

THE CENTRAL POINT AMERICAN

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Sauntering--

Back on the job again! And if we ever get rested from what might be called a hurried vacation, we may get down to business again. And the worst of it is that the blamed imp who turns the grindstone upon which our nose is securely placed seems to have rested up better than we did.

Last week we told a bit of our experiences in the Bay cities. Now we will add a little of what fun we had further south.

To begin with, the major purpose of the entire trip was to visit the writer's only sister in Southern California. The dear old girl is getting on in years and we felt it would do her a lot of good just to see the baby brother and his family. The years have been long and many since it was our privilege to live near each other and one gets lonesome sometimes for his own blood.

So leaving Oakland the morning after the 4th we turned "Old Betty's" nose to the eastward to get on the Pacific Highway once more just south of Stockton. By the time we reached there Old Sol was beginning to beam in fine shape (and the darned old thing continued to beam with increasing strength the farther we went.)

Just outside of Fresno we suddenly discovered one of our tires had developed flatulency with the aid of a baby spike. Luckily it happened under the only tree for miles. After unloading our baggage and a lot of naughty words, so as to get at our spare tire, we drove on into the big park at Fresno. There we again unloaded the bus and left the folks to guard our stuff and rest awhile on the grass while we took our way to a service station for repairs.

Loading up once more we meandered through the city. Found we could get about just as readily as we used to when we worked there in the olden time. After seeing a bit of the town we drove on toward a hotter place. Turning off a few miles south we passed Visalia and so up into the hills toward the Giant Forest in Sequoia National Park. Camped by a little river just before dark and fought "skeeters" and such.

Pray tell why it is that Madame Nature always hides her greatest wonders in such inaccessible places? To get up to the Big Trees one has to climb for fourteen miles in second gear. And while we had thought we had done a bit of mountain driving in our time, we soon found we "hadn't seen nothin', yet," as the feller said. But when we finally reached the top all was forgotten. As we gazed at the oldest living thing known to man, we felt mighty small.

And we read with awe the placard at the foot of the grandfather of all trees, the "General Sherman." Gosh, what a stick that is. Over 600,000 feet of lumber in one tree! And a good sized tree when the Master walked in Galilee. "What is man, that Thou art mindful of him."

Although we could have stayed a month among those giants of old, "time was wastin'" and we had to get going once more. It didn't take quite so long to get down that hill as it did to get up, although we had to drive in second most of the way or burn up our brakes.

Once on the old "U. S. 99" we found it hadn't got a single bit cooler than the day before. And we took a solemn resolution that we wouldn't live in or near Bakersfield if they gave us the whole darned county, oil wells and all. We don't hate ourselves that bad.

Entering Los Angeles over the Ridge Route we wondered if we would do as we did in Oakland and drive clear through the place and not know it. But by means of putting our pride in our pocket and asking our way from one service station to another we managed to get onto the particular boulevard we wanted and so made our way out of town to Pomona. From there we wandered through a maze of farms and orchards until at long last we reached the two particular pepper trees we sought and found the folks waiting on the lawn.

Then the chin-music started in

RED CROSS SWIM SCHOOL TO OPEN JULY 20 AT NAT

The annual Red Cross swimming and life-saving school for children and adults will be held here at the Natatorium, July 20 to 29, inclusive. It was announced by Miss Marjorie Kelly, chairman.

Persons desiring the free instruction were asked to register with Miss Kelly at the Natatorium between 2 and 4 o'clock next Thursday, Friday and Saturday afternoons. Registrations must be completed before opening of the school as those not registered will be unable to procure the first lesson, Miss Kelly emphasized. A nominal charge will be made for use of the pool, she said.

Classes were announced as follows: girl beginners, 8 to 9 a. m.; boy beginners, 9 to 10; girl swimmers, 10 to 10:50; boy swimmers, 10:50 to 11:40; junior life saving, 1 to 3 p. m.; adult, 7 to 8 p. m.; senior life saving and examiners, 8 to 10 p. m.

During the instruction hours the Natatorium will be closed to commercial use, Miss Kelly stated. As in the past, a qualified Red Cross instructor will come to Medford to conduct the classes. The rest of the teaching staff will comprise volunteer workers of the life saving corps, Miss Kelly stated.

Birthday Party At Bartol Home Near Parma, Ida.

Twenty-seven friends and relatives gathered at the Bartol home near Parma, Idaho on June 21 in honor of Harry and Tom Bartol's birthday anniversaries. Each family brought a well-filled basket.

After a delicious dinner presents were received. Four gallons of ice cream were disposed of during the afternoon and evening. The guests were from Boise and Greenleaf, Idaho, Big Bend and Nyssa, Oregon.

Everyone left with a smile on their face and a hearty good-bye. It will be a day the boys will long remember.

Hollywood Musician Visits Aunt Here

Mrs. C. M. Johnson was very much surprised when a strange young man rapped at the door, grabbed her and kissed her. She had not decided whether to slap him or call Bert Hedgpeth when he called her Auntie and said "you look just like mother."

It was her nephew, Cally Holden, from Hollywood, on his way to Crater Lake. Mr. Holden is orchestra leader in the Fox Moxie Company. He was accompanied north by his wife and they traveled up the Redwood highway. While here they showed her a book full of stills as they call the movie pictures. Mrs. Johnson had not seen Mr. Holden since he was a small boy.

Ross Barber Shop In New Hands

What is now known as the John Ross Barber shop is being redecorated in cream with green trimming and will be a very attractive shop.

Mr. Johnston of Talent, who recently sold his shop there will open up a barber shop here Monday. Mr. Johnston plans to move his wife and two children here soon. He was in town looking for a house Wednesday.

earnest. How glorious to bring back old day and old friends. To hear again of this and that one we had not seen for half a lifetime. And with it all a bit of sadness to realize so many had taken the Long Trail with whom we had worked and played "When you and I were young". But "withal we shall never regret having made the trip. Someway we touched the fountainhead of courage and strength and return to the daily drudgery with renewed faith and resolution to "Keep right on to the end of the road."

Next week we will tell of our journey home along the glorious California coast, past the beaches and resorts and through the mighty redwoods. The memory of those scenes will ever be a pleasant one to our minds.

WHO AM I?

I am more powerful than the combined armies of the world. I have laid waste more forests and destroyed more men than all the wars of the nations.

I am more deadly than bullets, and I have wrecked more homes than the mightiest of siege guns.

I spare no one, and I find my victims among the rich and poor alike, the young and old, the strong and weak. Widows and orphans know me.

I loom up to such proportions that I cast my shadow over every field of labor, from the turning of the grindstone to the moving of every railroad train.

I massacre thousands of wage earners every year. I lurk in unseen places and do most of my work silently—you are warned against me but you heed not.

I am relentless. I am everywhere—in the house, on the streets, in the forest, in the factory, at railroad crossings and on the sea.

I bring sickness, degradation, desolation and death, yet few seek to avoid me.

I destroy, crush or maim; I give nothing but take all; I am your worst enemy.

I AM CARELESSNESS!

—The Forest Log

Scout Camp at Lake O' the Woods Attracts Many

On Sunday July 5 Mr. and Mrs. Stone took Neal to the Scout camp at Lake of the Woods and enjoyed dinner there, returning home in the evening but Neal was sick and returned home on Tuesday evening, July 7. After remaining home for a week he was able to return to camp. Mrs. Stone, Mrs. E. E. Gore and Bob Tucker accompanied by Neal made the trip to the camp last Tuesday. They enjoyed dinner at Fish Lake before arriving at the camp. Mrs. Stone reports a lovely drive and that the air even looked blue.

One hundred and five boys are at the camp. They are taught boating, fishing, swimming, archery, nature, handicraft, hiking, care of camp, etc. The boys that act fresh, making smart or unclean remarks are put on K. P. duty.

Twelve boys of the local troop have signed up for camp and will leave the first of the week.

Seattle Couple Visit Relatives Here

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Wagner and family of Seattle visited at the home of Mrs. Wagner's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Maple recently. They were on their return trip home after visiting 14 states. Mr. Maple's nephew, Mr. Farrell Patton and wife and daughter of Seattle joined them here.

While here they made the drive over Mount Ashland Scenic Loop road. From here you can see the rim to Crater lake at the very highest point, the ocean. Mr. Wagner said he would not have missed this drive for 50 dollars.

The Wagners returned to their home in Seattle last week.

Return from Trip To Oregon Coast

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Love and Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Isaacson recently returned from a trip on the coast. They traveled by Roseburg Junction to Marshfield and on to Depot Bay and back by Florence. They saw five of the new bridges—all with a different form of architecture and all very beautiful. The largest of these bridges was the Coos Bay Bridge which is nearly 140 feet high and one mile long. This is so high all ships can pass under. The other ones were Reedsport, Florence, Wallport, and Newport bridges.

They had a delightful trip, lovely weather and covered 658 miles on 32 gallons of gas.

Car Hits Truck At Intersection

What might have been a serious accident occurred last Sunday evening when the car Mrs. Cline was driving turned in front of a large truck at the highway intersection. It is thought Mrs. Cline gave the wrong signal. A signal to turn to the left and instead she turned to the right. Her car was badly damaged but no one was seriously hurt. The three Penland children were in the back seat and Ivan Penland in front. Mrs. Cline used to work in the Damon Cafe but now is a maid at the A. S. V. Carpenter home.

Mrs. Dr. Alex Patterson and Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Sweet and daughter, Mary, who are on their trip to Alaska were visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Norcross lately. Mrs. Patterson will be remembered by Central Point people as she and the Doctor lived here for many years where they made many friends. The Doctor's office was in what is now the Public Library. Mrs. Patterson's home is now in Oakland, Calif.

4 Generations On Both Sides of Family at Party

Baby Richard Lee Ward celebrated his first birthday June 25th at the home of his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Limbeck.

Little Richard Lee was able to have something that very few babies can brag of at his celebration. That is four generations on his father's side and four generations on his mother's side present at his party.

They were on his father's side: Mrs. W. Ward of Los Angeles, great grandmother; Mrs. John Bodish, Medford, grandmother and Ray Ward father. His mother's people were Mrs. Lucy Ward, Central Point great grandmother; Mrs. W. Limbeck, grandmother and Mrs. Ray Ward, Klamath Falls, mother.

Other friends and relatives present were Mrs. Mary Batchelder and Miss May Ward of Los Angeles, Miss Alice Ward of Medford, Mrs. Truman Brenner and Shirley. Refreshments of punch, cookies and birthday cake were served.

Baby Richard received many lovely gifts but was very much afraid of the candle on his birthday cake.

The American wish for him all the joy this life may hold.

Golden Rule Moves To New Location

A merchandising event of more than usual interest to the people of Southern Oregon is the opening of a new downtown store on North Central avenue in Medford by Willock's Golden Rule. The building formerly occupied by the Safeway Stores opposite the Groceries has been remodeled and the stock and fixtures of the Golden Rule moved from their former location on West Main street.

Mr. Willock has conducted a Golden Rule store in Medford for many years. He and his father formerly conducted their business in the Masonic building on West Main street, later moving across the street.

The Golden Rule store is now holding a big opening sale in their new location. Here will be found bargains in both Men's and Women's wear. The public is cordially invited to see the new store and take advantage of the low prices offered.

Mr. and Mrs. Skipton Visit Beebe Home

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Skipton of Watsford, Ohio, accompanied their granddaughters, Misses Wilma and Lois Barnette here for a visit with Mr. Skipton's sister, Mrs. A. W. Beebe, who he had not seen for 26 years.

Misses Lois and Wilma Barnette, Barbara Kohler Margaret Dow, Kenneth Beebe, and Morris Dow spent the weekend at Crescent City and Bandon.

Punctured Egotism

Are we flatter than a punctured toy balloon? When first planning our recent vacation we thought The American could never go to press with all of the regular force gone. But when we read the issue put out during our absence we noted that no one would have noticed our absence if we hadn't told them we were going.

We wish to thank all the kind friends who handed in local news and ads. And especially the lady who came to the assistance of the boys and made the paste. It was 4 o'clock A. M. when the door was locked and the last paper in the post office, and some weeks we are almost that late ourselves—and we are not holding down another job, either.

New Oregon Stamp Now on Sale at Local Postoffice

Postmaster Pankey yesterday received a quantity of the new Oregon Territory commemorative postage stamp which were recently authorized in commemoration of the centennial anniversary of Oregon Territory.

The new stamp is the same size as the special delivery stamps and are printed in purple. The central design on the stamp is an outline map of the original Oregon Territory, comprising the present states of Idaho, Oregon and Washington, together with parts of Montana and Wyoming. Marked on the map are the five places, one in each state, selected, for historical reasons to have the first day sale on July 14. They are Lewiston, Idaho; Missoula, Mont.; Astoria, Oregon; Walla Walla, Wash and Daniel, Wyo.

Mr. Pankey states he sold three sheets of the new stamps before he even had them unpacked. Anyone wishing to get these stamps should do so soon as the supply is limited. The stamp will be of special interest to collectors.

Fine Display of Used Furniture Found at Jack's

If you are looking for really good used furniture call at 106 south Grape There you will be met by Miss June Peebler, a gracious hostess, who will show you over this complete home. Everything needed to make a home comfortable and attractive. You may buy here. Also see it placed in connection with other furniture so as to be sure it is what you want.

You may arrive in time to see Miss Peebles remove a cake baked to a golden brown from the oven of the stove. You can buy it if you wish. Furniture for a whole house, one room, or one article may be purchased.

You are cordially invited to call and see for yourself this attractive home.

So what?--

According to the notches on Mervyn Gleason, Jr. slingshot he has killed 35 birds.

Mr. Flaherty carrying a big bouquet of dill across Main street.

Little Johnny Denel a pretending to smoke a corn cob pipe.

Verne Pendleton trying to find someone that wanted a job last Wednesday when he was painting his gasoline pump and remarking that he was as red as the pump.

Why go on a real vacation and come home more tired than when you left.

Wonder why Smoky Morris is growing a disguise.

COMMUNICATED

THE PEAR

As the season approaches to start harvesting the Rogue River pears, let's get down to brass tacks and do some serious thinking on the subject.

I know of no branch of farming that has been as hard hit as the fruit growers, for the last five years. This year in particular some orchardists not only had a big smudging expense but also the blight was very bad.

This was a big expense and a big loss of fruit.

In other branches of farming the products are sold for cash—in the pear and apple game, in most cases, the fruit is consigned and he gets what is left after the other crowd get theirs. I think the majority of us will agree this is very unfair and unjust that such a system prevails.

Now here's where all those who have to buy fruit come in. Let's cooperate, just because the pear looks like common fruit, because we see so many of them is no reason they aren't good to eat. You can buy direct from the fruit grower, can them yourself.

By so doing you help the farmer but you help yourself financially.

Sincerely,
F. H. VIRTUE

GLEASON FAMILY MAKING DRIVE OVER OREGON HIGHWAYS

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Gleason accompanied by Mrs. Gleason's sister, Mrs. Waterhouse and small granddaughter, Marylu, left Sunday morning for a week or ten days drive over the scenic roads of Oregon.

The first day they headed for Crater, Diamond and Crescent Lakes and came down by way of Eugene.

Beyond Portland on the Columbia River Highway they made the Mt. Hood loop down the coast to Reedsport, across to Drain and back down the Pacific Highway to Grants Pass.

From Grants Pass the group went to the Oregon Caves and then on to Crescent City and the Big Redwoods, traveling on back up the coast to Marshfield.

The first night little Marylu said she wanted to go back to Oregon.

Sale at The Toggery Is Big Event

The \$30,000 stock reducing sale at The Toggery in Medford is now in full swing. People from all over Southern Oregon are taking advantage of this opportunity to buy quality merchandise at low prices. The store is thronged daily with thrifty buyers.

W. F. Isaacs (Toggery Bill) is too well known in this locality to need introduction. For over thirty years he has conducted a quality men's store and his reputation for handling only the best lines of men's wear is well established.

The present sale is an annual event to make room for new fall goods which are now arriving. Anyone wanting the best in men's wear at the lowest price will do well to visit The Toggery during this sale.

The Churches

THE FEDERATED CHURCH
Rev. Robert Charles Lewis, Pastor
Phone 51.

Bible School—A. W. Ayers, Superintendent, 9:30 A. M.
Morning Worship—11:00 A. M.
Y.P.S.C.E.—(two groups). 6:30 p. m.

Evening Services—7:30 p. m.
Women's Bible study classes Tuesday afternoon from 2 to 3 o'clock in charge of Mrs. H. A. Davison. From 3 to 4 o'clock in charge of Mrs. R. C. Lewis.
er. 2:30 p. m. Tuesday.
The Fisherman's Club, Wednesday 6:00 p. m.
The Family Gathering, Wednesday, 8:00 p. m.
Choir Practice—Thursday, 7:30 p. m.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH
Chifton A. Phillips, Minister
Bible School, 10:00 A. M. Roland Hoover, Supt.

Communion and Preaching 11:00 A. M. Mrs. Elide and Mrs. Reynolds will sing for this service.

We will unite with the Federated Church for both the Senior Endeavor and also the Evangelistic Service on Sunday Evening. We urge your attendance at this closing service of the Young People's Conference.

Prayer and Bible Study Wed. 7:45 P. M. Marjorie Jones, Devotional Leader and Mrs. Victor Bursell will review the Book of 2nd Samuel.
Junior Endeavor, 2:30 P. M. Friday.

Banker Weds Musician

Congratulations, Mac! Matrimony and Fireside Are the pillars Of our Republic Banking circles approve Your course. In Home Building And Good Banking "Music bath charms" To soothe the savage breast." Good Banking Helps To make Good Music Good Music Helps to Make good Banking. May Harmony and Prosperity prevail Forever!
FARMERS & FRUITGROWERS BANK
Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation