

For What It's Worth

By K. D. P.

Ray Watkins, Ted Goin and Al Maple are sore at me because I haven't made any mention about their wonderful luck at fishing. Well, I hope the news will do them good.

The first is that Ray Watkins got three salmon for which he devised a new method of snagging them without any effort. Boy, some snagger. Ted Goin got the limit of trout the other day which he claimed were caught on red upright fly. The whole truth is that those fish were caught on single eggs, backed by use of feed eggs. My, what a tall fish story he tells. Al Maple caught three trout which he claims were whoopers. But I just heard that he had to sneak into town on account of the fear that the game warden might stop him. It seems the news leaked out that at least one of them was at rifle under six inches.

Last Friday night I caught a nice mess of trout up on South Fork of Little Butte creek and another limit up on Big Applegate river last Sunday. The fishing in both streams surprised me considerably, because I have figured that the fishing would be poor on account of too many workers at the cantonment. The workers at the camp must be awful poor fishermen because they failed to make a dent on those creeks.

I am very glad to hear that the people of this city are planning to put up a recreation hall here for the soldiers from the camp. We are badly in need of one here and if we could put this over in a big way, I am sure that more soldiers will come here than to Medford on account of the distance. Nearly all of those soldiers are strangers in this valley because they came from all part of the nation and therefore unfamiliar with the Rogue River valley. It would do them more good if we could put out a real brand of hospitality which will make them feel at home. I am for the idea one hundred per cent.

Oregon Seed To Release Needed Bomb Materials

Oregon's winter legume seed ranks as a strategic war material—in fact, the estimated 200,000,000-pound crop of vetch, Austrian winter pea and crimson clover seed being produced in the state this year is the equivalent of 12,000,000 hundred-pound bombs.

This information as to the importance of Oregon's seed industry in the war effort was given by Washington, D.C. officials of the department of agriculture here attending the recent conference of western states USDA war board chairmen.

Farmers in the southern and east central states have been using large amounts of nitrate fertilizer to produce food and fiber crops vital to the war effort. Now all available nitrates are needed in the manufacture of munitions. One bag of nitrate of soda will supply nitrates enough for two 100-pound bombs.

To replace nitrate of soda, southern states' farmers are growing their own nitrogen with winter legume cover crops, using seed produced on Oregon farms. About 25 pounds of cover crop seed will produce a crop to replace 150 pounds of nitrate of soda—enough to make three bombs.

To make certain that seed is available to farmers in all areas where it's needed, the AAA is buying all winter legume and common ryegrass seed that is offered by Oregon growers this year. Purchases are made direct from the grower through established warehouses and dealers, who are paid a handling charge of 45 cents a hundred pounds for hairy vetch, an 40 cents for all other seed.

The state AAA office reports that orders for 250 carloads of seed had already been received from southern states by August 1, with more coming in every day.

Faber woodyard is laying in some of the lumber from Camp White which will make good wood.

Ocean Caught Canning Salmon and Tuna. HOLLY'S FISH MARKET, 125 East 6th St., Medford.



Prevention Contest Open to Members of Green Guard

Salem, August 5—Camping in the green forests of the high Cascades, with three glorious days spent in hiking, swimming, patrolling, and visiting one of Oregon's highest forest lookout points. That is the award offered all boys and girls who place in a fire prevention contest announced this week by the Keep Oregon Green Association.

In all, 20 Oregon youth, 10 boys and 10 girls will be selected by contest judges as winners in the expense paid forest out. As an additional award some top-placing Green Guard squad will all have the opportunity to join the other youth in the vacation awards.

According to the contest rules any Oregon boy or girl has a right to participate in the contest. Only requirement is that the youth be enrolled as a Green Guard either through their own youth organization or by direct contact with the Keep Oregon Green Association, State Forestry Building, Salem. Those not yet enrolled as Green Guards should apply for membership at an early date in order to prove their eligibility.

What each Green Guard must do is this—see that the fire manual is completely filled out so that it has the name of the local forest warden or ranger and so that all fire prevention activities are checked. Then mail the fire manual with a letter telling of fire prevention activities to State Keep Oregon Green headquarters. All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight September 15.

Complete contest rules will be mailed to all Green Guard captains, youth leaders and county chairmen this week. The outdoor vacation reward which will come just before school begins is offered Green Guard contestants because of their help in fire prevention. R. C. Kuehner, State secretary, Keep Oregon Green, announced. He added that N. S. Rogers, state forester, Lyle E. Watts, Regional forester, U.S. Forest Service and John B. Woods, Oregon Forest Fire Association, were cooperating in sponsoring the fire prevention awards.

Traffic Death Rate Drops 20 per Cent

Oregon's traffic death rate for the first six months of 1942 dropped 20 per cent below the rate for the corresponding period of 1941, Earl Snell, secretary of state, disclosed today.

Traffic accidents claimed a toll of 119 persons during the first half of this year, compared to 157 last year. The death rate this year was 8.1 persons killed per one hundred million miles of travel, compared to 10.1 last year.

Close observation of traffic regulations, particularly with reference to speed, will enable the state to maintain this record of traffic improvement, Snell declared. Drivers were urged to stay below the minimum speed limit of 40 miles an hour and to avoid such dangerous practices as passing on curves and while approaching the brow of a hill.

Stop signs have been authorized at main line grade crossings in the state and when they are in place, drivers must bring their cars to a complete stop before proceeding across the tracks. This precaution is believed necessary due to the increased number of trains moving at higher rates of speed due to war transportation demands, it was said.

LOCALS

Mrs. Frank Hurker of Eugene is visiting her husband who work at Camp White.

Mr. Loughton Weldon left for Pocatella to work at airport. He is a plumber and has been working at Camp White.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Noel are planning to move into their new home but may be transferred to Portland.

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Jimmy Jones from San Diego is visiting his wife and parents of the Willow Springs district for a five day leave. He is asking for an extension of his leave.

A car was destroyed by fire at Long's second hand store last week. The fire department was pouring water on the car before Mr. Long knew it was a fire.

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Mr. McCullens from Washington was a caller in Central Point looking after business affairs.

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Mr. and Mrs. Del Hawley and family are moving to Rogue River to make their home. They plan to make a trip and visit their daughter for a short time, when they leave here.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Lees received a letter from their son George. He didn't know that they had been to Bremerton looking for him. He is now in California and expects to be sent over seas soon.

Mrs. George Moffatt came from Medford Friday after Mr. and Mrs. Shell to take them to Medford to visit Mrs. Moffatt's husband, who had his tonsil removed. They had lunch at the Moffatt home. Mrs. Shell was ill in bed the first of the week and Mr. and Mrs. Moffatt came to Central Point to see her.

Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Jolley, accompanied by Mrs. Carrie Chase of Medford, motored to Dead Indian Soda Springs Sunday.

Ocean Caught Canning Salmon and Tuna. HOLLY'S FISH MARKET, 125 East 6th St., Medford.

POET'S CORNER

GOD'S LOVE

The joy we give our fellow man
When kindness we bestow
Comes back to well multiplied,
We reap just what we sow.

If we sow seeds of enmity
Of falsehood greed, or fear,
The harvest will be one of tares
For nature's law is clear.

And true it is the crop we reap
Comes from the seed we've sown:
The love we give, we get again,
And hate brings forth its own.

—Alice M. Barr

JUST ANOTHER SOLDIER

Just a redhead boy in khaki
That's all you are to some
But to me you're my only brother
And my mother's only son.

Just another boy in uniform
Far across the sea
Proudly doing your duty
For your country, your mother,
and me.

Just another boy in the service
The onlookers casually say
But I can't forget the way you looked
When you went away that day.

Don't worry, mom, you said
Take care of yourself, dear dad
Come on now, sis, don't cry
This is no time to be sad.

Just another soldier
But every night I pray
That it won't be very long until
You're home again—to stay.

—Ruth Keizer

I'll Take The Farm

BY SYDNEY S. BARKER

A LAWYER FRIEND once wrote in a letter to me, "Farm life has its advantages, but I must have some excitement."

Many city dwellers, and even some farmers, have the idea that farm life is dull, lonesome and monotonous. But is it less interesting and exciting than city life?

"Hey, sis! Heifer calf just born!"
"Hawk, hawk!" yells the wife. I grab my gun. The chicks and pouls are in danger. I shoot. Miss. I rush down to the woodland after him; shoot again, and down the villain.

The cutworms are destroying the vegetables. I hunt for them and kill them. If I don't they'll go through my vegetables like an axeman going through brush. The coddling moths are digging into the fruit in the family orchard. I spray the trees with arsenic of lead.

A storm! Hurry, get in the poultry.

GOPHERS:
Are Digging
In the Garden

The gophers are digging in the garden. I slit carrots, put some strychnine in the slits, and lay them in their runway.

Where are the turkeys? We find them. Terrible! Terrible! Partly eaten carcasses strewn in all directions. Coyotes! Never mind, we have a few hundred turkeys left yet. We must look after them better.

I am sawing in the woodland. I look longingly to the southwest for rain. Hardly any of the corn is up. The spring grain is but a few inches high, and drying up. Ruination stares me in the face. I go on sawing. I look up again. Black clouds are gathering. I gasp and pant with excitement. Surely it will come this time. Big drops hit me in the face. Down comes the beautiful rain. Once again we are saved.

The crows are eating the corn. I shoot a few, and hang them up as a warning to others to keep away. Crows are shrewd birds and recognize the awful risk in coming again.

MATCH:

Rooster Conquers Young Turkey Hen

Farm life is sometimes a continuous warfare against pests and vermin, with some of the excitement of real war. Some will say that they would rather not go through such experiences. But it is the risks and uncertainties of life that fascinate. Life is a gamble. If we knew in advance just what would happen every day, life indeed would be dull; in fact, it would be intolerable.

For those who are sporty and like a boxing match, we can sometimes get something along this line on a farm. I saw a seven-pound rooster fight a young turkey hen. Ten more turkey hens came along to help their mate win the battle. The rooster saw at once that he had no chance against such a crowd; so he backed up against a fence and dared any one of them to come on. One turkey hen did take up the challenge. The rooster sprung at her. She fled. That started the stampede, and they all ran away. A seven-pound rooster had whipped a hundred pounds of turkey.

I have seen a mother turkey fly at the nose of a cow, and peck it so furiously that bossy ran for her life.

Is life on a farm lonesome? It need not be so. The man who wrote Robinson Crusoe knew the value of the companionship of animals to overcome being lonesome.

Most animals have their primitive language, consisting of a few sounds. The rooster, mother hen and mother turkey hen will tell the flock by a certain definite sound when a hawk is in sight. The little ones then rush

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to shelter and hide; generally under a bush. The mother, though, does not hide. She stands out ready to give battle if need be. She then makes another sound to tell the little ones that the danger is over, and they can come out. I have seen a chicken hen fight a hawk. But, of course, she was no match for the bird of prey. The hawk saw the chickens huddled under a tree; grabbed one while fighting the mother, and flew away with it.

Animals have the same attributes as man. The dog even has religion in a primitive way. His master is his infallible god—omniscient and almighty.

I once heard an artist on the stage imitate all kinds of singing birds. He used no instrument, nothing but what nature gave him. It was a splendid exhibition. But it lacked something. What adds so much to the song of birds is the environment. The farmer usually has his share of music besides the radio. The chanticleer awakens him with his call of courage and defiance; and the twittering of birds tells him that he must be up and doing. The robin tells him that spring is here.

(To be continued)

SUMMONS IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON, JACKSON COUNTY

NAOMI BYRUM, Plaintiff
vs.
WILLIAM L. BYRUM, Defendant.

TO THE ABOVE NAMED DEFENDANT: IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON, you are hereby summoned and required to appear in the above entitled court and cause and answer plaintiff's complaint on file herein within four weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons which is July 30, 1942. You are further notified that in case you fail to appear and answer said

complaint within said time plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in said complaint, a succinct statement of which is as follows: For a decree of the court dissolving the bonds of matrimony between plaintiff and defendant and divorcing the plaintiff from the defendant absolutely, and for such other and further relief as the court may deem just and equitable.

This summons is served upon you by publication once each week for four consecutive weeks in the Central Point American, a newspaper of general circulation published in Jackson County, Oregon, by order of Hon. H. K. Hanna, Judge of the above named court, which order is dated July 29, 1942.

NEFF & FROHNMEYER
Attorneys for plaintiff
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