

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 Joe was out of town I accepted invitations to social affairs and usually went with a group of friends. I would ask the Agular's permission to have Lei join me and they were always so pleased. When you invite a Brazilian young lady to accompany you it is more or less expected that her boy friend (and in this case Lei was fond of an American Army Officer) to be present to the affair also. This is quite in order although the young man is never permitted to personally call for the young lady and escort her to the social function, or take her home, yet it is quite in order for him to spend most of the evening with her. When Lei has gone with us we have called at the Agular residence and both of us have gotten out of the cab and called at the door for her. Lei comes out into the parlor where we are waiting, usually accompanied by her brother and sister with her father (formally attired as though he too were going, coat, tie, etc.) just two steps behind her. We bid them "Bom Noite"—good evening—and the father inquires as to our health. Then he says it is kind of us to take Lei with us. He walks to the cab with us and delivers Lei into my hands for the evening since I am the married lady and consequently considered a proper chaperon for his lovely daughter. She is a very charming young woman and altogether lovely. Needless to say I never let her out of my sight during the evening. (If I must go to the Ladies' Room I take her along and she understands that she must always be within sight of me.) At first the father insisted that she be home by a certain hour but now he says that if she goes with Senhora Swain he does not worry and that she may return when the evening is finished—no matter what the hour. It is interesting to attend a public function and notice the countless numbers of tables occupied solely by beautiful unattended ladies, as far as the male element goes, and the older great aunt, one of the mothers, or some equally proper older lady whose reputation is above reproach, "sitting there with them. When the festivities

start the young kiddies are claimed by their young men friends and the chaperon sits alone and watches. Why it isn't proper for the young man to sit with them at the tables I can't imagine but anyway "It is not the custom."

I am shocked by the lack of morals among the men here and the seeming indifference with which it is treated by the wives of such men—wives who, a short time ago, were the protected daughters of a high class family. An example of this is the story—true—of a man of good business reputation here in town, Brazilian of course, who with his wife, was going home one evening from a public gathering. He stopped at the home of his "sweetheart," told his wife to wait in the car, went in the house and returned to the car in half an hour and drove on home with his wife. This was told to us by an American but it is not uncommon at all and seems to be one of the expected things since there is no divorce law here. This lack of divorce law is used as an excuse by some men for their "affairs" with other women and the wife accepts them since she cannot regain her freedom either if they have originally had the double ceremony—both civil and church.

Well, I've gone on in detail about some of the customs down here but I thought probably you might be interested in what the other half of the world thinks.

(To be continued.)

Letters to Nephews

By Ella H. Leonard

Dear nephew:

Strange how some meals come along. The parents were done before cauliflower came to a boil. It was tender before the tomatoes began to simmer. The tomatoes were set on low while the spuds in their jackets were not yet hot. But the meat was fried by the time the spuds cracked their skins; so all in all, the meal was good even if long drawn out in cooking.

Sisty came in breathless. My daddy gave mommy a red apple, and my daddy gave me a red apple. And mommy is going to make a salmon loaf with red apples in it. It's DOOD! Had we better pass it on to the Home Ec staff. Mustn't be selfish about new ideas.

The Old Gold announcer was laying it on thick about the merits of his product. Apple Honey sprayed on Old Golds. What is apple

honey. Is it a cloak of hypocrisy to cover up the poison that all tobacco is sprayed with to kill the insects that would eat up the plant.

David, like all babies, knew the house was strange. He whimpered and hugged me tight as he tucked his head against my shoulder. As he went to sleep, he relaxed. Dad warmed his big wool shawl over the heater. David was wrapped in it and laid on the davenport. His eyes popped wide open. He grinned at me, not openly, but with the corners of his mouth twitching as if to say, I'm not so sure that I won't stay awake and make you take me up, instead of going to sleep properly." The twinkle in his eye was all mischief. Another robe was warmed, too, and added over him. It was too comfortable to resist. The rocker was turned around and its rockers pushed under the couch to keep the baby from falling off, the back making a protective wall. And there David slept for 3 hours. Robin and Sisty were in and out a couple of times. A neighbor came in. You keeping the children. They are clear down to the far end of the block playing in the street." Dad went to call them. Did they heed? You know. He whistled. Then he started down there, stopping to cut a willow. Did you hear me? he asked. Yes." Then why didn't you come back?" I didn't want to." Swish, swish, on a coverlet seat. Sisty the same. At home, Robin reported, "He didn't hurt. He didn't hit hard enough." Hold a grudge? Mommy hadn't been over here three minutes until Sisty was heard coming crying loud. Dad took her in his arms loving her and asking the trouble. She pulled up her brief skirt to wipe her eyes and nose (altogether unconscious of the exposure of her tummy from panty top to chest) as she sobbed to him: "Wobin pushed me ovah." Dad petted her. She gave him a big smack, and the storm was over.

Smudge brings his game right to the kitchen door. Last week it was a bird I'd never seen before. Dove gray the feathers were, tipped with tangerine. All over. It was cross-billed. Had mites and lice like a chicken. Is that very common? Mommy said a flock of them swirled around her yard. Smudge is no respecter of persons.

Here are a few stray quotes: Every man thinks it is his strong will alone that prevents his troubles from driving him mad; housekeeping is important, but should never take the place of religion; he plants a tree in the morning and expects to saw

planks from it at evening; pure gold does not fear the furnace. Beauty? See that great walnut tree, its naked strength limbed against the sky? Is our world being stripped that we may learn what is foundational under it? Will it be Matt. 22: 37-39? Your loving, Aunty.

OUR TOWN

One by one the lights go out, and half the town is fast asleep by 10 o'clock. Here and there a light gleams where a party is in progress or someone sits reading into the night.

A cold November wind whips across the lawns and street lights sway drowsily at their all-night vigils.

Far in the distance a locomotive whistle cuts into the stillness. Another froop train is moving eager young men to their rendezvous with life—or death.

The editor lays aside the work he has been doing, rubs his eyes in fatigue and snaps off the desk lamp. Fourteen hours ago he sat down to work. Just another day. Even now he hesitates at the front door and stands staring out into the night.

This is the town, this is the county, these are the people he loves.

Thirty-three years is a long time to stay in one corner. Thirty-three years. . . good years. . . joyful years. . . years of worry and pain and disappointment; yes, and years of triumph, too, because the town, the county and the people have prospered.

Editors seldom grow rich in money or property, but 33 years on one corner are bound to make one rich in pleasant memories and in friends. Remember back in 1909?

Babies born then now have babies of their own. On the same corner 33 years watching the moving panorama of life. . . lovers marry. . . babies born. . . children grow up. . . friends and neighbors die. . . and the editor recording it all in print as time marches on and slowly turns hair to silver.

Some of those silver hairs were put there by worry about something threatening to harm the town or community—and editorial guns were always trained on anything or anybody about to jeopardize the welfare of the people.

The troop train whistles again. Remember 1917? They left then in trainloads, too. Some never returned. The boys of '17 are getting a little gray now, and

some a little paunchy. What a day it was in Carmel when that war ended! We rang the church bells all day long! Remember? And then the boys came back. Jennings Marlin and Elvis Stockhove. Elmer Matsel and "Toad" Reinwald. . . and all the rest.

They came back and got down to business and we lived again. Marriages and births and picnics and parties; high school graduations and football games; droughts and depressions and years of plenty.

And now, war again. But it will pass. Once again peace will reign with America victorious. Business will go marching along in a joyous chant—the business of life, of commerce, of farming.

All over the county it will hum. Call the roll as you proudly say: "OUR TOWN." Cal the roll! Carmel! Grayville! Enfield! Trumbull! Crossville! Norris City! Burnt Prairie! Mill Shoals! Maunie! Herald! Emma! Epworth! Springerton! Centerville! Gossett! Middlepoint! Roland! Sacramento! Sumpter! Calvin!

Answer the call of "our town" and say to that troop train:

"Hurry along—hurry to your destiny. Return soon, and bring those boys back."

Another light goes out across the street. The chill November wind sets a sign creaking on a store nearby.

The editor is not weary now. There is a gleam in his eye and a spring in his step as he locks the door and strides off into the night.—Roy Clippinger in the Carmel (Ill.) Democrat-Tribune.

Mrs. M. Henderson Dies in Washington

Mrs. Mildred Henderson, Medford teacher on leave of absence to visit her daughter in Washington, D.C., died yesterday in that city according to a wire received this morning by a neighbor, Mrs. W. H. Bailey. The wire states that funeral services would be held at Hysong's funeral home in Washington on Monday, Jan. 17, at 11 a.m.

Mrs. Henderson had been in failing health for several months and with her husband, Ray Henderson, had gone to the capital for an indefinite visit with their daughter, Mrs. Sterling G. Mead. Mrs. Henderson had been primary-teacher at the Jackson school for many years and has a large circle of friends who will be saddened at her death. Mr. Henderson is on leave of absence from the junior high school faculty here. The family home is at 747 West Jackson Blvd.

The deceased has a sister residing in Grants Pass and another sister and two brothers living in Klamath Falls.

Friends in Medford received word early in December of the birth of the Mead's first child, a daughter.—Mail Tribune.

Mrs. Henderson was a Central Point girl and taught school in Central Point for a number of years. At that time the Henderson lived on east Pine street.

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What you are asked to do, compared to the boys who are really in it, is easy. But your job is mighty important, too. Once

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So play square—do your share, HE DID!

Let's All BACK THE ATTACK!

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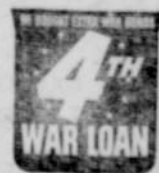
IF YOU'RE inclined to say, "I can't afford any more Bonds," just take another look at the casualty lists.

At least \$100 extra in Bonds—over and above your regular buying—is needed as your part in putting over the

Fourth War Loan. At least \$100, \$200, \$300, or \$500 if you can possibly scrape it up.

Look at those grim lists in today's paper. Buy your Bonds while the names are still fresh in your mind.

Let's all BACK THE ATTACK!



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