

THE CENTRAL POINT AMERICAN

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ARTHUR EDWARD POWELL
Editor and Proprietor

EDITORIALS

STARK TRAGEDY

We granted the enemy a quick and thoroughly complete victory of major importance in February when a two-and-a-half-million-dollar concern engaged in building engines for Liberty ships was demolished by fire on the West Coast. Twenty-four engines in various stages of completion were also destroyed. All of this did not cost the Axis a single bomb or plane. While the cause of this particular disaster is not known definitely, an overheated steam pipe was suggested. It is known, however, that the majority of such fires are preventable. A moment of carelessness in a vital war plant today can do the work of countless bombers. Day after day we read of the historic flights of American planes that fly hundreds of miles in broad daylight over enemy territory, through hour after hour of relentless attack from above and below. Their objectives are often war plants. If they can destroy an important plant and get home again with a loss of a few hundred men and twenty to forty planes, their mission is considered justified. After a few flights like this, men are retired to easier jobs—if they live that long.

How must they feel, these fighters, when they read about our war plants being destroyed regularly, with the risk of a lethal cigarette, a neglected pipe of waste, overheated smoke or steam pipes, etc., etc? One worker, in a moment of carelessness, can accomplish for the Axis the same results that our flyers die by the hundreds to accomplish.

This is not irony. It is stark tragedy due to carelessness on the home front.

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

On Oct. 26th I took my first trip through the Fabrica do Borracha (Rubber plant or Industry) and it was extremely interesting. As compared to the methods instituted in the handling of rubber was brought to the factory in milk or latex form direct from the tapping of the trees. Here, since the trees are so far removed from the rubber factory, it is necessary to bring the rubber in solid form. Way up in the farthest reaches of the jungles from perhaps a group of trees or a solitary rubber tree the latex is gathered in numerous types of containers since it is impossible to furnish latex cups at every point. The milky latex is brought to a central spot in each area and here, over smoky fires, it is fashioned into huge balls some two and a half to three feet long and about a foot and a half thick. The method used is of the crudest but it is the least expensive and proves adequate. A long pole is held by two natives across the smoking fire and the latex is slowly poured over the pole. Part of it coagulates and sticks to the pole as the pole is slowly revolved. Perhaps a layer a half inch thick will be accumulated on one pole each day and this is allowed to thoroughly smoke over the fire. There is a drip pan below each pole where the waste latex falls and this this is again poured over the pole. On the next day the operation is repeated and another half inch of rubber will adhere to the first layer. This process is continued—smoking each layer every day—until a ball the size as mentioned above is fashioned. These balls are then ready for shipment and the pole is pulled out from the center of the ball. They are brought in by head load and mule load to the rivers and usually come down the rivers in small boats to Manaus where they are taken to the Fabrica do Borracha. Here the ball is cut open and the different half inch layers of rubber graded and removed from the ball according to the grade of rubber accumulated each day. In this plant

BONDS OVER AMERICA

"If they mean to have war, let it begin here." Capt. John Parker cautioned his 60 Minute-men on Lexington Green, just before they fired "the shot heard round the world."

Lexington Green



Back the Attack, Buy an Extra \$100 Bond

Czechs, Dutchmen, Danes, Frenchmen, Norsemens, now living under the Nazi heel, remember their freedom and cherish their lost memorials now replaced by the black swastika.

there are some twenty six machines used and the methods used for flattening the chunks of rubber and washing them, making them into sheets and the countless rooms for drying is extremely interesting. Nothing is wasted and the best rubber is the white sheets and these are handled with intricate care. The rubber runs from the white grade to the very, very black which is the poorest but even this is highly valuable in making certain things. The factory has three floors and we roamed around on each of them. I was completely fascinated with the manner in which the rubber is handled. Mostly dark Brazilians or blacks work on these machines and they wear perhaps just an extremely brief pair of trunks and nothing else. On the second floor there is a room—quite small—where dozens of women practically fall over each other trying to wash the rubber sheets and hang them up to dry on racks. As fast as a rack is filled it is taken away by the men workers but how the women can do that back-breaking job I don't know. Usually they are past middle age and their bodies show the marks of years of hard toil. The rubber factory pays well compared to other vocations here so the poor people go there and toil until they can no longer stand the work and then quit. Consequently the turn over in help is tremendous. A good wage for a woman worker is CR \$10.00 (50c) per day and she is happy to make so much money since in doing household work she would receive some CR \$3.00 or 15c per day. I thoroughly enjoyed my trip through the plant and only wish Joe were home to explain more about the rubber which I do not understand. Perhaps later he will but for how this will give you an idea.

(Continued from Last Week)

Letters to Nephews

By Ella H. Leonard

Dear Nephew:

A traffic cop stopped a woman speeder. He said, "As you swung around that curve, I told myself 'Sixty-five, at least.' She retorted, 'Tain't so. It's this hat that makes me look that old.'"

Kept David today while his mommy took the other children for a hair-cut. A dyed sheepskin, hung over the chair back of the rocker, protected him from draft. A balerope was run under his arms and tied to the chair back. He was sleepy, but he so liked to rock himself that he fought sleep off. Finally, he was bundled in his shawl, rocked a few minutes, and tucked in under a warmed blanket on the couch for his sleep. With the rocker back pushed up for a guard. Waking, he lay quietly, gazing at the outdoors. He seems to have Robin's sense of beauty. "Look at that lubly star," he called last night. "What is that great big one over there? (A planet). That observation comes from his daddy's teaching.

I got rather annoyed at Sixty. Shame on me? Well... Mommy had come after David and had been here only a minute. Sixty came screaming, mad all over, as she stormed at her mother. "You're not 'posed to tume over here. You are 'posed to stay home..." The first thing looked for when "Dady" and children come home is "Mommy". It's unthinkable that she shouldn't be there. Why? Why do doctors say women should cut loose from their families entirely for a month each year?

Footsteps came running; the door burst open. With eyes big as saucers, Robin and Sixty told of the big hole found dug under their fence, measuring its dimensions with wide flung arms. "I heard a lion in it," Robin declared. "I heard it say, 'I'm afraid to come out. I'm afraid I'll get hurt.'"

"Joe, Lee, and Mable are coming Saturday to trim that big walnut tree," dad said. He wanted chicken

and dumplings, or noodles, as usual. I plead for fricasee for a change. Three quarters of an inch of fat lay between the back and the skin. After browning the meat much grease was poured off. With water added, the tight-lidded pan was set to simmer. Peeking often, the liquid appeared to increase. The water had cocked out. Again the grease was poured off and water added. Dinner was ready to service. "We've got one more big limb to cut, Wait," called dad. We sat down to wait. And wait. "Well," I thought, "the fire is low and no harm can be done." But that chicken had gone dry again. Boy, was I ashamed of it! It was neither fried nor fricasseed. (Water was added to the dinner leftover and that fowl was "tender as chicken" for supper.) It was a special dinner all right, but not what was ordered. And the visitors, like the good friends they have always been, "fled like a gentleman", and said how good the dinner was.

Robin, of course, was around, watching the trimming process. Dad ordered him out of the way. Lee grinned: "I remember when he used to talk to me that way."

Smudge came down the hill with a rodent of some kind. He played with it, threw it high in the air; and when it landed back of him, he lay down as if it did not exist. Rusty came around the storehouse corner as the varmint fell, snatched it, and ran away with it. Would he try to take it from her? No. In the driveway she was playing with it as he had. When it fell away from her, he ran toward it. She stopped and laid down the law, and he stipped short. It was hers. For keeps. Does a male animal always refuse to scrap

with a female?

I think I will have something very special for you next week, honey. Something unforgettable and precious. Until then, with much love, Rom. 8. 35-39. Aunty.

FIVE YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

Pussy Willows peeping out, Robins and meadow larks singing their hearts out, seems like the ground hog wasn't too badly scared when he saw his shadow.

Mr. Arthur Johnson left for his home in Alaska recently after visiting his parents. Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Johnson and friends in the valley for several weeks.

Lylse Gregory, Edith Deuel, Gertrude Watkins and Laura York entertained with a dinner party Friday evening a group of eighteen teachers at the Gregory home.

The Pointers win the B championship in division two by victory over Rogue River team last Thursday, score being 47 to 29.

Bicycle riders given notice that the registration will be strictly enforced after March 1.

TEN YEARS AGO

Miss Flora Collins, whose wedding to David Rees will take place in the near future, was guest of honor at a shower given by her sister, Mrs. Fred Green recently.

Jacksonville, one of the oldest and most historical cities in the state, will play an important part in Oregon's Diamond Jubilee.

First Lambtongues found by Mrs. J. A. Nelson of Sam Valley and brought into Medford Feb. 12. Mrs. Nelson said she could have picked them 5 or 6 days earlier as they were in bloom.

Mr. O. A. Tucker of Berkeley visited his brother Ode Tucker and family several days last week.

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Legal Notices

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that by order of the County Court in and for the County of Jackson, State of Oregon, duly made and entered on the 3rd day of February, 1944, in the matter of the estate of A. C. Weeks, deceased, Acey Charles Weeks was appointed executor of the Last Will and Testament of A. C. Weeks, deceased, and all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to the undersigned at the office of FRANK P. FARRELL, 306 Fluhrer Building, Medford, Oregon, properly verified as provided by law, within six months from the date hereof.

DATED and first published February 10, 1944.

ACEY CHARLES WEEKS
Executor of the Last Will
and Testament of A. C. Weeks,
Deceased

24—Feb. 10, 17, 24, March 2.

SUMMONS

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR JACKSON COUNTY
FREDERICK CLYDE WOOD, Plaintiff

vs.

INATHE VIVIAN WOOD, Defendant.

To Inathe Vivian Wood, the above named defendant:

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON: You are hereby required and summoned to appear in the above entitled Court and cause and answer Plaintiff's complaint on file therein against you within 4

weeks from February 24, 1944, which is the date of the first publication of this summons. And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer said complaint within said time, or otherwise plead thereto, plaintiff will apply to the above entitled Court for the relief prayed for in said complaint, namely for a decree of divorce from you. This summons is published by order of Hon. H. K. Hanna, Judge of the above entitled Court dated February 23, 1944 prescribing that this summons be served by publication thereof once each week for 4 consecutive weeks in the Central Point American, a newspaper published in Jackson County, Oregon.

G. A. CODDING,
Attorney for Plaintiff
212 Liberty Building
Medford, Oregon.
40—Feb. 24, March 2, 9, 16

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MOOS OF THE MOMENT

BY UNCLE BOB

of the Kraft Dairy Farm Service



We are indebted to the University of Missouri for breaking the ice for us in this first item. We mean that literally, too.

It seems that cows have more sense than us mortals and refuse to freeze their stomachs with ice water. When they have to drink it, they take only as much as they need to get along. Down goes milk production and up goes the feed bill.

Missouri suggests that a cow's production can be increased from 25 to 100 per cent by giving her drinking water that is 50 to 60 degrees Fahrenheit. Of course, it's almost impossible to buy a stock tank heater now so Missouri suggests you make one out of an old milk can and other odds and ends. They have a circular to show you exactly how you can do it, too.

If you're interested, send for Circular 484, Agricultural Extension Service, University of Missouri, Columbia, Mo.*

Pretty soon the cows will be wanting a hot cup of coffee for breakfast.

Just to refresh your memory, here's the 8-point national milk-production program for 1944:

1. Grow more legume hay, pasture, and grain.
2. Fertilize to increase quantity and quality of feed.
3. Feed to avoid summer milk slump.
4. Feed cows liberally during their dry period.
5. Keep as many cows as feed and labor permit.
6. Market more whole milk whenever possible.
7. Produce good-quality milk and avoid waste.
8. Breed for better herd replacements.

The biggest headline in one of the latest issues of "Stars and Stripes", official U. S. Army newspaper, was "Ice cream sodas soon in European theater of operations". With it, on page 1, was a picture of a heaping dish of ice cream. War news was put in second place.

If any dairyman needs additional inspiration to excel his 1943 milk production, this little story should certainly provide it. Milk and the good old American products made from milk satisfy a yearning that all our boys have for home-like things.

The dairyman who boosts his production is doing his part to boost the morale of Americans everywhere as well as their nutrition.

If we can't get a good argument started any other way, let's take up the question of whether or not cows need overcoats. Nothing fancy, mind you. A nice reversible ulster will do.

Furthermore, your Uncle Bob is willing to contend that every cow should be taught to carry an umbrella and I have the proof to back me up. From the Agricultural Extension Service of the University of Tennessee comes a booklet that tells how feed is wasted when a cow is exposed to winter wind, rain and snow.

According to Tennessee's Publication 100, the average 800 lb. cow uses 7 lbs. of her daily feed for body maintenance. She uses the balance of her feed for milk production. When she is exposed to the cold, she loses body heat and so she uses for body maintenance some of the feed she would otherwise use for milk production.

Of course, Tennessee isn't recommending overcoats or umbrellas but the Agricultural Extension Service is recommending good warm shelters. Write for Publication 100, University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn.*

The Alabama Polytechnic Institute at Auburn, Alabama, agrees wholeheartedly on this matter of proper winter shelter. In Circular 152,* Alabama says that the increased milk production plus the manure saved will soon pay for the cost of inexpensive shelter. So, if you live anywhere north of the Gulf of Mexico you will make money by seeing to it that your cows are kept warm and comfortable.

Hold still, Bossie, while I tuck this pillow under your head.

The human animal's need for vitamins is pretty well known. Now the University of Wisconsin finds that dairy calves need vitamins... that lack of vitamins is one cause of calf losses. For more on this write for booklet called "Calves Need Vitamins," Extension Service, College of Agriculture, University of Wisconsin, Madison.

Ever hear of a man working hard all week and then deliberately tearing up his pay-check? Neither have I, and yet thousands of dairy farmers do almost that same thing every week. They work hard, invest their time and money in milk production, and then lose their hard-earned pay by failing to give the milk proper protection.

If you've been having any trouble with sour or off-flavored milk, or if you want to avoid such trouble, I suggest you send for Farmer's Bulletin No. 602, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. There is a 5c charge.

*NOTE: There is usually a 5c charge for pamphlets issued to non-residents of a state.

Uncle Bob

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