

LA GRANDE TO L. A. ON FOOT

Itinerant Tells of Long Journey — Scarcity of Work Made It An Extended One.

(By JACK RUSSELL)

Two months ago I was placed in this position on account of business conditions in eastern Oregon — being the last man engaged I was consequently the first one laid off. I had been unable to save any money out of my weekly salary so found myself with exactly \$20 when I received this news. Where to obtain another job I did not know, but I was satisfied if there was such a thing I would not give up searching until I had found it. I tramped through eastern Oregon to Twin Falls, Idaho, without success, where to go from there I did not know so eventually I decided to try Jorgensen, Nevada where I learned a railroad was under construction. After three days walking and this from sympathetic automobile tourists I arrived there and was informed by the construction foreman that there were no vacancies.

I made up my mind to get over to the Southern Pacific main line at Wells, a distance of 100 miles and all desert country. I walked 20 miles and had stopped to rest when I saw a large motor truck headed in the same direction, the driver of which very kindly stopped and asked me where I was going. He happened to be going to the same place and we arrived at our destination a little after midnight. Conditions were exactly the same here as I had found them before so I caught a freight train bound for Elko, where I again was sadly disappointed.

Funds Gone — Road Blocks.

The next big town was Winnemucca, and my funds were entirely exhausted with no prospects of replenishing them so I jumped a freight, but this place was even worse than the rest. I could not even get sufficient work to earn a meal and at night I called on the sheriff and explained my circumstances so he put me up for the night. I had never been locked up and the sight of the heavy steel bars did not help me to sleep. In fact, it was a long time before I could get up courage to close my eyes. As I was lying there my thoughts turned to this beautiful verse of poetry:

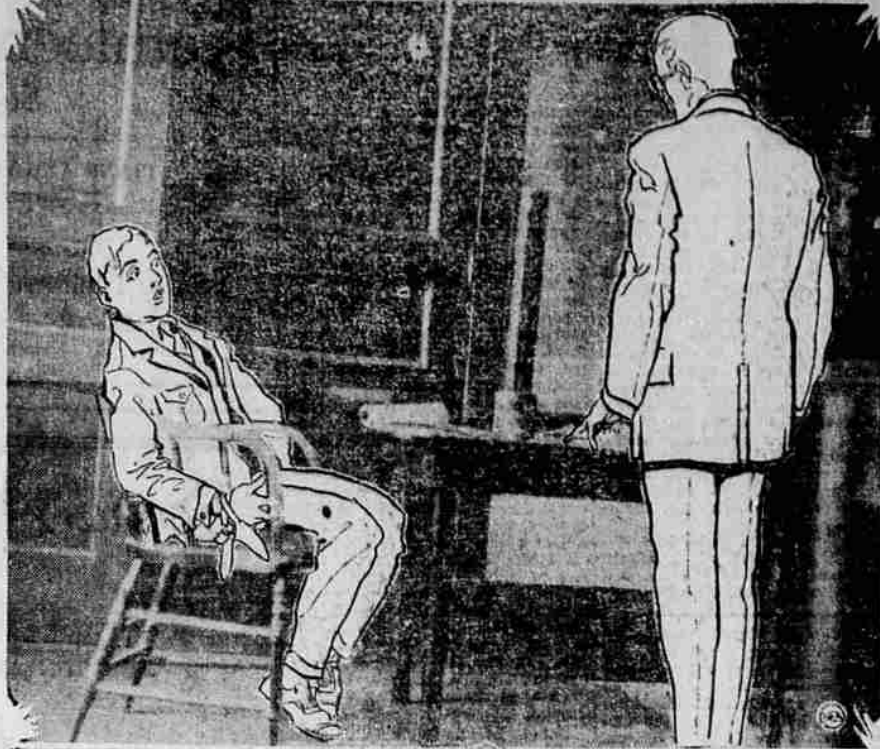
Stone wall do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage.
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an heritage.
If I had my freedom in my love,
And in my soul was free,
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty.

Next morning I was awakened by the sheriff at 7 a. m., who inquired how I had slept. I told him that I had passed a fair night under the conditions. He wished me luck and advised me to head for Reno. Again I had to resort to a freight to get there and being still broke forced me to appeal to the chief of police for accommodations for the night, which he willingly supplied me with. He inquired if I had had anything to eat and said he would notify the restaurant that fed the prisoners that there was an extra one to be fed. After I had partaken of a substantial meal he came to inquire if I would not like to be out in the fresh air for a time as it was too early to attempt to go to sleep. Many times after leaving Reno I envied the prisoners in that city jail with two good whole, some meals and a place to sleep, and I wish here to state that I was sincere in my envy because this jail certainly took the best of care of these unfortunate beings to be forced to linger there.

No Work to Be Found.

My next stop was at Colfax but here prospects were the same as I had found elsewhere, but a kind hearted restaurant owner offered me a meal in return for a little work, chopping firewood. I re-

This Teacher Used an "Electric Chair"



H. T. Opsahl, science instructor in the Bismarck (Mont.) High School, had his own ideas about maintaining classroom discipline. He got a common electric chair and equipped it with Tesla coil. It was so arranged that no spark would cause a severe shock to a boy strapped in. The punishment was intended to consist almost entirely of mental suspense. But one pupil, Earl Thompson, whose one leg was slightly burned. As a result, Opsahl was arrested on an assault charge. The chair is shown in the above picture and an artist has painted in an imaginary subject.

ceived a very generous meal, however. I slept in a boxcar and at 6 a. m. was on the road headed for Sacramento and was fortunate enough to get a ride the entire distance with a friendly auto tourist. After arriving at Sacramento I made many inquiries for work, permanent or temporary, but was unsuccessful in my search. I could not even get a little work to earn a meal and I was desperately hungry. However, I paid a visit to police headquarters and secured a place to lie down for the night, but could not sleep on account of being so hungry.

Next morning I left for Stockton. It was Sunday, and I spent a very miserable day as I was broke and no prospects of a meal in sight. I was compelled on this occasion to beg, which hurt my feelings, as I have always had a certain amount of pride. The first person I approached was a minister, who gave me a glassy stare and told me to trust in the Lord and he would provide. I did the rest of the day, but was compelled to apply for lodgings at the Stockton police station that night still hungry.

Heading South.
It was afternoon before I left Stockton on my way south. I was sick and tired of examining around and around to get a meal and work, even if I had to work for my board and room. I traveled as far as Modesto that night and walked all the way. A deputy sheriff I chanced to meet gave me a ticket on the Salvation Army for either a bed or a meal. I took the meal because I was terribly hungry. Upon talking to one of the army officers, he inquired where I was going to sleep. I told him I would be compelled to occupy a boxcar for the night and he said that he would be glad to find me a bed for the night.

Next morning I searched diligently for work but without any results, so there was nothing else to do but to move on to the next town. I was picked up by three tourists and arrived at Fresno by night. I passed the night in a boxcar but when I woke up in the morning I found there were two others occupying the same car. I did not like the looks of these men so I left them and helped a proprietor of a restaurant clean up his place ready for the day's business for my breakfast. I spent the remainder of the morning looking for work but I found after considerable waiting that my time had again been wasted, so I started toward Bakersfield, which place I reached about 7 p. m. I walked the streets until nearly 11 p. m. when I struck up an acquaintance with one of the city's firemen, who was enjoying the fire house. We talked for a while and he gave me permission to sit in the fire house until daylight, which I did. In the morning I met a man driving a truck on the road

South. I thought he was going to Los Angeles, but found he was going only to Mojave, about 100 miles from Los Angeles, however, I was glad of the opportunity to ride that far. I found that this desert village offered no opportunities to earn an existence, however the railway yardmaster invited me to have lunch with him, which I certainly appreciated.

Returns to Freight.
The next morning I caught a freight as far as Radio and again found the same conditions, a large number of their own inhabitants being unable to find employment. In walking through the railroad yards I met a young man dressed in the height of fashion with a suit of coveralls under his arm, who volunteered the information that he had rode freights from New York City and was going to return home via Florida. He informed me that he had never worked and never intended to. I was glad when he moved on as I was disgusted to think that he was roaming around the country without having any visible means of support and no intention of ever having any. The same afternoon I was fortunate enough to strike a ride as far as Inyokern, which gave a thirty-five mile walk over a wild and desolate desert country, but I knew when I reached this little town that I would be entering a thickly settled country and would have no more deserts to cross. I stopped here long enough to work for a meal and started out with the determination of being in Los Angeles by noon next day, which I accomplished through the help of passing tourists.

Los Angeles Quiet.
Even Los Angeles, as large a city as it is, is quiet. I found it great difficulty to locate anything, but finally landed a job in return for my keels, which I am still hanging on to. The unemployment question is a very serious matter here. There are approximately 26,000 unemployed here, the largest percentage of them being broke and unwilling to work unless they can earn a certain sum every day and pick their jobs. It is hard to say how conditions will be this winter when at this early they are so they are. Every freight train brings in the quota of unemployed, many of whom are picked up by the railroad detectives before they can alight. It is safe to say that in the winter time this city is the rendezvous of all the crooks from the east, who come here on account of the climate.

I intend to hold my present job until I find something better and through my wanderings have learned one lesson, which I hope never to forget, and that is always to prepare for the rainy day so if such a thing happens have a little nest egg to help you along.

If he advertises it, he knows it's good!

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No such Luxury for Them Now



Drent Glascock, alleged leader of the gang that staged the \$3,000,000 mail train robbery at Roundout, Ill., last spring, and his wife were carrying nearly \$25,000 in cash when arrested in Battle Creek, Mich., according to postal inspectors. Mrs. Glascock at the time was wearing jewels worth \$25,000, the inspectors say. And Glascock was sporting a bullet-proof vest, they declare. This picture shows them arriving in Chicago. Glascock is seen on the right, his wife in the center and the postal inspector who returned them on the left.

suffering from injuries sustained when she was run down by a gasoline motorcar on a trestle on the route of the Valley & Sierra railroad. Physicians said the child was suffering from a fracture at the base of the skull and lacerations, and probably was fatally hurt. Reports received here indicated that the girl was on her way to school when she was overtaken by the motorcar. She stepped off the track and out upon the end of a cross tie, but not far enough to avoid being struck by the motor.

Americans Not Keen to Take Part in 21st Insurance Pool

HAMBURG, (AP).—“Our Hartford, Conn., brethren of the insurance fraternity don't seem to be very keen to participate in the insurance pool for the 21st,” remarks Dr. James Rutledge in a newspaper article in the Berliner Tageblatt. The insurance policy of \$500,000

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