
Last Conversation with My Father

by Jon G. Wayland

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In the last conversation I had with my father, on Tuesday afternoon of election day [Nov. 5, 1912], at the depot, as I was returning to school, he said, after talking over the persecution at Fort Scott: "My boy, I am going to end it all; I cannot longer stand this persecution, mental oppression, and misunderstanding. I have done my work living and worn myself out, and perhaps my death will further the interests of the cause."

I remonstrated with him, but to no avail. He said, "It will do no good to argue for I have made up my mind."

Not once during this talk did he exhibit any feeling of malice or hatred toward even those government officials who are directly responsible for his death. He felt it was all a part of the order of life and unavoidable.

As I entered the train I turned to wave my last good-bye, with the confident hope that he would feel better after a good night's sleep, and the despairing mood pass away. With a heavy brow, but kindly smile which he always wore, he said, "Good-bye, Jon."

Jon G. Wayland.

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