



Ralph Green shares memories from a 90-year life

'Stick with a job,' advises 90-year-old

By VANCE ORCHARD
Of the Union-Bulletin

Ralph C. Green, 90, who held his first job at 10 as waterboy when a long section of the Illinois-Central Railroad was laid in Iowa, feels a person should "stick with a job."

That's the big part of his advice to persons who are launching careers. "Get yourself a job you like and then stick with it."

"But, I don't mean ranching; they don't need much help anymore on a ranch with so much machinery."

Green, who has made his home for the past 33 years at the Odd Fellows Home, 534 Boyer Ave., knows what he's talking about. He put in most of a long life of hard work on several ranches of eastern Washington.

A couple were his own; the last being what he called "a stump ranch," north of Spokane.

It was near Chattaroy, Wash., to which Green had come at age 15. His parents in 1905 traded their Iowa farm for 160 acres of bull pine trees.

"My father must have sold 1,000 to 2,000 cords of wood off the place," he recalls.

His job — and one which he terms the hardest he held — was loading and hauling two wagon loads of cordwood each day to the nearest railroad siding. The wood was sold to a Spokane firm and eventually to homeowners for heating fuel.

"You couldn't get coal," Green recalls.

Green was born in Calhoun County, Iowa, the son of Robert and Addie May Green.

Formal schooling for Green ended with the sixth grade.

"Father had a corn field that needed planting, so he yanked me out and put me to work. Once I was behind that plow, school was finished; all I wanted to know about was those horses."

Even at 10, he was working with a horse, doing that first job for the railroad.

"In 1900 I carried water for the railroad crew building a section from Fort Dodge to Council Bluffs. I had a horse and buggy with a beer keg tied on the back filled with water."

"When the water got warm, I went back to town for more water."

our senior citizens

Shortly after arriving here, Green decided to try his luck at working away from home, so he took a job in a sawmill at Elk, Wash., a few miles north of Chattaroy. The mill ceased operations after about 10 days, so the 16-year old was out of a job.

After another job at Elk failed to work out, he "came back home to work for my father, hauling cordwood."

It wasn't long before the urge to move hit him and in 1907 Green headed south to California, where he worked on ranches and in the oilfields.

When World War I came along, Green was in the Army, a member of the 346th Field Artillery. He was 11 months in France, "but never got a scratch."

Green's outfit was moving to the front when they got word the Armistice had been declared.

Green married in 1924. His wife, Kate Cummins, had been a school teacher in the Salmon River, Idaho, region. From 1927 to 1934 they lived in Clarkston, where Green operated a small dairy.

"I used to come to Walla Walla to buy hay; you couldn't find any around Clarkston. I paid \$7 a ton for it. I'd come to town, buy a Union-Bulletin and look at the want ads for hay; then go to the farmer and get a ton on my pickup and rented trailer."

His wife suffered from emphysema ("that's why we went to the warmer climate of Clarkston"), but the couple returned to their Chattaroy ranch, where Mrs. Green was to die in 1938.

Green remarried in 1940 to Ellen Erickson, a widow who had four children.

Of the children, only one lives, a daughter, Addie May Harrah, who lived in College Place until her husband, Allen, accepted a position in Retsil, Wash.

"I never found anything about the coast that I liked, so I decided to come back here," Green says.

Home for Green is a studio apartment in the new Odd Fellows Home.

Several reproductions of Charles Russell paintings grace the walls.

His liking of Russell's work doesn't result from a similarity between his experiences and the content of Russell's paintings.

"I never saw the Old West of Russell; it was all fenced up by the time I got out here. And the only riding I ever did was riding a fence line to keep it repaired. You could wear out three saddle horses a year just riding fence lines."

"But, I like the Russell paintings because they are absolutely correct in every detail; there isn't a string on a saddle out of place."

Green, although 90, remains highly alert and responsive to world affairs.

Commentary by him on events and personalities of the past was sparked immediately when he first noted the reporter's tape recorder.

"What are you doing," he asked, "running a 'Nixon' on me?"

What did he think of Nixon and the Watergate scandal?

"Why that old —," he exclaimed. "He should have been taken out and hanged. It was so childish and such a simple-minded thing to think he could cover up something like that!"

A long lineup of presidents watched by Green started when he voted for Woodrow Wilson in 1912, the first he voted for.

While he was unable to vote for him, Theodore Roosevelt was the favorite of Green.

"I was sure wishing for Teddy Roosevelt when this mess started in Iran," Green said. "He'd a gotten those folks out of there. He'd a sent in a bunch of Marines and cleaned out that thing in five minutes."

That is why Green favored Roosevelt. "He got things done."

How about the second Roosevelt, Franklin Delano?

"He was a wonderful man," Green replied. "He took over this country by the bootstraps and brought it out of the Depression. Things began to move under FDR."

What about today's president and his handling of the Iran situation?

"Carter? Huh, he doesn't know whether he's afoot or horseback; I really don't believe he does."

Skepticism, tax codes erode tradition of charity

By Cy Brickfield

Charity may or may not begin at home, but that is certainly where most of the solicitations constantly come in the form of letters, telephone calls and personal visits.

While this plethora of pleas may occasionally seem somewhat overwhelming, most people still tend to respond to charity appeals generously, but often with a great deal of puzzlement stemming from the general lack of available information about the individual charities seeking contributions. The result of this is turning out to be charity's loss.

"There has been a persistent decline in the propensity of Americans to make charitable gifts," notes Waldemar A. Nielsen in The Endangered Sector. Much of the blame for this, he feels, can be attributed to the stan-

dard income tax deduction for charitable contributions because "the full deduction is available to nonitemizers whether or not they have given anything to charity."

Nielsen, who has been studying and writing about the non-profit service sector for years, has a valid point. There is, however, no escaping the possibility that much of their reluctance to give is directly traceable to the contributor's confusion. People have heard, for instance, that there are charities where most of the funds raised go to pay professional fund-raisers, and others where those funds are quite rightly used for the worthy cause for which they are intended, but most people can't tell the difference without a scorecard.

Fortunately, scorecards are now available from the Philanthropic Advisory Division of

prime time

the Council of Better Business Bureaus (1150 17th Street NW, Washington, DC 20036) and the National Information Bureau (419 Park Avenue South, New York City 10016). Both will provide up to three individual reports on various charities free. PAD requests a stamped, self-addressed envelope be submitted with your inquiry, while NIB prefers that you use postcards.

Beyond these relatively simple practicalities, there is increasing public concern about where organized charity — and the entire non-profit service sector it epitomizes — goes from here. Does it have a foreseeable

future? Or is it being co-opted out of existence by government social service programs?

"While I applaud the intentions of the annual do-good campaigns... to solicit contributions for the poor, the sick, the aged and the infirm," comments Carl Bakal in Charity U.S.A., "what repels me about these campaigns is that they perpetuate the notion that any members of our society should have to depend on anything so chancy as charity for the necessities of life."

Essentially an inside look at the big business aspects of charitable fund-raising, Bakal's book is detailed, well-documented and profoundly disturbing to one who believes in voluntarism and the sense of community that evolves out of caring for one's own whenever feasible. Although he clearly prefers to see government assuming the roles

now played by charitable organizations, Bakal recognizes that they will be with us for quite a while, but urges that their function be redefined.

Philanthropy, as he sees it, should "perform the services which, while an acknowledged responsibility of government, are as yet being done imperfectly by government... (and) play an educational role and, where necessary, arouse public support to catalyze government to assume responsibility for services and research activities it should undertake."

Cyril F. "Cy" Brickfield is the executive director of the American Association of Retired Persons and National Retired Teachers Association in Washington, D.C.

Basque's life is calm compared to his years in war

WARDEN, Wash. (AP) — After hectic times as a Basque operative in the French Resistance during World War II, Miguel Etulain says he's satisfied with life as a feedlot manager and farmer.

Etulain cherishes a personal letter of commendation from Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, Allied commander, and an article about his World War II adventures which appeared in a national magazine's overseas edition.

He still shows traces of bitterness over the policies imposed in Spain during his boyhood years by the late

Generalissimo Francisco Franco, who banned the teaching of the Basque language in school, the showing of the Basque flag and almost any gathering of Basques.

"During the Franco reign, police were brutal," Etulain recalls. "You couldn't have more than four people talking on the street."

He said his family had fled from violence that erupted between Basque nationalists and Franco's Falange, moving to the more liberal French part of the Pyrenees Mountains which his people inhabit.

"I was involved with the French Resistance when I was 12 years old in 1942," he said. "I would guide pilots through our area. I picked them up in St. Jean de Luz and took them to Urrugne."

Etulain's efforts enabled more than 50 Allied pilots whose planes had gone down in Nazi-occupied France to escape to Spain.

"What I did a lot was carry letters and documents through the line on bicycle to a farm in Urrugne," he said. "Then a guide would cross the border."

Such activity came naturally to a people accustomed to wide-spread smuggling, he said.

Before the war, he recalled, "they would smuggle anything — livestock, coffee, shoes, anything."

His small band during the war, code-named "Comet" by U.S. forces, was the subject of an article, "Comet, the Heroic Life Line," which appeared in the European edition of Reader's Digest in 1969.

By then he had spent 17 years in the United States, where he moved to join some uncles who were working the

Columbia Basin. Today he manages a feedlot outside Warden and owns a 65-acre farm, where he lives with his wife Prudy, also a Basque, and their three children.

"This is the land of opportunity here," he says. "We have kids and they're growing up."

"We like our country, but we like it here, too."

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