

TABERNACLE ON SOUTH FIFTEENTH STREET

RICHMOND, IND., MAY 23, 1922.

AFTERNOON AND EVENING SERVICES

## God Works Salvation Through Human Agents to Attain End; Mankind Honored in This Work

Christ Suffered Martyrdom on Cross, Voluntarily Accepting  
Sins of Whole World, and Redeeming Men and Women  
By His Innocent Suffering and Death, Declares Rev. W. A.  
Sunday—Believers in Him Are Saved.

The text: "And being in agony he  
prayed more earnestly; and his sweat  
was as it were great drops of blood  
falling down to the ground."  
Luke 22nd chapter, 44th verse.

Infidels have seized upon various  
verses of scripture and have given  
their reason for not believing the  
Bible because of the fact that the  
statements therein contained are in  
opposition to their ideas and opinions.  
I think it is pitiable! When God says  
a thing, you can't improve on it. You  
might as well walk out with a brush  
and a pot of paint and a ladder and  
lean it up against a rock, the flowers  
all in bloom, the grass is green, all  
nature clapping its hands and then  
point on the rock, "This is Spring!" As  
though you could improve over the  
flowers and the trees and the grass.

They say, "Why, it would be a  
physiological impossibility for any-  
body to sweat blood and still live."  
Yet Dr. Osler in his Modern Medi-  
cine, Volume 4 page 685, gives in-  
stances where men and women have  
been in such mental agony that they  
have sweated blood.

Dr. Weitzel was located in Boston.  
He said he knew of a father who for  
eight years had heard nothing from  
his son and one morning he received  
a telegram that the boy had been ar-  
rested and tried and convicted and  
sentenced to be executed and they  
were sending this message to him from  
the father what disposition he'd like  
to have made of the body after the  
execution, and the agony was so  
intense that the blood oozed through  
the pores, proving that even in our  
day a man or woman would be placed  
in such a mental condition that they  
would sweat blood, that is, that  
that verse in the Scriptures is not  
an impossibility. And there are sev-  
eral lessons that I learn from this,  
this morning.

What Constitutes  
An American.  
"And being in an agony, he prayed  
more earnestly; and his sweat was  
as it were great drops of blood fall-  
ing down to the ground."

First, it must have been a new sight  
for the angels. They had beheld  
many wonderful things, they had  
seen their brethren angels, who had  
believed, hurried over the battlements  
of glory. Angels are angels only be-  
cause they do the will of God and  
when they cease to do the will of  
God, they become devils. The devils  
are not angels now because they re-  
belled against the will of God. When  
you refuse to do the will of God you  
are a sinner, you are a saint because  
you will do the will of God.

Submit To The Will  
Of The Government.  
You are an American when you  
submit to the will of the government.  
When you refuse, you are a traitor.  
It must have been a new sight for  
the angels. They had seen Sodom  
and Gomorrah destroyed with the fire  
because of their transgressions; they  
had seen the old world destroyed  
with a flood because of man's iniquity  
and they had seen the destroying  
angel with drawn sword go through  
the camp of the Assyrians and slay  
185,000 of them; they had seen God  
beat back the waters of the Red Sea  
and they had beheld the first born  
in every Egyptian home slain; but  
they had never beheld the Son of  
God sweating blood.

I learn that the divine cup is a bitter  
cup, whether the fallen angels  
drink in their eternal imprisonment,  
or whether fallen man drinks the bit-  
ter curse of God upon him, or whether  
the unfallen Christ drinks it. Christ  
said, "Is there any other way whereby  
we can save this sin-cursed world?"

Churches Should  
Follow Example.  
The Father said, "Absolutely none  
other way, my son. You have to go  
on the cross and die."

And Jesus said, "Not my will but  
thine be done."

When the churches say that with  
their lives as well as their lips they  
will overthrow the forces of evil that  
have been beating against the cause  
of God and his truth. God doesn't  
hate the sinners but he does hate  
their sins.

It was a terrific exhibition—Jesus  
Christ who had never sinned, staining  
his clothes with blood, not for any-  
thing He had done but because of the  
mental agony He was in, knowing  
what punishment was going to fall  
on those who were rejecting Him and  
His offer of mercy. It wasn't bodily  
pain that Jesus suffered. Jesus was  
no coward. If He had been afraid  
of suffering martyrdom and the pain  
that would have been inflicted by His  
death on the cross, He wouldn't have  
been as brave as multitudes who have  
gone to the cross and have burned at  
the stake.

Don't ever dream of entering heav-  
en without first of all you have been  
regenerated by faith in Jesus Christ.  
I think the universe sees God in a  
new light. I think the angels have  
too. What joy must have swept  
through the hearts of the angels who  
didn't join in that rebellion but who  
stood and fought against the devil!  
And if I ever have the least shadow  
of a doubt about the existence of an  
eternal hell, it will all vanish when  
I see Jesus going into the garden of  
Gethsemane sweating drops of blood.

Devils Knew  
Christ's Purpose.  
Therefore, if the devils in hell ever  
had any idea that there ever would  
come a time when they would be  
emancipated from their eternal im-  
prisonment, it all vanished when Je-  
sus Christ went into the garden, for  
they knew that He was there pray-  
ing and sweating drops of blood be-  
cause of the sins that they had  
brought to humanity through their

rebellion and the humanity following  
their example was rebelling. And  
God knew where the devils were that  
had rebelled and Jesus Christ knew  
where they were going. That's what  
brought the whole thing from Him.  
Don't be a careless professor an-  
other minute. If you can do nothing  
more, smite on your breast and say,  
"God be merciful to me, a sinner."

I think there is something wrong  
with the religion of the average man  
or woman. You seldom see tears  
coursing down their cheeks. Did you  
ever weep because you saw men and  
women you knew would go to hell.  
Did you ever weep for the sins of the  
church, because you knew the power  
of the church was being sapped by  
the worldliness in it? Did you ever  
weep because of your own sin?

Tell Me To  
Weep For Children.

When they were leading Jesus out  
to crucify Him the women followed  
Him, weeping. He turned around  
and said to them, "Daughters of Je-  
rusalem, weep not for me, weep for  
your children."

"If they do this in a green tree,  
what will they do in a dry? If they  
are doing this to me, the Son of God  
that don't deserve it, what do you  
think they will do to me when I am  
dead, like a dry tree?"

And He said, "If they will do this  
to one that is innocent, what do you  
suppose God will do to them that are  
ready for the fire?"

He said, "I thank you for your  
sympathy and love, but please stop  
weeping for me, but you go weep for  
those that are killing me, they are the  
ones that need your tears. I don't  
want your tears, you pray for the  
crowd that is spurning what I am  
preaching. You weep for the crowd  
that is spurning my preaching. Weep  
for your children."

So, I learn another lesson. I learn  
the power of prayer. Every man  
and woman that God Almighty has  
ever used to light up the festering  
spots of this God-hating, blasphem-  
ing, old world that sneers and mocks  
at God, have been men and women  
of prayer. From all denominations  
and in all ages they have been men  
and women of prayer. Martin Luther  
used to say, "This will be an exceed-  
ingly busy day and I can't think of  
assuming its responsibilities without  
at least three hours of prayer," and  
he leaped from his bed and fell on  
his knees and prayed the night  
through. He said, "Oh God, give me  
Scotland or I will die! And God  
gave him Scotland and threw Eng-  
land in for good measure."

And before Jonathan Edwards  
preached that wonderful sermon of  
his entitled "Sinners in the hands  
of an angry God," for days he had  
fasted and for nights he hadn't  
sleep. Surrounded by godly men and  
women they prayed and so marvelous  
was the power of God that strong,  
stubborn old sinners—oh! they grab-  
bed the back of the seats in front  
of them. Others threw their arms  
around the pillars of the church while  
others fell on the floor and they cried  
out, "O, Mr. Edwards, spare us! Spare  
us!" as he held those old sinners  
over the pit of hell and let them smell  
the sulphur fumes as it vomited from  
the inferno of eternal damnation be-  
low.

I learn the power of prayer. I  
knew of an infidel. I didn't know  
him personally, who prided himself  
on defeating every argument in fa-  
vor of religion and a Godly Baptist  
heard of it and he and his wife went  
on their knees at eight o'clock and  
they prayed until three in the morn-  
ing. He hitched up his team and  
went to this infidel's blacksmith shop.  
He framed in his mind the argu-  
ments he would use to convince  
him that Jesus was the Christ and  
he walked into the presence of the  
man and tears trickled down his  
cheeks and his arguments took wings.

Tears Prevent  
Sins.  
He got into the carriage and drove  
back home and his wife came rushing  
out and said, "What result?" He said,  
"I made a fool out of myself." He  
said, "I went in there and all I could  
do was to say 'I'm praying for you,'  
my dear."

He hadn't been gone long until the  
infidel went in to his wife and said,  
"I've met a new argument in favor of  
religion."

She said, "What was it?"  
"It wasn't in words. It was in  
deeds. He came and stood there and  
told me he was praying for me. I  
never had anybody say that before."

He went back and tried to work  
and the picture of that man's face  
and tears troubled him. He said,  
"Wife, perhaps I am wrong after all."  
She said, "Well, nobody is better  
able to help you than the deacon,  
let's go and see."

He looked up his shop and they  
drove three miles to his home and the  
deacon talked with him and in a lit-  
tle while they had him on his knees  
acknowledging Jesus Christ as his  
personal Savior.

I knew of a mother who had two  
wayward, Godless, coquetish sort of  
daughters and they wouldn't come  
near the meeting. They didn't like  
the crude preaching. That wasn't

This is Rodeheaver's Famous Trombone, Which Has Never Played Jazz Music



Homer Rodeheaver

## SUNDAY Says—

Angels are angels only because they  
do the will of God and when they  
cease to do the will of God, they be-  
come devils. When you refuse to do  
the will of God you are a sinner, you  
are a saint because you will do the will  
of God.

God doesn't hate the sinners, but  
he does hate their sins.

Don't ever dream of entering Heaven  
without first of all you have been re-  
generated by faith in Jesus Christ.

Did you ever weep for the sins of the  
church, because you knew the power  
of the church was being sapped by  
the worldliness in it?

Every man and woman that God Al-  
mighty has ever used to light up the  
festering spots of this God-hating,  
blaspheming old world that sneers and  
mocks at God, have been men and wo-  
men of prayer.

When you hear somebody knocking  
the preacher you can bet your life the  
preacher is all right and that they are  
all wrong.

The spirit of concern puts to shame  
the half-hearted, cold, indifferent way  
that the attitude of the church of God  
is taking toward the church of God.

Jesus was God manifest in flesh.  
I have to know the bible to know  
Christ, and I have to know Christ to  
know God. The bible reveals Christ  
to me and Christ reveals God to me  
and there is no way that I can ever  
get the ear of God unless I go through  
Jesus. So Jesus Christ is the highest  
revelation of God through humanity,  
the minds of mankind can perceive.  
Therefore, for a man to say he loves  
God and turns his back on Jesus  
Christ is pure folly.

God's heart yearns to have the lost  
world repent of their sins.

When you find a man or woman that  
has concern for the welfare and sal-  
vation of others, I'll show you a man  
or woman that has a life of prayer.

What this old world needs is a little  
concern.

It seems to me that God's in a hurry  
to bless and save America.

Nothing produces joy in Heaven like  
the salvation of souls.

The trouble, it was their cussedness  
that was getting knocked in the head,  
they didn't like it and they were try-  
ing to make people believe it was the  
preacher instead of their own rotten  
hearts.

When you hear somebody knock-  
ing the preacher you can bet your  
life the preacher is all right and that  
they are all wrong. So if I were you  
and didn't like what I say, I would  
bet anything about it, then you  
won't call attention to anybody else  
that you are rotten.

They wouldn't come near and see  
me one morning. "Girls, I am asha-  
med I ever gave you birth and that you  
nursed at my breast, because here  
are people that never sat up with  
you one night in your illness, here  
are people that never aided you in  
any way and yet you will do more  
to please them than you will to please  
your father. Why? And yet you  
profess to love me." She said, "See  
here, this is the last time I am going  
to ask you. I am going in that closet  
and I am going to pray until you  
make up your minds that you will  
go with me and give your hearts to  
Christ. I don't know that I will ever  
come out alive."

She went into that closet and shut  
the door and for five hours she wrest-  
led and prayed and groaned with God  
when she heard a rap on the door  
and she said, "Come in."

And one of her daughters walk-  
ed in and fell on her knees and threw  
her arms around her mother. She  
said, "Mother, you needn't pray any  
more for me. I accept Jesus Christ  
as my Saviour."

Other Daughter  
Returns Home  
A man and his wife went down over  
the Western hills, they heard a rap. They  
threw open the door and the other  
daughter fell on her knees by the  
side of her mother and both girls  
were saved but it took her nine hours  
to bring them into the kingdom. It  
was the best day's work she ever did  
in her life.

Miner, saw mill helper, boss saw-  
yer, circus band master, and soldier.  
That does not sound like the life  
history of a revival song leader, but  
it is.

Homer Rodeheaver did all of those  
things before he finally settled down  
to his life's work, and since then  
he has done a lot of things on the  
side that makes almost as large a  
list.

The head of the Rodeheaver family  
was a master sawyer, and the young  
Homer helped his father about his  
mills, and finally graduated into  
being a master sawyer himself.

Interested in Music  
But all of the time he was inter-  
ested in music, and when his broth-  
ers organized a factory, he played the  
bass drum, mainly he helped, because  
he was the only one that could keep  
the rhythm.

He was not contented with a  
drum, however, and began to pick up  
the other instruments, first a cornet,  
then a baritone horn, and finally a  
valve trombone.

His brothers were then in college  
at Delaware, so he followed them  
there to enter the public schools, and  
play in the college band. Up to that  
time he had never seen a slide trom-  
bone and did not know that one ex-  
isted. He was fascinated by one that  
was owned by D. H. Jemison, now of Cin-  
cinnati, he finally scraped together  
\$4.50 which was a real fortune to him  
and got it.

Ready to Play  
Two days later he came to hand  
practice to play for the first time,  
to be laughed at by the leader for  
attempting to play without lessons.

"But I fooled them," Rodeheaver  
said, "I did not know how it went  
but I hunted around until I found  
a piece that I knew by heart and by  
experimenting found out where to run  
the trombone to, to make a note, and  
got to learn the whole scale that  
way."

"In two weeks I could play right  
along and keep up with the rest of  
the band. But it was several years,  
after I was playing with men that  
knew their instruments that I found  
out how to really play the horn."

Enlists in Army  
Rodeheaver's next venture was col-  
lege at Ohio Wesleyan, but the Span-  
ish-American war broke out, and he  
enlisted in the 4th Tennessee Regi-  
mental band, and after two weeks at  
Knoxville, was entrained for Cuba,  
crossing on the old transport Manato-  
ba, and playing with the band all  
over the island.

"With the band," said Rodeheaver,  
"I found out for the first time that  
there was such a thing as a bass  
clef."

"I protested that I could not play  
in that scale but the band master  
said I was in the army and had to, so  
I went ahead. I just found a piece  
that I knew and got the relative  
positions of the notes by comparison  
just as I have learned to play the  
slide trombone."

"This time it was several years be-  
fore I came to know the names of the  
different notes."

Sells Books  
In the summer time after his re-  
turn to college, Rodeheaver usually  
sold books, but one year a one horse  
circus, or really a four pony circus  
got stranded near the college and lost  
hand.

Rodeheaver was asked to organize  
a band for the circus, the old Dar-  
ling and De Ouzo outfit, but after  
looking with the company for a few  
weeks, decided to quit before they  
busted up, and did. He got out just  
in time.

At odd times when the chances af-  
forded, Rodeheaver would go out with  
an evangelist to lead the singing, but  
he would do it only for a week or two  
at a time, without any expectations  
of keeping at it. It did develop later  
that he had made his beginning.

Goes Broke  
Following graduation from college  
Rodeheaver decided to go into busi-  
ness, and borrowed the money to set  
up a saw mill. The mill was a suc-  
cess for someone else, but not for  
Rodeheaver, for he not only lost all  
of the money he had borrowed but  
all the rest that he could lay hands  
on.

To pay off the debt, he went to  
work in a coal mine, and finally af-  
ter some effort, got the debt paid.  
Just at that time his chance to en-  
ter his life's work came, and he took  
it up.

Dr. Biederwolf was without a mis-  
sion, and some evangelist recom-  
mended Rodeheaver. Out to Spring-  
field, Mo., he went for a two weeks en-  
gagement, in a tent meeting.

Send for Trombone  
Even that start might have ended  
in nothing had not Dr. Biederwolf  
learned that "Rody" played the trom-  
bone, and got him to send for it.

That was the beginning, the old  
slide trombone that had taken "Rody's"  
eye in college, after a trip to Cuba,  
became the first trombone to lead off  
in gospel singing revivals, and set  
the pace for the others.

Since that time "Rody" has played  
before more people than any other  
trombonist in the world, and has even  
given a concert in the air. While in  
France, a major interested in finding  
out the possibilities of an aerial  
band, sent Mr. Rodeheaver up in a  
plane, but the music could not be  
heard, with the engine cut off, at a  
greater height than 500 feet.

About twelve years ago Mr. Rode-  
heaver joined Mr. Sunday, and has  
been with the party ever since ex-  
cept for two meetings held while he  
was in France with the Y.M.C.A.  
from October to December, 1918.  
Meetings were held at that time in  
Providence, R. I., and Fort Worth,  
Texas.

Rather taken back with the pros-  
pects of making a life work of gos-  
pel singing at the salary he could re-  
ceive, "Rody" cast about for a supple-  
ment to his income and hit on the  
plan of publishing gospel songs.

From a small pamphlet that he pub-  
lished in the beginning the present  
Rodeheaver company, one of the large-  
est hymn publishers in the company  
developed.

Branching out from that company,  
and its original purpose, the Rode-  
heaver interests now produce the  
"Rainbow" records of gospel hymns,  
publish a little magazine called  
"The Gospel Choir," and operates a  
practical school for Christian work-  
ers and gospel and choir singers.

Making a list of the things that  
Rodeheaver has tried in his life is  
like making a list of occupations for  
the census bureau. In later years  
when he is written up for other "Billy"  
Sunday meetings, the list may be  
made longer.

able to know Christ and I have to  
know Christ to know God. The Bible  
reveals Christ to me and there is no  
way that I can ever get the ear of  
God unless I go through Jesus. So  
Jesus Christ is the highest revela-  
tion of God through humanity, the  
minds of mankind can perceive.  
Therefore, for a man to say he loves  
God and turns his back on Jesus  
Christ, is pure folly.

I see Jesus in the garden of Geth-  
semane weeping and shedding great  
drops of blood, I know how God felt.  
When I see Jesus looking over the  
Mount of Olives and I see Jerusalem  
at His feet and I hear Him cry "O  
Jerusalem, how often have I gather-  
ed thee, if thou hadst known even  
thou at least in this, thy day, the  
things which belong unto thy peace!  
but now they are hid from thine  
eyes."

The things that belonged to the  
peace of Jerusalem was their sense  
of Him as the Messiah. He said, "If  
you had known in a period of thirty-  
three years," he said, "if you had  
known in this your peace! but now  
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know Christ to know God. The Bible  
reveals Christ to me and there is no  
way that I can ever get the ear of  
God unless I go through Jesus. So  
Jesus Christ is the highest revela-  
tion of God through humanity, the  
minds of mankind can perceive.  
Therefore, for a man to say he loves  
God and turns his back on Jesus  
Christ, is pure folly.

I see Jesus in the garden of Geth-  
semane weeping and shedding great  
drops of blood, I know how God felt.  
When I see Jesus looking over the  
Mount of Olives and I see Jerusalem  
at His feet and I hear Him cry "O  
Jerusalem, how often have I gather-  
ed thee, if thou hadst known even  
thou at least in this, thy day, the  
things which belong unto thy peace!  
but now they are hid from thine  
eyes."

The things that belonged to the  
peace of Jerusalem was their sense  
of Him as the Messiah. He said, "If  
you had known in a period of thirty-  
three years," he said, "if you had  
known in this your peace! but now  
they are hidden from your eyes," and  
from that day until this the Jews

## Rody's Trombone Has Varied Experiences; Tells of Wars, Riots, Weeping and Laughter

Instrument Has Seen Many Exciting Scenes—Once While  
In Rody's Hands in France Shell exploded Nearby, Blow-  
ing Hat off Player's Head—Stops Panic When Seats Break  
in Toledo, Ohio—Carefully Guarded by Owner.

"Twelve years of revivals, and a  
trip to France while the war was on,  
does give one a rather interesting  
time of it," admitted Homer Rode-  
heaver's trombone, when it was ap-  
proached by a reporter for a story  
of its life.

"Because I was closed in a bit dur-  
ing some of the trips, I am not always  
sure of the things I shall tell  
when all of the things I shall tell  
about happened, but Rody can correct  
me when I am wrong," the trombone  
continued, settling itself in the case  
a little more comfortably.

"I got the scare of my life once  
in Toledo, Ohio, when we were in the  
army there, playing with Billy Sun-  
day on a return engagement. A sec-  
tion of the seats gave way, and sev-  
eral people were hurt. It looked like  
a riot, but my boss, not the Big Boss  
who does all the talking, but my boss,  
I stood up, and I just gave him every-  
thing I had, until we had that audien-  
ce calmed down."

Predecessor Also Veteran  
"The papers next day said that Rody  
had stopped a riot, and I believe it.  
Still I was prepared for just that sort  
of thing for a trombone that had been  
with Rody for a long time before I  
came with him about 12 years ago,  
said that they had just about the  
same kind of experience."

"Rody was playing in a tent with  
Dr. Biederwolf, out in Kansas some  
place, and a big storm came up. Now  
the ground was wet from the rain of  
the day before, and in a little while  
the pegs began to come out of the  
ground, and the tent to sway."

"The people were pretty nervous by  
that time. A quarter pole broke, and  
as it fell, cut a woman's head. There  
might have been a riot that time,  
but the boss climbed up on to a box  
that he used to direct the singing,  
and started to play."

Playing Always Fear  
"About that time another quarter  
pole broke, and it looked more like  
a riot than ever, but the boss kept  
on playing and they finally settled  
down and the storm let up."

Rodeheaver had to interrupt there  
to tell something about the storm.  
"I had just got me a long tailed coat  
that week, and since it was my first,  
I was proud of it."

"As I stood on that box, the rain  
came through the flaps of the tent,  
and I could feel the rain dripping  
down that long tail, and soaking me  
through."

"I wasn't afraid a bit, it never oc-  
curred to me to think that the tent  
would come down, but I was worried  
sick at the thought that my new coat  
would be ruined."

The trombone listened respectfully  
while Rodeheaver broke into the in-  
terview, but burst into speech again  
as soon as he had the chance.

Where He Was Scared  
"Don't you worry about Rody being  
scared," it continued, "he made up  
for it in France, when a shell broke near