

For What It's Worth

By K. D. P.

Ray Watkins has meekly gathered up his traps in the valley and left for Southern California, leaving poor Jim Ross to vainly carry on the work of trapping the muskrats. It seems that Ray cannot stand the razzings of mine and other local people who make fun of him. Jim is bearing manfully the razzing of the people. What a man?

Things certainly are awful quiet around here. The fishing season closed last of January. We will just have to wait patiently for the opening day which falls on April 15. The only thing we can catch by hook and line catfish. But the catfishing is poor now on account of the cold weather we had.

Our boys are still winning games and still have yet to taste defeat in their own conference. They show one thing—that they could come back and defeat any team after losing to them. As you know, earlier in the season they lost to Talent by 7 or 8 points—they came back to defeat the same team last week by 3 points. That is why I feel sure that our boys could beat Jacksonville the next time they play.

I saw Bob Burns the other day and he looks as fine as ever. He said that he wished he could go fishing. He is in the Navy and is one of the local fishing fools.

One person whom I missed the most of all, is Stanley Jones when he joined the army. It has been a year and a half since I last saw him. He has been my fishing companion and a first class printer's devil here in the shop and we had had lots of fun together. Now the other day I hear that Stanley is going to come home on furlough soon. Boy, I am looking forward to that day. My only wish is that if he does come, it will be after the fishing season opens so we may enjoy fishing together.

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

As I have previously mentioned, Jim Bill has been staying with us since his return to Manaoa some two weeks ago. He will be stationed in Wash. From now on and only come here occasionally. We told him he must be the "family" so took him along. Since that time we have been calling him "Junior" so that explains the quip which friend husband put in have previously mentioned, Jim Bill has been staying with us since his

return to Manaoa some two weeks ago. He will be stationed in Wash. From now on and only come here occasionally. We told him he must be the "family" so took him along. Since that time we have been calling him "Junior" so that explains the quip which friend husband put in about "Son Jimmie." He, Jim Bill, is somewhere in his forties and a Prince of a fellow, and we surely enjoy having him around. To day he started calling us Mom and Pop.

Back to the party: It was held in the morning from 9 A.M. to 12 noon and all the Brazilian notables and all the Americans were present and it was a lovely affair. All types of native fruits, nuts, and then small sandwiches were served. The Brazilians certainly worked hard for the affair and they deserve a lot of credit. They had a large orchestra which furnished music during the three hours and—at the sacrifice of turning off all the city water which is very little just now—the huge swimming pool was filled for the event. I am sure everyone enjoyed themselves and I know we did. We went with a Mr. and Mrs. Warner and Mary Lou (Mrs.). Discovered that she knew one of the reporters and so he joined our table. The Warners are the couple I have mentioned who were from Siam and were in a Japanese prison camp for seven months and returned on the S.S. Grisham. We like them very much. At the close of the party each reporter was presented with a gift which had been locally made. Each received a snap-

shot album filled with pictures taken by our own photographer and also a lovely Jacare' (pronounced Jauck-a-ray) and means Crocodile, bill fold and coin purse for Brazilian money. We left at high noon because the sun was setting pretty hot by that time and returned home for the Sunday dinner.

(To be continued.)

Navy Boy Tells of Sights in Solomons

(Continued from Last Week)

"You won't believe me when I tell you how they fish, I wouldn't either if someone had just told me. There were eight men holding a net about eight feet square with the edges a foot out of the water and the center in the water. They were wading down the river with three more men on the outside striking the water with sticks, and believe it or not—those darn fish would jump out of the water and into the nets. I don't mean all of them did but they were doing right well. This beats any fish story yet. I couldn't believe my own eyes and I was sober, stone sober with whiskey \$100.00 a quart. Even if the fish were dumb they were pretty, a shining silver. Fish, bear and some kind of chicken are the only game here but there are oranges, limes, pineapple, avacados and two or three

other kinds of native fruit. I have seen and picked some of all. However they have a different taste here (or gang). It is no wonder the British government can pay the U.S.A., paying the natives such high wages as 18 cents a day. The natives will work two ways, by the day or by contract. You can get very little work out of them by the day for they would rather work by contract. They like to work so much, then go home, and that is the only way to get much work out of them. You show the Sgt. what the boundaries are for the amount of work you want done, he talks it over with the gang and if it is O.K. with them they start to work, if not you have to shorten it. They are not so dumb, they can figure how the way I thought they tasted at home) all but the limes, they are sour.

"Oh yes, I worked a gang of natives for awhile, that was quite an experience. They work in gangs of about 35 with a native Sgt. who can speak English. He is the boss of the long it will take to do the job. The boundaries have to be marked with something prominent so they can see

it while they work. Thus they can judge their progress with the sun, and they expect to be finished by one o'clock, for this is the earliest they can report back to the British. They do a day's work in from 8 to 1. A white man would die working like they do. If they see they are behind schedule you may see them half running and half walking to finish on time. One chief, after making a contract, saw they were going to get done by noon and moved the stake ahead to last all day. They noticed

this and were immediately on a sit-down strike until he moved it back. Was his face red? Another time their contract ended on an engineer's flag. The engineers came to get it and moved it on down. The natives did not notice this until later and they could not figure it out since their chief had been with them all the time, so they worked on to the flag. But the next day it was different for half of them started at one end, the others at the other end and worked to the middle.

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Mark A. Goldy

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THIS ADVERTISEMENT, ONE OF A SERIES TO HELP ACQUAINT THE GENERAL PUBLIC WITH THE DAIRY FARMER'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE WAR EFFORT, appears in The Saturday Evening Post February 12th and in Collier's February 26th issue

Furlough till milking time (5 a.m.)



Saturday night. He is tired from a week of 14-16 hour days. But, stepping lively, he's got the chores all done and now he can take time off... till 5 a.m. tomorrow.

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nearly 400 million pounds of cheese. Over 500 million more pounds will be consumed by you and other civilians. America needs now more than twice as much of this nutritious food as the nation could produce when the last war ended in 1918!

We'd like to shake the hand of that farmer on furlough till 5 a.m. ... or somehow make him understand that people appreciate what he is doing, he and all the men and women and boys and girls on the nation's dairy farms.



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