# MARION -- THE WAY IT WAS

Before I was born, there was some question about whether I should have ever been born. There still is, as far as I am concerned. My sixth grade teacher, Ben Reavis, was always quoting poetry to us in class times. One of them was, "I remember, I remember, the house where I was born, the little window where the sun came creeping in at morn. It never came a wink too soon, nor brought too long a day. But now, I often wish the night had borne my breath away."

Mama had a lot of troubles in her nerves while she was carrying me, and the Doctor had suggested he take the fetus from her. Papa would have none of it, and walked out of the office.

I was born in a little house a half mile west of the Roswell School house, in Idaho, on November 25, 1918. I was child number nine, and boy number two. Sam, the first boy, had already absorbed most of the spoiling by the older girls, so I didn't get much of that. I was born left-handed, but Mama didn't see that as a good thing, so I was taught another method of doing things. There were some of the traits which she didn't recognize, so I still do some things the "wrong" way. Neither did she know about the dangers to the child if forced to change from being "southpaw" to being "regular." I'm not so sure that it had much effect on my development, but since it is popular right now to blame our parents for our quirks, why not join in on the empty "clatter" of the "parent bashers." NO! I will not.

Mama and Papa were devout Baptists, and didn't tolerate much foolishness, such as dirty words. Some of the older kids got their mouths washed out with soap, but I was spared such instructions, due to the fact that most of my training came from older sisters, who devised ways to shield me from the harsher forms of punishment. I was in no way less unrighteous than the others. I just didn't get caught as much as they had.

I distinctly remember one day when I had acquired a fair sized vocabulary, I needed to have a bowel movement. My clothing was such that it was difficult for me to get things right for the occasion. I needed help. So what's the problem? Just go ask someone to help me. Well, it wasn't quite as simple as that. There was a word we had been taught to use for such procedures as this, and then there was a four-letter word that boys in other families used. I could remember the four-letter word, but it was almost too late before I could recall the "proper" word. Dame fortune smiled on me just in the nick of time.

Another thing in my favor (?) was that by the time I happened, Papa was quite deaf, and didn't hear what was going on. Once, when the four of us youngest boys were out in the corral in the evening, finishing up the chores, we got rather raucous. Our neighbor, from down the road a piece, came up and told us we were doing a terrible wrong to be acting and talking that way, knowing that Papa couldn't hear us. It shamed us, and helped us to be a little more discreet after that. I was a young teen at that time.

The girls, who had done a lot of the supervising me, told me of some of the things I had done and said as a very young child. I could not argue the point, for I "wasn't there." I mean, I had no remembrance of them. The first thing I do remember is when I must have been nearly two years old. I was out by the "little house with the path going to it" playing in some soft dirt. Soft dirt makes the nicest place to play that ever was invented. One of the girls came running out, excited, and spoke to me in a happy tone of voice. She had in her hand a small tin pail and a fragile tin shovel. She put them in my hands and showed me how to use them. If I had known then what I know now about shovels and buckets, I would probably not have enjoyed them as much as I did. Ignorance does, actually, constitute bliss sometimes.

They tell about my love for milk from a bottle with a nipple on it. I have always been a conservative sort of person, and I reckon those traits were prominent then. I am still reluctant to give up a sure thing for something which is supposed to be better and more modern. The new tin cup they got me to lure me away from the bottle just couldn't put the flavor into the milk that the bottle gave it. Eventually, though, I did graduate to the "better" way.

One day will never be forgotten. At about age four, give or take a little, Allen and I were following the harrow as Papa was bringing it in from the east forty. We were bare footed, and it was real fun to run up and step on the roots that were dragging from the teeth of the harrow. Sometimes we could "ride" a few feet on them before they broke loose. Allen could usually maneuver faster than I could, so he got the most rides. But this day, Allen could not keep up with me, and went to the house and laid down. Allen was sick. He had pneumonia, and was destined for a long, long stay in a bed which was set up in the parlor. I was not allowed in his room, for he had to be very quiet, and quietness was impossible when Allen and I were together. I did not know it, but at one point, it looked like Allen was not going to make it. I guess the Lord does hear the prayers of Northern Baptists also.

Once, during that time, I sneaked into the parlor to see Allen. He saw me, and started talking to me, but I couldn't understand a word he said. After I was ushered out, I overheard someone saying, "He is out of his head." They meant Allen, I am quite sure.

Later, after the crisis had passed, I ventured again into the parlor. I couldn't stay away from him very long at a time. If I had an idol, it was Allen. He was in a mood to get up and play, so I helped him out of bed. He crumpled to the floor. He was too weak to stand, and I later learned that he had forgotten how to walk, and had to be trained again.

One outstanding thing about the next summer was when we were standing out by the road one day, and a model T Ford was approaching from the east. Allen had a rock in his hand, and I said, "Throw it." He did. I can still hear the shattering of that wind shield. Mr. Richards stopped, went to the door, and right away Papa came out. He paid Mr. Richards for the glass, and then asked which one of us threw the rock. I said, "Allen did." Allen said, "He told me to." I denied it. Allen got the "tanning" but I've felt guilty ever

since. I wonder if it would not have been better for me if I had received a "tanning" also. Guilt is torment, but paddlings are soon forgotten.

Papa was a share cropper, running 160 acres of irrigated land. There were not many toys for us to play with, so we improvised. Old tires served us well. We would roll them from one end of the driveway to the other. We soon learned to carry an old piece of burlap with us to patch "flats" with. Fresh chicken or goose or turkey droppings created the "flats" which had to be "fixed". Later, we graduated to metal hub rings from old wagon wheels, which we rolled down a lath to get started, and then kept rolling by pushing it with the lath. Kids of today have to settle for such things as Nintendo, poor things.

Starting to school was a major hurdle for me. I seemed to know instinctively that it was inevitable, but that didn't help much when the "S" day came. I was big. I was ugly. And, secretly, I was scared of my shadow. The other kids seemed so confident, while I was trembling. One thing in our favor, though, was the matronly teacher, Mrs. Amie L. Whitaker. She was a wrinkled darling if there ever was one. She was my teacher for first and second grades. She scared me once, though. Many of us went bare footed in school until the weather got bad. One of my feet didn't track right, and I would stub my toe on the flat cement hallway floor. First time, she bandaged it up real nice. Second time, she bandaged it up again, but said, "If you do this again, I will have to punish you." She must have thought I did it on purpose. I hadn't, but I began practicing walking in such a way as to not let it happen again.

Once, while in the first or second grade, I wasn't ready when Bernice, Frances, Sam, Freada and the rest of them left for the half mile walk to school. When I did get ready, I was sure I was going to be late, so I began to panic. My panic subsided when I looked behind me and saw some of the kids in Sam's class behind me. If I could stay ahead of them, I felt I would be OK. I know now, however, that they who measure themselves by others are not wise. I gradually caught on to school life, and a few times got to liking it for a while.

In the fourth grade something happened that would change my life forever. The combined grade school put on an Operetta named Peter Rabbit, and I was chosen as Peter because my voice was well developed from shouting at Papa to talk with him. At one point I was supposed to crawl or jump between the legs of Mr. McGregor. I jumped, but couldn't get low enough (I was terribly awkward), and Foster Robertson went sprawling across the stage. From that time, I was known as "Pete" by the rest of the school population.

It was in the sixth grade that real difficulties developed. I had grown a lot in the summer. My voice had changed. Those aspects didn't cause too much concern, but what came out from my arm pits sure had me worried. No one had told me what to expect, nor how to take care of it. Lena, who had taken most of the care of me when I was a baby, told me I needed some MUM. She told me where to get it, and how to use it. I went into this store, as scared as I could be, ashamed to be asking for that kind of stuff in the first place. A

young woman came smiling and asked if she could help me. I was red as a beet, and mumbled "mum" almost in a whisper. She raised her voice and said, "MUM" so loud everyone in the place knew that a man was buying Mum. I finally got even with her, though. I'm sure I have outlived her.

Come Spring of the sixth grade year, something happened to me that I had a terrible time with Arithmetic, or concentration of ANY kind. I blamed it onto Spring Fever, but it didn't help my grades any. Mr. Reavis would drill us in mental arithmetic each day after lunch break. I had been quite good at it until I hit that snag in the Spring.

## WINTER SPORTS

We were always glad, in a special way, for winter to come. It brought a little relief from farm work, and more time for things we would rather do.

We had time to watch, and sometimes participate in, the High School football games. And, of course, there was the daily fellowship with the other farm boys who attended the same school with us. We all knew about milking cows, feeding pigs and calves etc.. Yes, some of us went to school with cow manure on our shoes at times. It was Depression Days, and we couldn't afford a special foot gear for chores. We were lucky to have one pair of shoes for both school and chores.

Almost every Friday night brought a Basketball game to our Gymnasium when Football season was over. We hurried with chores so we could get there for the start of the game. But the game better be over by a quarter of nine, because "Amos 'N Andy" came on the radio at 9:00 sharp. People would begin leaving the gym in droves at 8:45. We especially liked to watch the girls' games. They were sometimes so awkward, but we thought they were so good looking, in spite of their lack of skill. They came in all shapes and sizes. One night I overheard two referees talking. One said, "They look like they were corn fed."

But, by far, the most enjoyable winter sport was Ice Skating. There was a salt-grass flat about a mile and a half west of our Roswell home. It had several small ponds which were linked together by a drainage system. I think the Snake River had flowed through there at sometime. There was also a Backup where the Boise River channel had been changed, and it was full most of the time. It gave us a mile or more of uninterrupted skating one way, and a mile back.

Come Saturday morning, we got the chores done up as early as we could. We robbed hame straps from all available harness sets, and took off one direction or the other. If there were not enough hame straps to go around, a piece of clothes line rope would have to do. We use them to fasten our clincher skates to our ankles, or the clamps would pull the heels off of our shoes. Papa knew it would be futile for him to try to haul manure those days-- he didn't have a full set of harness.

I can still feel the thrill of the wind whipping my coat tail as I sailed along as fast as I could get the skates to go. It seemed that time stood still in those moments. There would some days be as many as twenty boys (and girls) on the pond, though the girls sort of spoiled it. We had to watch out for them, and sometimes they wanted us to teach them. To do that, we had to get close to them, and we weren't ready for that yet. Most of us secretly had the girl picked out that we were planning to make up with first when we got over being mad at them, however.

Someone usually built a small fire on the ice for people to get warm by, but with so much fun cutting the breeze, who needed to get warm by a fire?

When it came time for chores again, we reluctantly took off our skates and headed home. It would take us about half a mile to get used to walking on ground again.

If it was not cold enough for the ice to be safe, we would pull an old heavy sled up to the hill about a mile from our house. Papa had taken an old car frame (heavy), cut it off to about 4 feet in length. He fastened a platform to it so we would have a place to sit. We would drag that thing up an old road above the canal on the G.H. Abbott place. Two or three of us would get on and start down-- hoping there were no cars coming on the little dirt road below. We called the sled "Keno" after a clumsy old stallion we had. Uncle Everett had raised him from a colt that Papa had given him. Uncle Everett had lived at Watson, Oregon and it was soon to be flooded by the Owyhee Dam. Uncle Everett was moving out, to Vale, and offered Keno (Keely) back to Papa if he wanted him.

Old Keely taught me some very valuable lessons about life.

Sometimes, when the roads were snowy, we would hook the clumsy sled behind the model T and take turns driving/riding.

What was really fun, though, was to get a bob sled hooked behind a car. You could steer them because they had a king pin on the front set of runners. The king pin was hard on ribs, however, and one night one of mine got broken as we crossed the rail road track by the Parma Elevator behind Dallas Richards' model A Ford Roadster. I was steering, and Art Rockwood was laying on top of me, with two other boys behind us. One jolt was too much, and I felt the rib go.

A disaster one night put a damper on sledding for quite a while. Some of the older kids were free-sliding down a curving road and across a canal bridge about a half mile south of Roswell School. One trip, they missed the bridge and hit the far side of the canal with a sickening thud. One of the Kniefel girls was a cripple from that night on.

A few times, when the road was covered with ice, we would actually skate to school in the mornings. It was a half mile.

I got my first pair of ice skates, for Christmas. when I was about 8 years old. There was a path along the north end of the house, about 16 or so feet long, and it was full of smooth ice. I learned to skate right there, so I was an accomplished skater when we went to the ponds to skate.

One other reason we liked winter was the duck hunting. At Roswell we had a drain ditch which made a bend as it went through our place. Sam and I would go down to that bend almost every morning before school. We would sneak up the bank and look one way, then go sneak up and look the other way. Wherever the birds were, there is where we would go "over the top". We would shoot them as they rose to fly. Sam had a 97 model Winchester 12 gauge, but I had only a double barrel 12 gauge. I had learned the hard way to not cock both barrels at the same time. Sam usually got more birds than I did.

After Sam left home, I fell heir to the Winchester, which would hold six shells at one time. I could, by that time, drive the model T (box wagon), and a bunch of us would make pilgrimages to the South Fork of the Boise on Saturday mornings. One wonderful morning, Art Rockwood and I were able to sneak up on a hundred or so Mallards. Art had only a single shot 410 and I had the Winchester. Art knew which one he got, and I quit shooting after four shells. When we gathered them up, we had 10 birds. I had gotten nine birds with four shots. I was king for one day. We took them to the car and lined them up on the back seat. When Phil Grosvenor, who had been hunting in another area, came back, he said, "All that shooting, and you didn't get a thing, did you?" We said nothing and waited for him to climb in. He saw those ten birds and let out a yell that could have been heard for a mile.

One other interesting aspect of winter time was watching the sheep herders load up hay from the stacks on our place. Hay was bringing $3.00 a ton most of those Depression winters. We were glad to get that much for it. Those men would bring in an 8-foot by 16-foot hay wagon. When they were loaded, the load would touch both posts of a 16-foot gate. I still don't know how they managed to get it that wide. They must have had a little magic in their systems. Our barn lot looked empty and forlorn after they hauled out the hay.

## KEELY

Papa had several horses during my lifetime at home. They each had their own personality, and left their own impression on me.

Dave was a BIG white, speckled guy, and as unemotional as a sun dial. The only time I saw him get excited was one day when Elbert wandered out into the corral, and got too close to Dave's heels. Dave started a little hind-leg dance, more from fear of hurting Bert than being annoyed by him. But I didn't know that Dave was harmless, so my heart was in my throat until Elbert was safely out of the way. But I don't remember HOW he got out of the way.

Old Baldy (or maybe Bawlly) was Dave's team mate. He was just as big as Dave, and maybe a bit more unpredictable. Lena told me once that he would, on occasions, open his mouth wide and let out a squall that could be heard for a long way off. I was never privileged to witness that, however.

Kit and Koaly were a young team of mares that Papa had let someone else use in return for breaking them. They too, were huge animals, and so well behaved. Ernest Rock said one time that they would probably pull Hell off its hinges if we could get a chain around it. They could move some tremendous loads.

But something happened in the barn one cold winter night. Mama heard a terrible commotion out there, and woke Papa up to go see what was happening. He found Koaly down, with a huge part of her rump muscle torn out--dangling. Kit's hoof had done it, but we could never figure out how nor why it happened. Papa felt a real loss, but he knew Koaly would never be able to strain under a load like she had seemed delighted to do before. We kept her as a brood mare. She was never harnessed again.

Kit's new team mate was Keely.

Keely didn't track right. His hind feet were about two to three inches out of synch with his front feet. I often wondered if that was caused from his little side-ways dance that he did when he was around the girls. Perhaps not, for he also had a back-leg limp. He was big, and heavy like the other horses that Papa had, and was an excellent draft horse.

Keely had a personality like a kaleidoscope. He was friendly, but I learned to not trust him too far. He tried to do me in on at least one occasion-- at first I thought he was playing, but later came to wonder. Uncle Everett had broken him. Papa had given Keely to Uncle Everett to use as a stud horse. When Uncle Everett had to leave his ranch at Watson, Oregon he gave Keely back to Papa. Keely's wind had been broken, and when he was pulling hard, he would wheeze loud enough to be heard several hundred yards away. It was the worst at wheat cutting time. He was one of a three-horse team. It was hot, and the binder was hard to pull.

Keely had not been trained to behave around the girls, so he had to stand in the barn-- all day, every day. One time we let him out into the corral with the other horses, but it was an exercise in futility. He got to tormenting Jupiter (Jupe for short), and she let him have it, big time, with both hind feet-- broke the flesh and skin across his breast bone. But he was so slow on the take-up that he got hurt again right away, and had to be put back in the barn. He was given a brand new, heavy duty halter and chain as a memorial to his disorderly conduct.

Word soon got out that Bill Fretwell had a stud horse, and his services were desired by many of the farmers around the country side. Keely didn't rate a trailer like the first class studs did. He had to walk to his appointments, and someone had to lead him or ride him.

I was elected to chaperone him, and I chose to ride. Early on, I rode bare back, but Keely would get so sweaty at times that I soon started using a saddle.

For several weeks, Keely and I were close companions. I went everywhere he went--sometimes as much as ten miles each way. On one such long walk, Keely got so tired that he laid down in the long driveway, with me still on his back. When I got him going again, and to where we were going, he forgot all about being tired, and was as fresh as a daisy.

Keely would have fit very well into our new society. He was a firm believer in "If it feels good, DO IT!" "If it makes you happy, don't deprive yourself." "Dance, and who cares about the fiddler."

Keely didn't have any long-range goals. He lived strictly for today.

His life style was killing him by inches, but he didn't seem to mind. I think that secretly, he was planning to not live very long anyway.

Many, many years later, I saw an eye test on the flap of a match book that actually made sense, and it reminded me so much of Old Keely. It was similar to this:

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One cold, frosty morning, Papa had the three plow horses out in the east forty plowing an alfalfa field for another type of crop next year. At one end of the furrows was a ditch bank which had young alfalfa growing on it. Keely, in his characteristic unruly way, would snatch a mouthful of alfalfa at each pass. But the alfalfa was frosted, and before long Keely was in big trouble. He never got hungry again. Those bites of frozen alfalfa lasted him the rest of his life.

Keely's replacement was another coal black job. Ed Stemper had never paid Papa the fee for this guy. Neither had he done anything else with him. No training. No discipline. Nothing. His name was Ted, and he was another stallion. Ed gave him to Papa to replace Keely.

I'm still not sure that it was a good deal. No other horse would ever be able to take Keely's place-- not even an angel horse. Ted was no angel, in any sense of the word. We could never bring him into full obedience. The time to do that is before they get as old as he was when we got him. Ted was definitely NOT an asset. But, he was all we had, so we tried to make the best of it.

One day, in the mid thirties, Allen and I were down at Sam and Marge's place in the Wade district with a team and wagon. We were stacking some hay, or something like that. On the way home-- five or more miles-- Ted would begin to prance and whinny. There was nothing in sight-- nothing. A few times of this, and we knew we were in trouble.

Ted was in trouble. His brain was getting feverish. Ted was coming down with a bad case of Equine Brain Fever. It was rampant that year, and many farmers had lost horses from the infection.

Before he got really sick, Ted stood "at stud" most of that night. I learned something that night that I have never forgotten. Men who commit sexual aberrations are actually out of synch upstairs. We have a lot of "sickies" running around-- more of them all the time.

Allen and the twins were going to Twin Falls for a week of Pee Wee ball games, so Papa and I would have to take care of Ted. Papa was on crutches from a broken leg.

He had me rig up a cable between the two pear trees out back. I put a ring on the cable, so Ted would be able to move about, and fastened his halter chain to the ring. We took turns hosing him down with water, and poking him with a willow pole to keep him on his feet. If he ever went down, our goose was cooked. We never left him for over 96 hours.

When I had to go milk the cows, Papa had full responsibility, and I worried about him. Ted had become a bit violent at times, and we had changed from a chain on his halter to a rope which we could cut quickly if he were to become tangled and choked. Those seven cows probably wondered why I was in such a hurry to get them done. Ted's crisis was past by the time Allen and Elbert and Bob got back from playing ball.

Ted recovered, physically. But his mental state was in bad need of repair.

We moved that Fall to the Fouts place in the Wade district, and Ted didn't adapt well to the change. At least we blamed his behavior onto the change. Actually, it would seem more likely that his brain had further deteriorated from the fever. It never was too good in the first place, but now it was decidedly worse.

One day, he decided he was going to leave the barn. He began to pull back on the halter chain, until the manger came loose from its moorings. Ted took the whole works out with him.

Several other incidents highlighted the need for some discipline. Our teen-age judgment was, perhaps, a little faulty, but we devised a plan to break the habit of pulling things apart. He had torn two or three halters off, so we knew we would have to use a chain around his neck. A halter chain might not be strong enough, for Ted was displaying some tremendous strength during some of his "spells" which he was having.

We settled on a log chain, which we fastened around his neck. We led him out to the side of the road and fastened the other end to a ten-inch locust tree. Ted was so docile that we thought he had already learned his lesson by just seeing what we had done.

Our judgment was flawed, in that we had not devised a plan "A" and a plan "B" to deal with what the consequences might be should Ted really be having some sort of seizure instead of simply being ornery.

Well, we were never able to figure out exactly what happened to Ted to light him off. He put on a show to stop all other shows. Lunges, plunges, rearings and buckings--the works. The tree did not move or break. The chain did not break. But we got real scared that Ted's neck might break. We got scared, big time.

When Ted finally fell, exhausted and injured, we sneaked up behind the tree and unhooked the chain from it. If Ted knew what had happened, he never let on.

We never did figure out if Ted was having seizures, or if he was ornery, but I don't recall him ever tearing anything up again. But, then, I left home to work at Notus shortly after that. And I don't remember what ever happened to Ted. He had not been my favorite horse.

I can't end this chapter without telling you about Frank. He was one of those special creatures whose brother was his father. Papa was of a mind to kill him, but Sam showed an interest in Frank, even though he was destined to be a runt of sorts. Papa gave Frank to Sam. Sam broke him to work, and when Ezra and Frances Wilkerson, Kenneth and Louise French went to Cabarton, Idaho to cut out some wood to ship down to Parma, Sam and Frank went along. Frank was part of a third team.

When the wood was loaded on the rail car and the folks were coming home, Sam found a man who was interested in trading horses. Frank had displayed his total abilities at Cabarton, and they were woefully inadequate, so Sam was in a mood to trade. The only way to go was up, so he took his chances on a likely looking old white nag, who could at least keep up with the other horses on the way home. That in itself was an improvement, instantly.

A night or two after Sam got the white nag home, he got loose and was gone before anyone noticed his absence. We knew, instinctively, that he was headed back where he came from. We hurriedly took Keely and a couple of other horses and took in after him--hoping to overtake him in less than four miles or so. After ten miles, we gave up and

came back home, mourning the loss of Frank's replacement.

At least, we would have something exciting to talk about at school the next day, so we hurried the half mile, to see who we could tell about it first. Imagine our surprise when we saw the white nag out in the grass between Hunt's Store and the Presbyterian Parsonage. He hadn't even gone a half mile. We had gone ten and back.

I can still see the sparks fly from Keely's right rear shoe as his limpy leg came down on the pavement that dark night between Parma and Notus.

## SUMMER AT ROSWELL

From the time I was about 11 or 12, we broke Spring with a trip to Rimrock. As soon as the ground was dry, usually in March, we would make our pilgrimage.

Rimrock was a part of the ridge which was south of Adrian, Oregon about 8 or 9 miles from the Roswell place.

We most always went on a Sunday afternoon. The Sunday afternoons were longer and more durable than these short, flimsy ones we are getting now days. The climb up the "hog's back" was the hardest part, but the view from the top was worth every puff and pant of it. We could see for miles, and the sky was never so blue as it was from up there.

There were lizards of various sizes, and some of the faster boys could catch some of them. I was never fast enough, but that didn't matter too much, for I was not particularly fond of the little critters anyway. Once, Bob Breshears killed a baby rattlesnake. I was glad he was along that day. He is still young at heart-- even at 90 years of age.

Early Spring also marked the beginning of driving the cows to the pasture every morning, and going after them every evening. Papa rented a salt-grass pasture from Ole Carlson. It was over a mile to the pasture. On the way down we would throw rocks at weeds and tules along the way.

It wasn't until I was grown that a certain phenomenon was driven home to me about tules. We could hit the stalk and cause the "cat tail" to fall back down onto the stalk. We supposed we had killed them, but they seemed to have as many lives as a cat. They kept right on growing, though not as well as they had before they were injured. After I became a Christian, and read the book of Isaiah I found that the bruised reed is likened to humans who have had a trauma, either physical or Spiritual. Their growth is severely curtailed-- even stopped sometimes. "A bruised reed will He not break." He NEVER puts us down. He is ALWAYS FOR US. "A smoking (dimly burning) flax He will not quench." He will gently blow on it with HIS BREATH-- trying to rekindle the flame that once burned. I have felt that gentle blowing a few times in my life. It is precious. It almost makes a person wish he had some more hurts to be healed of.

Early teens saw us graduate from driving the cows to and from pasture. We acquired a part of a model T Ford, (engine and frame and wheels) which we drove around the country-- using the gas tank for a driver seat. We found a part of a body-- front seated body, and then built a box behind it so we could haul milk cans and pails. Now, instead of bringing the cows to the barn, we took the barn to them, as it were.

This arrangement worked out real well, in more ways than one. We made a two-wire corral on a flattened-out drain ditch bank right by the gate. It gave us a dry place to do our milking-- dry ground, that is. If it rained, we wished it hadn't.

Another advantage this arrangement afforded was the teen age girl who was working for Rita Abbott. Abbotts lived just under a quarter mile west of our house. The girl's name was Fern, she came from Alaska, where everybody knew everybody else. She was easy for even me to get acquainted with. Her mother was dead, and her dad was in Alaska. Rita was a second Mom to her.

Since our homemade model T had little or no muffler, it was easy for Fern to know when we started for the pasture. There was always something she had to put in the burlap sided cooler at just the right moment for her to be on the front porch just as we came by. The same was true when we returned with the cans full of milk. She had a friendly smile, and a big wave for us. Rather than being annoyed by her, we rather enjoyed it all.

There were often moments when we would have loved to live forever.

Papa kept a bull all of the time. Neighbors would borrow him at times, and return him to the pasture when they were finished with him. It just so happened that while he was gone on one of his "cruises" we had hooked our corral wire up to the neighbor's hot fence. And it was hot. This particular evening they were irrigating the pasture, and the small ditch was quite wide and shallow at the gates. It had been worn down by hooves through the years, and was about 8 feet wide. We noted that the distinguished gentleman was home again, and went on with our chores.

Suddenly, with no warning, the bull let out a blood curdling scream. By the time we looked to see what he was yelling about, he was in the process of picking his rear end up out of the water about ten feet back from the wire. We guessed that he had touched his ringed nose to the wire while standing in the water. We began to laugh, and he got mad. I can see him yet, heading diagonally across the forty acre pasture-- mumbling out threatenings. He stopped every few steps to paw the dust and grumble out a few more cursings.

The carefree part of summer came to an end all too soon, however, for it was soon time to make hay. All hands were required to be on deck for that operation. My "tooth-cutting" job was what we called "driving derrick" during the stacking time. The "derrick cart" was usually a worn out mower that had been stripped to make it lighter. The driver, with his

team of horses, had to pull the loaded Jackson Fork full of hay from the wagon, where it had been driven into the loaded wagon, to the top of the stack, called a "bent", and stop it so it would just swing clear of the top. The man of the wagon held a rope which was attached to the latch of the Jackson Fork, and when the stacker would yell "triiip" he would give it a sharp jerk. The hay would fall, and the Fork swing free, and I would have to back the team up slowly to return the Fork to the wagon. My feet would not quite reach the axle of the cart when I first started driving derrick. The days were soooo lonnng.

I remember one day, at the Gritton place, having an enjoyable time. George Gritton's grandson was visiting while we were stacking hay there. It was second cutting, and there were lots of grasshoppers. The stalks of hay were quite large and sturdy. We two boys devised a plan of attack on the grasshoppers. He would catch one, and we would "anesthetize" it with a stalk of hay. At any given time that afternoon we had ten to twelve grasshoppers under "anesthetic" on the derrick rail. When they began to twitch again, we would give them another "dose of anesthetic." A person would swear that boys have a little bit of "demon" in them.

From Derrick driver, I moved on to a more sophisticated part of the operation. I was 12, coming 13 when Papa put me on a wagon, but I was too small to handle the big Jackson Fork. Neither did I understand how to load the hay so that it could be easily "forked" off. The pitchers helped me by telling me when to put a row of bunches down the middle of the load. They would take care of keeping the sides even. Then I would start out for the stack, but before I got near it, one of the older crew members would meet me with an empty wagon, and we would trade wagons. I felt like a man without a country for a few days-- never got to see the barn lot all morning or afternoon. We put in ten hour days. I can remember the dread that would flood over me every morning when Papa came to wake us up. I was still tired from yesterday, and here I was facing another day of the same thing. Would I be able to do it for another day? I still don't know how I made it through that summer, but I am still here, so I guess I did make it through.

That same summer, Allen and I worked for Edgar Dilley, helping him put up hay on his Arena Valley farm. His operation was different than ours, in that he used slips and slings instead of wagons and Jackson Fork. We had to drive the horses/mules down the rows while the pitchers loaded the slip. At the derrick, we hooked both ends of the sling to the cable and it was put in the stack.

One day (we worked 4 days there) we got the shock of our lives, Allen and I. When it came time to move the derrick, a team of horses and a team of mules were hooked to the derrick. The horses posed no problem. but Ned, one of the mules, decided to be difficult. He soon put forth a little more effort, and became impossible. I heard Joe Dilley say, "Ned, if you don't behave yourself, I'll chew your ear." Ned's hearing aid didn't transmit the warning, or he didn't pay any attention-- I'm not sure which. But I am sure about what followed after that. Joe yelled, "Gidapp!" and Ned just stood there. Joe dropped the reins, grabbed Ned by the ear, which he stuck in his mouth and gave it a real good, long

chewing. Joe came back, spitting hair and blood. He again picked up the reins and yelled, "Gidapp." Ned leaned into the collar and pulled like a Sunday School boy. Joe had gotten his attention. He had our attention too. You could have raked our eyeballs off with a stick. They were actually right out in front of our heads. We each earned $5.00 for our 40 hours of work-- BIG MONEY.

Between first and second cutting of hay we had a very short reprieve from drudgery, and we better act fast.

Papa taught us how to make a fishing pole out of a willow stick. He took us the first trip down to a drain ditch which was a part of the South Fork of the Boise River. There was a culvert at the bottom of the hill below Mart Carlyle's place, and the pool had some bullheads in it. We had great fun, until we caught one and tried to take it off the hook. Experience taught us very quickly how not to handle those little guys. After the first trip, we carried a small bottle of Turpentine with us to doctor our "puncture wounds" with. I still don't know why we did that sort of fishing, except that if we didn't do that, there was nothing else we could do. The bullheads were not worth carrying home.

All too soon, we caught Papa getting the grain binder in running order, and a pall settled down over all of us. It meant that it would soon be time to shock wheat, barley or oats. You see, things were different then than they are now. The binder did just that. It cut the grain stalks off and bound many of them into what was called a "bundle" and kicked them off the side of the binder. Our job was to "shock" them up.

To make a wheat shock, you grab two bundles (one in each hand) and stand them up together. Then, before they fall down, get another one or two and put against them to prop them up. We usually tried to make the shock about seven or eight bundles. Strong leather gloves were a MUST, or the binder twine would make mince meat of your fingers. We seldom wore shirts at that time of year. I still get an itching when I think of shocking wheat.

One redeeming feature was the anticipation of a dip in the canal about half mile above our place after chores were finished-- usually about 9:00 PM. We were far enough from civilization we dared to skinny-dip, and the pool below the headgate was deep enough it was safe to dive. Those were times when you would like to live forever.

When threshing time came we needed all the help we could get. It took seventeen men to properly do the operation. Farmers would trade work-- all help everyone until the job was completed. Then they would settle up, for we would put in more time for one farmer than for some others. Each kept track of their time. I am not sure that all of us boys qualified as a man, but they counted it that way, and were glad to have us help out. If we were getting tired, we would try to overload the machine so it would have to be stopped and cleaned out. That way we could rest a minute or two. There were two wagons unloading bundles into the separator at a time, and if two of us boys got there together-- watch out. The separator man caught on to what we were doing, and sternly rebuked us a

time or two.

Noon time was the highlight of threshing season. Wherever we were at noon time, they had to feed us-- all 17 of us. Some of them were real feeds, for the women folks were a proud bunch in their own way. We figured that if they wanted to strut their cooking abilities-- we would gladly indulge them.

Too soon, it seemed, school time was again upon us. Papa and Mama would take us down to the Golden Rule store in Parma and outfit us for school.

A couple of chambray shirts at 59 cents each, a couple of bib overalls at 69 cents each, a pair of shoes at $1.69, sox and underwear were the size of our loot. Sam, who was 5 years older than I was, was able to buy more expensive clothes than we got. He would buy Levi Strauss pants with copper rivets for $1.75. He would turn up the cuff and wear them for about six weeks before they were allowed to be washed. They could be stood up in the corner all night, and be ready for morning. Well, almost. If you didn't get them about 3 inches too long, they would be too short after they had been washed. They shrunk like it was going out of style. The girth shrinkage was not too important, for they felt better if they were very tight. And besides that, we believed in "truth in packaging" in those days.

I still remember Sam and the new corduroy pants he got one year. They were the absolute MOST. They made the most delicious noise when he walked in such a way that the legs of the pants rubbed together. Talk about beautiful music! That was it. He did finally get so he could walk normally again, however. But they, like the Levi's, lost their magic as soon as they were washed. So they were also "long time dirty."

## A TYPICAL DAY

A typical summer day started at 5:30 for us boys. Papa would waken us at that time. He may have already been out chasing water. He had the irrigating almost down to a science, knowing almost exactly when a certain size head of water would be to the end of the field.

Each of the boys had an assigned task-- not because we were told to do it that way, but because we had devised a method to expedite the chores.

There were cows to milk, calves and chickens and pigs to feed. Someone had to run the milk through the separator.

One thing Papa did teach us was to not stand and watch someone else do something. Find something to do yourself. Hence, after the milking was done, one boy would crank up the separator, which as a time consuming job. The others would fan out to do other things at the same time.

Sam usually was the one to harness the horses, for he was older and larger. It was almost a man sized job to get a harness on the horse. First, the collar went around the neck, and latched at the top. Then you put one arm through the back of the harness-- ran it up the inside to the front where the hames were. They had to fit over the collar. You grabbed the hames in each hand and pulled the harness off its hooks on the wall.

You spoke to the horse, calling it by name as you approached it. Then, when the horse knew you were there, you swung the hames over his shoulders, and as you withdrew your arm which was inside the harness, you draped it over the horse's back. A few snaps and buckles completed the process, and the horse was ready to go to work.

Mama had breakfast ready by the time we were finished with the chores. There were biscuits and mush. We had sorghum molasses and butter for the biscuits, and real cream for the mush.

Breakfast, dinner and supper were times that we did not always appreciate. Papa was deaf before I knew him, but he believed he should teach his kids the principles of life. He would preach us a sermon morning, noon and night. He had no way of knowing when someone else was talking, so when he thought of something to say, he said it.

We did not have family worship, as such. Papa could not see a definite command for a formal type of worship where all he family would participate, or sit sullenly, as the case might be. Maybe he was wise, for we have had opportunity to see some of the results of such forced participation.

During times of haying or wheat shocking and threshing, we had to be in the field by 7:00 AM. There was no time to waste. We put in a 10 hour day, with an hour dinner break, during which time we had to feed the horses some hay and give them a drink of water.

We ate supper at 6:30, after field work was suspended and the horses unharnessed and turned into the corral to roll over a few times and go to the feeder.

Then, chores had to be done all over again. We tried to be finished by 8:30 so we could go for a swim in the canal about a half mile away.

A winter day was similar, yet different. There were more chores to do, for there were more cows to milk. Breakfast came a bit later, for we would not start for school until 8:30 at the earliest. Evening chores were started a bit earlier also-- mainly because radio reception was better in the cold time of the year.

Our first radio was an Atwater-Kent in a steel box. It had a curved horn which sat on top of the box and gave us the sounds-- static and all.

There were cowboys, the drug store type, usually from KNX Hollywood, who would

serenade us from 8:00 until 8:30 when Frank and Archie came on the same station. Frank Watanobi was a Japanese houseboy who worked for Archibald Chiselberry, a former English nobleman who was living in the USA.

At 9:00 we switched to KOA Denver for a 15 minute episode of Amos 'n Andy. EVERYBODY was glued to the radio for that one. Besides Amos and Andy, there was Lightnin' (they called him that because he moved to fast). There was also the Kingfish, whom we didn't trust out of our sight. We could see right through his crooked schemes, but the others couldn't.

Modern Television is selling us short. We are only spectators. With old time radio, we were right in the same room, the same airplane, the same model T.

We kept warm those long winter evenings with a potbellied wood and coal stove. But when it came time to go to bed, we prepared to go to a cold bed-- out on a canvassed porch.

No, we didn't feel abused nor deprived. It seemed as natural to us as the way kids are being raised today feels to them.

## OLD BLUE

Old Blue was a part of the family before I was, or at least before I knew I was. He had originated in the area of Jordan Valley, Oregon. When he was a puppy small enough to fit into the pocket of Uncle Sam's coat, he was brought as a gift to my brother Sam, who was five years my senior.

Uncle Sam was an old bachelor-- a half brother of Papa's. They had the same father, but different mothers. Uncle Sam was several years older than Papa, so he was out and gone from home before Papa knew him. Sam had come West in the late 1800's and settled in the Jordan Valley area. Somewhere along the line he had contracted for a team of horses, but forgot (?) to pay for them. He had heard about Gold in Alaska, and decided to "go for it." He took the team of horses with him, and it was a good thing he did.

He staked out a claim, thinking to be rich in a few days. Others were doing it. Why couldn't he? Think of it! Rich by age 45. He would be 45 in 1900.

But Samuel Burl Fretwell woke up one morning, and he was a poor man. His claim was flooded with water. No one had told him it would do that.

He still had his team and wagon, and had observed that freighters were kept busy hauling other people's belongings (for a nice fee), so that became his next project. He probably made more that way than he would have if he had been able to work his claim.

After several years, Sam sold out his business and returned to Jordan Valley area. To stay out of trouble, he paid for the team of horses he had taken to Alaska.

He heard via the grape vine that his half brother, Willie, whom he had never seen, was living near Parma, Idaho. That was 65 or 70 miles to the North East, but what was that compared to the trip to Alaska. He set out to find Willie, and found him at Roswell, a half mile west of the School house. This was probably around 1915, and Sam was about 60 years old. Papa would have been in the last half of his 30's.

After they had gotten acquainted, Uncle Sam would make the trip about once a year to see Willie and his family. He would always bring his own hay, and an extra team-- sort of like a spare tire today.

It was on one of those yearly trips that Old Blue made his debut-- in Uncle Sam's coat pocket. He was a present to little Sammy, Willie's first son. He was officially named "Shep", but it didn't make much difference. He would respond just as eagerly to "Here, Shep" "Here, Blue" "Here Pup", or just "Heah, Heah, Heah." A shrill whistle through pursed lips would do the same thing.

"Shep" was a blue Australian Shepherd, who seemed to instinctively know how to handle sheep, cows or horses. He was a "no nonsense" type of dog-- was not fond of playing, or any of that sort of thing. He was protective, and would fight at the drop of the hat if he sensed any threat to any of us who belonged on the place.

Often the neighbors would stop by the wagon scale that was located in our driveway to have a load weighed. They always had their dog with them, for the dogs always went wherever the team went. Shep had to make "Christians" out of several of those dogs. Papa was deaf enough by then that he could not hear some of the boys going "sssssss" in low decibels while the dogs were in the "bristling" stage of getting acquainted each time they met. It was a sure-fire fight starter every time. Old Mike, one such neighbor dog finally got so that he would not come on in when the wagon came onto the scale. Old Jerry, another neighbor, became a perfect gentleman if and when he came along.

I still love to watch a good dog fight, but good ones are few and far between any more. These miniatures, and lap dogs are characteristic of the declining quality of most everything in life. I am glad I have seen the better life.

Well, after 15 to 18 years, Old Blue was tired, and longing for the good old days. His sight was poor. He couldn't fight like he used to. It hurt him to walk, but he still did it. One day, a hunting "accident" claimed his life while he was out with Sam and some others. We younger ones greatly lamented the loss-- he had been all we knew. There were others to come, but there would never be another "Blue."

Blue would sometimes get on a barking jag-- usually about supper time. On those occasions, Papa would get up from the table and go to the door. He would yell something

like, "Dry up, You" or, "Go lay down." That would usually bring Blue back into reality.

Mentioning Papa getting up from supper and going to the door brings up another subject. Bear with me while I tell you about it.

The water pump was about twenty feet from the back door. It furnished water for the table, for the cows and horses also, through an underground pipe to the trough about a hundred feet away. There was a terribly large and inefficient gas engine which could be belted to the pump, and fill the trough, which held about 500 gallons when full. Papa would start the engine, and let it pump water while we ate supper.

Sometimes, the governor on the engine would go berserk and cause the engine to do funny things. Normally, one "firing" of the piston would suffice for three or four revolutions of the wheels before the governor would call for another "charge" to the spark plug. If it ever started sparking on every revolution, the quickest that you could get to it was none too soon. I never did know how Papa managed to get it back in the strait and narrow-- he never did show me.

On other occasions, the engine would start to smoke terribly. It would foul up the little lean-to shed, and smoke would billow out the door, out the belt hole and all of the cracks. Papa would have to brave the inferno to correct the malfunction. He would come out black and sooty, and with a distinct smell of half-raw gas.

During hay cutting times, Papa would belt the old gas dragon to a grinding wheel and sharpen sickles for the next day. The grind stone was a bit lop sided, and it was similar to a reducing vibrator, but if he didn't open the throttle too wide he could stay on it. We had to pour water on the grind stone for him-- not too fast, not too slow. A tedious task, at best.

There were to be several dogs in our life after Old Blue, but none could fully take his place.

One came very close, though. Frances and Ezra had a neighbor in Caldwell who had arranged for a "Sears Roebuck" bride, and needed a suit. All he had was a vicious, brown slick-haired hound that he didn't dare turn loose. Ez had a suit, and no dog. A perfect trade, but what did Ez need a vicious dog for?

Could he bring Buster down to Roswell and let him "watchdog" at the ranch? Yes, if he had a strong chain. He could be tied to the light pole.

All of us younger kids were scared to death of the guy. He was mean. He was ugly (I believe he might have been part Weimeraner, but also part devil). He would lunge at us if we got near, baring his teeth menacingly.

Carmena was just a toddler, and we were always afraid she would get within range of

those savage teeth and claws. Their dog, Rex, would have done his best to protect her, but we were not sure Rex was a match for Buster. Rex had some Collie in him, but I don't know what else. Rex was gentleness personified-- a perfect dog for a toddler to have for a friend.

Then one day, a terrible thing happened. I was headed for the shack by the light pole. No one had noticed that Buster's chain was wearing thin in spots. It had broken during the night, and Buster was free to do whatever damage he wanted to do. When he saw me coming, he made a lunge for me. I saw, too late, that he was free, and was beyond the bounds of his habitation-- headed my direction with wide-open throttle. I wondered what to do. My heart was in my throat, and I couldn't utter a sound. My evil deeds began whizzing past me in rapid succession-- I thought of them all in that split second of time.

Buster was running-- fast, and gaining speed with every leap of those powerful legs. Just as I got braced for his teeth to make contact with my throat, by turning my back to the fateful attack, I felt his tail slap against my leg once--then again and again, in rapid succession. His whole tail was wagging--from his shoulders on back.

He couldn't have been any happier if I had been his long-lost brother. He was smothering me with kisses and other gestures of good will. When I got my heart back into my chest, I realized I was witnessing a real conversion of character. Buster was never meant to be chained to a light pole. That had been a living hell to him. He had been born to be free and to enjoy life, which he loved dearly.

No child should have ever been afraid of him. Being mean and nasty was foreign to his true self. Buster had "found himself" there by that light pole.

Buster was our friend during our teens. And he was a real friend. Any problems we might have had, any discouragements, disappointments or unhappiness we might have had were soon dispelled by watching that brown hound wade through his life with a big grin on his face.

When we would drive the old model T, he was on hand to be included. We loved to have him with us. If he could not ride, which was very seldom, he would run alongside, mile after mile-- happy as a lark to be with us. Much of the time he was on one front fender of the old Ford, and Rex was on the other fender-- both right out in front with their mouths open and their ears flopping in the breeze. A few times we would let him ride inside, in the back seat. On those delightful occasions, he would put his front paws on the back of the front seat, and his back feet on the back seat. He wanted to see where we were going. What difference that he sometimes had a foul breath? He was our friend.

## THE MODEL T FORD

A person might get the impression that I was in love with the Model T Ford. Well, not

exactly that, but we did have some very pleasant experiences with those we had, and there were several of them that crossed our paths. The first one was a 1917 Touring car. That was the one we had to keep under cover at night. If we left it setting out, there was a real danger that the moon might take the top off of it as it made its journey through the night skies.

The 1917 job was the first one that Papa owned, and he got it by default. He had loaned a young man some money, and when it came due, the only thing the young man had was this car. Would Papa take it as payment? Well, the car was better than the alternative, so he accepted the car.

Driving a Model T required full use of both hands and both feet, and precise synchronization of all four. There three foot pedals on the floor and two levers on the steering column. The lever on the left side was of utmost importance-- especially while trying to start the motor. It was called the "spark" lever, and controlled when the spark was delivered to the spark plug. It HAD to be CLEAR UP when you cranked the motor, or you were in real trouble. Sam found that out one day, the hard way.

Habitually, we would start the cranking process with a DOWNWARD thrust of the crank. This was wrong. But and UPWARD pull on the crank would nearly always fail to start the motor. We learned, finally, to grasp the crank with the thumb on the same side as the fingers. That way, if it "kicked", the crank would slip out of our hand instead of breaking our wrist. We could "spin" the crank with relative safety in that way of holding the crank.

The lever on the right side of the steering column was the throttle lever. When trying to start the motor, the gas lever would be clear down on full throttle. The spark lever would be clear to the top, or in the retard position. If and when the motor started, we would have to hurry and adjust the two levers to get the motor in "synch" so it would run properly. With practice, we could adjust the spark timing for optimum operation-- re-adjusting it for different conditions. It would go up a hill better if we would slightly retard the spark.

Some hills were simply too much for he Model T to negotiate in forward motion. If the level of the gas in the tank under the front seat was lower than the carburetor it was a "no go" situation. In those cases, we turned the flivver around and went up the hill backwards.

There was a long hand lever with a latch on it, 'way over to the left. It served to put the car into HIGH GEAR, and also as an emergency brake of sorts. Pulled clear back and latched, it would, or was supposed to, hold the car from rolling frontward or backward. But don't go to the Bank on it.

To back the car out of the garage, release the lever a little from the "brake" position, but latch it before it engaged the "high" gear mechanism. Then push the MIDDLE foot pedal down as far as you could, and the car would proceed backwards.

After you are out of the garage, and are ready to go forward, push down on the RIGHT FOOT PEDAL to hold the car still while you push the LEFT FOOT PEDAL only HALF WAY IN. Now you can safely shove the long, latched lever forward as far as it will go. The left foot pedal being HALF WAY IN cams the high gear lever out of gear. The motor is idling free of any load at this point. Now, release the RIGHT FOOT PEDAL, which is the foot brake pedal, and at the same time push the LEFT FOOT PEDAL, which is the LOW GEAR PEDAL, clear to the floor. The car is now moving at a slow speed in the forward direction. When the time is right, fully release the LOW pedal, and the HIGH lever takes over. You are on your way! Now, you control the speed of the car with the right-hand lever on the steering column-- right at your finger tips all of the time.

Henry was a genius! There has never been a smoother transition from LOW to HIGH invented. Nor a simpler one!

There was, however, a slight drawback. The three foot pedals each tightened a BAND on a revolving drum, to stop it from turning. Stopping these revolving drums was what made the car move forward or backward, or stopped it from moving either direction. These BANDS would become worn, for they were lined with a cloth webbing which clamped against steel. Efficient, carefree motoring dictated that we keep a spare set of bands in the car most of the time-- especially on any sort of a trip. Next best, if you could not afford a spare set of bands, was to have several feet of cloth lining, rivets, a ball peen hammer, screwdriver and crescent wrench always within easy access. In a pinch, one could improvise with a leather belt, harness reins, or other such durable material in lieu of band lining.

Changing the bands was simplicity itself. Simply take up the floor boards, exposing a large steel plate on the top of the transmission housing, with six screws holding it in place. One should exercise care not to break the gasket under the plate when you remove it to expose the bands. Remove some tightening nuts, and the band would come right out, one direction or the other. Slip in the new band/s, adjust them by working the pedal/s with your hand to get the proper tension. Replace the plate, with the gasket in place, and replace the floor boards. Just like that, you are on your way again. If you are an experienced hand, it can be done in ten or fifteen minutes. How could this be improved upon?

If you owned one of the earlier models, it was wise to not plan going further than you could drive before darkness set in. There was no provision for battery power in those early jobs. Electricity for ignition, lights, etc. was supplied by a built-in magneto. The magneto was a real power house when the engine was revved up, but somewhat weaker at slower engine speeds. For this reason, the lights were their dimmest when they were needed the most-- at corners and other hazardous conditions.

The lowly Model T was the butt of many jokes. One that comes to mind was in a farm magazine. It said, "Seven days in a Model T makes one weak." Another was a parody on

the 23rd Psalm. Parts that I remember are: "The Model T is my flivver, I shall not want another. It maketh me to lie down in damp places. It anointeth my head with black oil, my gas tank runneth dry. Yea, though I run through the valley, I must be pushed up the hill." There was more, and I should have committed it to memory, but I never dreamed I would ever be singing the praises of the lowly Model T.

Last, but not least, was the unique method of knowing if you had enough oil in the crank case to safely operate the vehicle. Simply lay down on the ground on the passenger side. On the bell housing there were two brass petcocks, one two inches higher than the other. Reach under and open the top one, being sure the vehicle was level from left to right. If oil ran out the top one, you are right down town. Go for it. But if not, quickly open the lower one. If oil runs out there, you can proceed to the next service station, or pour in some oil that you happen to have along-- until it runs out the top one. BUT, if no oil comes out the bottom petcock, proceed AT YOUR OWN RISK, and very slowly.

My father-in-law, Andy Snider, told me of an exhibit at one Chicago World's Fair. It had a recorded message which repeated itself over and over. The message was, "It takes you there, and brings you back."

Simplicity itself.

Sam was my idol during the years which he could drive and I couldn't because I was too young. He had his feet trained to do just what they were supposed to do to keep the machine running (or stopping) right.

Papa, at first, had difficulty getting it into the little garage he had made between two granaries. To make the garage, he had used the floor of an old tent house for the front, or east end. He put it up under the eaves, and braced it at the bottom, so it was fairly substantial. But it proved to be no match for his lack of skill in getting the flivver to stop in the right spot. He would often get the left pedal too far to the floor, instead of the half-way point. This activated the LOW band, and the car was GOING TO GO when the LOW drum in the transmission was stopped from turning. The BRAKE pedal was no match for the LOW pedal. I can still hear the tent-house floor squeak when Papa used it as a booster brake at the end of the garage run. Early on, I am told, though I did not see it, that Papa ran into that difficulty of the wrong combination of left foot-- right foot, and yelled, "Whoa." "Whoa." "WHOA." The car finally stopped out in the orchard beside one of the pear trees. This was before the tent-floor booster brake had been installed. Mind you, I only HEARD this story. I did not see it.

Sam's expertise with the foot pedals was much superior to Papa's. He was so good at it, that he didn't have to use the brake pedal when the motor was idling in "low pedal neutral." He could also get more speed out of the machine than anyone else could. Once, in 1931, we made the 30 mile trip to Nampa in 55 minutes. If you won't tell anyone, I'll let you know how he did it. He pulled BOTH the spark lever and the gas lever clear to the bottom and held them there, except for when he had to slow down for the corners. By

the way, there were no "curves" to speak of in those days. They were most all of them square corners. The 1925 Two-door sedan he was driving at that time was slightly top heavy, so it was the better part of wisdom to take the corners at slow speed.

Sam took Frances and me on a "hunting" trip to New Meadows one Fall. He was going hunting-- we just went along to see Kenneth and Louise, who were living in a tent just above the Black Bear Inn, north of New Meadows. Papa had just installed a Ruckstell Axle, which had two speeds. It was supposed to facilitate climbing hills, such as the Midvale hill. It worked fine in theory, but left something to be desired on the road-- especially the Midvale hill. Sam, being the resourceful sort of boy that he was, learned how to quickly shift between Ruckstell High and Standard Low so that we maintained a tolerable speed most of the time. Tricky, but Sam was equal to the challenge.

As I have noted before, Sam was five years older than I. We have to worship something, even if it is an older brother.

Oh, yes--something else about the early model T's was the matter of getting them started. There was no battery-- only a crank and a magneto. When the main bearings on the crankshaft got worn a bit too much, the magnets on the fly wheel would not be close enough to the "field" area, and would not generate enough electricity to make the 4 coils work properly. If this happened, the shortcut to getting the motor started was to jack up one back wheel and push the HIGH lever forward. This pushed the crankshaft forward enough that the magneto would work like new. Then you could either rotate the hind wheel by hand/foot until the motor started, or you could use the crank, now that the magneto parts were close together. But you MUST have plan 'B' ready to be put into action immediately when the motor started. It was far better to have someone in the driver seat, ready to neutralize the transmission immediately. Otherwise, run for it--to get it out of gear before the back wheel slipped off the jack.

The 1917 model we owned first had no other means of choking the carburetor to facilitate getting the motor started. there was a choke lever on the carburetor, but it had to be operated by hand, thus making each cold start require the hands of two people. Papa, being a rather clever sort of a chap, ran a piece of hay wire from the choke lever through the radiator core, so he could pull it with one hand while the other hand was turning the crank.

Speaking of hay wire brings up another subject about the shortcomings of the early Model Ts. The front fenders had insufficient support, and before long the old flivver would take on a sort of tired look. The fenders drooped to the outside. Hay wire to the rescue! Put several strands of it across the front, ahead of the radiator. Fasten each end to the outside of the front fenders. Then twist the strands of hay wire to tighten and shorten them. Thus the Ford got an immediate face lift. A man named A. R. Adams made a killing selling a metal rod with clips on each end to hook to the fender. Then tighten the rod with a turn buckle, and you had a socially acceptable fender support. But keep the hay wire safely close by, even if out of sight, for you never knew when you might need it again for

something else.

The early models were practically all rag top jobs, called TOURING CARS. In summer, simply let the top down and tuck it neatly away in a special cover made for it at the back of the car. Rain? Quickly release it from its storage place and pull it forward and fasten it again to the windshield. These later took on the sporty name of ROADSTER.

Then there was the WISHBONE. That was what made the car steer correctly. It had a ball-and-socket joint at the apex, which fastened to the fly wheel housing at the back, and to each spring shackle bolt on the front axle. Henry had measured the distance precisely so the king bolts on the axle would have exactly the proper CASTER. When the CASTER was correct, the old buggy steered very nicely. BUT, when the ball and socket became worn a bit too much, and the CASTER became neutral or negative, you were apt to find the steering turn demonic. The slightest bump or washboard pattern in the road would start a shimmying that would serve better than any modern speed bump to slow you down, immediately. Also, sometimes when you would put the car in reverse with the front wheels turned one way or the other, the ball of the wishbone would slip out of the socket. When this happened, you could only hope that you didn't have "glad rags" on, for you were going to make a trip under the machine with a wrench to put it back in place. "It maketh me to lie down in damp places."

About a quarter way through the 30's, a family from Oklahoma came across our path. Charley Jones, with his wife Zoe, brought several of her brothers and sisters, whose parents were dead, to live in the area.

Marjorie Nickens was one of the sisters. She was about the same age as Sam was. They were old-time Pentecostal folks. Sam started dating Marjorie. Now, the family Ford was spoken for every Sunday-- especially in the evening. I didn't quite see, at the time, why Sam had gone so far off the deep end over Marjorie. It seemed so foolish. But time has proven that he had known a good thing when he saw it, and had acted swiftly and intelligently. Fat Sparks would have been glad to have beaten Sam's time, but he couldn't do it.

We four younger boys had to fend for ourselves from that time on. Sam was now too busy to be a role model for us.

Sam later bought his own Model T from Slim Cruse, and still had it when he and Marge were married.

Kids are being cheated out of some of the best parts of life today, because of the passing of the Model T Ford.

# PENTECOST

The summer before I was five, (1923) an Evangelist named Mattie Crawford came to Caldwell and held a tent meeting. She was preaching a new Gospel as far as the Boise Valley was concerned. People and Ministers came from all over the valley. Papa had a Model T Ford which would do a fine job during the day, but he had to "bag it" at night. It ran from the built-in magneto, and had no provision for a battery to operate lights. He took his family to the day services, but he became very agitated at the her teachings. He later related how he was disgusted with that bunch of preachers sitting there "with their tongues hanging out," and couldn't put her in her place. He determined to do it himself, but he had to get home to the cows. After chores and supper, he got his Bible and started a course of action. After some time, he laid the Bible down and said, "My gracious, that woman is right."

Life for our family would never be the same again. Papa and Mama, and several of the girls received the Baptism of the Holy Ghost, evidenced by speaking in unknown tongues. They were also baptized in the Name of Jesus in the Boise River. They were also given the left foot of fellowship by the Roswell Baptist Church.

Strong friendship ties of many years were torn down, to be replaced with bitterness and hatred by many. They were called "Holy Rollers" by some of the baser folks of the community. Truth is arbitrary, however, and will definitely bring division. Little Sunday Schools and Churches sprang up all over the Valley. Some prospered, others didn't. Families became divided in their allegiance, one going this way, the other going that way.

We, Fretwells, Kerfoots, Sullivans, McCombers, Jenkins and half of Stewarts, rented the Woodman's hall and held Sunday School each Sunday. After a few years of Sunday School, Zoe Jones, from Oklahoma became a Pastor to the group. She made me angry one Sunday morning by telling me publicly that I would have to preach the Gospel in order to fulfill the Will of the Lord for my life. Later, when Paul and Dorothy Yadon got going in Parma, we consolidated with them.

On April 1, 1938, I received the Baptism of the Holy Ghost in a Revival at Parma. My life was changed completely. That summer of 1938 was spent out next to the sage brush on a farm at Notus, where I worked for my board and room and $40.00 per month. I received a consuming hunger for the Word of God, and most all of my free time was spent with my Bible for a long while after that. In the evenings, I would lie on my bed in the tent-house which was my quarters, with my Bible propped up so I could read it. Often, I would fall asleep while reading, and Horace Kerfoot, my employer would come out and turn out the light for me. Every free moment was spent with my Bible. I couldn't seem to get enough of it. I felt a strong leading toward Christian Work, and made plans to go to Northwest Bible Training Center in Caldwell the next November. You see, a few nights after I received the wonderful infilling of the Holy Ghost, I was at the altar after the service one evening, praying. I told the Lord that I had made a first class mess of my life up to that point, and that if He could do anything with what was left of it, I would

dedicate it all to Him-- no strings attached.

If you have ever felt a trout take your line and go with it, you can get an idea of what the Lord did to me at that moment. He had been waiting for just such a dedication from me.

I arrived at Caldwell a day or so before opening day, and Bro. Rohn took me with him to meet the train from the West. A young lady student was arriving, and he didn't know how much baggage she would have. I might be a help with that.

The young woman was thin and pale and tired. She had traveled all night. I didn't know it, but she had been given only about a month to live.

Later, I was to learn that two years earlier she had been picking apples at Tieton, and had fallen from the ladder with a 40 pound bag of apples hanging from her shoulders, injuring her back. Shortly afterward, she started having carbuncles various places on her body. Finally, her monthly periods stopped, and she began losing weight, fast.

After nine months of that, she was taken to surgery to see what her problem was. They found that her uterus had fallen and was grown to her right pelvic bone. They suspended it to her abdominal wall in front. Her surgeon was of the Catholic faith, and didn't believe in removing reproductive organs of young women short of saving a life. The surgery did not, however, restore her menstrual periods, and she continued to go down hill. She was built like a stove pipe, and weighed 89 pounds when she stepped off the train that day in 1938.

In early December, about a month from her arrival, we were in Revival meetings at the Church. The Evangelist was Bert Brisbane, a man who was saved while serving time in jail. He had led a wild life, which included murder. Pastor Harry Morse in Oakland had been instrumental in getting him paroled. Bert was prompted to pray for this young lady, Pearl Snider, and asked for permission to do so. Bro. Rohn told him to go ahead.

Next morning she could not get out of bed. We were worried. Was this going to be the end? But by Tuesday evening she was up and dressed for service. Every one went to the prayer room after service in those days.

The angel of the Lord came down over that place during that prayer service. Louise French received a definite call to Alaska to work with the Natives there. In a vision, she saw a stretch of rocky beach, which she later recognized as being by the Sheldon Jackson School at Sitka. She knew it when she saw it.

Pearl heard her own voice saying, "I'm healed, I'm healed." She felt of her temples. They didn't hurt. She felt of her sides. They didn't hurt either. Being one of the last ones to leave the prayer room, she ran downstairs to where the others were, saying, "I'm healed, I'm healed." Three weeks later, she had her proof of healing.

The summer before Pearl went to Caldwell, God had spoken to the Baptist Minister who had been Pastor to the family in Midvale when the mother died in 1919. This Minister drove down from Marysville, Washington to tell Andy Snider that Pearl would be healed if she would answer the Call which God had on her life. Andy turned to Pearl and asked her if she had a Call. Pearl said that she did feel God had called her to His vineyard. Andy raised the money, and sent her to Caldwell. God is so faithful.

One night in the prayer room after the service, the Lord seemed to be wanting my attention. I drew as close to Him as I knew how, and the Message seemed to come, "I have healed her and brought her to you. She is yours."

But she was a long way from being well and healthy. The trauma had left a mark on her which would not be erased for a long time.

Her body, however, began to take on a different shape, and before long she was a beautiful, shapely young woman.

I nearly swept her off her feet when I started pursuing her for her attentions. After all, it was a sure thing, I thought.

But Pearl was not so easily convinced. When she had been so desperately ill in Tieton, a very likely young man had withdrawn his attentions from her, thinking she would not be what he wanted. She was not about to walk into another situation like that right soon.

Persistence paid off, however, and I convinced her that she and I were meant for each other. We courted in Bible School-- a fish bowl of sorts.

Pearl and I were married July 20, 1939 at Tieton, Washington. I was serving as Assistant Pastor at Emmanuel Assembly in Yakima at the time, also working at Libby's Cannery.

In December of that year, we moved to The Dalles, Oregon and gathered a few people together for home meetings. We later rented a hall for services, but it proved to be an exercise in futility. The folks who had wanted us to come were quite unstable, and ended up leaving town at night.

We arranged to go for further training at Big Downtown Mission at 9th and Broadway in Oakland, California in June of 1940. Our Louise was a babe in a basket. She "stole the show" at the Mission. She was the well behaved vivacious little sweetheart of everyone there. The anointing in the meetings must have affected her, for she sure loves the Lord now.

In Spring of 1941 we returned to Tieton, and worked in the orchards. We lived with Andy Snider, and Pearl kept house for us. Robert Sweeten, Pastor of the Pentecostal Church had us fill in six weeks for him while he and Ruth went on a tour. Later that year, he resigned, and we were asked to be Pastors. Our first services were one week before

the attack on Pearl Harbor. We were scared. War was a new experience for us, and no one knew how many "fifth columnists" there were in our little community.

We lived in the back of the Church--our bedrooms were upstairs. One night, late, Pearl heard talking below our window. Three men were there, but they finally moved on. Our hearts were in our throats, but we decided they were going to one of the many cabins after having been in the pool hall down town. In the Spring of 1942, we moved into the Parsonage which was purchased, and was one block from the Church. It had a floor furnace in the passage way from living quarters to bedrooms and bath. It was hot, and Louise got "branded" on it. Hardwood floors and new shoes "ganged up" on her.

Marvin was born in 1943 while we lived in the Parsonage. He was only two when we moved to Cascade, Idaho to Minister there. He didn't understand the change, and had a hard time accepting the new house as his home. He would be excited when we got into the car to go somewhere, but when we pulled up in our driveway again, he would start to cry. His dissatisfaction was soon overcome by all the things he was seeing and hearing. He watched Alvin Kantola and Wilbur Ragains start the Diesel tractor by the old fashioned way of first rope-starting a gas motor. Afterward, he enjoyed wrapping a string around the broom handle and giving it a jerk. Then he would make a lot of noise to indicate that the gas motor had started. Likewise, he saw a man kick-start a Harley Davidson motorcycle, and imitated that afterwards. He happened to be on hand when Alvin earmarked a calf before turning it out to pasture. Next time we drove past the farm, he said, "Cut calf ear."

Louise and Marvin were great pals in Cascade, and when Louise started to school he was one lost little boy until she returned home. Winters were severe there, with lots of snow, and Pearl dressed Louise warmly for the walk to school. She had to walk, for I was at work in the Mill. Louise loved the snow, and did the early version of what they call "snow angels" now, much to Pearl's dismay. Her hair was "raven" black, and we let it grow long. One day in early 1947, a couple we had just gotten acquainted with before we left Tieton two years before, stopped their car as they were passing us on the street. They told us they had recognized her hair a block or so away, and knew that it was the Fretwells.

Clarendon Smith, who had started the Church in Cascade, decided he wanted it back that Spring. Allen had suffered a heart attack, and asked me if I would care to finish out his crop year on the farm across the river from Adrian, Oregon. We moved down in May of 1947. I had been off the farm for so long, I was quite bewildered at the methods they were using then. With the help of neighbors and family, I got by, and we stayed there until after Christmas.

The summer at the farm was, perhaps, the happiest time of life for Louise and Marvin. Many years later, as we would pass areas where sugar beet pulp was fed to cattle, the odor would spark happy memories in their minds. Perhaps even to this day. Pearl and I did not enjoy the farm as much as the children did, for our hearts were not there. We wanted

to be in the Ministry, and it hurt a lot when we had to refuse an offer in Salem, Oregon to be their Pastors because our word to Allen had to be kept. Papa and Mama had drilled into us that our word was our bond. I am glad they did, but it didn't ease the pain right then. Bewilderment can easily lead to discouragement, but we could see an end to the farm experience, so we kept our chins up and did the best we could.

We bought a home in Cowiche in mid-winter 47-48 and went to work where we could find it. Kenneth and Louise were in Sitka, and felt certain we should come help them there. I could not feel any pulling that direction at all, but to be fair, I went up for three months. My thought was, "If The Lord wants me there, He might be able to speak to me while I am there." But there was no communication at all in that direction, so I returned to Cowiche, and we worked in the orchards and packing sheds.

One evening in June 1948, I was asking God to please open up something that we could do for Him. As clear as a bell, He impressed me that He was, indeed, opening a door right then. I didn't know what to expect, but peace had come to my heart. In a couple of days we learned that the Pastor of Emmanuel Assembly in Yakima, where I had served as assistant to Bro. Yadon, had resigned that night as I was asking God for an opening.

Some people wondered why I stayed so long in Yakima. The answer is simple. Knowing that God had put me there, I was afraid to leave without just as explicit a leading. There were many who would have gladly given me such a leading, but I was not serving them, neither would I answer to them in the Judgment.

Many times I seriously considered throwing in the towel, but always there was the fear that I would be disobedient to the Lord. I did put the Lord to the test once. One afternoon, as I was wrestling 400 pound bales of recompressed hops, I asked the Lord to reaffirm His desire for me to stay by having Kathleen meet me at the door as I came home. Who do you suppose came to unlock the screen door for me? Kathleen did.

I could not even venture a guess why the Lord put us through such trials as we had to go through at Emmanuel. Needless to say we were getting worn down by opposition and resistance. But I was taken by surprise when in May 1971 the Lord "pulled the pin" for us, and made me to know it was enough. It was as though a thousand pound weight had been lifted from my shoulders.

The euphoria passed rather quickly, however, for there was nothing more in sight for us to do in the Ministry. Freedom can also conceal other forms of heart ache. We never seem to get free from it, in some form or another.

Bro. Bob Edmondson, who was in Taiwan when the news reached him, wrote and suggested we come take over the Mission where he was, so he could go somewhere else. We prayed, but Jesus gave me no clear directive, so we declined. When one is thinking about uprooting his family, he should be very sure he has a clear signal from the Lord. I could not get it, so I refused to move. In time we came to know that we would have

inherited a mess, had we gone. God does guide, if we seek Him.

We had conducted the Church in the way we felt God would have us to do it, and had not been aware of how other Churches in the area had been ruled. Our method had been to welcome other Ministers, believing that God could use them for the well-being of the people under our care. We had done this consistently, and God had worked with us, directing and diverting from us those who would do us harm. We tried to use all of the Ministers who came our way, believing that they might have something good for the people we were leading. We thought of them as Sheep of the Lord, and ourselves as Shepherds under Him. We wanted them to have the best food available, and a variety of it.

When we started visiting other groups, we discovered that they were dominated by fear. They trusted no one but those of their own little groups. We were shocked. We knew we had something to help them, but we could not get their confidence.

Two ladies were trying to start a work which would be along the same lines we had used, invited us to help them. They had confidence in us to a greater extent than most of the others, and we were with them for about four years.

It was during those years that God began to deal with me about the Day of Atonement. It began as I was teaching the adult class in the Sunday School. We were studying in Hebrews, and in the 7th, 8th, and 9th chapters, I realized that the writer was dealing with the events of that most holy day in the Levitical year. It started slowly, for I could not grasp it all at once, but neither could I forget it. It grew and grew until I could scarcely think on any other subject. I was fairly sure that I was hearing from God, for I had never discussed the subject with any other person. Neither had I heard any person minister or teach on the subject. Finally, in 1984, after I retired, and had time to write, I set down in booklet form what I was seeing in the Scriptures about it.

During those years, I was conducting a radio program known as "The Wednesday Night Bible Study." It was a 30 minute program in which I could air what I felt would be good for people to hear.

Response was fairly good for about three years, but when the program failed to pay its way, I deemed it was time to stop. In about a couple of years, I started again on Tuesday night, but it never seemed to "get off the ground." Those programs taught me the value of "say it quick, and get out of the way."

Les then asked us to return to Emmanuel and become Sunday School teachers. We did, and soon became aware that he was being lined up for a move to Bethel Chapel. Spiritually, Emmanuel had deteriorated badly, and we were sick at heart about it. Could it be salvaged? We didn't know, but were willing to give it a try.

I spoke to some of the Board members about us returning as Pastors when it came time

for Les to leave. They indicated that it was as good as done, for they loved us. But Les had other plans, and did a "railroad job" on the people.

Doug and Carol McMurray were invited. It took him a surprisingly short time to finish the Assembly off. It was closed down.

After we were asked to discontinue attending by Doug, we were about to return to Morning Star, where we had helped the two ladies before. But that would not "come together" in such a way that we could feel comfortable with it.

Well, one place we knew we could always go and be welcome was the UPC Church where Dan Leslie was Pastor. He had been a curly, red-headed youth when we first came to Emmanuel. He was from Toppenish, and thought the world of us. He still does, to the best of our knowledge. But he was, at that time, having a little problem with Ministers coming to service, being accepted on the platform, and then not being faithful to the Church. He wanted no more of that, and I don't blame him. They took us to lunch and laid out what the requirements would be if we were to start attending there. We could see no harm in conforming to the requirements he was laying down, but something inside of me said, this is not the requirement of the Lord. Dan later came and told me he had been wrong, but it was after we had arranged with the Galbraiths to start at Mead Ave. We often do things under duress of circumstances which we would not do otherwise, and live to regret our actions.

One morning at 5:00 o'clock, while this transition was taking place, Pearl answered the phone, and came to get me, saying that a man from Chicago wanted to talk to me. I put on my hearing aid and answered his call. He said he had been praying the day before, and the name "Fretwell" kept coming to him. He told his wife, and she said that he was probably supposed to pray for the person. But a little later the numbers 509-453-9623 came through to him as clearly as if spoken audibly. He called at 7:00 their time. He said he didn't know, the Lord hadn't revealed to him what our problem was, but felt that he was supposed to tell me to be sure to do the Christian thing about it. I thanked him, and we hung up the phones. God is so faithful to help us in our time of stress and distress.

We attended Mead Ave from January 1979 to October 1994. We have seen four pastors come and go since Galbraiths stopped. The fifth is now here, and may be for some time to come. The Church grew in numbers, but certainly not in the quality of service, though Pastor is doing his utmost. God seems to be honoring effort, and overlooking ignorance. He does that in many cases, which is fortunate for us human beings.

## ARRESTED

A few days ago I began looking back over my life, wondering what, if anything, I would change if I could live my life over. I decided there is very little that I would want to change, if I could.

That is not to say that I am not aware of any mistakes that I have made, for there have been many of them. But I come under the category of a "good man", and Psalms 37:23 The steps of a [good] man are ordered by the LORD: and he delighteth in his way.

There are many things which I still do not understand, but I have not the slightest doubt that God has been responsible for both the things which seemed to be success as well as those which seemed to be defeat. Some of my thoughts were:

Pearl and I started our ministry together in The Dalles, Oregon just after our twenty-second birthdays, which are in November. Shortly thereafter, we went for further training to the Big Downtown Mission Training Home in Oakland, California. We were taught how to pray, study God's Word, and participate in Mission Services eight times a week. We each had received the Holy Ghost baptism. We knew about the Gifts of the Spirit, but they were not active in our lives, nor in the lives of most other ministers and lay members we knew. There was no one to emulate. We sort of "moved with the herd", as the saying goes.

After a few years of Pastoring, we came to a church where there was one woman who was exercised slightly in Tongues and Interpretation. At least, she seemed to know something about it. But, since most of the other ministers were taking a dim view of such things, we were not much impressed by what she was doing. But we were not opposed to it.

William Branham produced a drastic change in the Spiritual life of many Christian people in the last half of the 40's. God got our attention, to say the least.

The Fall of 1949, I attended a conference in New Westminster, BC. I was, by then, editing the official paper of the Northwest District of the United Pentecostal Church, and serving as Pastor of a church in Yakima, Washington.

How well I remember, I made a statement to the effect that a lot of what was going on at that time was, to me, quite spurious and irrelevant. One of the older ministers gently said, "Now, Pastor, let's not be too harsh in our judgment. It might be the real thing, and if it is, we don't want to miss it". I was cut to the quick, not by the man, because he had been ever so gentle. But the rebuke of the Spirit was so strong that I wept inwardly, and asked God to forgive me for having pre-judged what I had known so little about.

By mid-winter of 49-50 we were hearing reports of a mighty move of the Spirit which was sweeping the land. It was breaking down barriers which had stood for decades. It was causing churches to become polarized and to split wide open. We heard glowing reports, and disparaging reports, depending on which side they came from.

In late Winter (Feb 50) some of the men of the church went to Portland to a Wings of Healing convention to see for ourselves what was going on. Was it God, or was it not God? We saw both good and bad. Much of it was, indisputably, from God. I had not

personally seen anything like it in my 31 years of life. I did not feel adequate to make a decision for the congregation we were shepherding, so I asked some of the men to come to Yakima and explain it to our people. They did. Ronald Sittser, Clifford Huit and Bob Barnett came in March.

The Yakima saints had been a very Spiritually minded people. They had been influenced by such men as Gaar (sp?) Price, Parret, and others who had been mightily used of God in early Pentecost. Mattie Crawford had been the instrument God had used to start the Oneness movement here in 1923.

They immediately recognized the authenticity of the outpouring, and were ready to receive it to the fullest extent. I have often thanked God for their perception and willingness to move in the things of the Spirit.

Reveling in the Spiritual atmosphere was marred shortly for me, for our official organ had a statement in it that summer that headquarters had rejected the (so called) Latter Rain movement. They were also outlawing the teaching of a modern day Israel apart from the Jews.

We took the matter to the saints, and their decision was that we should go on with God, and if it meant that we must withdraw from the National organization-- so be it.

I thought, "Hey! that's all right for you folks-- you don't have anything to lose. But what about me? At the rate I am climbing right now in the organization, I will be on the district board in less than five years. From there--who knows? People appreciate me, and I have the natural ability to excel." But I didn't say anything to them.

Sadly, our organization was run more on natural ability than it was by the Spirit of God. That may still be the case.

It was in this way that the Lord formed a chain of circumstances around me and accomplished to "arrest" me, and re-direct my life. I knew I dare not fail to walk in what I knew to be of God, and yet my brethren were precious to me. I did not want to give them up. At one point I remember walking across Summitview Avenue with the man I had assisted in his Pastorate earlier in my life. There were three of us, but I do not remember who the third man was. I asked them why we could not continue to have fellowship even though I had been forced out of the organization. God was the same, our belief in Oneness was the same. The only element that had changed was membership in the national group.

Fellowship on those terms was never extended.

My life, in the natural, was devastated. My goals, ambitions, hopes were in ruins at my feet.

But, (and oh, I love this) out of those ruins came a learning of the Spirit that was to supersede anything I had hoped for in my natural life. Pearl and I were to learn how to know, recognize, and respond to the Spirit of the Creator in ways which would be so much more satisfying than anything we had ever known before.

We were to learn about Spirit Control in our meetings, and to watch in awe as God performed His Work in the lives of those under our ministry. Changes which are wrought by the Spirit are pure and complete, whereas the best of human efforts are but to meet with failure and dismay.

The most important agenda, for us, was to endeavor to minister by His Spirit alone.

There have been other "arrestings" through the years, but each one has helped to direct us into the ministry of His choosing for our lives.

The Lord is so good!