

South America As Seen by Local Lady

Mrs. Mildred Swain is writing to her mother, Mrs. E. E. Scott, from South America, where she is with her husband, who is employed by the government rubber research.

Continued from last week

When we were settled in our rooms we went down to the dining room and all ate together and enjoyed ourselves very much. The food was wonderful and well served. A Mr. and Mrs. Crumb, two of our passengers, spoke Spanish fluently they ate with us. Mrs. Crumb spoke no English so could not interpret for since she was Cuban by birth, and us girls at all. Later they left us to call on some friends of Mrs. Crumb's in Maracabo so the remaining seven of us, none of us equipped with the language of the country, decided to see what the city looked like. We practically had to fight off taxi drivers for they were surprised to think the "rich Americans" would think of walking but nevertheless we walked up one street and down the other for blocks and blocks. We came upon a beautiful little park in the center of town a block square and were stared at from all sides by the natives who were out cooling themselves in the park. A ragged little boy who was vending American chewing gum and life savers followed us and we decided to buy some gum. After a ten minute discussion, he in his language and we in our we still didn't know how much the gum cost. A great crowd gathered from low and high cast alike when one well dressed man stepped up and said he could speak English though brokenly so he assisted us in our large purchase of three packages of gum and everyone was happy. Much to our disappointment we discovered that most of the things in the shop windows were imported from the States and there was very little Venezuelan goods to be seen. Modern radios were displayed, General Electrical washing machines by the dozen, refrigerators, knick-knacks, tools, jewelry, dresses and the like all imported for these people seem to be copying the American way of living as much as possible. We found the Radio Broadcasting Station of Venezuela just off the park so went up to watch them broadcast. We sat in a tiny theatre area and looked through panels of glass at the performers. The orchestra and singers were very good. The other people in the tiny theatre area turned and stared at us rather than at the performers until we were forced to leave to get out of their sight. We walked down through the market section which is just a half block from our hotel and the stench was terrible. Ragged dirty blacks sat on curbs and boiled coffee in dirty looking containers and tried to sell to all passers by us included. However, there were modern peanut and popcorn machines on the sidewalks the same as appear in the States. Furniture of every type and description, most of which was broken, was piled along the sidewalks together with chicken coops and rotting bananas and other vegetables in the market places and every so often you would see bare feet sticking out and as you passed you would see people sleeping among the junk waiting for the next morning and the market hour.

(To be Continued)

Letters to Nephews

By Ella H. Leonard

Dear nephew:

It's a beautiful day: blue sky, white billowy thunderheads, shadows on the hills, breeze enough to cool the air; a marvelous world, to challenge the good that is within us.

Fight, fight, fight. . . gray aphids on cabbage and brussel sprouts; slugs, earwigs, sow bugs, bean beetle, ants. Strips of old-fashioned fly paper were stuck together to band a tree to keep the young graftings from being eaten up. The soapuds did not work so well on the cabbage. Now if the tobacco chewer would squirt effectively. . . The earwigs poison did fine work. There is a dark orange red mite on the back of some roses leaves that seem to suck the life out of them. No hole is made in the leaf. Dad says it is fight all the time. "God meant it that way—pests of all kinds—so we would have to work to earn our living."

Potatoes have been in bloom for some time. Beans sway over the pole tops. Cabbage, carrots, and beets made a good dinner. Tomatoes have been blooming quite a while. An oddity is that the black walnut has been dropping leaves and nuts as if it were fall. They tause ouches during hanging out the clothes. Must rake them.

Sissy came running in riding her stick horse. "It's wet at both ends," Robin explained. "She had one end in her mouth. No, dad Leonard did not get her wet, but he turned the

water on me. I was where I should not have been." Out to the front porch we went, to sweep up the glass off the steps where some one had broken a milk bottle. Sissy picked up a silver in the bottom of her bare foot. Are warnings generally but wasted breath? Sissy's short plumpness is growing into tall slinness. Maybe because she plants her feet quite often. With them all earth hidden she tells me, "I'm all planted so I will grow."

The 4th has come and gone. A strange day. Strange spirited. Few people were in town. But very few army boys were here. The band gave a short concert in the Park, which was followed by a vesper service by the united churches. Can you hear the overtones thru this?

Are you letting John Barleycorn put his damnable lies over on you? Are you in that far location where the only cold drink you can get is beer? Are you suffering from the lack of food and war supplies because the liquor barons fill our vessels with their wares while these vital things are left piled on the wharves? Are you pouring the hellish stuff down you "to drown out your troubles"? What do you think of the statement that we are rapidly becoming the most drunken nation in the world? Little sleep was permitted me Saturday night. Drunken voices, singing and talking, carried through my windows. "Come see my garden." (This about 2 a.m.) "Pass the bottle all around." Trying to drown out all remembrance of the horrors of the other war seen with a 15-year-old's eyes. Remembrances that sear the soul. Can't you see that only God can bring us scathless out of the fiery furnace that is trying us?

Our Bob has been transferred from Stanford University to West Virginia to school. We do not know just what, yet. He left without any chance to say goodbye. He now is called "Cadet." For him, for you, for all the boys who have been guests here, there is nothing I know to do but pray. Said a soldier at USO, "That's the best thing you could possibly do for them. Keep it up." It means so much to them to know it is being done for them." And so I quote Josh. 1, 9: "Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest." With a full heart.

Aunt.

It's A Fact

WOODEN STRUCTURES RESIST THE DESTRUCTIVE POWER OF FIRE BETTER THAN IRON OR STEEL.

"Science and Discovery" tells us that "in considering the advantages of timber construction, the fire resisting qualities seem to be the most outstanding of them all. Intense heat will not cause wood to buckle and twist and to become almost worthless for salvage as will steel. Wood will char and burn if exposed to a flame long enough but there has to be almost a complete destruction of the fibers before the timber structure will fail. "In one experiment reported by the Timber Engineering Company, several army planes saturated with gasoline and oil were burned in a hangar with wooden trusses supporting the roof. After the planes had twisted and bent until useless for further use, the trusses supporting the roof were found to be only slightly charred.

Science and Discovery tells us "When a steel structure fails there is usually a complete failure of the material necessitating an entirely new replacement. Wood will yield to a great extent before failing completely and even then after occurs there will be enough life in the fibers to carry a load. Many old bridges built by our fore-fathers in the Eastern States are still standing and rendering good service. In most cases they

were erected with timber hewn by hand. In New England, particularly Connecticut, Massachusetts and New York we will find today homes of timber that date back to the times of the Revolutionary War and even much earlier than that. In many instances the D.A.R. organization and other patriotic societies have placed upon the outside of many of these buildings in plain sight the date of their original construction. It is indeed a treat to get inside one of these old homes and see the size of the foundation timbers and in many cases the old colonial fire place still in constant use. The markers are usually of brass and many have Mrs. Davis and I paused to read when we lived in Connecticut.

And contrary to public opinion is the fact that wood properly protected from the weather and termites, it will not decay of "old age." It is of particular interest to note that, recently the Illinois specifications for Highway Bridges has gone from steel construction through reinforced concrete to all wood structure using only steel connectors. In fact since the War," wood is the watchword of construction and most timber is on a priority basis.

Chemical stimulation has been used on Southern pine trees, resulting in increased production of turpentine and rosin as much as 50%. (Path-finder)

Millions of dollars worth of wealth has been pouring forth from the industrial smokestacks of the Nation in a "gaseous mixture" that heretofore we have been content to just call "smoke." This valuable material that has been going to "the winds" comprises gold, silver, cadmium, zinc, sulphur, copper and even cement. Will tell you about this another time.

—D. Darwin Davis

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

By Harris Ellsworth

WASHINGTON, D.C. JULY 3—As this is written, the smoke of the jungle between the House and Senate over the appropriation bills has not cleared away. Quite largely as the result of a lot of hard and effective work by Senators McNary and Holman, and the Representatives from the State of Oregon and Washington, the appropriation item for forest fire protection was approved on the basis of the larger amount written into the bill in the Senate.

Money for Coos County coal exploration, and the operating appropriation for the new Bureau of Mines Laboratory at Albany, finally cleared both Houses. I cannot give the exact amounts, but am assured they are about what we hoped for.

Capitol employees and numerous other government people will be late in receiving their pay checks this month because the Congress spent many days arguing over the dismissal, by Congressional action, of three bureau employees who are alleged to have communist connections. Agreement was finally reached—but not until after the regular payrolls were held up several days. This appropriation bill was known as the emergency deficiency bill.

Before leaving the subject of ap-

propriations, I should point out that the regular appropriation bills are supplemented at any time while Congress is in session by the passage of deficiency bills. For example, if the Albany laboratory needs more operating money later on, such an item can be put in a deficiency bill.

After the appropriation bills are completed, there appears to be little else of a pressing nature that should have the attention of Congress immediately, so a recess will be in order just as soon as the remainder of the appropriation bills are passed.

The proposal to establish a single food control is a sound and vital one, but with the resignation of Chester Davis, a man in whom Members of Congress on both sides of the aisle had confidence, enthusiasm for the Food Administration bill cooled down. It is considered impractical if not impossible to get that bill out for passage now. Furthermore, the President has indicated in rather positive language that he does not approve the idea—hence, he would doubtless veto the bill if passed.

There will be a vacancy at the U.S. Naval Academy at Annapolis for appointment in 1944, from our fourth district. The Navy has announced a plan for special training preparatory to the qualifying examinations which will be held next March—this applies to the boys now in the armed forces—so my preliminary Civil Service competitive examination date has been stepped up. Boys in my Congressional district who wish to make a try for the appointment should write me immediately, stating their desire to do so. I am anxious to have as many as possible take the examination. The Civil

Service examination will be held at 9:00 A.M., July 31, 1943, at the post offices in Eugene, Marshfield, Medford and Roseburg. Examinations for boys already in the armed forces—no matter where they may now be stationed—will be arranged through their Commanding Officers. I suggest that parents or friends of boys, who might wish to try for this Annapolis appointment, send me the names and present addresses of such boys immediately—surely before July 15 (Use air mail, please)—and I will see that the boys are given the competitive examination. To be eligible, boys must be 17 years of age on or before April 1, 1944, and not older than 21 as of that date.

Marriage makes a boy ineligible. All appointments I make to the Academics are based on grades earned in the Civil Service competitive examinations.

Sorry to be in such a hurry on this, but I just received my notice from the Navy Department a couple of days ago. Some boy will win the principal appointment and three others will be named as alternates. All four, if they happen to be in the service now (any branch) will, immediately following selection, be transferred to a Naval Training Station for preparatory training until next April when the qualifying examination is given. So send me the names of likely boys who are known

to be good students and who possess qualities of leadership.

The big row in the Administration between Vice-President Wallace and Jesse Jones has caused quite a buzz of discussion here. The dope, which cannot be called "inside stuff" because it is pretty obvious, is that the New Deal wants to get rid of Jones. Jesse Jones is head of RFC and in that capacity has vast sums of money under his control. He is generally conceded here (even by his enemies, except Vice President Wallace) to have made a good record. It would not be quite accurate to say that the Administration is cracking up with internal strife—but it is a fact that there is considerable dissention in what might be termed the inner circle.

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