

Letters From Our Boys in Service

F/o Webster, L. A.
J-23394
132-O.T.U.
R.C.A.F.—R.A.F.
Overseas,
June 3, 1944

Dear Kenny:
I'm afraid it's been quite some time now since I wrote to you and expressed my thanks and appreciation for the C. P. American which you regularly send to me. I really do enjoy it and I look forward with keen interest to receiving the following issues. I got 4 copies of it yesterday and one was dated April 15th, so you see they do make good time in getting to me.

I really don't know what to write about. The censoring of our mail is pretty strict so if there is anything cut out of this letter you'll know I spoke out of turn.

I read a letter in the paper written by Ed Inman. I would like his address if you could give it to me and I would endeavor to look him up.

On my days off I usually go to Edinburgh Scotland. It really is a nice town and comes quite close in resemblance to a Canadian or U.S. city. It's not far from here so it's possible to spend most of the day in town.

There are some swell scenic views in Edinburgh. Edinburgh Castle is quite a place. We went up to it one day and looked it over. Unfortunately I didn't have my camera along or I could have taken some swell snaps. We saw the little chapel where Mary Queen of Scots did her worshipping. There also is the Pirth of Forth Bridge, which is supposed to be quite an engineering feat being built on a curve. I haven't as yet seen it. They have beautiful gardens in the city where they hold nightly open-air dances.

I've been off Ops now for two months and I'll surely be glad to get back. We changed the type of aircraft that we were flying so we have to take a course of airmanship as well as extensive training on the new job that we have to do. We are hoping we will be back on Ops by the time the second front opens. We may make it.

We are supposed to fly this morning but this famous Scotch mist is persisting this morning, so instead of flying I'll get some letter writing done.

One thing I did notice in the paper was the absence of your comments on fishing, sports, etc. I enjoy hearing news of the fishing down there.

A few days ago I got a package from Gordon Hare and it contained everything for fishing except a rod. Amongst the stuff was a selection of 40 flies. In town last Saturday I tried to buy a fly rod but unlike American cities, the stores in Scotland close Saturday afternoon. I was unable to get one that day but on my next day off I'm going to buy one and then away to do some fishing. There are some wonderful places for fly fishing and before I leave Scotland I intend to try my hand at it. I've probably forgotten by now so I'll no doubt get skunked.

Do you remember the Knadler family that used to live in C.P.? I got a letter from Max K. the other day. He is in the Navy. Was quite

surprised to hear from him. You might put my address in the paper with a note that I would be very pleased to hear from anyone that care to write. It's hard for us fellows over here to write an interesting and newsy letter because anything that goes to make up a letter of that kind is usually forbidden talk. Anyway, I'll do my best to answer any letter I get.

In two more days it will be just one year since I've been over in this country. It seems a long time in some ways but on the other hand it sure has helped me, to some extent, to understand the English people. I have an English navigator and he is as good as they come.

Cheerio for now, Kenny. Tell everyone "hello" for me.
Sincerely,
Lorne.

Some where in Italy
June 11, 1944

Dear Folks,
I just received my fine Birthday package and have enjoyed the candy so much. It arrived in good shape and the candy tasted so fresh. I can sure use the glasses too as the sun is getting bright and it's real summer like today.

I am sending another picture of myself taken the other day. It will show you that I am still alive and well. I will try to get a better one taken someday.

I was on pass yesterday and met a boy from Central Point. His name is Cameron and he worked for Otto Bohmert several years ago. He told me a lot about the valley as he has only been in the Army a few months. He is the first soldier I have met overseas who has lived near home, and we had a good visit.

Spring has come suddenly to Italy. The trees are pretty and the grass is growing fast. After a long rainy winter the good weather is really fine. I suppose you are very busy now with the haying and Spring work. They have some good looking gardens here now. The grain is headed out and the fruit trees look good.

This old country of Italy is sure in an awful mess. Two or three governments trying to govern a nation of war weary, illiterate people who have been run over by everyone. Maybe I see the worst of this country, but it seems that things are plenty bad here so far as the average Italian is concerned. Maybe when this is over, Italy can get back on its feet again.

I can mention a few of the places I have visited during my stay here in Italy: Avellino, Caserta, Pompei, Naples and Mt. Vesuvius. I have also seen the Isle of Capri; of all the places, Pompei was the most interesting to me and I have some pictures to send some day.

I sent my card to the Secretary of State for my absentee ballot so I can vote this fall. I think that everyone

in the states should make every possible effort to vote because after all, that is one of the fine privileges we are fighting for. There is no excuse for anyone not voting if we soldiers can find time to cast a ballot from over here.

On Decoration Day I thought of all my friends who are buried over here in this old world. They were good fellows and I hope they haven't died in vain.

I would like to see your flowers and yard now. The "guy" who said "Absence makes the heart grow fonder" sure told the truth. I will get back some of these days. I will finish this with the usual words that I am fine; the best I have been in many months and I hope this finds all well at home.

Best Wishes, Cleo Young.

Letters to Nephews

By Ella H. Leonard

Your letter makes me feel small. We think we eat homely fare, but that synthetic stuff you must take and like... seasoned so there is a slight resemblance to the real thing. I read that to dad, and looked at our table: produce from the garden and the henhouse. My sakes! do we even know what it is to be thankful for what we receive. And no black market either.

Smudge is a corker. Every single meal he rears up and puts his feet on my lap begging to be fed. He should know better, if he is not dumb. When it gets him nowhere, he reaches a paw high up my arm and lets his claws out enough so that they scratch down my arm like a barley beard in a stocking. Plague on him. He cuts the craziest didoes. I sure thought he would jump off the refrigerator to the floor behind it, where he would have got up to his ankles in cayenne and cinnamon. They shimmed off and fell back there and I haven't been able to pull the refrigerator out to sweep it up. This morning he screamed like the children as he raced back and forth from outside to the front room. I shooed him out of the front room and shut the door. The only thing I could figure was that he wanted the bedroom door opened so he could snooze on the bed. As it was, he curled up on a cushion in the window seat and slept all morning. You'd laugh to see him stepping high over the tall wet grass. What use is he!

Some one was saying sparrows fought other birds so hard. Have

they issued orders that no others shall eat the bits thrown at the wall or the mush from the eat's cup? Some others have come for some time.

I had gone upstairs to clean it up. A draps was pulled back. Was that a fairy ring on the front lawn to provide us a mess of mushrooms, I'd have to see. . . Going to the north room a bombardment of green walnuts was heard on the roof. A curtain was pulled for a look outside, which is always my undoing. Down on the floor went my knees. I leaned far out. The wild garden bells, wild lilac, coral plant, foxglove, fern, oxalis, bleeding heart, solomon seal, columbine. . . Very few apricot popples. Most are huge red ones. Marguerites stood tall. Rose spirea was swelling to bloom. Orange blossoms peeked high in the west fir. Catnip to make a cat happy. The vine maple was exciting. Its new tips which a few days ago were like bunches of apricot-shaded blossoms now were red and yellow brown. The seedpots were multitudes of red planes. To the west was the barbecue pit. To the east was the fir that almost shuts off the walk. Overhead spread the umbrellas of the black walnut trees. Everything just out of a fresh shower. The good earth indeed! My bulk was heaved and sent to its routine work, but the exhilaration went along.

There was a long distance call one night last week. Pretty soon I heard small familiar voices singing, "Happy birthday! Happy birthday!" over and over. There wasn't much tune and it wasn't sung as is usual. But was I happy to hear it! And they wanted to talk to me. David just listened and grinned, his mommy said. Looked for me. "You don't know how terribly we miss you," mommy said. I think I have the worst of that, because there is no

active life to occupy me like those kids do her. This bit of verse made me think of her and them:

MOTHERHOOD

Oh, it would take a Solomon
In wisdom to decide
What judgment should be meted out
To those who stand beside
My chair. She snatched his hat and ran;

He made her trip and fall,
She was at fault when it began,
And yet she broke her doll
In falling. How am I to judge?
What rude shall I employ?
I am that tearful little girl!

I am that sober boy!
Smell the lighthead fresh from the oven!
If you could be turned loose on it with butter and jam. . .
And the milk from the refrigerator.
Like when getting home from school.
We'll hope

It's mail time, so just a definition for you to look up: Jerry-sneak, I'll bet you don't come within a mile of it, but here's for fun with wrd study.
On the run, but "with a sky full of love," Aunty.
P.S.—I'm glad for your comment on my letters. Hope I get a lot of them from all you boys. If you pass them

around like dad used to the other buccaroos around the camp-fire. . . Okeb, I'd like to hear their criticism, too.

UNDER NEW OWNER—

The Southern Oregon Miner, Ashland newspaper started out last week under new ownership. Carryl H. Wines from Idaho having purchased the Miner. We were pleased to see that their first issue carried an editorial lifted from The Central Point American.

C. P. SHOE SHOP

HEADQUARTER FOR

Shoe Laces—Oils
and Polish
Saddle & Harness
Leather

Coffee Cup Cafe

OPEN 9 A.M. to 12 MIDNIGHT

SERVING—

ROAST CHICKEN DINNERS

On Sundays and The 4th

GOOD HAMBURGERS ALWAYS

BUY NOW!

RED FIR STOVE WOOD

CLEAN—No sawdust or chips

SOLID WOOD—Little bark

READY SPLIT—Rough 2x4 Wood

PART DRY—Not soaked in mill pond

16-inch LENGTH ONLY.

ORDER EARLY FOR PROMPT DELIVERY.

Big Heaping 300 cu. ft. load \$7.50

Central Point Fuel

Phone 333—Central Point

MEDFORD ROLLER RINK
WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY,
SATURDAY & SUNDAY
EVENINGS
SUNDAY AFTERNOON
SKATING PARTIES THURSDAY
BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT
Medford Armory

Central Point Beauty Shop
Phone 23 Central Point
Closed Mondays until Four. Evening Appointments then.
9:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M.

KYLE'S RESTAURANT

**Steak—Chops
&
Chicken Dinners**
6 P.M. to 2 A.M.
CLOSES TUESDAY

BACK AT THE OLD STAND!

ROSS & ROSS
Vie & Jim

**CONFECTIONS --- COLD DRINKS
MAGAZINES --- PAPERS
FISHING TACKLE**

OPEN 8:00 A.M. to 11:00 P.M.

LONG'S CAFE

Under New Management—Jimmy and Thelma Kafader

SERVING HOME COOKED MEALS
FROM 6:30 A.M. to 10 P.M.

Saturday and Sunday Meals will be served until 12 P.M.

STEAK AND CHOP TO ORDER

Joe's Associated Service

TIRES

GUARANTEED BATTERIES

ACETYLENE WELDING

CUSTOM UPHOLSTER & MATTRESS WORKS

**Custom Built
Quality Upholstering and Restyling**

RECOVERING THEATRE SEATS, STOOLS, DAVENPORTS, OTTOMANS, HASSOCKS. WE SPECIALIZE ON ANTIQUE AND COLONIAL FURNITURE. FURNITURE OF ALL KINDS REUPHOLSTERED AT MODERATE PRICES.

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF OUR 27 YEARS EXPERIENCE. GUARANTEED TO BE AS GOOD AS NEW SETS. SAMPLES ESTIMATE YOUR HOME. NO OBLIGATIONS. CALL CENTRAL POINT, OREGON. PHONE 582.

Rialto

Doors open at 1:45 & 6:45 P.M.
Continuous shows Sat. & Sun.

Ends Saturday Nite!

The Dead End Kids in
'Follow the Leader'

Plus

Russell Hayden—Bob Wills
**"Wyoming
Hurricane"**

SUN.—MON.—TUES.
Dona Drake—Robert Lowery
"Hot Rhythm"

—Plus—

Tom Neal—Ann Savage in
**"Two Man
Submarine"**

STARTS WED.—4 days!

Albert Dekker—Claire Trevor
**"Women of
The Town"**

—Plus—

Hoot Gibson—Bob Steele in
'Outlaw Trail'

FOR AUTO OR PERSONAL

LOANS

SEE GENE THOMAS
Lic. Nos. S-211 & M-217
45 S. Central Medford

**Building a Greater
Southern Oregon**

SNIDER'S

Phone 2168 28 N. Bartlett
Medford, Oregon

His patriotism is written in

BLOOD.



Yours is written on every Bond you buy

in the **5TH WAR LOAN!**

THE stepping stones to victory are red with blood of American heroes. Tarawa . . . Salerno . . . Cassino. Their patriotism is written in blood.

Your patriotism is written on every Bond you buy in this vital 5th War Loan. Your name on a War Bond means you're behind our invasion troops.

Help hasten the day of Victory by investing in extra War

Bonds now. Invest in more than you've ever purchased before. Invest \$100, \$200, \$300, \$400. Those who can, must invest thousands of dollars.

For this is the biggest job we've ever had to do. We can't fail our fighting men as they plunge into the biggest and bloodiest struggle of all.

WELCOME THE VICTORY VOLUNTEERS when they call to tell you about War Bonds



Cheney Oregon Lumber Co.