

THREE WAYS TO HEALTH

by ADA R. MAYNE

OREGON DAIRY COUNCIL

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

The New Year brings the desire for resolutions. Many resolutions this year will concern the food budget. In planning a budget ask yourself this question: "Am I serving my family's nutritional needs in the best possible way with the money I am spending on food?"

Scientists agree that the first food supplied is milk. They have found, too, that a quart of milk is a considerable amount to take daily during the growth period. This is based upon the amount of protein needed for building bones and muscles. This quart of milk also supplies a suitable amount of muscle-building and growth material, as well as vitamins. One pint of milk contains the quantity recommended for the adult. The lime, together with the other constituents of the milk, helps to maintain the health of the adult.

Many people feel it is difficult to get the above recommended amount of milk. Milk is an economical food when one considers how many of the essential food elements are supplied by it. One quart of milk supplies a larger proportion of protein than any other food. It furnishes the daily requirement for lime at a lower cost than any other food. A scientist with wide experi-

ence in experimenting with foods has made helpful recommendations regarding the purchases of foods when the diet is reduced below the comfort level. He says in brief, "The diet should be built around bread and milk. The lower the level of expenditure the more one must forego other foods and concentrate effort upon providing these two, supplemented by a little of some inexpensive fruit or vegetable." He follows this with the statement, "Milk builds bone and muscle better than any other food and, more than this, milk is both the cheapest and best protector from nutritional deficiencies."

Milk should be considered a food for all the family. Statistics show that milk consumption begins to decrease in school-age children and continues to decrease up to adult life. What father and mother says or does is the standard for the young child. If father ignores the glass of milk set at his place the child will not take much stock in the arguments which father uses in urging milk upon him.

We cannot refute the word of scientists that milk is our best single food. Milk excels all other foods in the variety and quality of materials that it furnishes the body and is suitable for all ages. Because of this it should be your first consideration in planning your food budget.

COMMUNICATED

Our Editor has announced that this issue of the paper is to be devoted to "Trade at Home."

The year 1932 has brought the realization of dependence home to more people no doubt than any year in our generation. People have had to ask for credit for the first time in a life time; they have lost their jobs, their business, their farms they have had their salaries cut; they have lost their investments, their savings and their bank account. And there are very few, if any, that have escaped unscathed.

This year marks our third anniversary in Central Point, and it has been accompanied by hard work and long hours but we have enjoyed it and wish to take this opportunity of expressing our appreciation of your patronage and support, and trust that we have given value received and that the three years past marks only the beginning of our service, which is possible only with your assistance.

E. P. Stone,
Stone's Drug Store.

me as a subscriber as long as you edit the paper?"

"I have greatly admired your fearless, fair, and most sensible editorials. You have a philosophy of poise, balance and perspective both Banks and Fehl sadly lack, and you are a real newspaper man, which neither of them are. Your point of view is objective while theirs is so egotistically subjective that their papers are nothing more than household organs and we are heartily sick of their personal affairs and prejudices."

"I like your human touch, too, and wish you had a broader field, as you deserve. I should be happy if you could take over the Daily News and give us a real morning paper. Merry Christmas!"

"Old and Faithful Subscriber."

Oregon Seedsmen Resist Flood of Cheap Alfalfa Seed

In a year when certified seed of the hardy varieties of alfalfa, such as Grimm and Ladak, is apparently fairly scarce, Oregon farmers might well be particularly careful this year to avoid getting seed from sources unknown or from southwestern regions, believes E. R. Jackman, farm crops specialist at Oregon State college, who has followed the development of the alfalfa seed industry for years.

Last year a flood of seed from Arizona, New Mexico and California was offered through the northwest at extremely low prices, even at low as 5¢ a pound to dealers. Oregon dealers refused to "fall" for this cheap seed, says Jackman, and growers were protected, though carloads of it went to neighboring states.

Observations on Oregon farms have shown that many thin, weedy fields of alfalfa are the result of planting common seed, especially if from a southern source.

Repeated trials at nearly all the branch experiment stations and elsewhere have shown that Grimm alfalfa is by far the best for western Oregon and Grimm and Ladak for eastern Oregon," Jackman explained. "Occasionally a strain of common alfalfa will show up well, but in no case has a strain from the southwest proved to be long lived."

"The southwest produces large amounts of Peruvian alfalfa which will winter-kill even in western Oregon, and east of the mountains frequently dies out the first winter. Much of the seed from the southwest is of this semi-tropical variety unsuited to Oregon conditions."

Oregon growers are fortunate in having good certified seed available within the state, as considerable is grown in Malheur, Crook, Union and Baker counties. The Montana seed crop, especially of Ladak, was almost ruined by drought and grass-hoppers this year, hence the Oregon supplies will doubtless find a quick demand, Jackman believes.

Farm Market News

FARM SITUATION MOSTLY UNIMPROVED LAST MONTH

Demand conditions for farm products have scarcely held up during the past few weeks and the general level of farm prices in the United States declined around 4 per cent since mid-October, according to the monthly report on the agricultural situation just released by the agricultural extension service. Prices paid by farmers for commodities also declined, but not as much as prices for farm products.

The Oregon farm price index remained unchanged at 45 per cent of the 1926-1930 average in November. This index is a seasonally corrected,

weighed index of the farm prices of 16 commodities which accounted for 81.7 per cent of the average cash farm income from crop and livestock production in Oregon from 1926 to 1930.

The report gave the Oregon egg price at 59 per cent of the 1926-1930 average in November, with butterfat 44, hogs 34, lambs 35, wool 41, beef cattle 45, wheat 35 and potatoes 32. Hay stood at 62, barley 46 and oats 55. Farm prices in money were given for several other commodities.

"Business activity has shown a slight downward tendency recently," it was stated. "Industrial production is barely holding up to 66 per cent of the 1923-1925 level, with factory employment around 61 and factory payrolls about 42."

"Banking activity showed very little change in November, but interest rates declined further." General wholesale price levels in this country and abroad have tended to decline since September, the report said.

Caged

—By—
Courtney Ryley Cooper

(Continued from last week.)

Nearly minutes later, Joe Barry led the car into a parking space and got out with no regard to regulations. The brilliant lobby meant nothing to him except a route to the elevators. At the ninth floor he stepped forth and started hurriedly searching the door numbers. He halted at a woman's voice.

"That room number, please?"

"The forty-two," said Joe quietly. "The name please?"

"L. D. Kendall."

The floor clerk consulted her records.

"Each person is registered."

"Is here though," Joe Barry's mind passed beyond excitement; he gave indication of what went on in his mind. "He may not have this name. He came in, not long ago. A thin man. Flat-chested. No, but that's not his room. He's there talking to Mr. Jamison?"

"He glanced up and down the hall. "Which way is 942?"

The girl did not answer; her unconscious glance, however, was enough. Joe Barry whirled. His hand went to the sagging coat rack. Cold fingers clamped upon the cold steel. From behind him came the call of the girl that he must be announced. He went on. Nine thirty-eight, thirty-eight, forty—he counted on—nine forty-two—

The radio was squawking from the side of the door. Joe Barry turned the knob, the door of course, unlocked. He raised his clenched fist, pounding rapidly. Blurred came from the other side. Joe looked again. The lock clicked. There was the jerk of the lock, the girl did not answer. The door opened. Instantly Joe was against the wall, weight throwing off balance. The man on the other side. They moved together through the entry and slammed the door. Then, panting, Joe Barry stared with wide eyes at the man about him. Jamison had drawn back with a gasping nod of his narrow head. "All right, Louie," he said. "You know I've sworn it was Greer." He looked his lips. "But it's him—in my room."

For Joe, he could only stand helplessly, his hand still clutched that piece of steel in his coat pocket, his eyes striving to orientate amidst the unbelievable things that came from the short-armed Louie Bertolini, coming from his chair across the room, a hogfish-appearing man who stared with magnified eyes through thick-lensed glasses from the bathroom door, a washed-out type of a woman. Then there was a heavy-shouldered person in chauffeur's clothes, and lastly, a trim, neatly dressed man, light of hair and

blue of eyes, who sat at a table with cards scattered upon it, his thin fingers ceaselessly rattling a stack of chips.

"Well, Joe," he said at last, "You're back, I see?"

There was no sound for a moment, except the blare of the radio, jangling every nerve in Joe Barry's body. He tensed his hold on the gun. Desperately he took stock of those about him! Fullhouse, the chauffeur, Louie Bertolini alternately pushing his cuffs back from his thick wrists, then jamming them down again, Big Friday—Joe had known he was Big Friday at the first glance—the woman, shakily lighting a cigarette. Joe wished that there was no woman in this. As swiftly, he forgot her.

"Yes, Mr. Martin, I'm back," he said prosaically.

"That ain't no Mr. Martin," Fullhouse cut in. "His name's Jamison. How's that for a little joke, eh kiddy?"

"The name doesn't make any difference," Joe was wavering now. His lower lip dropped. His shoulders jerked awkwardly. The lids of his eyes seemed to roll back until they were lost. A queer, chattering cry came from his throat, chattering itself at last into words, high-pitched, screaming even above the squall of the radio. "What do I care what your name is? You tried to send me to the chair and when you didn't get away with that, you framed this up—your and your Big Friday here that would double-cross a man to death to join up with you. That's what counts—what you've done. And you're not going to do anything more—!"

Vaguely he wondered why he did not leap for protection, why the woman only sucked at her cigarette, why the poker chips still rattled in those swift-moving fingers. Only Louie there, striving to slide behind the protection of an open wardrobe trunk. Only the stocky man in chauffeur's uniform gliding along the wall. "Well, your crooked schemes didn't work! You tried to kill me. It's now my turn!"

The queer cry echoed in his throat again. The slick black of an automatic shone for an instant; straightening instinctively. A horrible blur passed over him. His finger was pressing the trigger, pressing the trigger—

"The reason that gat won't work," said Fullhouse laconically, "is because the hammer spring's busted. You didn't think I'd slip you a real rod, did you?"

For an instant longer Joe Barry's finger twitched at the loose, responseless trigger. Jamison leaned back from his poker chips.

"Close in," he said quietly. The chauffeur edged behind Joe. Fullhouse shifted a step nearer. Big Friday came, almost saunteringly from the bathroom door, his uncanny eyes glowing behind the heavy lenses. But suddenly they halted. Silence had literally shouted through the room. The radio, blasting, only a moment before, had died, instantly, completely.

"What you think?" Louie Bertolini asked nervously. "The radio shut off!"

"Don't shout about it!" snapped Jamison.

"But I don't like it. All the time today I don't like it. Why wouldn't they give us that next room?"

"Oh, go on about that next room," growled Big Friday. "You saw who was in the next room."

"Louie wants a whole floor by

(The following letter is published by request. We are glad to publish any criticism of our editorial policy at any time. We do not claim to be perfect and are glad to hear from our readers any time.—Editor.)

Dec. 9th, 1932

Editor of "The American"

Dear Sir:

As a subscriber to your paper, and a resident of Central Point vicinity for the past fifteen years, I take the privilege of criticizing your statements concerning the policy of the Medford Daily News, and it's editor. If the machinery of the Daily News is inferior, the use to which it is put is most superior. The law-abiding citizens of this valley are more interested in the finished product than in the tools that produce it.

During recent years, a veritable Goliath of injustices, and legal irregularities has arisen in our midst. Mr. Banks has been seeking to rectify these conditions.

He seems, perhaps, a small champion in the faces of such an array, but that is only in the seeming, for he has three powerful allies, courage, both moral and physical, a brilliant mind, and experience.

But his tools are inadequate you say. Well! Wouldn't it be more apropos to liken him to David, than to Don Quixote? David used well his inadequate tool, even so, does Mr. Banks.

God grant that the people may continue to be enlightened by his fearless and able editorials. He is the outstanding leader in our half of the state both ethically and educationally.

In your article you refer to the editor of the Medford Daily News, as "Jehovah Banks." Centuries ago The Galilean was hailed derisively as "The King." Today those who attempt to apply His undying principles as a practical working force to sweep the money-changers from the temple of justice, or to question the wisdom and motives of the high priests of business or law, are bound inevitably to suffer echoes of the derision that was His lot.

But men of this type accept it as part of the game. Attributes of race character do not perfect themselves rapidly, but they do grind "exceeding fine," and their most precious grist is character.

Very Truly Yours,
A. B. POMEROY

(What a poor editor going to do? This letter was received the other day and shows at least that we hit it right with at least part of our readers. Thanks, brother, but we hardly wish to attempt to take over any more burdens at this time, and we fear whoever follows Banks, (if anyone does) will have a hard row to hoe.—Editor)

Central Point, Oregon
December 23, 1932

Mr. Arthur Edward Powell,
Editor, The American
Dear Mr. Powell:

"* * * And will you continue himself," drawled Fullhouse, eyeing the silent, sweating Barry. "What the h—l, some old lady with white hair."

"I don't like nobody in no next room," said Louie, pawing at a leather bag. "With that radio shut off and maybe a dictograph working. They can hear through a dictograph with the radio shut off."

(To be continued.)

himself," drawled Fullhouse, eyeing the silent, sweating Barry. "What the h—l, some old lady with white hair."

"I don't like nobody in no next room," said Louie, pawing at a leather bag. "With that radio shut off and maybe a dictograph working. They can hear through a dictograph with the radio shut off."

(To be continued.)

himself," drawled Fullhouse, eyeing the silent, sweating Barry. "What the h—l, some old lady with white hair."

"I don't like nobody in no next room," said Louie, pawing at a leather bag. "With that radio shut off and maybe a dictograph working. They can hear through a dictograph with the radio shut off."

(To be continued.)

himself," drawled Fullhouse, eyeing the silent, sweating Barry. "What the h—l, some old lady with white hair."

"I don't like nobody in no next room," said Louie, pawing at a leather bag. "With that radio shut off and maybe a dictograph working. They can hear through a dictograph with the radio shut off."

(To be continued.)

himself," drawled Fullhouse, eyeing the silent, sweating Barry. "What the h—l, some old lady with white hair."

"I don't like nobody in no next room," said Louie, pawing at a leather bag. "With that radio shut off and maybe a dictograph working. They can hear through a dictograph with the radio shut off."

(To be continued.)

himself," drawled Fullhouse, eyeing the silent, sweating Barry. "What the h—l, some old lady with white hair."

"I don't like nobody in no next room," said Louie, pawing at a leather bag. "With that radio shut off and maybe a dictograph working. They can hear through a dictograph with the radio shut off."

(To be continued.)

himself," drawled Fullhouse, eyeing the silent, sweating Barry. "What the h—l, some old lady with white hair."

"I don't like nobody in no next room," said Louie, pawing at a leather bag. "With that radio shut off and maybe a dictograph working. They can hear through a dictograph with the radio shut off."

(To be continued.)

himself," drawled Fullhouse, eyeing the silent, sweating Barry. "What the h—l, some old lady with white hair."

"I don't like nobody in no next room," said Louie, pawing at a leather bag. "With that radio shut off and maybe a dictograph working. They can hear through a dictograph with the radio shut off."

(To be continued.)

himself," drawled Fullhouse, eyeing the silent, sweating Barry. "What the h—l, some old lady with white hair."

"I don't like nobody in no next room," said Louie, pawing at a leather bag. "With that radio shut off and maybe a dictograph working. They can hear through a dictograph with the radio shut off."

(To be continued.)

himself," drawled Fullhouse, eyeing the silent, sweating Barry. "What the h—l, some old lady with white hair."

"I don't like nobody in no next room," said Louie, pawing at a leather bag. "With that radio shut off and maybe a dictograph working. They can hear through a dictograph with the radio shut off."

(To be continued.)

himself," drawled Fullhouse, eyeing the silent, sweating Barry. "What the h—l, some old lady with white hair."

"I don't like nobody in no next room," said Louie, pawing at a leather bag. "With that radio shut off and maybe a dictograph working. They can hear through a dictograph with the radio shut off."

(To be continued.)

himself," drawled Fullhouse, eyeing the silent, sweating Barry. "What the h—l, some old lady with white hair."

"I don't like nobody in no next room," said Louie, pawing at a leather bag. "With that radio shut off and maybe a dictograph working. They can hear through a dictograph with the radio shut off."

(To be continued.)

himself," drawled Fullhouse, eyeing the silent, sweating Barry. "What the h—l, some old lady with white hair."

"I don't like nobody in no next room," said Louie, pawing at a leather bag. "With that radio shut off and maybe a dictograph working. They can hear through a dictograph with the radio shut off."

(To be continued.)

himself," drawled Fullhouse, eyeing the silent, sweating Barry. "What the h—l, some old lady with white hair."

"I don't like nobody in no next room," said Louie, pawing at a leather bag. "With that radio shut off and maybe a dictograph working. They can hear through a dictograph with the radio shut off."

(To be continued.)

himself," drawled Fullhouse, eyeing the silent, sweating Barry. "What the h—l, some old lady with white hair."

"I don't like nobody in no next room," said Louie, pawing at a leather bag. "With that radio shut off and maybe a dictograph working. They can hear through a dictograph with the radio shut off."

(To be continued.)

himself," drawled Fullhouse, eyeing the silent, sweating Barry. "What the h—l, some old lady with white hair."

"I don't like nobody in no next room," said Louie, pawing at a leather bag. "With that radio shut off and maybe a dictograph working. They can hear through a dictograph with the radio shut off."

(To be continued.)

himself," drawled Fullhouse, eyeing the silent, sweating Barry. "What the h—l, some old lady with white hair."

"I don't like nobody in no next room," said Louie, pawing at a leather bag. "With that radio shut off and maybe a dictograph working. They can hear through a dictograph with the radio shut off."

(To be continued.)

himself," drawled Fullhouse, eyeing the silent, sweating Barry. "What the h—l, some old lady with white hair."

"I don't like nobody in no next room," said Louie, pawing at a leather bag. "With that radio shut off and maybe a dictograph working. They can hear through a dictograph with the radio shut off."

(To be continued.)

himself," drawled Fullhouse, eyeing the silent, sweating Barry. "What the h—l, some old lady with white hair."

"I don't like nobody in no next room," said Louie, pawing at a leather bag. "With that radio shut off and maybe a dictograph working. They can hear through a dictograph with the radio shut off."

(To be continued.)

himself," drawled Fullhouse, eyeing the silent, sweating Barry. "What the h—l, some old lady with white hair."

"I don't like nobody in no next room," said Louie, pawing at a leather bag. "With that radio shut off and maybe a dictograph working. They can hear through a dictograph with the radio shut off."

(To be continued.)

himself," drawled Fullhouse, eyeing the silent, sweating Barry. "What the h—l, some old lady with white hair."

"I don't like nobody in no next room," said Louie, pawing at a leather bag. "With that radio shut off and maybe a dictograph working. They can hear through a dictograph with the radio shut off."

(To be continued.)

himself," drawled Fullhouse, eyeing the silent, sweating Barry. "What the h—l, some old lady with white hair."

"I don't like nobody in no next room," said Louie, pawing at a leather bag. "With that radio shut off and maybe a dictograph working. They can hear through a dictograph with the radio shut off."

(To be continued.)

himself," drawled Fullhouse, eyeing the silent, sweating Barry. "What the h—l, some old lady with white hair."

"I don't like nobody in no next room," said Louie, pawing at a leather bag. "With that radio shut off and maybe a dictograph working. They can hear through a dictograph with the radio shut off."

(To be continued.)

himself," drawled Fullhouse, eyeing the silent, sweating Barry. "What the h—l, some old lady with white hair."

"I don't like nobody in no next room," said Louie, pawing at a leather bag. "With that radio shut off and maybe a dictograph working. They can hear through a dictograph with the radio shut off."

(To be continued.)

himself," drawled Fullhouse, eyeing the silent, sweating Barry. "What the h—l, some old lady with white hair."

"I don't like nobody in no next room," said Louie, pawing at a leather bag. "With that radio shut off and maybe a dictograph working. They can hear through a dictograph with the radio shut off."

(To be continued.)

himself," drawled Fullhouse, eyeing the silent, sweating Barry. "What the h—l, some old lady with white hair."

"I don't like nobody in no next room," said Louie, pawing at a leather bag. "With that radio shut off and maybe a dictograph working. They can hear through a dictograph with the radio shut off."

(To be continued.)

himself," drawled Fullhouse, eyeing the silent, sweating Barry. "What the h—l, some old lady with white hair."

"I don't like nobody in no next room," said Louie, pawing at a leather bag. "With that radio shut off and maybe a dictograph working. They can hear through a dictograph with the radio shut off."

(To be continued.)

himself," drawled Fullhouse, eyeing the silent, sweating Barry. "What the h—l, some old lady with white hair."

"I don't like nobody in no next room," said Louie, pawing at a leather bag. "With that radio shut off and maybe a dictograph working. They can hear through a dictograph with the radio shut off."

(To be continued.)

himself," drawled Fullhouse, eyeing the silent, sweating Barry. "What the h—l, some old lady with white hair."

"I don't like nobody in no next room," said Louie, pawing at a leather bag. "With that radio shut off and maybe a dictograph working. They can hear through a dictograph with the radio shut off."

(To be continued.)

himself," drawled Fullhouse, eyeing the silent, sweating Barry. "What the h—l, some old lady with white hair."

"I don't like nobody in no next room," said Louie, pawing at a leather bag. "With that radio shut off and maybe a dictograph working. They can hear through a dictograph with the radio shut off."

(To be continued.)

himself," drawled Fullhouse, eyeing the silent, sweating Barry. "What the h—l, some old lady with white hair."

"I don't like nobody in no next room," said Louie, pawing at a leather bag. "With that radio shut off and maybe a dictograph working. They can hear through a dictograph with the radio shut off."

(To be continued.)

such a highly technical nature that it is not commercially available even if the college had funds for its purchase.

The new equipment will be used by senior students in the communications course in electrical engineering and it will make possible many tests and experiments heretofore impossible, according to Arthur L. Albert, assistant professor, who worked with a former graduate now in the Bell laboratories in obtaining the gift. The Bell system has previously helped in building up these O. S. C. laboratories until now they rate as one of the best in the entire country.

Oregon Four-H Members Win \$2255 At Chicago Meet

Oregon 4-H club members ranked high in achievement at the National Club Congress in Chicago, report H. C. Seymour, state leader at O.S.C. Six Oregon members and one club, in competition with entries from 40 states, won five first places, one second, one fourth and three fifths. Counting the scholarships and trips won, the money value of the awards totaled \$2055.50.

The largest single awards were a \$300 scholarship at Oregon State college won by Alice Weibes, Multnomah county, from a fruit jar manufacturing firm and a trip valued at \$1000 won by Helen Clark, also of Multnomah, from a big Chicago merchandise firm.

Dr. H. P. Coleman
Chiropractic and Physiotherapy
Oregon License 264
California License 3020
12 YEARS IN MEDFORD, ORE.
Phone 965
You Can't Get Better Chiropractic Service.

Cleaning-Pressing Repairing
WORK GUARANTEED
A-1 CLEANERS
111 East 8th Street
Opposite Stage Depot, Medford
C. P. AGENCY MYRTLE COFFEE SHOP

Valuable New Equipment Given O. S. C. Engineers

A gift of further valuable equipment to the communication laboratory of the electrical engineering department at Oregon State college has just been made by the Bell Telephone Laboratories Inc. of New York. Much of the apparatus is of


TROWBRIDGE Cabinet Works
Everything in Cabinet Work
Established in 1908

FUR COATS LINED and REMODELED
All Kinds of Fur and Leather Work Done
Medford Fur Shop
229 E. 6th St. Medford

PROMPT SERVICE Satisfaction Guaranteed
Graves Jewelry Shop
Watch Repairing a Specialty
WE BUY OLD GOLD
41 S. Front St. Medford

Dr. Jud Rickert
OPTOMETRIST
Distinctive Optical Service
Medford, Oregon

GUARANTEED ROOFS
Estimates and Inspection Without Charge
Standard Roofing Co.
Builders of Water-tight Roofs
Phone 1077
10th and Fir Sts. Medford



INVENTORY SALE

DURING AND AFTER INVOICING WE WILL SELL YOU ANY CHOICE IN OUR Clothing, Underwear and Hosiery AT A GREATLY REDUCED PRICE

Now is the time to take advantage of our Bargains

WE HAVE BEEN YOUR LOCAL MERCHANT FOR MORE THAN THIRTEEN YEARS

TRADE AT HOME

B. P. Theiss and Co.

PRICE, QUALITY, & CLASS

Holiday Specials

Kapok Mattresses—full size	\$11.50
Men's Dress Shirts	.75
Boys' Waist Overalls	.50
Outing Flannel	.10
Galoshes and Rubber Boots at reduced Prices at	

HATFIELD'S

MAY THE NEW YEAR BE BETTER THAN THE ONE JUST ENDING

We Wish You a **Happy New Year**

Central Point Service Gateway Service Stations