come alive and kill us. I can't tell you all the imaginative thoughts that come to my mind. I had been accustomed to everybody being friends--in a quiet community. We seldom ever heard of any troubles coming into the communities where we lived. However, we were not privileged to have church activities in those days because ministers were scarce. Many of them were traveling from neighborhood to neighborhood. But we were always Sunday Christians. My mother belonged to the Methodist Church when she and my father married; he was converted the next Sunday after they married and joined the Methodist Church with her.

But he was never very religiously inclined except that he was a singer and taught vocal music on the side. He would have classes and taught each of his children to sing. As we grew up, we had trios, duets, quartets, etc. in our family life, and were invited to sing at church and community gatherings.

Through the Vaughn Music Company, Atlanta, Georgia, my father got hold of a tuning fork that you could strike against something or you could even bite it with your teeth and listen to it and it gave you the proper pitch for

middle C. He knew how to go up and down the scales to get whatever key it was written in--the key note--and soon taught me from that. I depended, incidently, not on a tuning fork, but in a lot of instances when I had no instrument I learned to get a pitch and go down the scale and get my pitches.

Interviewer: Did you buy anything when you came to Fort Worth that time, or did you just wander up and down the store fronts and look in the stores?

Rev. Whitworth: I don't remember that I did. I stayed pretty close around my uncle and when he was tending to his business, he left me in a store.

I also sent to Dallas a few times with another relative. I found a lot of things to interest me there, considering myself a grown young man, having been married. One of the things that I'll never forget was driving along into Dallas; it wasn't very long until the wagon we were riding in began to jolt, jolt, jolt, jolt. We found the reason why was because the street was paved with Bois D'Arc blocks and the weight of the wagon going over them made the blocks sink further into the ground and left them uneven. It wasn't heavy jolts but enough to cause light jolts.

Interviewer: I knew Fort Worth had Bois D'Arc blocks--I didn't know Dallas did, too.

Rev. Whitworth: I don't remember how many streets had it there, but it was two or three of those main streets.

I married Mellie Adeline Doty in Walnut Springs, Texas, which was a little railroad shop town where her mother lived. The family located there to be close to her brother who worked in the railroad shops. I met her when father moved. We started a Sunday School, in the school house nearby, getting preachers to come and preach when we could. The girl that I married came out in the country close to where we lived and stayed with a family to help make a livelihood for the family. I met her in February, and on the 14th of August 1904, we were married. Ten months after we were married our first child was born.

My wife's mother had to struggle for her livelihood so my wife had few clothes when we married. I found that a lady had died leaving a lot of clothing that I felt would just fit my wife. She only had kid's clothes--just lacked one day being 16 years old. She went along with me and tried the clothes on; they fit her. There were several dresses, and underslthing--longer now for she had become a married woman and must put these longer dresses on. Among them was a dress of a style in those days that had a train; she kept that

long enough to wear it to church one day. When she sat down and pushed it back under the seat. A man and woman sitting on the seat just behind us chewed snuff. They had no place to spit except under the bench where her dress was. So, it was so soiled. She just cut it off and hemmed it up. As long as she lived, regardless of what the style was, her dress went within eight inches of the floor. After we moved here and I was pastor, she still wore that length dresses. In West Texas where I was better known in my earlier ministry, she was known as the old-fashioned Christian woman of the district.

In the fall after we married a group of people that we had become associated with in a small way down in East Texas dating back to the old Pilgrim Congregational, came into our community by my invitation and preached for us in that community. I then joined their activity and became licensed with them. They immediately asked me if I would do some field work in southern Louisiana in the oil fields. I told them my education had been quite limited but that I had been studious. I made a trip to Tyler and stayed there a few days meeting the officials. They sent me to Evangelina Oil Field in southern Louisiana to do missionary work there, starting a reading room and preaching to those people there. I never was quite reconciled to it and only remained about three months before coming back.

Interviewer: You felt like your call was here?

Rev. Whitworth: I just didn't feel like taking my wife down there under the circumstances and conditions, not having a vision of knowing that God could take care of us under all circumstances, as I did learn later. I came back and retained my association with them for a short while.

Finally, I almost got out, but I was so interested and so concerned that I began to come in contact with other people with experience of speaking in tongues until we decided we wanted an organization. I transferred on July 12, 1914, to the Assemblies of God, and I've been with them ever since. I am at the present time an honorary Presbyter of the North Texas District of the Assemblies of God.

Interviewer: Where did you settle down after you had made your commitment?

Rev. Whitworth: I guess having the early life that I did put me in the mood of not remaining very long at any particular place. My ministry has been mainly in Texas, but I have been quite active for some little periods in Oklahoma and New Mexico. I made a filing on Government land east of Tucumcari, New Mexico before being engaged in the ministry.

Back in about 1918, the state opened up. It had never been opened for settlement. People settled in there in no-man's land. I became interested and made a trip in the old time schooner wagon from this area down when my oldest daughter was three years old. I went over and made a filing on 160 acres of land. I moved there the next winter and built me a little shack. I stayed out there, broke out a little piece of the land, then decided it was going to be too rough to bring up the family there and came back to Glen Rose, Texas.

I took a common farm wagon and made what we called an overjet and built a bedframe and grub box in it, to make it into a camp wagon--placing the sideboards on the wagon. You've seen the old time wagon with a bed and sideboards to make it still deeper. Well, we put the sideboards on and had something to go over that that would fit down on top of that; we could put a bed and other things in the front end around where the driver's seat was. A tarpaulin sheet over the top was so closely fitted we could almost make it air tight. Incidentally, I have been out in some terrific cold weather with those kind of things and kept from freezing.

We enjoyed our trips because we didn't just try to make long drives. We did try to make tolerably long drives in a day for a team and wagon. We didn't want to trot our teams--we just wanted them to do a fast walk and make the trip as far as we could. We would get up and start rather early some mornings if we wanted to make it a longer way in distance, but we made our camps under all kinds of circumstances and conditions. I remember as we were making this trip over into New Mexico, out on those sloped plains, there was no timber at all--no fences hardly in that country. They had their wagon roads just where the wagons went across in the direction I wanted to go. Later on, they made the section line into roads, but then we just went. We would camp with nothing. We gathered what we called cow chips, the droppings of cattle dried in the sun, and used that for our fire. We generally tried to carry along a supply of water in wooden jugs.

We might have a little store and a post office nearby after settling, but we did not have everything we needed, so we would have to go occasionally to larger towns. The wagon yards had stalls for the horses and generally just some kind of big building that would accommodate a lot of pallets. Some got to where they would even prepare some special beds on the side of the walls. Anyway, it was a camping facility that provided water, fuel, and so on to take care of the campers.

Interviewer: Of course, your horses were a very important part of your life. Did you shoe your own horses, or did you go to the blacksmith?

Rev. Whitworth: I have shod a few horses, but seldom because we generally had a blacksmith shop in the community. We could get a horse shod for 25 cents a foot.

Interviewer: What did they charge you when you went to these wagon yards?

Rev. Whitworth: They were very accommodating, most generally. I would say the most I ever remember paying for keeping me and my wagon and all through the night was about \$1.50.

On this particular trip we made from this area going all the way to New Mexico, we couldn't find water so I drove into the night until we came to the little town of Archer City where there was a wagon yard. I had to go there to get water for my mules and me. When I started to stop about five miles out--which was an hour out--I saw a little prairie dog town by the side of the road. I said to my wife, "I don't know whether we need to stop here because the rattlesnakes take up their abode in with the prairie dogs." Sure enough, I had hardly gotten my wagon out of the road until a big old rattler came by. So, I drove on. I had two little mules, one about 800 pounds and the other one about 900 pounds, pulling my wagon.

I depended on what I could shoot for meat. I always took my single-barreled shotgun which was a 12-gauge, old-time kicker. I was a fairly good shot and could get whatever I wanted. It would generally be rabbits that frequented the prairie dog places. They were very delicious. I did kill some quail and things of that kind. I remember making the trip back from out there. My father had moved out there; we were all coming back together--three wagons of us. I was driving the front wagon, my father next, then my brother. It was not open quail season at that particular time--they had come in with the quail law. But I saw a temptation that was too great for me because I needed the flesh for food. We were traveling by the side of the railroads where they had been hauling grain. On a long grade, the charge would shuffle and the grain would fall out so the quails would gather there until there was a mass--you can imagine how many quails. I dropped out on the side of the wagon, stood on the side of the road--the other wagons passed by. I shot one time--thought I would shoot twice--but I saw so many floundering around, I didn't shoot any more. When I picked them up, I had thirteen.

Interviewer: I wasn't aware that your father and brother had ever gone out there to New Mexico with you. Was this in the period of time that you and your wife homesteaded out there?

Rev. Whitworth: Yes, my father homesteaded. My brother was not old enough to homestead yet. He was still at home.

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Interviewer: Then you experienced a lot of cold weather, as well as hot weather didn't you?

Rev. Whitworth: Oh, yes. I told you about not tourist, but prospectors. While my wife had gone back from Chillicothe to visit her people at Walnut Springs. I got ready to go to my *claim* in and started alone, going to where I was leaving the railroad, going across the country to Silverton. I called my wife and told her to come. She got on the train and got off at this little place. We started across and got about 8 or 10 miles out and met one of those old time blizzards--snow storm. It came first as a rain; then it turned into snow. We made camp at the head of a dry canyon before this snow began to fall. Seven schooner wagons pulled in up there, five transport wagons loaded with lumber they hauled from the railroad pulled over on the other side. The snow began to fall just at dusk and the temperature dropped--I don't know exactly how low since we didn't have a thermometer with us, but it dropped until everything was frozen hard the next morning. The snow had blown off the high points and filled all the canyons until we could not go on down road. One of the wagons had a 14 foot square tent that we had stretched the before the rains came. My wife was sick and not able to get out of bed the next morning but we did take her up to the tent because we had a good stove in there. Incidentally, we carried fuel and coal with us in the wagons because there was a few mesquite trees scattered around but not enough for wood. We were about to use up all of the coal we had with us that day. This first morning after we had been up over there for a while, the fellows with their transport wagons got out of their tarpaulins. They laid their beds down on the tarpaulins, pulled their tarpaulins back over them, pulled it over their heads; then it could rain or whatever it pleased. So they looked out and said, "Would you folks let us come over and prepare our breakfast in your camp?" We told them, "Yes, but we've got no fuel." But they said, "We have." They came across the canyon carrying these 2 x 4's and 2 x 6's and lumber they were hauling to burn. We stayed there then until 11 o'clock the next day. And they left in one of what they called trailer wagons--two men would take two wagons--short tongue out of one fastened it on behind and they put four mules pulling, both riding in one wagon and pulling these trailer wagons. We found canyons that we couldn't go on the road; we would have to pull around ahead of them--they were still full of snow. We made it over to Quitazue which was as far as these wagons were going. We went on a little further to make camp and spent the night. The next morning we got up and pulled up the Caprock and made it into a little town called Silverton that day. It was beginning to warm up somewhat and we went to the wagon yard in Silverton that evening. I happened to know the man who was running the wagon yard. It was freezing in the 20's the next morning. I hadn't gotten over 4 miles out of Silverton when I saw a blue streak in the north. That hit me 30 minutes from the time

I saw it, and I had to walk almost all day long. I had a little bachelor heater in my overjet. My wife and little daughter were in the bed in the wagon to stay warm, but I couldn't sit on the front seat with the few clothes I had to keep warm. So I walked--it was 41 miles from Silverton to Tulia. I imagine I was 5 miles out of Silverton when this hit me and my feet were so near frozen I could hardly walk on them that next morning. I wonder how I ever made it. And yet I think the Providence of God had something to do with it.

I preached my first pulpit sermon at that little Ward schoolhouse where I was telling you we went to Sunday School where I met my wife. I preached that sermon on June 30 before we married on the 14th day of August. I was 21 years old the May 12th before--which 21 from 92 makes 71 years ago. I had 27 converts as a result of my first message. We used that old time means of dealing with the people on the basis of their signing a pledge card saying that they did accept Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour. I held a meeting in a rural community in 1915 on the Brazos River--we had good attendance--as many as 300 people right out of that rural community and had a baptismal service at the close of that meeting; in the Brazos River. I baptized one man and seven of his daughters, another man and five of his children in the same baptismal service I baptized my wife.

I first stretched a tent in Cleburne because that is where I was living. I stretched the tent between Granbury and Glen Rose at a post office with a little store. It was first stretched at Glen Rose for a camp meeting and then at the little store when that second Galveston flood came in 1915. The winds became so severe that an employee and I went to the tent after breakfast and found some of the stakes pulled up already. We began to drive stakes to keep it up. We worked so hard and yet it looked almost like we failed. I said, "Ed, there's no need for us to try to keep the tent up any longer." It was a push pole tent, if you understand what I mean, it had two poles in the center, and we pushed it up in order to fasten it up with ropes. I said, "I think we could take the poles out of the center and lit it down on the seats." And we did. It was a brand new tent, water-proof. In just a few minutes the dash of rain that came put water enough on it that wind could not blow the tent out from between the seats. Maybe you think we didn't have a lot of trouble when the storm was over and the next day, dipping water out from between the seats to get that tent where we could push it up again. Those were happy days because of the blessing of the Lord and how we saw people so benefitted and helped in many instances.

I lost my wife after I moved here. I bought this little house because it was near the church I was pastoring on John T. White Road. It was convenient and

I didn't have much money. I found this with one acre of land, 75 feet wide and 585 feet deep--a little 4-room dilapidated house--not fit to live in--needed a new top on it. So I bought it and did the work myself--remodeled it--did the inside work, the outside work, built on two rooms and a garage, and so on and so forth. And I could buy it from some heirs for \$2,500. So I sold my place out in Whitt and had enough to do the improving and pay the \$2,500. Our ministry was frontier ministry so we had reared our family without very many advantages; however, I put all my children except the oldest one through high school. We are a family together. I've got some great, great grandchildren. A week ago I was on top of my house. We had a leak so my son-in-law came over to see about it. I went up to show him and walked around over the top of my house. When you speak of hardships, I wonder if they are not one of the greatest school masters we have.

I find that people that have things of ease do not know how to meet the problems that are in the world. I learned a long time ago to use what is profitable. In all of my travels, I never owned but two brand new cars. Most people say I don't look older than 70. I give God the credit for my mental state. This is a letter that I send out as a means of advertising for my Bible Clinic.

Interviewer: Do you type this yourself?

Rev. Whitworth: I find so few people that are willing to take the time to do this kind of typing. I do not type with my whole hand.

Interviewer: I noticed you lost a finger.

Rev. Whitworth: I told you of the little wife I married whose home was at Walnut Springs. Walnut Springs was a railroad center at the time--railroad shops of the Texas Central Railroad which extends from Waco through Stamford and on out to Tex line. Walnut Springs was the place where they did their repair work. After I came back from this trip to the west for filing I moved there and went to work in the railroad shops, on a job called car knocking. Car knocking means the upkeep of boxcars. I worked myself up to where I had begun building new cabooses. During this time I had gotten connected with the Nazarene Church; I went to one of their meetings in Stamford and came back on the train. Because I was a laborer, I got transportation free. Just a few days after I made this trip, I was called by my foreman to examine a car that was just brought in. I found that the brakes on the car were in real bad order. When I examined it, I found that some place where they had worked on it they had put a cross bar--we called it--that held the different arms that pulled the brakes, they put one that was too short. When they turned the air in to put on the brakes, it just wouldn't brake the car. So

I slipped the pins out and slipped it out and said to my helper, "We'll get a 48-inch cross bar." He handed it to me and I slipped it in place. We put every pin in it except one and it wouldn't go down. Incidentally, I had the air in it which made it staunch when I had tried it; without thinking of the danger, when it wouldn't go down, I just slipped my finger up to feel, and just as I did my helper who was holding beam got wearied of the position of flat on his back with his feet against the beam and changed his feet, and the beam slipped and caught that finger and held it just long enough for me to say, "You got my finger." It clipped off that end right in the joint. In the next breath, I said, "You've cut it off." He jumped up and began to jump up and down. I stood there, and he ran and grabbed that piece of finger. He broke for the house and went in saying, "Whitworth got his finger cut off." I got up and walked on in there. Of course, when they saw me, they took me into the office and said that I'd better sit down. So I sat down and they wrapped it up. As it happened; although the hospital was in Stamford, the official doctor was in Walnut Springs that day. They immediately took me up to his little office. He said, "Well, I think you had better take the train out of here this evening and go up there to the hospital. They will tend to that in the morning." I said, "Doctor, can't you do it here?" He said, "I don't have anything with me to do anything except deaden the feeling in that finger, but I can do it right here, if you want it. I said, "If you want to try it, I'll do it." I thought I would watch him, but he stood between--walked in between my face and hand, and dressed it and gave me an extra long nub on the end. I had the misfortune later on in life to be using a skill saw overhead and let it drop down and cut the end of that nub off again. It left enough to where it was still in good shape.

Interviewer: When did you lose your wife?

Rev. Whitworth: On the 5th day of July, 9 years ago, then I remarried 7 years ago last--on the 3rd day of December.

Interviewer: How old were you when you went into the ministry?

Rev. Whitworth: This question was asked of Mrs. Whitworth and her answer was 50 years old.

Interviewer: That took a lot of courage.

Rev. Whitworth: My Bible Clinic is the only Bible Clinic I know of in the world. I don't know of another one. My Bible Clinic is a place where I do not try to correct people, but I try to set forth the realities of the old, original language that God himself was the author of. And I have a theory that is known of late and not until lately called letterology.

Letterology simply means that right in your King James Bible you have the effectiveness of each one of the 22 letters of the Hebrew language which is the means by which the Greek originated until we can trace it back to the one language that each letter used in a syllable gives it the meaning in place of deciding that I want it to mean this or that I want it to mean that by usage. For instance, let me illustrate it to you. The first recorded word that was ever spoken in the history of humanity was spoken by God himself when he said, "Let there be light." I've sought here, there, and yon, and I can find no record of where there was ever a word spoken until God said that. He said, "Let." In our English terminology, the letter "L" always stands for "creation," the letter "e" stands for "promotion," the letter "t" stands for "production," so what he is saying when he said, "Let," is "create, promote, produce" and every word is used in the King James version. Now let me stop and say this--we do not have a pure English language now--it is a conglomeration of all the languages that is so corrupted until we don't know what we are saying--we can't understand one another. But with the old original that was used by King James they went back to a time in the original that there was no chapters, no verses, and not even any paragraphs--there was no sentences and the words were not even distinctly divided from one another. They had to have what they called, the scribes, who had an understanding of the means by which they could bring out the significance by the meaning of the letters. For instance, if I want to spell grace, or speak of grace, I'd much rather say to you that that word is a single syllable word and that it has five valuable factors, and the first one is based upon the significance of the letter "G" that you will find was called "gimel" in the Hebrew--you'll find it right in your Bible in the 119th Psalm, and that "g" always means "information," and "informant." The next one in grace is "r" which is taken from the letter "resh" in the Hebrew which always signifies the continuity of the Kingdom. The next one is "a" which is in Hebrew "aleph". I can't go into detail about the word "aleph" because it would take too long, but let me, suffice to say, that it makes it the chief, the first, and always holds that predominant place, and in its finality, it signifies an aspiration, an aspirant, knowledge. "C" is never used in the Hebrew, but it is taken from "kappa" or "k" in the Hebrew by the Greeks and signifies just the same that I'd say an observant. All right, I've got one more letter that signifies the other factor, and that is "e" that I told you awhile ago is to "promote." So when I'm writing about that and starting to say "grace" and want to give a full definition of "grace," I write those words in there in place of grace. Let me say this, the language that God first taught the human race to use had its value in the letters themselves and not in the user of them. Regardless of who used them they did what they stood for. When he said, "let," he meant "creation, and promotion, and production."

Since we are each, an individual entity of a great system of operative energy,

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and the mass is divided into factors that are representative of Divine reality, we must stand as we were, made in the image and after the likeness of God to be used of God, to perform the functions ordained of God, that the purpose, plan and program of God may be consumated, and his will observed and fulfilled in all realms to the final exhibition of Deitical substantiation, and a Divine materiality to inhabit the New Heaven and the New Earth in which perpetuality is enjoyed consistantly forever and evermore.