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ARTHUR EDWARD POWELL
Editor and Proprietor

EDITORIALS

DESTROY THE DESTROYER

Fire is no respecter of age, value or usefulness. And fire's worst ravages lie in the destruction of things which insurance can never replace.

The other day a beautiful old New England home fell an easy prey to fire when an oil stove ignited its venerable walls. That home was of great value as one of the few remaining examples of early American architecture—it was a representative of a great period in our history that has passed. More than two centuries ago its timbers and paneling were brought to our shores from England. And in a few minutes all that was left was a pile of smoking rubbish, and the bare, pathetic columns of the fireplace.

Few of us live in homes which are of historic interest. But all of us have possessions which are beyond price—which, once gone, are gone forever. Documents, letters, rare books, little mementos of our past lives, souvenirs of happy times and great occasions—when fire takes these, nothing can be done. Valuable as a fire insurance policy is, the money it provides cannot do the impossible. It cannot replace the irreplaceable.

Far worse, many fires take lives. Each year some ten thousand of us die the most horrible of deaths. And death by fire is almost always unnecessary. It is almost always the result of human failure—someone's negligence, someone's ignorance. The fire that could not have been prevented is one of the rarest of occurrences.

We can defeat fire. We can destroy the great destroyer. But to do that calls for the cooperation of every one of us. There should be no slackers in the war against fire.

STRIKES AGAINST DEFENSE

One wonders just how long it will be before labor realizes that a strike today is a very different thing than a strike was a year or so back. In abnormal times like the present, with the defense program behind schedule because production in many fields is under demand, strikes threaten the nation's very life.

Recent strikes have taken place in important defense industries. One of those strikes closed an airplane plant which was producing vitally needed training ships for the Army. It was settled only after production had been stopped for weeks. The strike which was recently called in the Western lumber industry is similar. There is a definite shortage of lumber—the Army, in some cases, has not been able to obtain supplies necessary for building barracks for the thousands of men now called to the colors. It would be interesting to know what the recruits who are undergoing military training for one dollar a day think of highly-paid workers who walk out on their jobs because their new demands are not promptly met.

In some of the disputes, labor may be right. That is not the point. Any just grievance labor has can be settled by arbitration. The whole power of the government will support the worker who is unfairly treated. But when labor, adopting the attitude of a dictator, says, "Do what I want and do it now or I'll walk out," it is alienating all public sympathy and is making unavoidable a crack-down policy that will regard a strike in a defense industry the same as any form of sabotage.

What would happen to an industry whose owners refused to produce unless they were promised excessive profits and special favors? That industry would swiftly discover that the needs of the country come ahead of the greed of any group. It's time labor came to its senses—in the name of self-preservation, if for no other reason. For the kind of strikes we have been witnessing of late must eventually result in the destruction of labor's freedom of action and independence.

The Little Yellow String

I look in the shops, but I keep remembering how small and beautiful are the things that make real Christmas. Not objects to be wrapped in tinsel, nor put in boxes, nor put anywhere. They are the untaged gifts . . . a word, a moment lighted like a little star. They cannot be bought nor ordered, for they are "divine events" that happen in the heart.

Like the little yellow string. Paint has been kissed from a dozen dolls, games have worn out, and even books have gone on their way. Other delights which we do not even know yet will come and dazzle and go again. But the little yellow string was made of something imperishable.

She was three then, and full of delicious unexpectedness. We said, "Darling, what do you want us to give you for Christmas?" She thought about it awhile and then she said, "I want a little yellow string."

"A string, Precious?"

"A yellow string with a sled on it."

That tickled us to pieces. We told all our friends about it. It became our family bon mot, with endless variations on the theme. One of us wanted a lovely shiny key . . . with a car that would fit it. Somebody else thought two little hands would be nice . . . attached to a diamond watch; and somebody else wanted three buttons . . . on a fur coat. You know how grownups can take one honest little bubble and blow it up to make an armful of gaudy balloons!

That was the year we gave her the doll house, and Button Eyes the teddy bear, and the rocking horse, the baby doll, and the fur mittens and this and that and everything else you can imagine. Everything, in fact, except a little yellow string.

She got too much, for anyone so small and so complete in her innate

amusements. But all of them, of course, were gifts that blessed the givers, and so were justified. After all, this was Christmas in a Grandfather's house. She did her best to live up to all the giving, but she liked the pasteboard boxes better than the lovely building blocks, and she cherished the snowy cotton more than the hand-painted dishes packed in it, and she thought the piano stool that whirled around was more fun than the Christmas tree that did nothing at all. But she did her three-year-old best, and after a few days we drove up North again, and Christmas was over for another year. Christmas was over, and we had forgotten the little yellow string.

We drove into our own grounds just at twilight, and there was the benediction of new snow everywhere, and a young moon had turned our roof to silver, and the trees were dressed in ermine. We sat a moment and looked at it, so beautiful and still, so utterly New England. But she had scrambled out of the car and was tumbling through the snowdrifts like a golden-haired snowball.

"It's my Christmas she was calling back to us. 'It's my little yellow string, with a sled on it!'"

And sure enough it was. Leaning against the door, as if it had always been there! For a night and a day it remained a mystery. Where could it have come from?

Then somebody explained it. Three children—whom we hardly ever knew—had put their heads together—and their pennies. They had seen it in our general store, and it was such a tiny sled, and it looked like her.

So it stopped being a mystery and became a miracle. To us, of course, but not to her. She had asked for it, hadn't she? Well, then. . . . Margaret Lee Runbeck

The World's Lice

By Pleasant Herbert Lawton

We know it's not proper to talk about lice, But the welfare of nations demands it.

For if nations won't scratch 'til they're "et up alive," Why, that lets each Louse fatten—expands it!

Most lice in the world are drawers of blood, And they like living creatures to fatten.

So let's name them all Lice who destroy the World's peace; And you can't name them worse—no, nor better!

There are Lice now destroying large parts of the world, And their leaders love blood to distraction.

Why call them Dictators if they're nothing but Lice? Why give them that much satisfaction?

To call them Dictators just tickles their pride, And makes them expand with elation.

So why not call each a Head Louse among lice? (Among the lowest — things in creation.)

These drawers of blood, who are likened to lice, Will multiply fast—and then faster, Unless you and I, who love peace, will unite

To bring every — Louse to disaster! Let's dig in and scratch out the Lice that are here.

They multiply much and amazing, Let's not fail to scratch while the scratching is good; Nor lose time by wishing and gazing.

What a pity the nations with Lice overrun Didn't scratch while the scratching was better!

They had strength to scratch to some purpose one time, Now they just "set" and scratch—like a Setter.

What pity, with so much of Love in the world, Weak nations must do so much cringing.

Too bad we can't turn on a blaze of Just Wrath And take every — Louse to a singeing!

Some nations we know let those Lice crawl right in, (Why, it makes nations itch just to think it!)

But if we scratch out all the Lice in our midst, We can meet an invasion and sink it.

You know concentration of ten million minds, Could turn the world over—and shake it!

Thus free it of Lice and its Nightmare of Death, Then the Spirit of Love would awake it.

Economic Highlights

The other day Admiral Harold R. Stark, the Chief of Naval Operations, made this observation: "Dollars cannot buy yesterday." The Admiral was referring to the defense program in its relation to the Navy. But that truism can be applied with full

weight to the defense program in toto. We have appropriated dollars in unprecedented quantities. But we seem to be wasting something beyond price—Time.

The defense drive, in short, has bogged down. The optimistic estimates of last summer are not being realized. For example, a short time ago it was forecast that soon after the first of the year we would be producing 1,000 military airplanes monthly. But, Defense Commissioner Knudson now announces that the real figure will be 30 per cent lower—700 planes per month. That is the situation in practically all defense lines.

What are the main causes of the defense bottlenecks? You can find just about any answer to that question that suits you. The explanation offered in Washington seem to fall into the following categories:

First, some circles believe that business still has fears of what this Administration may do—that it is worried about new crackdowns and radical experiments. In addition, business works under legislative, tax and regulatory handicaps which did not exist in 1917.

Second, the President is being criticized for his failure to appoint a chief of the Defense Commission, with full powers. That, it is said, is the only way to escape division of responsibility, overlapping of activities, and wasted effort. Some criticism of this kind is coming from circles which generally are strong for the New Deal.

Third, it has been said that neither labor nor industry as yet fully realizes the gravity of the situation, or is as yet ready to make the necessary

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sacrifices. Mr. Knudson indicated that in a recent statement. The tremendous enthusiasm for total defense which appeared here when France fell has apparently abated to a considerable extent.

Fourth, a number of important industrialists, such as Mr. Sloan of General Motors, have pointed out that industry is not geared to peace production. Our industries are peace industries, used to operating under normal conditions. The change from a peace economy to a war economy is a long and difficult process.

Fifth, the American public is still confused, and does not know exactly where it stands. It doesn't know whom to believe. And concerted public pressure is needed to make any great national effort a success.

Whatever the reasons, it is plain that the defense program has fallen on evil days. All authorities are certain that something drastic must be done—but many of the authorities are in entire disagreement as to what. At the rate we are going now, it will be years before anything resembling a first-class military and naval establishment can be built. The Army has been forced to change its plans for taking in conscripts several times—it has found that it cannot obtain the necessary facilities as fast as it figured in the first place. And the news has recently come out that many of our naval ships are sadly lacking in protection against air attack.

Eyes are on Washington now, looking for a lead. And Washington today means the President and his advisors. He is the only one who can shake up the Defense Commission and organize the program. It is felt that he must act before many more weeks pass.

Legal Notices

NOTICE TO CREDITORS
IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE
STATE OF OREGON FOR
JACKSON COUNTY

IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE
OF JOHN S. BONAR, deceased.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the undersigned has been appointed by the above entitled Court administrator with will annexed of the estate of the above named decedent.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified and required to present same, duly verified as by law required, to the undersigned, at his office in the court house at Medford, Oregon, within six months from the first publication of this notice.

Dated and first published December 5, 1940.
G. W. NEILSON,
Administrator with will annexed estate of John S. Bonar, deceased.

25—Dec. 5, 12, 19, 26

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SUMMONS FOR PUBLICATION
IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE
STATE OF OREGON FOR
JACKSON COUNTY
EVA LAFLEUR, Plaintiff,
vs.

RICHARD LAFLEUR, Jr., Defendant.
TO THE ABOVE NAMED DEFENDANT, RICHARD LAFLEUR, Jr.:

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON, You are hereby required to appear and answer the Complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit on or before the last day of four weeks from the date of the first publication of this Summons, and, if you fail so to appear and answer said Complaint, for want thereof the Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in her Complaint, succinctly stated as follows, to-wit:

That the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant be dissolved and held for naught;

For a further decree of this Court, restoring to Plaintiff her maiden name, to-wit, Eva Landing;

For such other and further relief as to the Court may seem meet and equitable.

This Summons is published by order of the Honorable H. D. Norton, Judge of the Circuit Court of Jackson County, Oregon, made and entered on the 17th day of December, 1940.

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The time prescribed for publication of this Summons is once each week for four consecutive weeks. The date of the first publication of this Summons is the 19th day of December, 1940.

O. H. BENGTSON,
Attorney for Plaintiff.
Post Office Address:
126 East Main Street,
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50—Dec. 19, 26, Jan. 2, 9.

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