

For What It's Worth

By K. D. P.

A couple of weeks ago while fishing on Rogue River we chanced upon a local boy who is in the navy and was home on a short furlough. He stated that he would like to see me keep up my column weekly as he is sure that there are many boys overseas or in camps all over the nation who would like to read any comments on sports and what the people of the valley are doing. Thanks for the kind words.

Well, what to write about is what bothers me the most? But I will do my best and hope to write something that will interest all of you boys in service.

The fishing is fairly good, though nothing to get excited over. There is now coming up a big run of summer steelhead that should arrive in this vicinity in a week or so which may offer all good fishing.

The tennis court at the school house is a big improvement over the old one. If you could be here, you would hardly recognize the old ones for the old tennis courts have gone modern. The courts are completely paved with cement making these courts one of the best in southern Oregon. Much credit should be given to Mr. Jewett for his hard work in securing the needed material and help.

The airfield warning station is still going strong with addition of many new youngsters of 11 or more years of age zealously engaging in the work of spotting planes. Bert Peck, instructor, states that those kids are doing fine. You boys in service ought to feel proud of our little gang. And also the older persons who have given much of their time at the post.

Jim Ross is back at the old stand in charge of the Ross & Ross store. Ted Goin, who formerly was in charge, is still unsettled about the future. By the way, boys, Ted Goin and Ray Watkins still smell of fish eggs every time they come back from fishing. And probably at this very moment of reading this item they are heartily cussing poor us. And to think that Don Smith is learning the bad habit of using eggs from Ted and Ray. Tsch, tsch, such bad company.

The Cooper building, formerly the Cooley bldg., is now all decked with white paint making it look like the most modern building in town. We hope many business men in town will follow suit.

Richard Krupp is one of our boys who will leave sometime this month for service having passed the physical exam at Portland last week. One by one our younger ones have gone into the army that there are mighty few left that we used to know of when they were high school kids.

Well, boys, that is all and please write us anytime or anything and tell me what you want me to write about and I will do my best to furnish you what you would like the most to read in this column.

Letters to Nephews

By Ella H. Leonard

Dear nephew:

There the teacher sat,—so far away that what she wrote on the slate could not read. Lightly a cloth was wiped over it, making the message undecipherable, whetting curiosity. That's the way your letters are; not a thing in them to tell us what we'd like to know. Gossip? Sure. Maybe some of these heart hungry widows who writes our Marian Millers would find them a man who is woman hungry. We got kind-a fed up on reading about beer, rum, hard liquor, and all its train. Do you know whom we're told is back of that game, to get all our soldiers on "a good foot" so they will be able to fight hard? Naw. Don't pick on a fellow when

the pack is beginning to show its fangs.

All right. What is a moth sphinx? My north neighbor had the thing under a salad jar. My south neighbor said it was the above. Robin. Sixty and I went to Webster. We found its picture which gave no evidence of the beauty of the moth we held. But, learning its fondness for tomatoes, we cremated it. Later two were found in Robin's patch. YOU tell us why the "sphinx"? We didn't learn.

Good land sakes! No word yet has been found to express the speed of time. But such busy days. On the run. Things crowding each other for attention. This is written while the bread is baking. Smell it?

Sitting in the shade of the blooming scotch broom at the end of the corn row, corn from the upper patch was shucked the shucks buried for compost, the ears brought to the house. There the corn was cut from them, set in the oven until the milk was cooked, and then put on cloth on the porch cot to dry. Honest, where do you find such fun as in the garden. Quadruplets with the loveliest hair. An undeveloped cob at the end of a full ear like a bayonet on a gun. Beautiful colored worms eating the fatness of gold kernels. (Very few worms this year.)

String beans and the lower patch of corn were gathered the next morning. We dug a hole under the almond tree for the shucks. "What will I sit on?" Robin inquired as I seated myself on an upside down bucket. He has helped with every process since the ground was prepared. So a stalk and its increase has a definite meaning. We counted the rows of corn on an ear (how many ears on a stalk, do you know?) and computed our increase for one grain we planted. The embryo in the corn was shown him and explained. (Their father always does that. That's why they understand so well.) Sixty came along, after her nap. Not being able to cut the corn as fast as she could hand me the ears, she used an ear to wipe her mud-smeared legs. Another to rub her hair. When she persisted in her deed, her small arm got spat. "MO-O-OM-MY," was screamed, and little feet flew home. This batch of corn is drying on a screen door on horses by the garage in the sun.

Blue dumplings from the maiden lady made one mouth-watering jam. Crab apples from the west will give us jelly. Pears from the south will can that fruit for the winter. Gravensteins from the east is giving us applesauce. Good neighbor policy? Of course you want "to get even".

Roberta and her cousin dropped in Sunday. The cousin and dad swapped rose cuttings. Then Grace and family—the Boydens—gave us a joyful surprise. There's a woman for you, and a mother, and a friend. The boys are in service and Barbara expects to be in the Waves soon. The father is doing some special work in CE at Butte Falls.

Have fifty seven things to do. It may make me white-headed yet.

The first fig is ripe. The tree's base makes a rustic seat. The moon shines lovely tonight. I know three mighty sweet sisters. Tra, la, la. I wouldn't introduce just any boy to them. But... Hey, don't get stuck on yourself, kid... Here's to look at the roast. Panting.

Aunt.

F/c Edwin McCuen, who was here on leave recently after being in the hospital with malaria, was in the same hospital as Sgt. Billy Kelzur and visited with him often. He reported that Billy made many friends. Mr. McCuen is a brother-in-law of Orin Glass, and is now in a Utah hospital.

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Letters From Our Boys in Service

Mrs. Tracy has kindly consented to let us print the following letter from her son Edw. Immann:

July 2, 1943

Somewhere in Sicily

Dear Mom, Dad, and Tiny:

Very glad to get my mail at last. V-mail of July 4th from you, 10 from Helen, 1 from Tiny and Arlene. I know how you wait to hear from me but I have no paper, just got these two, to write you and Helen and hope for more soon. I'm on detached service with 78th F.A. Bn. Just now and have nothing with me. We landed in South Central Sicily on July 14th and saw some action, but Mom, I'm as safe as I'd be with you as soon as possible. Glad Don A. got his wings. I take it you and Dad are working for Johnny. Take it easy and stay in good health. I've met several Sicilians who have lived in the states, speak good English, and wish they were back there. People seem very glad to see us come in. Weather is hot here, grapes, lemons, fruits are ripe but not very sanitary. Tell everyone hello for me and explain why I can't write just now. Service will be better now that my mail comes direct to the battery. I'll be back with the 14th in a few weeks I think. Hope to write a long letter soon. With lots of love to all of you.
Your son, Edward.

Dear Mr. & Mrs. Powell:

I have been receiving the American pretty regularly the past few months, that is as regular as the mail situation will allow. I want you to know I really appreciate it, and thank you very much for sending it. There isn't an awful lot to occupy a fellow's mind cut here, and when you can sit down and read about what all of your friends are doing it makes you feel a lot better.

I believe Billy Kelzur has got a little the advantage of me in experience with the Japs, but otherwise, his letters cover just about what I would say. Before the war started, I saw a Jap now and then, but since the war started I haven't seen any. I'm on a battleship and he is ashore which makes the difference.

Best of luck to you.

Sincerely, Noble Brown.

Locals

Rev. and Mrs. Gilbert E. Cays and Billie Sullivan, Shirley Brenner, Marilyn Aistrop and Harold Jeffrey attended the Christian Endeavor Rally held in the Central Avenue Church of Christ at Medford last Friday evening.

Mrs. Elva Lough of Medford expects to leave this week end for Oswego, Oregon to make her home. Mrs. Lough is well known to members of the W.R.C. in Central Point, who will regret to see her leave.

Mr. and Mrs. Konopasek left for their home in Nebraska to make their home. They lived in what was the Scott home but now belongs to Mrs. Mary Moore.

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Mrs. Naomi Hansen and baby daughter Carmen of Portland is spending the week with her mother-in-law Mrs. Nora Hansen.

Mrs. Clark McDowell of Prospect cut his thumb so severely that five stitches were taken to close the wound. Mr. McDowell and wife and son Dickie are staying with Mrs. Nora Hansen.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. McManama and boys Harry and Royce of Sweet Home, have moved below Eagle Point to make their home. Mr. McManama is a brother of Frank McManama, who owns Scott's Place.

Mrs. Fasel is in Portland visiting her mother. She left Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Faber went to Lake of the Woods Saturday. Mr. Faber returned home Sunday evening, Mrs. Faber remaining at the lake.

Little Richard Stevens of Portland returned home with Mr. Robison Sunday for a visit. Richard is the son of Mr. Robison's youngest sister.

Mr. W. A. Shell accompanied Mr. Ockerman to Hukum Springs Sunday where he will stay for a week for the benefit of his health. Mr. Ockerman returned to Central Point.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Yost and son of Montague arrived in Central Point the first of the week on a business trip. Mrs. Yost and Donald visited Mrs. Yost's parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Wright and children spent the week end at Lake of the Woods returning home Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Morris and Howard spent the week end at Fish Lake. Howard was the champion fisherman.

Mrs. Helen Rose, whose husband Lt. Rose is at Camp White, plans to leave for her home in Salt Lake while her husband is on maneuvers.

F/c Len Spencer, who had been in the hospital at San Diego, returned to work but after one day's work returned to the hospital.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR THE COUNTY OF JACKSON

In the Matter of the Estate of Frank Cameron, Deceased.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the undersigned has been appointed and qualified as administratrix of the estate of Frank Cameron, deceased; all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same, with proper vouchers, at the office of Kenneth G. Denman, attorney for the undersigned, in the Jackson County Bank Building in Medford, Jackson County, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated this 19th day of August, 1943.

MELISSA CAMERON,
Administratrix of the Estate of Frank Cameron, deceased.

25—Aug. 19, 26, Sept. 2, 9.

SUMMONS No. 8384—Equity IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR JACKSON COUNTY

CHRISTIAN HANSEN FLEET, JR., Plaintiff,

vs.

ISOBEL O'GRADY FLEET, Defendant.

TO ISOBEL O'GRADY FLEET, THE ABOVE-NAMED DEFENDANT: IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON: You are hereby summoned and required to appear in the above named Court and cause and answer the above named plaintiff's complaint on file therein against you within four weeks after August 19, 1943, the date of the first publication

of this summons.

You are hereby notified that if you fail to so appear and answer such complaint within the time aforesaid, for want thereof, the plaintiff will apply to said Court for the relief demanded in such complaint, a succinct statement of which is:

For a decree of such Court in favor of the plaintiff and against the defendant forever dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, and for such other relief as to the Court may seem just and equitable.

The date of the order herein for service of this summons by publication is August 19, 1943, and such order fixed once each week for four successive weeks as the time for such publication.

RAWLES MOORE
Attorney for Plaintiff
Cooley Theatre Building
Medford, Oregon.

45—Aug. 19, 26, Sept. 2, 9

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