

New Opportunity To Join WAVES

New openings in the WAVES, women's service of the U. S. Navy, for women with experience, training, or aptitude in more than 80 civilian occupations will be outlined in interviews with applicants by Yeoman Dorothy Duncan, from the Portland branch, Office of Naval Officer Procurement WAVES enlistment headquarters in Oregon, in a week's visit in the Medford area, from August 5 to August 14, inclusive. It was announced here today by Recruiting Specialist Herbert W. Crain, in charge of the U. S. Navy Recruiting substation in Medford, which handles WAVES applications in this area.

To assist young women here in making application for enlistment in the WAVES, Yeoman Duncan will be at the U. S. Navy Recruiting substation in the U. S. Post Office building in Medford, from 8 A.M. to 5 P.M. daily.

For the special convenience of young women who are working through the day, Yeoman Duncan will be available for interview at night. Appointments can be made for night discussions by telephoning or calling at the U. S. Navy Recruiting substation in Medford.

Any young woman between 20 and 25 years of age, who is in normal health, has no dependents under 18 years, has had at least two years of high school and who is a U. S. citizen, is eligible for enlistment in the WAVES. If she has had experience in any one of 80 different civilian occupations, she has the proper professional qualifications for enlistment.

Physical requirements have been relaxed recently. Vision, height, weight, teeth requirements have been substantially liberalized.

Office hours for Yeoman Duncan's visit will be from 8 A.M. to 5 P.M. daily at the U. S. Navy Recruiting substation in the U. S. Post Office building in Medford, with appointments at night available for women who are working through the day hours.

Letters to Nephews

By Ella H. Leonard

Dear nephew:

"Old man weather?" If change-

ability is expressed as a strictly feminine characteristic, then weather becomes woman. What men say about the variability of the successive days would not be printable. It has the feel of autumn. And the month ushered in the first house flies, few of which we ever have. Even with the house wide open.

With a big wash waiting, the gas tank would not light. Not even the pilot light. And HOT water was desired especially this time. And a girl with a 12 o'clock party date, getting all nervous. "Go on, I'll finish," she was told. A soldier's wife. Just had her 18th birthday. Looks 15.

Picked more beans yesterday. Sold them. Stores wouldn't take them. Then canned some mutton. Seared it, filled the jars, made gravy of the drippings and poured it over the meat. Cooked in a hot bath 4 hours. If the lids just hold. . . The other war, much canned goods was lost by the change in the lid material.

Robin wore his new coveralls over this a.m. his mother made. He likes to show his new things. Never asks me to look at them. Waits for me to notice it myself. And sometimes it is not new clothes. The other morning it was an orange he was sucking. (Oranges are somewhat rare.) He had been playing in the dirt. The orange juice made rivulets down his arms and ran off his elbows to the floor, as he squeezed the orange and sucked.

The children, their mother and I were sitting on their lawn. (David can almost sit alone now.) Dad

climbed over the wire fence, his arms filled with long limbs—shoots from the hazel nut tree. He selected an 8 footer and handed it to the mother. "Here's a daisy, long and limber, that will reach out and curl itself right around a boy that won't mind" he began. A small boy started to sit by me, changed his mind, and crowded into the small space between his mother and me. Sister's eyes got big as pie plates and her face so sober. "I'm going to be a good girl," she declared emphatically. His eyes twinkling, dad gave her a small one to play with. A boy's eyes never left dad as he watched the way they were lashed around. "The thought of a switch does something to him nothing else does," his mother said. "If you talk to him, he argues with you." The way those two kids can think is a revelation. It is not immature emotion; they know it when they are naughty.

I'm sorry. But there was nothing else to do. You know I like to do anything possible for the boys in service. But . . . Saturday night two came to engage rooms for four. Liquor was on their breath. "Yes, I have the beds. Good comfortable ones," I told them. "But none for those who want their booze too. If you want to drink, that is your business." "We might have 2 or 3 beers before we came in for the night," one said. "The man who injured my husband in a car accident said he had only had one glass," I told him. "Another man told me that some time when he had a couple of glasses under his belt, he would be fortified to row with a certain other one. ("That's right," the first boy laughed.) Another soldier one other night had had a glass but was given a room. Afterward his undershirt, full of vomit, was found hanging on a shrub under his window. And the floor had to be scrubbed. No, no drinking. "Maybe we'll be back after a while," the first one said as he turned away. To my "I'll be saying a prayer for you," the second one said thank you in a manner as if that had never been done before. They reported my stand to the USO. And didn't come back. "I would be pure, for there are those who care. . . I would look up, and laugh, and love, and LIFT." Are my thoughts your thoughts? Are we going to do anything about it? Or have a share in debauching our nation.

No ocean can separate you from my love and prayers. Thoughtfully, Aunt.

We Must Believe

(Thoughts of an Observer)

Taking time from my daily work to report for my regular watch at the little observation post sometimes strikes me as a valueless waste of many hours. It seems like such an unnecessary thing to report each Douglas Transport, Army observation plane, or other scheduled military flight. Sitting there in the heart of the community, completely surrounded by peaceful, pastoral scenes, the war is very distant. The drone of aircraft means only a call to the fil-

ter center—an interruption from the story on which my mind was half concentrated. I have not felt the sting from the skies—only read about it. The fear and danger from the airplane is only imagined—not real, in my mind. The thought of enemy aircraft overheard is fantastic to me, and I feel that our little valley is too remote for attack. Thus run the thoughts of lots of us Americans.

My hours at the post number only three a week, and I gladly serve, but in my heart I don't honestly believe—I'm not thoroughly convinced, just like millions of other Americans. To see is to believe; but if the Fourth Fighter Command waited for that moment, we would have no defense whatever. The Ground Alert System, which has proven most effective and economical, requires a very difficult organization, but complete cooperation can make it one hundred percent more efficient and less difficult and no one person need be overtaxed.

The percentage of communities having observation posts is relatively small and they are all loyal. The least attitude for these people to take is one of honor rather than liability. Then everyone would do his part more willingly.

The percentage of communities which could be bombed and destroyed by the enemy may also be small, but what does it matter if yours is one? Fellow Americans, hats off to the man who will believe and act accordingly.

—An Observer.

Locals

Mr. Clarence Brainerd of Kansas arrived Wednesday to visit his mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Reames, Bill and Ann spent Saturday and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Dow Frakes at Montague. Mrs. Frakes is their daughter. Mr. Frakes works on the airport.

QUESTION—Does any one have a sure remedy for the squash bug?

Robert, son of Mrs. Clarence Long, is working on Swan Island, building big tanks, "a block long" he says. Charles, another son, is nursing in the hospital at Fort Lewis. He thinks the army is the only place to be. Mrs. Long plans to take the two girls Helen and Dorothy and visit both of the boys before long.

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Mr. Dyringer of Alexander Imp. Co. made a trip to Grants Pass Wednesday to get a new tractor for Al Bendickson.

Richard Krupp expects to leave for Portland August 11. Tracy Muse will also leave at this time. Both boys are called into service.

Mrs. Pinkham says she received a letter from Arden saying he had received a couple of shots, not too bad. He hadn't received his army clothes yet. He said for them not to write as he didn't expect to be there very long.

Mr. Dee Booth reports that he has received word from Mrs. Booth and Anna, who are in Portland. Ann is working every day. Mrs. Booth has been thru the clinic but has received no information from them yet.

FIVE YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

Mr. and Mrs. John Anderson returned Friday from a visit to their old home in Sweden.

So What—Overheard in Medford "Central Point has a very remarkable Civic club for a town of its size." "Central Point is the most wide awake and growing community in the surrounding territory, outside of Medford."

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Lees made a flying trip to Portland to see their sons Jack and Jim who were with the fleet in Portland.

The Civic Club listened to a very interesting talk given by W. E. Alex-

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ander on Motherhood. Among the many things he mentioned was the fact "That it was up to the mothers to save the nation", also "That motherhood was the greatest power for good in the world." He ended up by saying he would like to see a mayor and council of women elected. Did this have anything to do with the ladies voting this one of the best talks they had listened to?

Miss Carol Furry is attending a house party of Miss Phylliss Crouse at Grants Pass this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Faber and Prof. and Mrs. Prilleman, on their way home to Albany from Los Angeles, stopped for a short visit with Mr. Faber's parents Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Faber. Mr. Faber and Mr. Prilleman have been taking a summer course at the University of California.

TEN YEARS AGO

At a meeting held at The American office where practically every Central Point business house was represented—"In compliance with the President's wish, all Central Point business firms voted to observe shorter hours, and will observe N.R.A. rules for employers.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Merritt and niece Ruth spent Tuesday evening in Ashland park attending an N.Y.P. Society out-door party.

Mrs. Paxson's sister left for her

home Tuesday after a visit at the Paxson home.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Kinney a baby daughter Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Richardson and daughters Joyce and Sally of Ashland, Kentucky spent the week end with Mr. Richardson's uncle L. Hatfield and wife.

Mrs. J. L. Hunter of Penn., who has been visiting her sister Mrs. L. Swartz and other relatives, left for her home recently.

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