

DICK APPLIGATE TO TOUR EUROPE SOON, HE WRITES

May 19, 1932.

To the Editor:

Has any one in Medford seen that Vic Dallaire person around lately? If anyone has, for gosh sake tell him to get the heck back here and get me. What's he think he's doing, anyway, running off and leaving me here in New York all alone? He went to Canada to see some relatives, and was supposed to be back here in two weeks. That was a month ago, and he isn't back yet. I guess he can take care of himself, but now I haven't anyone to argue with about the depression or anything.

About a week after he left for Canada, I ran up to West Point to see John Connor and Ben Harrell, and found them both in good health and spirits, probably because they were just becoming first-class cadets, and could start running the place. They're having a grand time. Ben is on the B squad in football, and is also out for boxing. I borrowed their clothes, and used their razors, and smoked their cigarettes just as though I were some one from home.

West Point is beautiful, lying just on the banks of the Hudson, among the hills. I watched dress parade several times, but on none of these occasions could I identify the Medford contingent. They both want to be stationed on the Pacific coast, and I don't blame them. (Mr. Edmlston once told me that a good writer never used his own name, or "I" in a story, but gosh, Mr. Edmlston, what do you think I'm writing this for? I guess that will hold him.)

Ben and I went out one morning to play golf, and am I a lousy golf player? Ben made a beautiful drive clear across the "plain", or parade ground, and some nut from Oshkoosh or Seed-center picked it up and brought it half way back before we caught up with him, to, as he engagingly said, "save you all that trouble." Ben was very nice about it, but I noticed that he sliced viciously on the next drive. But even with that handicap, he administered an awful lacing 'o me. I guess I don't like golf, anyway.

While at West Point I met a doctor from Atlantic City, who told me I could get a job as night clerk at the Ritz-Carlton, in that city, as he knew the head man, and would get me a recommendation. So to Atlantic City I went, but the hotel had independent ideas along those lines. But while there I saw another slant at race-prejudice. A big negro walked into a soda fountain where I was getting a milk shake (what I wouldn't give for one of Smitty's milk shakes, at DeVoe's right now. You're quite welcome, Smitty, no extra charge)—and slapping at the girl behind the counter, the negro ordered a coke. The girl looked slightly embarrassed, and apparently acting under orders, told him that cokes were a dollar. He started back out, then stopped, turned, and snarled that he'd take one anyway. That being an unlooked-for move, she gave it to him, and when he was

through, he laid down a paper dollar, and then smashed the glass all over the counter and walked out. It served them right, too, if I may say so, not being from the south.

About the paper dollar, I haven't seen a silver one (and if the truth must be told, darned few of the other kind, either) since I left San Diego. I used to think that was a lot of bunk about no silver dollars in the East, but it's the straight goods. One kid, Lafayette Wiman, who lives near West Point hasn't seen one yet.

There's a big fruit store down on 42nd street that sells nothing but S. O. S. fruit from Medford. And the sailor suited trade-mark is quite common here. I've seen dozens of Medford labels stamped on the sides of fruit boxes in the stands, but couldn't get close enough to tell whose they were. When I go on to Europe, I hope I'll keep on seeing them. They sort of help relieve that panicky feeling when you suddenly realize that you're five thousand miles from home.

Oh, yes, I'm going to Europe, in a week, or maybe less. If some of my soft-hearted friends (or enemies) will write to me, here in New York, I'll appreciate it, and try to answer from the other side. Maybe I'll even include a few racy postcards from France! That's where racy postcards are supposed to come from, isn't it? You know—ones of Eifel Tower, etc.

I'm going with a young New Yorker, with whom I am staying now, and whose father is secretary of the Y. M. C. A. near here. His name is Fred Thompson Jr., and he is a cousin of Gretchen Green's, who used to live in Medford. Remember that name, because you're apt to hear a lot more of Fred from me on our tour.

Roughly, here are our plans at present. Go to England (our passage is already arranged) and make a walking tour of that interesting country, and possibly of Ireland and Scotland. Then by boat to Hamburg, Germany, where we intend to obtain bicycles, and tour the continent more or less thoroughly in that manner. Sort of a Richard Halliburton-ish journey, possibly ending at Istanbul, Turkey, where we can get a boat for home nearly any time, or possibly on around the globe.

When Vic hears that, I'll bet he'll wish he'd stayed with me, instead of running off to Canada. But if he gets back here before we leave—which will be a very short time,—we'll make quite a time of it.

Just as a sort of reminder as to how small the world is, the New York stores are featuring the same things that Medford stores do. I haven't seen anything here that you can't buy at The Toggery, Campbells, Manna or Lees. The newest attempt at keeping cool employs (for men) a double breasted linen suit with a crepe de chine scarf to fill in the empty space at the throat instead of a short and tie. And they don't wear any socks! That isn't down on the Bowery, either, it's on Fifth Avenue, and is featured at Saks and Macy's. Maybe when we get to Paris, I can send some hints for the ladies. And for my kid brother John, who claims he can swim better than he could last year, I ought to manage some candy, I guess. If anyone wants to get big-hearted and write to me, phone 405-X, and Mom will know my address. Love and kisses to the Rogue River valley.

DICK APPLIGATE,
May 19, 1932.

POLICE HOLDING YOUTHFUL TRIO AS CAR THIEVES

Three youths—Willis M. Fearoy, 19, and David O. Williams, 19, Salem, and Don S. Miller, 21, Portland—all said to be members of well-known upstate families, were arrested by state and city police Monday night and are held in the county jail charged with possession of stolen autos. The trio were captured after a thrilling chase on the Pacific highway between Talent and Ashland.

According to the state police, the youths admit the theft of two Buick Sedans last June which they drove and used at the Citizens' military training camp at Vancouver, Wash., where they were students. The stolen cars, taken from the streets of Portland, were equipped with Washington and California license plates. The authorities say they admit the theft of the autos and a Salem burglary.

Monday night they are accused of rifling the auto of J. F. Moore of this city, stealing accessories and fishing equipment.

Williams, when arrested, gave the name of James Hunt.

The youths will be turned over to Marion and Multnomah county officials for prosecution.

The trio was headed for California.

KOOZER LEAVES FOR CONCLAVE OF ELKS

Delegates of southern Oregon Elk lodges to the national convention of the order departed Monday evening on the Shasta for the trip to Birmingham, Ala., where the conclave will open July 10. Ralph E. Koozer, elected last year, will represent the Medford lodge as delegate and will be accompanied on the journey by I. R. Friderger of Ashland and Bert Mason of Klamath Falls lodges.

YOUTH SHOOTS TO SAVE GRANDFATHER

KALISELL, Mont., July 5. — (AP) — Contending he shot to protect his grandfather, a 14-year-old boy confessed today, authorities said that he shot and killed Frank Fisher, homesteader of Moose Creek, in the North Fork country last night.

Authorities learned there had been long standing trouble between Fisher and the grandfather, William P. Mahoney.

The boy is Chester Mahoney.

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