

Midland Memories by Michael H. Thomas, Class of '42...(left for the air force in mid-'42)

Reference to a bridge in the current *Mirror* took me back to times when rain storms would cause the stream-fording of the time to become very iffy! We counted on Miss Grimes to keep us in food, and personal requests, through daily trips to Los Olivos and Solvang.

On one memorable day the creek was too high to drive, and a large number of us pushed logs and posts under the chassis of the old woody wagon and somehow got it across the ford.

The Jackson property was a cattle ranch, where the owner would give Midlanders lunch and cokes in Spring when mustard weeds invaded his fields. We would pull mustard, and he gave each of us a flashlight, pocket knife or other reward.

Midland was great preparation for the stresses many of us faced in going into the service. Basic training was a push-over for a Midlander!

PS: I was postmaster one year. One of our tasks was to be sure every boy had written a letter to his family....and pull laggards away from the special Sunday lunch. Not always a well received venture.

I enjoy the *Mirror* very much. Brings back many memories for this octogenarian.