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Illustrations/Stories

**Bud Robinson
Stories And Sketch**

By

C. T. Corbett

*“Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without
which no man shall see the Lord” Heb 12:14*

Spreading Scriptural Holiness to the World

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BUD ROBINSON STORIES & SKETCH

by
C. T. Corbett

author
Soldier of the Cross

The Lloyd Jackson Company, Inc.
Garden City, Kansas

"BUD ROBINSON STORIES"

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TO THE READER

Bud Robinson was one of the most unique men in the circles of Gospel messengers, of his, or any generation. I first met him in 1928 at the General Assembly of the Church of the Nazarene, Columbus, Ohio. He was one of the most interesting personalities in that glorious gathering. Down through the years, Uncle Bud and I became friends. For a long time I have been telling his stories in my revival campaigns. Recently, people have urged me to put them in book form. Here are a few of them. To those that may be interested, I have added a short sketch of Bud Robinson's unusual life.

There was only one Bud Robinson and I, like thousands of others, am happy that I knew him.

C. T. Corbett

Kankakee, Illinois Christmas, 1956

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DEDICATION

To a fine young man,

Who loves to

Hear his Daddy tell

Bud Robinson Stories.

This book is lovingly

Dedicated to my Son,

James Morrison Corbett

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STORIES

The old Chinese adages that a picture is worth more than ten thousand words was never better illustrated than in the case of Uncle Bud Robinson, as he was familiarly known to millions of people throughout the world for more than half a century. While he did not create pictures in crayons and oil, his word pictures were aptly drawn using a full spectrum of color. The outcome was story after story full of human interest and spiritual emphasis.

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TWO DOLLAR INVESTMENT

Some place in the east, a youth came up to Uncle Bud on a busy street corner.

"Say, Mister, would you give me a dime for a bite to eat?" asked the lad.

"No, son, I'll not do that but I'll take you in and get you a meal."

As they sat together, Uncle Bud told the boy the story of Jesus and His love for young fellows like him. They parted and each went his way.

Some years later at a western camp meeting, Uncle Bud left his room and was walking across the grounds to the tabernacle. A car stopped and a fine appearing young couple with a little boy got out. The three of them hurriedly approached the evangelist.

With joy the young man shouted, "I want to see you, Brother Robinson."

"Sure enough and what for?" Uncle Bud returned.

"Do you remember me?"

"No, I guess I don't."

"Possibly about ten years ago now, I asked you for a dime to get a bite to eat and you took me in a restaurant and bought me a meal."

"Yes, I remember that now."

"Well, here is that boy you helped, and this is my wife and son. We are all on the Lord's side 100% and I'm pastor of one of the holiness churches out here. Those words you told me about Jesus never got away from me."

"Glory be to Jesus," shouted old Bud, "Take that, ol' devil. And to think that I only invested \$2 in this fine lad.

"Praise God forever, let's go to the meetin'."

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ON ELECTION

"You know, beloved, I found that God voted for me . . .

And the devil voted against me . . .

Well, that made a tie vote, and no one gets elected that way . . .

So I voted on Jesus' side and that made a plurality . . .

And bless God, I've been elected ever since . . ."

BUD ROBINSON STORIES & SKETCH

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EVOLUTION

It was back in the 1920s and the teachings of evolution had had its effect on higher learning in America. Uncle Bud was preaching in a Dakota town on the truths of old time religion. As is usually true, a cross section of people and beliefs was represented in his congregation.

After the service one day, a well dressed, natty appearing college youth came up to Uncle Bud. With disdain he said, "I don't believe in your old theory of the Bible. I believe in modern science, that man sprang from monkey."

"Is that so, young fella?"

"Yes, it is, and it is the proven fact of the day."

"Well, maybe you're right, college boy." He paused, and then continued, "Since you've come up to see me, and since I've had a good look at you, it makes me think that man did spring from monkey. To tell the truth, your eyebrows are close together, and your hair line is near your eyebrows. And then your chin is sort of chopped off, and the look in your eyes does have some resemblance. Come to think of it, since I've looked you over, man must have come from monkey, cause you look so much like one."

In a rage the lad stomped away.

Who could get by Uncle Bud's wit?

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AXLE GREASE

The place -- Nashville, Tennessee

The date -- October, 1911

The occasion -- Bud Robinson, age 51, the Sunday afternoon speaker at the Third Nazarene General Assembly, (His first to attend.)

As Uncle Bud spoke, he stated that he wanted to do something for the Lord. First, he wanted to be one of the horses that pulled the Gospel chariot, he had asked the Lord to make it so.

No answer from heaven.

"Well, then let me be part of the harness."

No answer.

"Any part of the chariot that you say, Lord."

No blessing came.

Getting afraid that he might be left out, Uncle Bud said, "All right then, Lord, let me be the axle grease to make the chariot run smoothly."

And the Lord said, "Yes, Buddie, you may be the axle grease."

Many candidates volunteered to join Rev. Bud Robinson in his request to be "axle grease."

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UNHOLY FELLA

No one could be in Bud Robinson's meetings very long without hearing the old soldier preaching on the cardinal doctrine of holiness. In one of his meetings in South Dakota, Uncle Bud had been bearing down with the Gospel plow and telling the folk about the joy of the holy life when Jesus comes in with sanctifying power.

Sitting up near the front was a rather unusual appearing person with a skeptical look on his face. Any one could see that he did not appreciate the message. When the service was over, people came up and were shaking hands with Uncle Bud. This odd person came, also.

Standing in front of the minister, he said, "So you're one of those holy fellas, eh?"

Bud walked a little closer to the man and smelled his strong cigarette breath, and spoke up, saving, "Yes, sir, and I can guess that you are one of those unholy fellas."

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STILL ON THE THRONE

Whenever Rev. Bud Robinson was announced for a service in a church, the people would come from far and near to hear him preach. The spring tour on the Wisconsin District, in 1939, was no exception with him as our special speaker.

It was cold weather, and Uncle Bud was not accustomed to it. He wore heavy overshoes, a warm overcoat, a muffler tied in a big knot under his chin, large mittens and an old hat. Taking off only his hat, he would come down the aisle (all churches were crowded), casually observing the situation. As he came to the front of the church, he would face the people and say, "Well, praise the Lord, we're here and ready for the battle."

To this the folk would glow with their smiles of welcome and appreciation. He already had the service well in hand.

Then he would further state, "You know, I've been reading the papers, and they are full of war news. It looks like Hitler of Germany, Mussolini of Italy, and Tojo of Japan, are going to start a world war, try to lick the world, and knock God off the throne. But I had a talk with the Father, and He tells me He doesn't intend to VACATE!!!"

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GETTING THE VICTORY

"Can't you get the victory, little sister?" asked Uncle Bud of a lady who had been praying for a long time at an altar of prayer.

"No, I just can't seem to pray through to where I know everything is all right."

"What seems to be the matter? Have you surrendered everything to the Lord?"

"Yes, everything except my tongue, that is my worse fault. I like to talk too much,"

"Now, look here, little lady. This altar is 32 feet long, and if it's necessary, we can make a splice on one end. You just get your tongue out and put it on the altar and leave everything in the hands of the Lord and He will take you through all right."

Needless to say, she got the victory.

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UNEQUALLY YOKED

One day Uncle Bud was sitting in the doorway of his tent between camp meeting services. Being a possessor of the "common-touch" any one could approach him. He loved company. A young couple stopped to talk to him.

"Uncle Bud, would you perform a marriage ceremony for young folk who want to get married?" the young lady asked.

"Well, now let's see, sometimes I do and sometimes I don't. Angel-girl. do you have Jesus in your heart and do you know that He saves you now?"

"I surely do, Uncle Bud," she answered without hesitation.

"That's fine. Son-boy, how about you, do you have Jesus in your heart?"

"Naw, I ain't a Christian," he replied as he raised a tobacco-stained hand.

"Move along, young folk, I'm not going to tie one of God's little lambs to one of the devil's billy-goats. Move on, move on."

BUD ROBINSON STORIES & SKETCH

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FRESH AS A DAISY

When Uncle Bud was deep in his 70s, he was still touring districts with superintendents. His strength seemed to out-wear the strongest of men. What was his secret in keeping fresh?

When beginning a trip, he would get nicely situated in a car and ask, "How far is it to the next stop, Doc?" Upon being told, he would reply, "That's good, now I'll turn it over to you."

With that, his head would begin to bob. Some times before the car had gotten past the city limits. Uncle Bud's head would be down on his chest and he would be fast asleep. From side to side his head would nod while he slept as relaxed as a little child. At times, he had only "cat naps" but often he did not waken until the destination was reached. As the car would come to a halt before parsonage or church, he would wake up and, with a stretch and a yawn, would state, "Well, that was a nice snooze. Now, I'm as fit as a fiddle and fresh as a daisy"

BUD ROBINSON STORIES & SKETCH

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REMEMBERING DATES

It happened in Ohio in the 1930s. Uncle Bud had been touring the district with the superintendent, Rev. C. A. Gibson. They had been in many rallies together throughout the area.

"You know, Uncle Bud, this tour has been so successful, I think we had better arrange for you to come back."

"Well, if you think so, Doc, I'll be glad to come again and help you."

They discussed dates together, and agreed on one some time hence.

"Better write it down and we will called it settled," said the methodical District Superintendent.

There was no answer from the Globe Trotter. After awhile he spoke up, "You remember when I was with you before and we traveled all over your district."

"Yes."

Then began a complete schedule of the former tour with locations and dates, plus the high points of each place.

"You certainly have the slate correct in every detail."

No answer from Bud Robinson, but this was his affirmation that he would remember the date of the future and be there on time. And HE WAS.

BUD ROBINSON STORIES & SKETCH

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BULL DOG GRIP

It happened in Wisconsin in April, 1939, Uncle Bud, at that time was 79 and ripe in both years and experience. He, George Wise, and this writer had been touring the district in the interests of home missions.

One late afternoon we came into a parsonage and met a young pastor and his wife. They were new on the district and had come to pastor a newly organized church.

The pastor thought it was his duty to tell the superintendent his troubles. He was enumerating them in great detail with Uncle Bud sitting nearby, listening in rapt attention. Uncle Bud's fingers were twitching, a peculiar mannerism that meant he was ready to talk.

"Let me speak to the young man for you, Brother Corbett."

"Sure, help yourself."

"Say, son, did you ever see a bull-dog?"

"Yes, of course."

"But, I mean one with a twisted tail."

"Yes."

"And with crooked back legs."

"Yes," with a grin.

"And bow-legs in front."

"Yes," with a smile.

"And pointed ears, that stick way up."

"Yes," with a broader smile.

"And a chin that hangs way out and a nose that is mashed way in."

"Yes," with the beginning of laughter.

"Do you know why his nose is mashed way in and his chin hangs way out?"

"No, of course not," with a serious look.

"So he can breathe while he holds on!"

All the listeners caught the moral of the story, and that was the end of the pastor's report that night.

BUD ROBINSON STORIES & SKETCH

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TITHING

"Uncle Bud, will you explain something for me," spoke up a leading church-man.

"Sure enough. What's the trouble, sir?"

"How does it happen that you holiness folk give so much to the cause of the Lord, when we people of the high-steeple churches give so little in proportion?"

"Now that's a fair question, Bishop. Sit down here on this nice camp meeting bench and I'll explain it to you, I think I can do it on one hand." And with that the evangelist held up all five fingers.

"To begin with, I'll use my fingers as an illustration. Take this finger for instance. We holiness folk don't use tobacco in any of its forms. We all know that it's an expensive dirty habit and costs lots of money. The Lord saved us from the filthy weed so we can save on that point." With that he folded under one finger.

"Yes."

"Now, Bishop, here is the next finger." He proceeded to hold it up. "It doesn't cost us anything for liquor, as we don't use beer, wine, whiskey, or any of that stuff, and you fellows have it in your ice-box. So we save on that point." With that he folded under finger number two.

"Yes."

"Then we don't pay out anything to attend movies. The Lord has saved us from a lot of the Hollywood mess and it's great to be free. Your people go to the show and spend a lot of money there. So we save on that point." With that, finger number three was folded under.

"Yes."

"Are you 'ketchin' on, Bishop? Well, now here is finger number four, and that one has to do with the women folk. Our women don't spend any money on 'war paint' or the like and your women 'dob up' with that stuff all the time. So, we save on that point." With that finger four disappeared, leaving only a stubby thumb.

"Yes."

"As you can see, we have only one finger left. And this one stands for riding the goat (belonging to secret orders.) We don't ride the goat any more since Jesus came into our hearts. We now follow

the LAMB. This goat riding business is expensive. Well, we save on that point, too." And under went the thumb.

"Yes."

"Now, we save so much on all these points, therefore, we can tithe and give more besides. It's a joy to tithe. Shall I use the other hand?"

"No sir! Your truth is well spoken, and anyone can catch the point."

"Thank you, Bishop. It was nice talking to you. It's amazing how much good we can do when we all go in the tithin' business.

BUD ROBINSON STORIES & SKETCH

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PUT 'EM WHERE THEY BELONG

We had just finished a very fine fish dinner at a parsonage, and Bud Robinson was anxious to get typing on his small portable. (He had an old timer that he could run like a race horse with his two forefingers.)

"Excuse me, folk, that was a wonderful dinner but now I must get to my typing. It is time to get my "Chat" ready for the Herald of Holiness." With that he was off to get his small machine and begin.

"Let me type it for you, Uncle Bud." volunteered the young pastor.

"Can you run one of these contraptions?"

"Sure thing. Learned how in High School and College."

"All right, then come over and run it, and put down just what I tell you."

Like a team they worked together for a while. Then the young man stopped and looked about for an eraser.

"What's the matter? Keep on going."

"No, Uncle Bud, I made a mistake and I had better correct it."

"Forget it. Just keep on going or I'll lose my thought and that is more important than a lonely mistake."

At this point he stopped and looked about the room as he spoke. "Yeh know, the other day I put out an article real fast on this machine, and it was a good article, too. I know that I made lots of typographical errors so on the bottom of the page I put a row of periods, then a row of commas, a row of question marks and a row of dashes. And I finished up with this line: PUT 'EM WHERE THEY BELONG. THAT'S WHAT WE ARE PAYING YOU FOR."

BUD ROBINSON STORIES & SKETCH

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GENERAL SUPERINTENDENTS

In the late 1930s as Uncle Bud preached, he would often say, "You know our church has some of the finest leaders in the whole world.

"Now, you take this man, Dr. R. T. Williams, he is a prince in anybody's language.

"And then Dr. J. W. Goodwin, he's as good as God can make a man.

"And, of course, when it comes to holiness writings and downright, old friendship, Dr. J. B. Chapman can't be beat.

"And the fourth one is Dr. J. G. Morrison. If there ever was a man who is truth on fire, he is that fellow. These are the four elected Nazarene General Superintendents, but there is one more, and he is self appointed. That one is me, ol' Bud." And how he'd chuckle at his own story.

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HALITOSIS

In the 1930s Bud Robinson and his son-in-law, George Wise, came to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, to help this writer in a district tour. They were over-night guests sharing our small apartment.

Early in the morning we heard Uncle Bud stirring about. He read several chapters in the Bible aloud. Then he continued his private devotions with prayer. He waxed warmer and warmer as he prayed around the world for missionaries, college presidents, general and district superintendents, pastors, evangelists and laymen by the score. He seemed to have an endless list as he prayed on and on with holy joy and blessing.

After a bit, we heard him splashing about in the bathtub, humming a tune. Coming out into the hallway, he called, "Good morning, young folk." Then he stood in the kitchen door for a moment watching the progress of the breakfast preparation.

He called to his bed partner, "Roll out, George, Shake the sand out of your socks and let's go!"

In a short time, Brother Wise came out of the bedroom with shaving equipment in hand, "Dad, how are you today?"

"Well, I read several chapters in my Bible, prayed around the world, had a top-notch bath, an alcohol rub, a change of clothes, and now I'm as fresh as a daisy and ready for the day."

Calling from the bathroom, George Wise said, "Dad, what's this bottle doing here?"

"That's my rubbing alcohol bottle. I drained it to the last drop."

"Do you know what it says on the label?"

"Rubbing alcohol, of course."

"No, it doesn't."

"Well, what does it say then?"

"It says, 'mouth wash'!"

"Well, praise the Lord, the ol' man won't have halitosis TODAY."

BUD ROBINSON STORIES & SKETCH

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SWEETEST OL' MAN

When the new campus for Olivet Nazarene College was purchased at Kankakee, Illinois, Bud Robinson was invited to be there for the opening celebration in 1940. He was getting up in his 81st year and was not too spry.

Someone queried, "What are you going to do, Uncle Bud, when you can't travel and preach any longer?"

"Well, I'll tell you, I'm going back to California and be the sweetest ol' man in the whole state."

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MARTHA ROBINSON

By reading his writings one can easily note there was a feeling of warm companionship between Bud Robinson and his Mother. In the early 1920s he made a trip to "dear ol' Texas" to see her. Together, they sang, prayed and shouted in happy fellowship. She was well up in years and all knew she would not be long for this world.

Some months later, as she lay on her death bed, and being asked by those present, if she thought it best to send for her preacher boy. She replied, "No, children, don't you know Buddie is in a meeting and if he leaves it to watch me go to heaven a dozen souls might be lost."

That night, true to her prediction, as Buddie preached in an Oklahoma campaign a dozen men came to the altar of prayer. Shortly after the service was over, Bud Robinson received word that his mother had been translated.

BUD ROBINSON STORIES & SKETCH

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BUD'S TESTIMONY ON HOLINESS

"Bless the Lord. On the 7th of June, 1890, a tree of perfect love sprang up from the bottom of my soul with sanctification written all over it, grapes and pomegranates on every limb and honey dripping from the leaves. Glory to God. Holiness seed never rots! It will keep for many years in any climate on earth and grow, as well in poor climate as rich. That is one of the peculiarities of Holiness seed. It will produce an abundant harvest in the poorest soil on earth.

"If the drought ruins the corn and the boll worm destroys the cotton, it doesn't affect the crop of Holiness at all. It grows and flourishes and yields a greater crop than under any other circumstances. I have seen Holiness seed in the mud just as sound as a dollar and I have seen it in the dust growing and looking as fresh and beautiful as if it had been planted on the banks of a running stream. When the seed gets planted once in a community, there is no way on earth to stop it. It is like Johnson grass -- it just simply takes the country. This is one of the reasons the enemies of Holiness hate it so bad. There is no chance to kill it out. If they pull up one, a dozen will come up in its place. You see the thing that makes some people awfully mad, makes others shout. The idea of not being able to kill it out nearly tickles me to death.

"Well, Glory!"

BUD ROBINSON STORIES & SKETCH

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C. T. Corbett

MY DAILY PRAYER

"Oh, Lord, give me a back-bone as big as a saw log, and ribs like the sleepers under the church floor; put iron shoes on me, and galvanized breeches. And give me a rhinoceros hide for a skin, and hang a wagon load of determination up in the gable-end of my soul, and help me to sign the contract to fight the devil as long as I've got a fist, and bite him as long as I've got a tooth and then gum him till I die. All this I ask for Christ's sake.

AMEN."

BUD ROBINSON STORIES & SKETCH

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SKETCH

Tennessee and Texas are the states that stand out in the boyhood of Bud Robinson. He was born on the 27th of January in the year 1860 in White County, Tennessee. Historically, this was the year Abe Lincoln was elected to take up residence in the White House and just in the offing was the eve of the Civil War.

These were primitive days. Emmanuel and Martha Robinson's family residence was a windowless, one room log cabin with a dirt floor. The chimney extended only half way up one side of the humble dwelling. Interior furnishings were scant and bare, a hollow log was fashioned into a cradle for the new baby. Emmanuel Robinson had at one time been listed among the highest tax payers in the community but the ravages of strong drink had taken their toll and everything about him savored of a drunkard's existence.

The new arrival, the eighth of a total of thirteen, had been named Reuben. This was quickly changed to the nickname "Bud" and thus it remained to the millions who later knew him. In an area without churches or schools, the boy grew up without the advantages of the Gospel or of formal education. Yet, Dr. C. A. McConnell recalls there were "generations of educated, cultured Scotch-Irish back of him." The Robinsons were as poor as any family in the Cumberland Mountains of Tennessee. They were one hundred miles from the nearest railroad and fifteen miles from the nearest post office. There were at least a dozen "moonshine stills" in the general vicinity of their cabin. Father Robinson operated a small country store but he made his main livelihood from dealing in liquor.

Three events stood out in the mind of the young boy, Bud Robinson. First, the Civil War had come and his father was gone. Then there was the experience of a Union soldier tussling with Bud's mother in a successful effort to steal their only horse, "Old Gin." These were dark days for the family. In the brighter vein and of untold value to the boy and his brothers and sisters was his mother's "wonderful experience with the Lord."

Another event of childhood memory was when a boy invited Bud to his home to spend the night. It was a Christian home. In the center of the main room was a large table, spread with a white cloth and food in abundance. There was grace before the meal and Bible reading and family prayer following. A variety of games was enjoyed by the family. There was love, happiness, warmth and comfort. And the beds! Such beds as little Buddie had never heard of or seen before. How greatly this family loved one another, and their love reached out to the saloon keeper's ragged boy. The Christian father prayed for Bud and it so got hold of his heart that he vowed when he grew up he was going to have a Christian home and have plenty of food and beds and lots of folk to enjoy them. This was carried out to the letter.

In the year 1872, when Bud was twelve years old, his father died leaving a wife and thirteen children. Four years later, when three of her children had married, Martha Robinson and the ten remaining children made the long arduous journey by wagon to Nashville, Tennessee, and then by train to Dallas, Texas. There they settled on an open range ranch near Lancaster, Texas. Soon Bud was hired out to a rancher who proved to be of strong Universalist persuasion religiously. Bud drifted toward the ways of the world indulging in dancing, gambling, and horse racing. This continued for about four years.

During the summer of 1880 a Methodist circuit rider called at the ranch where Bud worked. With warm personality and friendly speech he approached the young cowboy asking him to water and feed his horse. He explained his mission in the community and then went to the evening meal with the rancher and his cowhands. He brought the group to an abrupt halt while he offered grace before the meal. Young Bud later related, "The rancher's eyes fairly bulged out as the old man turned his face toward heaven and returned thanks." Furthermore, the minister stated they must not leave until he had "family prayers" with them. Conviction as heavy as lead settled on the group. To carry matters farther, the circuit rider slept with the men in the bunk house and had prayer with them again at daylight before he resumed his journey. Their last glimpse of him was riding in the distance at daylight with the rich measures of Amazing Grace softly floating back on the morning air. When the circuit rider unexpectedly returned a month later, there was a hearty welcome from all at the ranch. This time there was an invitation to attend a camp meeting which was to be held some twenty miles away.

Martha Robinson was very burdened for her son, Bud, and she had gotten his promise to attend the camp meeting with her. Ranchers for miles around had laid aside their work and had come "bag and bedding" to stay on the grounds during the meeting. A certain rancher of means had been converted some while before and had promised all the beef needed for feeding the encampment.

The first night of the meeting the youthful Bud sat on the back row with a red headed girl he had met somewhere on a dance floor. The next night he sat a little closer, under "rifle fire" of the messenger. Bud later described it stating the speaker "preached on heaven until I wanted to go there, then he preached on hell until I was sure I was going there. Next he preached on Jesus and His crucifixion until I was ready to shoot the first fella that said a word against Jesus Christ." When the altar call was given, Bud wanted to go but seemed afraid to move. A saintly, elderly lady came to him and, kneeling, began to pray. Recalling the experience. Bud said, "She had enough glory on her face, you could wipe it off with a rag." It got hold of him until he was sure he was lost and there was no guess about it.

There he sat with the toes out of his shoes, he wore no socks. His knees were out of his breeches and his elbows out of his shirt. A well worn hat was in his hand. There was a deck of cards in one pocket and a six-shooter in the other. Conviction became so heavy and his load of sin so great, he made a rush for the altar. Bud later described it that he had been playing "seven up" (card game). Now, as he knelt at the split-log mourner's bench, he learned to play "two down" (posture of prayer). When he came, he was so crooked he couldn't lay straight in a round house" but the Lord heard his prayer and the prayers of those around him and soon he "could read his title clear to mansions in the sky." Bud, also, said. "Jesus came down and put His clean arm around my dirty neck and then He

put His other arm around the Father's neck and He drew us together and introduced us and we have been well acquainted ever since."

August 11, 1880, is the date of Bud's conversion. That very night, as he lay out under the wagon, the Lord called him to preach. The next morning Bud went to his first testimony meeting and, when it came his turn to tell what had happened the night before, he literally took the place by storm and a great tide of blessing came upon the people. The minister baptized the new convert and took him into membership in the Methodist Episcopal Church South. Yes, at twenty years of age, Bud Robinson had found Jesus, had been called to preach, and had become a member of a church. But what an uphill task lay before him. Until this time he had never attended school for a day in his life and he could neither read or write.

Three months after his new found joy, Bud Robinson attended Sunday School the first time. The teacher gave him a five cent Testament and it was from this book, beginning with the Gospel of Matthew, that he learned to read. A barn door became his printing slate and from then on he was determined to "make a man out of Bud Robinson or kill him." However, he stuttered so badly and had such a lisp until he could hardly be understood. As time went on, he lost his stuttering but never his lisp. This became one of the identifications of Bud Robinson.

People were skeptical that the new convert could preach and were not cautious in advising him to this effect. Feeling he must begin his calling, one morning he rode his pony from ranch to ranch inviting people to the school house where, he told them, he was going to preach. Even though they discounted his ability to preach, that evening there was a school house full of people to hear his message. Bud led the singing, read his text, did the praying. As he began to speak, the stuttering was intense and people laughed uncontrollably. When it seemed he would be thoroughly defeated, the Lord took command and Bud Robinson exhorted fearlessly. God honored and at the close of the exhortation, three rough ranchers knelt at an improvised place of prayer and sought until they found soul salvation. In his first three services, nine people responded to the call and the young preacher was so happy he could hardly contain himself. This was to be his life's work -- winning souls for Jesus.

No one worked harder to apply himself than Bud Robinson. He studied book after book in the Bible, and the winning of souls became his all consuming passion. After preaching for four years with an exhorter's license given him by the presiding elder as his church authority, Bud had earned the total sum of sixteen dollars. However, he had led some 300 souls to the Fountain of Life. Being ever ready to learn, he had taken the advice from the elder and had kept accurate records of all his ministerial activities. This he did consistently through the sixty two years he gave to the work of the ministry.

In resume, consider the divine means that contributed to the salvation of this unusual life. There was the Christian mountaineer in Tennessee, the praying mother, the Methodist circuit rider, the saintly lady who prayed for him at the camp meeting, and the little Sunday School teacher who gave the five cent New Testament. Thus God has souls along life's way who by the aroma of unconscious influence make their contribution to the lives of others. The providences of God are past finding out.

Dr. W. B. Godby of Kentucky, author, traveler, outstanding pulpiteer, was a worker in a camp meeting in Texas in 1886. Bud went to this meeting and God began to move on his soul with conviction for holiness of heart. He listened intently hardly believing what he heard. Could a man be sanctified wholly and live without the ravages of the carnal mind? Was it possible? Bud Robinson became a seeker. For four years he sought this blessing. Later he said if he had done on the first day as a seeker what he did on the last day he would have found the blessing at once. To get the story clearly, let him tell it:

"I rode over home real early, turned my pony in the pasture, put on my working clothes; by that time mother had breakfast. I got my hoe and went to work. I had a few hills of corn that needed thinning and the big weeds to be burned up, and I wanted to go down there and talk with the Lord. I had not thinned corn long until I commenced to preach to myself from the text. 'Follow peace with all men, and holiness without which no man shall see the Lord.' I felt as if I could not love any longer in the condition I was in, and preach the Gospel. I told the Lord I must have help. I would thin corn awhile and then get down and pray awhile, and then preach to myself again. I didn't get much corn thinned, and while I prayed I could hear my brothers driving their teams, and their cultivators rattling as they plowed cotton. but finally I got to the place where I did not hear anything that was going on about me, only the devil telling me I would never get the blessing.

"At last I got up and stood with my hoe in hand. My hoe was the last thing I turned loose. As a result, I have never been troubled with a hoe from that day to this. About the time I turned my hoe loose the Lord came very near to me, and it seemed I could hardly stand on the earth, and the Lord was drawing so near to me I could feel His presence. He just emptied me of everything, and as burning power went through me and swept out everything, I could see salvation rolling over the cornfields; it seemed to me I could see God's face shining on the corn blades -- the corn was up in swad tassel, and all over the corn seemed to be rivers of grace. As the Lord went through me and took things out of my heart I did not know were in it, I felt that there was nothing left of me, and a peace that passes understanding flowed into my heart -- the deepest, sweetest peace I had ever known. It just satisfied every craving of the mind and every longing of the soul: the waves became so great that I fell down and lay stretched out on the ground, while tidal waves of grace and billows of glory flowed through my whole being.

"Indeed it is the fullness of joy -- the soul rest -- the full assurance -- perfect love -- the baptism with the Holy Ghost -- the destruction of the old man -- or, the Second Blessing."

For some time previous to this, Bud Robinson had been preaching holiness of heart, but now with the experience realized, he proclaimed it with new authority.

At the age of thirty one, in the year 1891, Bud Robinson enrolled as a student in Southwestern University, Georgetown, Texas. He was placed in "prep school" as a special student. Nevertheless, he attended many classes and chapel services, listening to the religious leaders and enjoying the fellowship of the young people. He spent many hours in the library availing himself of the rich resources available there. While in school, he continued as a soul winner, preaching and helping many of his fellow students into the experiences of justification and sanctification.

Living in Georgetown at this time was a cultured young school teacher by the name of Miss Sally Harper. Bud sought her friendship and later they became engaged.

The student's finances ran low so in 1892 he left school to continue his preaching. For a short period he worked with the Salvation Army. In the few months he was with them he learned some valuable lessons in soul winning. Thus each step proved to be a time of teaching and preparation for a man whom God had called to evangelism.

On January 10, 1893, Bud Robinson and Sally Harper were married. Years later, Dr. C. A. McConnell, one of the great laymen of the Southwest, wrote, "Evangelist Robinson's three greatest assets were: he found Christ, he found Sally Harper, God called him to preach the Gospel."

There was much antagonism and opposition to the preaching of sanctification as a second work of grace. Bud Robinson found himself facing the issue. Should he continue preaching this doctrine? We find him telling it in his own way as follows: "There are many churches, but I have only one conscience and so I'll keep my conscience and join another church." With this he changed from the M. E. Church South to the M. E. Church North and was placed as a circuit rider on the Hubbard Circuit.

For several years the Robinsons made their home at Georgetown. Texas. During this period two sweet little girls came to bless their home, little Sally and Ruby.

Dr. Henry C. Morrison of Louisville and Wilmore, Kentucky, was a worker in the camp at Waco, Texas, in the summer of 1898. Among those who attended were the Robinsons. Rev. Robinson at that time was a very ordinary preacher but he had an unusual personality. Dr. Morrison met him and was very impressed. Believing there was promise in the young man, he insisted that he preach in the camp. Rev. Robinson accepted. God came on him with wonderful anointing and the service was one of great edification. In 1936 as a special speaker at the General Assembly of the Church of the Nazarene at Kansas City, Missouri, Morrison stated, "Columbus discovered America, but I discovered Bud Robinson." Since Dr. Morrison was one of the outstanding preachers of his generation, and an editor of note, and also the president of Asbury College, Wilmore, Kentucky, he was instrumental in introducing Robinson at just the time that he needed such assistance. They became fast friends and as the years came and went, worked together many, many times as Co-laborers in camp meetings across the continent.

One of Robinson's first campmeetings was at Greenville, Texas. A new holiness college was in the making there and lots were being sold for the erection of homes in the suburb town of Peniel. Bud Robinson bought lots on the north side of the campus. In 1900 the Robinson family moved to Peniel where they were to become some of the most loyal backers of the school.

The move to Peniel opened a new epoch in the life of Bud Robinson. He was now forty years old. He had been converted at the age of twenty and he had had a like number of years in the ministry. His ministry had all been in the state of Texas. His talented wife was always ready to help him, and his lovely children made a happy family circle. God had been good to this man and, with the turn of the century, a new field of evangelism opened to him.

Through the Pentecostal Herald and other holiness journals people began to hear about Bud Robinson. Calls for revivals and camps began to come from many areas. In 1901 he traveled over 20,000 miles and his ministry was fruitful in leading hundreds of people to Christ. About this time the Robinsons built a fourteen room house on their lots close to the campus. The doors of the Robinson home opened for scores of young people training for Christian service. Yes, during the next forty years students who planned to propagate the doctrine of vital holiness were constantly about the Robinson home. The kindness of the Christian mountaineer in 1872 had reproduced itself in Bud Robinson.

One might ask, how did Bud Robinson become an author? His writings began in 1902. As he paced the floor, he dictated to his wife, whom he always referred to as "Miss Sally," she took down his sayings and put them in correct form. The outcome of the first venture was a book telling his life story and his favorite sayings. They called the book Sunshine and Smiles. It was first printed by the Texas Holiness Advocate, Peniel, Texas. This was a small printing concern under the management of C. A. McConnell. McConnell, also, was a teacher at the college at Peniel. Their second book was called A Pitcher of Cream. After this, the evangelist bought a portable typewriter and proceeded to write using the "hunt and peck system."

Rev. Robinson's first paid publication came through C. E. Cornell and appeared in the journal Living Waters. In 1904 he began writing for the Pentecostal Herald through a column known as Bud Robinson Corner; this column continued for ten years. For twenty-two years he wrote a weekly letter called the Good Samaritan Chat in the Herald of Holiness. Far and wide he was known as Uncle Bud Robinson to both clergy and laity.

Dr. A. M. Hills was the beloved president of Texas Holiness University at Peniel when the Robinsons settled close to the campus. Dr. Hills had the distinctive record of training 800 young men for the ministry. One of the most promising to come up under his supervision was Will H. Huff. Huff had been converted in an old-time Methodist meeting in East Liverpool, Ohio, where he had worked in the potteries. He had spent five years in training under Dr. Hills.

In 1902 Robinson and Huff formed an evangelistic team. Together they traveled over the nation during the following six years. Huff with his scholarly, well trained mind and Robinson with his unique, spiritual personality won thousands of souls through their ministry. People came for hundreds of miles to hear this great team. Churches and camps would be crowded with people seeking the benefits of their ministry.

Dr. C. J. Fowler, the cultured and scholarly president of the National Holiness Association, saw the worth of this pair and secured them as workers for coast to coast campaigns. This gave them a field of service that was far reaching and effective in the redemption of many. Their itinerary led them to God's Bible School under the direction of Rev. Martin Wells Knapp, and to Cleveland Bible Institute led by Dr. Walter Malone. Their work continued across the country to Los Angeles, California, at the invitation of Dr. P. F. Bresee, the founder of The Church of the Nazarene. Everywhere they went the Robinson-Huff Party was recognized as a soul winning team.

Another evangelist who teamed with Bud Robinson for a period was Rev. C. W. Ruth. They, too, had successful campaigns. Rev. Ruth was one of America's great holiness teachers and preachers.

In the spring of 1908, Robinson was working again with Dr. Bresee in the big Church of the Nazarene located on the corner of Sixth and Wall in Los Angeles. He had become convinced of the value of the new movement led by Dr. Bresee. Learning that Bresee was going east on a trip, Robinson invited him to Peniel to organize the first Church of the Nazarene in the state of Texas. Robinson arrived home a few days before Bresee came and he did a thorough job of circulating word of the mission of his distinguished guest. On April 6, 1908, Dr. Bresee organized the Peniel church with 103 charter members and the Robinsons were among them.

When the Nazarenes gathered for their Third General Assembly (the first one of elected delegates) at Nashville, Tennessee, in October of 1911, among the delegates from the Dallas District (Texas) were R. T. Williams, E. C. DeJernett, B. F. Neely, Bud Robinson, and C. A. McConnell. Many were attending their first general gathering in the new denomination, and Evangelist Robinson was among that group. He had recently sold his interests in the Advocate Press of Peniel. During the assembly, as an outright gift, he gave \$4,200 for the opening of the new Nazarene Publishing House which was to be located in Kansas City, Missouri, opening in April of 1912. Also, he gave \$2,000 to the cause of Foreign Missions. Without question, Bud Robinson believed in getting the Gospel out by the printed page and by missionary endeavor. General Assembly journals from 1911 through 1940 repeatedly include his name. He was there to boost in every department possible.

The year 1912 opened another panorama in the lives of the Robinson family. After living in Texas for 36 years, Rev. Robinson with his family moved to Pasadena, California. As in Peniel, a large house was built near the campus of Pasadena College (1169 Bresee Avenue) and a home was made, not only for his own family, but for young people seeking an education in a holiness college. Dr. Hugh C. Benner said, "Holiness schools never had a better friend than Uncle Buddie. Characteristically, his interest in Christian education found expression in practical service." In all, Uncle Bud assisted 115 young people in getting an education. While he had only one year of formal education himself, he was more than glad to do all in his power to assist others. As a tribute to his interest in Christian education, Bethany Nazarene College, Bethany, Oklahoma, honored him in the naming of Bud Robinson Hall, a dormitory building.

"Everlastingly at it" was Uncle Bud's motto during his ministerial career. His services were constantly in demand, and back and forth and up and down the nation he traveled working in churches, camps and conventions. As he expressed it, he was "as busy as a cow's tail in fly time."

During the hard years of World War I, he was teamed with Rev. L. Milton Williams. Singers in the campaigns were John E. Moore, Kenneth and Eunice Wells and Virginia Schaffer. A big brown tent was used for the meetings, and for a time transportation for the party was by means of a ten passenger car. When the influenza epidemic of 1918 scourged the nation, the team was out of circulation, but the early part of 1919 saw Robinson back on the road again. "This old soldier packed his grips" was the way he put it.

On June 1, 1919, Uncle Bud was engaged in a revival campaign at the First Church of the Nazarene, San Francisco, California. The other speaker was Rev. C. E. Cornell and the singer Rev. D. Shelby Corlett. Host pastor was Rev. Donnell J. Smith. For over thirty hours Uncle Bud had been fasting and praying under a great soul burden. After the night's service, about ten o'clock, he was walking to his room near the corners of 16th and Valencia Avenue. In crossing the street, suddenly he discovers himself hemmed between two automobiles and a street car. One of the autos struck him hurling him about ten feet into the air and he landed a distance of some thirty feet away. He was severely injured and was taken to a hospital in what was considered a dying condition.

Immediately the faithful brethren began to pray for their "Brother beloved." People were alerted through the pages of the Christian Witness, the Pentecostal Herald, and the Herald of Holiness. Not only were prayers arising all over the nation, but money began to come in to meet the mounting hospital and medical bills. About \$600 a month was needed, and as every bill came due, there was enough finance to meet the demand. Again God proved Himself faithful to His servant.

Five months later, in November, Uncle Bud was back on the road ready to resume a restricted schedule of campaigns. His first stop was with Revs. W. G. Shurman, F. M. Messenger, and Stella B. Crooks at First Church of the Nazarene, Chicago, Illinois. It was here, sitting in a chair, that he first gave his "Hospital Experience." This became one of his most effective messages in the years that followed. As he left Chicago, he stated about his treatment there, "They are surely sacks of salt for hungry sheep to lick at, and pans of honey for the bees to gather around."

Uncle Bud didn't take time to copy anyone. He didn't need to. All he had to do was to be himself. Here are some of his picturesque choices of expressions. "God has turned a hog's head of honey into my soul and the honey is oozing out between my ribs. I've just cut a bee tree and the bees have already swarmed once today." "I'm as happy as a baldheaded bumblebee in a hundred acres of red top clover." "I'll turn a somersault in the big dipper and shave the man in the moon and cut off his hair and hang my hat on the seven stars and put my tie and collar on a flying meteor and march up the milkmaid's path to the New Jerusalem."

When the General Assembly convened in Kansas City in 1923, there was a discussion relevant to changing the name of the Herald of Holiness. Rev. Robinson had gathered more subscriptions for the magazine than any other one person in the denomination. When the question came to the floor, he asked for permission to speak. He pled to retain the name saying that any suggestion of taking away the word "holiness" might tend to lower the standard of the message. When he had finished his speech, he added that he would pledge himself to get a thousand subscriptions a year for the following quadrennium. Uncle Bud did better than he promised but the question of name changing has never risen since. During the last thirty years of his ministry, he secured 53,038 subscriptions to the paper.

By 1922 Uncle Bud had reached a high tide of popularity. He was now 62 years of age. At this time another field of usefulness opened to him, that of touring districts. He began in Ohio with the District Superintendent, Rev. C. R. Chilton. In a published report he said, "We literally worked Ohio like working a field." His second tour was with Rev. E. O. Chalfant in Illinois. Together they raised money for home missions and new tents, and placed the Herald of Holiness in hundreds of homes.

For the next eighteen or twenty years, the veteran preacher toured constantly, usually accompanying a district superintendent or a college president. One of his traveling companions on these trips was Song Evangelist L. C. Messer; another was his son-in-law, Rev. George Wise. Leaders knew that if they could secure the services of Bud Robinson, he would get a tremendous hearing and be a great blessing. It was literally so, everywhere this much loved man went there were "people to peddle."

For years Uncle Bud had expressed a desire to go to the Holy Land. Plans were formulated so that this desire was fulfilled in 1934. Knowing the Bible as he did (he could quote more than 20% of it from memory), Palestine became an open book to him. Often when a guide began to tell of some historical land mark, Uncle Bud would quote the setting event from holy writ. The Holy Land was a wonderful place to him. Later, when he came back to America, folk would ask, "Uncle Bud, did you take any notes while you were there?" He would answer, "Why should I? If I'd lose my notes, I'd lose it all so I have the facts all in my noggin." When he was traveling in Wisconsin with this writer in 1939, his message was "Holiness, Herald of Holiness, Holy Land, and Home Missions." He called this the "Four H Club."

Bud Robinson was as jolly as an old Santa Claus, when he laughed, he shook all over. Laughter was a big part of his makeup. He was short of stature. Most of his life he wore a full beard, this gave way to a mustache and in his last years he was clean shaven. Eating good food prepared by a good cook was a delight to him, and he often included such in his writings.

For forty years Bud Robinson was a writer of note. His books are: Sunshine and Smiles; A Pitcher of Cream; Bees in Clover; Mountain Peaks in the Bible; Honey in the Rock; The King's Gold Mine; Walking with God or the Devil, Which? The Story of Lazarus; Nuggets of Gold; My Hospital Experience; My Life's Story; Does the Bible Teach Divine Healing?; My Travels in the Holy Land; Religion, Philosophy and Fun. As a promoter, he sold over one half a million of these books. It is quite possible that this was the provisional means for the educational program he carried on.

One might ask, "How did Bud Robinson achieve success?" To begin with, he was always himself. No one ever accused him of imitating another. Second, he had a very simple child like faith in God and felt that God would not fail him. Third, he had an invaluable grasp of the Scriptures and could quote chapter and verse on any given subject. In this he was thoroughly orthodox and could not be moved from his moorings. Fourth, he LOVED God and people with a dedicated devotion. Fifth, he never ceased to be a student of the Bible, books, people and current events. Sixth, he prayed a great deal and lived very close to the Lord. Down to his closing days, prayer was important to him. Seventh, he kept a ceaseless passion for souls. Eighth, he preached with unction, happiness, and holy wit. Ninth, he kept the freshness of heaven on his soul, "living under the spout where the glory rolls out." Tenth, he boosted everybody and everything that was worthwhile. He was an incurable optimist, thus he made friends everywhere.

Rev. George Wise states, "Rev. Bud Robinson made great use of details in relation to dates, names, figures, places and people." Briefly, here are the basic statistics. Born in Tennessee on January 27, 1860. Converted in Texas on August 11, 1880. Sanctified "in the cornfield" on June 7, 1890. He gave 62 years to the ministry. During this time he preached 33,000 times, working among peoples of 72 denominations. He led over 100,000 souls to Jesus Christ. He traveled over two

million miles in his evangelistic labors. He wrote 14 books and sold over one half a million of them. He gathered over 53,000 subscriptions for the Herald of Holiness. He helped 115 young people with part or all of their expenses through holiness colleges at a cost of \$85,000. He was listed in Who's Who in California. Without a doubt he was the best known and best loved man in the holiness movement.

Thousands of times he had given an invitation to an altar of prayer about nine o'clock in the evening. It is not surprising that the heavenly Father reached down with an invitation and called him home to heaven about that same hour. This was on November 2, 1942, in Pasadena, California. Surely, one of the happiest souls in heaven is Bud Robinson.