

THE CENTRAL POINT AMERICAN

Re-established, September 13, 1928

Entered as second class matter at the post office, Central Point, Oregon, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Six Months \$1.25, One Year \$2.00

Payable in advance. Advertising rates on application. Office—Second Street, off Main

ARTHUR EDWARD POWELL, Editor and Proprietor

EDITORIALS

FACTS, NOT FICTION

In the "25 Years Ago" column of the Houston, Texas, Post, the following item appeared, dated May 25, 1919:

"Washington.—To finance the railroads for the balance of the year and to pay the government's operating loss for 16 months up to this month, an appropriation of \$1,200,000,000 was asked of Congress yesterday by Director General Hines. The \$1,200,000,000 is in addition to the \$500,000,000 appropriated by the last Congress, and includes the \$750,000,000 which failed of appropriation when the session ended in a filibuster."

It is well to remember that during the last war the railroads were placed under government operation—in other words, we had government ownership of the railroads for over two years, and the usual deficit that follows political management of an industry.

In World War II, under private management, the railroads have moved vastly more freight and passenger traffic than for corresponding periods in the first World War. They have done this with thousands fewer locomotives and cars, and with 584,000 fewer employees, who in 1943 were paid \$665,561,000 more than the railroad men employed in 1919.

Contrast the deficits under government operation which the taxpayers made up in 1919, with the nearly \$2,000,000,000 a year tax contribution of the railroads to the national resources in this war. The contrast is staggering. Whenever the government goes into business, it exempts its operations from taxation, with the result that the money thereby lost to the Federal treasury is immediately recouped by increased taxes on remaining taxpayers.

FREE MEN OR PUBLIC SERVANTS

Electric power development has been made such a political issue by the Federal government's great hydro-electric dams, that the people lose sight of the real principal involved. It is common practice for administrators of tax-exempt Federal projects to argue that they furnish power cheaper than can highly-taxed private enterprise.

If it is important for the government to go into the generation of electricity in order to save the private householder a few cents a month on his electric bill, why should it not go the rest of the way and furnish food, clothing and rent "at cost," which items constitute the bulk of his financial worries?

The people should get this issue straight and decide whether they want to change our country from a nation of private enterprise to one of state socialism. Public ownership of power is socialism, any way you look at it. When you eliminate profit, you eliminate private opportunity.

If we favor putting the government into the power business to save a dime, we should be a hundred times more anxious to put it into farm production, clothes production and housing production. Already these ideas are being advanced as the next logical step from socialized power to other socialized industry.

If the average American wants to work for the government instead of for himself, then vote for socialized industry. But don't be fooled with the idea that half the business of the nation can run without profit, while the other half is allowed to operate as private enterprise, with a profit.

As government takes profit out of business, it must secure its taxes to operate by heavier and heavier assessments against the wages of individuals.

HELP SAVE A LIFE

The circus fire tragedy at Hartford, Conn., is unusual in only one respect—it caused the death of an unusual number of people in one fire. And yet death was no more definite for each of those victims than it is for the individual who perishes in a farmhouse, or for one or two or three children who meet death in home fires almost every day.

Because some 150 people meet death from a single fire in Hartford, the tragedy is given page headlines

across the nation. But when 10,000 people burn up annually by ones and twos, you never see the fact blazoned to the world in large type.

Circus or night club tragedies, and most other fires, could be prevented if each individual appointed himself a committee of one to see that every time he lit a match, smoked a cigarette or had anything to do with any appliance that caused heat, it was out or properly safeguarded, when he left it.

Our 10,000-a-year fire death toll could be largely eliminated if we would all learn a lesson from the Hartford disaster and be individually careful.

Letters to Nephews

By Ella H. Leonard

Dear nephew:

Whickety whack! Whickety whack! Dad came stepping in on the walk, and into the kitchen, his heavy overalls—new—torn from croch to hem, and sewed here and there with horse-shoe nails. "Gentle! They're all gentle," he stormed scathingly. "That's what they all say. Get me a pair of pants. Gentle. . . I never saw as mean a horse since the day I was born. He tried to tear me to pieces. I had to tie him down tight and fast to get the shoes on. 'GENTLE,' he snorted, as he walked to his chair."

We went to Medford early the other morning. As we drove down the hill toward the overhead crossing, a mama pheasant started across the road leading her brood. A proud daddy quail followed as rear guard. Traffic stood still until they got across.

Did you know bachelor buttons walk all the way from here to Medford? Yes sir, they and sweet clover, which was in bloom. Don't you like its fragrance? Why don't stock like it? Here and there hollyhocks stood up with them. Low mustard was everywhere. What's it good for? Wild phlox and perennial peas added color. Queen Ann's lace has gone to seed and resembles sweet anise. (How we used to eat at mama's. Sometimes it was used on cookies.) Wild sunflowers reared their heads. Oh, me! It reminds me . . . The "narrow gauge" line that used to run to Reno stopped right in the midst of desolate below likely one trip. On it was a "just married" couple who had got on at Alturas. She was using suit cases for pillows and trying to rest. He bridegroom wandered around the scene a bit, came in and asked his bride, "Would you esiah some wild flowahs?" and handed her some dwarfed wild sunflowers. TWhat became almost a by-word with a small boy.

Wild morning glory almost took a number of fields. Do you know a good method for getting rid of them? When I pulled them up and laid them on the ground expecting them to dry up, they took root. I did not good to cut them—that only spread them. I run the plant down, then burned it. Will these hurt the orchards? . . . here was much wormwood all along the way. It was a remedy the pioneer knew well. Mama once got her hand caught in some cogs of a press. She kept it poulticed with the wormwood (do you know what a poultice is or how to make it?) When the doctor came from town to see sister again, she showed it to him. He said he could not have done anything better for her.

A woman was trying to shock hay with a fork. Three men were, too, at another small field. Dad thought it was such a waste of time and strength. A cow was giving another one a facial with her tongue, while the second one was feeding. Another one was reaching up, standing on her hind feet, as she ate the leaves off an apple tree. Over the fence . . . Pear trees were gray-green with spray. The crop looked heavy. A peach orchard hugged a house. A hat was walking away with a small boy. Madrone trees are peeling off their red stin cloaks and dressing up in green satin.

Wild morning glory almost took a number of fields. Do you know a good method for getting rid of them? When I pulled them up and laid them on the ground expecting them to dry up, they took root. I did not good to cut them—that only spread them. I run the plant down, then burned it. Will these hurt the orchards? . . . here was much wormwood all along the way. It was a remedy the pioneer knew well. Mama once got her hand caught in some cogs of a press. She kept it poulticed with the wormwood (do you know what a poultice is or how to make it?) When the doctor came from town to see sister again, she showed it to him. He said he could not have done anything better for her.

A woman was trying to shock hay with a fork. Three men were, too, at another small field. Dad thought it was such a waste of time and strength. A cow was giving another one a facial with her tongue, while the second one was feeding. Another one was reaching up, standing on her hind feet, as she ate the leaves off an apple tree. Over the fence . . . Pear trees were gray-green with spray. The crop looked heavy. A peach orchard hugged a house. A hat was walking away with a small boy. Madrone trees are peeling off their red stin cloaks and dressing up in green satin.

A woman was trying to shock hay with a fork. Three men were, too, at another small field. Dad thought it was such a waste of time and strength. A cow was giving another one a facial with her tongue, while the second one was feeding. Another one was reaching up, standing on her hind feet, as she ate the leaves off an apple tree. Over the fence . . . Pear trees were gray-green with spray. The crop looked heavy. A peach orchard hugged a house. A hat was walking away with a small boy. Madrone trees are peeling off their red stin cloaks and dressing up in green satin.

A woman was trying to shock hay with a fork. Three men were, too, at another small field. Dad thought it was such a waste of time and strength. A cow was giving another one a facial with her tongue, while the second one was feeding. Another one was reaching up, standing on her hind feet, as she ate the leaves off an apple tree. Over the fence . . . Pear trees were gray-green with spray. The crop looked heavy. A peach orchard hugged a house. A hat was walking away with a small boy. Madrone trees are peeling off their red stin cloaks and dressing up in green satin.

A woman was trying to shock hay with a fork. Three men were, too, at another small field. Dad thought it was such a waste of time and strength. A cow was giving another one a facial with her tongue, while the second one was feeding. Another one was reaching up, standing on her hind feet, as she ate the leaves off an apple tree. Over the fence . . . Pear trees were gray-green with spray. The crop looked heavy. A peach orchard hugged a house. A hat was walking away with a small boy. Madrone trees are peeling off their red stin cloaks and dressing up in green satin.

A woman was trying to shock hay with a fork. Three men were, too, at another small field. Dad thought it was such a waste of time and strength. A cow was giving another one a facial with her tongue, while the second one was feeding. Another one was reaching up, standing on her hind feet, as she ate the leaves off an apple tree. Over the fence . . . Pear trees were gray-green with spray. The crop looked heavy. A peach orchard hugged a house. A hat was walking away with a small boy. Madrone trees are peeling off their red stin cloaks and dressing up in green satin.

A woman was trying to shock hay with a fork. Three men were, too, at another small field. Dad thought it was such a waste of time and strength. A cow was giving another one a facial with her tongue, while the second one was feeding. Another one was reaching up, standing on her hind feet, as she ate the leaves off an apple tree. Over the fence . . . Pear trees were gray-green with spray. The crop looked heavy. A peach orchard hugged a house. A hat was walking away with a small boy. Madrone trees are peeling off their red stin cloaks and dressing up in green satin.

A woman was trying to shock hay with a fork. Three men were, too, at another small field. Dad thought it was such a waste of time and strength. A cow was giving another one a facial with her tongue, while the second one was feeding. Another one was reaching up, standing on her hind feet, as she ate the leaves off an apple tree. Over the fence . . . Pear trees were gray-green with spray. The crop looked heavy. A peach orchard hugged a house. A hat was walking away with a small boy. Madrone trees are peeling off their red stin cloaks and dressing up in green satin.

A woman was trying to shock hay with a fork. Three men were, too, at another small field. Dad thought it was such a waste of time and strength. A cow was giving another one a facial with her tongue, while the second one was feeding. Another one was reaching up, standing on her hind feet, as she ate the leaves off an apple tree. Over the fence . . . Pear trees were gray-green with spray. The crop looked heavy. A peach orchard hugged a house. A hat was walking away with a small boy. Madrone trees are peeling off their red stin cloaks and dressing up in green satin.

A woman was trying to shock hay with a fork. Three men were, too, at another small field. Dad thought it was such a waste of time and strength. A cow was giving another one a facial with her tongue, while the second one was feeding. Another one was reaching up, standing on her hind feet, as she ate the leaves off an apple tree. Over the fence . . . Pear trees were gray-green with spray. The crop looked heavy. A peach orchard hugged a house. A hat was walking away with a small boy. Madrone trees are peeling off their red stin cloaks and dressing up in green satin.

Dogs of all sizes and kinds raised bedlam as we came in sight of the house. The two collie pups were "adorable"—so fat and polypoly. How many cats . . . One crowed thru the door ahead of us. Pup, I mean. A cat did, later. We were interested in apricots and got a box.

Saturday the walnuts were removed from the brine and pickled in jars. The hundred nuts make 12 pints. (They must be picked when they are green enough to run a needle thru. Maybe if Whiskey Jinny had drunk vinegar when she ate the green nuts, they might not have killed her. These pickles are something extra, like the English who invented them.) The afternoon was spent on apricots. Most of them had to be peeled. The rest you could help with Monday, if you were here. Would you like it?

Perhaps you heard some of the convention tidings. Why there was any need for a convention puzzles me. We were told that the president had decided four months ago to run again a chose Truman for a mate. Again, we were told that he is indispensable man. Does the party love him so much it is trying to kill him? The muic has often been said to have more sense than a man: it knows when it has done enough and quits, no matter how much it is kicked or cursed. Has the democratic muic lost his acumen? Man's inhumanity to man . . .

An increased number of us "born democrats" are not proud of the way the party has debased itself the last 12 years and in this convention by its "smear Hoover" program. It hardly fits the deep south's definition of a gentleman, or lady. The constant knifing is doing the party no good. The cries at the convention seemed to me to be those of a long ago, "crucify him, crucify him."—an expression of hatred deliberately stirred up to kill what was most feared by those in power.

At it the business of a convention to spend its addresses lauding one man, and hearing another one over the head with canes of venom? Or in this time and with these conditions, should those be subjects of moment for provoke though, to create convictions, and forms opinions, that would make us grow as good citizens? "Come, let us reason together."

How long, how long have I spent with you. It was dinner. Now it's supper. Come have a bit of lamb stew and lemon-cake pudding with us. Copiously, Aunty.

Hi-Ways To Health

By ADA R. MAYNE, Oregon Dairy Council

WARTIME SUMMER

Many people experience unusual fatigue, poor appetite and loss of weight in hot weather. These conditions may be aggravated this summer by the added tension that comes from concern over the war news and the extra hours of work that most everyone is called upon to do.

But peak efficiency for winning the war is needed from every worker this summer and tired people do not work well. It is the responsibility of everyone to use all means at his disposal to prevent and overcome the fatigue that is generally accepted as an unavoidable accompaniment of hot weather.

The right foods can help greatly in maintaining health and efficiency. Having the right foods in summer means eating three good meals a day selected from the "Basic 7", with special emphasis on certain foods which supply factors that are needed in larger amounts in hot weather. These foods are milk, fruits and vegetables.

When temperatures are high and people perspire freely, heat prostra-

tions may result if the salt, moisture and vitamins lost through excessive perspiration are not replaced regularly and in adequate amounts. Drinking water freely, sprinkling table salt generously on foods, eating more raw fruits and vegetables, and using fruit juices, as orange juice and canned grapefruit and tomato juice, are good practice which help to prevent the ill-effects due to excessive perspiration.

Generous amounts of thiamine (Vitamin B) are known to help prevent fatigue, so whole grain cereals, milk, dried legumes, liver and other lean meats, all good sources of this vitamin, should be used regularly. These foods will help to maintain the protein content of the diet at a high level also. Protein is another food essential needed to prevent fatigue and a factor often neglected in summer.

In addition to the right foods each day, care should be taken to follow a regime that permits plenty of sleep, rest, and fresh air each day. If such a routine is followed workers will come through this wartime summer with the least possible strain on health and efficiency.

FIVE YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Peck and Mr. and Mrs. Ed Vincent spent Sunday at Hyatt Lake.

Mr. T. A. Lathrop received a letter from Mrs. Lathrop saying she would leave London for home July 29.

Mrs. Stella Obenchain planted alfalfa with a salt shaker. She re-

CARDS

for all occasions

SWEM'S Medford

CONGER-MORRIS Funeral Parlors

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CORONER

AMBULANCE SERVICE H. W. Conger—Carlos W. Morris 715 W. Main Medford

August W. Glutsch

Doctor of Optometry Successor to Dr. Jud Rickert Specialist in all problems of eye comfort and vision 308 Fluhrer Bldg. Dial 4001

FOR AUTO OR PERSONAL

LOANS SEE GENE THOMAS Lic. Nos. S-211 & M-217 45 S. Central Medford

Building a Greater Southern Oregon

SNIDER'S Phone 2168 28 N. Bartlett Medford, Oregon

FAR THAT REPAIR WORK ON Your Car

SEE SHORTY AT Shorty's Garage LOCATED ON NORTH 7th ST. CENTRAL POINT

C. L. PERKINS

Doctor of Optometry Successor to Dr. E. D. Elwood BETTERMENT OF HUMAN VISION, LENSES PRESCRIBED. Phone 3881 214 Fluhrer Bldg. Cor. of Main & Central Medford

IF YOUR ROOF LEAKS—

ROOF OVER YOUR WOOD SHINGLES WITH Pabco Composition Shingles (Ten Year Guarantee) Order Now—Terms—No Down Payment EKERSON ROOF & PAINT STORE Phone 3843 38 South Bartlett Medford

Under New Management

Long's Cafe JIMMY and THELMA KAFADER SERVING HOME COOKED MEALS FROM 6:30 A.M. to 10 P.M. STEAK AND CHOP TO ORDER SOUTHERN FRIED CHICKEN DINNER—SUNDAYS Saturday and Sunday Meals will be served until 12 P.M.

ports that it is both economical and practical.

The Oddfellows and Rebekahs give a house warming to Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Amick in Ashland Wednesday evening.

Miss June Furry made a business trip to Crater Lake Sunday.

Mrs. Cash and Esther spent Tuesday in Grants Pass.

Mrs. L. C. Scott entertained in honor of her husband's birthday the following guests: Dr. and Mrs. Moffatt, Mrs. Meffatt's father, Mrs. Dally and the honor guest L. C. Scott Friday evening.

TEN YEARS AGO

Harry Clancy, a Seattle man, made a first trip to Crater Lake 27 years ago but another Seattle man, a Mr. T. J. Walsh made his first trip to Crater Lake 49 years ago, and made another one this summer.

A new Fish Lake road is started, Karl Janouch announced.

Mr. Ton Quast married Miss Joan Slademan at Marysville. Mr. Quast and bride will live in the Roy Jones house.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Leland Charlie a baby girl Sunday July 22, weighing 7 lbs. 9 oz.

Work is now starting in the fruit with many Central Point folks working.

Legal Notices

NOTICE OF FINAL HEARING IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR THE COUNTY OF JACKSON IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF EJNAR D. SCHRADER, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the undersigned has filed his Final Report and Account in the above entitled matter, and the above entitled court has fixed the 10th day of August, 1944, at 10:00 o'clock A.M. in the court room of said court, in the Court House at Medford, Jackson County, Oregon, as the time and place for hearing objections to said Final Report and Account, if any there be, and the settlement thereof.

DATED and first published this 6th day of June, 1944. KENNETH E. GROVES ADMINISTRATOR of the Estate of Elnar D. Schrader, Deceased. 25—July 6, 13, 20, 27

SALE 35 USED CARS LARGEST STOCK IN SOUTHERN OREGON TO CHOOSE FROM. I. N. SHULTS, NORTH RIVERSIDE, MEDFORD, OREGON.

Stamper & Goff Bros. HARDWARE JACUZZI WATER PUMPS—WELL DRILLING—PUMP SERV. GENERAL PAINT—HARDWARE—HOUSEWARE QUALITY TOOLS—SPORTING GOODS Phone 3929 225 West Main Medford, Oregon

Make Your Headquarters when in Medford. RICHFIELD HI-OCTANE — U.S. TIRES & BATTERIES ELECTRIC SERVICE and CARBURETOR SERVICE JIM MOORE Super Service FORMERLY CHET LEONARD Riverside at Sixth Medford Dial 4278

BACK AT THE OLD STAND! ROSS & ROSS Vie & Jim CONFECTIONS --- COLD DRINKS MAGAZINES --- PAPERS FISHING TACKLE OPEN 8:00 A.M. to 11:00 P.M.

BUY NOW! RED FIR STOVE WOOD CLEAN---No sawdust or chips SOLID WOOD---Little bark READY SPLIT---Rough 2x4 Wood PART DRY---Not soaked in mill pond 16-inch LENGTH ONLY. ORDER EARLY FOR PROMPT DELIVERY. Big Heaping 300 cu. ft. load \$7.50 Central Point Fuel Phone 333—Central Point

CUSTOM UPHOLSTER & MATTRESS WORKS Custom Built Quality Upholstering and Restyling RECOVERING THEATRE SEATS, STOOLS, DAVENPORTS, OTTOMANS, HASSOCKS. WE SPECIALIZE ON ANTIQUE AND COLONIAL FURNITURE. FURNITURE OF ALL KINDS REUPHOLSTERED AT MODERATE PRICES. TAKE ADVANTAGE OF OUR 27 YEARS EXPERIENCE. GUARANTEED TO BE AS GOOD AS NEW SETS. SAMPLES ESTIMATE YOUR HOME. NO OBLIGATIONS. CALL CENTRAL POINT, OREGON. PHONE 582.