

City Briefs

Meeting Set—The meeting of Bonanza-Langell valley Garden club, which was to have been on June 9, has been postponed and the club will meet on June 16, at the home of William Hartley. As the agenda on "Care of a Garden" and "Care of a Garden" were pretty well covered at the last meeting, the agenda at the next meeting will be "Vegetables to Grow in a Limited Space," and the "History of the Garden."

Smashed Hand—Richard Jensen received treatment at the clinic Friday night for a smashed hand. Jensen was caught in a tree Friday from a tree limb where he is employed by Morrison and Knudsen. Jensen's hand was smashed by a falling boulder in a work site Friday afternoon.

Suburban League Auxiliary—Suburban League auxiliary will hold its monthly potluck luncheon in the KC hall, Tuesday, June 6, at 12:30. The first of a series of pinocle parties follow at 2 o'clock.

Wednesday Club—The Wednesday club will hold its last meeting of the year on Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. in the St. Paul's parish house. It is to be a kid party and members can invite guests. Hostesses will be Mrs. Richard Hibbs, Mrs. Ed Goeckner, and Mrs. Truman Berg.

Visits Family—Major Walter Clark of the ninth service command at Fort Douglas, Utah, spent the weekend in Klamath Falls visiting his mother, Mrs. Fred Blair and his sisters, Mrs. John Mullin and Mrs. Howard Mullin.

Payroll Savings Division—Charles Mack, head of the payroll savings division of the Oregon war finance committee, has called a meeting of the division to be held Friday evening at 8:30 o'clock at the Pelican cafe.

Examiner in Chiloquin—W. J. Bucknell, automobile operator's license examiner here, will not be in Klamath Falls this Wednesday, June 14. On that day he will be in Chiloquin to conduct examinations.

Returns Home—Mary Landry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Landry, 331 Pacific Terrace, returned home this past weekend from Eugene where she has completed her first year at the University of Oregon.

At Schonchin Butte—Marjorie Priest, who has been attending the University of Oregon, will be stationed at the Schonchin Butte lookout for the summer. This will be her first year there.

Called to Iowa—B. P. Costello left Sunday evening for Council Bluffs, Iowa, where he was called by the death of his father, J. E. Costello.

Convalescing From Surgery—Mrs. Elona Kaston is convalescing at her home, 1821 Etna. She submitted to surgery at the McAtee clinic last Saturday.

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KLAMATH MAN IN SERVICE PICTURE

MERRILL—A clipping from Stars and Stripes, mailed from south Italy by Corporal Vernon Kilpatrick to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Kilpatrick of Merrill, shows a picture of PFC Oliver Childers, Klamath Falls, whose net camouflaged helmet was being decorated with daffodils about Easter time by a Red Cross girl, Garland Jones of Princess Anne, Md.

Kilpatrick, who is serving in the army air corps in the personnel department at headquarters, writes that the fig trees and vineyards are leafing out after a long period of wet weather and mud and that the mosquitoes too, are coming in swarms.

Car of Wastepaper Shipped From Here

Another carload of waste paper was loaded and shipped Sunday by the Junior chamber of commerce. It was announced Monday by Don Rice, chairman of the paper salvage here.

Rice said there will be no more individual waste paper pick ups until the next paper drive, an extensive city and suburban drive tentatively planned for late summer. The exact date of the summer drive will be announced soon.

NICE RIDE

PORTLAND, June 5 (AP)—Two sailors helped themselves to a street car at the Portland Traction company barn and went for a short joy ride early Sunday. Police turned them over to navy authorities.

On Furlough—Pvt. Edwin H. Scott of the army anti-aircraft artillery has arrived from Camp Haan, Calif., to spend a ten days' furlough visiting relatives and friends here and in Bonanza. His mother, Mrs. Helen Scott of Lincoln, Ore., visited over the weekend at the home of his sister, Mrs. A. A. Wilkerson of Summers lane, and on Sunday there was a large family dinner at the home of Mrs. James Jackson of Henley, with fifteen attending.

To San Francisco—Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Harney, 2111 Darrow, have gone to San Francisco to spend a week with their daughter's family, Mr. and Mrs. Kester Gande and Corky.

Visiting Here—Chester Kerr of Sheridan, Wyoming, is here visiting his daughter, Mrs. Richard Hibbs, at 1405 Eldorado. He will be here for about 10 days.

To Iowa—Mrs. Loomis, 2123 Darrow, and her daughter Gay have gone to Ottumwa, Iowa. They were accompanied by Mrs. Loomis' sister, Mrs. Etta Thomas.

Friendly Circle—Fannie Goddard, 2441 Garden, will entertain the Friendly Circle for luncheon at 1 p. m. Thursday, June 8.

Police Court—Eleven drunks, three traffic arrests, and two men held for selling liquor to Indians appeared in police court Monday morning.

To Salem—Mrs. Fritz Vance of Shasta way left Sunday night for Salem, called by the illness of her father, W. W. Corey.

Returns Home—Mrs. L. E. Decker of North Bend, has left for her home after spending several days visiting relatives here.

Card Party—Women of the Moose will hold a card party Friday at 2 p. m. in the Moose hall.

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Klamath County Man Decorated



Corporal Marvin J. Walker, USMC, right of Beatty, (Oregon), is shown receiving the Purple Heart Medal from Major General Julian C. Smith at a Marine base in the Pacific. The medal was awarded for wounds suffered in the battle of Tarawa. His mother, Mrs. Effie Driscoll, formerly of Beatty and now residing at Red Bluff, Calif., received the medal recently from her son.

OUR MEN AND WOMEN IN SERVICE



An interesting story is found in the letter which was recently received by Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Dutton of route 1 box 935, Klamath Falls, from their son, Harry L. (Dutton) David, stationed somewhere in England with the 8th air force. David describes an operational mission over Germany in one letter home:

"At about 3:30 a. m. an orderly steps into the mission hut where I and seven other officers sleep and shakes me. 'Get up, David, you fly, briefing at 4:30.' I jump out of my nice warm 'sack' and step into my 'Long Johns,' as well as any other heavy clothes I can find, for it gets plenty cold up there. I go out and throw a little cold water on my face, wash my teeth and go to sleep. I just barely got to briefing on time. Then roll is called and all crews not flying are kicked out. This briefing is only for authorized personnel, naturally.

About this time, tension is built up and wild guesses race through our minds as to where the mission is to be. The screen is rolled up and either a sigh or a groan emerges from us, depending on what the mission is as it is revealed to us. We are then hastily and thoroughly briefed on the mission and then go to our lockers to get ready. As it seems to me, not a single thought is cast toward the mission, as everyone is joking, laughing, and playing around like a bunch of kids.

We then go to our ships, check everything, and take off. High above England, usually over an undercast of clouds, hundreds of planes are assembled and at a set time, stream out over the channel or North sea. Even now little thought is given to the danger that lies ahead. Soon the navigator calls "enemy coast in sight," and everyone puts on his flak vests and helmets and checks his guns.

What a mess. All that clothing, flak suits, head sets, mics, oxygen masks, and hose.

About now a slight tension is built up on expectations of the opposition. Sometimes we're lucky, and sometimes not so lucky. I am in the nose turret scanning for enemy fighters. I pray are not there, and trying not to look at the flak.

When we reach our initial point, I get on the bomb sight and start looking for my briefed target. The bomb bay doors are opened and those innocent looking bombs are poised for action of death and destruction on those below. About now, the flak is becoming intense and uncomfortably close, for every once in a while, you feel the ship give a wild lurch and hear a crunching ph-f-f-f-fing sound.

I holler "bombs away" and they begin on their long graceful fall. It is now that I realize just how much and how accurate that flak really is, for all around is an intense black cloud of flak smoke with an occasional red or purple or even white burst. There may be a bright red flash as a bomber blows up, or one may make a slow, even, circling descent towards destruction, and you see chutes blossom and pray that all came out.

It has been all during this time that I have been scared, pitifully scared.

The flak may subside as we

leave the target, but then is when to watch for those deadly fighters who occasionally get through our fighter escorts. Good-bless them! They are beautiful up there circling our formation like an old hen watching her chicks. And when those enemy fighters do attack, they are far more deadly and destructive than any flak that can be thrown up at us, with their twenty MM guns bursting flame and shells at us. You manage to offstand them and on your way home you fly over guns who track you. You sit there fascinated by the beautiful black burst as they track you, and as each burst comes nearer, you brace yourself expecting the next one to be yours.

About now you take off your mask and break the ice that has formed in it, due to perspiration of your face, although it is between 35 and 40 degrees below zero.

At last the navigator calls, "We are now leaving the enemy coast," and a great relief comes over us. We land at our field, some crash land, some have engines shot out, but we land, and wonder how we ever made it. We then go to an interrogation, eat, and go to bed and sleep like babies. It's been a rough day. There's very seldom another word said about the mission.

Leonard G. Olson, MM 3/c, U. S. navy, is now getting his mail in care of the fleet post-office, San Francisco, according to word received by his mother, Mrs. Howard Joneschiet of Jackson, Calif. Olson is a former Bly resident, having been employed by the Ivory Pine Lumber company before joining the navy.

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY, Italy—Now hauling ammunition and supplies over the "last mile" to fighting infantrymen on the fifth army front, PFC Theodore "Ted" Knight, Chiloquin, Ore., is a member of a unit that has a slogan "anything, anytime, anywhere."

Operating on a 24-hour schedule, Private Knight and his platoon keep the "dogfaces" in their foxholes supplied with ammunition, rations, dry socks, foot powder, mail, magazines and anything needed at the front. It is no easy delivery route for frequently the men are spotted by nazi observers and are forced to take cover in nearby foxholes while shells pound the area. Nearly everything is carried up the mountain by mule pack or pack board.

One difficulty is getting the mules safely to cover during a shelling and several have been killed or wounded.

Many times Knight's platoon is called upon to build bridges or clear mines ahead of the troops. Recently it led a combat pa-

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Please Call for Pictures
An accumulation of several score pictures of Klamath men in service at The Herald and News office is a reminder to the families of these men to call for the pictures. As soon as a picture has appeared in the paper, the original can be returned to a member of his family who may call at the newspaper office at any time for it. If a picture has not yet appeared, do not call, as the print will be needed for making the cut for later use.

If it's a "frozen" article you need, advertise for a used one in the classified.

Vogler Winner in Dramatic Speaking

Louis Vogler, Klamath Falls, was one of two \$10 prize winners in dramatic speaking at the annual Failing-Beeckman-Jewett creations at the University of Oregon Saturday night. The other winner was Brian Connelly of Lebanon.

The \$150 first prize went to Beverly Padgham, Long Beach, Calif., and second prize of \$100 went to Helen Johnson, Sheridan.



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NEWS NOTE—700 million gallons of water a day are pumped by the Ford powerhouse at the Rouge plant—as much as is used by Detroit, Cincinnati and Washington combined.

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