

In The Mail-box:

Korea, Christmas, 1952.

Dear Folks and Barb:

Well, another Christmas has come and gone. Today was just another day only with a name. Our planes flew all day long. I saw a pilot almost get killed this afternoon. His nose wheel folded up as he was landing and at 120 m.p.h. it's not so good. The plane caught fire but they got him out. I don't know how badly he was hurt though.

You've been asking me what I wanted you to send me. I've decided. Inside is an outline of a little girl's foot. She's got long pigtailed and the cutest little smile you've ever seen. We call her Skoshi. That is shorty in Korean. At least that's about as close as you can get to it. She reminds me a lot of Barb when she was about 6 or 7. Skoshi works eight hours a day, seven days a week. She sleeps in a tent and they don't have any stoves in them. She's very fortunate compared to most of them. Someone gave her a red sweater for Christmas but she's wearing Korean shoes. Korean shoes are something you can't believe unless you see. They melt down old tires which are worn out and make what is nothing but a slipper out of the rubber. That is the shoe and it's good for nothing except to keep you from hurting your feet. This ground is mighty cold. I was out this afternoon for a couple hours waiting for a 100 mission plane to come in and I'd like to froze.

So, anyway, if you will send me a pair of shoes to fit this foot, I'll be happy. I want something that she'll grow out of before she'll wear out and make them a half size too large. That'll give her a little time. If you don't have anything heavy enough in girls, boys are fine. Even hightops, the styles aren't too important in Suwon.

Now, if Barb has any old clothes she never wears any more or are too small for her, or shoes worn out, gather them up and send them. Also ask Minna to put the following letter in the paper and see if there is anyone in town that has any clothes for these kids. Seventy-five per cent of the kids are orphans. They fought through this town three times.

Merry Christmas and love,
GENE.

Korea, Christmas, 1952.

Editor, The Pilot:

Dear Friends: At Christmas time your thoughts always turn to home, and although I've spent little time at home in the past few years, a few still remember me.

You've all read a lot about this little peninsula. Quite a few of the gang around here I went to school with have seen the mud, dirt and felt the cold. They can tell you what it's like if they will.

This little town has more orphans than you'd dream exist. 75 per cent of the kids around here are in that category. You see, the town has changed hands three times. That's pretty tough on little kids.

Anyway, a lot of you have children's clothing kicking around the house that are worn out, outgrown and out of style. If some-

Along Azalea Row

By Mrs. E. F. Rapraeger

AT ONE TIME or another almost all of us feel an urge to break away for a moment from the comforts and conveniences of our home and from the classroom, sawmill, kitchen, or whatever it may be with which we are daily associated. We want to go hunting, or fishing or we went to stand on a cliff and watch the ocean tear and pound at the rocky shores.

The winter storms are an attraction to people who like to see the ocean in a turbulent mood. The local coastline does not consist of sheltered bays and inlets but of unprotected outer coast which feels the full brunt of each battering breaker. The siege of sea against land and the battle of surf against shore is an endless war with only a brief truce during the summer quietude.

The power behind the waves is tremendous as they thunder upon

one would gather them up and send them to me, I'll deliver them to the orphanage and see to it that the kids understand that the people in Brookings are interested in kids that are cold and hungry.

With all the organizations in Brookings it really wouldn't be much work. I'm sure, the Boy Scouts would be happy to do most of the leg work and the organizations could arrange for the shipping costs.

I'll send you some pictures so you can see the looks on the faces of kids that don't know what it is to be warm, when they are given clothes to cover them.

Don't forget shoes, either. These little slippers made out of old automobile tires melted down and molded are awfully cold.

Send the things to:

LT. GENE GOULD
AO 2219809
HQ 8th Air Base Group
APO 970. c/o P.M.
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.
Thanking you
for the kids,
GENE.



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according to reports of U.S. Navy scientists. The measured rise shown by tidal gauge records has already totaled about half a foot since 1895 along the eastern seaboard. Our house is built on a cliff about 75 feet above the high tide mark. In about 7500 years from now the waves will be playing tag with the door knob and peeping through the keyhole if the present rising rate of the sea continues. When that happens there will be cause for worry.

Local News

Mr. and Mrs. Freeman McEuen of Beebe, Ark., came to the coast to spend the holidays with Mrs.

Brookings Harbor Pilot 3
THURSDAY, JANUARY 8, 1953

McEuen's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Gadberry. They all drove to the home of J. S. Gadberry, son and brother, at Kelso, Wash., for Christmas dinner.

Mrs. George Fisher of Walport, Oreg., was a holiday visitor of the Ira Browns. She and her husband were former residents here on Easy street.

Mrs. Maycock of the Nook Cafe celebrated her birthday on Monday, Jan. 5. She has entered a nation-wide crossword contest and is anxiously awaiting word that she is among the winners.

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- The Time to Start Saving Is Now. The place is here at the Oregon State Bank, a home-owned and home-operated bank. Complete banking facilities—friendly, courteous service—bank safety for your funds at the Oregon State Bank.
- Savings Deposits Made On or Before January 12, 1953 will draw interest at 2 per cent from January 1st. Three Year Term Deposits will bear interest at 2½ per cent payable at maturity.

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