

**Letters From Our Boys in Service**

The following is extra from a letter written to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lawrence by their son Roger.

New Guinea  
Nov. 26, 1944

Dear Folks;  
Have received nine letters from you. The packages haven't come yet but don't worry about them, they are always late. We have been turning out plenty of work, we get up at 6 a.m. and sometime our working hours don't end for 15 to 18 hours. Its a good thing I never worked these hours at the yards or I never would of gotten my income tax payed up.

They say they are going to get a working schedule figured out soon. Tell Billy Abbott not to worry about my knife, it will arrive sometime. A person out here wears one all the time, altho there hasn't been much use for one.

We have been having swell weather, the sun shines every day and it isn't to warm to work. Most of us sleep on deck and get rained out every now and then, but it just pours for 10 or 15 minutes then the stars come out and we roll our bunks back on deck again.

Most of our spare time is spent in swimming or seeing the movies we have on board, or talk about what we will do when this war is over.

Tell Mrs. Tex I could use some of those walnuts if it isn't to much trouble. And keep sending those cartoons, they have some good laughs in them.

So long for now.  
F. Roger Lawrence

The following is a letter received by John Powell from a Klamath Falls friend.

Somewhere in Luxembourg  
Nov. 25, 1944

Hi Johnnie;  
Just dropping in to say hellow. Not much has happened since I last wrote you, but since we pull guard at night and lay around in the day, we have ample time to write letters.

A rather funny incident, and a somewhat dramatic climax happened the other night. We were on a patrol and stopped in a deserted town for the night. I heard someone walking upstairs after we went to bed. My partner and I got up quietly and slipped out of the house and got the rest of the squad who were standing guard across the road. We came back and gave the house a systematic search that produced exactly nothing. Of course I got quite a ribbing over it as every time any door slammed in the wind, some one in the squad would cock an inquiring eye my way and casually ask, "Germans, Hutch?"

Well, today at dinner, one of our

Leutenants came in with a Jerry prisoner that he found just outside of town. It could be that this Jerry is the same one I heard, so the rest of the squad isn't quite so cocky now. I guess the moral of this incident is the He who laughs last is the best laugher or loudest or something.

Anyway, the squad leader said we would search all houses before we moved into them in the future.

In one of your letters, some time back, you asked me to send a sample of German soil so you could see for yourself, just what kind of dirt it took to grow those Nazi. I think I can send a sample in my next letter.

From here, it looks like ordinary dirt, possibly a little dirtier dirt than we are accustomed to, but its dirt nevertheless.

We had the usual Army menu for Thanksgiving—Turkey, cranberry sauce and sweet potatoes and etc. I ate all I could hold, and it was a good thing I did, for it was about 28 hours before I had another meal.

I'll try to get a couple of snapshots of yours truly and send them to you soon. I imagine I look the same—maybe a little fatter, a little lazier and a lot older.

I still have the jeep notes but I wanted to send a newspaper clipping so I used this envelope so it wouldn't fall out.

As Ever, Dick.

**Letters to Nephews**

By Ella H. Leonard

Dear kid:

Our Sunday School Supt. was asking Sunday why we carried or did not carry our Bible to Sunday School. A teacher said it was helped for reference. An aged mother said she didn't, just because she didn't. He himself said he didn't have time to use it. He said some might carry it for show. Then he asked if any one else had anything to say.

I felt impelled to witness for my action, so arose and spoke. "You all know I always carry my Bible. Maybe you think it is for show. I carry it because it gives me a sense of the nearness of God's presence. The lesson makes a deeper impression, read from it, rather than from the Quarterly. It is its own best interpreter. Its reference afford a deeper and wider understanding of the lesson. Its concordance makes possible the quick finding of a wanted verse. It is a textbook about God and the Way

of Life, to use during the study period. I desire to know what it says, instead of what some one says it says.

"Too, I carry the Bible because the little folks of the Central Point Brick church made me ashamed not to. Why should they learn to reverence it, and become more familiar with it than I was aftr long years of attendance with study cards or quarterlies. My church never taught me to study from my Bible at Sunday School as H S required me to use my English text."

I committed much of the latter. The former was limited to reading the Golden Text. I've learned a bit about the Bible. I know but little of it. My best teacher, he who expounded the Word to me, was that saintly pastor of the Brick church, Rev. Lewis. The boys from that church, who are now in service, know what it means to carry the Bible with them, and how to use it for their own needs, and to give its Bread of life to their comrades.

I'm thankful for the Brick church, and its record (often noted) of an 82% of its attendance carrying their Bible to church school. And for its missionary spirit. With our nation as devout, we could once again truly be called Christian.

I'm afraid I've done something. I'm often told I am always getting my foot in it. Are we not urged to give our witness and leave the consequences with God? Don't hesitate to express your opinion of my deed. With every loving thought, Auntie.

**CASEBEER IN FRANCE—**

Pvt. Ray Casebeer, a son of Mrs. Elsie Casebeer of Central Point, recently arrived in France to serve with an infantry unit according to information received by his mother. Pvt. Casebeer graduated from Medford senior high school in January of 1944 and went immediately into the army. He played first-string football for the Medford Tornados while in school.

**Eagle Point School News**

By Barbara Powell

The Eagle Point 4H club held a meeting December 4 at the Grange hall.

Charles Powell was absent from school all last week.

There are 2 families of Powells in this community and they both live within 2 miles of each other.

The teachers of all the different schools drew up a schedule of all the basketball games January 6.

Most all of the Christmas school parties will be held Dec. 22.

Dean Collins brought the 8th grade Christmas tree December 11 and put a base on it.

**PVT. FENZER LEAVES—**

Pvt. Flossie Dean Frenzer left Monday with her husband, who arrived Saturday evening and visited at the Munn home. Sunday Mr. Frenzer, and wife Pvt. Frenzer, Mrs. Lester Munn, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Cushman and sons Jack and Corkey spent the day at the mountain home of Mr. and Mrs. Cushman.

Mr. and Mrs. Munn, Sr., received a telephone call from their daughter, Doreen Munn, who is a Wave, stationed at Seattle, that she would be home for her mother's birthday, the 26th of January, but was afraid she would be unable to be home for Christmas.

**WITH 7th ARMY—**

Pfc. Robert F. Kyle, Jr., is now in France with an infantry division of the Seventh Army according to a letter from the serviceman to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. Kyle, Sr., 609 South Oakdale avenue. The young man wrote his parents that he had been on a trip to Marseilles and that the French people were "kind and generous." The section in which his unit had been stationed was forested much after the manner of Oregon, he wrote. Pfc. Kyle has been in France since Oct. 20.

Pfc. Kyle's father is a former Central Point boy.

**ATTENDS SCHOOL—**

First Lieutenant Aaron J. Ayres, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Aaron Ayres, of Jacksonville, Ore., is among scores of combat veterans of a combined 5,000 battle missions now attending Central Instructors' School at Randolph Field, Texas. Lt. Ayres

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WE NOW HANDLE  
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**CLUB HOLDS SHOOT—**

The Central Point gun club had a good turnout Sunday for their turkey shoot. Visitors from all over Southern Oregon wer present. Twenty-five turkeys and several chickens were trophies and they could have used more if they had them. Nearly everybody, who completed, won prizes. The Medford gun club will hold a Turkey shoot next Sunday.

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**This Christmas the war trains will roll —as usual**

Out on the line, December 25 will be as busy as any other day on the Southern Pacific. It won't be much of a holiday for our men at the front, either. The enemy doesn't stop shooting just because it's Christmas. This Christmas Day and night we shall keep the war trains rolling, just as we have kept them rolling every day and night since Pearl Harbor. To all the travelers and shippers we served this year—our heartfelt thanks for your sympathetic understanding of our problems, and the cheerful way you accepted the inconvenience of wartime transportation. In sending you the Season's Greetings, we join with you in praying that next Christmas will be celebrated in a world of peace.

Civilians! To avoid disappointment please don't plan a holiday trip on Southern Pacific trains. Let a man in uniform go instead.

**S.P.**  
The friendly Southern Pacific