

For What It's Worth

By K. D. P.

I would have the basketball score of our boys last week in the paper but I did not receive any information from the school but am now using the results of the games from the Central Pointer, a high school paper as you will find elsewhere in this paper.

I notice an editorial in the Central Pointer that came as a shock to me. You see I have always thought that the high school students were way above average in buying war bonds and have noticed with interest reports of certain high schools in Oregon who staged war bond drives to buy weapons and have been very successful. Well, I have noticed that the grade school kids, in spite of their small incomes, have made an excellent record in buying war stamps.

Well, that editorial came as a shock to me when it started that only 37 percent of the high school students buy war bonds or stamps. Gee, what is the matter with 83 percent of the students? It seems a very poor record to me what with many of the former students of the high school in all the battlefields of the world fighting to preserve freedom—freedom so that these present day school and study to be future useful pupils may have the right to go to citizens of America.

Gee, I'd hate to be in the shoes of these 83 percent whenever one of our boys in service, home on furlough, happens to glance at the bulletin and sees that poor record. You can well imagine how he will feel!

Pirates Snowed Under by Pointers

In their second conference game the Pointers swamped the Phoenix Pirates, 48 to 10. The game was played in the afternoon, Thursday, January 13 on the small Phoenix floor and proved to be an easy success for the Central Pointers.

The regular first team only played the first quarter since in 8 minutes they had piled up a score of 17 to 0. Then an entire new team went in and followed in the wake of the storming regulars to make the half time score 26 to 3.

The third quarter things went slower as the Pointers only netted 6 points.

In the fourth quarter the Pointers started canning them again and collected 14 markers in that period to the Pirates 6.

The high point man of the game was Shrier with 13 tallies.

After the game the Pointers stayed and had a practice session in order to get accustomed to play on a small floor and with the old style back boards.

The Phoenix lineup was Barnum, Beck, Wright, 2, Babb, 6, Johnson, 2, Substitute Newton.

The Central Point lineup was Freeland Wilson, 2, Shrier, 13, Childress 2, T. Colley, Substitutes, Holland, 8, Saxbury, 2, Robinson, 9, Sage 2, Anhorn, Mang, 6, Milhous, Neal, 2, H. Colley. —Central Pointer

Federal Land Bank Buys Many Bonds

An investment of \$14,000 in War Bonds by the Federal Land Bank of Spokane has been credited to Jackson county, Farm Loan association revealed today.

The bank has just invested \$3,000, 000 in bonds as its part in the Fourth War Loan drive, R. E. Brown, president, advised Mr. Patterson. Each of the four states served by the bank Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon, has been credited with \$500, 000, and \$1,000,000 has been credited to the city of Spokane, headquarters of the bank.

The \$500,000 allocated to each state, Mr. Patterson said, has in turn been credited to each NELA group office county on the basis of the number of land bank borrowers.

"The Federal Land Bank of Spokane is happy to be able to play a part in the nation's Fourth War Loan drive," Mr. Brown told Mr. Patterson. "Purchase of these bonds will help our government finance the increasing costs of war and the bonds are a practical and sound investment for the bank."

BIRTH ANNOUNCEMENT—
Born to Mr. and Mrs. Harold T. Pierce of San Diego, California, a baby daughter, Suzann Arlene, on January 12 at 4:45 P.M. She weighed 8 lbs. 14 ozs. Mrs. Pierce is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ted Hill of this city and Mr. Pierce's parents are the Major and Mrs. C. L. Pierce of Medford. Both Mr. and Mrs. Pierce are graduates of Central Point High school.

4th WAR LOAN
Let's All
BACK THE ATTACK

Navy Boy Tells of Sights in Solomons

(Continued from Last Week)

"For one thing they are terribly dirty, housekeeping for these women is very simple. They have fiber woven mats made out of palm leaves that serve as chairs for day and beds at night. For a pillow they have another mat about a foot wide and four feet long. This is rolled up to make a pillow. These they carry with them and in case it rains they are unfolded and used for umbrella. Their stove is small wood wire any place in the hut. This is the furnishings of the house. The huts are made of bamboo framework tied together with a fiber from a vine, just like the fiber in the grass skirt I sent. The roof is thatched with palm leaves, the sides are made out of bamboo poles one to one and one-half inches in diameter set vertically together and tied with this same fiber. Oh yes, just a dirt floor, no windows, all the light is what gets through the cracks between the poles. Now this is the way the older people of the tribe live; the younger men or the ones who have been away from their villages build more modern. Theirs are raised off the ground, have board floors and windows and they have some semblance of a bed. You can also tell a native who has been away by his dress; they wear shoes and some kind of uniform, khaki or denim and an army or overseas cap. The regular native wears no shoes and only piece of flannel cloth wrapped around him. Now most of them wear undershirts. Oh yes, the women, those beautiful women, they wear no shoes and a skirt. Even a petticoat, but that is all but they do not come out and when you drive up if they are out they run in their hut, the only ones you see are the married ones. The ones I am sending you in the picture is a credit to the lot. They are not getting any whiter to me, if anything they are blacker.

"We also saw a Catholic mission that had 18 buildings all burned to the ground. The only thing left was the statues of Mary and Joseph. From what they say it was a beautiful place, with its well kept lawn, beautiful flowers and shrubs set among the palm trees. They even had their own printing plant. This is on a small cape looking out to sea. All the wreckage you saw in Life magazine, I saw, and it was quite a sight.

"Farther on were more native villages, and native churches built of bamboo and banana leaves. These structures are really a work of art, for they have no tools, save a machete (knife that looks like a corn knife) no saws, hammers or nails. Just a vine to tie them together. The roofs are thatched with leaves; what I mean the leaves are fastened on a pole as what we use as sheeting, placing the leaves to fall on each side of pole. These are then laid on the roof and tied to the rafters. These are laid like shingles with the poles close together. The walls are made of split bamboo in various widths and woven in different patterns. These are the Church of England churches. They have dirt floors and wooden benches. The pulpits were on the order of ours but with woven bamboo background.

"Farther on was a British mission school for boys. It was also in ruins, since the Japs first held this and American shell fire did a lot of damage, and what was left was fired by the Japs.

"So, all in all, the things that were here before the war are no more! Even the natives have felt the horrors of war. Men, women and children were shot in cold blood, the women raped, and the rest fled to the hills leaving everything behind. Even their money, which consists of very small shells strung for a necklace about three feet long. These are what they buy their wives with—an ordinary wife 60 strands, a belle 100 strands.

(To be continued)

Mr. and Mrs. Manning of Ashland have purchased Tom Buck's place west of Central Point.

To Our Soldiers

(DEDICATED TO THE BOYS FROM THE CENTRAL POINT AREA)
Here is luck to our soldiers, Who are fighting o'er the sea. They are fighting for their freedom, And they fight for you and me. Some are on our cruisers, And some on submarines, Some are in the Navy, And some in the brave marines, Some are merchant seamen, And others are Seabees, But no matter where they're fighting, Our flag floats in the breeze, They fight in southern jungles, Or in mud, in rain, or snow, But they only have one war cry, Which is on to Tokyo, So let us on the home front Help our fighting boys to win, They are winning every battle, And will surely reach Berlin.
—C. H. Mosher, Central Point, Ore.

Greyhound Ads Help Women Marines Recruiting

A little over eleven months ago the first American woman donned the attractive uniform of the Marine Corps Women's Reserve. Today, thousands of girls in Marine forest-green with scarlet markings are working in control towers and link trainers, driving transport vehicles, rigging parachutes, and performing other highly specialized duties formerly handled by male Marines. Every Woman Marine has released a man for the fighting front, and thus has participated in glorious American Victories such as those on Bougainville, Tarawa and New Britain.

In pointing out these inspiring accomplishments during the first historic year that women have worn the uniform of the distinguished branch of America's fighting forces, Colonel D. M. Randall, the Officer in Charge of the Western Procurement Division, U.S. Marine Corps, stated that an important contribution to the success of the Women Marines' recruiting program has been the splendid cooperation of newspapers and advertisers. An example of this cooperation is seen in this issue of The American. The advertisement of Pacific Greyhound Lines is devoted almost wholly to Marine Corps Women's Reserve recruiting. This message to women is running in more than 500 newspapers throughout California, Oregon, Nevada, Utah, Arizona, New Mexico and parts of Texas.

"We greatly appreciate this cooperation," Colonel Randall said. "This contribution to our cause is particularly appropriate coming from Greyhound, as members of the Marine Corps Women's Reserve depend greatly on this nationwide travel system for transportation to and from training camps and the points throughout the country where they are stationed. Places in the West where Greyhound serves our organization include, among many others, Camp Pendleton at Oceanside, Camp Elliott near San Diego, and air bases at El Centro, and other locations. At Camp Elliott Greyhound service is particularly valuable, as a large number of Women Marines are on duty there and Greyhound provides special bus service to this camp.

Letters to Nephews

By Ella H. Leonard

Dear nephew:

"Rose hips are a rich source of Vitamin C" said an announcer. But what is or are rose hips? It conjures up all sorts of imaginative things. Now if only you were adjacent to Ann Batchelder. . . They might be a

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"Strange Death of Adolph Hitler"

—Plus—

Eddie Quillan—John Woodbury

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—Plus—

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SUN—MON

Judy Garland—Geo. Murphy in

"For Me and My Gal"

—Plus—

Florence Rice and Jimmie Dunn

"Ghost and The Guest"

TUE—WED—THURS

Loretta Young—Alan Ladd in

"China"

—Plus—

Gale Storm—Bill Henry in

"Nearly Eighteen"

part of her garden.

Ever want a word badly and it just would not come? I was trying to recall the name of the powder we used to burn to light up the stage in a still scene. Dad was asked if he could recall it. After a bit he said, "All I can think of is celdilz powder."

The Oliversons spent last evening with us. As we sat down to the table, dad told them they could see just how poor we lived. The talk went back to the years long ago in early day Modoc county, where I went as a bride. The customs were so different to me. "Dad comes by his wanting the table loaded, honestly," it was recalled. "Grandma had her table so full every meal that half of it couldn't be eaten. The leftovers set in stacks in the cupboard: cakes, pies, puddings, vegetables, meats. Yet fresh dishes were added the next meal. Every day a five gallon coal oil can was fed to the hogs. They ate better than thousands of people in the cities. Cream, even. His grandpa on the other side was even worse. Why, the night we went to stay with them before we left the country. . . Dad had gone to town and didn't get back until after they had eaten. Our supper was set for us. Honest! that farm table was set with food—so many dishes—that it could hold no more. And they were so close they touched each other. And that grandma set in front of us for our appetizer a great bowl of oyster soup. . . Just my dish must have had a whole can of oysters in it. When I protested I

couldn't eat a quarter of it, grandma calmly told me that I was skinny enough that I needed it. And dad added that it might help make me cast a shadow.

"And his aunt Mirandy. . . Uncle asked me why it was that every time I went there I got sick. Pies, cakes, desserts, everything on the breakfast table as heavy as at noon or night. Cream on everything. Gravy made of it. The coffee cup filled at least half of thick cream and strong coffee added." Dad gloried in it. It was 'home'."

Dad beamed at the recollection. "My, what a time we had when uncle Jeff got married," he began. "He and Maggie went in a buggy all the way to her home in Reno for the ceremony, with uncle Jack following on horseback. All the women in the valley cooked while they were gone, and when they got back, we celebrated for three or four days. We had beef, pork, chicken, turkey, wild goose and duck, venison, ham. . . There was every kind of cake and pie. The women tried themselves to put out their best. Talk about food! We really had it."

"The way people visited," Mrs. Oliver said. "The whole family came. Or maybe several. Babies tucked in the beds. Beds made all over the floors. Children everywhere. Men playing games. Women cooking and visiting as hard as their tongues could chatter. No, there's nothing like that those days. People LOVED each other; were friends through the years. Most of those

people have died. Today people's lives are not bound up together as they were then. We did have such good times."

When we came home the other day from town, we found a row of regularly-spaced neat piles of dirt the length of the window seat. "Robin done it," "Sissy wanted me to." So no lemon drops for the day. Those sweet faces almost broke down resistance. Of course YOU never were guilty like that! That grin on your face. . . Your remembering Auntie

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