

## I Remember When...

*By Capt. Ed Baker (ret.)*

*This is a continuation of how it was for retired Captain Ed Baker.*



One of the duties I had when I was in Spokane (1937-40) was to go to Cheney on some Monday mornings and take Frankie Martin, Governor Clarence Martin's son, to Pullman so he could go to school (at then Washington State College).

One time, when we got to his frat house, the phone rang too many times, so they brought out the paddle for the plebes. The young fellow who was handling it asked me if I would trade swats with him.

I agreed and suggested he go first, which he did. I leaned over the davenport and he gave me a good swat. I thought I would teach him a good lesson not to monkey around with a patrolman.

I had pretty strong wrists in those days, and I gave him such a good whack that I knocked him clear over the back of the davenport. I asked if he would like to try again, but he declined.

Another time, when I took Frankie to Pullman, I stopped at a local restaurant to get a cup of coffee before I returned to Spokane. I was the only person in the restaurant at the time.

A couple of seedy looking fellows came in and sat down right next to me. One of them was carrying a brown paper sack. They wanted to know where I was from. I told them Spokane, and they asked me not to leave until they did, and gave me a description of the car they were driving.

They told me they had spent the last six months in the back woods of Oregon and were going home. Then the fellow with the brown paper bag said, "Here, hold this until we get ready to go."

Inside was a warm heavy object about eight inches across. It was gold they had mined during the summer.