

# ***WATCHMAN'S TEACHING LETTER***

Monthly Letter #207 July, 2015; Teacher Clifton A. Emahiser  
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## **TO THOSE WHOM THE COVENANT BELONGS**

### **A NON-UNIVERSAL CULTURE AWARENESS INSTRUCTIONAL PUBLICATION**

#### **A MONTHLY TEACHING LETTER**

This is my two hundred and seventh monthly teaching letter and continues my eighteenth year of publication. In the last lesson, WTL #206, I explained how I contracted scarlet fever, and when I went to sickbay they couldn't diagnose it. I will repeat here what I said in WTL #205: By this time I was becoming quite desperate, and decided to return to sickbay a fourth time. I began to realize that I was running a much higher temperature than they were getting at sickbay, as walking a third of a mile in zero degree weather was dropping my body temperature. This time, while walking to sickbay, I made up my mind I was going to watch every move they made, to see if I could get some attention. After entering sickbay once more, I had to get into that same line leading to some male medical assistants, where they would check some of the basic bodily functions. This time I noticed they were giving some of the men going through the line a slip of paper, and those men would in turn then go to another line and would be seen by a fullfledged doctor; so after I was given another light duty bunk exemption, I went over to the doctor's line, and I had to stand in that line quite some time. I was the last one in line, so when I finally got to a doctor, I told him, 'I don't have a slip to see you, but I am sick!' Right away he asked me to expose my stomach, and he replied, "You have scarlet fever! Go over here in this side room where there is a couch, and you may lie down and rest until the ambulance arrives to take you to the main hospital"! I didn't realize it at the time, but I would spend seven weeks at that hospital, and it would become yet another major turning point in my life.

What I omitted to tell my readers is why my stay at the Naval hospital turned out to be seven weeks, which I will now proceed to tell:

Since I was sick with the scarlet fever for several days in my barracks, and then treated for three weeks at the Great Lakes Naval hospital, plus another four weeks due to a relapse, my suffering from catching scarlet fever would total about eight weeks in all in order to return to my company fully cured.

After completing the normal three weeks in the hospital, it appeared that the scarlet fever had fully run its course. And I was quite excited to get out of the hospital by then. So I decided to go into the shower room and have a nice warm shower. However, I began to feel faint, and felt like I might fall on my face. I cut the shower short and returned to my hospital bed, and also reported to the nurse what had happened in the shower room. After checking my vital signs, here came the nurse with a syringe nearly full of penicillin. Penicillin was new at the time, and not yet given to the civilian population. It must have cost the Navy a fortune for the one hundred shots they injected into me. My back side was becoming somewhat of a pin cushion. I was counting the

shots, and I decided when they came to one hundred and one, I was going to refuse it. They did finally come to the hundredth shot, but surprisingly stopped at that point. After a period of time they seemed to begin to have some concern about my case, and moved me from the ward area into a semiprivate room. I didn't have very much pain, and I was resting and eating well. Then one night, in the middle of the night, I got a cramp with excruciating pain to the point that I could only scream at the top of my voice. They put out an emergency call for a doctor. Finally, after he arrived in about a half of an hour, my pain was declining, and I apologized to the doctor for making such a scene. I don't remember whether or not he gave me any medication, but I relaxed and went to sleep. A few days later, there was an abscess forming about the size of a chicken egg under my right arm pit, and it became more and more pronounced. The doctor then scheduled me for an operation to drain the abscess. A couple of days later they came and got me, and took me to an operating room. They gave me some anesthetic, and told me to count to fifteen. I remember counting to seven, and that was all I could remember until the anesthetic started to wear off. I woke up with a large draining tube in my arm, and they left it there for about five days. They finally removed the draining tube and closed up the hole that it left. By this time my weight was down to about one hundred and thirty pounds, where I normally weighed about 150 to 155 pounds.

By this time, I couldn't return to my old company, so they assigned me to a new boot company. Because of this extended time in the hospital, I missed out on some of my basic training, gunnery in particular, and there were a lot of guns on those war ships. Maybe they thought a signal-man wouldn't need gunnery training, as signaling would become my battle station. Anyway, haphazardly, I finished up my basic boot training. At the end of the basic training, every trainee was given a two-week leave to go home. So, I went home, with my Navy clothing nearly slipping off of my body at 130 pounds. I really needed that two weeks of leave to rest up, and gain back some of the weight I had lost.

After my two weeks of leave ended, and I had gained some of my strength back, I returned to the Great Lakes Naval Training Center, to take special training to be a signal-man. I was scheduled to have been trained to be a radio signal-man, but they changed my occupational designation from radio signal-man to semaphore and flashing light signal-man. What I had practiced before entering the Navy was the International Morse code, which I wanted in order to become a short-wave ham radio operator, so I was quite disappointed with the Navy's change of venue. The big difference between these types of signaling are with the radio signaling, one can listen to the audio code being sent, and write it down without taking his eyes off of the paper he is writing the message on, whereas with the semaphore and flashing light signal-man, one must concentrate on the visual signal being sent, and blindly write the message on a pad, hoping somehow it would be readable. If, however, one has a good peripheral vision, one might be able to read the incoming signal with his side vision, while simultaneously, with one's direct vision writing down on a pad the message being sent. Not only that, with semaphore, the message being received is opposite to the message being sent.

Be this as it may, the course of WW II was about to change. I had been in the Navy hospital most of January and February of 1945, and was given a two week leave after that. I had only been in signal school a few short weeks, when V-E Day took place May 8, 1945, and the need for Navy specialists was drastically reduced, and I was one of those to be reassigned to regular duty. Because the fortunes of war had changed so drastically, the Navy seemed to be at a loss as to where they would reassign us, as there was a question of how long the war with Japan would last. Some estimates were as high as eight to ten years, and I had signed up for the duration! Those of us who were reassigned to regular duty were still at Great Lakes when V-J Day came along August 15, 1945, the day that Japan surrendered. With WW II over, this again caused the armed forces to reevaluate whom to send where and when.

The details above fill in the blank spaces of my hospital experience at the Great Lakes Training Center which I neglected to explain before, plus my short-lived experience at the Great Lakes signal school, up until the war's end in 1945. I have already expounded upon the rest of my experiences in the Navy up until my discharge in July of 1946, when I found myself nineteen years old living with my father and mother, anticipating what I might do next.

After WW II, there were many difficulties getting back into civilian life. For instance, it was next to impossible to buy a new car. I remember signing a list of potential buyers at the local Chevrolet dealer, and I was informed it might be some time before a new car would become available. I checked the list from time to time, and it seemed that instead of getting higher on the list, I was getting lower. It was the same story at all of the automobile dealerships. I have realized since, that unless you were well connected, like the Masons, or a dozen other service clubs, one might have to pay a few hundred dollars under the table, then one might get a new car. Otherwise, the only alternative was to buy an overused, misused, prewar junker that would eat one up financially just to maintain. I considered buying a motorcycle, but I soon gave up on that idea. I finally had to settle on a junker, and it did indeed cost me a fortune to keep it mechanically reliable, besides body work and painting. In those days, after 40 to 50 thousand miles, the engine was ready for a complete overhaul. I would learn later, when I got married, the same situation existed in housing, and ended up buying a 25 foot mobile-home (which included the tongue of the trailer), and we lived in it for three years. At the trailer park, the only utilities we had were water and electricity, plus a field drain for the kitchen sink, and when we had to use the rest room there was a combined central toilet, shower and laundry room, so it required a lot of coordination by everyone. (I'm getting ahead of my story.)

With my experiences in the Navy, I could pursue the trade of barbering or learn better the art of working with sheet metal. At first, I just wanted to take a vacation from what I had been through, and just take it easy for a while. The state did allow someone coming out of the service to collect unemployment compensation temporarily, so I took advantage of that. For a while, I resisted the idea of becoming a barber in civilian life because of how the cut particles of hair would collect in my clothing, irritating me until I could take a shower as soon as possible after the day's work came to an end. Also, in

my immediate area the sheet-metal trade was mostly a family business, and if one was not part of the family, the chances of getting into the trade were slim to nil.

When in the navy, two of my assigned duties were as barber in a 12-chair shop on the island of Manicani (a ship repair base) in the Philippines, and later as the lone barber aboard the tanker Monongahela (which fueled other ships at Manila and Subic bays after VJ Day). After being discharged and working at various jobs I didn't much care for, I entered barber school in February of 1947. Neither Ohio, nor any of the states recognized any barber experience one might have had in the armed forces. I figured that anything was better than working in a ketchup factory, so I signed up at Andrew's Barber College, under the G.I. Bill, and I was supposed to receive a small sum each month for living expenses. I found out that the Veteran's Administration was about five months behind on their paper work, so I had to find parttime work in Toledo to cover my everyday expenses.

I found a part-time job at the Franklin Ice Cream company that had several stores throughout the city. I didn't know from one week to another which store I would be working in next. Even with that insignificant income, I had to find low rent housing. I did find a large house divided into several bedroom and bathroom accommodations, with a small table and a couple of chairs that I could afford. After moving in, when getting up in the morning and turning on the faucet in the bathroom sink, I was startled when some cockroaches started to come up through the drain pipe. I don't remember just what I did, but I think I may have turned on the hot water full blast and flushed them back down the drain pipe. This seemed to keep them away for a few days, but every once in a while they would return, and I would repeat the hot water blast back down the drain. I made up my mind to find other housing as soon as possible! Before I did so, one weekend I was running quite low on money, and I had less than two dollars. Andrew's Barber College was directly across Summit street from a meat cutting school, so I went over there and purchased a small hunk of bologna; a small loaf of sliced bread; and a small jar of mustard, and that was all I had to eat for two or three days. At barber school, I started to inquire from the other students where they were housed, and how long it would be until they would be returning to their home town, and if I could possibly rent that accommodation when they left. I then asked one of the barber students who happened to be from Fostoria, Ohio like myself, and he was leaving in a couple of weeks. He then gave me the address, and the name of the woman, Mrs. Wicks, to whom I would speak. As it turned out, she was quite an old lady, and she subsidized her pension by boarding students from the Barber College. Actually, she had enough room to board two students at a time, and she had room for me and another student, if I could find one. I found another barber student by the name of Thomas Mock from Kenton, Ohio who needed a room, and we moved in with Mrs. Wicks right away. After two weeks, when Mrs. Wicks decided she could trust us, she gave us kitchen privileges, but she was quite strict that once the meal was finished, no one would rest until all the dishes and pans were washed, dried, and put away. Actually, Mrs. Wicks was quite happy with me, as she had no automobile, and I could take her to the grocery store on my off hours, and run some of her other errands.

Finally, after five months at the Andrew's Barber College, I got a belated sizable check from the Veteran's Administration to help cover my cost of living, which was part of the G.I. Bill. That belated check called for a belated shopping trip, for I was badly in need of some new clothing. I finished my six months course in August of 1947 at the Barber College, and I returned back home to my parents in Fostoria. The next step was to go before the Ohio State Barber Board, to take tests for barbering expertise, plus an oral and written examination. And if I passed these tests, I would receive my State of Ohio Apprentice Barber License, for which I was required to work under master barbers for at least eighteen months, whereupon, I could take another test for a master's license. After a few days, I received my apprentice barber's license.

I got my first substantial barbering job in Tiffin, Ohio, in September of that same year, and met a very beautiful young lady in December by the name of Trillis (Tillie) Almina Moehlman and married her on August 29, 1948. And if there was ever a marriage arranged by the Almighty, this was one. Tillie, like Edith Kindig, started to smooth out some of my less-than-refined mannerisms.

Tillie had a very fine Christian grandmother, and she wanted to be just like her, so we were converted and started attending my family's Evangelical Church. Little did I know then that about 25 years later I would be given the Israel Identity Message, and when I came home one evening, I would have the privilege of telling her we were Israelites, and she never gave me any argument in return. But I'm getting ahead of my story.

Just how I was introduced to Tillie is an intricate story in itself. It all started in the month of November of 1947. One Saturday evening, after I had finished a long day's work at Brimner and Borer's barbershop in Tiffin, Ohio (and in those days the barbers worked quite late, sometimes even up until one or two o'clock Sunday morning, in order for the customer to get as fresh a shave as possible to attend church services early Sunday morning). This particular Saturday evening I probably got off work a little earlier than usual, about 8 P.M. After getting paid for my week of work and driving back to Fostoria, it was probably close to 9 P.M. and it was pitch dark, and the Fall leaves were a foot or so deep in some places. After I had entered Fostoria a few blocks, I had to make a left-hand turn off south Poplar street onto east Center street where the leaves were so deep, I couldn't see where the curbs of the street were, and the street lighting was quite inadequate at that corner. As it turned out, I misjudged where the curb was and the back right wheel hit a steel drainage opening on the corner which was the same height as the curb. Needless to say, that simply ruined that tire. Because I had insufficient light, I could barely see well enough to open the trunk and unfasten the spare tire, get out the screw-style jack, and get my 1934 Hudson Terrplane coup jacked up high enough to change wheels. The spare tire wasn't all that good, so the only thing I could do was buy a new tire.

Well, in 1947, the price for a haircut was one dollar in Tiffin, Ohio, and I was working on commission at 70% of my sales. My pay for that particular week was about forty dollars. I knew that the Barns' Sunoco station was still open, and I knew Lester quite well. The cost of the new tire turned out to be about \$20 (more or less), including mounting, which took about half of my pay. The next day was Sunday, and I wasn't

much of a churchgoer, but with nothing else to do, and for no particular reason, I decided to go to my family's church just to pass the time. When I arrived there, the Sunday school superintendent was making a plea to get enough donations to buy a new piano, as the old one was beyond repair. After hearing his plea, I decided after the service was over, I would donate fifteen dollars towards that new piano. I thought (what the hell), I'm nearly broke anyway, I might as well be all the way broke. All I had left was about five or six dollars, just enough for gasoline to drive back and forth to Tiffin, and enough to eat a roll or two and coffee each morning for breakfast, and a hamburger and a milkshake for lunch each day. I don't remember any of the particulars during this following week, but I don't remember going hungry, or running out of gas, or blowing out another tire.

The following Sunday, I again found nothing else to do, so again I went to church just to pass the time. When I attended church, I usually found a folding chair and sat behind the last row of pews all by myself. This Sunday I did the same, and I was in a perfect position to get a view that would change the rest of my life. The service had already started, and I noticed with my right side vision the shadow of a party who was moving through the vestibule. Immediately three people entered the main auditorium walking down the right aisle. These three people were Johnny Crabtree, a lady with blond hair, followed by Marie Crabtree. Johnny was looking for some empty seats, but all he could find for three people were in the center of the pews. Johnny finally found a pew with space for three people. So Johnny turned around and beckoned for the lady with blond hair, and his wife Marie, to shuffle their way into that empty space. As the lady with blond hair had to turn sideways, I got a good view of her face and the shape of her body, and her beautiful appearance took away my breath, for she was the very image of my dreams. I didn't pray in those days, but I silently talked to myself saying, "Clifton, you will never in this world find a lady that beautiful!" And I really believed I never would. When the service was over, I didn't stick around to try to meet her. There was a side stairway leading down to ground level, and I was to my car before anyone else left the church, so I didn't give the lady with blond hair a second thought. About ten days later, on a Wednesday (the barbershops in Tiffin were closed all day on Wednesdays), I was at home (where I was living with my parents) and Marie Crabtree was visiting my mother, when she came into the living room of my parent's rented apartment where I was, and Marie approached me and asked me "Did you notice the lady that was with us in church the Sunday before last?" And I answered Marie, "Yes". Marie again asked, "Would you like to meet her?" (At this point, I couldn't believe that Marie was asking such a question.) I didn't hesitate a nanosecond; I answered Marie, "Yes, I would!" Marie then offered to have a dinner where Tillie and I could meet. Marie and Tillie both worked at Sears in Fostoria, and it was getting close to the Christmas rush, and Marie had to work the dinner in on a Sunday, when Sears was closed. Checking my electronic calendar for Dec. 1947, I believe the dinner was scheduled for Sunday, the 14th. My dating life had started, and my whole life was being changed for the better.

Finally, Saturday Dec. 13, 1947 rolled around, and when I got back to Fostoria, after working in the barbershop all day, I decided to call the Crabtrees to see if the

dinner was still on. Johnny answered the phone and assured me it was still on the docket. However, he said that I could come over to his apartment that evening and meet Tillie, as Marie and Tillie would be getting off of work around 9:30 P.M. So I drove over to Johnny's apartment and waited for Marie and Tillie. After that weekend, it was a date four to six times a week, or whenever we could get our two schedules to agree. I wanted ever-so-much for Tillie to marry me, but I was afraid she might say "no" but I finally got up the courage to ask Tillie to marry me and to my surprise, she said "yes". We set the date for the wedding to take place on August 29, 1948, when we took our vows.

Tillie's father had died when she was about three years old, and her mother was left a widow to raise six children, and also had the responsibility for the keep of Tillie's aged grandmother during the great depression of 1929 to about 1940, when the United States was gearing up for WW II. Actually, Tillie was born in 1929. This meant that Tillie's mother couldn't afford to give her an elaborate wedding, so Tillie was picking up all of the expense for her marriage to me. It just so happened that one of my customers at Brimmer and Borer's barbershop in Tiffin, Ohio offered to do the wedding photography free of charge, just to get the experience for doing so, as he planned to make photography his occupation. Our wedding would not be a very fancy one, but it turned out to be a very respectful wedding, with little lacking. One thing Tillie wanted, and she picked up the bill for doing so, was to have her picture taken by a professional photographer in order to use it in the local newspaper to announce our upcoming wedding. For this picture, Tillie purchased a new Revised Standard Version Bible, with a zipper to accompany the wedding gown she would be married in. Evidently, Tillie wanted to send a signal to everyone that her marriage to me was going to be a Christian marriage, although neither Tillie nor I fully understood just what being a Christian entailed. But we would learn the significance of being a Christian later in our marriage when we finally understood the message of Christian Israel Identity.

This new Revised Standard Version zipper Bible that Tillie purchased had a very excellent rendering of 1st Peter 2:9.

**"But you are a chosen race, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, God's own people, that you may declare the wonderful deeds of him who called you out of darkness into his marvelous light."**

After Tillie died of cancer September 16, 1993, I was sorting through some of her specially treasured belongings. Among these items was a very small piece of paper with this passage at 1st Peter 2:9 typed on it, exactly as above. Evidently, the church that Tillie was attending Sunday School at was getting ready to have a special Sunday School program by the children for the adults, so they could observe some of the things the Sunday School children were learning. Further, it is evident that someone had typed out several Bible verses on a letter size sheet of paper, and then cut out each verse with a pair of scissors, and gave a verse to each Sunday School student to memorize so they could recite that Bible verse at the special Sunday School program for the adults to enjoy.

Knowing these two incidents happened in Tillie's life, it is hard for me to believe they were simply happenstance (happening due to chance), or merely a coincidence.

After Tillie died, and upon finding this verse which she had memorized, I wasn't sure which Bible translation rendered the Greek *genos* as "race" rather than "generation"! I searched through several Bible translations to find one that rendered *genos* as "race", and it was difficult to find one. I did have *The Oxford Annotated Bible, Revised Standard Version*, that has the same rendering as above. Anyway, when I was sure that *genos* should be rendered as "race", I had 1st Peter 2:9 engraved on our grave stone with the "race" rendering. Actually, it was some years later that I decided to check Tillie's new Revised Standard Version zipper Bible that she had purchased to carry in her left hand when having her picture taken for her announcement in the newspaper of our wedding.

I have given these two incidents much thought over recent years, and I have come to the conclusion that the Almighty Yahweh brought Tillie to me, and virtually placed her in my lap. Although it was after the fact, I now realize we had something in common that led both of us to the Christian Identity Message. It didn't happen all at once, but took many years to develop. I really believe, had I never met Tillie, I would have never found Israel Identity. The odd thing about this situation is, Israel Identity found me, and I in turn had to explain it to Tillie, and she gave no resistance to my explanation. I also have to ask the question in my mind: "If Tillie had never met me, would she have ever found Israel Identity on her own prerogative?" Without each other, it is doubtful whether either one of us would have discovered the Israel Identity Message on our own!

Anyway, Tillie and I settled down, living in a house-trailer at the S&S Trailer Park on south Washington street, at the southern edge of Tiffin. In the meantime, Tillie got a job at a clothing store in Tiffin, and that helped out considerably with our finances, helping to make the payments on our house-trailer and other expenses. Along the line, I received a WW II serviceman's bonus of something like \$300, and that helped out even more. All of this was necessary, as working on the third chair in the barbershop didn't pay all that much money. Usually, when a customer entered the barbershop, he would automatically get into the first barber's chair, but if the first barber was busy, he would impulsively get into the chair of the second barber. Being I was working the third barber chair, I only got the overflow of customers during busy periods, which didn't happen very often. During some slow days, I might get as few as 4 or 5 customers. In addition to this, some of the incoming customers would wait until their favorite barber could take them, sometimes waiting an hour or two. This is something I had to put up with, as I knew with my Navy barbering experience behind me that I was turning out haircuts just as good as the other two barbers, but the customers were not aware of that.

After a few months working there, Urban Borer, who worked the second chair, had a serious heart attack and couldn't return to work for about six months, or maybe a little longer, and suddenly I found myself quite busy. I really didn't relish gaining by another man's loss, but this opened the window of opportunity for me to demonstrate to the mistrusting customers that I could turn out high quality work on par with the other two barbers. As long as Urban Borer was gone, his second chair sat there empty, and I continued to use the third chair. Also, while Urban Borer was gone, Dick Brimmer's nature changed in a way that irritated me to no end. Brimmer had a few favorite stories



he liked to tell his customers, and most of them were on the pornographic side. When we opened the barbershop in the morning, Brimner would tell one of these stories to his very first customer. But it didn't stop there, for as the day progressed, he would repeat that same story word for word to every single customer that got in his chair all day long. It even got to the place where I dreaded to go to work, as I would wonder with anguish which one of his stories was I going to hear repeated twenty to thirty times that day! The customers seemed to enjoy his stories, but they only had to hear them once. Looking back at this, I can only compare this with Ivan Pavlov's experiments in torturing dogs. Pavlov managed to drive his dogs senseless, and that is what Dick Brimner was doing to me! After several weeks of this, I got sick enough that my wife had to call the ambulance to take me to the hospital. After a round of tests, my doctor diagnosed my trouble as a bowel obstruction. The doctor didn't tell me the cause, but later upon researching this sort of thing, I came to the conclusion that my nervous system caused a muscle in the bowel area to contract to the point of pinching off the flow of the bodily waste. I did go back to work, but I knew I had to get away from Dick Brimner. Urban Borer also got well enough to return to his second chair part time, and then eventually full time. While Urban Borer was absent from the shop, many of the regular customers left and went elsewhere, as Brimner and I simply couldn't take all of them during the rush periods. That meant what was being handled by two barbers, now had to be divided by three.

By this time, I knew I had to find something to do on the side to subsidize my income. When I first started working for Brimner and Borer, I started to take a course in radio and television from the National Radio Institute in Washington, D.C., but at the rate I was going, it might take two or three years to finish. However, an opportunity did come along that I didn't expect. In the trailer court where Tillie and I were living, a man and his wife in a house-trailer kitty-corner from us were getting ready to move to some distant location, and he had been selling Knapp shoes as a sideline, and he offered the job to me if I would take it over. I decided to take over his business, and I would use the Wednesday (my day off at the barbershop) of each week, and a few evenings, to sell these Knapp shoes. I will never forget the first Wednesday when I started to solicit various segments of the public to make some sales. I stopped by the post office in Tiffin, and found out when and where I could display the case full of right footed shoes, and place my Knapp shoe catalog out for anyone who was interested to leaf through it. I did this, and as the various postmen came in after completing their route, I didn't so much give them a sales pitch, but just stood back and let them look over the shoes for sale at their leisure. The first thing I knew was I was writing up orders one after another, as fast as I could write. There was one postman in Tiffin that liked his Knapp shoes so well that every time I would meet him, he had the name and address of a person who was also interested in buying a pair. This part time business was doing so well, I decided to expand it to Fostoria, Findlay, and Fremont (for they all had post offices too), and all the little towns in between. Of course, I didn't overlook stopping at barbershops, as there were days when they spent 10 to 12 hours on their feet.

In order to save my sanity, it was imperative that I get away from Dick Brimner, so I decided to sell Knapp shoes full time. By this time, I had two lines of shoes, and

several other clothing items, even made to measure suits for men. And while I did quite well, it wasn't enough to cover our (my wife and I, that is) expenses.

In covering nearly six Ohio counties with my selling, I became quite familiar with much of the business and client activity. Aware of this, I knew of barbershops that needed to hire a barber. There was a fairly active barbershop in Findlay, Ohio, where one of the barbers had died. I inquired at that shop and was hired. Meanwhile, I heard of a new barbershop that had opened in Bowling Green, Ohio, just across the street from the Bowling Green State University. In past years the barber business was quite active in the summer, then dropping off considerably as the weather cooled. By locating close to a college, it would bring a surge of business to offset the slowdown, so needless to say, I took a job at that Bowling Green shop, but I continued for quite a while selling shoes on my days off, and during the evening hours.

With my occupations of barbering and selling it has taught me how to communicate with people, and that is another faculty needed to spread the Christian Israel Identity Message!