

THE CENTRAL POINT AMERICAN

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ARTHUR EDWARD POWELL
Editor and Proprietor

Our Bottleneck

The following article is so easy to understand when you are in the newspaper business that we thought we pass it on to our readers. We think we understand just how hard it is to get at a story or an ad but we also know how it hinders the best effort in getting out a paper, we're not using it as a kick but hope it will be a boost.

Uncle Sam isn't the only one who has discovered "bottlenecks" thwarting his efforts. Wayne D. Choate of the Glenwood (Iowa) Opinion-Tribune is another. Wherefore his "Opinions" col'm on page one of a recent issue of the Opinion-Tribune was devoted to this synopsis of

THE PLAY OF THE WEEK

Title: "Our Bottleneck."
A tragedy under slushed.
Setting: A newspaper office and printing plant.
Time: The present.

SCENE ONE

It is the day before press day. All is quiet within the composing room. The linotype operator patters about his machine, chases lay empty on the stones. Printers rearrange leads and slugs in the racks and wonder around looking for type to throw in, making an apparent effort to appear busy. The devil enters, lights the gas under the casting box, looks for advertising mats to cast—finds none, turns out the gas under the casting box and stands watching the job presses which are the only inanimate, or for that matter, animate objects engaged in productive effort within the plant. In the office all is quiet. The bookkeeper has turned ad solicitor and gone quest of advertising copy. The office assistant is out after news, as local reporter's copy is late and no country correspondence came in the morning's mail. The managing editor sits at his desk and reviews the costs which go on while production stands still. He grinds his teeth and curses oaths as he rumples his hair in a gesture of despair. He is heard to console himself, "Thank God the job department is busy."

SCENE TWO

It is press day in this same newspaper office. The deadline for advertising copy was reached at 10 a.m. and for news copy at 12 o'clock noon. It is now 2 p.m. The office assistant and the bookkeeper are each talking on the telephone. One is taking a lodge notice and the other an item concerning a church social soon to be held. On the editor's desk is some delayed correspondence and sheets of delayed news copy. The advertising solicitor dashes out to get advertising from a store which had promised it the night before, then at 8 a.m. that day and then delayed until 10 a.m., when it was put off until noon and then phoned at 2 p.m. to say the copy was ready. Printers are working feverishly to run a normal two-days' supply of advertising copy into type within a day's time. The linotype operator pounds steadily and continuously the keys of his machine which is geared to its highest capacity, yet cannot begin to consume the copy provided it on this press day. The devil sweats over his casting box and tries to respond to the insistent demands of the printers that the advertising illustrations be brought to the forms faster. All is confusion. All is rush. Nerves are tense and dispositions bad. What is worse the hour for press time approaches. The hour for press time arrives. The hour for press time passes. The paper is late again.

SCENE THREE

It is 10 p.m. in the same newspaper office. The bookkeeper and office assistant are each reading proof. The linotype operator is making corrections. The printers are taking the forms to the press and the devil is throwing in the first run. The paper carriers awaiting their papers, are getting in everybody's way. The telephones are ringing and the subscribers are asking "When will the paper be out?" The editor scowls and chews the stub end of his cigar as he contemplates the additional expense of this overtime work and inefficiency of effort expended in such hours of haste. His scowl gives way to a smile and he is heard to ejaculate to himself, "Well, I'll be damned! Why didn't I think of that before? It's a bottleneck—yes sir, that's what it is, it's a bottleneck!" Turning on his heel he ambles out into the front office.

"What was that the boss said?" inquires one of the printers of the devil, who replies, "Something about a bottle." "Well," said the printer, "can't blame him if he does hunt up a bottle. These press days would drive anyone to drink."

SCENE FOUR

Same press room one-half hour later. The paper has just gone to press. The editor enters. "Stop the press boys," he calls. "Pull the front page, and kill enough space to make room for this notice. But first I want

all of you to listen to it. It reads like this:

"Bottleneck discovered in newspaper office. France lost the war because her soldiers were crowded into a geographical bottleneck—only so many could pass through in a given length of time. This newspaper comes to the homes of its readers several hours late today because of a similar situation."

"Our bottleneck is not a geographical area but a certain period of time. Our bottleneck is eight hours' time from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m., on press days and we have been trying to jam 24 hours' work on advertising and news copy through this eight hour bottleneck. We have lost in the additional expense. The advertiser has lost inasmuch as his copy hasn't been given the time it deserves. The reader has lost because the paper has been late."

"We can't stretch the bottleneck. We MUST go to press at 4 p.m. on press day in order to make the mails and town delivery on time. This means we MUST have the bulk of the bulk of the news and advertising copy in on the day before press day. You as an advertiser. You as a correspondent. You as a reporter of your club, lodge and church activities are the only ones who can save us from the restrictions of our bottleneck."

Curtain falls and the newspaper force cheers this announcement of the editor, despite the fact they have heard him make similar announcements before, and in spite of the fact they know full well that he will elude, and take late advertising copy because he needs the business, and late copy because he hates to disappoint anyone who has been kind enough to report an item. Sustained by the force, however, by the hope, but maybe this time, the editor's front page appeal will win sufficient co-operation from advertisers and the public in general, to enable them to attain their press time schedule.

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—The Publishers' Auxiliary

Interesting Trip by Ship to Africa Told

The following is a letter written by Mrs. J. J. Swain, former Mildred Berger and daughter of Mrs. E. E. Scott. We feel that these letters written from Liberia, Africa, will be of much interest to our readers and will print one in each issue of our paper.

Abroad Zarembo Ship

September 20, 1940

Dearest Mother and Ernest:

Well, I might as well make good use of my time while on this boat and dash off a few letters to you. Maybe I'll have time to write another before we reach Port and will mail them both at the same time.

Purser tells me that he will be meeting another ship of this same line in Monrovia and will hand him these letters to keep separate and mail them for me when he reaches New York. That way they will not have to go through censor at Free-town, Serre Leone, which is British Territory and is 257 miles north of Monrovia. The ship will make a stop there and we will have a black out the night we are anchored in that harbor but from then on we are in free territory. Anyway, what I started to say is that this letter and any other which I write on board ship will probably bear U.S. postage, but after that they will have foreign stamps.

Before I forget it—Do not send any airmail at all as I probably won't get it. The airmail service direct to the West Coast of Africa from South America has been discontinued as it used to land at Dakar, W. Africa, which is a little better than 500 miles north of Liberia and came down the coast to Liberia via ship, but since the war they have discontinued this service and the ships no longer stop at Dakar. Airmail sent from the U.S. will go direct to Lisbon, Portugal and since the coast-wise vessels have been discontinued there is no way for it to be sent down the coast to Liberia—hence it is useless for anyone to send airmail at all. There is a small possibility that the airmail would lay over a month, two months and maybe never reach its destination at all. If you will mark all letters or mail of any kind "Via American-West African Vessel" it will get on one of these boats and we will be sure to get it. This is the only line which is running to W. Africa at the moment, however this particular ship company also runs ships to all parts of the world so be sure to designate American-West African vessel. There will be no difficulty at all in getting mail thus marked except that it takes a little longer so I have decided to write letters regularly and mail them all at once when the ships are in the harbor of Monrovia. On the face of the envelope I will mark the date and the number of the letters so that you can tell which one was written first and read them in order. You might do the same with yours, then I'll know which one to read first.

We left the pier in New York at 2:15 P.M., Friday the Thirteenth, and sailed out of the N.Y. Harbor. It was a beautiful day and the skyline of New York was beautiful, also the statue of Liberty. We secured a bunch of snaps which I hope I can get developed in Monrovia before they spoil. They tell us that they

have difficulty with cameras down there because there is a fungus that grows in the lens.

Dinner, or rather Lunch. Oh Boy!

You can guess who wrote the above statement—I was literally dragged from the typewriter and hurried out to the table. Not me betcha (signed Joe).

Anyway, I was telling you about our sailing from N. Y. We sailed out past Stanton Island, Governor's Island (where Joe and I saw a Polo Game about three years ago, and we could see the Polo Field from the ship), and we saw the ferries plying back and forth in the sunlight. It was all very lovely. Our Pilot was on board until about 5 P.M. when he was taken of by Pilot Boat No. 3, which was waiting for him out in open waters. Passed Fire Island about 9 P.M., which is at the end of Long Island and the last outpost of civilization and our last sight of land for a long time to come. Frankly, I would like to get off and take a dash around the block just to rest my legs right now, then I think I would be satisfied to get back on and finish the voyage. Forgot to tell you that Christine Neustadter, from the C.I.T. office, had a huge basket of fruit sent down to the boat for us. It was lovely of her, guess I did mention that we had a parcel on board in my last letter but anyway, it contained every kind of fruit imaginable and even had some small jars of preserves in it, also some stuffed prunes. We have enjoyed all this immensely.
To Be Continued

Trowbridge to Start Sash & Door Factory

Everett Trowbridge, owner and operator of Trowbridge Cabinet works for past 32 years, announced in Medford that he will open the Trowbridge Sash and Door factory located at Tenth and Grape streets, Medford.

The new factory will engage in the manufacture of windows and doors and will carry a complete stock of glass and wall board. The concern does not plan to do cabinet work but will offer reglazing work, Mr. Trowbridge stated.

Mr. Trowbridge's original concern, known as the Trowbridge Cabinet Works, played an important role in the building of this city as many homes have been erected in and near Medford since the establishment of the company in 1909. Everett Trowbridge is active in business and club circles here and has taken an active part in civic work during the past many years.—Mail Tribune.

New Deputy Brand Inspector Announced

Appointment of Lloyd Damon of Lake Creek as deputy brand inspector for Jackson county has just been announced by J. D. Mickle, director of the state department of agriculture.

Edward Kubli of Applegate is Jackson county brand inspector and other deputies previously named are George Brown, Medford; Leon Offenbacher, Jacksonville; Jack O'Brien, Jacksonville; G. E. Dunn, Ashland; Dewey Hill, Prospect; Charles Home, Ashland; and Clyde Fletcher, Medford.

These men inspect brands on horses and cattle being moved out of the county or out of the state, as provided by the state brand inspection law of 1939.

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Doctor of Optometry
Eyes examined without use of drugs
Glasses Fitted & Repaired
Lenses Duplicated
135 S. Central Phone 3881
Medford, Oregon

O.E.S. Installs New Officers for 1941

(Continued from Page One)

Mr. and Mrs. Swing both thanked the chapter for the honor conferred upon them and expressed their confidence in the officers and members in making the coming year one of growth and expansion for the Chapter. Those installed with Mr. and Mrs. Swing were: Mrs. Pearl Bonney, Associate Matron; Ed J. Vincent, Associate Patron; Mrs. Gladys Beebe, Secretary; Mrs. Edward C. Faber, Treasurer; Mrs. Hensley Holt, Conductress; Mrs. Howard Jewett, Associate Conductress; Mrs. Wm. Ferguson, Chaplain; Mrs. Everett A. Faber, Marshal; Mrs. Sam Koehler, Organist; Mrs. Haskell Holt, Adah; Mrs. Edwin Andren, Ruth; Mrs. Ronald Axtell, Esther; Mrs. Geo. Reynolds, Martha; Mrs. Lloyd Stimson, Electa; Mrs. Harold Hise, Warder and Haskell Holt, Sentinel.

The Chapter rooms were decorated with blue cellophane in keeping with the matron's color scheme. Large baskets of huckleberry with sprays of appropriate colored cellophane marked the star point stations. The tables in the dining room also carried the blue motif in candles and flowers. Large bowls of blue corn flowers and white chrysanthemums flanked with blue and white tapers made a beautiful setting.

Committees in charge included: Refreshments: Mrs. Leonard Freeman, Mrs. Harold Hise, Mrs. E. W. Thomas, Mrs. Ivan Skyrman, Harold Head and Ray Briggs; Table Decoration: Mrs. Howard Jewett and Mrs. Sam Koehler; Hall Decoration: Mrs. Lloyd Stimson and Mrs. Everett Faber.

Prior to the O.E.S. Installation, Central Point Lodge No. 135 A.F. & A.M. installed their 1941 Officers. Hampton T. Pankey was the Installing Officer assisted by Elmer Kyle as marshal and Marjorie Skeeters Pena as organist. The high light of the masonic installation was the lovely music given by Mrs. Edwin Andren. She sang "God Bless America."

Lloyd Stimson was installed worshipful master. His co-officers include Hensley Holt, Orville Hamilton, Ray Briggs, Merritt Swing, Haskell Holt, Ed Vincent, L. E. Scott, Harold Head, E. Shelton, F. Pruitt and J. W. McJinsey.

Nevita Chapter will meet for its first meeting of the new year Tuesday evening January 14 at 8 o'clock. Visiting members are given a cordial invitation to attend.

START THE NEW YEAR

"Write"

Eaton's Stationery for your "Thank-You" Notes

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GIFT & ART STORE
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City Cabinet Shop

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or
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J. R. BIERMA

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DIAL 3935

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(Successor to Dr. J. J. Emmens)
204 Medford Bldg.
Practice limited to eye, ear, nose, and throat and fitting of glasses.
Dial 2420 Res. Dial 3469

SHAKE

YOUR TOOTSIES

WEDNESDAY NIGHT

GAIL'S HARMONIZERS

TOWNSEND HALL

123 1/2 West Main

MEN—25c LADIES—10c

We Cater to Young People

Schlinso-Kamberg Wedding Dec. 25th

Miss Helen Schlinso, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Schlinso, became the bride of Kenneth Kamberg, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Kamberg of Central Point on December 25th at eight o'clock P.M. A large group of relatives and friends were present. After the ceremony a reception was held at the K.P. hall in Medford for the happy couple, who received many beautiful and useful gifts. Mr. and Mrs. Kamberg will make their home in Medford.

The bride was charmingly dressed in white satin with a wedding veil and carrying a bouquet of Gardenias. The bridesmaids were dressed in pink and there were two small flower girls. The ceremony was performed in the Seventh Day Adventist Church of Talent.

NEW 1941 LICENSE

Having escaped miraculously from being side-swiped into eternity by scores of fool drivers during the past year, we are now stepping up to buy our 1941 license entitling us to risk our necks another year.—Cashmere Valley Record.

Legal Notices

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

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE IN THE
CENTRAL POINT AMERICAN

Dahlmeier's
HONEY-MADE BREAD

Fresh and Luscious

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Medford

Conger Funeral Parlors

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Mix 'Em up --- 2 for 85c

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DRY PINE SLABS 300-cu. feet - - - - - \$5.00

DRY FACTORY BLOCKS 200-cu. feet - - - - - \$5.50

BUNDLED KINDLING 200-cu. ft. Load - - - - - \$5.00

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