I AM REMINDED OF A STORY

by Emma Moser Winther

Dedicated to

Pat Rawlinson

Without whose help this book could not
have been written.

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October 1980

THE JOHN MOSER FAMILY

	Born	Died *
John Moser	25 March 1884	18 July 1954
Anna Marie Moser	12 April 1888	18 February 1968
Gust Moser	19 February 1910	15 April 1970
Lydia Moser	3 June 1911	19 June 1982
John Moser	13 August 1912	03 Sept. 1990
Alfred Moser	3 December 1913	15 Feb 1982
William Moser	27 April 1915	
Carolyn Moser	27 April 1916	about 1919
Reinhold Moser	22 December 1917	15 Aug 2003
Bertha Moser	5 July 1919	
Phillip Moser	28 August 1920	09 Dec 2006
Christina Moser	17 November 1921	
Martha Moser	3 March 1924	
Samuel Moser	6 July 1925	12 Jan 2002
Emma Moser	17 March 1927	Nov 2004
Anna Marie Moser	9 June 1928	about 1929
Mary Moser	30 November 1929	
Leona Moser	7 July 1932	05 Jan 2004

* Updated Feb 2010

PROLOGUE

After one of my extremely bad days of depression, I turned to my talking books for solace. I happened to be reading a Biblical account, and the theme was a parable of the talents. I asked Ken that night if he could point out a single talent that I might possess.

Ken's comment was, "Your sense of humor and your ability to always remember a story."

I thought a long time, and decided to try and combine the two and write a book. I thought I would lose my mind if I didn't do something. This is the book, and you will find the mind I lost among the pages.

Emma Moser Winther

It was afternoon before I first saw the light of day, St. Patrick's Day, March 17, 1927. The doctor had not arrived yet, and my father had gone to try to find him. The little Irish woman, who acted as mid-wife to my mother, must have been a leprechaun. When I arrived, instead of slapping my bottom to make me cry out, she tickled my feet to make me laugh. I have been finding things to laugh at ever since!

The doctor and my father arrived shortly thereafter, and my father was told that his wife and baby daughter were doing well. My father gestured with his hands and said, "It looks as if the man up there is with me still." You see, I was his thirteenth child!

My father, John Moser, had a great sense of humor. One of my earliest memories of Dad is his telling a story to a group of his friends who frequently gathered for some homemade wine.

It seems that Otto died. A few days later, Otto became aware that he had arrived in Heaven.

The man in charge said, "Ve are glad you are vith us, and as a revard for your life on earth, you are to be given vhat ever you desire."

True to his word, all Otto had to do was say he was hungry and food was set before him, thirsty and drink was brought, and the most beautiful women were sent to entertain him. This went on for some time.

One day, Otto, who was understandably perplexed, asked, "Vhen may I be allowed to do some vork?"

The man in charge replied, "Oh, you are not to do a thing. You have earned your revard."

"Vell," said Otto,"do you call this Heaven? I'd rather be in Hell!"

"Oh," said the man, "didn't you know dat vas vhere you vas?"

My mother and father worked hard on their quarter section of land, clearing rocks so the land could be cultivated. As he watched his grain come up, my father must have thought often of his young manhood in Russia. He was born March 25, 1884, in Odessa, Russia. He was conscripted into the Army as a young man, which reminds me of the story of the Russian commissar who was explaining to his men that they were to share half of all their properties with the state.

The commissar was reviewing with the men, and he asked Ivan, "Vat vould you do if you had two horses?"

"Oh," replied Ivan, "I vould give one to the sta state."

"Very good," said the commissar,"and if you had two cows?"

"I vould give one to the state," said Ivan.

"Good," replied the commissar, "and if you had two pigs?"

Here Ivan hesitated, and the commissar asked, "Vhy do you vait, Ivan?"

"Oh," said Ivan, "I got two pigs."

My father was a musician in the Russian Army. He played trumpet. After he left the army and returned home, he discovered the girl who had always been such a pest, Anna Lowenberger, was now a very attractive young woman. They were married soon after in 1908.

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My grandfather Moser must have been a very frugal type man in Russia. He was able to save enough money to bring his family to America in May of 1910. This included his wife, my father and mother and their

infant son Gust, born February 19, 1910, and a younger brother of my father. The family traveled from Odessa in the Ukraine to Pettibone, North Dakota. Pettibone was a community of Russian immigrants of German ancestry, located east of Fargo and south of Bismarck, North Dakota.

Dad's sisters and husbands, Elizabeth and Gottfried Ohner, Barbara and Louis Guthmiller, and Regina and Fred Bauer, had immigrated earlier and were living in Pettibone. This is where I was born in 1927.

The farm in Pettibone was never really good, but my father managed to make a living there for eighteen and a half years. The very cold weather, and bad crops for too many years in a row, forced him to leave the farm. All this was compounded by the accidental death of his fourteenth child, a beautiful daughter he insisted be named for his beloved Anna.

In 1928 my family moved to a small community in South Dakota, near Nisland, and later we lived in Nisland and Belle Fourche, South Dakota. Our family numbered twelve children at the time we moved. Of the twelve, seven were boys and five were girls. Gust, Lydia, John, William, Alfred, Rheinhold, Bertha, Phillip, Christina, Martha, Sammy, and myself. Mary Lou and Leona were born in South Dakota.

We ran out of money somewhere between North and South Dakota, which reminds me of the story about the gambler who was intent on recouping his losses. He went to Reno, and he did poorly. He was down to his last chip, and decided to play Roulette.

A little voice on his shoulder said, "Put it on the Black 22."

So, that is what he did. Sure enough, Black 22 won. The little voice said, "Let it ride."

He did this, several times, and won every time. Finally the little voice said, "Move it to Red 3."

He did, and the croupier called,"Black 22."

The little voice on his shoulder said,"Damn."

The school we attended was a one room school. Phillip, Bertha, Sammy, Christina, Martha and myself were attending at the same time. The older classes recited while the younger ones did their written work.

I spoke nothing but German until I started school. My classmates would laugh when I was reciting and I would suddenly use a German word because the English word would not come to me. I thought they laughed at me, so I refused to speak German at home, or anywhere else.

Phil and Christina were in the same grade. They were asked to write an original poem for homework. Phil copied a poem he found in a book. Chris composed her own. When the poems were recited, the teacher was very impressed with Phil's poem, but she thought Chris had copied hers! Chris told the younger ones about this when we stopped under our usual tree to talk over the days happenings on the way home from school.

One day we could see a group of men coming down the road in a car. This was an unusual sight as cars were not that commonplace. The teacher made all of us get down under our desks so the men would think no one was in the school house and drive on by. That is exactly what happened. The teacher felt the men were unsavory characters of some sort.

I remember one little Mexican boy in my grade. He said his name was Pina Gatay. His family lived near us, about one mile up the road. The teacher thought this was too difficult a name to remember, so she called him Romano. Pina would stomp his foot and say, "Me no Romano, me Pina Gatay."

Our school had a wood burning stove for heat. Many mornings this fire felt good after our long walk from home. We would be so tired and cold. The wood for the fire was brought to the school by fathers of the students, and it was carefully stacked in the woodshed just off the back of the schoolroom. It was the boys' job to keep the fire stoked with wood. The boys also had to keep the blackboards cleaned, which involved washing them every day.

The "restroom" facilities were two wooden outhouses behind the schoolhouse, one for girls and one for boys. It was a great prank at Halloween time to tip these over. No one made any unnecessary trips to the outhouse during the cold winter months. The usual Sears Roebuck catalogs were there, as no one had toilet paper in those days. The catalogs provided reading material as well. Reading in the bathroom is a custom that seems to have continued to present day with all our modern conveniences.

We walked to and from school, a good hours walk each way. When the weather was nice, we carried our shoes and walked barefoot. South Dakota has many varieties of cactus, and it was a painful experience to step on a cactus with bare feet.

Mother made all our bread and many times all we had to put on it was bacon fat. Usually we had sour cream and sugar,or lard and jelly sandwiches. Bertha and I shared a lunchpail, packed and carried by Bertha. She was the older sister in charge of me. We ate our lunches in the school room during the winter months, but when it was warmer we ate outside. We played games after lunch. Pom Pom Pullaway, Run Sheep Run, and Baseball were favorites. The boys played marbles as well.

Going to the one room schools reminds me of the story of the schoolmarm who was rooming with a local family. The old man of the family was Scotch, and it bothered him terribly to see the schoolmarm sit up late because she had to use the lamp.

Finally he said, "That is wasteful, sitting up so late and burning the lamp."

The schoolmarm said, "But I'm using my own kerosene."

"Yes, but remember, it is my wick," replied the Scotchman.

I went to at least two one room schools in South Dakota. Our school in Nisland was much larger and had several rooms. We lived in town in Nisland so we did not have the long walk to and from school.

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We moved from farm to farm, never doing very well on any of them. One of my early memories of Nisland was the double wedding of my oldest brother, Gust, to Liz, and my oldest sister, Lydia, to Albert. For days before the wedding, the baking went on. There were many different kuchen, brot, brotchen, tortes, spaetzle, and of course the homemade sausage, headcheese, sauerkraut, potato salad, and much home-made beer to wash it all down. All the small children were fed first, and then the adults, as was the custom. When the dishes were washed, for probably the third time, the adolescents were allowed to eat. By this time, wir hatten grossen Hunger, and wir hatten viel zu viel gegessen.

I was very attached to my large family. When Lydia was married to Al, she invited me to stay with them for a week on their farm. I was so thrilled because I loved Lydia and Al. However, I was so home-sick for my family that I couldn't wait for the week to end.

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On butchering days Mama sent Sammy and I down to the river with a lunch, until all the butchering was done. Sammy always had a sling shot along. One day we surprised a bull snake, a female, sunning herself in the sand.

Sammy said, "Do you want to see me hit that snake, Emma?"

Not waiting for an answer, he picked up a pebble, loaded his sling shot, and hit the snake. She was startled out of her sleep, and began to climb a rock. Sammy reloaded, and this time he hit the snake in the head, killing her. Sammy felt terrible. We went to look at her, and we could see that she was pregnant. Sammy took out his knife, opened the snake and released a number of baby snakes. They just slithered away.

Later we came across a little house. Someone obviously lived there, but no one was at home. We went in, and Sammy saw a beautiful hunting knife. He took the knife, despite my threats to tell Dad. Sammy just replied with "tattle tale, tattle tale," and he took the knife. We hadn't walked very far before Sammy decided he should return the knife, which he did.

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As children, we often made our own toys. We lived near the river. The river would freeze over every winter, providing a great place to sled and skate. Rheinhold, Phillip, and Sammy made their own sleds from old lumber and orange crates. The orange crate provided the lumber for a sled body. The runners were made from old lumber with strips of tin, cut from Dad's Prince Albert tobacco cans, nailed to the bottom. This made the runners go fast over the ice. The older boys would pull the younger children on the sleds. The boys wore ice skates strapped to their shoes. How fast one's ride was depended on how skilled the boy pulling the sled was on skates. The older kids would build bonfires along the river bank, where we could get warm after a run on the sled.

Sammy made trucks to play with also. He cut up Dad's tobacco cans, red side in, shiny side out, for the truck bed. The cab of the truck was made from scrap lumber. The wheels were made from pieces of driftwood found along the riverbank, and he used a spike for an axle.

During the summer we would look for bleached bones of dead animals in the fields. These became toy animals for us, depending on the size and shapes of the bones. We would build farms and stock them with our "bone animals."

Our excursions to the river reminds me of the story about the girl who was down at the river on a very hot day. Suddenly she thought she would take off her clothes and swim in the nude. While she was in the water, a tramp came along. He sat down on the river bank and watched her.

When the girl saw that the tramp was not going to leave, she began to look around for a way to get her clothes, which were behind the tramp. She saw a rubbish heap on the bank with a large pan on it. She grabbed the pan, held it in front of herself, and came out of the water.

She walked up to the tramp and said, "Oh, you, you....do you know what I think?"

"Ya lady," replied the tramp. "You think there is a bottom in that pan."

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I was seven and Sammy was nine years old when Sammy got a coaster wagon. Sammy was in the middle, age wise, of all the girls, so he had to play with us. He would not play dolls, so I learned all the boys games, such as marbles and baseball. When Sammy got the coaster wagon for his birthday, we went to the top of the hill. Sammy put me in the back of the wagon and he got in front to steer. At the bottom of the hill was a wire fence, with a gap at one point. Sammy knew he could get through the fence by ducking his head, but he forgot to tell me to duck. I cut my chin badly on the fence. My older brother, Bill, was home from the CCC camp at the time. He had some medic training, so he doctored the cut. As a result of Bill's good care, I have just a small scar on my chin.

Several years later Sammy told me he had always felt badly about that accident, but that he had told me to duck!

Coming from such a large family, we always purchased a lot of groceries. We went to town about once every two weeks. The grocer would slip treats into Dad's order for all the children. I can remember getting baseball cards in bubble gum packages. The gum was packaged in flat pieces at that time. We never threw our chewed gum away. I can personally testify that "The chewing gum does <u>not</u> lose it's flavor on the bedpost overnight."

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When I was a child, families had to provide their own entertainment. We didn't have a radio in our home until we moved to Belle Fourche. My father played the accordion. My oldest brother, Gust, played the accordion and fiddle before he was ten years old. Later, Sammy played harmonica and Jew's harp, and Martha could play the accordion.

My parents often had house parties for their German friends. All the furniture was pushed back against the walls, the rugs were rolled up and everyone danced. Dad and Gust provided the music, and any of the friends who wanted to could join them in playing music. We made ham and cheese sandwiches to eat, and there was always a barrel of beer to drink. The party would last until the barrel was drained.

Dad was usually a very stern looking man. When he played the accordion, he became a different person. He was so happy when he played. His eyes would twinkle and he always had a big smile. He looked like Santa Claus with dark hair, and without the beard.

Dad also enjoyed playing cards. Whist was a favorite, plus High, Low, Jack and Game, or Pitch as it was sometimes called. We also had a checker board with Parcheesi on the reverse side. Close family friends would come for a Sunday afternoon. If the weather was nice, horseshoes was the entertainment. If the weather was rainy or cold, everyone played Whist, checkers, or Parcheesi.

Dad was a wonderful baker! His rye bread was exceptionally good. He taught Mama how to bake after they were married, but he continued to enjoy baking his rye bread. He enjoyed making ice cream, too.

We went to the County Fair every year in South Dakota. Mama often won a contest as she usually had the largest family. There were races in which everyone could take part. The 100 yard dash was one Sammy and I used to enter. Dad would give each of us a small amount of money to spend. We would spend it

very carefully. We would look over each ride to see which one we wanted to ride on the most. I always had a chocolate popsicle, and it tasted so good! Every year, as we were driving home, I would get sick from eating the popsicle. I realized later that it was because I was allergic to chocolate.

This reminds me of a story that took place in a small community in Illinois, a new community just getting started. A peddler had come to the town, and he was doing some rather shifty things. The townsfolk were riding him out of town on a rail. A young fellow asked the peddler how it felt, and what his feelings were about the incident.

The peddler replied, "Well, if it wasn't for the honor of the thing, I'd just as soon walk."

I had similar feelings about the popsicle. Everyone seemed to enjoy their chocolate popsicle so much. If it hadn't been for my desire to join the gang, I'd just as soon have done without!

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Attending church was always a part of living, something we did every Sunday. Since we lived on a farm, and Dad could afford only one vehicle, it had to be a truck. We children would climb in the back of the truck every Sunday morning. I was too young to ever have it upset me. My older sisters, Martha and Christina, would comment that they wished we had a car so they wouldn't have to ride in the back of that truck wearing their best Sunday clothes.

I can remember Christina saying, "Everyone gawks at you so, and you feel so silly." To this day, when I see a lot of children in the back of a truck, I am reminded of our going to church.

We were Lutherans, and in South Dakota we belonged to the Missouri Synod. It was quite a conservative German church. Dad was an elder in the church. One of his official duties was to fill the chalice with wine for Communion, or as it was called

in that church, The Lord's Supper. Dad could not make himself throw what wine was left away. Quite often Mama would lightly chastise him after church for having drunk the wine that was left over.

When we were kids, we had to memorize verses to recite on Christmas Eve for the Sunday School program. These were all in German as only German was spoken in the church. When we moved out west, we joined what they call the American Lutheran Church. This was a more liberal branch, and we spoke English in this church.

The Sunday School program on Christmas Eve is a pleasant memory for me. After the children recited, there was a bag for each one. It contained fruit and candy. For a long time that was the only orange I had all year.

When we joined the church in Toppenish, learning to recite the annual verse for Christmas Eve was duck soup for me. I could memorize easily, but it was so hard for Sammy. I tried to help him memorize by saying, "Just say it over and over, Sammy, and it will come to you."

I remember one year when Sammy tried to follow my instructions. His verse went something like, "Who is this child so young and fair?" All the younger children shared one large bedroom on the farm. Sammy was standing in the middle of the floor, dressed only in his long underwear, reciting his verse over and over.

After repeating, "Who is this child so young and fair?" several times, my sister, Christina, interrupted and said, "'Tis Samuel, in his underwear."

I am reminded of the story of the wealthy man who goes to his minister and comments, "I have been in the church for a good many years, and I have given a great deal of money to the church. I would like to know, can I be assured of going to Heaven when I die?"

The minister said, "I know this is bothering you, and I will honestly try to find an answer for you. Could I see you in a weeks time?"

A week later the minister meets with the man and says, "I have some good news and I have some bad news. The good news is, I have prayed earnestly and looked through my Bible carefully, and I can most assuredly say that you will be going to Heaven. And now for the bad news. Can you be ready by Thursday?"

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Times were getting hard, and President Rooseve organized the CCC. This was a life saver for many families. Three of my older brothers joined the CCC and went to Rapid City, in the Black Hills of South Dakota. When they were discharged in 1937, we left for Oregon. When our money ran out we had reached Toppenish, Washington, where we stayed. Dad share cropped on several different farms.

Toppenish is in the Yakima Valley, and on an Indian Reservation. One of the farms my Dad share cropped was owned by an Indian named Fred Jensen. The farm had an old windmill on it for storing water, but it was not being used. We had a small room just below the windmill where Dad made his wine. This particular wine was made from cherries.

One Sunday a friend of Sammy's, Reuben Mauch, came over for the afternoon. Sammy and I were home alone that day as our parents were visiting friends. Sammy got a glass of Dad's wine for Reuben, and of course Reuben got very drunk on it. Both boys were about twelve years old at the time. Dad would not have liked it if he had known Reuben was drunk, and we knew this. Sammy decided to get some water to splash on Reuben's face.

Reuben said, "Oh never mind. There is water right here."

Before we could stop him, Reuben was splashing his face with water from a puddle. He did look terrible.

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Samuel Clemens must have had my brother, Sammy, in mind when he wrote Tom Sawyer. Tom was always trying to outmaneuver his Aunt Polly. When we had time for games, Sammy wanted to play baseball and I wanted to play hop scotch. Sammy never wanted to play hopscotch. I would play baseball, thinking next time he would play hopscotch first. As there was just the two of us to play baseball, each had to be his own pigstail. If the batter missed the ball, he had to go get it himself. If the batter hit the ball, the pitcher had to get the ball.

Sammy would say, "Emma, can't you pitch that ball just a little below my knees?"

Wanting to please him, I always did. The next thing I heard was the crack of the bat as it hit the ball, and I realized, too late, that I'd been outmaneuvered again. Move over, Aunt Polly!

I complained that Sammy made too many hits, and he would promise not to hit the ball so far the next time, but he always did.

Once in a great while, I got to play hopscotch first.

My brother, John, lived with one of the families Dad worked for, the Benz family. John worked for his board and room, and helped Mr. Benz on his farm. Every night Martha, Sammy and I had to walk to the Benz farm for a gallon of milk. We used a gallon Karo syrup pail with a handle to carry the milk, and we took turns carrying the pail on the way home.

One evening, Sammy found a big stick, and he suggested that Martha and I hang the full milk can on this stick. All we would have to do then would be to hold on to the ends of the stick and carry the milk home. Sammy had a short piece of rope, and his job was to be the "driver," and drive us home. The inevitable happened of course. The handle on the pail broke and we lost the milk. We went on home and explained to Dad what had happened. Sammy got a licking for his outmaneuvering that time!

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We worked hard in Toppenish as those were the days before automation. They were good days, however. My father grew quite a lot of sugar beets. There was always work to be done. Dad and the older boys who were still living at home prepared the soil and planted the beets. I remember thinning season quite well. I was the youngest one of working age. I was allowed to follow my father on my hands and knees, thinning the beets after my father had hoed them. We did a lot of singing as we worked and we were allowed to rest at the end of each row.

I tried to learn some Russian by repeating words my father taught me, such as "ribbi" for fish, and "duroc" for pig. There were other words I have since learned are unprintable. There were not a great number of words as my father's memories of Russia were not happy ones and he did not seem to like to talk about his life there.

There was always weeding of the beets to be done during the summer. Then came the time I liked best of all, beet topping. This was much later in the fall and school had begun. As soon as school was out for the day, the younger children went to the beet fields. My father and brothers had already dug the beets, using horses and a digger. I was not strong enough to use the heavy knives for picking up the beets and cutting off the tops. I rode on the sled, pulled by horses, used to flatten out a place between the rows of beets. The beets were thrown in piles between the rows after they were picked up and topped, and later they were hauled by truck to the factory.

My favorite time came after work was done for the day. My father would unharness the horses, set me up on one of them, give the horse a slap, and the horse would take me home. The horses knew there would be grain waiting, and a good rub down, so they were always in a hurry. I had to hang on for dear life.

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Leona was in first grade, Mary Lou in second, Sammy was in sixth grade, and I was in fifth grade when we moved to Jensen's farm. Diptheria was going around so the public health department was vaccinating all the school children. Sammy and I had already been vaccinated, but Mary Lou and Leona had not. Leona was ill the day of the vaccinations, and did not go to school. She came down with diptheria, and our home was quarantined. I had my school books at home with me. When we got back to school, a very stern teacher, Mr. Oakes, made me take my books outside and open them up in the sun so they could air out. He thought the books would have the diptheria germs in them.

In four or five years we had saved enough money for a house in town. By this time, the war clouds were gathering in Europe. President Roosevelt said that the boys would be drafted for a period of one year. My brother, Rheinhold, was drafted for one year. Pearl Harbor was bombed, World War II was declared, and my brother was in for five years instead. Most of my brothers enlisted, and the older girls went to work in Yakima, Washington, in war plants. This left four children at home, quite a let down from the usual eight at home at one time.

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My mother, Anna, was a remarkable lady. She was born April 12, 1888, in Russia, and she was married at 19 years of age. Her first born son, Gust, was born in Russia. He was a baby when they came to America. They came by ship, and it was a very rough crossing. Everyone was seasick, except Gust. He was never ill.

Mama was a small woman, light complexioned and with long, blond hair. I liked watching her brush her hair at night. She never spoke English very well, so she spoke German until the day she died. I always insisted Mama try to speak English to me, and I would bring school books home so she could pratice her reading.

Mama had an old world charm she never quite lost. I remember telling her a story that she dearly loved. The story described her sense of humor perfectly.

There were three sons, and they decided to give their widowed mother a fine 70th birthday. The first son gave her a beautiful fur coat. The second son gave her a fancy car. The third son, not to be outdone, gave her a mynah bird.

The first son asked his mother how she liked her fur coat.

"Oh, it is so warm," she said.

The second son asked her, "How do you like your new car?"

"It is beautiful, and it goes so fast," she replied.

The third son asked his mother how she liked the mynah bird.

"Delicious," she said.

"But Mama," said the son, "you weren't supposed to eat the bird. It was a very expensive bird from Asia, and it talked."

"Well," said Mama, "why didn't it say something?"

Mama's large family meant she had to have a large vegetable garden. It always had some space for flowers as well as a long row of sunflowers. Some of her special dishes prepared from her garden produce were lettuce leaves or cucumbers marinated in sour cream, and her famous borscht soup, made from fresh beets. She canned what we did not eat fresh so we had vegetables all year. One vegetable we never grew, or ate was corn. German people just do not eat corn. This is food for the animals.

Mama used to make our underwear from flour sacks. These were white flour sacks with the brand name on it, and Mama would bleach the sacks until all the writing was gone. My sister, Martha, received a 'store bought' pair of panties from a relative, and

she was so proud of the panties, she put them on a hanger. My brother, Sammy, would go around singing, "Bloomers on a hanger, bloomers on a hanger." My mother thought that was so funny!

Mama had ducks and geese on the farms we lived on. On one farm we had a gander who would raise his wings, hiss, and come after any moving object. Even our German Shepherd dog was afraid of this gander. The gander took out after Mama just once too often. We had roast goose for Christmas dinner that year.

Mama made our feather ticks from the geese and duck down. I still have fond memories of snuggling down under a tick on a cold night. This reminds me of the story of Mr. Jones and Mr. Brown. They were neighbors and had attended high school and college together. Brown was determined Jones would not get ahead of him. When Jones bought a lot in a restricted area, Brown bought one also, only bigger. The same thing happened when Jones built a house. Brown had to have one too, only larger. Finally one day Jones decided he wanted the headstone made for his grave, in advance. He had the words, "Here I lie, snug as a bug in a rug," put on his headstone. Brown wracked his brain trying to come up with something to top Jones. He had his headstone read, "Here I lie, snug as a bug in a rug. Snugger than that other bugger!"

When it hailed, which it could do with great force, Mama would send Sammy to check on her ducks. They would be under the bridge, perfectly safe from the hailstones.

Mama was a good cook. When my parents lived in Toppenish, they were one block from the railroad. They often had hobos come to the house for a meal in exchange for work. There was always firewood to be chopped, and Mama never turned anyone away. One of the favorite foods was borscht soup.

One of Mama's passtimes in Toppenish was attending auction sales. She always bought something without spending much money. She bought several swim suits once, made of rubber. They fit quite nicely when they were dry. Once the suits became wet, they

were murder. They felt like they weighed several pounds, and they lost all shape.

Mama bought several really useful things, such as an organ, a bicycle for Leona, and a large china cupboard. She also brought home endless numbers of chairs--rockers and straight back chairs. We took our baths in a large tin tub she bought at one sale. We went through several barrels of old dishes during this time.

The auctioneer could see Mama coming every Saturday. He would have a special to show her before the auction started, and would see to it that Mama got the item if she wanted it.

One Saturday, Mama bought a pregnant rabbit. We were soon in the rabbit business! I would feed the rabbits fresh clover and lawn clipping, but this was not enough food for them. Mama got some alfalfa from Gust's farm for the rabbits. I fed the rabbits the alfalfa just as I had the clover. That was the end of the rabbits. They all bloated and died!

Mama belonged to the Ladies Aid Society in the church. This was a very important part of her life. She attended every funeral held at the church. She attended quilting bees and helped collect food and clothing for needy families.

Mama's hobby was crotcheting, and she had a tablecloth or some other project going at all times. She crotcheted each daughter a lace tablecloth. I still use mine on special occasions.

Mama died February 18, 1968. Dad had died earlier, July 18, 1954.

John Moser - second from left -
Russia 1907

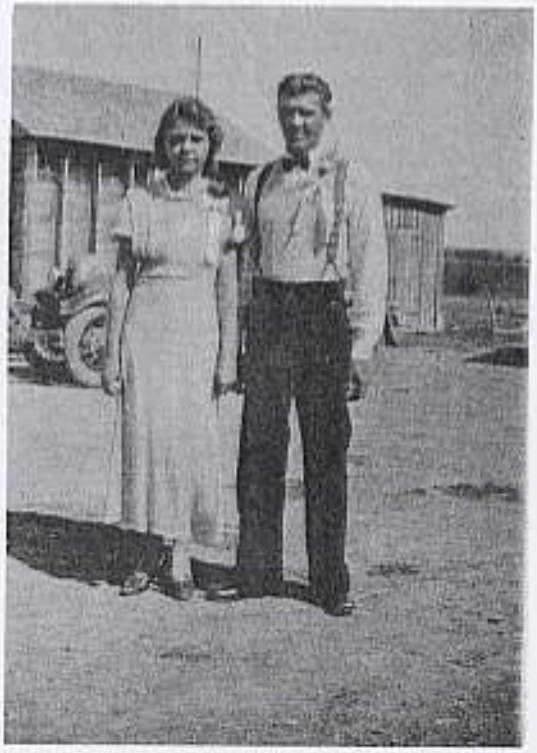
John and Anna Moser
Pettibone 1922

Gust, Lydia, John, Alfred
Bill, Reinhold, Bertha,
Phillip, Baby Christina
Pettibone 1922

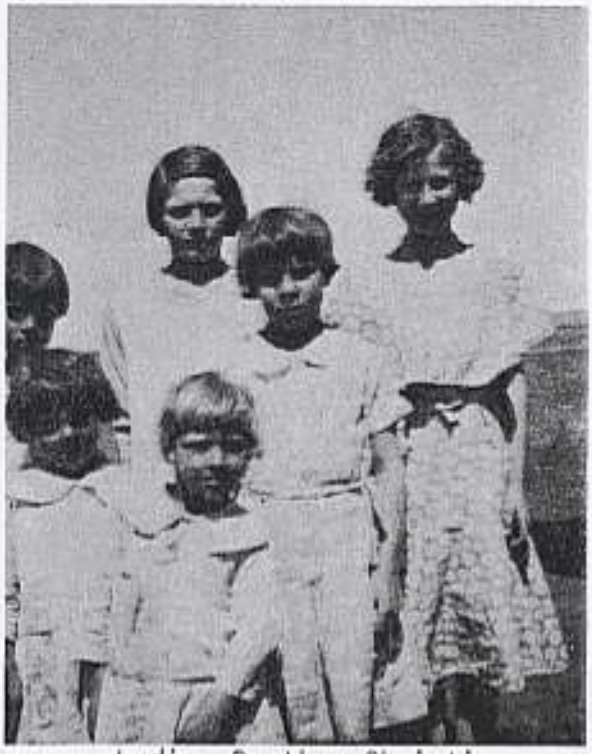
Mr. and Mrs. John Moser, Sr.
Pettibone

Lydia and Al

Wedding Day 1939



Gust and Liz

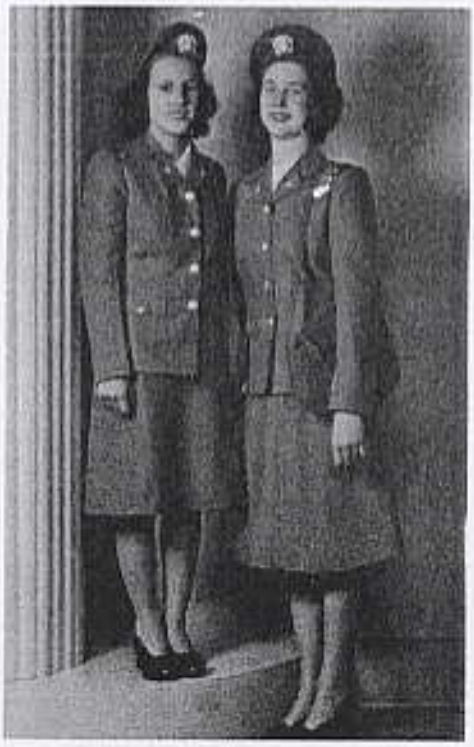


Lydia, Bertha, Christina
Emma, Mary Lou, Leona
South Dakota

Beet Field in South Dakota
1939

John Moser in Beet Field -
South Dakota 1939

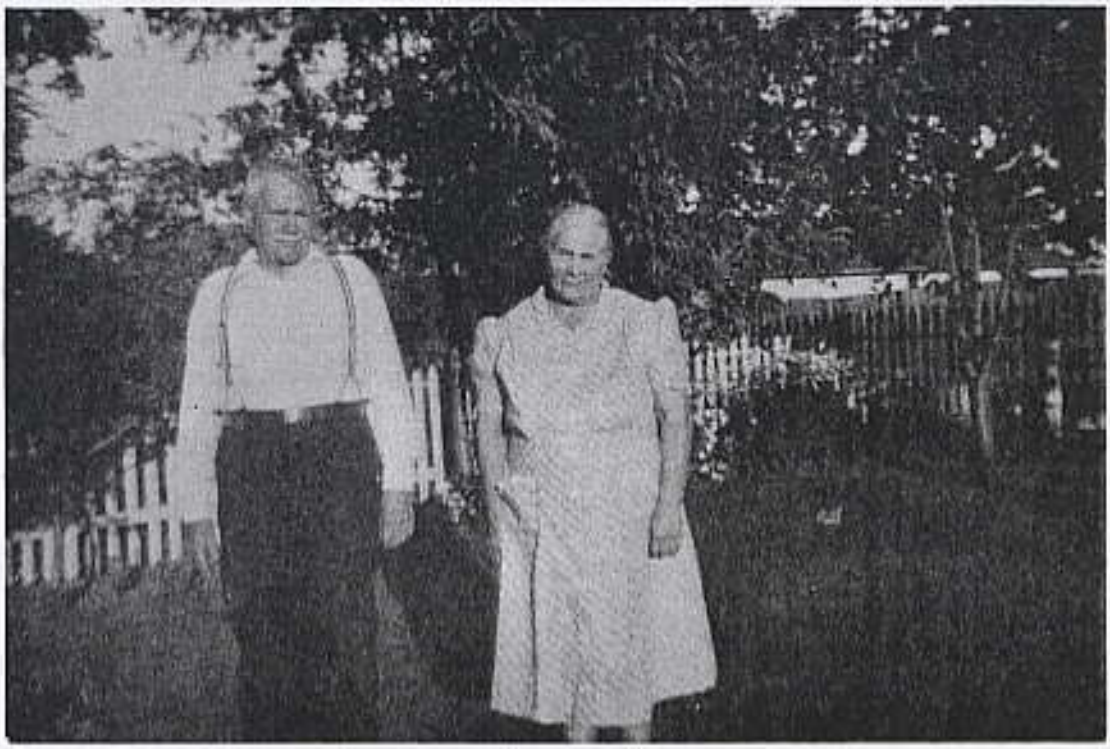
Emma and Sam Moser
Confirmation Day 1941



Emma Moser, Doris Newman
Cadet Nurses
1944

Moser Family Reunion 1945
Toppenish, Washington

Moser Family
1945



John and Anna Moser
Toppenish, Washington
1950

John and Anna Moser about 1952

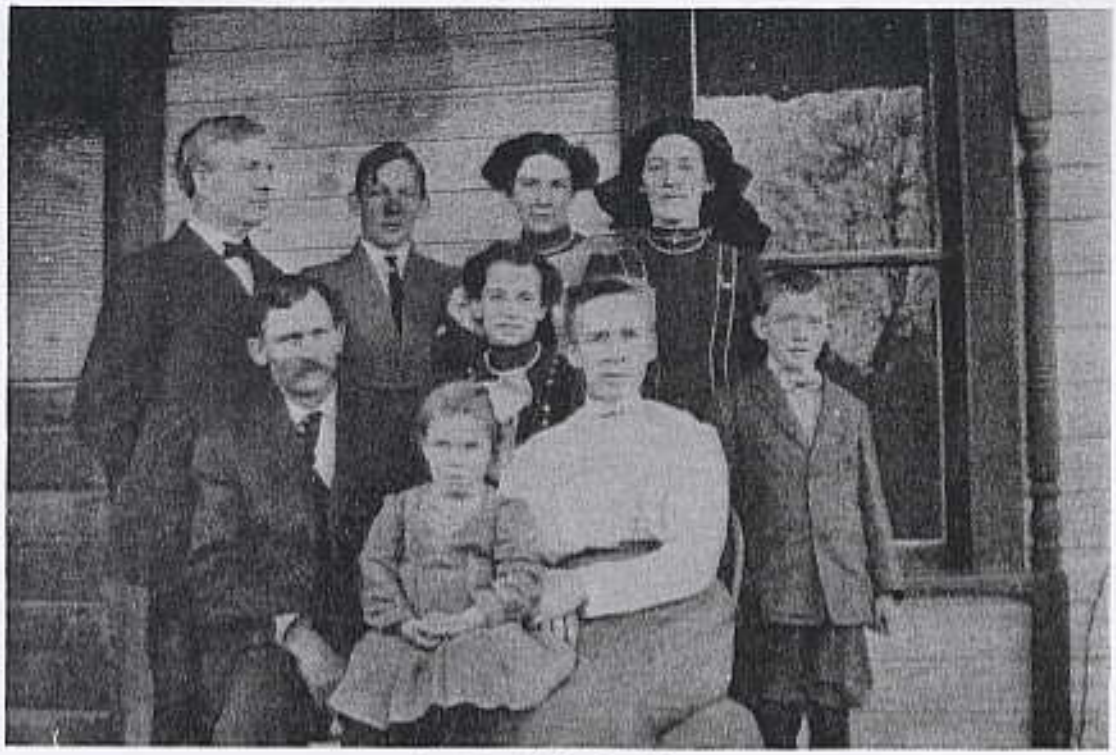
Emma Moser - Kenneth Winther
Wedding Day - October 22, 1944

Johannes Albin Winther
1942

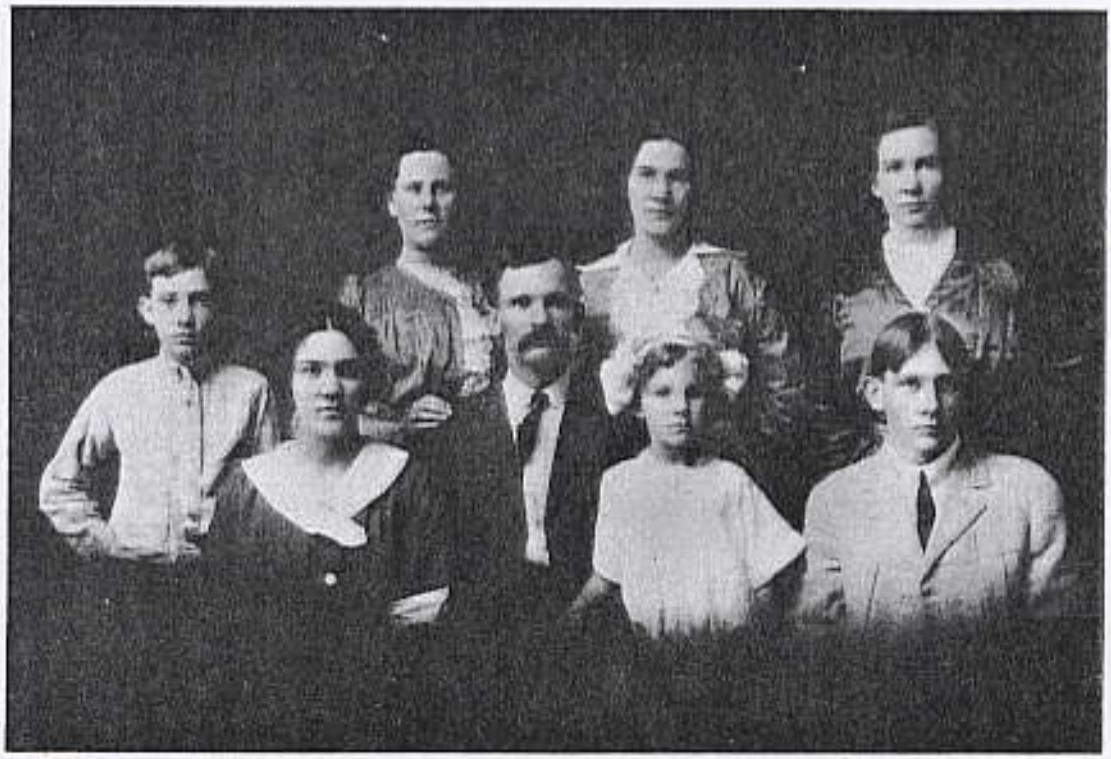
Ruth Ball Winther
1942

Mom and Dad Winther
Emma and Tony
March 17, 1945

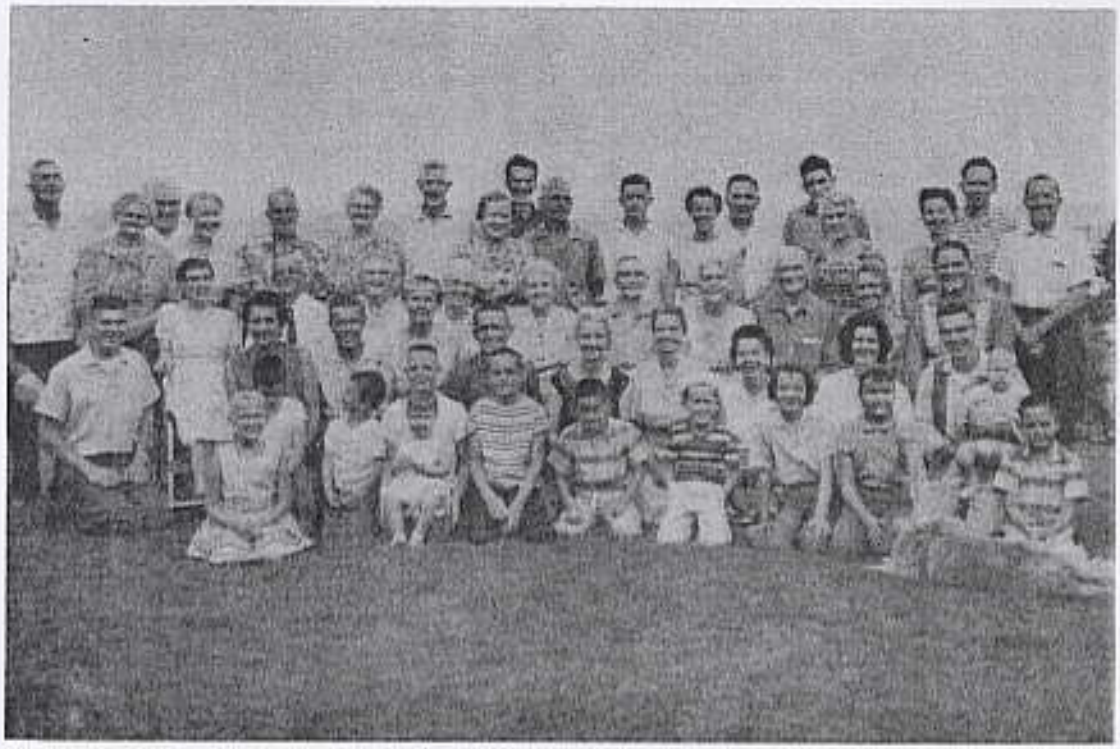
Emma and Ken Winther
Rodney and Cary
1955



A. V. Ball Family
at Clarkston, Washington 1912
Uncle Will, Albert, Ethel Ruth
Minnie, Howard, Mr. & Mrs. Ball, Vivian

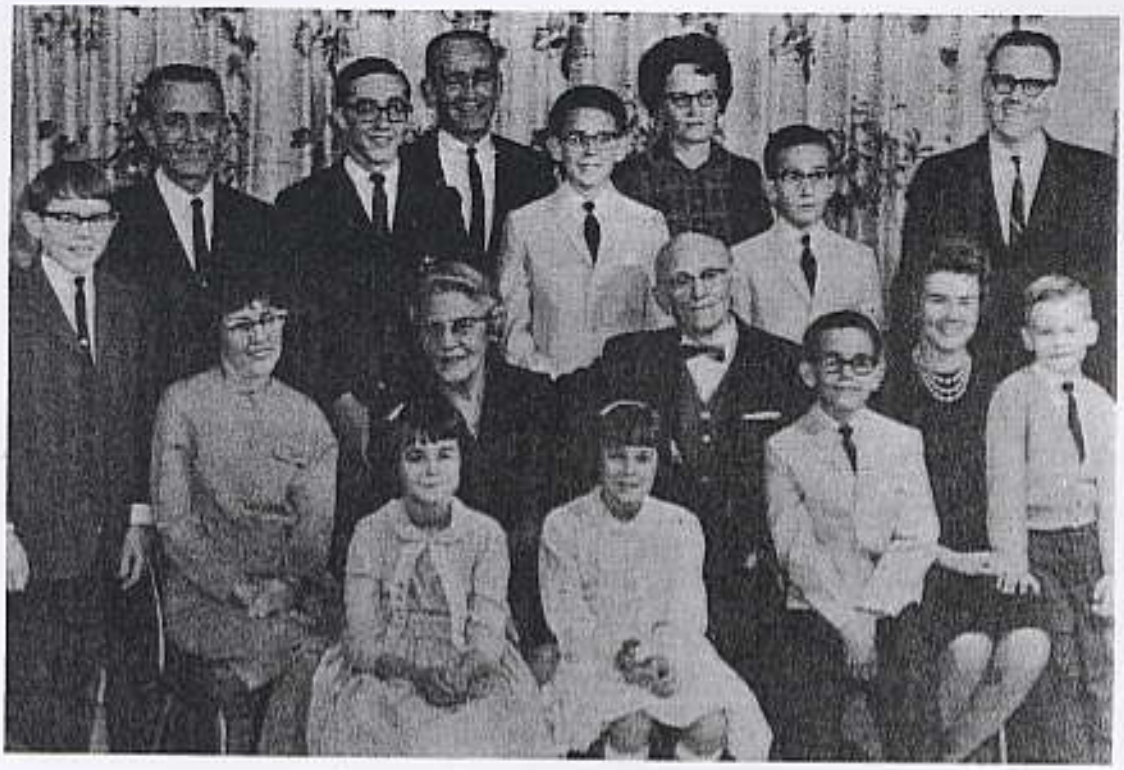


A. V. Ball Family about 1914
Back Row: Faye, Edna, Ethel
Front Row: Howard, Ruth, Mr. Ball, Vivian, Albert



Forest Grove, Oregon 1961
First Reunion of McGrath, Smoot, Ball, Haight, Martin
Families at Home of Verne Jackson

Ball Family - Forest Grove, Oregon
1961



The J. A. Winther Family 1965
Back Row: Cary, Ken, Rod, Paul, Greg, Della, Mark, Tony
Middle Row: Emma, Ruth Winther, J. A. Winther, Joy, Michael
Front Row: Barbara, Kathy, Douglas

The Kenneth Winther Family
June 1980
Back Row: Melinda, Ian, Rod, Ken, Cary
Front Row: Sara, Christopher, Emma, Matthew, Katy

After graduation from high school in 1944, I joined the Cadette Nurse Corp. This was set up by the government because of the need for nurses in the service. We were paid an allowance each month by the government, with the stipulation that we join the service upon graduation. I was stationed in Lewiston, Idaho, and St. Joseph's Hospital.

One Sunday afternoon, just a few weeks after I had joined the Cadette Corp , I was getting ready to go on duty. I could hear music from the living room next door, so I went over to investigate. I walked into the living room, and seated at the piano was a girl and two sailors. I walked over and casually put my hands on the shoulders of one of the sailors. He turned his head and looked up at me.

"Well," he said, "Hi there. My name is Ken Winther, and I am from Nampa, Idaho. What is your name, and would you like to dance?"

I told him my name, said, "Yes, I would like to dance."

I gave him my hand, and my heart went right along with it!

Soon after meeting Ken, I was transferred to St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Yakima, Washington. Ken and I corresponded regularly. He was in the Navy, stationed at Moscow, Idaho. The Navy was using some of the University of Idaho buildings as their base. Ken invited me to Moscow for a formal dance, celebrating his units' graduation from communications school. I traveled by train from Yakima to Moscow.

Ken and I attended the dance, and I spent the night at the Moscow Hotel. The following day Ken took me to the Moscow train depot to catch my train back to Yakima. We declared our love for each other just before I had to catch my train.

After a whirlwind courtship, we were married at Ken's Aunt Vivian and Uncle Walker Merryfield's home in Brea, California, October 22, 1944.

We had a wonderful three weeks together in California before Ken was sent overseas. We rented a room in a boarding house, sharing a kitchen with four other couples. Ken was sent to Hawaii, and

after the war ended in 1945, he was sent to Japan to finish his tour of duty. I didn't see Ken for fifteen months.

I gave up my nurse's training, as married women had to maintain separate quarters. I didn't feel that I wanted to continue in the Nurse's Program.

We had a wonderful three weeks together in California before Ken was sent overseas. We rented a room in a boarding house, sharing a kitchen with four other couples. Ken was sent to Hawaii, and after the war ended in 1945, he was sent to Japan to finish his tour of duty. I didn't see Ken for fifteen months.

I went to Nampa, Idaho to be with Ken's parents for a time after Ken went overseas.

* * * * * * * * *

Ken is the oldest of three sons. His brother, Paul, was a Cadette in the Naval Air Force, stationed in Pensacola, Florida. Ken's youngest brother, Anthon (Tony) was thirteen years old when Ken and I were married, and he was in junior high school.

It was a bleak and dreary day when I arrived in Nampa. For some reason, the train stopped quite a ways from the depot, and I got off. Of course no one was there to meet me, as there wasn't a platform where I got off. I started walking towards the depot. Mom Winther was waiting for me, and as soon as she saw me walking towards her, she came to meet me. I had met her at our wedding, but I had not met Dad Winther.

I enjoyed staying with the Winthers, and I got to know them and to feel as though I were a part of their family. Tony was like a younger brother to me, and we were always very close. Tony and I used to go to the movies. Tony would say, I will get the tickets."

When he asked for two tickets, they would automatically give him children's tickets. It was great fun!

* * * * * * * * *

Dad Winther was born Johannes Albin Winther, April 24, 1884. He was born in Winnemongo, Minnesota, and raised in Minneapolis, Minnesota. Dad was the

youngest child of a Lutheran minister, who died when Dad was three years old. The older children, sister Roghnild, Aagot and Paula, and brother Hans, helped raise Dad. Dad and Paula were born in the United States. The others were born in Norway.

Dad was always interested in music. He attended Ausburg College in Minneapolis. He worked summers on a threshing crew to earn money for school. The crew would go as far north as Canada on some jobs.

Dad's first teaching job was in Lapwai, Idaho, near Lewiston. He met and married Mom Winther while they were both teaching in Lapwai. They then moved to Milton, Oregon where Dad taught music at Columbia College. They had two of their three sons while living in Milton. Kenneth was born March 25, 1922, and Paul was born May 4, 1924. A third son, Anthon, was born in Nampa, Idaho, October 7, 1931.

Dad traveled to Minneapolis summers to attend the MacPhail School of Music and Dramatic Art. He received his Bachelor of Music in Public School Music. One summer the college at Milton burned down, so Dad taught in Mandan, North Dakota the following year. They then went to Nampa, Idaho.

This was in 1927. Dad started a small music store in Nampa in 1943--retiring as music supervisor for the public school system in 1944. Dad was a Norwegian and he had the usual problem with the English "th" sound. He would answer the telephone at the store, "Winthers," but it came out "Winters."

Dad was proud of his music store, with the name "Winthers" on the front of the building. His trademark was a conductor in full evening dress, standing on an eighth note in a typical conductor's pose. Dad designed the trademark himself. It is still the Winther Music, Co., Inc. trademark. Eventually all three sons became partners, adding to Dad's great pride in his store.

Dad was very active in music circles in Boise Valley until his death in 1966. He had a beautiful tenor voice, and he sang with the church choir, which he also conducted. He directed the "Chanters," a singing group of the Shriners. As a young man at the Conservatory in Minneapolis, Dad had toured Europe as tenor soloist of a choir.

Dad was so dedicated to his music that he often appeared absent minded. He reminded me of the story of the professor who was walking on campus and stopped to ask a group of students, "Was I going north or south?"

"You were going north, sir," said one of them.

"Oh good," said the professor, "then I have had my lunch."

To Dad Winther, food was food, eating was just something one had to do to live. Music was his life, and he could not be bothered with mundane things such as eating.

The Winthers lived on an acreage just out of town. They built their home on this acreage. For many years they had two cows and a flock of chickens. After Ken and I were married and away at college, they sold the acreage and built a smaller house next door.

Dad enjoyed going to baseball and football games, and he enjoyed listening to sports events on the radio. He loved to play croquet, and we often had games on Sunday afternoons.

Rook and Chinese checkers were other games he enjoyed playing. During the war years, close family friends would get together for an afternoon of croquet, a potluck dinner, and an evening of rook and checkers. The Hunsakers, Rheinhardts, Donaldsons, Hansons, Christensons, and Winthers made the war years, with the absence of young sons and daughters, seem a little less difficult to bear. Rationing of food and gasoline also encouraged these afternoons and evenings together.

Dad really enjoyed fishing and Dad and Mom often went camping on weekends with their close friends. This was usually to a river area where they could fly fish. Mom became an expert camp cook, cooking over the open fire.

Dad was a real gentleman, and a gentle man as well. He was affectionately called "Pop" Winther by nearly everyone, and at the time of his death he was referred to as "Mr. Music" by the press as well as many others in the music field.

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If I were to emulate someone, it would be Mother Winther. Meeting Mom Winther, one feels they have known her forever. She was born Ruth Elizabeth Ball, June 19, 1896, in Osage, Iowa. The family came by train to Idaho when Mom was six years old. The Ball family, plus a married sister, Ella Haight and husbandHorace with their six children, traveled to Idaho together and homesteaded adjoining farms.

Mom Winther's father, Mr. Anthon Volney Ball, did not believe in girls doing farm work, so Mom never milked cows or did any other type of farm work. The girls, Ethel, Edna, Vivian, and Mom, learned to sew. This was quite an art, and all of them could mend and darn, as well as do the fancier types of sewing. They all learned to cook as well.

The boys, Albert and Howard, worked on the farm. Another brother, Clinton, had died in Iowa at the age of 12. Howard was 5 years old when the Balls left Glenwood. The Balls were, and are, a very close family.

Mr. Ball did many different jobs, such as auctioneer, realtor, and general mercantile store owner. He also loved to play cards. He really played very seldom, but in those days even once was too often! When Mr. Ball tried to make amends to Mrs. Ball, he would always say to her, "I am going to throw these cards away." Mom Winther realized years later that he probably just needed a new deck of cards when he made that comment.

Mrs. Ball, Elizabeth Ann McGrath, died when Mom Winther was sixteen. Mom and her older sisters raised the two younger children, Vivian and Howard. Dad Ball remarried a much younger woman, Fay Moses. She was Ethel's age. This was a difficult time for Mom. She continued to help raise the younger children, at least for a while. Dad Ball and his new wife had a family of their own, all girls. Johnnie, Billie, Virginia, Anetha and Zela completed the new Ball family.

Mom Winther attended Normal School in Lewiston, Idaho. Her first teaching job was in the Selway Mts., above Kooskia, on the Middle Fork of Clearwater River, Idaho. She taught all grades there. A later job in Lapwai, Idaho, resulted in her meeting Dad Winther, and in their marriage.

Dad Ball was a very punctual person. When Dad and Mom Winther were married, they were late for the ceremony. They turned the clock back so Dad Ball would not be the wiser and become upset. His comment was, "For once a wedding is on time."

Mom Winther is a warm, attractive person, and she has a terrific sense of humor. She has a story she likes to tell people which I suspect enables her to determine whether or not they have a sense of humor.

A new minister came into the church. He was anxious to make a good impression. He met a Mrs. Hummack, and wondered to himself how he might remember her name when they met again.

He thought, "I will associate the name Hummack with the word stomach, and then I can remember her name."

Several weeks went by, and he did not see Mrs. Hummock. However, one day at a ladies meeting, he met her, and he thought, 'Now what was the word I was going to associate with this lady? Oh, yes.'

"How do you do, Mrs. Kelly."

Mom Winther's favorite limerick is "The Old Maid's Prayer." The lady was down on her knees by the side of the bed saying her prayers.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I wish I had a man to keep.
If there's one hiding underneath my bed,
I hope he's heard every word I've said."

Anon.

Mom managed the music store when it was first opened as Dad was still teaching. She is still a whiz at ordering music. She never cared for the records and did not handle this part of the store. She considers records cacophonous! Mom still works in the store on a full time basis, at the age of eighty four.

In addition to working full time in the store, Mom managed the home. She encouraged the boys to be athletic, and she never objected to money spent on sports equipment.

One thing Mom never allowed in the home was playing cards. She objected to a radio as well. A salesman finally convinced Dad that they should try a radio, and he left one with them. Mom insisted she would not use it. Dad enjoyed listening to the opera on Saturday morning, and sports later on. Mom never would listen to the radio, but she was tolerant of Dad's desire to listen to the opera and his sports.

Mom Winther has always gone out of her way to learn new things. She had always wanted to learn to dance, knit, and skate. She has learned to knit! One out of three ain't bad! She enjoys reading as a pastime, and her flower garden is quite a show place.

Mom attended the first Toastmistress Club in Nampa, and is a charter member. She is an active member of the United First Methodist Church, and taught a Sunday School class for many years. She still teaches a class occasionally.

Mom spends three weeks in Palm Springs every January, vacationing with her sisters. She loves to travel, and will go anywhere, anytime.

Mom really enjoys life. Her philosophy seems to be, "Life is for living, so let's get on with it."

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After Ken's discharge from the Navy, we decided to accept Dad Winther's offer to join him in the music store. We stayed there for a number of years, until Ken decided he needed more education. By this time our oldest son, Rodney Kenneth, had arrived. He was

born December 11, 1946. In 1948 we decided to take advantage of the G.I. Bill, along with many other veterans, and get Ken's degree. We decided on Bradley University in Peoria, Illinois, as they offered a B.S. degree in Music-Business.

While Ken was going to school, I worked for a gynecologist, and we put Rodney in a day care center. Looking back, it was fun! There were a lot of veterans and their wives, and some had children. We all had a lot in common and relied on each other for support and entertainment. If one got a check from home, we all had pizza and beer. Otherwise it was just coffee and conversation.

By going to school full time, Ken managed to get his degree in thirty three months. After graduation, we returned to Nampa and the music store. By this time Ken's brother, Paul, had joined what was to become a family business. Tony graduated from high school in 1949 and attended an instrumental repair school in Indiana. He returned to the store in 1952. All three brothers became partners in the store. In 1951 television was just coming into its own. The store hired three salesmen as we were expanding. We now sold television sets in addition to sheet music, records, and instruments.

Paul was, and is, one of the best salesmen, and reminds me of the story of the man going into a small country grocery store, looking for molasses. The grocer took him down to the basement to get the molasses. The shelves were full of sacks of salt.

The customer was amazed, and said, "You must sell a lot of salt."

"No,", replied the grocer, "hardly any at all, but the salesman who sold me the salt, BOY, could he sell salt!"

Paul is now owner and operator of the Winther Music Co. He has two stores, one at Karcher Mall in Nampa, and one on Capital Blvd., in Boise, Idaho. Paul works extremely hard, but he seems to thrive on it. Paul is married to the former Della Weaver, and they have five children: Greg, Mark, Douglas, Barbara, and Kathy. Greg and his wife, Connie, live in Nampa

and have a baby, Kirsten. Greg works for Winther Music Co. Mark lives in Canada and has a son, Paul. Douglas is working on his Masters degree at George Washington University in Washington, D.C. Barbara and her husband, Greg Jensen, live in Caldwell, Idaho. Barbara teaches in Midway schools. Kathy is attending Chico State College in California.

Tony left the family store in 1968, and is now in real estate. He is doing very well. Tony is married to the former Joy Jensen, and they have a son, Michael. Michael graduated from high school in 1978. He is attending college in Kansas.

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The store organized small rural bands for towns that were not able to support a full time music teacher. Ken's job was to travel to these towns and conduct the bands. The small family business soon became a larger business. Our family also became larger with the birth of our second son, Cary John, September 21, 1952.

Ken decided he enjoyed teaching more than selling, so we went into teaching full time in 1952. Ken's first school was in Melba, Idaho. Melba is a small community of about two hundred people. Basically it is a Latter Day Saints community and the Mormon people seem to be very concerned about their young people. Much of their church activity is devoted to the young. The high school enrollment was around one hundred twenty students. At least fifty students were in the high school band.

Children started band in the fifth grade, which means some of them were pretty young for some instruments, such as the trombone and saxophone. One student could not reach seventh position, or low B, on the trombone. Ken told him to do the best he could. Imagine Ken's surprise several days later when this young trombone player reached seventh position. Ken stopped the band, and asked Conrad how he did it. Conrad showed him how he had managed to tie a string on his slide, and by pushing the slide, it would go all the way out to seventh position, and he could pull

it back with the string. Conrad plays some trombone to this day.

One time in Melba the band had to make a trip to a ball game in another town. It was the rule that everyone who rode the bus must return on the bus, unless they had written permission from their parents to return another way. Two majorettes decided to return home with their boyfriends, and did not inform Ken of their plans, nor did they have written permission to do so. Consequently, the following morning the girls were told they were no longer in band. Of course many parents objected to this decision, but Ken had to have rules, and he demanded strict adherence to these rules.

The band at Melba, after the first year, very rarely missed getting a one (1) rating at the district music competition. Melba was a wonderful place for Ken to start teaching as he had the full support of the administration, and the community appreciated all that he did. Since it was such a small community, it was able to give Ken part time work only. Ken took on another job in Kuna, the neighboring community, in the afternoons.

One evening, in Kuna, two band members could not come to evening band rehearsal as the electricity was off, their parents were not at home, and they had to milk the cows by hand. As these two members were important to the group, the band went to help them milk the cows by hand so they could make it to rehearsal. Fortunately the electricity came on during the night so the band did not have to repeat their efforts in the morning.

These were good years, but it meant a very difficult schedule, and Ken could not keep up the pace. In 1959 he went to Payette, Idaho as a full time band instructor.

In Payette, a Nampa paper reporter asked Ken to help him with a music column by recommending recordings the public might enjoy. The paper came out with "several suggestions Mr. Winther thought the public would like." One was "The Apassionata Symphony" by Beethoven, and another was "Bolero" by Ravel. However, the paper printed them as "A Passion at an

Opera," and "Bowl Era." Needless to say, after that the maestro always insisted on proof reading the column before it was printed.

In 1961 we received an offer to go to Corvallis, Oregon. We accepted and have been in Corvallis ever since. Corvallis has quite a large music program, and Ken has taught at all levels--elementary, junior high, high school--and he had a varsity band at Oregon State University for three years. Ken is well liked by his students and peers, and he is very happy in Corvallis.

I am reminded of the story of a conductor who was rehearsing his band for an important concert. He was interrupted a number of times by late comers. Finally he rapped on his music stand and brought his group to attention.

"I just want you ladies and gentlemen to realize that there has been a lot of tardiness. I don't think I'm asking too much to expect you here on time. Look at Mr. Martin over there. He has been here ten minutes early for every rehearsal. It has been gratifying to see that he can be so conscientious."

"I thought it was the least I could do," commented Mr. Martin, "since I won't be able to attend the concert."

It was a big day for Crescent Valley High School in November 1977. They were to play Corvallis High School for the district championship in football. Ken came home at noon. While he fixed lunch, I asked him what sort of day he had been having.

"Well," he said, "I have some good news and some bad news for you. The good news is, the rally girls were selling mums for the game tonight and I bought you one. The bad news is, on the way to my room, my little TMR friend came by, and I later decided she would appreciate the mum more than you would."

Ken went on to explain that he had gone to the girl's classroom and asked her teacher if it would be okay to give the girl the mum. It was, and the teacher sent the girl out into the hall, where Ken pinned the mum on her blouse. Her eyes became as large as saucers.

Ken said he was sorry he had given my mum away, but I thought it was a beautiful thing to do, and Ken never stood taller in my eyes than at that moment.

Incidentally, Crescent Valley defeated Corvallis High for the district championship!

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Rod was a sophomore when we came to Corvallis. He was determined to become a distance runner, and he succeeded. He was the first distance runner that had set records for Corvallis, in the two mile event. He eventually competed with himself to break these records. His greatest competition was a boy from South Salem High School, Bob Staehnke.

Rod has a very nice personality and he is easy to know. He is a good musician, and plays bassoon. Rod graduated from the University of Idaho, with a B.S. degree in Music Education. He later earned his Masters degree from the University of Idaho.

Rod did very well as a teacher in public schools in Idaho. His bands all got one ratings at the district music contests, and he was given the "Outstanding Teacher Award" at Moscow High School, Moscow, Idaho, in the spring of 1977. In the fall of 1977, Rod went to Purdue University where he conducted the wind ensemble. In 1978 Rod joined the music staff at Oregon State University, Corvallis, Oregon.

In July, 1980, Rod was accepted at Eastman College of Music in Rochester, New York. He will work on his doctorate in conducting and he will be a member of the music staff. The family moved to Rochester in August, 1980.

Rod is married to a lovely girl, the former Melinda Weeks. Melinda is an elementary music teacher. She taught elementary music for the Corvallis School District during the school year 1979-80. She is currently employed by a music store in Rochester, N.Y.

December 9, 1976, Rod and Melinda had a beautiful baby boy, Christopher Rodney. July 24, 1978, they presented us with a lovely granddaughter, Sara Johanna.

When Rod was about six, he came to me one day and said, "Mom, what could I be when I grow up?"

I said, "Rod, you can do lots of things. You might want to be a minister like Dr. McNeil."

Rod thought about this for awhile, and made the comment, "What would I do the rest of the week?"

Rod was in second grade, and small for his age. There was a boy who was bullying Rod. Rod came home one day and said that he had finally had it out with Jimmy.

Jimmy was so much larger than Rod that I asked him, "Didn't he whip you?"

Rod said, "Oh yes, but I felt I just had to stand up to him, so I did."

Rod always participated in anything he really wanted to, despite the fact he was small for his age, and he wore glasses. He broke his glasses nearly every week, or so it seemed.

Rod started band in a school where instrumental music was taught in fourth grade. He played oboe, and had been taking piano lessons. It came quite easily for him.

His band instructor said to him in class one day, "Rod, that was pretty good. Are you taking lessons?"

"No,", replied Rod.

The teacher asked Rod why he didn't ask his father for lessons.

Rod replied, "Don't you know the story about the shoemakers kids?"

When Ken went to Payette, he needed a bassoon player. He asked Rod to play in the band. Rod did, and he really likes the bassoon better than the oboe.

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Cary was always an easy going child. He has a ready smile and a pleasant personality. He had, and has, many friends. I taught him to cook when he was quite young, and he became the family cook. He later cooked for a sorority house on the OSU campus.

Cary made the front page of the Corvallis Gazette Times during junior high, because of one time trial he ran. As Cary came around the track he saw his jacket lying where he had left it, some distance from the finishing line. He stopped, picked up the jacket, and finished the race. His coach asked him why he had stopped to get the jacket.

Cary said, "Well coach, I saw it there, and I didn't want to have to go back for it after the run."

Cary came in third or fourth that run, but the coach figured he could have been first or second had he not stopped.

Cary is a good musician. He played oboe in junior high school and switched to the french horn in high school. He attended Oregon State University for two terms. He then went to the University of Oregon, where he played before a jury and was given junior standing on the french horn. Cary also plays guitar and drums, and he has tuned pianos as a sideline and part time job.

Cary has played drums with a Corvallis singing group. He has also played guitar and sung with a female partner. They appeared in local coffee shops and clubs. Cary has lived in Park City, Utah, where he worked on a ski lift during skiing season and sang evenings in a ski lodge.

Cary was a member of a trio in Lincoln City, Oregon for two years. He sang and played guitar, and the trio appeared at several clubs along the coast.

June 3, 1979, Cary was married to Katy Taylor of Lincoln City. Katy has a six year old son, Ian Benjamin, whom Cary has adopted. April 4, 1980, Matthew Johannes was born to Katy and Cary. We now have four grandchildren!

Cary, Katy and their sons moved to Sandpoint,

Idaho in July, 1980. They have bought a house, and Cary is singing locally, and working on their home.

Cary seemingly has to march to his own drum, but I think he will do well in whatever he chooses to do.

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Now, I must tell a rather serious story. Two months after the birth of Cary, I developed the strangest symptoms. I fell down several times for no apparent reason. I could not walk in a straight line, and my knees and finger joints became numb. I went to a number of doctors, and no one could find a thing wrong. I was reminded of the epitaph on a headstone in the cemetery, "I told you I didn't feel good," because I did not feel good and I knew something was wrong.

Finally, after a severe bladder infection, I was paralyzed from the waist down. I was placed in a hospital for the umteenth time over a period of fifteen months. My husband asked the physician in charge, "Just what is wrong with my wife? I'm getting tired of going from doctor to doctor and never getting an answer."

The doctor told Ken there was nothing wrong with me, and he suggested Ken take me to a psychiatrist

There followed a period of great anxiety. At that time people just did not go to psychiatrists as readily as they do now. Finally, one night, I asked God to send me the answer in a dream, telling me what I should do. When I awoke in the morning, there was nothing, no dream, no answer. After Ken and Rod left for school, and I had sent Cary out to play, I was sitting at the breakfast table wondering what to do next. The doorbell rang, and I answered it. It was Dr. McNeil, our Methodist minister.

I invited Dr. McNeil in, and told him how desperate I was and not getting an answer to my problem. Dr. McNeil said that he was the answer, because he had suddenly had a feeling he should come to see me. He felt strongly that I should go to a psychiatrist.

Of course the rest is simple. The psychiatrist realized that my mind was perfectly all right, and bein an M.D. himself, he performed a few reflex tests. After the session, he called Ken into his office and told him that I needed to see a neurosurgeon. He sent me to Dr. Robert Anthony Kuhn. Dr. Kuhn put me in the hospital in Boise, Idaho and performed tests. He then sent me to an internist. Dr. Kuhn suspected what was wrong with me, but he felt an internist should see me and make the final diagnosis. The internist told me that I had multiple sclerosis. My first reaction was one of great relief. At last I knew what was wrong.

After my initial feeling of almost vindication that something was wrong, I listened with a numbness as the doctor went on to explain about MS. It is a disease that attacks any part of the brain, spinal cord and nerves with spots of degeneration. It is likened to an electrical system, which ever part of the spinal cord shorts out determines which part of the body is affected. Speech, voice, hands, feet, eyesight, any or all areas can be affected. The symptoms can be sudden and most severe, or they can progress slowly over a period of years. The doctor explained that I could expect to live ten to fifteen years.

The trip home was a nightmare. My thoughts were, "Why me, God?" and I repeatedly asked Ken the same question. Of course, there was nothing Ken could say. Just before we reached home I made a supreme effort to pull myself together. I was determined to be cheerful before I saw the children.

Ken asked if I thought I would be alright for a few hours as he had things he had to look after. I said that of course I would be alright. Regardless of how badly either of us felt, life had to go on.

My religion was, and is, very important to me. My frequent talks with Dr. McNeil were invaluable. I had tendencies towards depression and feelings of defeat, and Dr. NcNeil helped me a great deal. He often shared humorous stories with me. I am reminded of one in particular.

The Rabbi and Catholic priest were visiting together. The Rabbi asked the priest, "What have you got to offer a young man going into your church?"

"He can go to Seminary and become a priest," replied the priest.

"And then what?" asked the Rabbi.

"He can become a monsignor."

"And then what?" asked the Rabbi once more.

"He can become a Cardinal," answered the prie

"And then what?"

The priest was greatly agitated by this time and he replied, "What do you want him to become, God himself?"

"Well," answered the Rabbi smugly,"one of our boys made it!"

Through the years I have had many bladder infections, phlebitis, depressions, and I was declare legally blind in 1972. I went into a wheelchair within seven years of being diagnosed. I trained my family to cook, clean house, and shop so that they would be able to carry on quite well had I not survive until they were adults. It has been 27 years since I was diagnosed.

Foolish pride has kept me from saying so, but Ken has to wash, dress, and feed me today. If it were possible, I'm sure he would breath for me. I owe Ken so much.

My younger sister, Leona, also has MS. She is bedridden today. She has a pleasant personality, and her sense of humor has not dimmed.

The Neurologic Disease Epidemiologic Study being conducted by the University of California has begun a new and important study of the genetic and environmental factors which might be involved in triggering a susceptibility to MS.

Although MS does not appear to be a directly inherited disorder, there is some evidence that genetic factors may make a person more susceptible to it.

Sixty families with more than one first degree relative with MS were selected for the study. Those involved were asked to have a routine exam by the study neurologist and give a blood sample. A questionnaire was administered asking questions about health history and environmental exposures. A family tree will be constructed from the information.

There is no treatment involved in this study and all work is done at the expense of the study. I am participating in this study, as is my sister. It is our hope that something conclusive can be found about MS through this study.

I had two ways to go, either laugh or cry. As far as others are concerned, I have tried to laugh. I have had many ups and downs since I learned I had MS, days when I have the darkest depression. These days are far outnumbered by the good days, however, and I sincerely try to remember the old adage, "Into each life some rain must fall."

Incidentally, I am reminded of a story! Noah was a good man....

THE END