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ARTHUR EDWARD POWELL
Editor and Proprietor

EDITORIALS

BE CAREFUL

Under the withering late summer sun, the danger of fire increases. Forests and fields are tinder dry. Farm barns are crammed to the roof with inflammable livestock feed.

This year the danger of fire is greater than normal, because of the manpower shortage. Forest protection agencies have lost many of their trained "smoke chasers" and no longer can count on large numbers of men to combat conflagrations. Last year in the single state of California, fires in timbered areas, water sheds, and grain fields swept through 675,000 acres. Nine out of ten were man made and therefore preventable. Such fires do irreparable damage to the war effort. They destroy natural resources that only time can replace. Where standing timber has been wiped out, this means hundreds of years.

From now until the first soaking fall rains, efforts to prevent fire should be redoubled. Extreme care should be used in burning trash. Every cigarette butt should be completely extinguished. Extreme caution should govern the use of matches.

There are stiff penalties for failure to observe preventative measures during the fire season. But even these are futile unless the public wholeheartedly cooperates with fire prevention authorities. In most instances, the thoughtless culprit who starts a fire through carelessness, is not apprehended. He may wreak destruction totaling many millions of dollars. He may also bring death to many persons.

These are things we should take time to think about during dry summer days.

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

We found the Bosque (which means "The Woods") to be a park or woods at the edge of the city enclosed in a high mesh fence with tropical trees and foliage so dense that one must enter the park in order to see what it is actually like. After asking our driver to wait for us we entered the huge silver-colored gates and embarked on the most interesting and beautiful little stroll or tour through this enchanted woods I have ever taken. It is primarily a bird park—at least the section where we first entered—and beautiful multi-colored macaws sit on perches under tiny peaked roofs all along the little wooded paths which wind in and out through the tropical growth of ferns, flowers, palms, bamboos, umbrella trees and larger trees which almost form a closed roof over the entire park. Some places the shade was so deep we did not attempt movies and others the shadows drew crazy-cross patterns across our path. Haughty peacocks strutted and egrets and tall white, graceful birds perched on long slender legs wandered at will through this jungle paradise. We walked over tiny, rustic bridges over whispering little streams and bridges "humped" like those in a Japanese tea garden, and on and on to stone steps, worn with time, which seemed carved from a rock hill. We climbed the steps which wound half way round this great rock and entered a dark and mysterious cave. The outside of the cave wore a heavy thick blanket of green moss which smelled wet and sweet. Inside the cave the seeping water had made great stalactites and stalagmites which stood as silent witnesses for the passing of the years. We wandered through the cave and came out near the top and on up more stone steps to the very top of this small rock hill. Here we found a stone bench with an arbor of heavy vines protecting it from the tropical sun and a small stone water fountain for the weary ones to rest and refresh themselves a bit.

On we went, taking pictures where-

ever the lighting would permit and finally reached another gate, smaller than the entrance gate, and locked. We could see beyond and it looked so inviting that we rang the little bell for admittance. The caretaker came and let us in, pleased to think that the strangers in their land would be interested in their efforts in making this place behind the little locked gate a place of superior beauty. There were dozens of tiny paths and which to take, for all looked inviting. Our Brazilian friend carefully explained where each path lead and advised a certain one which we took. This area was devoted to enough very tall trees to form a covering of deep shade but the balance of the area held every known tropical plant and defies description, so beautiful were the flowers, plants and their very arrangement. I could have spent days in that section of the Bosque. We entered what at home would be turned a "greenhouse" but here, while it served as one it did not resemble one as we know them. It was an oblong, small building of rustic wood and stone, very open and with glass or open roof, I do not know which. Instead of this moss covered building having floor there was a tiny lake or pond and to go through the building you walked on stepping stones. The stones were large and flat and you could stop and inspect the thousands of plants and flowers as you went. This building was devoted almost entirely to orchids of every known description and color the beauty of which is simply breath taking. Literally hundreds of thousands of orchids are hanging from every possible space or manner on the walls and ceiling of the place. From the inside you cannot guess what the building is made of for the density of the orchids. I would have stayed in this place of beauty forever if Joe hadn't reminded me that we must keep going in order to half see the place. From this bewitching spot we followed other paths and followed them and were going on and on when a man came running to tell us that they were locking the entrance gates to the Bosque and we, the strangers in their midst, were about to be locked in for the rest of the day and night. We reluctantly left our friend the caretaker who had so kindly explained everything to us and headed back to our car with firm intent of returning to the Bosque at the first available opportunity. Unfortunately we were not able to return while in Belem and I look forward to the day when I can spend hours in this lovely place which is so out of this world.

(To be continued.)

Pfc. Harold Troutman is visiting his parents Mr. and Mrs. Jake Troutman. He is home on a 10 day furlough from Alabama. This is his first furlough for a year and a half. The Jack Troutmans have recently moved into their beautiful new home on Ross Lane, which they have built themselves.

Letters to Nephews

By Ella H. Leonard

Dear kid:

While resting from canning peaches, there's a tale to tell about our home talent horse show Labor Day. It was only a get-together of home folks of the Rogue valley, local horses, local riders. From 5 years olds to "93 year old" Doc Helms who was an entry in the roping contest. Mr. Fiddler was announcer. Not Jimmy. From Sams Valley.

We sat in a reserved seat—folding chair—in the hot sun from the noon hour until after six. And then it wasn't ended. The calf pen below us held milling, bawling calves that tried to drown out the announcer. Dust in our eyes and noses. And a V. burned on my neck.

Two hundred horses there must have been in the parade thru town, including the Medford posse. Too bad the soldiers couldn't have seen the ladies drill. The palomino had an exhibit of their own. Then there was a stallion number where they showed their gaits.

Perhaps the tiny kids created greatest interest. The winner of the first prize for his horse got a new bridle; the second, a box of coke; and the black shetlands rider a red hunting hat. He made his pony rear up when requested. Those kids put their horses thru different gaits.

The teen agers tried riding the bull, and was a good show. Some of them also were in the roping contest. They had practiced so hard but had bad luck. The wind affected the rope. The men did little better, getting razed by the announcer: "What are you going to tell your wife after all the coaching she gave you? To another whose calf got away: "He

KNEW he had him. Said so to the calf. But the calf said, "No, you ain't got me," as he tore off, switching his tail high. They looked fetching as they rocked in a canter. There was just one walking horse (from Tenn.) which was a beauty. The owners of the stallions were so proud to show them off, Elmer took 2 prizes with his palomino. How do you like that, Bobby?

The show reminded us of days long past, when the people made their own fun. It was up to them, and did they have a good time that they yet recount. And folks sit open-mouthed to hear, it was a clean show, straight through. No rough stuff, no liquor, no vulgarity. A special cowboy song was sung for you, hillbilly style. One boy made his last ride before his induction next week. Hear your Dan nicker for you? So long. Auntie.

FIVE YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

John Sharp hustling for a pancake turner, saying he couldn't turn eggs with a spoon.
So What—Less depends upon what befalls us, than upon the way in

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which we take it—Schopenhauer.
Morris Dow cut the tendon in his thumb and it will be at least three weeks before he is able to work. Insel Lewis is working in the Sawfay during his absence.

Hugo Lange made a surprise visit on his mother Mrs. Marie Lange and his sister Hildegarde and his niece Marie over the Labor day holiday.

Dr. and Mrs. F. J. Moffatt spent the week end in Marshfield visiting Mrs. Moffatt's sister.

TEN YEARS AGO

Travel to Crater Lake during the season, so far, has passed the 100,000 mark. Forty percent more than at this time last year.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Heft and Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Thompson and daughter Larene spent Sunday and Monday at Crescent City.

Mrs. Henry Kilburn underwent a major operation Tuesday morning and is reported doing nicely.

Mrs. W. J. Gebhard entertained the pre-school children at her home this afternoon. Among those present besides the children was Mrs. May

Richardson, primary teacher. Joyce and Helen Young accompanied friends from Klamath Falls to Oregon Caves Monday.

Mrs. Ethel Fleischer's niece from Seattle visited at the Fleischer home last week.

It has been estimated that between 10,000 and 12,000 tons of tomatoes will be harvested here, which will employ between 250 and 300 workers.

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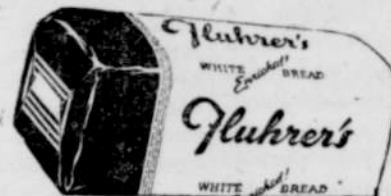
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