

CENTRAL POINT AMERICAN

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Sauntering--

This week we shall take up our journey from the Bay cities to the old home state. Starting from San Leandro early Sunday morning we found no trouble whatever in driving right through the heart of the down town district of Oakland. Only a few early birds like ourselves (or perhaps people on their way to bed) were on the streets and even part of the traffic lights were off. So we steered safely through the maze of big buildings and easily dodged the street cars.

Before leaving town we called on old Medford neighbors now residing in the big city. We found them still in bed and they almost had a fit when they saw who had awakened them. Funny, isn't it, how one has a warm spot in one's heart for those with whom we associate daily and whom we run across in strange lands. There is nothing finer on this earth than friendships and most of us can boast of all too few.

We finally tore ourselves away and drove on to the San Rafael ferry. Had a good view of San Quentin from the boat and again registered a silent hope to stay out of there. On landing, we joined a monstrous funeral procession (or so it seemed) consisting of a few million cars, all bound out of town to spend Sunday. And it took a long time to get them scattered out.

Our way took us through what we had always heard described as the greatest egg producing section in the country. But you can't prove it by us, for we passed clear through the place and NEVER SAW A SINGLE CHICKEN! They must keep them down cellar or somewhere.

As we got farther north the country began to take on more of the appearance of our own Southern Oregon, minus the pears. Gone were the bare hills. There was more green verdure and more farms that looked natural.

Late in the afternoon we came into the first grove of redwoods. And they looked just like those we had seen so many times near Crescent City. Then we struck a little town in the timber. This town had one principal occupation which was very apparent. That was the renting of auto-cabins. Nearly every house in the place had one or two in the back yard. There we holed up for the night.

Next morning in the wee sma' hours, we ate a hurried breakfast and got going so as to pass through the big trees when the air was fresh and cool and our own jaded nerves in the same condition. That was really the best part of our whole trip.

At one point we left the highway for a short distance to see what is said to be the tallest tree in the world. And we were not disappointed. The darned thing had Jack's Bean Stalk skinned a mile. 364 feet tall; 270 to the first limb! Some stick!

Arriving at Eureka we ran into a dense fog which stuck to us clear to Crescent City. We haven't the faintest idea what Humboldt Bay looks like nor how much beauty we passed. We had a hunch several times that Old Father Pacific was near at hand, but had no visual proof.

At Crescent City we tried to find a beach where we could rest awhile. But had quite a hunt and when we finally did find one it was like a beach on some lake. Apparently sheltered, by a big breakwater, there was no surf and no fun. So after a few minutes we skipped out for home.

By dint of hard driving we managed to hold our own up the Smith River. At least we didn't let the darned thing get away from us and crossed the turbulent waters some steen times. At last from the summit of the Siskiyou we looked our last across northern California and heaved a mighty sigh of relief.

But we'll tell the world, our hat came off when we crossed the boundary and entered the homeland once more. Oregon may have its faults, but good enough for us. But we'll have to hand the palm to our neighbor on the South for their excellent

AVIS BROOD DIES FROM INJURIES IN CROSSING ACCIDENT

Avis Engery Brood, aged 13, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Brood, residents of Central Point for the past six months, passed away at a Medford hospital Monday evening from a hemorrhage resulting from injuries received when an automobile collided with her bicycle at the highway intersection in this city.

Avis was born in White River, S. D., July 5, 1923. She attended the Central Point schools last year.

She leaves to mourn her departure, her parents; six sisters, Mrs. W. J. Douglas, Wasco, Ore., Mrs. J. E. James, Eugene, Oregon, Ruby, Clabelle, Ivis, and Arlene Brood of Point; three brothers, Raymond, Arlie and Ronald, all at home.

Funeral services were conducted from the Federated church in this city this morning at 10:00 o'clock, Rev. Robert Charles Lewis, officiating. The church was beautifully decorated, the altar being a mass of flowers. Rev. Lewis spoke in a very impressive manner of the life of the little girl in church and Sunday School work.

Miss Iris Hill sang "Precious Jewels" and Mrs. Wyatt and Mrs. Grimes sang "Safe in the Arms of Jesus". Classmates and friends among the children who had known and loved the little girl in school and church, under the direction of Mrs. E. C. Faber, marched up to the casket and each placed a bouquet of gladoli on it. Kenneth Wyatt, a victim of infantile paralysis, was carried by Mr. Hill that he might place his flowers with those of his fellows.

Pallbearers consisted of Alan Jewett, Richard Jewett, Bill Grimes, Merle O'Connor, Marion O'Connor and Chester Kamberg.

Little Avis had a very sweet disposition and was greatly beloved by all who knew her. She will be greatly missed in school and church and the sympathy of the entire community goes out to the bereaved family.

The funeral was in charge of Perl's Funeral Home and interment was in the Central Point Cemetery.

Mrs. Settlemire Passes From Heart Attack

Louise Marie Settlemire passed away at her home early Friday morning from an acute heart attack. Aged 61 years, 8 months, 16 days. She was born at Summerville, Oregon, November 8, 1875, and a resident of Jackson county for the past 17 years. She was united in marriage September 3, 1905, at Portland, Ore. One daughter was born to this union. She leaves her husband Roy A. Settlemire and daughter Miss Bonnie Belle Settlemire, all of Central Point. She was a woman of fine character, and will be mourned by a host of friends besides her family. Funeral services were held at the Perl Funeral Home Sunday at 1:00 p. m. Rev. Lewis of Central Point officiating. Interment in the Central Point cemetery.

Pomona Grange is having a picnic at the Savage Camp this coming Sunday. All grange members are invited. Bring well filled lunch baskets. Coffee and iced tea will be furnished. Water sports under the supervision of Arnold Bohnert will be enjoyed. Charles Elmore will have charge of other activities of the day.

WARNING

Notice is hereby given that the ordinance regarding the proper use of bicycles on the streets of Central Point will be rigidly enforced in the future. No riding on sidewalks, riding double, weaving from one side of the street to the other, or riding at night without proper lights, will be allowed. Any person caught breaking any of these rules will be arrested and brought into court.

(Signed) BERT HEDGPETH
City Marshal

highways. They beat us all hollow that way.

And now only the memory remains of our most pleasant experiences. And our heart is full of gratitude for the many courtesies received. California is a good big sister and here's a toast to her.

Local Girl Killed When Auto Hits Bike at Crossing

Again grim tragedy has visited our fair city. Avis Brood, 13, was struck by a car driven by Zadoc J. Riggs of Hillsboro, at the intersection of Pine street and the Pacific highway, while riding a bicycle, and fatally injured, dying shortly after being taken to the hospital by Perl's ambulance.

The accident occurred about 5:30 o'clock Monday afternoon and was witnessed by several local people. According to stories told by several eye-witnesses the girl stopped at the Associated Service station for a drink of water. On leaving she rode to the edge of the highway and stopped and looked before going onto the pavement. The Riggs car was at that time some distance away and the girl rode on.

Testimony is conflicting as to just what happened then. Some say a small coupe either drove out from the service station or from being parked nearby and the girl apparently swerved out across the yellow line to escape it. The Riggs car in

dodging this car crossed to the west side of the highway and was unable to miss striking the girl.

Other witnesses deny that there was any other car present and that Riggs, in his endeavor to stop caused his car to skid to the west side of the highway and so hit the girl, who probably never knew what hit her.

So far, no trace of any other car has been found.

A coroner's inquest was held Tuesday afternoon. Much conflicting evidence was given. Many eye-witnesses testified the Riggs car was traveling at a "high rate of speed" when passing the intersection. A hitch-hiker who was riding with Riggs at the time of the accident, declared he had been watching the speedometer and that Riggs did not exceed 40 miles per hour at any time after leaving Medford.

Marks on the pavement where the tires of the Riggs car slid, measured 122 1/2 feet and it is believed this indicates a much greater speed than 40 miles per hour.

After the accident Riggs declared

he saw no "Stop" or "Slow" signs indicating an intersection, nor any "City Limit" sign. All these signs are in plain sight along the highway. Just south of the Nip and Sip service station is a sign reading "Entering Central Point" and about a block south of the Pine street intersection is a yellow sign "Cross Road." From the time the Riggs car passed the "Cross Road" sign there was a clear view of the intersection, according to witnesses.

The coroner's jury brought in a verdict of "unavoidable accident, with both parties to blame." So far no charge of reckless driving has been brought, and Mr. Riggs has been allowed to go on home to Hillsboro. District Attorney George Coddington states, however, he expects to place the case before the next grand jury.

Feeling is strong in Central Point that Riggs should at least be brought to account for failing to observe cross road signs and not having his car under proper control when entering an intersection.

A Newspaper

Man's Prayer

Teach me that 60 minutes make an hour, 16 ounces one pound and 100 cents a dollar.

Help me to live so that I can be down at night with a clean conscience, without a gun under my pillow, and unhaunted by the faces of those to whom I have brought pain.

Grant that I may earn my meal ticket on the square, and that in earning it I may not stick the gaff in where it does not belong.

Deafen me to the jingle of tainted money and the rustle of unhoity skirts.

Blind me to the faults of the other fellow but reveal to me my own.

Keep me young enough to laugh with my children.

And when comes the smell of flowers, the tread of soft steps and the crunching of wheels out in front, make the ceremony short and the epitaph simple—"Here lies a man."

—Syracuse (N. Y.) Post-Standard

Bill Snyder is now at Camp Gasquet and well pleased with his work.

Our Latest Tragedy

(An Editorial)

Again the Great God Speed has claimed another victim, this time an innocent child. Just because the driver of the death car felt that the laws of Nature and of man did not apply to him; that all the talk of careful driving meant some other fellow, little Avis Brood today lies dead and her family sits in mourning.

It is a strange thing how the worship of Speed has come like a festering sore upon our land. For years car makers have vied with each other to produce more and more speed. But in spite of their best efforts, the old laws of centrifugal force; of momentum and friction remain supreme.

Of the recent tragedy, many conflicting stories are told. Some say the child had no business on the wrong side of the road. Others that she apparently became confused at another car and so got in the way of the car which caused her death. The passenger in the death car testified that he was traveling at less than 40 miles per hour when the driver first set his brakes.

But the silent testimony of the marks of those sliding tires cannot be explained away. Every experienced driver in town agrees that had the car been traveling at the legal rates of speed allowed between "Cross Road" signs, it could have been brought to a stop in far less than was the case. The necessary momentum required to slide that car 122 feet cannot be obtained at any proper speed.

The sentiment of the city has been aroused and the demand is heard on every hand that SOMETHING be done to stop the speeding of cars through our city. But there the question arises, "Just whose business is it to take the necessary steps?" And how can it be done?

We urge the city council to look carefully into the matter at once. If the power to govern the traffic along the highway through town has passed to the state highway commission, the council can at least bring the matter strongly before that body. No expense should be spared; no effort slighted to bring an end to this awful condition which threatens the lives of our citizens, both old and young.

Meanwhile, the heartfelt sympathy of the entire community goes out to the bereaved family in their hour of sorrow. Let us hope that this little child shall not have died in vain but that through her death shall come a saner, safer time for the rest of us.

Playing in the Mud.



CLAUDE WHITE, 67, DIES AT HOSPITAL, FUNERAL FRIDAY

Claude White, aged 67, died at the Community hospital in Medford Wednesday evening from complications following a recent operation. He was well known and liked in this city, where he had made his home for a number of years.

Mr. White was born in Nebraska, Nov. 15, 1868 and died July 29, 1936. He moved from Nebraska to Eagle Point, Ore., in 1884 and has made his home in recent years with Miss Mary Mee.

One brother, J. H. White, lives on Ross Lane and other relatives in the Sacramento valley in California. Some of these are expected to arrive in time for the funeral.

Funeral services will be conducted at the Conger Funeral Parlors tomorrow (Friday) afternoon at 2:30. Services will be conducted by Rev. D. E. Millard.

So what?--

If anyone wants any carpenter work done get in touch with Arlene Hays. She has been having experience along that line in the Girl Scout Camp.

There is another Bobby Tucker at Lake of the Woods who is not the Central Point Bobby Tucker.

Little Ellen Howard after having a fine hair cut at the Gleason shop was not satisfied and returned home, found a pair of scissors and finished the job.

Why was Jim Cummings wearing tennis shoes Tuesday morning?

Gerald Morris working very industriously this morning cutting grass and pulling weeds on the parking trip by Marine's Grocery.

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. Special Music, Mrs. C. A. Elde and Mrs. Carl Hoover.

Senior Endeavor 7:30 P. M. Leader Vileen Ross.

Evangelistic Service 8:00 P. M.

Subject "The Most Neglected Privilege In The World". Mr. McDowell will sing.

Prayer and Bible Study Service Wednesday 7:45 P. M. Devotional Leader, Mrs. Izetta Elde. Mrs. James Wood will review 2 Kings.

Junior Endeavor Friday 2:30 P. M. Mrs. Elde, director.

We Beseech You

Mark Well!
Do not forget!
Rich or Poor,
High or Low,
Skilled or Unskilled,
(Especially the Latter!)
Our Immortal Constitution
Is the Foundation
And the Keystone
And the Safeguard
Of our Liberties.
Revere It,
Adore It,
Preserve It.
FARMERS & FRUITGROWERS BANK
Member Federal Deposit Ins. Corp.