

Letters From Our Boys in Service

We have been given permission to print the following extracts from letters written by Flight Pilot Lorne Webster, which we think will be of special interest to our readers.

Dear Mom and Dad:

Here is another note to let you know that I am O.K. and going strong. I hope you got the cable O.K. Did you receive the aerograph letter. If you did, let me know because there is some doubt amongst us fellows as to whether they will be delivered to the States or not.

There is very little to write about but I'd give anything if you could see the beauty of the place where we are stationed here, in southern England. It is really palatial, just like one great big garden. They have rododendrons here with stems a foot long and the bushes are as high as any tree at our old place by the school. You would really enjoy it here and the roses beat any I've ever seen! I don't know how long we will be here but I know that I'd never tire of this place.

We should get a weeks leave shortly and I may go up to Scotland. There is an organization here which gives you addresses of people with whom you can stay anywhere in England, Iceland or Wales. It is really nice. The people here are so nice to us that it is hard to believe there is a war on.

June 24, 1943

Dear Sis:

Just a line to let you know that I'm back from leave. We went to Aberdeen, Scotland for a week. We stayed at a big estate and believe me, they had a garden which would put any other flower garden that I've ever seen to shame. I took some pictures so as soon as I get them developed I'll send you some. We really had a swell time, fishing, hunting rabbits, and riding. We spent last night in London. Didn't do much except get lost. Boy, what a town to get lost in, too. It cost me two dollars cab fare to get back to my hotel. How is everything down there? Fine I hope. I'll write and tell you more about my leave tomorrow or the next day.

June 30, 1943

Dear Mom and Dad:

You will no doubt have already noticed my address that I have moved since I wrote you the last time. It is an advanced flying unit.

I'm enclosing the negatives of the pictures we took while on leave. Boy, is it ever expensive. It costs 8 pence per picture, which would be 16 cents apiece at home. The picture of the elderly man and woman standing by the fountain are the people that we stayed with. They are genuine Scotch people and the lady is really lots of fun. All the pictures are taken near the house where we stayed. Standing in the garden you can see the Mountain Ben Nevis. Did you ever hear the poem about it? The River Don runs down the valley in from to the mountain. We didn't get up as far as Lock Lomond. Maybe we will next time.

This tea business is really O.K. in this country. We have "high tea" from 4:30 to 6:00 P.M. every day. It is really good, with all kinds of bread and jam and plenty of cookies. It is getting to be a regular habit.

I can't seem to think of any interesting news to write about so I'll close soon. I'm planning on spending my first 48 hour leave in London, which will be in a fortnight, from now. In case you don't know, that is two weeks. HA! HA! Believe it or not I'm getting to be an Englishman. I can say "cheerio" as good as a native. Well, folks it is supper time so I'll sign off. They have two hours "saving time" here so we go to bed with the sun still up. Loose lots of sleep that way.

I did see several places of interest while on leave. I saw Edinburgh Castle, Buckingham Palace, Big Ben (the clock) House of Commons, House of Lords, The Embassies, and Scotland Yard. They were nice, but not quite as nice as I expected. I didn't get to see St. Paul's Cathedral or London Bridge. Maybe I'll get to see them on my next leave. I went for a ride on the Tubes in London. They are really marvelous. I certainly must have taken a lot of work because it is so extensive. You can't appreciate it until you see it. They even have escalators to ride up and down on. They really travel. It is by far the quickest way to cross the city. The balloon barrage is quite the thing also.

I'm gradually getting on to their money system over here. It was quite a bother at first but it isn't so bad now. The only trouble is that a pound (\$4.43) goes about as far as \$2 over there.

Cheerio and Best of Luck,
Lovingly Lorne Webster.

Letters to Nephews

By Ella H. Leonard

Dear Nephew:

Poor old gray cat! Will Satan mourn him? With two shots his owner had put in his head, he tried to make it under the house to safety. On being asked to finish the job, Dad added two more. Still he showed evidence of the proverbial nine lives. "He was sick, and it had to be done," his master said. "If you have a pet, I'll help you." Satan, what are you thinking?

What a day! A big wash. Ten sheets. Thought it was not so soiled, and could be quickly done. But you have heard about the well-laid plans. And it was not taken into consideration that anything would make it necessary to go any of it over. How that basket of sheets got smeared, I'll never know. A second wash in fresh suds did not take out all the tracings. I have not held the pair in my hands, but I'm positive that my back is broke square in two. And as positively, I expect to go on using it. And to top it, dad invited a Vet friend to dinner. Is that typically a husband feature? On wash day? The man swore he had had dinner, but that meant nothing in dad's young life. "Plant yourself in that chair over there, and say no more about it. I'd rather feed a hungry man any day, than one who isn't." No apologies for an oil-clothed table. (In fact it is college okehed.) Tender lamb, new potatoes and carrots from the garden, applesauce from the cellar, fresh wholewheat lightbread. Strange how the sweat of the face has changed appearance.

Would you enjoy the job of taking care of the kiddies while their mother keeps a date with her dentist? They

all came over here yesterday a.m. David is always so good. ("Don't say 'David', Mrs. Lennuh," cried Sissy. "Say 'Dabid'!") But he did not sleep the hours away. The house held his attention. The other children, too, were conscious of being away from home, and did not entertain themselves as at home. It was necessary to set bread, tho. "What are you doing? Can I have some?" And so on. Each drew a chair up to the table where each could work his bit of dough on the breadboard. They learned the meaning of "work" and "knead". They watched how my hands were used and tried to do the same. Robin thought he should have as much flour for his loaf as there was for my 6 pounds. He "pounded" his loaf—pounding being something he loves to do. Sissy's soft fingers turned hers over. It was set to raise, and the breadboard cleaned up. This, too, they shared in. Robin's coveralls were well powdered, bib and legs. And Sissy's dress had many white patches. What could you expect of their face and hands? After patient waiting, the dough was ready to work down. Sissy showed feminine characteristics in the way she held the rolling pin and used it. Robin went after it as a man uses tools. They smeared butter and sugar on, shook the cinnamon can over, then turned the bun double, and set it to raise for baking. Of course they had to pretty the edges up with a fork tine. Mommy came home at that time and they proudly showed her their cakes. I haven't heard them playing today. Maybe they were laid low by them. Like that favorite joke of men about a bride's biscuits. Dad never quits telling of mine at the Horse Ranch. Flat and sour and hard. But he never chews that the can labeled baking powder held cream tartar. Which he was aware of and did not tell me. It gave him something to remember me by. And a story to tell about how he taught me to cook. My brain feels as sluggish as mud.

I believe I can hear them rattle. Now listen, kid . . . Don't you get smart. I'm saying goodbye right now. Maybe I'll be functioning better another time. Wearily, but with warmest love,
Auntie.

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

The scenery south of Puerto Carreno defies description. You could almost reach out and touch a mountain top and rainbows circled under the plane rather than over it. It was beautiful beyond comparison. We flew between 13,000 and 15,000 most of the way, sometimes climbing even higher. We were instructed in the use of oxygen because they wanted to go over the top of a storm should they encounter one or should a higher mountain suddenly pop up in front of them which was not charted. This wild territory has never been explored by white men and until Pan American started blazing a trail across from Venezuela to Manaus a few short months ago the mountains had never been known to exist. Our pilots were past masters in handling the plane but I wonder at the terrific strain it must put on them not to know the territory over which they must fly. This is the territory of the savages and head hunters of Brazil and also of the tribes who shrink the heads and skulls of humans. It is interesting to wonder what these

tribes must think of the strange, huge bird which flies over their otherwise silent domain. How can they possibly know what it is or that people with white skins are flying through the sky. At least on one side of these mountains it looks as though some giant of the universe had welded a great knife and sliced the mountain from its peak straight down to earth and left the perpendicular standing as an everlasting warning to other mountains. There are sheer drops of thousands and thousands of feet with no sign whatsoever of vegetation on the perpendicular side of the mountain whereas the surrounding territory will be impenetrable jungles. Once we just skimmed the top of a lofty peak and could peer down into the unknown territory but could see not a sign of life. I shall always be glad we made the direct flight from Puerto Carreno across these mysterious mountains to Manaus. They made me realize how utterly small and unimportant we are as compared to the vastness of the universe where we have not as yet scratched the surface in knowledge and understanding.

(To be Continued)

GRADUATES FROM SCHOOL—

Benjamin F. McManama, 19, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. McManama, P.O. Box 15, Central Point, Oregon, was included in a class of 438 Blue-

Jackets graduated from the Service School at the U. S. Naval Training Station, Great Lakes, Ill., today (July 12). Having completed 10 weeks of study in the course for Gunner's Mates, he awaits assignment to duty with the fleet or at a shore station. He will be eligible for promotion to a petty officer rating upon serving a period of apprenticeship on active duty.

Bill Askwith is bookkeeper for the Cheney Lumber Co. in Central Point.

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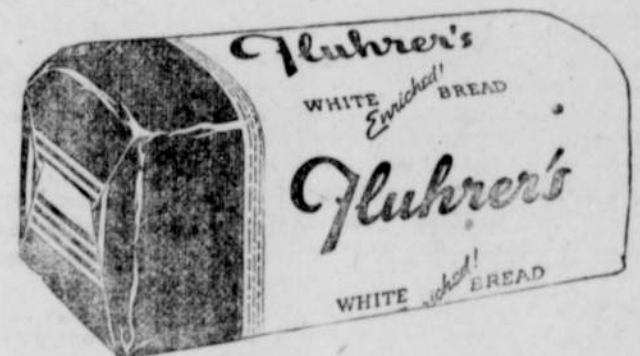
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