

DEATH COMES TO GEORGE AVERILL; RITES WEDNESDAY

George Averill, 74, a resident of Medford and Butte Falls, for many years, passed away at the Veterans hospital in Portland, on Friday afternoon after an illness of several weeks. Mr. Averill a well known resident, and highly respected, was born at Brawford, Conn., on June 9, 1870. For many years he had been employed by C. J. Semon at the Medford Concrete Construction company. He served for many years in the United States navy, serving in the Spanish-American war, and in World War I, and was retired from the navy as a chief boatswain's mate.

His wife, Mrs. Carrie Bousum Averill, passed away on May 7, 1943. He leaves a brother, Ernest Averill, of Hartford, Conn., and several nieces and nephews.

Mr. Averill was a very active member of the Crater Lake Aerie No. 2093, Fraternal Order of Eagles, Medford lodge No.

1166 B.P.O. Elks and the American Legion post No. 15, and the Spanish-American War veterans. Funeral services will be conducted from the Perl funeral home on Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock, Crater Lake Aerie No. 2093, Fraternal Order of Eagles, will officiate at the chapel, and a firing squad and bugler from Camp White will officiate at the graveside in the Slakivou Memorial Park.

Two members from the Eagles, Elks lodges and the American Legion will act as pallbearers.

LAVA BEDS SUPERVISION IS VESTED IN DIRECTOR

Administration of the Lava Beds National Monument was transferred from the coordinating supervision of E. P. Leavitt, superintendent of Crater Lake National Park, with headquarters here, to the office of the Regional Director, National Park Service, Region Four, San Francisco, Leavitt announced yesterday.

Don C. Fisher, assistant chief park ranger and acting custodian of the monument for the past nine years was promoted to custodian on November 20 and assumed full charge of the monument on that date, Leavitt's announcement said.

Closing time for Sunday Too Late to Classify 5:30 Saturday afternoon—Please remember.

SGT. THOMPSON LOST IN ACTION, FATHER IS TOLD

T/Sgt. Harold M. Thompson, son of H. L. Thompson, Route 4, has been reported killed in action, according to word received here Saturday. On December 9 Thompson was reported as missing over England since November 21. No further particulars have been received.

Thompson entered the army March 10, 1942, from Sutherlin, Ore. He received training at Sheppard Field, Las Vegas, David-Monthon Field, Biggs Field and Lowrey Field and crossed with his combat crew to England in June, 1943. In July he went to the Near East, being stationed in Africa.

He took part in the low-level bombing of Floesti on August 1, 1943 and was awarded the D. F. C. He also had letters of commendation from Gen. H. H. Arnold, Gen. Brereton and Brig. Gen. V. H. Strahn.

Sgt. Thompson returned to his unit in England in May, 1944, after having been reported missing in action for several months. Details of his participation in western front action are not known but it is known that he was in Belgium part of the time.

During his 32 months in the army Sgt. Thompson had only 36 hours at home. He was overseas more than 17 months.

LORENZO HACKLER PASSES IN TALENT

Lorenzo Spencer Hackler died Saturday morning at his home in Talent. Mr. Hackler would have been 83 years old in February. He was a member of Ashland Masonic lodge and Talent Grange.

Survivors besides his wife include four daughters, Mrs. Ethel Lacy, Talent; Mrs. Ruth Spig, Chicago; Mrs. Madge Armitage, Flint, Mich., and Mrs. Ada Ure, San Diego, Calif., also three grandchildren, Agnes Lacy, of Sams Valley; Lloyd Lacy, Jr., U. S. navy, and Lewis Armitage, of Flint.

Funeral services will be held at 3 p. m. Tuesday in the Lill-willer Funeral Parlor at Ashland.

JOHNNY QUACKENBUSH IS SEABEE MUSICIAN

Johnny Quackenbush, son of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Quackenbush, of Route 4, is attaining considerable reputation as a music writer and arranger for his Seabee unit band in New Guinea. Before entering the naval service branch Quackenbush graduated from Medford high school where he was president of the band group.

READER'S CHOICE

Washington, Dec. 22.—(U.P.)—The Washington Daily News today published the story of the Charles Chaplin paternity suit in Hollywood under this headline: "Here's the Chaplin case if you want to read it."

Use Mail Tribune Want Ads.

MEDFORD SOLDIER MADE CAPTAIN AT BASE IN ENGLAND

Promotion of Robert L. von der Hellen, 23, of Medford from first lieutenant to captain has been announced at his eighth air force bomber station in England, according to a report from his headquarters. Capt. von der Hellen is pilot of a B-17 Flying Fortress.

Son of Mr. and Mrs. Carl von der Hellen, Route 3, he was graduated from Medford high school in 1937, and was employed in the logging business prior to entering the air force in November, 1942. He received his pilot's wings at Douglas, Ariz., in November, 1943.

Since arriving overseas, Capt. von der Hellen has piloted his Fortress against such important objectives as the oil refineries at Merseburg, tank factories at Leipzig, marshalling yards at Cologne, and industrial targets at Berlin and Munich, the report states.

His group is part of the famous Third Bombardment Division, which has been cited by the president for its now historic England-Africa shuttle bombing of the Messerschmitt airplane factories at Regensburg, Germany, in August, 1943.

FREIGHT LOADING DIPS

Washington, Dec. 22.—(U.P.)—Revenue freight loadings on the nation's railroads for the week ended Dec. 16 amounted to 749,883 cars, a new low since March 6, 1943, for any full week and a decline of 43,671 cars from the previous week, the Association of American Railroads disclosed today.

CRIPPLE COYOTES NOW ERADICATED

Two coyotes, both crippled by the loss of one foot, which had been reported molesting stock in

the Meadows district on East Evans creek for some time, were shot and killed Thursday by L. L. Lewis, government hunter. Lewis located the coyotes with the aid of his hounds, on Logan's sheep ranch.

Lewis states that crippled coyotes are usually difficult to trap, as they become wary after being once caught and injured. Handcapped in catching usual wild

game, the crippled animals are particularly destructive in preying on stock.

BIRTHS

KEENER—To Mr. and Mrs. Don, 711 W. Second, Dec. 23, 1944, girl, six pounds, at Sacred Heart hospital.

LATHAM—To Mr. and Mrs.

G. T., 819 Park St., Dec. 23, 1944, girl, 8½ pounds, at Sacred Heart hospital.

WIMER—To Mr. and Mrs. Donald, 410 N. Ivy St., Dec. 23, 1944, girl, 6½ pounds, at Sacred Heart hospital.

Babies are born at the rate of 1,000 a day to wives of servicemen in the four lowest pay groups.

Notice—To Our West Side Customers

YOUR SUPPLY OF—

Cloverhill GOLDEN GUERNSEY MILK

for Christmas Day Will
Be Delivered this Afternoon

Merry Christmas to All

**CLOVERHILL
GUERNSEY FARM**



At this Christmas time I am confident that we all share the same thought and prayer... that victory in this terrible war may soon be ours... final and complete... and that a just and lasting peace shall be established throughout the world.

The very best to you always.



HUBBARD BROS.

—and—

HUBBARD-WRAY CO.

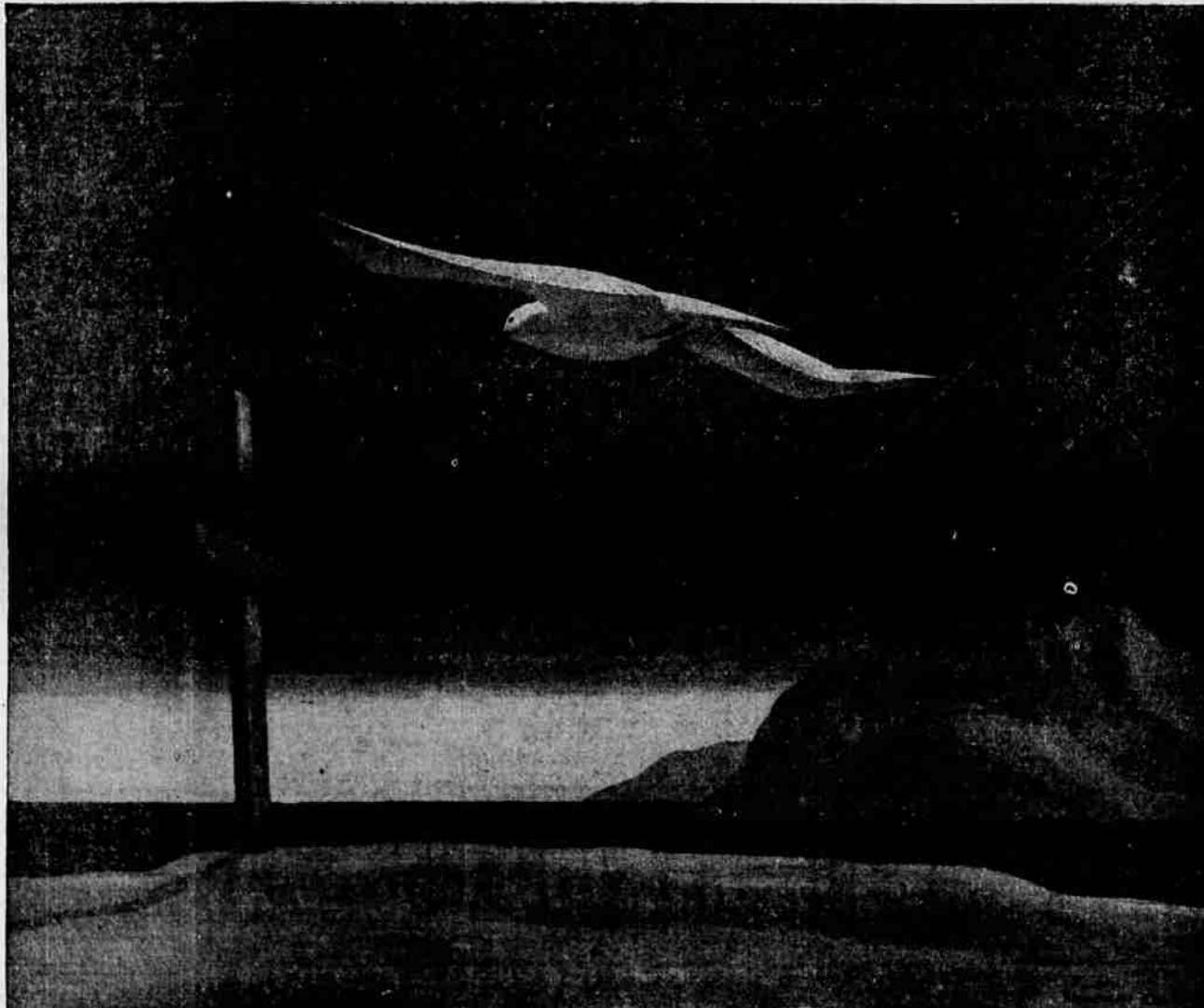
BUY
BONDS

**To One
And All**

—we wish the merriest of Merry
Christmases and every happiness in
the New Year to Come.

**We Will Close
Tuesday**

**Barker's
Men's
Store**
206 East
Main Street



HIS GIFT TO YOU

CHRISTMAS comes again to America. And far to the North... gulls wing their way through a barren, windswept sky. Beneath that cross marks the gift of a man to his country.

This man knew the joy of Christmas well. The rising warmth of the spirit as the season neared. The glittering snow falling through beams of welcoming light. The candles through frosted panes. The laughing, carefree crowds. The churches... Adeste Fideles... Silent Night... the Christ Child.

And he knew the coming of the day... the voices quick with greeting... the gathering together... the feasting... the giving and receiving... the almost boundless happiness of it all.

This Christmas... because he knew how to give... we are safe. Protected... unharmed... free to honor this day.

What shall we not give in return... we who have accepted the gift of his life? And how assuage the anguish of those who are left with the memory... and with hearts that will be forever empty?

There can be no weighing... no measuring of our sacrifice against his... and the others. There are no dollars... no hours... as precious to us as these lives laid upon the altar of freedom.

But there is little time. For every hour of neglect, complacency, postponement now, is another hour of war. And hours of war take the lives of men.

Christmas. May it this year of all years awaken us to the realization that we dare not fail... lest this costly sacrifice over the world be repeated endlessly. Lest through our failure... we forfeit our right to this freedom they die to preserve.

MANN'S