

Committee Named to "Keep Oregon Green"

Robert E. Dodge, Ashland, Jackson County Keep Oregon Green chairman, announces that appointments to the Jackson County committee have been completed and plans are being laid to make everyone in the county conscious of the urgent need for fire prevention.

This may be one of the worst fire years in the history of Oregon, the chairman warned, pointing out that the shortage of spring rainfall and decrease of snowfall in the mountains last winter, together with the lack of available manpower, might make this one of our most hazardous years. The chairman asked that everyone cooperate by being extra cautious with fires during the coming summer season.

The following people have received letters of appointment to the county committee from Governor Earl Snell, requesting their aid in "this important war and peace-time service": Frank Hull, Herb Grey, Karl Jancouch, Maurice Tedrow, A. K. Reynolds, Mrs. W. R. Glass, T. E. Daniels, K. G. Deaman, R. G. Fowler, Gordon D. Gilmore, B. L. Nutting, Lee Bishop, Mrs. Arthur M. Cannon, G. L. Linn, and John E. Gribble, all of Medford; Harry Chipman, C. R. Bowman, Joseph L. Fader, Mrs. Norma Stearns, Ray M. Spalding, Mrs. Norman Parritt, Howard Oden, H. B. Fischborn and Joe Hearin, all of Ashland.

News of Service Men

Roger Lawrence is home on furlough and is wearing two bars on his sleeve.

Gray Thompson is also home on leave, just recently having returned home from the war zone.

Lucius Lull left Tuesday night after being home on leave.

Jim Pierce is also home on leave.

Pfc. Neil Stone writes that he walked in a P.X. and was waited on by Florence Blasing.

Pfc. Paul Pence, who is stationed in Long Beach, is expected home in a few days.

Billy Spalworth, 2/c Bos' mate, was home on thirty day leave, his wife is living in Medford to be near his folks.

Word was received that Archie Parker's nephew S/ Sgt. Todd Thomas was wounded in action by Japanese, in the right upper leg. He has visited in Central Point. There were many Oregon men in his company.

Harriet Wheeler received a letter from Kitty Upton saying that her father George Upton was now in England. Mr. Upton was the manager of the Riverside U.S.O. in Medford.

1st Lieut. B. F. Muse and wife and daughter Pamela are visiting Lieut. Muse's sister Mrs. Jack Sharp and his father, also at the Jack Sharp home. Lieut. Muse is here on furlough.

TO OAKLAND, CALIF.—

Mrs. Vivienne Keith and small son Freddie, Vivienne's grandmother Mrs. Ross, and Mrs. Wanita Driver accompanied Mrs. Ardis Orr to Oakland where they will live in Mrs. Keith's home and the girls will work in defense work. Mrs. Ross will take care of Freddie.

ATTEND FUNERAL—

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Jewett left Friday evening for Salem to attend the funeral of Mr. Jewett's father who died Wednesday, July 5th. Mr. Jewett's father was ninety-one years of age and has been in failing health for the past six months.

POEM—

This poem will pertain to the young soldier.

"Gone over Seas and the young wife at home.

"Bright sunny days will soon fade away,

"So be true Dear

"For on the Battlefields,

"You will find me Dear,

"Fighting for my

Country and you, Dear."

by Joe Mann

Letters to Nephews

By Ella H. Leonard

Dear nephew:

The radio seems to be getting way back to the long-ago-time songs. Remember how your uncle Will used to sing "Susan Jane" and laugh the chorus? Pretending seriousness in the verse, and then ha-ha-ing uncontrollably the tune of the chorus:

"Her mouth was like a cellar, her foot was like a ham,

Her eyes so bright they shine at night, her voice was never calm,

Her form was tall an' slender, her neck was like a crane,

I looked her in the eye and said,

"Now, goodbye Susan Jane."

Cho.—Oh, Susan Jane... Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!" to the end.

Ever have your arm used as a filling station by a husky mosquito?

Three times six, four times seven, twenty-eight, and eleven—Dad said she must be all of that. Raw-boned hips, broad back, dull-haired, drooping head. Her locomotion was like the pouring out of old-fashioned syrup on a cold winter morning. "To that five year old kid straddled on her, she's the finest thing on earth," dad remarked. "See him lift those reins. He couldn't get a move out of her with dynamite. But the world is his."

Hugging the line of cars at the curb at the busiest turn-around in town. A cowboy hat mashing his ears down. Flash—Tommy and Jimmy coming from town riding Brownie in a dead run. When she turned the right-angled corner into the lane to the barn, the boys went straight on, Jimmy hanging to Tommy so tight that he pulled him off, too.

Boys and horses! I wanted to switch the overalls off of Oral. Here he came clippity clop down the long lane from the schoolhouse. His right hand held to the saddle horn, the other one held the reins at arm length. The right foot stood in the stirrup, the left one stuck straight out in the air. Three inches of daylight showed between old Maud's belly and the cinch. How the five year old ever got the big saddle on Maud at all was a mystery to me. Maybe he climbed the fence. Why didn't he saddle turn with him? Little boys seem to have a guardian angel.

Colonel Bob Berry of Arkansas is doubtful if the girls from Hellin' Hills who are working in war plants will be content to go back on the farm and accept conditions as they were—dresses homemade, and part of the egg money. He quotes a letter from a war worker to her farmer husband: "You better learn all about cooking, for I ain't going to do no more for a long time. My last week's pay was \$54.—and with what I got saved up, I don't hanker after much more housekeeping. If I ever come home, you got to wait on me for quite a spell for a chance." The husband said to the colonel, "Well, I broke many a filly in my time. Guess I can do it again. But never did try my hand breaking one that old." (Would you think theirs had been a marriage, or a servitude?)

After long months, word has been received permitting me to quote from a letter from a boy to his parents. He asks that identifying names be withheld. You knew him well in HS and spoke of him as being so full of life, and pranks; gathering in all the fun he could. Rather happy-go-lucky you thought, yet having a good business head. Dating the girls, but refusing to have a "steady." With the other children, teasing their mother and making her run in circles, while loving her too much to know how to express it. Seemingly uninterested in church. Quote:

"I hope you folks won't object to my doing this, but I'm sure AST is in the right. Of course, Air Cadets or rather flight crew is dangerous, but what branch of the service isn't?"

How about the Infantry, etc? What I would like to get into in Cadets is Navigator, but whether this wish comes true, I'm not to decide. I believe God has a place for me some place in this war and this world, and with His will, not mine, I will go forward to meet whatever comes, witnessing and worshipping in His name. May God lead me in the right path, and may Christ's shining light go forward with all of us—sister, brother, you folks at home and the many homes throughout the world!

Last Sunday Robby and I went to Mission Covenant. I don't ever remember hearing of this church in Medford, but maybe there is one. So, I suggest you go there as they really dwell upon the Bible's fundamentals as I've never heard before. It's like a great awakening of the soul that's been living stagnant for so many years. This seems to be a general trend among the service men—especially if they've been overseas and realized the tremendous need for Him. Some gave their testimonies Sunday morn and also some others gave theirs Saturday

night at the "Ironides" rally. This time is a great time of awakening, and in this respect, this war is bringing people closer to Christ.

"Must close, but I want you to be my Valentine, too, and even tho it isn't a card, it surely shows my feelings."

I "pray without ceasing" that you may find this same joy and satisfaction your classmate has found. Devotedly, Aunty.

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