

THE CENTRAL POINT AMERICAN

Re-established, September 13, 1923.

Entered as second class matter at the post office, Central Point, Oregon, under the Act of March 8, 1879.

Published weekly at Central Point, Jackson County, Oregon and devoted to the best interests of the city and vicinity.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Six Months \$1.00
One Year \$1.50

Payable in advance

Advertising rates on application
Office—Second Street, off Main

ARTHUR EDWARD POWELL
Editor and Proprietor

EDITORIALS

"GRATUITIES OR GUNS"

Writing in Collier's, Walter Davenport, the well-known political observer, points out that the strange and wonderful era of "reform" we have been experiencing for some years is over. "A choice had to be made between gratuities and guns," he says. "There won't be enough money for both. The billions already appropriated for rearmament are just a beginning. The huge sums that financed peaceful projects and happiness-promotions must now buy planes and battleships, cantonments and tanks. And Washington is agreed that the sooner we realize this is a part of the sacrifice we shall have to make and like, the better."

This change will not take place easily. As Mr. Davenport also points out, today Washington is jammed to the hilt with lobbyists and pressure groups, "demanding everything from war profiteering to unions of soldiers and sailors." Those who have been receiving gifts and hand-outs from government in lavish and apparently limitless amounts, will die hard. But, starting with a national peacetime debt of almost \$50,000,000,000 on the one hand, and the prospect of spending \$30,000,000,000 or more for defense, it is apparent that the time has come when we must forego the luxuries of politics in favor of necessities.

Anyone looking back over the last ten years can easily list a depressing number of policies and governmental activities which have almost utterly wasted tremendous sums of the taxpayers' money. For example, there are the billions spent for federal tax-exempt power plants, and for federally-subsidized municipal power plants. Practically every one of those plants was unnecessary—practically every one of them simply duplicated a service which was already being provided, at low cost, by privately-financed, heavily-taxed, publicly regulated utilities. There is the tremendous waste that accompanied our various and unproductive farm aid schemes. There is the equally tremendous waste that was connected with the administration of relief. So it goes, down a long list.

Germany's motto, when rearming, was "guns—not butter." We won't have to go to that extreme, but we will have to spread the butter thinner. We will pay taxes unprecedented in our history. We will have to work longer and harder, whether the radical union leaders like that or not. And we will have to put government expenditures back where they belong—which means devoting all government tax revenue and deficit-financing to essential, basic purposes, such as defense, not to dubious boondoggling experiments which unnecessarily burden and destroy private enterprise, the very source of government income.

Communities must regain their self-respect and stop begging from Washington. Workers and industries must forget the days when the public treasury was a grab bag. It will be tough. But it will remake the United States.

Trip By Ship To Africa Told

Dearest Mother, Ernest and all:
Well, I sent you two letters on the S. S. Irmo which left the harbor yesterday and today the S. S. West Hum-Haw is in so I am getting another letter off to you on that. The Irmo was due in here the 10th of the month but was delayed at a port farther down the coast of Africa so the two ships are, consequently, in about the same time. I am anxiously awaiting the first ship from the States in the hopes that I will get a letter or a bunch of them on it. It seems funny not to get mail every day and it now seems an eternity since I had news from home. We have had no mail since we arrived, Oct. 2nd, and no newspapers. This is truly an outpost of civilization as far as getting news is concerned. We have no radio either and I borrowed some old newspapers from a neighbor to read the news of a month ago. There is only one paper published here and it consists of two very small sheets because there is a shortage of paper and they, therefore, do not have daily newspapers. The paper

which is published here is less than nothing and contains only local items of which we know nothing about so it is useless even to get the paper—so, no papers. The Firestone people here usually subscribe to a paper in the states and have the papers saved for fifteen days and then shipped out. The papers are shipped the 15th and end of each month and get here about a month later. The news is old but is still news out here. Some of them just have the Sunday paper of a certain publication in the States sent to them. We are going to do this too. Paper is as scarce as hens teeth and we even saved all the old newspapers and clippings in which our barrels of dishes were packed and we loan it around the neighbors. We use paper to polish the windows and things like that instead of clothes and therefore need quite a few. Clean clothes or rags are also scarce as it is difficult to get them now.

There are so many interesting things to tell you that I am at a loss where to begin but I believe I left off on board ship in my last letter and told you that we expected to land in Monrovia the following morning. In the event you haven't received the first two letters for some reason I will say here that we had a grand voyage and had a lot of fun on board. We weren't sea sick at all and only had two days and one night of bad weather which was the edge of a hurricane which passed at our stern. Otherwise the sailing was perfect and we passed our 19 days on the high seas very peacefully. We dropped anchor in Monrovia on the morning of the 20th day out of New York, Oct. 2nd. Because of a sand bar which extends far out in the sea at Monrovia it is necessary for the ships to drop anchor almost two miles from shore so that is where we parked. There was a whale playing around the ship for about an hour after we landed and it was fun to watch him come to the surface and spout and then slip under the waves again. As soon as we dropped anchor the ship blew several blasts on the whistle and out came a bunch of whale boats from the town, manned by 10 black boys, to carry passengers, cargo or anything else ashore. This is the only means of getting things ashore in Monrovia as the whale boats ride high in the water and can also carry quite a load. They took Captain Veno ashore to handle the ship's business but we had to wait until 11:15 a.m.—arrived at the harbor at 8 a.m.—before we could be taken ashore. We had only 23 tons of cargo for Monrovia and the natives started unloading that immediately and we, the passengers, had to wait for more whale boats before we could disembark. One of the boys was carrying the cutest little monkey when he came aboard. As some of the small boats drew alongside we could hear the boys singing and some were playing guitars and other instruments. It certainly was picturesque.

Most of the cargo for Firestone is unloaded at the Port of Marshall which is just a very short distance down the coast from Monrovia but all passengers disembark at Monrovia. However, we later discovered that all of our barrels and boxes, trunks, etc. were unloaded at Monrovia in error and they landed long after we had left the city for the plantation. I shall go into that later and tell you the trouble we had getting them. Anyway, at 11:15 a.m. the Farleys and Swains left the S. S. Zarembo and started for shore in one of these small whale boats. There was a little old shriveled up black man who was the helmsman and he had a crew of ten boys at the oars and they sang as they rowed in rhythm toward the landing. I forgot to say that the ship Zarembo took on a gang of Kroo boys for their crew to work with them down the coast and back. The Kroo boys are a larger tribe (in stature) than the others and are stronger. Consequently the boys which were now the oarsmen were of a smaller build and were less mighty at the oars. There is a very swift river which flows past the town of Monrovia and empties into the sea and it was necessary for us to go up this river in order to get to the landing. It is impossible for the boys to row against

the current and, therefore, a launch plys back and forth from the mouth of the river to the landing. Well, we were rowed to the mouth of the river and there waited for 15 minutes for the return of the launch from the landing. Here it came, it fairly flies down the river to the mouth once it is turned around and headed for the open sea. It came so fast that when it struck the cross current at the ocean it was turned completely around and was carried sideways right on out and landed smack on top of the bar. There it would remain until high tide to get off. There we sat—oh boy! Well, at 2:15 p.m. we landed at the dock in Monrovia and the only way we got there was for the oarsmen to strip some of them down to their birthday suits and jump into the water. They got hold of a long rope and pulled us inch by inch around the point of the bar and up the very edge of the river, fighting every step of the way against the swift current. Sometimes some of them walked on the bank and others held the boat out in the water and they tugged and tugged and we crawled along. Twice we settled in the sand but they were able to pull us off. It was surely an exciting ride. We had worn our helmets for which we were mighty thankful for it was in the heat of the day. There was a breeze and it wasn't too warm but the glare of the sun is terrific here and you get a headache from just looking at the sunshine on the water or land unless you wear colored glasses and also a helmet for shade. The boys do all this work for a small "dash", which is the same as a tip in the States. They would get from 5 to 10¢ apiece for all this work and would be tickled to be so well paid. Did I tell you that each bunch of natives have a "headman" who is in charge of them and he gets a small commission on everything that the boys make. He guarantees or makes a contract that the boys will make 700 trips out to boats and back and when the 700 trips are finished the boys have completed their contract and can return to the "Bush" for awhile. The bush is their native dwelling place and is wild and untamed.

(To be continued)

New Snapshot Plan Being Tried by Annual

A different plan is being tried this year by the snapshot department of the annual. Instead of having a candid camera week as has been held in previous years, students are asked to start immediately to take and turn in their pictures. If possible, the film should not be any smaller than the "6-20" size, although smaller snaps will be accepted. The snaps taken should be clear, should contain one main subject of interest and very little background, and should be of unusual, comical, typical, or interesting situations depicting the different aspects of school life.

In order to get the annual to the students earlier this year, all material must be in earlier, so students are urged to cooperate and start immediately to turn in their snaps to either Iris Hill or Harvey Taylor.

—Central Pointer.

Evening At Home Incense

A combination package of Delhi, Gandhi, Fragrant Night and Incense-cigaret. A small quantity of each of four special 50¢ brands of incense in one box for only 30¢.

SWEM'S
GIFT & ART STORE
Medford

Ekerson PAINT & ROOF Store

PABCO PRODUCTS
A Roof for Every Home
A Paint for Every Purpose
New Stock Wall Paper
Fire-Retardant Roofs bring
Lower Insurance Rates
Dial 3843 38 S. Bartlett

FAMOUS DUART-OIL PERMANENT

Entire Wave by One Operator
Test Curl—Ringlet Ends
Latest Hair Style—No Fuzzy Hair
Oil Shampoo

CAMEO BEAUTY SALON

Phone 2381 16 S. Central
Medford

Marsh Bros. Cabinet Shop We Make It To Order

WINDOW FRAMES
UNFINISHED FURNITURE
KITCHEN CABINETS

WARDROBES
PICTURE FRAMES
SCREENS

If It's To Be Made of Wood, Let Us Make It.

43 S. Front

Medford, Oregon

Make

CHET LEONARD Super Service

Your Headquarters when in Medford.

RICHFIELD HI-OCTANE — U.S. TIRES & BATTERIES

We specialize in correct Lubrication, motor tune-up, brake re-lining, headlight and front wheel adjusting, and Electrical Service

Riverside at Sixth

Medford

Dial 4278

Former Paper Editor Honored at O. S. C.

Janice Nealon, editor of this paper for the school year 1937-38, who is now a freshmen at Oregon State College, recently was honored by an invitation to the annual Alpha Lambda Delta banquet.

Alpha Lambda Delta, the national scholastic honorary for sophomore women on the campus at Corvallis, gives a banquet every fall term honoring those freshman girls who have made outstanding scholastic records in high school.

This year, because of a limited budget and space, the selection had to be limited to those in the top half as listed by their schools. This means that only the cream of the crop of this year's freshman women were invited.

Central Point High school is justly proud to know that Janice Nealon was one of those invited. Only thirty-three schools in the state were represented by alumnae at this banquet. Janice graduated from the Central Point high school in 1938. She was

employed until last August as a stenographer by the law firm of Newbury and Newbury, having resigned at that time in order to begin her work at Corvallis.

She received her grade school training at Table Rock, in which community she was born and reared.

—Central Pointer.

Legal Notices

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

In the matter of the Estate of MARY C. HEMSTREET, Deceased.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the undersigned has been duly appointed and has qualified, and is now acting as the executor with the 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, 210-211 Craterian Building, Medford, Oregon, within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice.

Dated and first published this 13th day of February, 1941.

F. J. NEWMAN
Executor With The Will
Mary C. Hemstreet, Deceased.

26—Feb. 13, 20, 27, Mar 6.

PERL'S Funeral Home

Established in your community
25 years
Dial 2675 428 W. 6th St.
Medford, Oregon

LAWN MOWERS Sharpened & Repaired

Trade in The Old One on a New One at

SIMS BROS.

Medford, Oregon

Phone 3472

WE OFFER Woodlife Millwork

We are now processing all our exterior windows, doors and frames with

Woodlife Toxic Water Repellent

All exterior millwork is DIPPED in this high grade wood conditioner before shipment to the job.

We are the first mill in the State of Oregon, to offer this service to our customers.

We invite you to inspect this modern wood processing at our plant.

Padgham Planing Mill

PHONE 4750

1303-1309 COURT ST.

MEDFORD, OREGON

"LOOK AT WHAT A
MILLION USERS SAY!"



SAFE, CLEAN
CAREFREE AS
Electric
Light

• Just turn a faucet
—any time of the day
or night—anywhere in
the house—for GAL-
LONS of water, piping
hot. Safe—and auto-
matic — install it...
then never give it
another thought!

ENJOY THE LUXURY OF LOW-COST
HOT WATER WITH AN AUTOMATIC
ELECTRIC WATER HEATER

NOW ONLY
\$59.50
Installed

Pay only \$2.53 Down and \$1.82 Monthly

Now on Display at your Dealer's
or your COPCO store

