

Julia

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HELEN GODFREY PYKE



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Dedication

To my only granddaughter, Judah, whose childhood has also been clouded by a loved one's mental illness.

And to my mother, Julia (1920–2010), who never grew out of her role as big sister, and whose passion for feeding hungry people made countless teens happy when home was far away.



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Mowed Down

Through the canyon of the Little Missouri River in western North Dakota, a light breeze rippled the short buffalo grasses ahead of the mowing machine cutting hay. It rippled the manes and tails of the two bay horses pulling the machine and the loose blue shirt sleeves of the driver, a tall sunburned man. The horses tossed their heads, swirling up a buzzing cloud of flies, but the flies settled again along their sweaty necks, crawling along the trickles of moisture while the horses twitched their skin.

The driver, Tony Steiner, whistled to cheer himself up. It's hard for a man to whistle when he is almost certain his work will fail. During five years with no rain, he had lost his crops. Two weeks earlier, the banker had taken his farm and most of the livestock. Adventist friends, the Hiestand family, were letting Tony and his wife and children stay in a shanty for the summer. Perhaps he could make enough hay to get his hundred and fifty sheep through another winter, and maybe they would produce enough wool in the spring shearing to buy new shoes for his children and put food on the table.

Tony's wife, Nettie, was disheartened. He knew she was. Poor girl. If their first babies, the twins, had lived, she would have had seven little ones by now. She had grieved so much. And now all

these hardships. Besides, she was slowly losing her hearing.

Tony thought of the children and smiled, even though he felt miserable.

Julia was ten, dark-haired, blue-eyed, and close to his heart. She had looked so glad a few hours earlier when he told her she could put the restless sheep back in the corral for the day. She needed to get out of the hot sun herself—off that pony, to run on her own legs and laugh and play.

Esther was a towheaded eight-year-old, full of giggles and bright ideas. Full of nonsense and pranks too, but a dependable little girl.

Anthony was six and already long-legged like himself. Tony grinned with pride, for even though the girls sometimes complained that their brother was spoiled, he, too, was responsible and wise.

Virgie was three, a lisping, chattering, dark-haired child, scampering cheerfully about the house after her mother. And Grace, not yet walking, was everybody's darling—all dimples and sweetness.

As he did every day, Tony Steiner praised the Lord for his family. Still, he was worried. *If I could find an abandoned ranch house with a roof that didn't leak!* he thought. Then he laughed at himself. Not much point in worrying about a leaky roof when the big problem was that the rain didn't fall anymore. If he could just find a ranch with shelter for the sheep, where he could winter them on the hay he was cutting. Providing the rain came the next year, there might be a chance that he could rent a place and put in a crop. He still had the team of work horses and Band, the sorrel pony that belonged to his sister Hannah. He still had a few head of cattle pastured with another brother-in-law's cattle at Keene. Although they were thin, they were his and could be the start of a new herd. Sheep can do better on poor pasture than cattle can. So for now, he was counting on keeping the sheep.

Tony imagined the story in the Bible about the great drought in the days of Elijah the prophet. He imagined the desperate King Ahab riding about his kingdom, searching for pasture for what remained of his royal herds.

Elijah had been fed by the ravens. But he didn't have a wife and five children or a flock of his own sheep to care for. God could, of course, have managed that too. It was true that here in North Dakota they had had some snow, but they were well into their fourth summer without any rain. Tony's farm was gone. He had no money to buy seed. His fine dairy herd was gone, and now everything depended on these few sheep.

Tony broke off whistling at the end of the ten-acre field and looked back over the several rounds he had cut in an hour. He could take a back swath and get just a little more of the grass next to the chokecherry thickets along the edge of the field. He jerked up the lines, and the horses swung the mower back down the field. Tony turned in the seat, watching the sickle bar with his good eye until he had set a straight course. At times like this, being blind on the right side was a real nuisance.

Wiping the sweat from his face with his shirt sleeve, he took off his battered hat to let the breeze lift his wet hair. He could hear the children squealing and shouting in the chokecherry patch far ahead. He broke out singing to the horses, an old German song he had learned from his immigrant parents. As he turned at the end of the field, he began singing an Adventist song:

Who is on the Lord's side?
Always true,
There's a right and wrong side,
Where stand you?

The sickle bar's dozens of razor-sharp blades sliced off the grass in a swath eight feet wide.

In the chokecherry patch, the three children fell silent, listening to their father sing.

"Dad's glad he's got the hay," Anthony guessed.

Julia grinned. "Well, he'll have chokecherry syrup on his pancakes tomorrow," she said. There was flour to make pancakes in the bin in the cupboard, but the fifty-pound can behind the shanty door was only half full. Julia knew that Dad was worried. She had pretended to be asleep while her parents talked about

debts. She knew the garden would fail again this year, and with no land of his own, her father had not even planted wheat. But he was singing, and that seemed to promise that everything would be all right.

Esther jumped to grab a chokecherry branch and held it down while Julia stripped off several handfuls of cherries. “ ‘Thousands on the wrong side,’ ” Esther shouted, “ ‘choose to stand.’ ”

Anthony climbed up on a weathered cottonwood log. Julia heard the cherries rattle in the bottom of his small pail. He threw back his head and sang, “ ‘Still ’tis not the strong side, true and grand.’ ”

Julia didn't feel like singing.

It was only six weeks until school would begin. Anthony should be starting first grade. Julia tried not to feel regretful about the things they had lost. When she remembered the little fleece-lined jackets Dad had bought for her and Esther or the pretty dresses they had when they were small, she knew it would be a long time before they had new clothing again.

She tried not to feel bad because there would be no church school this year. How could she ever go back to public school with rough big boys and their foul talk and a teacher who shook Esther until her teeth rattled? Would Miss Anna Peterson have church school this year for her two Haugen nephews, the Budd cousins, and Aunt Rose's two boys?

Esther and Anthony bellowed together:

Come and join the Lord's side
 Ask you why?
 'Tis the only safe side,
 By and by.

There was no use thinking about church school when they didn't even have a house! Dad had said they must concentrate on things that could be. Well, there could be pancakes, and there could be chokecherry syrup on them!

“Let's show Dad the bucket!” Julia shouted. “That will make him laugh.”

Anthony grinned and scrambled behind her through the tangle of thick branches hanging over the edge of the field.

“I’m glad we could put the sheep in the pen today,” he confided. “I’d rather pick chokecherries than herd sheep when it’s so hot.”

Esther brushed a trickle of sweat from the end of her snub nose. “I wonder what made them so jumpy this morning.”

“Flies,” Julia guessed.

She moved gingerly ahead through the twiggy chokecherry bushes. “Careful for rattlesnakes,” she warned Anthony, watching where she put her own bare feet. Her braids bounced against her back while the wind ruffled fine strands around her ears. Her dress clung damp to her skin.

“‘Where stand you?’ ” Anthony chanted.

Julia paused. She listened to the *snick-snick* of the mowing machine and the tramp of the horses’ hooves on the dry ground.

“I’m hungry,” Esther said.

“It isn’t dinnertime yet,” Julia said.

“I put the bread and milk in the shade in the river,” Anthony volunteered. “I sank it with a rock and tied the twine on the pail to a branch.”

Julia reached to tousle his hair, but he ducked away, rolling over in the grass.

Her father and the mowing machine were coming close now. Julia crouched low, her knees ready to spring.

“You holler too,” she whispered to Anthony.

The machine swung into the grass beside them. “Hey!” she yelled. She sprang out toward her father, swinging the almost full bucket up for him to see.

“Whoa!” Dad shouted.

The startled team shied sharply away from the brush. Julia saw her father standing tall over the seat of the mowing machine, yanking the lines until the horses’ heads drew up and the animals reared back. Their front hooves slashed the air high above her, then spun away. The machine swung around and clicked to a stop.

Julia fell across the sickle bar. A scream gurgled in her throat.

“Dad!” she cried hoarsely. “Dad!”

Her ankle stung, then burned, and she could feel the blood flowing over her foot.

“Dad!” she cried again, trying to lift herself out of the stubble.

Dad was already beside her, pulling off his shirt, tearing a strip of the shirttail. He wound it tightly around her ankle several times. Then he grabbed a bolt from the toolbox on the mower and began twisting the cloth strip, tightening it, tightening it, tightening it so terribly tight.

“Esther,” he said evenly. “Run home. Tell your mother.”

“Dad,” Julia whimpered. “It’s too tight, Dad. You’ll cut my foot right off!”

And then the terrible possibility struck her. Her foot might already be cut off! Dad might be stopping the blood from gushing out of the open stump!

“Dad,” she whispered as he gathered her up in his arms, holding her close. She struggled, trying to see her ankle. Her father eased her down on a mound of hay back from the mowing machine.

“Take it easy, Jewel,” he said softly, using her pet name. “I have to put up the sickle bar.”

Anthony’s eyes bugged out, revealing his fear. He climbed up to ride next to the seat. Dad bent over, and Julia clasped her arms around her father’s neck as he stepped onto the mower.

It felt as though the pages of a storybook had come to life with her father seeming so far away. *I’m too big to ride on Dad’s lap*, she thought. But he had started the horses down the rough field, onto the even rougher road, and through the rippling shallow water that splashed over blue and red pebbles. The sun was so bright on the water. The sun blinded her eyes, the pain flashing like glinting spears of sunlight on the water. It was an aching, sad story. She didn’t want this story.

“Oh, dear Jesus,” Julia whispered.

The mowing machine’s iron wheels splashed water on her knees and face.

As the horses stepped out on the bank, she clung even more

tightly to her father's neck. He needed one hand to drive the team.

The pain wavered and ebbed, so real and intense one moment and then fading the next. The bottomland along the river wavered and rippled into a shimmering dream. When it all came back into focus, the pain stabbed more sharp and real than ever.

Dad was talking to the horses. Then he was talking to her brother, telling him he would have to help Esther tend to the sheep the next day in the breaks. Nothing to eat in the corral . . . So hot . . . Sheep don't like it so hot. Julia rested her cheek against Dad's bare shoulder. His skin was so hot. She wanted a drink!

Dad's arm tightened around her middle, and she slumped against him. He wouldn't let her fall. Yet she felt herself falling into the shimmering dream again, and the pain flowed away like water in the shallow river. She was chasing the restless sheep, riding Band as fast as the little mare could run, calling Esther not to let the sheep turn back. She was on her feet running until her throat was parched and dry from breathing so hard and yelling at those nervous sheep. How she wanted a drink!

She was following the sheep, watching carefully for rattlesnakes. She was in the yard, and Baby Grace was there, sitting under the clothesline. A rattlesnake under the clothesline! The rattlesnake coiled. Grace!

Her baby sister! The snake!

She was thirsty. A drink of water!

Julia cried out and twisted in agony. Her ankle burned with pain. She had been too slow. Now she would die, for the rattlesnake had bitten her! No! Not the rattlesnake. Something else. Her mind searched. Something had cut her. She wouldn't die. Someone said so. Dad said so. The mower. It was the mower!

She was thirsty! A drink of water!

Then her mother was holding a cup of water to her mouth, and water trickled down her chin and flowed cool down her throat. She awoke suddenly to the pain that throbbed with each beat of her heart.

“The bandage is so tight,” she cried.

“We have to keep it tight,” Mom said. Her hand was shaking.

Julia glanced around the small room. Esther, her blond hair fluffed out of her braids, stared with fear-bright eyes. Virgie clung to Grandma Hastings’s skirt, sobbing. Grandma held Grace.

Julia reached out for Esther’s hand. “Is my foot still there?” she whispered.

Esther nodded; then she shivered. Julia tried to rise up enough to see for herself, but Mom pushed her down gently.

“Let me wash you a little,” her mother said.

With a cool cloth, Mom washed the sweat and dust and dried tears from Julia’s cheeks. She washed her arms and hands, sponging each finger carefully. Julia flinched as she filled a pan with clean water to wash the dried blood from her leg.

“Nettie,” Grandma said loudly enough so Mom could hear.

She looked at Grandma and nodded. She laid down the washcloth. Julia held up her arms while her mother pulled off her soiled dress. Mom slipped a clean dress over her head, and Esther buttoned it up the back.

“Dad’s cranked the car,” Anthony said.

Grandma Hastings handed Mom a jar of water and some clean kitchen towels. “It will be all right,” she said loudly and distinctly.

Dad lifted Julia carefully and put her in the backseat of the open-topped Model T. Mom propped up her daughter’s leg. Julia stared at the bloody tourniquet on a towel in her mother’s lap.

Julia called out to Grandma and the other children as they waved from the doorstep. Her voice seemed unnatural, very formal, as if she were setting off on a long journey to important places.

Dad was silent, looking straight ahead at the road. Julia reached out, and her mother took her hand. The corners of Mom’s mouth were trying to smile, but her upper lip was very stiff. The car moved through choking clouds of dust that its own tires were stirring up.

Mom coughed. Then Dad. Finally Julia coughed too. That jerk brought a fresh wave of pain.

“It’s past noon,” Dad said. “And twenty-one miles to go to town. I never felt so far from town before.”

Mom nodded. Julia felt the pressure of her mother’s fingers on her wrist and watched her lips counting silently.

“Her heartbeat is so weak,” Mom whispered, leaning toward Dad’s ear. Julia heard the whisper echo loudly in her throbbing head.

“She’s lost so much blood,” Dad answered.

They were talking about her as though they thought she couldn’t hear them. That was scary. Julia felt herself slipping. She tried to hold on to something. *Am I dying?*



Tony Steiner had never been a doubter. He’d been raised a devout Catholic by his Austrian-born parents. He had accepted the Adventist message when a traveling preacher held meetings in the country schoolhouse near his homestead claim. As soon as he learned that he needed no priest or saint to intercede for him with his heavenly Father, he began to pray with real delight. He prayed and he sang, and he bought a *Christ in Song* and a Bible. The promises from both books had seen him through lots of hard times.

He tried to sing now, but he ended up praying instead. Mom hung a blanket over Julia to make a little shade.

Now the road climbed between the towering bluffs and buttes of eroded clay. The road cut into the hillside and twisted like a snake lifting itself higher with each twist and turn. Tony tried to guess the time. It was certainly past one o’clock.

Badlands this area was called. To him, they had not seemed so bad. There was a wild and wonderful beauty in the way the red and yellow hills came sweeping up to the open high prairie land above. In springtime, small prairie flowers bloomed there. Their roots deep in the crevices were nourished by moisture from the winter’s snows. In winter, when snow capped the weird shapes of outcropping rocks, the “breaks” became a wonderland.

But now all the badness of the landscape crowded in on them. The road seemed lost forever in the gullies.

Mom passed a drink of water to him and wiped his face with her wet washcloth.

“You didn’t clean up, Tony,” she said. “You didn’t get a fresh shirt.”

“No, I didn’t, Nettie” he said, realizing that he had left the remains of his torn shirt in the hayfield. Mom passed him bread and butter to eat as he drove.

The bread was dry in his mouth. He continued to pray silently while he chewed it.

Perhaps Nettie should loosen the tourniquet, he thought. The foot could be dead with no blood flowing to it during all these hours. He remembered the way the blood had gushed from the wound at the beginning. No, he decided. Better to lose the foot than to let Julia bleed to death. She can’t spare any more blood.

Finally, they came to the last steep stretch of road where it cut through the rim of the canyon to the prairie. The engine was overheating. As Dad pulled off the road at the first farm, steam rose from the radiator.

At the well, Dad washed his daughter’s blood from his chest and arms. His shoes and pants were stiff with dried blood, but he couldn’t help that. Mom sponged Julia’s hot arms and face with cold water from the well. Dad poured more water into the radiator and refilled the canning jar for them to use on the way.

Julia roused.

“Mom?” Julia whispered. “The washcloth feels so good. May I have a drink?”

She reached to help her mother hold the jar to her lips. The water cooled her throat. She gulped half a quart and was still thirsty.

Dad filled the jar again.

“I hope Dr. Johnson isn’t delivering a baby,” Mom said in a worried voice.

Dad set his jaw. He let out the clutch, and the old car jerked forward.

Julia leaned against the seat under the shade of the blanket. Numbness settled into her ankle. Her mind cleared after the drink of cold water.

Dad glanced over his shoulder. "How are you doing, Jewel?"

"All right," she said. "It doesn't hurt so much now."

"I'm sorry," Dad said. "I should have seen you there in the edge of the field. I knew you were nearby. You were on my blind side."

"I know," Julia said. "I didn't think about that. I didn't think about the horses." She deserved to be scolded for not thinking. Ranch girls had to think all the time. Life was dangerous when you didn't think.

But her father didn't scold. Instead, he began to sing.

Oh, the best Friend to have is Jesus,
When the cares of life upon you roll.
He will heal the wounded heart,
He will strength and grace impart;
Oh, the best Friend to have is Jesus.

Weakly Julia tried to join in the chorus.

He will hear you when you fall,
He will help you when you call . . .

Julia lay on the hot seat looking at the red-stained cloths in her mother's lap. She wondered what was inside all that wrapping. "Is my foot gone?" she asked, not trusting what Esther had told her before they left the shanty beside the Little Missouri River.

Mom gripped her hand. "It's not quite cut off," she said. Her voice wavered.

Dad cleared his throat the way he did when he was determined to tell the whole truth. "I don't see how it can be saved," he said. "After three hours with the tourniquet tight and no blood, gangrene would set in."

Julia's throat tightened. Her voice squeaked. "You mean the

doctor will cut it off the rest of the way?” She grasped her mother’s arm and struggled to sit up. “No!”

Dad made a soft stuttering noise. “You-you-you’re ten years old, Jewel. Big enough to understand that without blood flowing to your foot, it has already started to die.”

Julia looked at the back of his head and then at her mother’s tightly pursed lips. Mom kept shaking her head. Shuddering, Julia clutched her hand.

“We’ll be in Watford City in a few minutes,” Dad comforted her. “I can see the buildings on the rise ahead.”



It was three by the clock in the Lutheran church tower when Dad turned the corner and stopped the car in front of Dr. Johnson’s office. He lifted Julia carefully and carried her inside.

As long as Julia could remember, Dr. Johnson had been their family doctor. Now he bent over her, pressing two fingers hard into her left wrist to take her pulse as he always did. She tried to smile, if only to please him.

“I’m glad you weren’t gone somewhere,” she said, trembling.

The doctor rumbled a deep, friendly chuckle and laid his hand on her arm, but his face was sober. “Now, Julia, I know it will hurt for me to pull off the coverings. They’re on here as tight as brown paper and glue. Dry as last year’s report card. You know that.”

“I won’t squall,” she promised.

Swiftly, Dr. Johnson drew away the bloody cloths. Julia saw her foot was dark. She saw Dad’s shirttail tourniquet.

“It’s a good thing you didn’t waste time wringing your hands, Tony,” the doctor said. “Acting quickly saved this girl’s life.” He poked at the bluish skin on her foot. Julia couldn’t feel the pokes. That was scary. He didn’t look at her when she drew in a quick breath, just glanced up at Dad.

“I think there is a good chance we might save her foot if we hurry. I can make only temporary repairs here, Tony. You’ll have

to go to Williston to the hospital for surgery. But first we've got to get some blood flowing into that foot again."

Dr. Johnson cradled her foot in his hands. Tears pooled in his eyes. "Every part of your body has to have fresh blood flowing into it and through it all the time, Julia, or it will die. It's been quite a while since your dad tied this cloth around your ankle, and your foot is already starving for blood. We have to connect some blood vessels right away. You know that?"

Julia nodded.

A nurse came close to Dr. Johnson's elbow, holding a tray with scissors, gauze, tweezers, and things Julia did not recognize. She saw the short curved needle.

Julia gripped her mother's hand tighter. "This is going to hurt," Mom said, beating the nurse to the words. Her hand was hot. Her fingers tightened. "You'll put her to sleep?"

Dr. Johnson shook his head. "I'm sorry, Julia. Sorry, Nettie. Surgery in Williston will take a long time, and the surgeon will have to use a lot of anesthesia. We can't complicate matters with morphine or—"

"Nothing?" Dad interrupted. "You're not going to give her anything? The vet could do better than that for a horse caught in barbed wire!"

"Oh, I'll numb it," Dr. Johnson said. "Kind of like when you get a tooth pulled. But it's still going to hurt. Really hurt."

Julia searched her father's upside-down face. "We'll be right here with you," he whispered, bending close. His blind eye was white, half closed. But in his good eye, she saw her own face reflected.

Dr. Johnson gripped both her hands. "What about it, Julia? Can you be brave enough?"

Julia bit her lip, but she nodded. Mostly she just felt sick—numb in her whole left leg but sick to her stomach.

In a few minutes, a nurse had strapped her to the operating table and flushed bits of hay and dirt and dried blood from the wound.

"Your mother is here. She will help you all she can," Dr.

Johnson said. "But it will really depend on you, Julia. You must lie still no matter how much this hurts because if you thrash around while I am sewing up the cut, it will take much longer. It might even tear the wound wider so that the other doctor won't be able to fix it right."

"I promise. I'll be still," Julia said. She was sweating, and the sweat trickled into her eyes. Mom dabbed with her handkerchief.

Julia held perfectly still, but her eyes followed every move Dr. Johnson made.

"This will feel like a bunch of bees are taking turns stinging you," he said. "Squeeze your mother's hand."

Julia's jaw clenched. The muscles in her belly clenched. The needle pierced the swollen flesh above the wound. The doctor pulled the thread through. She drew a deep breath as he drove the needle into the opposite side of the wound. That part didn't hurt. She was determined not to scream, but when Dr. Johnson pulled on the two threads, drawing the wound together, she felt the scream coming and could not hold it back. Her mother squeezed her fingers until they went numb.

"I'm sorry, Mom," Julia cried, tears welling in her eyes. "Oh, Mom!"

"It's all right," the doctor reassured. "Cry or scream if you need to. Just don't move."

Mom kept dabbing at Julia's eyes with her handkerchief, but when Dr. Johnson's needle bit into her flesh again, Julia bit into the handkerchief and chewed it into a wad in her mouth. She was determined that she would not scream. But she did. Dr. Johnson worked on, talking softly to her. She chewed the handkerchief to shreds, but she did not move.

Then he was finished. "The major blood vessels are tied off, and the foot is sewed securely to the ankle," the doctor said.

"Here," Mom said, taking the shredded handkerchief back.

Dr. Johnson bandaged the wound swiftly, stabilized it with a splint, and bandaged it again.

"You are a brave child," he praised her. "Now we are going to take a trip to Williston in my big black car. How will you like that?"

Julia felt as if she were going to cry again. But she clenched her fists against the pain and laughed instead of crying. She saw the torn handkerchief in her mother's hand. "Oh, I guess I'll like it," she said. Her voice sounded quivery.

Mom wiped Julia's eyes, and a nurse washed her face again. The girl took a deep breath, trying to stop shaking. "Thank You, Jesus," she breathed. "Thank You that's over."



The fifty-mile trip to Williston took more than an hour, even in Dr. Johnson's swift car. On the way, the doctor explained to them how it would be necessary for Dr. Scoval to reconnect the big veins and arteries, the tendons and muscles, in order for her to use her foot in the future.

"But Dr. Scoval had a lot of experience with serious injuries while he served as a battlefield doctor in the Great War," Dr. Johnson encouraged them. "It is a blessing he is here."

Julia saw her father's face tighten.

"I don't know how we are ever going to pay for all this," he began.

Dr. Johnson nodded. "I understand. You are having hard times just like the other farmers in McKenzie County. But this girl needs care, and she needs it now."

Julia looked at her father and the doctor. She saw the kindness in the doctor's eyes and the gratitude in her father's. And then she noticed that Dad had on a new shirt and some clean pants too. Dr. Johnson must have seen to that before they left Watford City.

The big black car went smoothly down into the Big Missouri River breaks, crossed the bridge, then passed quickly through town to the hospital.

Dr. Scoval greeted them brusquely. "I've been waiting for you to arrive," he said, as if Dr. Johnson had not been driving as fast as he could.

"Then you can begin immediately," Dr. Johnson said. He was not offended. "We are lucky to be working with a child in such

good health. Circulation and muscle tone are excellent in the limb.”

Dr. Johnson smiled over his shoulder at Julia as he turned to consult with the surgeon. Julia closed her eyes tightly, praying because she was so afraid. Dr. Scoval was a tall man whose hair was just beginning to gray. Even his back was scary. He stood so straight and stern that Julia trembled when he turned around. He wasn't wearing his army uniform, but he barked commands as if the nurses were battlefield medics. “Get these dressings off. What are you waiting for?”

Julia looked at the white ceiling. She gritted her teeth as the nurses began unwrapping the dressings. *At least they will put me to sleep soon*, she thought.

“Can't you do it?” Julia whispered to Dr. Johnson when he bent over her.

“No, Julia, I cannot,” he replied. “This is going to be very difficult surgery, and you need Dr. Scoval. Just remember that he knows what he is doing. You can trust him. If any man can save your foot and make it function again, he can.”

Dr. Scoval scowled as he examined the temporary sutures. He muttered something to the nurses and then turned aside with Dr. Johnson.

The ether mask dropped over Julia's nose.

