

# Bamboos -- Greybeards Kids and The babes

## New Bonus Deadline Is December 31, 1953

The Department of Veterans' Affairs is now able to pay the bonus to late applicants as the result of legislation setting the World War II veterans' bonus deadline at December 31, 1953, H. C. "Hub" Saalfeld, state director of veterans' affairs, said today.

Saalfeld said an estimated 2000 eligible veterans or their surviving next of kin failed to apply in time to meet the original deadline of last December 1. The recent legislature passed an act—Chapter 595, Oregon Laws 1953—giving such persons an extra year and a month in which to apply, and the state attorney general has ruled that the department may accept, process and pay applications filed after December 1, 1952, and on or before December 31, 1953, as the result of this legislation.

George A. Jones, bonus supervisor for the state veterans' department, said the bonus division has on file a total of 876 cases involving late applications, letters requesting bonus application forms, and potential "partial" payees. These latter cases are those where two parents, for example, were entitled to collect in behalf of their deceased son but only one parent applied and so collected half the payment due. The other parent was entitled but couldn't collect his or her half because of failure to apply.

Many inquiries regarding application also have been received by the department from persons who didn't apply because they were told it was too late. All in all, Jones said the bonus division probably will receive from 4000 to 5000 new applications, but that only about 2000 of them will be valid claims.

Processing of late applications already has started, and persons requesting application forms will receive them immediately, Jones said. To date the department has paid bonuses to 129,976 veterans and next of kin amounting to \$48,794,155.

## Going Away Party To Be Held for Troupers

By Tommy Thompson—Co. A

Chapter 32 of D.A.V. at Camp White with the help of all veterans chapters are planning a big party for the accordin troupers. Eve Prentice is taking her band on a twelve day trip to California. While on this trip they will also keep up their service to veterans as they will play for the Marines at Camp Pendleton and for the Navy at the Naval Base at San Diego. They will also be on the Youth Opportunity Show in Hollywood and on TV.

This party will be one to wish them all Von Voyage and all will receive presents, as will the band. This party will be at 8 p.m. in the Veterans Hall on Thursday, May 21 so that the Vets can take in the Junior Red Cross Show by the Lone Pine School at 7 p.m. before.

Have a wonderful trip, Accordinians with all the best wishes from Camp White.

## Hollingsworth Now Employed By Special Services at White

Sid Hollingsworth, Camp White writer of "Pickin' Pears" and correspondent for the Mail Tribune, is now employed by Special Services as a stencil cutter in the office of Dominews. Marvin Kahn announced Hollingsworth's appointment recently.

Hollingsworth succeeds Jesse Baker who is in another department under the supervision of Ty Teorey. Baker is the author of the "Old Pappy" features which have appeared in White's paper for the past two and a half years.

Both Hollingsworth and Baker are Greybeards of WW I and both are mighty fine writers and gluttons for work.

## NAVY CHIEF SMITH HOUSE HUNTING IN CENTRAL POINT

Chief Boilerman Thomas Smith now on recruiting duty in Medford for the navy was a Central Point visitor Saturday. Chief Smith has 21 years service with Uncle Sam. He was at the city hall looking for a home to rent for a buddy who is coming to the valley. Judge Pinkham thinks that he knew the place that would suit the newcomers.

## C. E. McKerchie--

TO HANDLE DISTRIBUTION OF THE AMERICAN

C. E. "Mac" McKerchie will be Camp White's correspondent for the American and will handle the distribution of the paper each Thursday.

"Mac" has been at White continuously since shortly after its doors were thrown open for business a little more than four years ago. He is an example of a man who actually pulled himself off the floor by his boot straps.

Confined to a wheel chair and supported by crutches before he left his home in Seattle to come here was the lot of McKerchie. When something struck at his left side. However, he "stayed in there pitching" and today he propels along most of the time now without even the aid of a cane. This WW I Greybeard has been an active worker for Camp White post 6412 Veterans of Foreign Wars.

The American is proud of "Mac" and welcomes him as its first correspondent from the disabled veterans Home on Agate desert.

## The Froggiest Frogger That Ever Frogged

This is a true story, I saw it myself at Emigrant Lake two weeks ago.—Wm. Catfish Clayton.

There was a party of us boys at Emigrant Lake fishing when one, Fred Dekker (better known as "Whiskers") noticed those big black wart frogs jumping in the water and swimming for a chunk or log to perch their carcass on. So, Fred says "By golly, I am going to get me some of those big frogs". (Being an old experienced frogger). So he rigged himself a hook and line and pole and put a piece of red flannel on the hook and started, looking for one of them big frogs.

So after awhile he came upon a big fat black rascal and cautiously sneaked up to where he could swing the hook over to where our frog could take a good look, see and, sure enough, he (the frog) grabbed the hook (including the piece of red flannel) in his mouth, and then Fred gave a jerk and yelled, "I've got 'im," and he was in the mud, then up to his knees so he raised Mr. Frog up with the pole until he was almost in his face. Then he says, "Say, these ain't bull frogs, they are wart frogs." So he let him go and started to wade back to dry land. But he had stood in the mud so long, he had settled somewhat deeper and when he tried to pull his foot out of the mud, his soft slipper pulled off in the mud and he had a heck of a time trying to find his slipper. But he finally found it and started wading for the dry land with a sheepish look on his face.

Then says "Dad burn it, I'll bet the next time I go frogging, I'll have boots on."

Then I told him it was unlawful to catch wart frogs on a hook.

So after that when Fred goes fishing he always carries his boots with him.

He is leaving soon for Hyatt Lake and will spend about 3 months up there fishing for crappies and catfish. We wish him a merry trip and hope he gets lots of fish and frogs.

## Camp White Fishing Club Reports

By Wm. (Catfish) Clayton Col. 1, Camp White, Ore.

Well, a couple of weeks ago several members of the Camp White Fishing Club went up on Elk Creek. But the water was too low to do any fishing. They had a nice ride and lunch and coffee and also a nice long ride.

So on Wednesday, 13th, we went up on the Rogue 5 miles beyond Trail, to fish at the famous Sierra Manor owned and operated by Mrs. Vera Martin, whom we wish to express our sincere thanks for she so graciously tried every way possible to make our trip a pleasant one. Her land is posted but she has some of the nicest fishing spots I have looked upon and she told us to come and fish anytime we wished and just have a good time. We caught a few trout. But it was one of those days when the fish would not strike at anything. Several of my friends and myself have been having that same experience at numerous places, here and there for 3 or 4 weeks.

Several of us boys went up on Union Creek a few days ago and had the same experience up there. But the snowdrifts were 30 inches deep in some places and I am inclined to think that due to the high water from the melting snow that there is so much food being washed onto the streams that the fish are not hungry. I don't know where we will go on our fishing trip next time. It will be around the 27th of May so if any of you readers of The American know of any good spots to catch fish, please inform me so I can talk it over with the gang and the transportation dept. here and maybe take a trip there.

It is really wonderful the way the good people of southern Oregon have been so co-operative with the club here and the Special Services Dept. We again wish to express our sincere thanks for their kind donations of tackle, and interest shown in trying to make life easier for us here. There are many boys here that have no source of income and the donated tackle comes in mighty handy for them. I can assure everyone that we all appreciate the hospitality of the good people of southern Oregon and we are very careful with fires, and live up to the fish and game law.

If any one has any tackle laying around in the way and would like to donate it to the fishing club at Camp White, just drop me a post card and I will see that it will be placed in the tackle supply stock to be used by the non-pensioners—men who have no income—and that is the only way they have to go on an outing and enjoy themselves.

The Camp White fishing club wishes all of you nice people of southern Oregon a very happy and prosperous year and the very best of health.

So good by now. See you later.

## Fine Tribute That Back-Fired

Editor's Note: What am I going to do? Bill Hurn is a damn sight sicker than I am or I have been. Great old time Oregon athlete down Eugene way. Didn't he have an operation for cancer not so long ago? And today he is doing a shift in the coffee shop and asking quarters from no one. A football official when he could "pick 'em up and lay 'em down" faster than now. Courage? Few of us have it like Bill has.

When he handed me this and said: "Tear it up, if you don't like it," we hadn't an idea in the world what he had written. Bill is a former correspondent of The Oregonian and gained national fame with his report of the Bandon fire some years ago. He has done pieces for The American before.

When this writer read this tribute he did what nine out of ten others would have done. He "bawled."

So, Bill Hurn, my good friend your thoughts are going into type. And let me say that if you and I have been in the shadows that can only be cast by approach to death we come back to the light better men.

No greater tribute could be paid me. Best of all we are here to write again about the BAMBOOS, THE GREYBEARDS, THE KIDS AND THE BABES.

By Bill Hurn

Heck, Tiek, when you asked me to grind out another effort for your paper, I wondered a bit just what I'd try to do out of the mess of ideas and notions lurking around in my mind and then all at once it was settled. I'm just going to polish up something I had fished out one night a few weeks ago.

Probably no one has ever done what I'm going to try to do. Certainly, if it has been tried, the one which had inspired it, never saw it in print to read. That day I had glimpsed you on your way into the infirmary and reports that night were wholly confirming as to your condition and chances. So, when out of the book I had taken to bed with me, to find the tribute paid in verse by Grantland Rice to Ring Lardner when Ring passed on—well that book opened at THAT page for me THAT night, wasn't just a happenstance. So I arose and tried to express in my own feeble words, in a few lines, an Amen to that poem with its application directed pointedly at you. I feel that both Rice and Lardner, being the men they are, will not mind at the application I have made of this beautiful tribute, because of yours and Lardner's common literary ideas and ideals. The regard for each in both of you is very high.

Knowing your faith and the sincerity of that Faith, no apologies for a mythological journey for you are being made to you, your Faith, your Church, nor your dear Chaplain and dearer personal friend, our Father John Cumisky'. In my thoughts of that evening, he had a very great part. In the final bed-side offices of your Church, nothing more beautifully impressive can be found. So I grouped you two men that night in my thinking. You would each have wanted to be together. You would have wanted it, that he had been the one whose ministrations you would most desire. But in this instance, the deep personal sorrow of The Reverend Father could not have been overlooked. Not the regrets of a kindly loving Priest at the passing of a true member to a Greater Heavenly Reward, but saddened by the loss of such a dear friend. Neither you nor he, will, in the least, misunderstand the whole-hearted acceptance of a mystic river Styx and its phantom boatman, because of that reality of your own Faith.

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And now, Tiek, you are back among us. That we are grateful to God' is not just a phrase. There may be many generous helpings off the plate of life for you yet. Help yourself to them. And as to help, well, you've been helped by your trip to Portland. You'll have all the help the staff here can give, for they like you too. But Tiek, you can and will find the greatest help within yourself. And the rest of us who too, sometimes need a helping hand, will find that we have it for ourselves, just by seeing how well you are doing in helping yourself. That's the real inner force at our rehabilitation efforts here.

Here is that poem which would have expressed the emotion of everyone of us who know you:

TO RING LARDNER, Sept. 27, 1933  
By Grantland Rice

Charon—God guide your boat—  
On to the journey's end.  
Keep it safe and afloat—  
For it carries a friend.  
One who has given the world  
Drama and wit and mirth—  
One who has kept unfurled  
The flag of a cleaner earth.

Charon—the night is dark—  
Watch for a port ahead—  
Stick to the wheel of your barque—  
Charon—a friend is dead;  
A friend of a shattered age,  
Standing upon time's brink—  
The friend of the printed page,  
For those who could read—and think.

Here is one you can say  
No one can fill his gap—  
Left in a morbid day—  
Left on a yellow map—  
One where the bright sword gleams,  
Set for the cutting blow—  
One who has followed dreams  
Greater than men might know.

Charon—here is a mate  
Where the mystic shadows lie—  
Ready to face all fate,  
When fading dock lights die;  
Drama—or wit—or sport—  
What we may have on earth—  
Bring him safely to port—  
The gods should find his worth.

Charon—I speak for a friend  
Wherever the reefs may form,  
On to the journey's end,  
Keep him away from the storm;  
Where the last candle's burned,  
Out where the dark is deep—  
Give him the rest he has earned—  
Bring him a dreamless sleep.

I wish you could know his worth  
Out in the realms of ghosts—  
What he has meant to the earth,  
Of what he has meant to the hosts,  
Of those who can understand  
The message of brain and heart,  
Flashed upon sea or land  
With only the master's art.

Clean as the west wind's sweep—  
Strong as the northern gale—  
Charon—a friend's asleep  
Give him your stoutest sail—  
Out through the mystic gate,  
Over the ghostly foam,  
Let all your half gods wait

Till he is safe at home.  
Out of this drab corral,  
Drama—or life—or sport—  
What can you say when a pal  
Sails for an unknown port?  
When the last candle's burned—  
When the last sunset gleams—  
Here's all the luck you've earned—  
Luck—to the end of dreams.

"Not long will the taxpayer be willing to pay too much and then get back only part of the overpayment."—Boise Idaho Statesman.

According to your faith, be it unto you.—Matthew 9:29.

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