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ARTHUR EDWARD POWELL
 Editor and Proprietor

EDITORIALS

MESSAGE FROM OREGON'S GOVERNOR

Even before the President of the United States had appeared before Congress to declare that a state of war existed between our country and the Japanese Empire, many of our loyal citizens were standing vigil at observation posts throughout the western slope of Oregon. These good people had taken part in an Army Air Force maneuver in the latter part of October, 1941, and formed the nucleus for what has become the Ground Observer Corps and the Aircraft Warning Corps. These two great volunteer organizations blend to make up the vast Aircraft Warning Service of the United States Army Air Force. Many thousands of our citizens are members of the Aircraft Warning Service and have given many hours of their time, quite often at great sacrifice, to see that our observation posts, filter centers, and information centers are constantly manned 24 hours, every day.

In order that we may recognize the efforts of these fine people, encourage them to maintain their good work, and identify them as an active part of our Army Air Force, I, Earl Snell, Governor of the Sovereign State of Oregon, do hereby designate the week of August 1st to 7th, 1943 as Aircraft Warning Service Week. I also urge all persons who are not actively a part of the Aircraft Warning Service to contact their local chief observer or Civilian Defense Office to see what part they may be able to play in this great volunteer activity.

"DO WE APPRECIATE RAILROADS?"

And talking about railroads, the Albia, Iowa, News says:

"No matter how we may be thinking about aviation, automobiles and merchant marine, without the railroads this nation's transportation breaks down utterly.

"... If you ... will take time off to observe for yourself what these

railroads are doing to move troops and freight in this war era you will come to a new appreciation of the importance of the American railroads. You will come to an understanding of how utterly futile would be all other efforts were the railroads to break down in this time of emergency.

"The railroads have lost manpower to the selective service, and have been smacked hard by priorities and the lack of essential materials. There isn't a problem affecting other business that hasn't affected the railroads more. They have done and are doing the impossible—handling a multiplied volume with a diminishing equipment.

"Has railroad management bawled, and squalled ... ? Have railroad people grumbled, growled and quit? Has the Congress of the United States had to take time off to investigate the railroads? Has there been any quibbling and fussing at any time about whether the railroads would make good? Have the railroads asked for subsidies or any special favors?"

"They are distressed by floods and bad weather ... They work day and night, seven days every week. They maintain their own equipment and their own highways.

"Yet, without fuss, praise, or medals, they transport millions of troops and tens of millions of tons of freight

... whatever the armed forces require ... and whatever the people on the home front must have. While the rest of us stand in public and demand our rights, the railroads stay where they belong and do their job."

NOT MONKEYS

"The food needs of the nation can only be met in the long run by the age-old plan of work and pay, and not by running the farmer like a monkey up and down a prophetic stick," says Herbert Corey, newspaper correspondent and editor.

South America As Seen by Local Lady

Mrs. Mildred Swain is writing to her mother, Mrs. E. E. Scott, from South America, where she is with her husband, who is employed by the government rubber research.

Continued from last week

And so the day proceeded and it was time for afternoon tea at 4:00 P.M. We were definitely trying to make Manaus that night and with good luck we would do it. When we were crossing the plateaus a few hours north of Manaus we picked up a weather report from Manaus stating it was hazy over the city with probable storms in a few hours. We skipped our last jungle stop since we had

ample fuel to fly on. Mrs. Wright had not seen her husband since January and while I had seen Joe six weeks previously we were both pretty tickled when we finally learned that we would reach our destination that night. Soon the steward announced we could see our fair city in the distance and in a few minutes we were low enough to see the black waters of the Rio Negro River with Manaus nestled on its shores. The city looked beautiful from the sky and our pilot circled the town twice while the steward pointed out the glazed tile of the historic opera house and other points of interest. Many boats were in the harbor and also other planes. Our pilot brought us down and we glided to a stop just five minutes before the deadline of landing a plane on the Rio Negro and were we ever thrilled to arrive. We had completed our long journey in just two days and while we were tired it definitely wasn't the utter exhaustion which I felt when I stepped off the plane on my return flight from Africa a short time ago.

A great crowd of Americans and Brazilians waited on the pier for us to disembark and I was able to pick Joe out of the crowd and I was pretty happy by then. I came climbing up out of the top of our flying boat and down another narrow gang plank and onto the Manaus pier at last. The

place looked like heaven to me. Again I surrendered my passport but this time to an American, a representative of Rubber Dev. Corp. with the promise that it would be returned the next day. Since the housing situation in Manaus is extremely difficult because of the rapid influx of Americans to this territory Joe had been unable to secure a house for us so had made arrangements with two of the girls at the office, Jean Kelts and Irene McNally, that I should share their large flat until we could secure a house. I met Jean at the pier and many other Americans and it was wonderful to be able to speak to people in a strange land, in your own language. Joe lives at a men's staff house so all the men had come with him to meet the wife but Joe was so excited he forgot all about the boys and we passed them up (for

which they have razed him plenty) and Jean ushered us into a waiting cab at the end of the pier. A few of the fellows ran after us demanding introductions but the majority of them were left behind. I have since met his friends and they are surely a fine bunch of fellows and are wonderful to me.

(To be Continued)

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LET'S FACE FACTS

-even if they are unpleasant

THE forests of this area supply critical materials used in the prosecution of the war ... and you may be sure that they will become important military targets in case of attempted raids. In fact, southern Oregon forests have already been attacked! Other attempts are almost certain to be made—and if successful will divert sorely needed manpower from war industries to the task of fighting destructive fire and will consume vitally needed war materials.

The Japs well know the value of the forests of this state and would be willing to pay a high price for a successful raid here. Many "in the know" honestly believe that an enemy raid WILL be attempted somewhere on the Pacific Coast, maybe in several places.

You can actually shorten the war by helping insure the FAILURE of such an attack. And you don't have to put on a uniform to do it, either. Here's how:

Sign up for non-military, volunteer work in the vital Aircraft Warning Service—the amazing warning system of the U. S. Army that keeps the whole Pacific Coast constantly alert, warns of the approach of unidentified aircraft, actually plots the course of every aircraft approaching or flying over this area.

Join the AWS today.

IN CENTRAL POINT
Phone 77

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THE CALIFORNIA OREGON POWER COMPANY

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