BIOGRAPHY OF IRA L. JONES FAMILY

By: Keith P. Jones

My father, Ira L. Jones, came to the Prosser area from the State of Iowa in the early 1900s. The first several years he worked as a hired hand on wheat ranches in the Horse Heaven area south and east of Prosser.

About 1907, he homesteaded 160 acres (NE¼, Sec. 28) on the Rattlesnake Hills northwest of Prosser and northeast of Grandview where he constructed a small house. The property is bordered on the north by the Sheller Road and on the east by the Missimer Road. Directly across the road intersection to the northwest, the Gust Andersen family had homesteaded a quarter section and built a house in 1905.

About this same time, my father purchased 320 acres (the S½, Sec. 29). This game him a total of 480 acares. A majority of this was farmable except for small areas too rocky or sandy to plow.

A journal kept by Dad's mother, Jane Jones, gives some details of the tremendous work involved in setting up a homestead and doing the required farm work. Dad's mother arrived in the spring of 1907 by rail from Iowa City. After a day or two in Prosser, she traveled to the homestead by team and buggy and immediately took up the duties of cook and housekeeper in the small homestead shack. For the next 18 months, she faithfully kept a diary of each day's happenings.

One is soon aware that each day was a busy one. The plowing was done with either a 2 or 3-bottom sulky plow pulled by six to nine horses. A long day in the field might net six acres plowed. Comparing this figure to the 400 or so plowable acres, it meant a lot of long days standing on the old sulky plow.

The one chore which never ended was hauling water from the county well about a mile away. The wooden water tank holding 250-300 gallons did not last long as it was used for watering

/

thirsty horses and other livestock plus household use. Needless to say, none was wasted.

The wheat was harvested with a header and stacked for threshing, which was done with a stationary machine which made its rounds from farm to farm. Now came the chore of hauling the 130# plus sacks to Prosser to the railway. Usually a driver used 6 horses with 2 wagons hitched, one behind the other. About 75 sacks made up a load and the round trip plus loading and unloading took a long day.

During the fall of 1907, Dad's sister, Wata, arrived from Iowa City and secured a job teaching school at the old Walnut Grove School on what is known nowas the Inland Empire Highway. She usually spent the weekends on the Rattlesnake which was a long, dusty buggy trip.

Shortly after arriving, Wata and Grandma Jones (Jane) filed for one homestead each, as follows: Wata on the NE¼ of Sec. 32, and Grandma on the NW¼ of Sec. 32. These were adjoining the 320 acres Dad had purchased earlier. Since it was necessary to build some sort of building and live in it, more or less, to acquire clear title to a homestead, Dad and Grandma Jones decided to move about 1½ miles west and south and build on the line between their places. They would now be able to acquire title. Apparently they moved part of the old house and added to it in the fall of 1907. Aunt Wata had a small house built on her homestead and lived in it more or less. I recall when we moved it down to the Waneta ranch in about 1921 to use as a garage.

In the summer of 1908, Dad had a well-driller come out from Sunnyside to drill a well. He always liked livestock and at one time had a large number of Tamworth hogs, so a well was a necessity. It never did produce a lot of water and after Anderson acquired the place in later years, and more water became available, they filled it in and tore down the old windmill.

Dad's sister, Almeda, came next from Iowa City on July 4, 1908, and taught school in a rural school located 2 or 3 miles north of Dad's place. This school was moved a few years later to the south side of Sheller Road and about ¼ to ½ mile west of Anderson's house. I remember the building quite clearly after it was moved.

Alfred Evans, a friend of the family, arrived in 1908 and helped around the homestead. He acquired the N½ of Sec. 29, which was the 320 acres adjoining Dad's acreage. Alfred was an old bachelor who made his home with various people. He never owned a cow or horse and always walked. He used to walk down from Andersons after we moved to the valley and would spend a few days helping around with the chores. He was a rather crabby old gentleman, but I liked him. I last saw him in the late 30s. He was living in the little house behind Andersons. Shortly thereafter, a nephew persuaded him to return to Iowa. He was an old man at that time. We have never been able to ascertain if he was related to any of the family.

Two others were frequent visitors on the hill in 1907 and 1908. One of these was Dad's brother, Edward, who dealt in real estate. He had most of his business around Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, but I think he felt that he might do some business on the hill as the survey parties for the Bureau of Reclamation were working north of Sheller Road. I don't know how they expected to get water that high on the hill, but Grandma Jones speaks of feeding the surveyors and I can remember seeing their stakes. Anyway, it never materialized for Uncle Edward.

I think it is generally assumed that Uncle Edward was the first to arrive in the Northwest and his glowing reports of the area encouraged Dad and Grandma Jones to come west. Other members of the family followed as they had no financial ties in Iowa City.

Another frequent visitor was Roland Jones (Uncle Rollie, Rawlie to me), a cousin of Dad's who had acquired land on the Satus in the Yakima Indian Reservation. He apparently went to Prosser

at intervals and always stopped on the Rattlesnake. The trip was usually made by horseback or buggy and must have been an arduous one as it must have been around 75 miles round trip, by way of Rattlesnake.

The Satus area at that time was very primitive. There were few roads, only a few farms, and an Indian now and then. Uncle Rollie depended on irrigation by damming up a small creek and using the overflow to flood irrigate. There was a small railroad station on the Northern Pacific and a railway section house and crew. I don't know the year that the old Indian Church was built, but it was there before my first trip to Satus in the early 1920s.

The Vance family arrived on the Rattlesnake in the fall of 1900. Jennie Maude Vance, the daughter of Byron and Catherine Vance, was born in Norton, Kansas, Norvember 16, 1889. The family moved to Mt. Vernon about 1892. In early 1900, they came to Bickleton and stayed with relatives most of that year before moving to the Rattlesnake homestead. Their farm was located several miles east and several miles north of Dad's. They were located in an area of heavier soil and higher rainfall, all of which made for more productive wheat land. The house was located in a canyon back away from the road. The house was a typical board and tar-paper building which has long since disappeared. As usual, the only source of water was the nearest spring which makes water hauling a very necessary occupation. I can remember the house and buildings quite clearly, as I was there a number of times. I think I was about 8 years of age on my last visit.

The family at this time consisted of the father, Byron, born September 16, 1861; the mother, Catherine Vance, born March 1864; Clair, born July 14, 1886; Mom, Maude, born November 16, 1889; Byron Bryan, born March 27, 1895, and Ethel, born November 18, 1900.

I know very little about the ensuing years leading up to the marriage of my parents on November 30, 1911. Dad continued

to farm and to raise considerable livestock. It was during this period that he had a herd of registered Tamworth hogs. I have seen articles regarding the pigs in several old-time publications--one detailed the winnings at a fair held in Prosser.

During this period, the house had been enlarged and had two floors. Two cement-lined cisterns had been built to store water from the drilled well and windmill. A large drive through granary was built and it was one of the better granaries on the Rattlesnake. Incidentally, when we moved to the valley, the lumber from that granary was used to build the large chicken house at home. A large barn and hog house made up the other buildings.

Dad and Mom were married on November 30, 1911, at Prosser. Details of the wedding seem to be lacking, but it was a small affair and the honeymoon was probably short. Aunt Ethel says she can remember Mom's wedding dress. Grandma Jones was there and went to see Rollie and Rosa Jones in Prosser afterwards, as Rosa had just given birth to Marie Adele Jones Carter in Prosser.

* * *

I was born September 20, 1912, at Prosser and Florence was born October 25, 1914. I remember very little of life on the hill. I can recall running out to meet the wheat wagon returning from Prosser when they came over the little ridge to the south of the house. I clearly remember one morning sitting on the kitchen table and looking out into the cattle's corral when something that looked like a shooting star hit the ground. No one else saw it and I can't recall anyone finding anything. Perhaps it was a small piece of a meteorite but I can still see it distinctly.

Dad had planted a number of locust trees around the house as they are quite drought tolerant. By the time I was a couple of years old, they were large enough to supply shade and were a welcome green on the dry landscape. They were still alive and attempting to grow when we made return trips in the early 1920s.

The cisterns were well covered, but the folks were always afraid we would fall in and drown. Mom told of one time when I was missing and she looked and called all over. Finally, she even looked in the cisterns. Eventually, she found me sitting under a table, well covered by the overhanging spread. I probably caught it for not answering.

It was difficult to farm the light, sandy soil with horses and get the wheat planted properly. Also, Henry Anderson tells me a series of dry years and decreasing yields encouraged my folks to look to the irrigated valley. They located the owner of 40 acres on Waneta Road that was interested in trading for Dad's 160-acre homestead across from Andersons. The trade was made and we moved to the valley in the fall of 1916. Henry Anderson, Elmer Anderson, Jerry Jones and others assisted in the move. It was a big undertaking by wagon, as it was about a 24-mile round trip.

Our new neighborhood was composed of a large number of negro families. Most had been brought from the east to the Roslyn Mines by the Northern Pacific Railway who had a vital interest there, both from ownership and for the supply of fuel.

Judging from conversations with the adults, I gathered these agriculturally oriented persons did not take kindly to mine tunnels. These families settled in this area very early (1890), long before the Sunnyside Canal was available for water (1900). At that time, the Waneta District was known as Sage Valley, according to the History of Sunnyside.

2.3 Miles

Anyway, the families stuck it out and were firmly established by 1916. Some of the families I remembered well were the large Pollard family, Washington, Nicholas, Roberts, Taylor, Bedell, and several elderly bachelors by the names of Branch and Diggs. Diggs lived in a small shack on a little sandy dune just north of the present Rammerman farm. He was employed as a janitor of the Waneta School for years.

Every Saturday Mr. Diggs would hang his large market basket over his arm and walk up the road to the U. P. Railway

and follow it into Grandview. He always shopped at Wares Grocery. On his return trip, he almost always had a sack of hard candy and if we were around the road, he always gave us a piece. Over the years, I can hardly remember him missing his Saturday trip to town. He often used to garden with Mother, as he didn't have available water and was a good gardener. One of his staple crops was okra which wasn't one of our favorites.

Mr. Branch lived in a small shack situated on what later became the Lang place. At that time, large areas were still in sagebrush and often people just settled wherever their fancy struck them. I can't recall Mr. Branch ever farming or doing much work for that matter. The folks used to keep kerosene on hand and Mr. Branch would often walk up for a gallon. Since I was so young, I didn't understand change, and I used to get mad when Mom gave him money in return.

The Washington family had given the land for the school with the clause that it be returned if the school was ever closed. The first two rooms had been constructed when we arrived. All eight grades were available with two teachers. Each room was heated by a large furnace type stove with a sheet metal jacket. Diggs started the fires, but it was up to the teachers and students to keep them going. The seats were metal and wooden desks mounted on runners so they were movable. Theoretically, the smaller kids had the smaller desk and the larger ones for the larger students, but sometimes the big boys stuck out all over. The seats next to the stove were a little on the hot side and those on the far side of the room resembled a refrigerator. The rooms were originally lighted with kerosene lights, backed by a reflector. These hung along each side wall. About 1919, O.C. Witt had Carbide lights installed in his new house (our house now) and in the school building. They didn't always work too well, but were an improvement over the kerosene lights.

I started to school in the fall of 1918, but didn't go very much. That was the year of the flu epidemic and while I can't remember having the flu seriously, about everyone else

did. After a couple of months, the folks just kept me home and away from people. Nearly all the neighbors were down at one time or another and Mom was everywhere caring for the sick and taking food to those unable to prepare anything. Whole families were affected and at times there was no one feeling able to care for things.

In the fall of 1919, I started school again, and went straight into the second grade. It was a little tough, but I made it through okay.

Aunt Ethel Vance and Elmer Shedd were married on November 10, 1919, and moved to a farm south and east of Whitstrand. One Sunday in the early summer of 1921, they attended a family picnic in this area. I can't recall the details, but Aunt Ethel was going to spend a few days visiting so Uncle Elmer took me home with him.

A neighbor was helping and the two of them were putting up hay and I think they needed more help. I was only nine at the time, and the horses they had were so undependable that I couldn't drive derrick. Since one had to drive derrick and one stack, I fell heir to the job of tripper. I can remember that I wasn't strong enough to yank the tripping mechanism so they set it very light and hoped the load wouldn't trip itself before it was hoisted to the stack.

The second night we went to bed early and the next thing I remember is being outside the house and seeing the house engulfed in flames. Uncle Elmer had been awakened and had carried me outside. I recall him telling me to run to the nearest neighbor and have them call the Prosser Fire Department. It was about one-half mile and I made it in a hurry. I must have made plenty of noise, as my yelling and their dogs barking brought them to life.

A few neighbors had arrived by this time, but by the time the fire department arrived, the house had burned to the ground. Uncle Elmer made it back inside and threw and carried out a few things before the heat and smoke made it impossible. They

felt very badly about losing almost all their wedding gifts.

The place is plainly visible from Highway I-82 on the south side of the river. I always take a look down there as I pass by, as it was as close an encounter with fire as I ever want to experience.

18.2

The Sunnyside Irrigation Project was typical in that no drainage ditches were constructed when the canals were installed. In a short time, the lower areas were showing alkali. During 1912, a start was made on digging open drains and the three large ones crossing Waneta Road were constructed. A large drag line must have been used as the dirt was piled in mounds along the newly open ditch. I can remember when we moved here that the mounds looked fresh and there was little growth along the banks. I do remember the numerous little ground owls that lived in the soft dirt. They have pretty much disappeared in recent years. These drains all emptied into Washington Pond, commonly known by everyone as Niggers Lake, and were then channeled by other drains to the spillway and thence to the river.

The drain down by Cromers that went through Fred Jones' land and down along the Mabton Road was put in a few years later and was an underground drain of terra-cota tile. It was never installed properly and caused endless trouble with cave-ins, etc., until it was practically rebuilt.

The large network of underground tile drains to the east of us and extending nearly to Grandview were installed in the 1920s - about 1927. These certainly helped solve the alkali problem. The huge, awkward machine used to dig the trench was hauled in on the railway and unloaded at Waneta siding. This machine was self-propelled, but was so heavy it was often mired in sand or soft ground. The huge supply of clay pipes were of the bell type and came in by train and delivered by team and wagon.

The Union Pacific, first known as the North Coast Railroad and then as the Oregon-Washington Railroad and Navigation, was opened in 1911 with four passenger trains operating daily. There was a short sidetrack holding perhaps 15 cars at Waneta; also a small open-faced shelter about 12' square. All one had to do was flag down the passenger train to secure a ride or

to send a can of milk or cream. One time one of the neighbors was going to take the train to Yakima, but she was either early or the train late, so Mom went over to visit. They got so interested in visiting that the train roared by before they could get out of the depot.

The small tract of land between our place and the railway was owned by the railway and leased to the Waneta Grange. At one time, they had intended to build their Grange Hall on it but due to the small area, it was later decided to build on the present location on the Mabton Road.

There was a wagon scales on the railroad land and it went with our place. Thus, when hay or potatoes were being loaded, someone had to run over and weigh the load. It wasn't uncommon to find a half dozen cars being loaded at once, so sometimes the weighing bit took a lot of time. I think the price was 10¢ per load. There was a great deal of alfalfa shipped, as relatively few livestock were raised locally. The hay was baled out of the stack with a stationary baler. The bales weighed around 140 lbs. and were stacked to the top of the boxcar. It took a good man to handle those above one's head. Most of the potatoes were stored in pits in the field and were sorted, weather permitting, on the spot. The same people usually worked on the sorters and seldom had trouble suiting the inspector. There were a lot of potatoes grown locally in those days.

When the railroad was constructed they had not bothered to clean out the gutters. Several years after our arrival, the water problem had become so bad they decided to make a good gutter on each side. There was a row of poplar trees along our south line adjoining the railway plot, so the crew set up camp under the trees. Horses were used on the slips and probably a crew of some six men and teams were involved. The men brought along their families and set up tents and a regular city. As I recall, they spent several months working from this area. Needless to say, we had lots of playmates that summer.

A number of the Rattlesnake residents followed us to the valley. Fred Jones and his wife, Jerry, Lonnie and Leota Jones moved down in 1919. Fred and Edna bought the 20 acres owned by O.C. Witt. He in turn bought the 40 where we live and built a new house (the one we occupy). This farm had never been leveled so he cleared off the sagebrush and leveled about 28 acres. We leveled off the railway banks and the remainder in 1938. Jerry, Lonnie and Leota, brothers and sister, purchased the 20 acres next door from the Nicholas family. The Nicholases were a black family and moved to Satus where they worked on the section crew. The Nicholas family lived by the railroad crossing which the Roland Jones family crossed to go to their farm. There were four negro children who lived with their grandparents -- they attended Satus School with the Jones' children and also the Grandma and all four of them attended the Sunday School which Roland and Rosa Jones held every Sunday. Later, the Frank Reinhart family joined in running the Sunday School and Ruth and Carolyn attended, and Mr. Reinhart alternated with Roland as Superintendent of the Sunday School.

Lonnie Jones, a bachelor, bought the 30 acres to the south of Witts' new farm. A black family, the Taylors, had lived in a little house and had owned the 30 acres, I presume. This is the 30 acres that Dale later bought and built a house and lived there for several years.

The next family to move in was Mom's folks, the Byron Vances. They were accompanied by Uncle Opal and Aunt Naomi. They purchased 40 acres on Woodworth Road about a half mile west of Wilson Highway. It had been in hops, but the vines and hopyard had been removed. The old hop house still stood, so the first order of business was to tear it down and use the lumber to build a good-sized house. I remember helping tear down the hop house. This was in 1920.

The Clair Vance family followed the Byron Vance family a couple of years later. They settled on 30 acres that adjoined our farm on the west on Den Boer Road. I remember going up

to Uncle Clair's on several occasions, usually to stay a few days, when they still lived on the Rattlesnake Hill. They had an old Model T and the dust flew and the gears growled, but we always made it.

After the Clair Vances moved, the only relatives left in the Rattlesnake Hills were the Kimbals and Crosby families. In fact, there weren't many families left there by 1925. The majority of the homesteaders had either sold out or tossed in the towel and moved to greener pastures.

I mentioned that O. C. Witt had built a new house in 1918-1919. A salesman for a pre-cut lumber company came through this area and sold a number of houses. They were shipped in on the railroad and unloaded at Waneta Siding. Other houses purchased at this time were the Pollard house at Waneta and Forsell, the old nursing home that burned at Forsell and Mabton Roads. The Ruppent house at Stover and Mabton Road, the Wasson house on Wassom Road and the Randall house on Stover and North Forsell. There were undoubtedly others. The houses may not have been planned the best in the world, but they were made of excellent material. Mr. Tear, a carpenter living on Mabton Road, helped put most of them together.

Most of the sand and gravel in those days came from the old gravel pit on Wing hill. If you needed gravel, you just took a wagon, pick and shovel and went to work. The rocks were smooth and so was the sand and gravel, and consequently didn't make good cement. Witt used it for making our basement walls and when I wanted to make a new window in a wall, it wasn't much of a problem.

The folks purchased their first car in the early 1920s. I'm not sure of the exact year, but it must have been 1922 or before. It was a 5-passenger Studebaker touring car. In cold weather, you put on the ising-glass side curtains and tried to keep from freezing to death. That darn car always had something wrong with it and it was a pleasant surprise when you could go to Yakima and back without working on the carburetor. It finally froze up on a really cold night in 1932. I hope the car crusher hit it extra hard. It did have good material as a newer car ran into a rear fender once and the old Studebaker

scarcely had a scratch and it took the fender off the attacker.

About 1921, Dad's cousin, Nettie Jones from Iowa City, came out to visit her Washington cousins in Prosser. She brought a friend, Louise Munhoff, with her. I think they originally planned a short visit but both liked it so well that they secured jobs and stayed two years. I always liked to visit Aunt Wata and Grandma Jones, so I became well acquainted with the visitors. That has been over 60 years ago and Nettie passed away a number of years ago and Louise and I have always kept in touch. She is one of my most treasured friends. She has visited us several times in Washington and I have visited her a number of times in Iowa City. I have many pleasant memories of visits to Grandma Jones. She was a strict Christian woman who did not approve of too much noise and clatter on Sunday. However, we all loved her and she set a good example. The house had a big library and with my bookworm tendency, I was never bored. The old house still stands at Prosser, but it has been remodeled. I often wonder if the hummingbird still nests by the door.

Aunt Wata (Jones) Roberts, wife of Thorpe Roberts, and sister to my Dad, Ira, died of tuberculosis December 18, 1923. No doubt with present medicines, she would have lived for many years. She left one daughter, Margaret Roberts, then age 5. I remember very little about her passing.

Grandma Jones died March 8, 1933, at age 84. I was in school at Pullman at the time and unable to attend the funeral. I'll never forget the shock of the telegram, even though I knew she was very ill.

Dad decided to buy some registered beef cattle in the early 1920s. There was very little livestock raised in the valley at that time, especially beef cattle. The only feed lot in the entire valley was located northwest of Outlook and owned by Frank Rothrock of Sprague. He shipped the cattle that he fed there from his home ranch.

Dad and neighbors Clarence Baker, Ethan Taylor and Jim Forsell all went to Sprague and returned with each having bought

some registered Shorthorns. I can't remember very much about the cows, but the bull Dad bought was a large, white bull, named Silver Lad. He was a good sire and we kept him for many years. As long as we used him, our steers were either top or near the top in their class at the Pacific International Stock Show at Portland. His sire was Gainford Perfection, the sire that had made the Rothrock's herd the top Shorthorn herd in the west. When old Perfection died, Rothrock erected a large monument over his grave near their big barn. The Rothrock farm and buildings are visible from the Freeway I-80 just east of the rest stop, near the town of Sprague.

We didn't have enough pasture for the cattle on the ranch, so for a number of years we drove them to Satus where we rented pasture from Uncle Rollie Jones. The calves were loaded on wagons and the cows hopefully trailed along behind. It was a job I never enjoyed, largely due to the Mabton bridge. There wasn't much traffic but the bridge across the river was narrow, and that area which is now earth-filled consisted of a narrow one-lane tressel with low side railings and a small turnout about half way across. Once we cleared Mabton and the railroad tracks, it wasn't too bad. The Highway (#22) had not been constructed and there was just a dirt trail usually not passable for cars. We had a choice -- either follow the railway or turn north about two miles out of Mabton and go by what was known as the Squawman's place and then wander up along the river. We usually went that way as the cattle could drink in the river. However, there were usually cattle in the pastures and they were always getting mixed up with ours. Anyway, it always turned out to be a long, dusty day.

Our cattle weren't branded, so one year I recall Dad got some cute little chains and padlocks and we locked them around the horns for identification.

One chore I never did like was herding cattle while they pastured along the road or railroad. We were always short of pasture so during the summer, it was my sister Florence and

my job to allow the cattle to graze for a couple of hours each day. The roads consisted of one set of tracks so there was room for a lot of alfalfa, sweet clover and grass to grow and make good feed. It wasn't that bad a job, as there were good fences, and one of us watched each end. We pastured Stover from Waneta to the railroad and Waneta from Stover to the driveway; also the railroad from Waneta to Stover. I always had a feeling the cattle were going to get away and run over to Lickty. Mom always claimed if they got ahead of me, I would jump off of my horse and chase them on foot. Cars weren't a problem, as only a car or two would pass in a two-hour span. The trains were pretty much on schedule, so we always were off on time.

In 1921, the Extension Service organized a 4-H Beef Club centered around Mabton and the members all bought their calves in Spokane. I can't remember too well, but most were Shorthorn and probably of Rothrocks or McCrosky breeding. I think that fall the steers were all loaded in a boxcar and exhibited at the Pacific International. The following year the same method was used to secure steers and there must have been around 15 animals. I joined the club in 1922 and sent my steer down with the others. Dad and I flagged down the 10 o'clock train and I crawled into my first sleeper and we were in Portland the next morning. We stayed at the Hoyt Hotel which still stands, and took the street car out to the Exposition building. I showed my calf and ended up second in a big class. My first ribbon and I was pretty happy!

Florence and I both showed steers and breeding Shorthorns at Portland for a number of years. My last fair as a 4-H member was the Pacific International in the fall of 1930. I was attending Washington State college and took a week off from school. Florence showed for another year or two. We exhibited so many animals over so long a period that many people used to stop by and say they were happy to see we were back again. In those

days, things were more agriculturally oriented and larger crowds attended the Pacific International.

During the early 1920s, we belonged to the Buena Beef Club whose membership included A.D. and Clyde Dunn and John and Bob Mathison. All of them had good Shorthorns and showed at the P. I. In about 1925, I added Poland China hogs to my project and in 1926, sheep. A year or two later, we bought our first registered Hampshire sheep. By this time, we were exhibiting at the Washington State Fair in Yakima and the Spokane Interstate Fair. Kenneth and George Kirkwood, Dan Eagle and Perry Woodall had joined the more active 4-H membership. The first three showed hogs and Perry had Hampshires and Southdown sheep and Chester White hogs.

Trucks were not too common and we usually got together and made up a boxcar of stock. A 50-foot auto car was ordered and a double deck was constructed in one or both ends to hold feed, grain and sometimes a few sheep or hogs. We usually loaded at the Waneta siding but sometimes Lickty, Buena or Whitstrand. One of us was usually in charge and 3 or 4 ordinarily went along. The brakeman never bothered the hobos riding all over the train, but would raise cane if more than one person was visible in the car. That meant if we were stopped at a siding or were held up in the yards at Pasco, we dove into the far end of the double deck. It got so we finally penned a big boar or bull in the front of the open door and issued plenty of warnings as to their fierceness. As I look back on it now, it was a lot of responsibility for a bunch of boys 14 to 17 years of age. We never had much trouble but sometimes the engines would jerk the car and the deck would slip and partially break down.

At Yakima, the boxcars were transferred to the Yakima Valley Transportation Co. and they pulled the car down Yakima Avenue. Everyone always stood at the door and eased a little straw out on the street at intervals. There was a 90° turn off Yakima Avenue and the big cars were always jumping off the tracks at the corner. The cars were parked at an open track

along Nob Hill Avenue on the south side of the big barns. Getting off wasn't too bad, but getting stock back upon that open ramp was something else. Many a hog took us for a race up Nob Hill.

There were a lot of us that had shown stock together for years and sometimes we picked on judges or guards we did not like. A Prof. True from California often judged cattle and sheep at Portland we never agreed with him. One time, he was judging a big class of Hampshire ewe lambs at the P. I., so we took out a Hamp wether in the class. He was a good one and ended up third in the class. Of course, most everyone was in on it except the Prof. and there was a lot of laughing going on but he never caught on, I guess.

One time at the Spokane Interstate Fair, a guard was always arguing with us, so we enticed him close to a light pole and tied him up and invited all the kids outside the fence to come in FREE. They swarmed over the fence and after they had a good start we turned him loose. When we last saw him, he was headed for the carnival in hot pursuit, yelling bloody murder. He never got close to a pole again.

In 1929, we had a lot of stock at Spokane and after we had everything unloaded, I went back to the railroad car to close the door. The heavy iron door didn't move freely, so I gave it a good jerk and it slammed closed on my first finger. It sort of crushed the end of my finger and cut off a portion of the nail. Someone had some tape and we bandaged it up as best we could, but every time I tried to use the sheep shears or do anything, it would get bumped. I still have a deformed fingernail to show for it.

Perry Woodall had a habit of fiddling around and never getting his sheep trimmed beforehand, so at the fair, we would usually come to terms on a portion of his prize money in return for a fast trimming job. Perry always maintained his Dad would kill him if he ever discovered he didn't do his own trimming.

Dan Eagle never showed but a pig or two, but immediately on arriving at a fair he would set up office in a pen and start

painting signs for the exhibitors. He always made real good on his sign business. Usually his hogs weren't too hot as individuals; one time he was showing a Chester gilt that had a large swirl on her loin, and Dan was carefully walking beside her and holding a brush over the swirl. Something frightened the gilt and she took off. The judge turned to Dan and said, "Dan, your brush just isn't big enough."

I can remember riding Mars over to Mabton one evening to a 4-H meeting in the City Hall. It must have been about 1922 or 1923, as I was pretty small. There wasn't a very large crowd as they were just trying to organize the first few clubs in the county. Elmina White and Russell Turner from the Extension office in Pullman were present. They organized a few contests and I remember winning one, which I think was doing the best job of sewing on a button. Miss White served as Asst. State Director of Extension for many years and Mr. Turner as Asst. Director and later as Director of Extension. Both were good friends for many years.

It was at the Spokane Interstate Fair that I first met Irving and Raymond Green of Govan, Wash. They were exhibiting Shropshire sheep and Duroc hogs. Irvin and I exhibited together at many fairs, played ball at 4-H Camp, went to school at Washington State college and have remained good friends over the years. He is one of my best and most treasured friends. One year Irwin brought a load of hogs down to the fair at Yakima and after the fair, sold the hogs for meat. It was in the midst of the depression so he loaded up the old truck with watermelons and headed home, hoping to make a dollar. It was too much for the old tires and by the time he got back to Govan, the profit had been long gone.

A.D. Gunn, John Mathison and I were usually on the judging team. E. C. Scott had been in charge of 4-H in Yakima County in 1922 and 1923, but he retired and was succeeded by Henry Walker, who was a ball of fire. He drove an old Model-T Ford

owned by Yakima County. I can't begin to recall the trips I made with him to the Pacific International, Spokane and other practice tours. He usually loaded 6 or 7 of us and an equal number of pieces of luggage into that open air vehicle and put his foot on the floor board. Fortunately, he was an excellent driver.

I remember one year as we returned from Portland, we met the caravan escorting Queen Marie of Romania back from dedicating Mary Hill Museum on the Columbia River.

Queen Marie and her party had arrived from the east by train and had disembarked at the little town of Mary Hill. Marie must have thought she had arrived at the end of the world, as there were few roads in the area and they were terrible--litle more than dusty trails.

(Jim) Hill had originally built the castle for a residence, but according to the records, his wife didn't think much of moving to the wilderness from comfortable surroundings in Seattle. Mr. Hill had been active in politics and had traveled abroad in many countries. In his travels he had been in Rumania and had become acquainted with the Royal Family. He had interested the Queen in Mary Hill and she had agreed to a generous gift of articles to the museum. This was the reason for her visit.

The only road to Portland was on the south side of the river--narrow, twisting and slow going. Florence and Dad were still at the fair and they said the Queen and party drove through the barns and attended the evening horse show. They had an opportunity to have a good view of royalty.

One fair I haven't discussed was the Old Hay Palace Fair at Mabton. It operated around 1919 to 1924 and the name was derived from the thousands of hay bales stacked up to resemble a castle with turrets. We took Shorthorns over on two occasions but it was a long, slow trip by wagon with the larger animals trailing along behind. The thing I remember most vividly was being stung by a bee from one of the hives in the exhibit.

In the period 1930 to 1940, Sunnyside sponsored a fair. It started out as a Turkey Show for thousands of bronze broad-

breasted turkeys which were raised in this vicinity. It was generally accepted that the local turkeys were the best in the United States. They were heavier than modern turkeys and were know for their extremely broad breasts. After a few years, dairy cattle, hogs and corn were added and it became a sizeable fair. I think the main exhibit building is now used as a senior center. The surrounding area, which is now a mobile home court, had a series of old buildings that housed the livestock. We had some spirited shows in the late 1930s with I. L. Jones and Sons doing battle with John Newhouse and sons for corn and hog honors. The show eventually died out, no doubt to financial difficulties.

In later years, we belonged to a variety of clubs with quite a few local members. One of those members was Lawrence Davis, father of the Davis boys who showed livestock at Grandview for many years. We belonged to the Green Valley Dairy Club which was a well organized and disciplined club. Vance, Harold and Alan Paul were active in that club. Dad and Mom were always involved, mostly as leaders, and if not, as busy parents. There were no junior shows as such and not too many county fairs so the 4-H department was large at the main fairs.

The following is a list of my main winnings in 4-H:

1. Exhibits

   245 total exhibits at the Pacific International Livestock Exposition, Portland, Oregon; Spokane Interstate Fair, Spokane, Washington; and the Washington State Fair, Yakima, Washington.

   195 total prizes won at the Pacific International stock Exposition, Portland, Oregon; Spokane Interstate Fair, Spokane, Washington, and the Washington State Fair, Yakima, Washington.

   12 champions: 7 on cattle, 3 on sheep, 2 on swine.
   7 reserve champions: 3 on cattle, 2 on sheep, 3 on swine.

51 firsts: 15 on cattle, 18 on sheep, 14 on swine, 3 on corn, 1 on dairy.
46 seconds; 35 thirds; 38 fourths; 11 fifths; 8 sixths; 4 sevenths; 2 eighths.

2. Special prizes won:
The Union Pacific System scholarship ($100) to the State College of Washington, Pullman, Washington, for the outstanding 4-H Club member of Yakima County, Washington; 1928.

The Kramer Scholarship ($25) for showmanship of beef cattle at the Pacific International Livestock Exposition, Portland, Oregon; 1929.

Special prize ($20) for herdsmanship of beef cattle at the Spokane Interstate Fair, Spokane, Washington; 1929.
Champion Swine Showman at the Pacific International Livestock Exposition, Portland, Oregon; 1929.

Champion Sheep Showman at the Pacific International Livestock Exposition, Portland Oregon; 1929-30

SIDE A
TAPE 1

The Jack Napier Shorthorn heifer awarded for the best exhibit, showmanship, herdsmanship, record book on beef cattle at the Pacific International Livestock Exposition, Portland, Oregon; 1930.

The Roselawn Hampshire Ewe Lamb awarded for the best exhibit, showmanship, herdsmanship, record book on sheep at the Pacific Livestock Exposition, Portland, Oregon; 1930.

I hesitate to estimate the number of showmanship contests and judging contests that I entered over the years. One thing was for certain, I never failed to enter if I had an available animal. Perhaps 25 showmanship contests would be a good guess.

We really used to practice on judging. Henry Walker organized endless practice contests during the summer months, which were well attended. I recall catching the early morning train at Wanita siding, and getting off at Buena. We would walk up to Perry Woodalls and hope he had a ride. On one occasion, I remember getting a ride back to Buena from Yakima on an open milk truck.

Henry had dairy practices as well as livestock. The extension livestock man from Pullman would often serve as official judge. Damon Canfield (the ex-senator) was the F.F.A. instructor in Yakima (the only school in the valley to have an F.F.A. chapter) almost always brought along a few boys.

It was on one of those tours, when I must have been almost 12, that I first met Chauncey Hubbard who later moved to Sunnyside and became one of the nation's outstanding breeders of Hampshire sheep. At that time, Chauncey was working for extension in Pullman.

A.D. Dunn, John Mathieson, and I were usually in the first judging team to represent the county. In later years, George Kirkwood and Perry Woodall either filled in or served as alternates.

Our best placing at the Pacific International was second as a team and I was high individual. I have a silver medal for that. In 1929 or 1930, we had the high team at both the Spokane Interstate Fair and the State Fair at Yakima. That was the first time any team had been first at both fairs the same year.

I often wonder just why in more recent years there there are 3 to 4 agents involved with livestock and 4-H that they seldom if ever have time to organize a judging practice. Poor old Henry Walker was the only agent with about the same number of 4-H members and had perhaps 6 practice tours and always found time to haul the judging teams to the fair. It does take time to shuffle and spin your wheels.

Potatoes were a major crop in the early 1920s and spring dust storms were something else. With all the open ground, I can recall March days when we could not see the radiator cap on the Model T. The Sunnyside pioneers weren't kidding when they talked about the dust storms.

2- At this period, it seemed that at least half the farms were rented. Consequently, there was a big turnover of tenants, especially on some farms. Each spring there would be wagons loaded with household goods, a plow or rake trailing behind or a milk cow or two grudgingly going north or south, east or west. It wasn't that big a job to move, as people did not own much, but it was a miserable one. It is a tremendous change from now when few people move just to be moving for the hope of greener pastures. Some farms, like the old Roloff place on Wing Hill, had new renters each year. Mainly farms in this class were sandy and had been cropped until there was nothing left in the soil. Remember, in those days there was no commercial fertilizer.

The hay was all stacked with derricks or some sort of stacker. An average hay crew consisted of 4 teams and drivers of hay sleds, 2 spike pitchers in the field, a tripper, 2 stackers and a derrick team and driver (usually me).

I often took the team and drove derrick for other haying crews. The pay was .25 to .30 per hour and no travel time. However, we always had a big noon meal prepared by the boss' wife. The hay was mowed with horse mower and raked with a dump rake. Some people bunched their hay with the dump rake, but most shocked the hay by hand. All of this took lots of labor. The neighbors usually got together and traded help and stacking hay might take most of a week.

Grain in the valley was cut with a binder, shocked by hand and then either stacked before thrashing or thrashed out in the field. Mr. Keller, south of Grandview, usually threshed in this area and he had a big old oil pull Rumely engine. Keller usually supplied his own help of a sack jigger and sewer. Combines

didn't come into the valley until about 1950. Field balers and silage choppers became common about the same time.

Corn silage was popular in the 1920s and wooden silos were common. Most of the silos were wooden staves, some full length and other shorter lengths. Our silo was erected about 1920 and was made of 32' long staves without a knot. Most silos were small, about 10½' or 12' in diameter. Due to people moving and going in and out of the livestock business, silos were often moved.

Our neighbors had one of the most efficient silo moving crews I have ever seen. They had enough 2" x 6" x 16' and 2" x 12" x 16' and 2" x 4" x 16' material to put up a scaffolding on the outside of the silo. Eight or so men could erect the scaffolding, take down the silo and take down the scaffolding in a day. Erecting the silo at the new sites took about the same amount of time. I remember being present when a silo was taken down about where the O. K. Tire Store stands in Grandview. I was too small to do much but carry water and run errands, but I have seen a dozen or more silos moved to a new location.

Filling the silos was hard work and took a large crew. Usually, 2 or 3 men cut corn with corn knives and placed it crossways of the rows. Four teams, wagon and drivers, hauled and 4 men picked up the corn and hauled it up to the driver. The teams drove themselves. One man fed the chopper and 2 or 3 tramped the silage and endeavored to keep the makeshift pump running to supply water as they tramped it down. Corn binders finally replaced the cutters and elevated it on the wagons and in the early 50s the field chopper and blowers made it much easier.

When we first filled silo, Lonnie Jones had an old 25 hp gas engine mounted on an old iron wagon. It was almost impossible to get the belt lined up properly. Someone, I think Ira Den Boer, had a Papec chopper. If more than 3 stalks went through at one time, the motor would cough, the cutter blower would lose air and plug up the pipe. An old makeshift suction pump, powered by a gas engine was supposed to supply water. Most

of the time, someone was stuffing new packing in the leaks or attempting to start the gas engine.

The wooden silos had one weakness. They were susceptible to high winds, especially when they were empty and the wood staves were dry and loose. The iron hoops had a tendency to slip down and the silo would begin to sway in the wind. Often a guy wire would break as an anchor gave way and a mess of broken staves and bent hoops would result.

There were two types of wooden silos that were non-movable and unaffected by the wind. One was a multi-sided silo built of a cheap grade of 2" x 4' laid flat. The other was one put out by the Tum-A-Lum Lumber Company. These were of double wall construction and usually had a roof on them.

Most of the wooden silos were gone by 1945 and were replaced by concrete stave silos, held by iron hoops. These were concrete inside and worked very satisfactorily. Dairy herds grew larger and beef feeders fed more cattle, so everyone gradually turned to pit silos or merely piled the silage on the ground and either covered it with plastic or left it uncovered. The cement silos were all erected between 1945 and 1949. Dump trucks replaced blowers and tractor loaders replaced forks. Mechanical loaders were used for a few years but were also replaced by tractor loaders.

Potato harvest was another requiring a large amount of hired labor. The potatoes were dug with a one-row digger pulled by four horses. Six or eight pickers (people) worked down the row dragging a sack and hand-picking up the potatoes. At first a sharpened stick was stuck in the mouth of the sack to hold it open and the picker used on hand to pull it along while picking with the other. Someone soon came up with a belt to hold the sack. The picker stradled the row and tossed potatoes madly with both hands. Extra sacks were hung on the belt. About 40 lbs. were put in a sack. A flat bed wagon pulled by two horses and manned by 3 or 4 men picked up the sacks. The driver turned the team loose and caught and stacked the potatoes as the others covered 4 rows or so and tossed up the sacks.

Potatoes were usually stored and either placed in a pit or cellar. There were quite a few big potato cellars around. Vances had a large one on their farm. The cellar was usually dug in a bank, a roof installed and covered with dirt. A number of small holes were left in the roof and the potatoes were dumped down these holes. The wagon pulled along side the cellar and the hauling crew formed a human chain and tossed the sacks along, until the last man emptied the sack into the hole in the cellar.

The same procedure was used to pit potatoes. A trench was dug about 1' deep and 8' wide and the potatoes piled to a sharp peak. Often the pits were a hundred or more feet in length. A layer of straw was spread and then dirt was shoveled on by hand. Maybe 4" was a good starter and more dirt was added as the weather got colder. It was a lot of shoveling and hard work.

When the potatoes were sold, the pit or cellars were opened, a wooden slatted affair was set up and the potatoes shoveled into this arrangement. The sorters, perhaps six persons, placed the #1s in a sack hanging on the sorter; the #2s in another, and the culls either went clear through or into another sack. Sack sewers took the filled sacks off and piled them to one side. The early sorters had a sloping bottom so the potatoes tended to work down the sorter. Later models had a hand or gas engine driven conveyor in the bottom. We never did raise a lot of potatoes but sometimes raised up to 6 or 7 acres. Fred Jones, Fred Lepper and Clark Cabbage always raised potatoes. There has been a big change over the years, with some firms raising thousands of acres.

We made a lot of trips back to the Rattlesnake farm area to bring down additional items. I mentioned moving down Aunt Wata's homestead shack for a garage. We also took down the granary for lumber and used it for the large chicken house and other buildings. Additional trips were made for wire and fence-posts and other available lumber. I particularly remember one hot summer day when Dad and I went up to bring down an old burr-grinder. The day was hot and I took my saddle horse, Mars,

along to ride around the homestead and check to see if the gates were closed. We had a new water sack that hadn't been used long enough to work properly. It leaked badly and although we filled it at Vance's, it was empty by the time we reached the old place. The grinder was heavy and hard to load and by the time we got back to Vance's, my tongue was literally hanging out. I have never been so thirsty!

We set the grinder up and used it to grind grain, but it was pretty slow. The bottom portion was stationary and a heavy tongue extended to one side, one horse was hooked to this sweep and tied so it walked around and around in a circle, turning the upper portion and the bin holding the grain. The grain trickled out the underside. Twenty healthy hogs could almost eat a day's output so the mill was never used much. I suppose Dad was so glad to see the last of it that he gave it to some junk man.

If we needed oats ground, it was generally loaded in a wagon and hauled to the Mabton mill where Mr. Heise made short work of it. There were hitching posts and racks and water troughs around Mabton to accommodate the teams off the Horse Heaven Hills. Lots of people cut and hauled sagebrush off the hills for firewood during the depression (1931-1935). Acres and acres in the area of the present airport ranch were cleared of sagebrush then. A team was hooked to each end of a railroad rail and as it was drug along, it uprooted the brush. I recall hauling sagebrush only once. We didn't have an available rail so cut it by hand, which was a slow process. Sagebrush made a hot fire but burned rapidly and had a pungent odor.

The first ten years or so we were in the Yakima Valley, the neighbors went together and bought a carload of lump coal. The car came in on the railway and teams and wagons appeared from everywhere. Since the scale was available, it was relatively simple to secure the weight for each family. It was a lot tougher to shovel the last couple of feet of coal out of the coal car.

RADIO

The first radio I remember was called a crystal set and one used a head set to attempt to hear the music or words through the static, whines and crackles. Dave Jones had a set at Satus that I listened to a time or two. Clark Cabbage had a radio in the early 20s that worked fairly good. The best station at that time was Calgary, Canada. I used to go to their place now and then, as they lived in what is now Rammermans' farm.

MOVIES

The family went to a few early movies. I remember several of the silent movies where the script appeared on the screen. One I particularly enjoyed was on wild animals filmed in Africa. Sound films came out around 1925 or 6 I suppose.

One of the popular sources of entertainment in the Waneta and Bethany districts were the literary programs. Each district tried to have 3 or 4 each winter. Uncle Opal in Bethany and Mom in Waneta were active in their organization. Most of the talent was local, although Sunnyside or Grandview people helped out now and then. Some of the numbers were pretty poor, but most anything was better than nothing. Some winters we would work up a play using books available for that purpose. I recall being in several with local teachers, besides seeing earlier productions when I was too young to have a part.

CHAUTAUQUA

The traveling Chautauqua was very popular for a number of years, largely before 1926. They traveled from town to town, much like the circus except they lasted around six days. Usually, there was an afternoon and evening performance of the same program. A representative of the organization stayed the week and each day a different type of program was presented. A large circus tent was erected with stage and chairs for seating. The programs were varied with musicians, plays, humorists, etc. Tickets were sold for individual performances or for the whole series. Most stopped in Sunnyside with some locating in Grandview. We went to most of them, as they were better entertainment than

that available anywhere else locally. At the first session, the representative in charge would lay down the ground rules for the week. I always remember one whose tactful remark was that "crying babies were like New Year's resolutions: they should be carried out."

The Sunnyside or Grandview service clubs would sometimes present a minstrel show where the entire cast would blacken up their faces and hands and line up seated across the stage. The leader introducted the members and cracked jokes with his end men. Needless to say, with the modern line of thinking the program would not be well received, but in those days, no one thought anything about it and it was enjoyed by all.

FISHING

Clark Cabbage was an ardent fisherman and used to drive his car up the same old trail we drove cattle to Satus, so that he could fish in the Satus Creek, just above where it emptied into the Yakima River. He often invited me to go along. About the only thing we could catch was squaw fish and carp. It must have satisfied him, as he made a lot of trips to that area.

Several times the local neighbors got together and took some woven wire up along the south side of the river and tried to corral some of the fish in the shallow water. That was not very successful, except for a few big carp.

O. C. Witt was another that took off to go fishing at the slightest excuse. I went along several times and both times we drove up the old trail along Satus Creek. He drove as far as the foot of the hill where the road leaves the creek and heads for Satus Pass. He would then set up camp and hike farther up the creek. There certainly weren't any people around, but there weren't many fish either. Highway 97 follows the old road pretty closely.

I remember going fishing up the Satus Creek with Oliver Bishop on one occasion. Oliver had only one good eye and was the world's worst driver. He had an old Model T that was sort of a pickup. It didn't have any top but did possess a wind

shield. For some reason, he always drove down the middle of the road or on the wrong side. I finally agreed to go along one time, so we made it up Satus Creek safely but couldn't catch any fish. Oliver wanted to go up Logy Creek, so we started up that way and came to a steep hill. He backed off and took a good run at it but the motor conked out, not far from the top. As we started rolling back down the hill, Oliver nonchalantly announced he didn't have much in the line of brakes. I can still remember flying backwards down that hill and for some reason we didn't upset. Needless to say, that was my last excursion with Oliver.

For some unknown reason he was accepted into the Army. (It upheld my conviction that if you were warm you were in.) He later told me he drove a big gas truck in the Red Ball Express in Germany. I can just see him coming down the wrong side of the road. Oliver has long since passed away. He was a good friend and fellow 4-H member, but he scared me to death.

TRAVEL

It seems almost impossible that before the construction of Highway 97, anyone going to Portland from Yakima or the valley had to come to Sunnyside and Mabton, go over the old road to Bickleton, and then go to Roosevelt or cross Rock Creek to Goldendale.

The track road from Mabton to Satus was not completed until the late 1920s. Frank Haas, our neighbor, had one of the contracts for grading, which was done with horse equpment. The section of highway between (12) Sunnyside and Prosser was constructed in 1930. Most of the county roads were just narrow dirt trails. George Higgins had the contract to grade them, and when he had time or needed some extra dollars he hitched up horses on the grader and scratched a little. The horse-graders were so light it did not do much good. Most of the gravel roads were built in the early 30s when Congress made money available for farms to have market roads. The one exception was Forsell.

It was graveled when we moved here in 1916, I think. The gravel or rather small boulders came from the gravel pit on the west end of Wing Hill. The rocks were applied just as they came from the pit and some of the rocks were of good size. It remained rough until graded and oiled some twenty years ago.

There were some terrible mud holes in the winter, especially when the frost would thaw out after a cold spell. A nearby farmer with a good team picked up a few dollars freeing stuck cars. Two mud holes that were particularly bad were on Stover Road. One was on the low spot betwen Den Boer and where Hoyt Thomas once lived. This place was often nearly impassible, except by team or afoot. The other was just west of Puterbaugh and east of the old Randall place. Austin Platt lived there in more recent years. This was also a sticker and Austin did a good "pulling business." Waneta had a bad soft spot and at times water over the road just south of Dale's palce and in front and south of Cromer's. I can recall many times when we had difficulty getting a load of hogs to market even as late as 1947.

The first concrete road in the area was built in 1918 and it is still known as the Old Emerald pavement. it was built by area farmers from funds supplied by the Donahue Act. I presume the farmers supplied labor and horses. Very little repair work has been done in the ensuing 64 years, as one can tell by driving over the road. It was typical of early roads as they followed the line of least resistance. The next road to be improved was the Mabton-Sunnyside section. It was graded up a little by horses and a line of 2" x 6" x 16' were placed along each side. This space was filled with liquid asphalt and was done about 1919-20. I remember seeing them work on it, but can't recall many details. I think a portable heater was used to melt the asphalt for spreading. I recall the surface became very soft on a hot day and horses, unless shod, had a difficult time keeping their footing on any type of pull.

The next road to be improved was the stretch from Givens' Corner to Grandview. It was paved in about 1921 and is still known as the Old Pavement. The county has never wasted much money on its upkeep.

GYPSIES

Gypsies used to come through now and then. They usually wanted to trade horses or haggle one out of something. On occasion, they would hang around for a while, but ordinarly they passed slowly through, trading and picking up anything loose. The towns usually hurried them along.

Horse-traders were always passing by and always ready to do business. I remember Dad once needed a saddle horse, so traded something for a fairly good looking one. We soon found out why she was available--having a good case of "heaves." After running a few hundred yards, her flanks would heave and her breath would come in gasps. I remember riding her to Satus to bring home some cattle. It took forever to get up there, as we had to go so slow. The return trip was slow anyway, so it didn't make too much difference. Dad didn't keep her long; no doubt another horse-trader got her.

I mentioned before that Florence and I often visited at Prosser. We also liked to visit Granddad and Grandma Vance. We were over there at every opportunity to stay overnight or for a few days. I recall one time around 1922 during the winter we were staying a day or two when we got a big snowfall. It snowed about 20" plus all in one session--the largest snowfall that I can recall. In those days there were few snow plows, relatively few cars and trucks, so everything came to a halt. After about four or five days, Dad and Al Dove of Yakima, who happened to be at the folks, managed to make it through with the two cars.

Grandpa Vance passed away on June 29, 1926, at the age of 65. I can still see his bristly moustache and hear his merry humor. We were all very fond of him. I recall his funeral, as I think it was the first one I had ever attended. The service

was at the old Methodist Church in Grandview with burial at Prosser. It was the only funeral service that I was able to attend for any of my grandparents, as I was attending Washington State College when both my Grandmothers passed away. We spent a lot of time at Grandma Vance's when she moved into the little house next door to Uncle Opal's.

Another family I liked to visit was the Andy Kimmel family on the Rattlesnake. It was at Kimmels that I had the chance to ride on the wagons and see grain harvested with a header. It was near the end of an era as horse-drawn combines were just coming into use. The grain heads were stacked in long stacks and then pitched into a stationary separator.

There was no well on the Kimmel farm as it was near the top of the Rattlesnake Ridge, so water hauling was big business. Andy Kimmel had good, big horses and six were hitched to the wooden water tank. It wasn't far to the spring at the bottom of a nearby canyon, but it was down a steep trail. The water was pumped into the tank with a push and pull type suction pump. As long as the spring reservoir was full it didn't take long to pump in 250-300 gallons. It was a long hard pull for the horses out of the canyon. The water was dumped into cisterns, so as long as no one else was hauling it was a series of one trip after another. I really liked to ride on the water tank and never missed a trip.

I always admired Mrs. Kimmel as she had a real nice yard of plants that didn't require much water. She saved every drop of wash water and carefully filled the little hollow space around each plant. It was lots of work, but she enjoyed the iris, yucca and other plants she raised.

The Kimmel family consisted of Della who was married to Ed Crosby. They lived on a nearby farm. Willis and wife, Betty, lived in an adjoining canyon before moving to Prosser. Elmer, who was home at that time but later married and lived at Satus for many years. Dorothy was the youngest and was a year or two older than I. She later married Alf Hammer and lived at Prosser and reared a large family. Elmer was an avid reader of western magazines and always had a huge assortment on hand. I often read through a few of them while visiting.

The black families in the Waneta area largely belonged to the Free Methodist Church, and they held Sunday service in the schoolhouse for many years. Prayer meetings were on Wednesday evening at the same place. The Cramer family was white, but were faithful members. They lived on Forsell where Aults now live. Each Sunday they would go by with their shiny, black, 2-seated carriage with the fringes around the top. They drove a spirited team so made quite an attractive spectacle.

The Pollard boys, Arbie and Harold, were about my age and often went to prayer meetings more to see what happened than for the benefit of their souls. Sometimes they would talk me into going along. The meeting started out calm enough, but before long the "Amens" and "Hallelujahs" came faster and louder. Then someone would jump up and testify how he had been saved, reformed and born again. By now, everyone would be kneeling in the aisle except Mr. Diggs. He would sit in his seat with his eyes open, looking around the room. The Pollard boys said they once asked him why he didn't kneel and close his eyes, and he said he did once and someone hit him over the head with a rolled up newspaper. He wasn't taking any chances, I guess. It probably wasn't very nice, but the Pollard boys and I always got a big kick out of the meeting.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

In later years, a non-denominational Sunday School was held with Pete Bailey in charge. This ended in 1949 when the schoolhouse was sold and it became a private residence.

Discipline was never much of a problem at Wanita. The teachers were pretty strict and rules were enforced. Mr. and Mrs. Glen Copeland taught a number of years when I attended. We always lined up and marched into school about two abreast when the bell rang for school to start. Woe be it to anyone talking or fiddling around in that line. Mr. Copeland's long arm had you by the collar in short order.

The teachers seldom spent much time on the playground. All games were organized by the students. I would wager that within 3 minutes after the start of recess or noon, we would have sides chosen no matter whether it be a ball game, Anti-Over the horse barn, or pump, pump, pull away, and have the

game underway. Things were far different from today when all sports and activities are organized for youngsters. There was no running to town to take part in a little league, soccer, football, or basketball game. You organized your own entertainment in school or in the neighborhood. Parents had neither the time or facilities for numerous trips to town. I feel the high degree of organizations of today has cost youngsters the opportunity to develop individual initiative. They just don't have the ability to go ahead, organize, and develop activities on their own.

I managed to make my way through the 2nd, 3rd and 4th grades in fairly good shape. The teacher decided I should skip the 5th grade, so the 6th grade wasn't too easy, but I made it to the 7th and eventually the 8th grade.

The schools always had a 1½ to 2 hour Thanksgiving and Christmas programs each year. Each youngster was required to take part in each program and it was a good educational experience. The program always played to a full house of parents and neighbors.

In a multi-grade room, such as Wanita, the teacher was really kept busy. Each day each grade studied and had a session with the teacher in arithmetic, spelling, reading, history and geography, and perhaps another subject or two. The session on each subject didn't last long, but no time was lost due to confusion or noise. While the 5th grade, for example, would be writing their spelling words, the other three grades would be studying. One learned to concentrate and it is one reason I can read a book while people are talking or I can just shut out the noise. When I went to high school and college, I never felt handicapped by having attended Waneta's rural school.

This is probably one reason I can't feel too sorry when modern teachers complain about 30 or so students. If order is maintained and no time wasted, a lot can be accomplished. I feel that time in the lower grades should be spent on the basics. If one can't read, write, spell, and have a knowledge of history and geography, there is no basis on which to build

an education. There is plenty of time in later years to peer through a microscope, when you have some idea of what you are studying. I recall that in the lower grades the teacher often found 10 or 15 minutes closing the day to read to us.

In order to graduate from the 8th grade, everyone had to take a State Exam. There must have been 4 or 5 of us in the 8th grade, but the only one I can recall is Francis Roloff. We had to go to Sunnyside and take the tests in the old high school building. I was scared to death but made it without difficulty in the spring of 1925. That fall I started high school in Grandview. I rode Mars all four years and recall never being tardy and only missing one day due to illness. They had a huge barn where the present bus garage stands and there were lots of horseback riders. There were no buses and it was by horseback, bicycle, on foot or an occasional ride by parents. The 9th grade was held in the now torn-down Central School. I didn't spend too much time on homework and made about average grades.

The next year I moved to the 10th grade which was conducted in the old high school. I did not take too much part in school activities. Football games were held immediately after school, so I usually attended home games. Now and then I would get in to attend a basketball game. Several of us played a lot of handball on a makeshift court along the north wall of the high school building. Some days a pretty good soccer game was organized during the noon hour. One class I really enjoyed in high school was the Manual Training Class. Probably today it would be called a shop or woodworking class. We had an excellent teacher and I made a number of things, including a footstool, music cabinet and a number of other items. I also did quite a little lathe work and also mechanical drawing. Mr. Gable was a teacher of the old school and if you wanted to learn, he was eager to help. Most of our teachers were good and I enjoyed high school, although it was sometimes a long, cold ride. It was about a 4½ mile trip which made for a 9-mile daily ride. I usually allowed 30 minutes each way.

In the summer of 1926, I had one of my longest horseback rides. Florence was going to start to high school that fall and we needed another saddle horse. The Andy Kimmel family on the Rattlesnake had an extra one that was available, so, we drove up one Sunday and after dinner I saddled up and headed down the hill. I carried a hammer so I could lower fences and cut across country. I came down by Andersons through Dad's old homestead and by Vances. It was a long ride of some 18 miles. Florence never rode a great deal, as she preferred to walk down the railroad.

Just before graduation in my senior year, the Northern Pacific Railway ran a demonstration train through the counties containing N. P. trucks. The trains contained cars filled with exhibits of improved farming practices, economics exhibits and cars equipped for slides, movies, etc. A sleeper car and dining car were included for the personnel on the train. The extension service was told to select a couple of 4-H demonstrations to be presented at the Yakima County stops of Grandview, Sunnyside, Toppenish, Wapato and Yakima. I ended up being selected along with Wallace Gregg of Toppenish. I demonstrated feeding and fitting a steer and Gregg demonstrated the ragdoll method of testing seed corn germination. Very important in those days, because most people kept their own seed corn. This was before the days of the hybrids.

The steer was a college calf carried by the train as an example of the proper type of beef cattle. We had a real good time and met a lot of people as the stops were well attended. I spent 2½ days on the train and rushed back to school just in time to graduate. I hadn't been any ball of fire in French class, and I suspect the teacher would have liked to have given me a French test, but she didn't have the time. Thank goodness! A. D. Dunn recently told me he skipped school the day the train was in Wapato as the teacher would not excuse him.

I didn't go to Pullman in the fall of 1929 as I was pretty young due to skipping a grade or two along the way. I did send in

my entrance requirements but did not do much about getting ready until the fall of 1930. I remember getting back from the fair at Yakima and the folks loading up the trunk and pushing me out the door. A distant cousin, Grover Brown, was active in the AGR house and had invited me to come there, when I had seen him at 4-H Club Camp the previous June. Anyway, I caught the local passenger train to Walla Walla, thence had to transfer downtown and take the stage to Pullman. The trunk got stalled some place and I ended up staying in Clarkston all night. I finally arrived in Pullman the next day. Grover and someone came down and got me and I pledged AGR and moved into the house. The depression was beginning and money was short, so I immediately got a job working at the barn. The pay was 25¢ per hour for as many hours as you could find time to work. I generally tried to work about 100 hours per month.

I had never had chemistry as it wasn't taught at Grandview and I had my trouble with it. To compound matters, I was in Portland at the stock show for a week and then received notice that I had won the Thomas E. Wilson award which meant another two weeks in Chicago at the 4-H Club Congress. The Wilson awards were for the three outstanding livestock members in the U.S. I was awarded first prize which included the trip and a $300 scholarship. The $300, plus my $100 U.P. scholarship was certainly a help in school expenses.

I had a wonderful trip to the 4-H Congress in Chicago. Ester Heinz from Yakima and I joined Mr. and Mrs. Seymour of Oregon, two Oregon delegates and 2 from Idaho. Mr. Seymour was state 4-H leader in Oregon and an old adversary from the Pacific International. We Washington members always felt he was jealous because we generally fared better than his Oregon members. He always gave us a bad time on record books, entries, and time schedules. However, on this trip we got along fine.

The O.S.C. football team was going back to Chicago to play West Virginia at Soldier's Field in some sort of charity game, so we rode along on the same train. It must have been a special, as we stopped at Hastings, Nebraska, for the team to work out.

We arrived in Chicago several days ahead of the regular state delegation, so had extra time at the Chicago International Livestock Show, the Field Museum, the Art Institute, besides taking in the football game. That was one of those wintry Chicago days. We took all the blankets we could from the hotel, put on all our clothes and were hard pressed to keep from freezing. O.S.C. did win the game.

The regular Congress was very enjoyable and was highlighted by the Wilson Banquet, where I received my gold watch and scholarship. Then it was back to Pullman and classes.

The Whiting boys from Grandview had an old Chev sedan that they drove back and forth to Pullman. Marion Whiting had been in my class and Gordon Whiting a year behind. The Whiting boys went to school on a shoestring, so they were glad to haul passengers back and forth. I came home at Thanksgiving, Christmas, between semesters, and spring vacation. It does not seem like much of a trip now, but with the old Chev it took 6 or more hours.

At the end of the first semester, I had just enough credits to stay in school. Being gone so much had taken its toll. I failed chemistry and signed up to take it again. I also moved out of the house, to stay at the college farm. My old friend, John Burns, the beef cattle herdsman, lived on the second floor of a house that stood where Johnson Hall now stands. The farm foreman and family lived on the first floor. John was a bachelor and had room for 4 boys on a sleeping porch. He hired a cook and 3 or 4 boys (who lived at the poultry plant next door) ate with us and shared expenses.

The accommodations were not much as the porch had barely room for beds, and it was bitter-cold in the cold weather. I have awakened many times with snow on the bed and floor. We often went to the library to study or up to the Animal Husbandry office. The key hung behind a picture in the hall and at night it was a quiet place to study. The apartment did have the advantage of being much nearer the barns and work, as well as being

much cheaper. Board and room averaged between $20 and $25 per month. If we worked every available hour, we made about $25 per month, so in a good month we would have a few cents left over for odds and ends.

The second semester of school went much better than the first. I had made friends and gradually gotten into college activities. Not being absent from classes had helped and at mid-semester my grades were good enough for me to be initiated into membership in A.G.R. I didn't take a very active interest in the house as I was kept pretty busy and wasn't much interested in the social events.

My one big interest in the spring semester of my freshman year was "The Little international." Each year the agriculture students sponsored a fair on a Saturday evening during the college's open house. The various departments set up booths in the fieldhouse and the Animal Husbandry and Dairy students picked out an animal from the college herds and fitted them for the event. I picked out a Shorthorn and an Ayrshire and worked diligently to fit and train them to show. My efforts paid off and I was Champion Showman in both beef and dairy, championship fitting in beef and first in Ayrshire fitting. I still have 5 trophy cups, a couple of medals and several W.S.C. scrapbooks and fountain pens earned during my freshman and sophomore year. It was quite an event and very well attended by students and livestock people. Well-known breeders such as O.V. Battles of Congdon and Battles were invited to judge and seldom turned us down.

Start Tape Side A

John Burns being a bachelor had lots of time on his hands and was always ready to go some place on Sunday. We always got along well and he often invited me to go see some cattle, horses, or just ride around. It gave me a chance to cover a lot of miles and see a lot of places and people during those trips. They were a welcome relief from a steady diet of books.

The first Spring Junior Livestock Show at Spokane was organized in 1932. I didn't think the heifer I had shown the

previous fall at the Pacific International was all that good a breeding animal, so Florence fitted hers up and entered her in the market show. I went up from Pullman and did the showing and we won Champion Market animal in the beef division.

Dale and Forest, my brothers, both showed hogs and sheep and a few steers in succeeding years. I usually found time to make it up from school and often judged the showmanship classes.

The school year finished uneventfully and I finished that miserable chemistry class with a "C." I stayed over to help with 4-H camp as it was a means of picking up a little money. I had attended camp for a number of years so was well acquainted. In fact, I had been elected State 4-H President the year before, so had to preside over the 1931 elections. The job was largely ceremonial, but a lot of "behind the scenes" maneuvering went into selecting a president. Perry Woodall was a regular attendant at club camp and was always in the thick of election battles. Yakima, Spokane and King Counties had the big delegations and could more or less horse trade to elect people. Perry had been president several years prior to me. One of our jobs at Club Camp was to meet the trains and haul up the baggage. I recall that the U. P. train with the southwest Washington counties always arrived at 1:30 a.m. Club Camp attendance at that time ran around 900 plus. The college girls worked as dormitory supervisors and a few taught classes. The boys did all the flunky work including getting the baggage back on the train. Between time we had classes, supervised dormitories, taught a few classes and were in charge of recreation.

We had an old truck with high racks on the side into which we tossed the baggage. Each delegate could bring one suitcase and one roll or bag of bedding--this occurring before the days of sleeping bags' popularity. Once in a while, a suitcase would fly open and cause a mild panic. I often wondered how any bags withstood the wild treatment. If anyone asked, I recommended old and sturdy luggage.

One year Dr. Balmer, Director of Extension Service, met the late train to haul a load of leaders up the hill. Tony Harms, a local Pullman 4-Her, now graduated from college and a 4-H County Agent, fastened a smoke boom on Balmer's car. The old Doc was flighty as a bird and when that boom went off and the engine started smoking, he bailed out and took off like a scared rabbit. We nearly died laughing, but stayed out of sight as Balmer would have fired anyone in sight.

A group of us that had been attending 4-H camp for a number of years had organized a softball team some years previously. We called ourselves the "All-Stars" and played most games at 5:30 in the mornings. The idea was to get the game over before breakfast at The Commons. We took on all challengers and had a lot of fun for a number of years. Among those playing on the All-Stars were the Kirkwood boys, Irvin Green of Lincoln County, Lloyd Farmer of Spokane, Carl Dunning and John Bull of Kittitas, and myself.

I came home with the 4-H delegation in 1931 and spent the summer working at home. I returned to school in the fall of 1931 and stayed at the Burns apartment. Marion Bunnell had graduated the year before and my good friend Gene Schuh took his place. I think this was the year that we took the dyonometer truck back to Pullman. It was used in horse pulling contests, instead of the sled and sand bags. It was supposed to measure the team pull, but never proved too satisfactory. Anyhow, it was at Yakima and Al Flower, an Animal Husbandry major, was to drive it to Pullman. George Kirkwood was just starting at Pullman and he and I figured we would ride along and save money. Dad went along, too, for some reason. We left here around 10 a.m. and had nothing but problems. First, a blowout and then the old Model T truck heated and coughed and sputtered. The only time we got over 15 miles per hour was going down hill. I remember it was about dark when we got to Kahlotus.

George Delaney, an Animal Husbandry classmate, was at a gas station, so we sent word we were on the way. I curled up on the

luggage and slept most of the rest of the way. It must have been after 2 a.m. when we reached Pullman, so Al just pulled up beside the beef barn. We unrolled some blankets and went to sleep in an empty pen. John was a little surprised when he looked in on us the next morning.

My sophomore year passed quickly and quietly. R.O.T.C. was required the first two years of college and that came first thing in the morning at 7:20 a.m., approximately. If one had morning chores at the barn, it meant rising early in order to get back, eat breakfast and change into army uniform. I never cared for the army drill but got along okay.

Gordon Whiting was working and staying at a nearby dairy and didn't wear his uniform much, as he played in the R.O.T.C. band and they seldom suited up except for parades. On one such morning, I'll never forget the sight of Gordon. He had stored his uniform in the wire basket with his P.E. equipment, and since the basket had been crammed tight, each wire line showed, sort of a waffle effect. You could see that uniform a mile away.

My sophomore year was the year of the laboratory classes needing microscopes. Botany, Bacteriology and Plant Pathology all were rough on the eyes, especially since some of the lab lights were not of the best arrangement.

For the Little International, I selected one beef steer and an Ayrshire heifer. I worked faithfully and hard and had them in good shape and won the Championship in fitting and showing in both beef and dairy. I figured it would be my last try, as the others were telling me to retire and give them a chance.

Almost a month before school was out, I was on a 4-H picnic and sprained my ankle playing softball. The ball field resembled the top of the Rockies, so it wasn't surprising. I limped until long after I was home for the summer. The ankle hurt so bad that I had a rough time getting to class, and back and forth to the barn. I stayed and worked in Club Camp and was home for the summer.

The junior year was very enjoyable as I had more classes that I enjoyed and that were really interesting. I belonged to Mu Beta

Beta, the 4-H Honorary, the College 4-H Club, the Block & Bridle Club, the animal husbandry club, the Ag Club and others. About this time, the assignments were made up for the Little International and I ended up as one of two assistant managers. I was in charge of the livestock end of the show. I missed being an active participant, but we had a good show.

My grades were high enough to put me on the Honor Roll and give me an Honor Hour each semester. At the beginning of the second semester, I was accepted for membership in Alpha Zeta, the Agricultural honorary. Again, I stayed for Club Camp and went home with the 4-H delegates for the summer. Grandma Jones had died on March 8, 1933.

The fall of 1933 was a cold, bleak year. The Depression was wearing on and times were tough. We had heard rumors that W.S.C. would close for lack of money, but nothing ever happened. The enrollment dropped to near 1800 and there were few students on the campus with any money. I recall one California student having a Cord car, but the few who drove cars to Pullman usually parked them near a light pole where they stayed until the next trip home.

If you went down town, you walked and if you could scare up enough money to attend a college play or movie, you considered yourself lucky. I think our wages had been raised to 30. per hour, but we still tried to work at least 100 hours. For the first three years, I had looked after the college sheep including during lambing season. Now, Mr. Hachedorn moved me into the office correcting papers and caring for odd jobs. Jerry Sotola taught Feeds & Feeding and Nutrition classes and Ralph McCall and Ben Swier the production classes. McCall was an extremely nice fellow who was one of the first students of vitamins. Mr. Hackedorn, head of the department, had been a part owner of the Prosser Sheep Co. and was a pretty practical man. I guess maybe the years of teaching were getting to him as he was sometimes a little short with us. I recall one time in a seminar class when something like the following conversation took place: "Ridpath, let's hear your report." After a few words from Ridpath, who obviously wasn't too well prepared, he said, "Rid-

path, sit down. You bore me."

Then, "Wadehamper," he said, "do you have anything?" After a few words from Wadehamper, he said, "Wadehamper, sit down. You bore me, too." He was usually in a better mood, but if he showed up at the barn in a bad mood, everyone disappeared.

One day he showed up at the sheep barn in a foul mood, where George Kirkwood and I were working, and he claimed he had told us to lock up some sheep who were contentedly grazing in a back pasture. The message had gone astray or he had forgotten, but that didn't help. Breathing fire, he ordered us in the back seat of his car and took out up the hill. He was so mad he couldn't shift into gear and just roared the engine. George and I had a terrible time to keep from laughing out loud. I saw him the next day and he was in the best of humor. John Burns was a master at scenting out Hack's foul moods and would be long gone when he arrived at the beef barn.

I was a member of the W.S.C. Livestock Judging team that competed at the Pacific International in the fall of 1933. We did considerable traveling about the state practicing at Yakima and other fairs. I can't recall our team placing, but believe we were third. I placed 2nd high and had a good score, but one of the Idaho boys had a hot hand that day and won out. Ralph McCall was our coach that year.

At the beginning of the second semester, I moved back into the AGR house. I hated to leave John's but I sort of wanted to live with the guys my last semester. We had some pretty heated arguments over the years, when the fraternities had tried to run rough shod over the Independents in the Ag Department. In those arguments, I had taken the part of the Independents. I liked the group and did enjoy my semester there, even though I had to borrow $150 to cover the increased cost. It was one of the few times I have ever borrowed money and I lost no time in repaying the loan when I got a job.

I was elected manager of the Little International and spent a lot of time on that project. Sometimes when the phone rang

steadily, I think the AGR's might have preferred my living at the college farm. It was over at last and some 3000 attended. The livestock had been expanded to include sheep and hogs.

It was about this time that I first officially met Peggy. I had seen her around the Animal Husbandry office and one day as we were both about ready to leave, I suggested walking her down to the dorm. Actually, I passed it each time on the way to classes. One thing led to another and we had a few dates before graduation. My social life had been quite varied over the last couple of years with nothing very serious.

The weeks preceding graduation were busy ones. As I look back through my college albums and records, I wonder how I found time to attend all banquets, initiations, picnics and college events. The great day finally arrived and on June 11, 1934, I graduated from W.S.C. with a Bachelor of Science Degree in Agriculture, specifically Animal Husbandry. Mom, Dad and Florence were on hand and it was a happy day! I recall going up to Duncan Dorm to get Peggy to come down and visit with Mom and Florence.

I stayed around Pullman and again helped with Club Camp. Jobs were scarce and the Soil Erosion Service was just in the process of being organized and were hiring college graduates. Several of the 1933 Ag graduates, including my old friend, Quentin Jackel, of Goldendale, had been hired earlier in the spring. The Western Regional Headquarters had been set up in Pullman, probably because the only experimental erosion farm in the west was located nearby.

Many of the 1934 Ag graudates from W.S.C., O.S.C., and U. of Idaho were looking for work and were hired, including myself. We worked 40 hours per week and were paid the whole sum of $80 per month. My fellow classmate and A.G.R., Art Crews, hired on, too, and since there were a couple of others working around the college, the four of us decided to batch in the AGR house. No one had any objections, as long as we cared for the lawn and swept out now and then.

We went to work on June 25 and our crew was supposed to build dams, in the large washes and ravines to try to stop further erosion and hopefully they would sift in behind the dams and stabilize in time. We built most of the dams of lumber--not much skill needed, mostly brawn and sweat.

As in the case with many new agencies, the left hand didn't always know what the right hand was doing. The Soil Erosion Service was supposed to sign a contract before work was done on a farm. Then the engineers were supposed to survey for dam placement, height, etc. All of this took time and installation crews didn't have to work too hard to keep up. Once they hauled us over in the Moscow mountains where we worked for a week or so at terracing hillsides with grub hoes. I didn't think the latter project too practical.

Once in a while the survey crew would be short of help and somehow I got started working with them. By the first of August, I was working on the survey crew pretty steady. I was always thankful for the information I learned from the two Ag engineers in charge. They let me use the transit and showed me how to record the data so that I understood the basics. Years later the information gave me the engineering jobs and saved me from a lot of miserable work in the Army.

The four or five of us who batched in the AGR. house really saved money. There were acres of peas in our work area and dozens of old abandoned wood lots of good orchards. We scrounged a lot of fruit and that plus peas, crates of purchased tomatoes, bread and butter, and jars and jars of mayonnaise were the main items. No one was much of a cook but we had plenty of time, as Pullman was pretty quiet during the summer of 1934.

Summer wore on and Russ Walmsly, one of the Idaho boys, and I decided to rent an apartment so we would have a place to live when fall semester started. On September 17, 1934, several of us were sent to Pendleton to assist in a range survey. Jackel and Arden Jacklin plus two others were there and they had been working in Washington and Oregon. The head office must have decided to speed

things up, as Wyoming, Idaho and Montana hadn't been started. We divided up into four teams with Jacklin and I traveling together. We covered southern Oregon and a lot of Wyoming and we used maps to mark vegetation cover, erosion, wind and water, land use, etc., by making symbols on the map. It was a rough job at best but we saw a lot of country and drove nearly 5000 miles. I had never driven a car much, so got a lot of practice. We met the other two teams in Billings, Montana, and spent several days compiling maps of each state.

Jackel and I drove back to Pullman together, coming by way of Great Falls, Montana. We arrived back in Pullman October 18. 1934. The AGR house wasn't full and they were happy to have another tenant with a steady paycheck. It was a good place to stay--being handy to the college and also to work.

I was assigned as an Agronomist to the 1/4 of the erosion project located northeast of Moscow, Idaho. Another fellow had already signed contracts with most of the farmers so there wasn't much to do during the winter months. The outfit had a large warehouse leased in Moscow where they stored grass and clover seed, and prepared mixtures. The boys in charge had thoughtfully stored a good supply of apples in the basement where they had rigged up a good stove. If we couldn't find anything to do, we drove to Moscow and retired to the basement. I can assure you there were a lot of good pinochle games that winter. Moscow had an excellent ice cream shop where we usually picked up a cone before returning to Pullman. We always thoughtfully saved the bottom tip of the cone for the secretaries so they could see what they had missed. No doubt they could have cheerfully killed us.

In June 1984, I attended our golden grad reunion of the Class of '34 at Pullman, and three of the old Soil Erosion secretaries were present. The one that I knew best, Mary Agatha Dweyer, and I had a good time recalling events and names. Mary Agatha was a U of W graduate who came on as secretary to W. T. White, my boss in the Range Management section. Mary later married John Bohler who worked in personnel. John was the only good player on the Old Men's

Basketball Team. I asked her if she remembered the ice cream cones and she surely did. As Mary said, none of us had many responsibilities or worries and we just enjoyed ourselves.

Just being out of school and having a paying job was a pleasure. The years of saving every penny to keep in college had been a strain, and it was a pleasant relief to have it over, even if the average pay was less than $1.00 per hour.

Art Crews organized a couple of S.E.C. basketball teams and we played the town teams from the little towns near Pullman. The second team was called the Old Men's Team and that's the one I played on, as a rule. We did have a lot of fun, although there wasn't much finesse to the games.

My Soil Extension Service Civil Service appointment came through on February 4, 1935, for the grand sum of $1,630 per year. As soon as the farmers could start working in the field the rush began. It was my job to order seed and adjust the S.E.S. drills and get each farmer going. I often towed drills from field to field or farm to farm behind the pickup.

The Agronomist who talked to the owner or farmer originally tried to encourage him to seed the clay hilltops to alfalfa or permanent pastures and to plan a rotation of sweet clover and wheat on the steeper hillsides. We had a pretty good cooperation in the area north and east of Moscow because as a rule the farms weren't very large and lots of the farmers had some cattle or sheep. The Soil Erosion Service furnished alfalfa, grass and sweet clover free, as well as the drills necessary to seed it. Some of the Yakima Valley sheepmen tell of fall pasturing a lot of sweet clover fields in the erosion district.

One other factor that helped to encourage this planting of legumes was that commercial fertilizers, including nitrogen, had not yet made their appearance, and sweet clover really perked up grain yields. Once commercial fertilizer became available, it was easier and faster to use and replaced the legumes, alfalfa and sweet clover. Unfortunately, commercial fertilizer doesn't rate very high as an erosion preventive. I worked long hours after leaving the

house at 6:30 a.m. and sometimes not returning until 7 p.m. or later. Mrs. Pease always put a plate aside for me, bless her heart!

When the seeding was completed, I was transferred to the range survey crew. Quentin Jackel and I were in charge of a crew of six. We spent some time around Kamiakan Butte preparing maps and identifying grasses, weeds and shrubs.

I had never been sick much, but one day on Kamiakin I came down with a real good case of tonsillitis. I didn't eat anything for several days and got weak and felt terrible. I finally made it back to work about the time 4-H Camp began, but didn't attend much, even in the evenings. I remember standing on the sidelines as the All Stars played the county agents, so I really was in bad shape.

One Saturday in late June, Carl Grif asked me to judge horses and beef cattle at the Uniontown Fair. It was one of those one-day affairs where exhibits came into the grounds in the morning and no one is ready to go before ten. I thought there might be quite a few horses, but the place was crawling with draft horses of all sizes, breeds and colors. I worked through the cattle fairly fast and then attacked the horses. Carl was Fair Manager and he kept things moving. He rode a saddle horse from ring to ring and pleaded with the judges to hurry up and finish. I remember once he came wheeling by just as I started to review about 15 spring colts that all looked alike. He reminded me that it shouldn't take over 15 minutes on such a class. Everything finally got judged but I had seen all the draft horses I needed for a while. I can't recall who the other judges were that day.

A few days later, I left on the Shorthorn tour that started at Pullman and ended at Bonners Ferry. A. D. and Clyde Dunn came over from Wapato and I rode with them. I can't recall how I got away for that, maybe just told the boss I would observe the grass along the way. We did see a lot of good cattle and nice ranches.

On September 2, 1935, I left for Pocatello, Idaho, with a 6-member range survey crew to work on the Fort Hall Indian Reservation. I was in charge of the crew. We stayed at an old golf clubhouse just a short distance east of Pocatello. We got along

fine with our surveying and did all our mapping and data work. In typical fashion, we never received any information from the office, nor did they bother to forward any checks. We all left on short notice so after a couple of weeks of eating in cafes, the boys were all out of money. I had a checking account, but had difficulty cashing a check until I caught up with one of the officers of the local C.C.C. Camp. By the fourth week, I was financing the whole expedition. Enough was enough, so on September 30, we finished up and headed back to Pullman. They were a little surprised and unhappy. I guess they figured we could stay indefinitely.

I figured I needed time off and had some coming, so left for Portland with the W.S.C. judging team. They needed a superintendent for the Collegiate Contest, so I acted in that capacity. After a couple of days, Kendry Gimlin dropped me off at home and the folks and I took off for Mt. Vernon.

Back in Pullman, Ralph Thompson and I were assigned to the Genesee C.C.C. camps as range technicians. The C.C.C. boys were working around Genesee and on the hill overlooking Lewiston. We stayed at the C.C.C. for a month or so and had an opportunity to see how they operated. The food was pretty good and the regulations didn't affect us much. One Sunday John Milbraith brought Lucille McCoy and Peggy down for dinner.

The fall of 1935 was the year it go cold early and froze a lot of potatoes in the ground and apples on the trees. The leaves also froze and stayed on all winter. I remember it being very disagreeable driving on the Lewiston grade. I was home for Christmas and returned to Pullman a day or two later. I was getting pretty disgusted with the S.E.S. and thought I should move on. I had tried for the Payne Fellowship in 1935 but lost and had about decided I would have to work for the Extension Service to be considered. I resigned from the S.E.S. effective December 31, bought a new car at Colfax and accepted a job with the Extension Service at $1900 per year.

On New Year's Day, 1936, I drove from Pullman to Okanogan and found two feet of snow. I stayed at the Caribou Hotel for a few

days and tried to locate a place to board and room. On January 5, I was back in Pullman to the State County Agents' Convention. Henry Walker, who was the state's 4-H agent, encouraged me to try for the Payne Fellowship again. Vern Chapman, the Okanogan County Agent, left the meetings early so I rode back to Ephrata with George Delaney, Grant County agent,, and caught a bus to Okanogan.

Mr. Mikels, the County Clerk, said they had a spare bedroom so I moved in with them. The Mikels had a son who was away from home and a daughter who was a freshman at W.S.C. They were a nice couple and it was a good place to stay. I continued to eat down town for a while, but before long, I had breakfast and supper with the Mikels.

Okanogan County hadn't had a 4-H livestock judging team in years, so I decided to try to organize one to take to the Jr. Fair in Spokane. I finally lined up two boys and a girl, and after a little practice decided to give it a try. Good livestock was scarce in Okanogan, as fruit was the main crop.

I knew Dale and Forrest would both be showing hogs and sheep, so it would give me a chance to see them in action. Forrest says he still remembers me ordering them out of the "Greasy Spoon" and to get busy on their animals. They always did pretty well at Spokane and had a number of champions, plus champion showmen with hogs and sheep in both 4-H and F.F.A. I remember judging some Showmanship Contests that year.

The people in Okanogan and the ones around the fair were quite interested in my coaching a judging team in competition with my brothers. Needless to say, my team didn't do too well in good competition. The thing I remember about the fair most vividly is that my girl judge acquired a boyfriend and we had to almost bodily load her into the car for the trip home.

My work as Assistant Agent was largely with 4-H. Okanogan hadn't had a 4-H Agent in years, so I was kept busy organizing clubs and trying to keep them going, as all the leaders were inexperienced. We had about 20 go to 4-H camp, so once more I was in attendance. We made the trip by train and I got on at Oroville,

near the Canadian border. We had to transfer trains at Spokane, from the Great Northern to the Northern Pacific, but made the trip without mishap. On the return trip, there was no train going north out of Wenatchee, so we expected a truck to meet us there. Someone erred and no truck as at the depot at 1 a.m. We called Okanogan and around 5 a.m., a truck arrived to pick up 20 sleepy people. It took me a week to recover from that ordeal.

About the first of June, I received word that I had been awarded the Payne Fellowship. There were only two awarded each year --one girl; one boy; and this was only the second time it was awarded to anyone in the western United States. Ruth Durrenger, the girl, was from the State of Florida.

I kept pretty busy as I belonged to the Malott Grange and played on the Malott baseball team. We also had a collection of softball teams and there were games about every night in the local gravel pit. The soil was filled with little rocks and murdered your knees when sliding into second or third. It seemed my knees were always raw and I was always limping. Once in a while Mr. Mikels and I tried a little fishing around Winthrop.

I'll have to tell of one experience. Several people were interested in securing registered hogs and sheep, so one young fellow got his truck, and he and I headed for Grandview to see what we could find. We located some Berkshires and then some Chester Whites from Kirkwoods, and a few Hampshire ewes from Dad. When all were aboard, we had a pretty good load and we found the old truck didn't have much compression. It was a visibly slow trip and it was about 1 a.m. when we got in Okanogan. We had one Chester White we needed to unload so the truck could proceed, so we decided to put the hog in the Chapman's garage. The pig wasn't very cooperative and after much tugging and squealing, we got her off the truck and onto the ground, but before we reached the garage, she was off and running. Lights were flashing on, heads were sticking out of windows as we cruised through gardens, yards, under clothes lines, and other obstacles. Eventually we drug her into the garage and peace returned. It had been a long day.

The Okanogan Fair was over Labor Day and at that time I was in Oroville, 50 miles from the office. Chapman and I rounded up most of the home ec exhibits and with some help, managed a pretty good display. There was a fair exhibit of hogs, sheep and cattle. Ed Reif was 4-H agent at Wenatchee and since I had judged at their fair, he came up to help. We decided to sleep in a vacant pig pen, which was an error! The Indian encampment was only a couple of hundred yards away and between the stick games, the drunken Indians leaning on the pens, and miscellaneous other detractions, sleep was hard to come by. Just as the last brave was diving into bed, the first squaws started rattling pots and pans.

I rushed back to Okanogan, packed up my stuff and started for home, bidding goodbye to my friends on the way.

September 15, 1936, Mom, Dad and I left for Iowa City. We stopped and visited some along the way and hunted up an uncle of Mom's in her parents' home town of Norton, Kansas.

We arrived in Iowa City September 22 to visit Louise, Nettie, the Roberts' family and others. I left Iowa City on September 28 and arrived in Washington, D.C., the 30th. Mom and Dad were returning to Grandview by train. Bernard Joy had been awarded the only other Payne Fellowship from the west several years before and he had remained in Washington and worked for the Extension Service. He had contacted me earlier and had offered to rent me a room, so I had accepted. The Joys lived in Arlington, Virginia, and this house was located quite close to Arlington Cemetery.

Mr. Wilson was in charge of the Fellowship program. He was head of the section known as Extension Studies and Teaching. Gladys Gallup was another member and I had known her for she had worked for many years at Pullman. Bernard Joy was a third member of the staff.

We were pretty much allowed to do as we pleased. We were supposed to take a course or two in the U.S.D.A. Graduate School and Mr. Wilson had several classes for us. I didn't intend to get a Masters Degree, so didn't push classes too much. We were supposed to work on some sort of research for a thesis, so I went over to the Animal Husbandry section and decided to do some wool research in the

wool laboratory and on live sheep at the Beltsville Research Station.

Ruth and I spent a lot of time attending sessions of Congress, listening to the Supreme Court, and just visiting the many departments of government and the many buildings. I spent a lot of time at the Smithsonian.

Time passed quickly and it was soon Christmas. Ruth went home for a few days and asked me to go along, but I stayed at the Joys and had a pleasant Christmas, my first away from home.

I had some rather heated arguments with members of the Extension Service. It was my feeling that some of them had been away from the practical world too long and should get back to reality. Others were pretty well imbued with the spirit that everything should be passed around and if the less fortunate (as far as money goes) should try for something, a person more financially able might just as well forget it. These things and others raised my hackles and I had a reputation as sort of a rebel. Bernard Joy took us to a couple of U.S.D.A. employee meetings. As far as I was concerned, those had pretty pinkish markings. There weren't many at the meetings so the group must have been small.

We did get to meet some of the early workers in the Extension Service. C. B. Smith was in his 80s but he still had an office and came in regularly. Many regard him as the father of the Extension Service. Mr. Smith was a wonderful man and I enjoyed talking to him. Another old timer was Mr. Graham. He had been organizing and working with southern farmers many years before the modern Extension Service.

I had several good friends in the secretarial pool. Laurel Sabrosky usually typed my writing and moaned and groaned as she tried to decypher a word here and there. We have remained friends and corresponded over the years. She and her husband, a federal entomologist, visited us in 1965 and we stayed with them for a couple of days in 1967. Miss Gardner was middle-aged and in charge of the secretarial pool and looked after our comings and goings.

Amy Cowling, whose office we shared, acted as Mother-Advisor and mediated any arguments.

A Mr. Miller in the same section was a great baseball fan and we used to go see the Washington Senators play. People today know them as the Minnesota Twins. I remember being in attendance one day when Lefty Gomez pitched for the Yankees.

Mr. Evans, who administered the Payne fund, would come down from New York on occasion to see how we were getting along. Time for National 4-H Camp arrived and I was happy to see the Washington delegation, most of whom I knew. At that time, the 4-H Camp was held on the Mall. Tent floors were erected and tents placed over them. Six to eight persons were housed in a tent. Ruth and I took in most of the club camp events. I had never attended National Club Camp as a delegate because it was state policy that a person could win only one "Out of State Trip" and I had been to Chicago. My brother, Dale, attended National 4-H Camp in 1938.

The nine-month Fellowship was drawing to a close and we busily tried to finish up our work. I had planned to visit Montreal and Quebec before returning home. Dan Engle and a friend came back to accompany me so we loaded up the car and headed north. We spent ten days or so seeing the sights and visiting Boston, Philadelphia and New York. As strange as it may seem now, we drove right into the heart of the cities, parked the car and wandered all over. We rode the subways in New York, visited the Statue of Liberty, wandered through Central Park and enjoyed ourselves in general.

When we arrived back in Washington, D.C., we loaded up the remainder of my stuff, picked up Ruth and headed for Florida. Ruth's parents lived just outside of Orlando and had a considerable acreage of oranges and grapefruit. Ruth's older brother farmed with his father. The area was full of lakes and the white sandy soil didn't look much like farm land. They admitted almost all the soil did was support the tree, and it was necessary to apply all nutrients. While in Florida, we drove down to Miami, crossed the everglades and came up the east coast. Durrenbergers couldn't be very far from the new Disney World.

rt Disk 3

After leaving Florida, we headed for New Orleans, Dallas and El Paso. I had tried to make a list of agricultural colleges and experiment stations along the route that I had prepared before leaving Washington. We stopped at a number of them and anything else that looked interesting. I do recall some healthy cockroaches that inhabited a hotel room in Shreveport, Louisiana.

We traveled through the deserts of New Mexico and Arizona and eventually arrived in Los Angeles. Again, we toured the city, drove around Hollywood and in to San Francisco. The whole trip had been made in easy stages and was really enjoyable. Dan's friend was a first-class photographer and we often stopped so he could take pictures. I have a full set of the trip in a photo album. It was in Louisiana that I bought the cheapest gas ever. I filled the tank for 11¢ per gallon, less than I pay in taxes these days.

We came up along the coast and arrived home the latter part of July, just in time to start work on Grandview's first Junior Fair. The old adult show was called the Harvest Festival and had been erected in the middle of main street each fall. Someone had decided a Junior Fair would be a good idea, so I was drafted as Jr. Show Manager. Pens were built and the first show was located on the south side of the Liberty Theatre and circled around to the area where the Old National Bank now stands. I have some pictures of the sheep and hog pens next to the theatre.

For the next several years until World War II, the pens and fair material were in vacant lots around town. I can remember Ed Reif and I sleeping in a straw pile about where the Old Nazarene church stands. Eventually the area built up and we moved across the street into the old lumber yard area, now occupied by the Grandview Clinic. The Home Ec exhibits were housed in a vacant store somewhere in town.

Not long after I arrived home, we heard that the O. C. Witt place was for sale. A Dutch controlled bank in Spokane owned the mortgage and one day Witt decided he had battled long enough and moved off. I went to Spokane to talk to the officials and I ended up buying the 38 plus acres for $3,500. A year or two before, Dad

had purchased the 40 acres on Tear Road for about $1,500. A year or so later, Dale bought his 30 acres and Dad bought the 7 acres that adjoined the home place on the west. The seven acres and part of my place south of the tracks had never been leveled. The railroad banks on part of the land were still piled along the tracks. The next couple of winters were spent leveling land and the railroad banks. It was a slow process with horses, especially if the dirt had to be moved far. Four horses were used on a fresno and for short hauls, 4 horses on the planes.

The country hadn't recovered from the depression and things were slow and farm products cheap. We raised some potatoes one year and thought we were fortunate to receive $30 per ton. Dad had sold most of the Shorthorns about 1936 and what few we had left we traded to Chauncey Hubbard for Hampshire ewe lambs. Chauncey was in partnership with Archie Fleming and lived where John Golob does today. A year or two later, the Hubbards moved to Junction City, Oregon.

Shortly after I returned from the east, Director Balmer of the Extension Service sent Marion Bunnell down to talk to me about going back to work for the Extension Service. I wasn't much interested and nothing ever came of the conversation. Marion was County Agent in Yakima County at that time.

We needed more horses with the added land and for leveling, etc., so Dad bought a number of good horses from Henry and Elmer Anderson. Most of them had never been broken, but they were quiet and it wasn't long until they were working satisfactorily. A few tractors were coming into the area. Newhouses had a John Deere and we had Melvin Newhouse plow the unleveled land on the Witt place. Melvin was young and rough and he just opened the tractor up, held on with both hands and sailed over that rough terrain. During this period we were still exhibiting at various fairs. For several years we had a large number of animals at Puyallup. The State Fair had been terminated and a new fair called the Mid-State had emerged. The only Junior Spring Show was at Spokane.

The people in Washington, D.C., in charge of the Payne students decided they would have a reunion in June of 1939. To that date, there had been 16 winners. I decided that I would attend and talked Walter Jaeger and Howard Johnson into driving back with me. We had an uneventful trip to Kemmerers, Wyoming, where we stayed overnight. The following morning we got an early start and just outside of town, we came on a huge box of fresh baked bread in the middle of the road. No doubt it had fallen off of a delivery truck. We quickly loaded up all the bread we could stuff in one-half of the back seat.

This proved to be quite a windfall. It became the job of whoever was riding in the back seat at noon to prepare the midday lunch. We laid in a supply of butter and spreads and traveled pretty high. Now and then we would toss out a loaf to a stray hitchhiker. I remember we still had a good supply when we arrived in Washington, D.C.

We put up at a run-of-the-mill hotel and the boys took in the D.C. sights while I attended the reunion. Most of the former Paynes were present. The only ones I had met previously were Bernard Joy and Ruth Lohman. We had a nice reunion for a day or two, and I had a chance to see some of my old friends in U.S.D.A.

On the return trip, we stopped at Chicago and took in the World's Fair. It was an added bonus to a pleasant trip. I forgot to mention that the nights in Washington, D.C., were normal, hot, humid and miserable.

During the spring of 1941, I thought I had better go back to work. I had several discussions with the Oregon Extension Service and the Farmers' Home Administration in Washington, and as a result I went to work for the latter in May of 1941 at the Ellensburg office. A man by the name of Williams was in charge and a young fellow named Elmer Davis was assistant. Williams was never around much as he spent most of his time hiding out from creditors. I didn't have a place to stay, so Elmer said he had a friend that worked at the courthouse who lived with some people named Smith. We

drove up to the Smiths and Mrs. Smith said they really didn't have room, but I could stay until I located something.

It was a hilarious place to stay. Mrs. Smith was an excellent cook and an avid gardener and flower grower, so we hit it off right away. Mr. Smith worked at the City Hall and kept books for local business houses. There were two boys boarding at Smiths and their youngest son was attending W.S.C. and due home in June. I looked around for a place one evening, but that was the end of that, and I just stayed on. Mr. Smith was humorous and always doing something to agitate Mrs. Smith. One of the boys was good at egging him on so things were always in an uproar.

I enjoyed the work at F.H.A. which consisted of making loans to farmers either just starting out to farm or who were unable to secure other financing. We could also help two or three farmers a year buy farms on long-term loans at a low rate of interest. My only objection was that the F.H.A. was overloaded with administrative personnel in the Portland regional office. All loans had to be approved in Portland and they would complain or question some of the most insignificant details. I always was of the opinion that if we weren't capable of making the loans they should have fired us.

The summer passed quickly and I kept busy working in Mrs. Smith's big yard. She was glad to have the help and never charged me very much for board and room. Dick Smith was home for the summer and the entertainment was good at the supper table. I think Dick was a little embarrassed by his father's antics, and the boys would just egg him on and on. We used to laugh so much it was hard to eat supper.

Mr. Williams disappeared--fired, we guessed, for creating a bad impression. Elmer and I had been elevated to co-supervisors in charge of the office. We had a first class secretary, Dorothy Johnson, who knew everybody and all the rules and regulations. This made the office work relatively easy, except for the thousand and one questions from the battery of employees at Portland.

About the first of December, all the newer employees were called to Portland for a two-week instruction period. It was during the session that Japan attacked Pearl Harbor, so we saw first hand how a big city reacted to the news. All the street lights were cut back and the signal lights are intersections were covered except for a slit. Rumors were a dime a dozen and thick as flies. The meeting over, we resumed the normal day-to-day activities. I spent Christmas at home.

January and February 1942 were pretty normal, with a number of new loans and plenty of work. My courthouse friend, Bud, was called back to North Dakota by a death in the family and had decided not to return. We missed him around Smiths, as he was always into one thing or another.

One morning in early March, a telegram was waiting for me when I arrived at work. The wording was simple: "Report to Yakima Employment Offices at once to assist in relocating Japanese." I gathered up a few things and headed for Yakima. When .I arrived, they knew exactly nothing. I arranged to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Al Dove, old friends of the family. Several days passed with no more instructions, so I rode around with Marion Bunnell, the county agent, and tried to amuse myself as best I could. Finally, a vague letter arrived hinting that all Japanese west of the Columbia River would be moved, but no dates and nothing to really give out any information. I finally decided I'd better look around and talk to a few of the Japanese and tell them what information I had. I was well acquainted with one Japanese family as Mr. Harada had arrived on Waneta road shortly after we moved to the valley. He was straight from Japan and rented this 20 acres across the road and raised truck gardening crops. A year or two later, he returned to Japan to marry and returned with his new bride. Naturally, she knew no English, so Mom had a difficult time talking to her. I recall Mom telling about taking a pumpkin pie over one day and a few days later Mrs. Harada came over and smiling, said, "pumpkin pie very nice." They moved to the reservation a short time later. Since native-born Japanese could not become U. S. citizens, they could not

rent land on the reservation. To get around this, someone they knew rented the land for them. Dad rented land for Harada for a number of years. The reservation land people just closed their eyes to this practice. We kept in touch with the family and I knew the large family of children. Mr. Harada had been a prominent figure in Japanese affairs and when war was declared, the F.B.I. picked up a half dozen of the older Japanese, Mr. Harada among them. Personally, I would have sworn he was as loyal as any American.

There were a lot of bitter feelings on the reservation toward the Japanese, some of long-standing. They were good truck gardeners and most white families were unable to compete with them. It was said they rented the best land, which wasn't exactly true, as much of this land was the rocky, shallow soil best suited for truck crops. Several families of whites had lost sons at Pearl Harbor and feelings ran high. I heard stories that some of the young Japanese-Americans were prone to prowl around at night, but I never saw any concrete evidence of that. As I look back, I think there was a very good chance trouble could have happened had they not been moved.

Naturally, the Japanese were frightened and didn't know whether to continue planting and care for their crops or just do nothing. I talked to a few of the most active young ones and suggested they pass the word around to continue farming, as I felt the government would make some arrangements for their work.

Eventually word filtered down that we could loan money to qualified persons to take over the farms. Money would be provided to pay the Japanese for their leases and for the dollars that they had invested in the crop, plus money for expenses until the crop was harvested. The money was loaned at a low rate of interest, but was to be repaid at the end of the crop season.

I hired a secretary and Jack Ramsey and Chester Stonecipher, friends from the F.H.A., were sent in to help. The employment office furnished desks and supplies and the rush was on. We never did receive a word as to the exact dates of evacuation, but were given to understand it would be soon. I got hold of my Japanese helpers and suggested they try to secure reliable people to take

over each place. The prospective buyer and seller would try to agree on a price and then come into the office.

Some of those with no love for the Japanese figured this was a time to get even, so they went around to each farm and placed a value on the crops and brought the list in to me. Understandably, their estimates were decidedly on the low side. We kept the list around for reference, but let it go at that. It was my understanding that these people were to be treated fairly, and that is what we intended to do.

All-in-all, I thought we did pretty well in the time available. A few Japanese like Harry Suda made their own arrangements. One family that raised onions, had a black family in their employ and they took over the operation. Others had neighbors or friends, and we literally worked day and night preparing loan papers, preparing mortgages and dispensing checks. We did not have to handle the few commercial business deals, as another man and loan outfit handled them.

We realized when the deals were made that the repayment on a few more were questionable. In order to control the expense money, the checks had to be countersigned and by one of us. The government no doubt realized that money would be lost in some deals, but it was essential to salvage the crops. The new owners took over immediately, but the Japanese families continued to live in the houses. As soon as we completed the office work on the loans, we started to visit each place to see how the new tenant was doing. Most got along pretty good as they or the family were present to either help or offer advice. Those that had heavy machinery or household goods they didn't want to sell were encouraged to place those things in storage. Pets were the heart breakers, as no one knew what to do with them.

Finally, word came for the evacuation and everyone was ordered to report to the Wapato High School and be ready to get aboard the train. I can't seem to find or recall the date, but it must have been near the first of June. It was a sad day, as many left what had been home for many years. A lot of white friends were on hand

to bid farewell. As the train pulled out, I doubt if anyone realized how few would ever return to the Yakima Valley.

My draft number was coming up shortly and since I didn't have any good excuse to keep me out of the Army, I thought it advisable to enlist and get something that might be better than the infantry. I talked to the Yakima recruiter and he suggested a battalion they were organizing to build boats. I wouldn't need to leave until late August so I decided to go with that. Meanwhile, I continued to work with the Japanese farms and help the new operators as much as possible.

Florence, my sister, and Walt Jaeger were to be married July 4, 1942, on the lawn at home. I had to go to Portland to the F.H.A., so I collected a lot of sword ferns and brought them back with me to help decorate. Quite a crowd was on hand for the wedding and this looked nice with flowers and ferns forming a background on a wooden frame. The wind blew a little and the contraption was always trying to fall over, so we rushed a few guy wires. Things went smoothly and they were safely wed and on their way.

I finally left Ellensburg on the Northern Pacific for Fort Lewis and the Army. I can't recall the exact date, but it is no doubt in my Army papers. The Army has never been noted for being fast or efficient and I was there for at least a week before leaving for Camp Edwards. I had enlisted in the boat building outfit, but they first tried to send me to the Ordnance Depot in New Jersey. We finally got that straightened out and they loaded 6 or 7 of us on the train for Camp Edwards, Mass. Howard Silvey was picked at random to be in charge. We became good friends, often worked together surveying, and have corresponded and visited each other since the war.

Upon arrival, we were placed in a training unit and so started the four weeks of basic training. My R.O.T.C. at Pullman was more of a handicap than an asset, because the basic steps had changed over the years. The weather was good, time passed rapidly and basic training was over. Now we were supposed to be assigned to our unit but there didn't seem to be a unit. About a dozen of us, plus a

couple of officers were sent to Algmac, Michigan, to the Chris Craft Boat Company. Chris Craft in peace time built fancy pleasure boats, but they now produced a wooden landing boat for the Army and Navy. We worked on the assembly lines with the regular employees and lived in a couple of empty houses. There wasn't much Army in evidence and other than marching back and forth to work, we were pretty much civilians. I guess we were in Algmac the better part of the month and then returned to Camp Edwards. Still no unit, so our guys were sent to Osterville, a sort of overflow from Camp Edwards.

Start here One of the boys going to Algmac had been Bill Klomparens. He was quite a little younger than I and we became good friends and often worked together. At Osterville, we were assigned to 10 or 12 man tents heated by a little cast iron stove. It was getting along in the fall and cold, so in order to keep from freezing, someone had to get up and fire up every couple of hours. At Osterville, we really took part in an old Army practice of marking time. There wasn't anything much to do, except for a few work details that were doing public service jobs around town. I recall helping lay cement blocks in a recreation building and various other jobs. We used to go to Hyannis on occasion, although I don't recall seeing the Kennedy compound. They handed out a few ratings-- on what basis heaven only knows. I received that of a Corporal.

They finally decided to gather us in one place and try to form some sort of organization. Five companies were formed of about 200 men each. Headquarters company took care of administration, guard duty, etc.; "A" company ran the motor pool, had the mechanics and truck drivers; "B" (my company) and "C" companies were the work or construction outfits; and "D" company took care of supply and warehouse duties and the like. Each company had its own cooks, mess hall personnel, company clerk and company personal supply.

A short time later, B and C companies loaded on a troop train and headed for New Orleans and the Higgins Boat Company. Higgins was building wooden landing boats on assembly lines, but finished boats were cumbersome and hard to transport, and even a specially equipped Liberty ship could haul only a relatively few. Someone had

discovered that it would be much more efficient to pre-cut the pieces at Higgins and assemble the boats closer to their actual use. Our job, then, was to learn to operate the assembly line and put the pieces together.

Two or three people were assigned to each station as the boats moved down the line. Each company worked a different shift. For some reason, another fellow and I were never assigned, so we just worked up and down the line--a situation which became useful later on.

We stayed in New Orleans for most of the month of November, then boarded a troop train for Fort Ord, California. That was one of the most miserable trips that one can imagine. We were on the train six days while wandering all over the country. We were crowded in chair cars with no room to stretch out. There was little wash water (no showers) and food, if it could be called that, was prepared in field stoves in a baggage car. Eventually we arrived at Ford Ord and parked in barracks. We didn't do much but have an air-raid drill and then practice dry-run departures. We were issued heavy wool overcoats, so it was rumored around that we were headed for the North Pole.

Around New Years, word arrived that we were shipping out for an unknown destination. Everything was hush, hush as we loaded on a troop train and headed for the docks at San Francisco. We loaded on a converted Dutch freighter, the Tabintha, under cover of darkness, and about noon the next day sailed under the Golden Gate bridge.

The Tabintha was a long, narrow ship and quite fast, so traveled alone. On the entire trip to Australia, we saw only a couple of tiny islands. I recall seeing about 3 ships on the entire journey. If some were seen on the horizon, the Captain would order full steam ahead and head away from the smoke. Once something went wrong with the engines and we lay dead in the water for some time. A good thing that a submarine didn't happen along.

The weather was good and it wasn't unpleasant except for the crowded condition. The hammock type bunks were suspended three deep in each hold and with little ventilation the air soon became pretty

rank. Generally a bunch of us slept on deck where the air was at least bearable. The Tabintha wasn't equipped for so many people and fresh water was in short supply, and salt water showers were the order. Frequently a shower would come up and we would rush outside and get a quick shower.

Along about the 25th day, an Australian plane came out and looked us over and that evening, lights appeared along the barren reef. I still think the Captain was lost, but he made it through the reef and we tied up in the mouth of a river a couple hundred miles north of Brisbane. We were there most of the day as the ship got stuck on the sand bar when the tide went out. Late that afternoon, a little Aussie escort vessel showed up and we headed for Brisbane. A sudden storm came up and the waves were so high that at times we couldn't see the little destroyer. It must have been terrible on the battleship, as the Tabintha was rough enough.

We arrived in Brisbane the next morning and unloaded a couple of P-38s that had been tied on the Tabintha deck. A convoy was forming to go north, so we joined it. It was the worst looking old collection of wrecks that one can imagine. No doubt most had been discarded years before as rusty and obsolete. There were about eight freighters and a couple of destroyers. The Captain plugged along with the convoy until dark, then shifted into high and left them far behind.

We were off Cairns the second morning and passed a British destroyer on our way into the harbor. Cairns, our destination, was the most northern Australian city of any size and really wasn't much but a frontier town. They had a well protected harbor, but not much dock space. A dozen Catalina flying boats were anchored in the inner bay. The Tabintha pulled into the docks and we were quickly unloaded and taken to a temporary camp a couple of miles north of town. Company C had arrived a short time before and set up camp.

A crew of Australian civilians were already working on the assembly line shop, but the army put on two shifts along with the Aussies. It was common knowledge that the Aussies expected construction to last at least a year, but within 2 months the jigs were

being installed and it was ready for business. We had a lot of good construction men along with good carpenters, cement men, etc. They would have made short work of any job had it not been for our officers. Collectively, they were as sorry a lot as were ever assembled. Not only did they not know anything, but they persisted in sticking their nose in everything and managing to make everyone mad. Had they retired to the officers club and entertained the ladies, things would have gotten done quickly and efficiently. Several crews were put to building barracks and mess halls for each company. These were built on posts driven or dug into the ground. The floor was about 3 feet off the ground and the whole building was constructed of lightweight plywood. A two-foot section on each side was hinged and usually fastened open for ventilation. Beds were placed on each side of a central isle and were set crosswise of the building. All buildings were equipped with electric lights and all beds had a framework to support mosquito netting.

Each company had its own mess hall to accommodate 200 men. The floors were cement, the framework similar to the barracks. Each barrack housed about 40 men and had an orderly who was supposed to look after things, sweep the floor and distribute mail without reading same.

The boat construction building was a huge structure. It containd 4 ways and there was room for 8 boats on each way. Therefore, 32 boats were under construction at one time. When things were moving full blast, we could launch 8 to 12 boats per 18-hour day. The first two boats on each way were constructed on jigs or a form on which to build the framework. These first two were built upside down and then they were picked up, turned over by means of a monorail, moved to station 3 and 4 on the monorail and then deposited on a wheeled dolly traveling on rails. Similar to an auto assembly line, some part of the boat was added at each station. I never did hear the number of boats assembled, but it must have been close to 1,000.

Bill Klomparens, Ray Penny, Ole Glynild, Studstill and I set up for the first boat to get things started. Lt. Beasacher, one of

the few Lts. that knew anything and was a decent individual, worked with us on this project. When the lines got going, I worked at various places up and down the lines.

Boats came in by spurts and it was either rush or loaf. During 1943, Bill Klomparens and I went to Sydney twice during slack periods. We usually tried to hitch a plane down to Brisbane because of the miserable railroad. The railway from Brisbane to Sydney was a standard gauge track and some semblance of modern coaches. Sydney was very much like Seattle and a pleasant change from Cairns. Getting back to camp was something else. The trains were over-crowded and it was customary to have to wait for 1 to 5 days in casual camps at Sydney and Brisbane. On our last trip, about 8 of our group got parked in a small compartment bout 8' x 8' for the two-day trip from Brisbane to Cairns. There wasn't room to lie down even on the floor and the seats were just wooden benches.

It was always an experience to travel on an Aussie train, as they usually carried various numbers of Aussie troops. They were a care-free lot and didn't worry much about officers. Now and then there would be a loud bang as one of them fired at a kangaroo out a train window. The train stopped at every little way stop and if there was a pub, they all made a mad dash for it. The engineer would sound his whistle a time or two, but they wouldn't emerge until the train started to move. As the train gathered speed, they would come flying down the tracks and those aboard would reel in the others. However, when the train reached Cairns, it wasn't unusual to be short 25 Aussie soldiers. They also had Aussie food stops at some stations as there wasn't much in the eating line. I hopped off once with them and they had a big kettle of mutton stew and laddled out generous helping. It was pretty bad, so we tried to carry food along.

Somewhere on my records, it showed that I had worked at surveying, so several times I got called on to review grades for drainage ditches and some minor construction. Ours was an engineering outfit, but I doubt if we had an officer that could handle a transit except maybe Lt. Beasecher.

Cairns had a fairly good movie theater that showed American films. It was always a shock to hear first "God Save the King" and then the "Star Spangled Banner" before the show. We had many movies at the P.X.; now and then a U.S.O. troupe came through. Our company had a good clay surfaced basketball court in the backyard that doubled for volleyball. We also had a ball field with both softball and baseball.

One source of entertainment at the shop was the art of nailing someone's shoe to the work ramp while they were standing in the shoe. Willie and I used to work it when things were slow. Walt Lewis was our favorite victim, as it was easy to engage him in conversation on any subject. While I could get him real engrossed in some rumor, Willie would slip up under the ramp and pound a nail down through the soles of Walter's shoes before he was aware of anything going on. I think nearly everyone got nailed down at one time or another.

March 9, 1944, after a little over a year in Australia, I got word to be ready to leave for New Guinea with an advance party. Ray Prococini and myself, from "B" Company, Jupe and Master Sergeant Acher from "A" company, and a couple others. Acher had never won any medals for his I.Q. and we were to be accompanied by Capt. Fischer, one of the most sorry officers. Well, on the 19th (just 10 days later) we caught a plan to Port Morsby. However, no planes were available, so into a casual camp for a wait. Just eight days this time and we caught a plane to Milne Bay. The first look at the harbor was something. There were literally hundreds of ships lying at anchor and coming and going. The air strip was some 20 miles from the 5211 where we were headed. There was only one road running along the coast through the coconut palms. Camps were clustered along either side for at least 30 miles.

The 5211 was the group they had made up out of our original outfit and were building the steel L.C.M. We ate meals with them and started to build a few tent frames in a coconut grove along the beach. The only trouble was we didn't have any tools, trucks, boats, or lumber, and knowing Fisher, no authority to build on the

beach.

Time marched on and the Captain tore around madly accomplishing nothing. Ray P. had done some drafting work and was a good carpenter, so he and I drew maps of the boat building area and made tables, chairs and cabinets. More officers kept showing up and they all ran around chasing Fischer. No sign of Besseker, the one who could get something done.

We had plenty of time on our hands, so took in a show nearly every evening. One just drove up the road until a show appeared that we hadn't seen. It rained about every day and everything was mud. None of the outfit had any facilities, so you clung to a stump on a muddy hillside while the rain trickled down your back.

After two weeks in New Guinea, nine more men and a real stupid Lt. drifted into camp from Australia. The officers were trying to haul gravel and pour cement without any equipment. More men arrived every few days. No doubt the priority for a ship was so low they tried to fly as many as possible. I spent most of my time laying out drainage ditches and drawing maps, so missed most of the mud. It rained steadily and everything was just a swamp. There wasn't any place to set up a tent where there wasn't 10" of water and mud.

I was right. Capt. Fischer didn't have permission to build on the beach, so we got kicked off and moved down to the muddy boat building area. Howard Silvay showed up and he, Ray P. and I went to work making tracing of boat blueprints. I never could figure why they had any use for extra blueprints, as the L.C.T. were built in the states and then cut into 6 pieces and hauled over on Liberty ships. These pieces were hoisted into the ways, welded together, lines and controls connected and off they slid into the water.

An engineering unit, the 1906, wasn't doing much, so they constructed the ways which consisted of two slips long enough to hold two boats on each side. The L.C.T.s were about 70' long and very cumbersome, but able to haul several trucks, lots of men or a medium tank.

The rest of the outfit arrived June 5, 1944, and in a short time had the area quite liveable. They must have hauled thousands

of loads of gravel, for eventually the mud was conquered. Once we finished the tracings, Silvey and I started making a Master Map of the area, including road, buildings, company area, etc. It was quite an undertaking but we came up with a pretty good map. Meanwhile, we shot in drainage lines, foundations for buildings and levels for storage areas.

The latter part of July, 1st Sargeant Vance informed us that Silvey and I were transferred to Headquarters Company. I could see their point, as it had been four months since I had done any work directly for the company. Neither of us had any intention of moving, so I jumped our officers and the Commanding Officer, Major Koster, whom I knew pretty well, since he had originally been in charge of "B" company. Koster was basically a pretty decent sort of person, although as an engineer he was a washout. Well, we didn't move and just stayed with "B".

We worked around Battalion Headquarters for a few more days, building desks and cabinets and then returned to the assembly line. Since everyone pretty much had settled in their jobs, we acted as the checking crew at the desks, straightened out things that didn't work and listened to the Navy's complaints. We went along on shakedown cruises and other things, sometimes working long hours, but it was one of the best jobs.

Our outfit built 32 L.C.T.s and then proceeded to salvage some heavy equipment. I often wondered if after all our hard work it was ever loaded on ships to return to the U.S. as scrap or just pushed off in a ravine. The 411th had built a big Rec. Hall close to "B" company. It had a wooden floor, open sides and was equipped with seats, ping pong tables and P.X. area. We were the only outfit in New Guinea to have an inside movie and needless to say it was a popular place, and, if you wanted a seat, you went early. I often wondered where and from whom they stole the material.

It was now late November 1944 and I was working at the Milne Bay Headquarters, running a machine printing blue prints. The base engineer had drawn up plans for a number of plants, LGMs, barges and cranes. Milne Bay was a mess, many of the units had left for the

north and civilization had returned. The base commander was a high ranking officer sent down from the combat area because his troops had threatened to kill him. That type liked to play Army and ordered regulation dress, revelle, roll calls, close order drill, saluting officers and endless nonsense. It was time to move on. On December 1, the advance party was told to be ready to leave for the Philippines. It consisted of Ole, Studstell, Jim Patton, Krause, Lt. Higgins and myself. Lt. Higgins was the best liked of the officers. He had been in a combat unit and wasn't much on military nonsense.

December 3 we caught a plane and were off to Oro Bay when we got bounced by a general and staff. We soon caught another and flew over Lae, the Markhiam Valley, and over Hollandia at the northeastern end of New Guinea. The harbor was alive with ships and the air swarming with planes of all types. We ended up in a casual camp to await transportation. We spent our days at Hollandia hanging around the airport watching the planes. It was an incredible mess. Fighters, bombers, transports coming and going--no one caring what you did and no one knew anything. It is pretty evident we will go to Leyte by boat. After 10 days, we had orders to board ship, but the Navy couldn't find a boat to take us over. We returned to the casual camp after talking to a captain who said the Air Corps was moving their officers' furniture to Leyte and the casual camp was full of waiting men. Lt. Higgins told us after one of his encounters that the major's intelligence resembled that of a bird dog seated before a cuckoo clock. After 16 days, we were finally assigned to a Liberty ship and were hauled out to get aboard. The water was rough and it was a battle to grab the rope ladder and scramble aboard. The Liberties had deck houses built on them to carry around 12 passengers. They were well equipped and we had the best food we had seen since entering the Army. We were traveling in a convey of 36 ships escorted by small destroyers. We were supposed to help the naval gunners in case of emergency as they were short-handed. Fortunately, we were on the ship for Christmas and had an excellent meal. About mid-afternoon, a Japanese bomber appeared in the distance but disappeared. Just after 7 p.m., we

were talking to Lt. Higgins when suddely he threw himself on the deck, and instantly the anti-air craft guns opened up. A Jap torpedo bomber had sneaked in close and he had recognized the sound. It turned loose a torpedo or two, but caused no damage. The next morning we pulled into Leyte harbor.

We finally got off the ship and into the town of Tacoloban which wasn't much except mud. We really didn't seem to have any destination and were lucky to latch onto an outfit for meals and tents. Unfortunately, it wasn't too good a location as the Jap bombers passed overhead on the way to the airfield close by. No one was too sure of their aim, so 3 to 5 times a night it got us out of bed and into the slit trenches. Lt. Nichols and Higgins were ordered back to Milne Bay much to their sorrow. A Capt. Hill, whom we called Smiley, replaced them. Smiley wasn't much on Army nonsense but was an eager beaver.

I drew a few maps and as near as I could see there weren't any satisfactory sites around Leyte Bay. The Island of Samar across the bay was worse, if anything, with swamps, steep hills, rice paddies or solid rock. Smiley was always talking about a rock crusher, but I didn't know where he intended to find one. We finally moved over to Samar and ate with a C.B. outfit. Smiley tried to acquire some of their property and they finally told him to get lost. We spent all of January running through swamps up and down the coast, but finally gave up on this area.

The Army had invaded Luzon, so Capt. Hill was all for going up there. By this time, Col. Bender, the Commandant of the 411th, had appeared and he had enough brass to get us on a plane to Subic Bay, Luzon. We flew over Corrigidor and landed at Subic Bay where Bender secured a couple of jeeps and we headed for Manila. We had to cross a range of low mountains and infantry men were working their way through the area. We didn't see any Japs and made it without incident.

Buildings were still smoldering from the recent fighting and the stench of dead bodies was everywhere. We hooked up with some outfit and set up our beds in one of the former classrooms at

Eastern University. The Filipino kids were pretty hungry and would hang over the fence begging to have the fellows dump their leftover food into their cans. The MPs apparently had orders from the brass (who weren't hungry) to stop it, but the kids got food anyway.

We stayed around Manila for about 10 days waiting for the fighting to die down further south in Luzon. We found our destination was now Batangas, some 60 miles south of Manila and near the southern tip of Luzon. It was only a few miles across the strait to the north end of the Island of Samar. Finally, Bender could wait no longer and we headed south in 2 jeeps, taking a secondary road that passed Lake Tull. The lake was situated in an old volcano, something like Crater Lake. Bomb craters were everywhere along the road and from our vantage point on the road, we could see infantry units shelling Japs around the lake. Twice we saw trucks with bodies of dead American soldiers in the back. Late in the afternoon, we reached the town of Tull, and an Army roadblock. There was fighting ahead, so for the time being this was the end of the road. Tull had a small temporary cemetery and that was where the bodies were headed.

We pitched a couple of tents and started a diet of G rations. Filipino irregulars were everywhere and were supposed to protect the town. One sentry had a foxhole a hundred feet or so from our tent. A couple of days was about all Bender could stand, so he talked his way past the roadblock and we headed for Batangas. The Japs had burned the houses on each side of the road as they retreated and fires still smoldered. We soon passed an artillery battery busily firing off to the south, the direction we were headed. We soon saw the reason as they were shelling a hill that was loaded with caves. The infantry were darting from bush to bush and shells were screaming overhead.

We returned to Tull for a couple more days, then the Colonel secured 6 or 8 Filipino guards, supposedly to protect us, and headed back to the area. Things were pretty quiet, but I was never sure what our guards would do if Japs showed up. From time to time, patrols would find a stray and once, ten days or so later, Colonel

Bender and Studstill were prowling through the brush and killed a lone soldier near our swimming hole.

Ole, Pat and I went to making contour maps of what looked like a really good area along the bay. Time passed and we moved from Tull to near Batangas where we ate with a Coast Artillery unit left to scour out the stray Japanese. It still wasn't safe in the area at night, so we pitched our tents with this artillery unit.

Almost six months had passed since we had left our company at Milne Bay. We had good maps prepared when the Liberty, carrying the outfit, pulled into Batanga Bay. We took a native canoe and moved out to meet them with plenty of tall tales.

The dry season had arrived and work progressed rapidly. Cement floors were poured for the tents and Silvey and I were run ragged setting up tent floors and foundations for the shop and storage buildings. The boat building was a huge affair with 4 lines of rails to carry the boats from beginning to end. Again, around 32 boats were under construction at once. We must not have made many mistakes, as the rail lines worked perfectly.

Shortly after the 411' arrived, I lost one of my best friends and an exceptional person, Sargeant Russell. He, Ole and Studstill were using a native boat to take some depth soundings when the boat capsized. Russ wasn't much of a swimmer and weighted down by heavy clothes, Ole couldn't pull him out. I served as one of the pall-bearers as he was buried at Batangas. It was the second casualty, as Sgt. Hines had been electrocuted at Milne Bay. Two fine men lost and nothing every happened to the bums we had along.

Boats were coming off the ways in large numbers when the atom bombs were dropped on Japan. Everyone hoped that would end the war, as units were arriving every day in preparation for the invasion. We even got off work the day the Japanese surrendered, but the holi-day didn't last. Everyone knew that the boats would never be used, but the Lt. wanted us to build them as fast as ever.

We had a new officer in "B" company, a Lt. fresh out of O.C.S. and out to make an impression. We clashed on a regular basis and he was an officer I tried to ignore completely. I would probably have

ended up with a higher rating had I cooperated with him now and then. We were receiving replacements regularly and quite a number of the old 411th men had left for home. Around the latter part of October, I received word along with a number of others that we were to head for Manila and home. The only difficulty was that there were no transports in Manila and none due for some time.

We landed in a casual camp just out of Manila to await ships. That was the most evil tempered outfit that I ever hope to see. Everyone was tired, hot and ready to go, and every day they waited their disposition got worse. They wouldn't clean up the area, help with the K.P. duties or lift a hand. Most of the time was spent writing Congressmen about Army inefficiency.

After a couple of weeks, a C-3 cargo ship showed up and I was one of the first aboard, as I had been randomly selected for guard duty. It wasn't much work as I was supposed to keep everyone off the fantail. I didn't figure as long as we were headed home anyone would jump overboard.

It was a rough two-week crossing until we landed in San Pedro. Another couple of days wait until they made up a train to Fort Lewis. I swear that train never made over 25 miles per hour and took to a siding for all passenger, freight or hand cars. Eventually we arrived at Fort Lewis and the process of discharge. As soon as I could find anything definite, I called Peggy to see if she would pick me up. A day or two later, Mr. and Mrs. Reineg and Peggy drove up to the barracks and I was out of the Army after three years and four months.

I was so hungry for lettuce, milk and ice cream that I couldn't get enough and hung around Reinigs for a couple of days. Peggy kept insisting I should go home, so caught a bus for Sunnyside and home. I fiddled around home until Jan. 1, 1946, when I returned to the F.H.A. in Ellensburg.

Mrs. Johnson was still in the office, but I was the only supervisor. Things hadn't changed a lot and I looked after loans in Grant County as well as Kittitas. 1946 was pretty much a routine year with nothing very exciting. I roomed at Smiths. The other

boys were all gone and a couple of girls roomed upstairs. I had a room downstairs. Dick Smith and Beth were married and lived next door. We did build a garage for Dick. I always marvel it is still standing.

Forest and Gordon were farming and dairying and Dale and Ethel lived on my place. Forest planned to go to work for Higging Bros., so I decided to return to farming January 1, 1947. Dale decided to sell his cows and equipment and work for a man on the coast. Forest and Carol were married December 14, 1946, in Grandview.

Peggy and I had been corresponding and I had spent a number of weekends in Snoqualmie during 1946. After about 15 years of an on-again, off-again courtship, we finally decided to get married March 16, 1947. I returned to farming on January 1 and spent my spare time trying to do a little work on the house. On January 18, 1947, Gordon and Laura were married and set up housekeeping at the folks. March 16 soon arrived and it was off to Snoqualmie and a wedding at the Methodist Church. Walter Jaeger was best man. A lot of college friends showed up and we had a big time. Rather hated to leave the visiting so people could throw a little rice.

After a few days in Seattle, it was back to Wanita Road and a busy life!