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ARTHUR EDWARD POWELL
Editor and Proprietor

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

Sept. 12th Well, I'll get another letter off to you on this plane which leaves tomorrow. You see I'm also mailing the letter dated Sept. 4th on this very same plane. This will be Chapter 2, and I'll call the other chapter 1. When the Brazilians have a holiday they really celebrate and you just can't get anything done or get them to do anything either. Last week here were three holidays—the 4th, and 5th, and 7th, so the entire week was spent in celebrating by the Brazilians.

The American's had the 7th of Sept. off in honor of the Brazilian Independence day but they celebrated all week for I guess they figured there was no use wasting time so whether or not it was a holiday they took the whole week off. There was the Amazon Statehood and the Independence of Brazil to take care of and it took them all that time I guess. Anyway, there was no help in the offices of the company, Brazilian clerks, etc., and it was impossible to get letters mailed or anything else done, consequently I am sending these two on the same plane. Things have settled down to normal again for which everyone is thankful.

We have had showers almost everyday for a week now and it keeps things so nice and cool. It never rains at night during this time of the year so in the evening we can sit on

the terrace and watch the night go by. As I mentioned the block square park is right across from our house and when we sit on the terrace it seems like our front yard and it is very pleasant. Wish you could come and sit with us some evening and we'd catch up on our gossip. How about it?

(To be continued.)

Letters to Nephews

By Ella H. Leonard

Dear nephew:

A quarter inch of ice this a.m. The boxes and sacks of nuts on the rock wall are hoary with frost. Abner screamed down the hill, "This tup's frozen over!" Fog is now, raising. Leaves from the house vines have fallen thick on porch and steps.

We went to Bob Jones' ranch in the Applegate the week-end to shoe his horses. Was the small mill beyond Jacksonville the source of all the re-roofing and building seen along the road? For miles the river bed shows cones of rock thrown up by the gold dredger, as gold was mined. On a reforested, burned-over hill the old burned trunks stood up starkly as porcupine quills. Other hills were dressed in the dark olive green of firs. Others were embroidered with fir, pine, maple, medrone with its mass of red berries, manzanita, buck brush, and fall colors. Rail fences were moss-covered or blanketed with berry vines from which many jars of jam and jelly are found in cellars. Wild grape climbed trees by the stream's edge.

A goatherd was driving his milk goats—their bags heavy with milk. A farmer rode herd on his calves. On the lush fields grazed hundreds of fat American cattle. Why American?

Because they were of all breeds, pure and mixed. Two swinging foot-bridges were seen over the rolled Applegate. One seemed all wire except for a narrow board at the bottom. The other had wider foot-space. Can you see, honey, why kids who walk across them soon learn not to keep in step?

"Fishing is fine. Now if you had time. . . That deep hole just beyond that big tree you can see over this corner of the barn-way down in the pasture. . . I caught 36 big beauties in 45 minutes. . ." You know how fishermen talk if a word is said to start them off. Remember the salmon in China and Gibson "cricks"? The trip was pleasant and refreshing.

But I had to celebrate as usual when tobacco is around. One sniff of smoke from another guest who came in, and I had to run for the outdoors, losing all the fine supper which I had so enjoyed. Having to go to bed. Ill all the next day. Still feel it. "I wouldn't have smoked for the world, if I had known," the man told his hosts deplorably. I couldn't ask him not to smoke when I was only a guest, too. What to do about it? "Smoke, yourself," advised old Dr. Swendenberg. "A thousand to one it will kill you, the way it poisons you. The other chance might be a cure."

A thousand things to talk of when you get your furlough. Until then, cut a rug as you can. Lovingly, Aunty.

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Locals

A group of the Christian church people attended the special meeting at Eagle Point Monday night.

C.C. Std. James Mills and wife arrived last week for a visit with his mother, Mrs. Earl Phillips and other relatives. They will have Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. Phillips and spend the rest of his leave at their home in California.

Mrs. Loretta Kellblock from Corvallis, Oregon, is visiting Mrs. W. C. Abbott, an old school mate and also will visit her sister-in-law, Mrs. Don Newbury in Medford.

Thanksgiving guests at the home of Mrs. Edith Hunt will be her cousin, Mrs. Margaret Bowman and daughter, Betty.

FIVE YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

Central Point Grange invites every one to come and celebrate Thanksgiving with the traditional turkey dinner, Nov. 30.

A baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Hedrick weighing 10 lbs. 3 oz. Mrs. Hedrick called her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Norcross from her bed side phone soon after her arrival to break the news to them.

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Nineteen Central Point men meet to organize a volunteer fire department. They were called together by Mayor Powell at the request of fire chief Bonney.

Miss Helen Wright becomes the bride of John Wilson Nov. 22

Harold Gebhard and Edward Gebhard organize the Gebhard Tractor Service. Facilities of a tractor plow and disc will be available to those who need it.

Miss Francis Faber of Marshfield, Jim Grimes and Bobby Hoagland of Corvallis will be among the young folks home for the Thanksgiving holidays.

School closed Tuesday noon on account of prevalence of the flu.

TEN YEARS AGO

Automotive trades connected with highway transportation, furnish jobs for one out of every six people, is the estimate made by National Highway Users conference.

Mrs. Ted Hill was hostess to the P.T.A. executive board at her home Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. T. A. Marine entertained in honor of her husband's birthday Monday evening.

Bill Snider entertained the Junior Bridge club this week. His grandmother, Mrs. Jennie White was hostess.

All girls interested in 4-H club are asked to meet at the grange hall Monday, November 26.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Foley are the proud parents of a 9 lb. 2 oz. baby boy born Sunday at the Sacred Heart hospital.

Ray and Roland Glass, small sons of the Randolph Glass were seriously ill from effect of eating cold tablets.

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haven't forgotten Pearl Harbor, Bataan and the thousands of other crimes against humanity by the Jap hordes. Your bond is an installment on what it's going to cost us to crush the Japs in the long sea lanes of the Pacific—it's going to take more superfortresses at \$600,000 each, more P-47 Thunderbolts at \$50,000 each—more of every type of material.

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