

For What It's Worth

Last Sunday night after coming home, Ray Watkins, who had been with some army officers fishing, told everybody that he saw me fishing and did not have any luck while his party were having some pretty good luck on fishing. Well, what kind of luck could I have against that special kind of fishing such as egg bait? You see just before I arrived at my favorite riffle, Ray had hooked a big salmon (by mouth) and landed it. He promptly slit the salmon up for those fresh salmon eggs and had those army officers fishing with eggs and occasionally throwing some bunches of eggs in the riffle to attract the trout. Remember this, Ray was also fishing with bait too. To hope to hook a steelhead or trout on a fly in a hole, that was being fished by egg fishermen and the use of feed eggs, is a doomed project.

Prior to that night I had several good strikes and got one steelhead, but I never got a strike at all that night. I think Ray should have taken the officers down below Gold Ray dam where the water is roily and leave those clear waters above the Bybee Bridge to the fishermen who crave real fly fishing.

I have no objections to those officers fishing in the river, even if they use eggs but I CERTAINLY OBJECT to the fact that Ray is showing them the method of using feed eggs to catch trout. BECAUSE once they learn the method, mark my word, the river will be cluttered up with silted salmon and every hole systematically fished all because one man thought it is a smart trick to use feed eggs.

Well, that's off my mind. The other day I am in receipt of a letter from Stanley Jones who is in the army down in California who said something that all of you should listen to: "I hope the folks in Central Point will give the soldiers at Camp White cordial treatment because they are in a tough spot by reason of being hundreds of miles away from their homes."

I hope the folks down south will treat Stanley good and we hope to do the same here for who knows, one of those boys here may be from the place where Stanley is.

Ponder that over. Lots of our local boys are all over the coast at different camps and are probably being treated decently by the people there and we all should do the same. Of course we will for have not we got a club started and probably will do much to please the strangers at Camp White.

Local Shooters Made High Scores Sunday

Trapshooters from Tule Lake, Klamath Falls, Los Angeles, Grants Pass, and Rogue River and officers and enlisted men from Camp White shot at 2200 targets at the Medford Gun club practice shoot at the Snowy Butte Corners grounds last Sunday. One of the largest crowds of shooting enthusiasts of the season attended the shoot.

Outstanding scores were, 99 out of 100 by Jantzer, giving him a continuous score of 199 out of the last 200 targets shot at. J. J. Steiger of Klamath Falls and West of Tule Lake each had 98 out of a possible 100. Mendenhall, runner-up overall champion of the Pacific Coast championship shoot at Salem two weeks ago, turned in a 50 straight, while Jim Ross led the Central Point shooters with 49x50. Adams was high overall in the handicap with 47x50 with Jim Ross second with 46x50.

At the skeet traps Brown was high gun with a 49x50 and a 25 straight. The miss and out was won by Jantzer with Jim Ross and Clarence Eads dividing second money.

U. S. O. NEWS

U S O S.O.S.'s bring big response, whether it's call for inexpensive living quarters for soldiers' wives, recreation facilities for colored soldiers, coat hangers and reading material for Camp White, the residents of southern Oregon always respond. Hundreds of message slips listing a variety of donations, from bathing trunks to Victory cookies and Oregon fruits, are recorded each morning by U S O volunteers. Although U S O does not solicit funds once the campaign is closed, some checks are still coming in for special things. Some donations are practical such as an offer of four cats for Camp White. At least 10,000 coat hangers were contributed during the week. (Coat hangers become treasures when soldiers arrive in camp without any. All week, in and out of the Director's office, file soldiers leaving laundry, shoes for repair, calling for coat hangers, or measuring

bathing suits in anticipation of six Sunday picnics scheduled.

Grants Pass War Recreation Committee joined forces with Medford's U S O Junior Hostesses to give 60 soldiers a refreshing day at the City Park for swimming, weiner roast, dancing, games, and lolling in the shade of the Oregon pines. Medford Junior Hostesses provided weiners—Grants Pass, salad and coffee.

At Ardenoraig, beautiful estate of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. C. Neill, six soldiers for the third Sunday enjoyed the hospitality of the Neill family. A swim in the Applegate River, followed by tennis, badminton, a tour of the beautiful grounds, and learning about the various Neill hobbies. Mr. Neill's shop, where son, Bill, is learning to be a stone cutter, held the soldiers' interest. Mrs. Marjorie Helm, eldest daughter, explained the art of etching and each soldier left with an original signed by the artist. Daughter Norma entertained with selections on her harp after a delicious buffet supper. Finally the rugs were rolled up, cornmeal sprinkled on the piazza, and for the final hour the young people enjoyed dancing and singing. Besides Mr. and Mrs. Neill, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Helm, Norma and Robert Neill, the following Grants Pass Junior Hostesses were present: Lucy James, Betty Vehr, Wanda Milledge, and soldiers Irving Goldstein, Chicago; Louis Shanfeld, Chicago; Willie Huffman, Kansas City; Donald Hoff, Ohio; Joseph Hyland, Ohio; and Fred Greenell, Kansas City.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Brown entertained six soldiers at their Butte Rogue Camp. Mr. Brown reported this morning that never had they met a nicer group of boys. He further stated that "We had as much fun, if not more, than the boys."

Griffin Creek Orange offered hospitality to twelve soldiers and twenty others were sent by truck to Jackson Hot Springs. Two trucks, carrying 50 soldiers left the U S O for Ashland for the fifth Sunday outing. Yesterday's program was under the direction of the Fortnightly and the Rotary Clubs. Besides swimming in the Twin Plunges, dancing was enjoyed under the stars. About 300 soldiers and civilians enjoyed Sunday outings planned through the U S O military and civilian groups.

Eleven soldiers enjoyed home hospitality over the week end.

Funeral Services Held For Emma Martin

Funeral services were held Monday at ten a.m. from the Perl funeral home for Emma McKee Martin, Rev. Carlos Brown officiating.

Many friends were present and beautiful flowers covered and surrounded the casket.

Emma McKee Martin, 75, passed away at a local nursing home Friday afternoon after a year's illness. She was born at Logtown, old mining town in the Applegate area, March 27, 1867, the daughter of John and Mary McKee, early pioneers of Jackson county.

She was united in marriage to Albert Coffman, now deceased in Jacksonville in 1889. Three sons and one daughter were born to the union. Andrew Coffman of Albert, Canada, Wilbert Coffman who lost his life during the first World war, Robert Coffman of Butte Falls, Ore., and Mrs. Ella Wooden of Klamath Falls, Ore.

Emma Coffman was united in marriage to Thomas H. Fredenburg July 29, 1900, at Butte Falls, Ore. One daughter was born to this union, Mrs. Lulu Case of Woodland, Calif. Emma Fredenburg was united in marriage to Oliver Martin, Nov. 5, 1920, at Klamath Falls, Ore. They lived at Mallin for nine years, Central Point for seven years and in Medford district six years. Mrs. Martin was a Gold Star Mother, and a member of Women's Auxiliary of D. A. V. and W. W. She is also survived by one sister, Mrs. Mary Higginbotham of Central Point, and two brothers, Amos McKee of Applegate, Ore., and John McKee of Central Point, Ore.

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Homeward Journey From West Africa

In writing an account of Mrs. Farley's and my trip across from Liberia, West Africa to the United States there are some things which we have been requested by our government to refrain from mentioning however I shall attempt to set down some of the highlights of the trip which were of interest to us.

First let me mention that our black houseboys were broken hearted at our leaving them and begged us to "carry we, carry we back to your country, Missie", America, or "Merrisa" as they call it, is nothing short of heaven in their estimation. We allowed them to come to the airport to see us off so they dressed in their best and piled in the back of the half-ton Ford Pickup and accompanied us to the airport. We were to have taken off at 10:30 P.M. on June 21st, however there was some difficulty in starting two of the motors on our four-motor Stratoliner and we did not depart until midnight. In the meantime scores of cars had gathered and all our friends were there to bid us farewell. Farewells are hard enough at their best but when saying them in Africa I think they are even more difficult for they are so very final. Girls and their husbands from Singapore, Estonia, Denmark, England, Holland and all parts of the world whom you have come to regard as brothers and sisters in your two years stay out there, and whom, by the farther stretch of your imagination, you cannot hope to ever see again, add to the seriousness of "farewell".

We talked with friends and waited for our plane to be made ready. Our black boys patiently waited in the back of the car for just a small sign of recognition. Finally the "All aboard" sounded and we were ready to go. I turned and simply raised one finger and my four boys—in the order of their rank—jumped to the ground and lined up—one-two-three-four—and timidly stretched out their hands in the hopes that possibly the white missile would shake hands. It is customary that the white missile never actually touches a black boy out there but who could resist these pathetic figures. I shook hands with them and told them they must "take good care of Massa". This made them feel very necessary in their small way but they wept openly when I left and I sincerely wished I could have brought them along. Finally at midnight, June 21st, we left the "dark continent" and headed for the open sea. Our plane was very comfortable, having upholstered seats and also bunks resembling long davenport. We slept possibly three hours before dawn but the night over the Atlantic was breathtaking in its beauty and we felt that sleep could wait. There was a full moon turning the night into day (I always felt the moon in Africa being so near the equator was twice as large as here) and the tiny tufts of cotton clouds floated miles below us. About 4:00 a.m. shortly before dawn I witnessed the most beautiful spectacle I have ever had the privilege of seeing—a Lunar Rainbow. We read of them in books but seldom see them. It started from somewhere, made a graceful curve across the sky and ended in a fleecy cloud. Beautiful beyond compare.

We crossed the Atlantic from Li-Equator, and reached our first stop, beria, five degrees north of the Natal, Brazil, S.A., just eleven and a half hours later or 9:00 a.m. Brazil time. We were now several degrees south of the Equator however this is the shortest distance between the two continents. We stayed in Natal for two days at the Grande Hotel which is a lovely modern structure and enjoyed seeing our first shops and markets in two years in the city of Natal. We stared in wide eyed amazement at everything and in turn were stared at by the native populus which is Portuguese.

On the third day at 3:00 p.m. we left on our next hop, this time in a two motor DC-3 Transport Plane designed to carry troops. Of course the plane had been completely stripped of all unnecessary weight and it was simply the hull of the ship with the ribs of the ship in plain view. We sat on what is termed "bucket seats" and they are correctly named

for they are extremely uncomfortable and have no back rest whatever. They consist of an aluminum shell which lets down on either side of the ship and which is "scooped" out at regular spaces providing a seat for each passenger. A thin cushion is provided for civilian passengers but is definitely inadequate. We waddled up life preservers and placed them at our backs in an attempt to be more comfortable. After two hours such flying we stopped to refuel and immediately after taking off found that one of our two motors had gone dead. We returned to our refueling stop and made a safe landing. This was the town of Portaleza, a beautiful city of about 175,000 population and built somewhat on the Spanish architecture design with lovely shops and theatres there.

Quota of 626 Students To Be Enlisted in Army Reserve Corps

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON, Eugene, Aug. 13.—The University of Oregon has received a quota of 626 students to be enlisted in the army enlisted reserve corps for the 1942-43 school year. It was announced here Thursday by Col. C. L. Sampson, head of R. O. T. C. at the university. Advices from the ninth corps area headquarters at Fort Douglas, Utah, state that enlistments shall be as follows: Freshmen, 210; sophomores, 150; juniors, 140; and seniors, 126. A total of 68 upperclassmen have already been enlisted under the advanced R. O. T. C. training, leaving a balance of 558 to be enlisted at the opening of fall term.

Besides the army reserve program, students will also be enlisted in the army air corps and the marine and naval reserves. The number of enlistments under each of these programs is unlimited and it is expected that every qualified student will be signed up at the opening of the school year for officer training in one of the branches of the armed forces.

It is the policy of the government under these reserve enlistment programs to allow students to continue their college education until graduation. Releases will be granted by local selective service boards but if any student withdraws from the university he will immediately be called to service under the terms of

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his enlistment. During freshmen week, preceding registration for fall term, members of the joint army, navy, marine and coast guard college procurement committee will be on the campus to advise students on the various branches of service open to them and on the courses which they must take in order to qualify.

Students will, however, be allowed to register in any school of their choice at the university. In this way they will be able to complete their education in any field they desire and take the courses required by the armed forces as electives.

Mrs. Clifford Lee arrived from Iowa Saturday to join her husband who is working at Camp White. Mrs. Lee has a room in the Medford hotel but hopes to find one in Central Point for the short time her husband will be at the Camp. They will then go to Los Angeles for a visit before going to some other defense work.

MUSINGS

(Continued from Page One) What do you see in a tree—in a great tree that lifts from the fern like a prayer? It is a fir, you say. It is a spruce. It is a pine or a cedar. It is only a tree, after all. But the people of the Green Land saw in such a tree the white home in the valley, the school where their children should learn the precepts of liberty, the mills and the factories that gave them work, the cities the forests had built and were building; the commerce that went to the ports of the world. In such a tree they saw the pledge that their streams should not shrivel nor their farms turn to wasteland, nor their cattle be lean and starveling. They saw the trout leap from the jade swirl of the eddy, the deer poised on the gravel bar. They saw the green forest as a haven and refuge, and themselves well content—all this in a tree. And because they saw this each was a warden of the forest—lest folly or malice should set the flame loose, and bring to naught that which they saw in the tree. For flame, though a good servant, is a cruel master—and were the flame to possess their forests little would be left of the past or the pre-

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sent, alike dear to the people of the Green Land, and little remain for the future. In that red breath which brought the trees to earth and bedded them in ash, which left their snags to silver in the sun, which killed the seedling and the seed, and drank the streams to emptiness and stilled the birds, the long tomorrows, too, would be the blackened embers of their yesterdays. And little enough of happiness and laughter, of labor or ease, would then be left for any tomorrow to possess. It would be something like—they reflected—that time when our first parents were driven eastward in exile from the lost garden.

Once upon a time there was a country pleasing in every aspect, but mostly because the land was green as a turf in heaven—so very green that it was called the Green Land—and this because heaven had blessed the land with many trees, in groves and forests. The people of the Green Land, knowing this, and knowing, too, that their many blessings issued from the forest, in such proportion that to lose these were indeed to be lost, resolved that they should keep the forests always and fend away the flame. How wise they were in that fortunate country, yet of what simplicity was their wisdom. Each of them all was warden of the forest, and sworn to keep the living trees from flame. Who then was warden of their happiness and their well-being? Who then, in turn? The green and living trees, the grave, tall trees that had their pledge. These were the wardens of the people's happiness, in the Green Land.

AIR-CONDITIONED Rialto STARTS FRIDAY AUGUST 14 The return of Two Great Shows Gary Cooper—Jean Arthur "Mr. Deeds Goes To Town" STARTS TUESDAY, AUG. 18 Gary Cooper "Lives Of A Bengal Lancer" AIR-COOLED HOLLY Ends Saturday Nite! Gene Autry "Call of The Canyon" —Plus— "Flight Lieutenant" SUN—MON—TUE Lew Ayers—Laraine Day "Fingers At The Window" —Plus— Ricardo Cortez "Rubber Racketeers" STARTS WED.—4 DAYS Victor McLaglen, June Haver and Edmond O'Brien "Power Town" —Plus— Jane Withers in "Mad Martindales"

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