

Applegate's Globe Trot Leads to Beanery With Interesting Background

This is the second installment in a series of letters to be written by Dick Applegate, Medford boy, on a free-lance tour of the world.

Salt Lake City, Utah, May 25, 1933.

To the Editor: When a man starts for Los Angeles, and subsequently arrives at Los Angeles, that's not news; but when two guys start out for Los Angeles and end up in Salt Lake City, that is news. If it isn't, you'll have to make the most of it, cause that's what you're going to get.

Don and I left Oakland Monday morning, after issuing forwarding addresses at L. A., but hadn't left thru even before we got a ride clear thru to this bigamists' paradise. Of course, as mentioned some time ago, freight trains run both ways.

Fate seemed particularly tenacious about keeping us in Oakland. First, I didn't seem to get down there soon enough; when I had gotten there, Don sprained his ankle in a very foolish endeavor to beat your Medford correspondent in a "razzle-dazzle" match, and that held us up for a week. From that on it was a series of silly occurrences added together.

The day we left Oakland, the Oakland Tribune (no affiliation with Medford Tribune, I think), heard about our trip and asked us to come down and give them a story and pose for a photograph. Being very reticent about publicity, as most Medford people know me to be, we demurred for two or three tenths of a second, and then, looking far down the vista of the year, and knowing how our grandchildren would appreciate such a concrete example of the pioneering spirit of their forefathers, as exemplified by that old yellowed clipping, we reluctantly succumbed to the urge of this commercialistic world, and went down.

The feature editor who talked with us came originally from the lake district of England—whatever more than usually out-of-the-way part of England that may be, and was rather interested in the whole thing. He cheered us on with cheery and consoling tales of impending wars in Europe, the easily excited curiosity and fire of all continental police officers, as exemplified by that old yellowed clipping, we reluctantly succumbed to the urge of this commercialistic world, and went down.

After these words of help and consolation, he took us to the "studio" and made us look at the birds. The birdie, judging from the looks on our faces in the completed picture, must have been something like a cross between a dodo bird and a rememhen, although I have no remembrance of such. The lack of memory, no doubt, is directly traceable to that trail in me that makes me so pensive in front of a camera, in which all evidences of rigor mortis are apparent. Don, on the other hand, thought the bird looked like a canary, although a bit larger.

The story, which was supposed to appear Monday on Tuesday, has not yet been inspected by us, due, as you'll understand, to our sudden departure. A clipping has been forwarded to Los Angeles to us, but you'll not doubt agree that is over the top to go for a picture or story about us. (Although I make no doubt that by far the greater number of our publics would consider such a trip a mere bagatelle—hey, Fred Colvig: If you know so much, why don't you write a book telling people what the dickens a bagatelle is? I would, only I don't know, and I'm too lazy to look it up.)

While in New York last summer I used to buy the Oregonian at a little news stand on Times Square. That I used to BUY it I merely state as a fact. But the point is: if the Oregonian then, why not the Oakland Tribune? You see, our arrival will have been announced ahead of time, and the mayor will have had sufficient time to polish off the back seat of that Packard that the newscraze indicate he uses in showing visiting celebrities around the town. That was another consideration that forced us, against our will, I again assure you, to pose for the newspapers. Hem. Hem.

Most people have seen taxis waiting at trains for victims, of course, but we've seen that story reversed so far that it is really funny. When getting into Oroville, Cal., one noon season exactly 24 cents, six tin plates, two big spoons and six small spoons. Maybe even a knife or two.

With a vision hard to understand, he foresaw the possibilities of a nickel restaurant for those unfortunate, or foolish enough to be riding freight trains. (There were two hundred on ours.) They built a small shack at no expense, blew the whole fortune on beans, hung out their shingle and went to work. Now, 25 days later, they have two rooms, a bed, a stove, a refrigerator, a radio, a lot of customers, one lame chicken rescued from an ignoble death under a train,

In Command of C. C. C. Headquarters



In charge of the Civilian Conservation Corps headquarters for the Medford district, located in the old city hall are (left to right) Major Clarence H. Armstrong, commander of 24 camps located in Crater Lake National Park, Rogue River, Deschutes, Siskiyou and Fremont national forests; Major B. H. Hignatus, of the medical corps, 8th C. A., who will supervise medical inspection at all the camps and Captain Edmund Nelson Hebert, Infantry, U. S. Army, in charge of the quartermaster's department, who awards bids for camp supplies, and distributes the materials to the camps. (Photos, Shaugh's Studio).

MORNING PARADE TO BE FEATURE DECORATION DAY

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final earthly rest. 7. Main address by the Rev. William J. Howell of Medford. 8. Singing, "America" by the audience. 9. Benediction. If the weather is stormy the exercises intended for the park platform will be held in the Presbyterian church.

All fraternal, social and civic improvement societies and organizations of this community are invited to take part in the street parade and they and the general public are invited and urged to be present at the programs to follow it.

The Civil War Veterans, the Women's Relief Corps and the Daughters of Union Veterans of the Civil War, will conduct a memorial ceremony at the Medford I. O. O. F. cemetery at 2:30 p. m., Decoration Day. All members of other veteran and patriotic organizations and the general public are invited to be present and to witness this ceremony.

Order of Decoration Day parade: Marshal, E. H. Hignatus. National Guard. Civil War Veterans and affiliated organizations. Spanish War Veterans and ladies. World War Veterans and affiliates. Daughters of the American Revolution. High school band. Relief and civic betterment societies. Fraternal and social organizations. Miscellaneous entries and decorated cars.

W. H. PAINE.

GRADUATE NURSES CLOSE MEET WITH LAKE AUTO TRIP

Climaxed by luncheon on Rogue river and a caravan to Crater Lake, the annual convention of the Oregon State Graduate Nurses association closed here last night and the following officers were elected to head the association for the new year: Louise Hagen Cliff of Multnomah county, president; Elizabeth Freeman, supervisor of the Red Cross relief unit, first vice president; Louise Hankey, Portland city school nurse, second vice president; Harriet Osborn, instructor of nurses, St. Vincent's school of nursing, secretary; Mae Dwyer, Portland school nursing department, treasurer; Charlotte Winnard, Eugene, Lillian Pfenniger, Good Samaritan hospital, Portland, and Edith Bergquist, Emanuel hospital school of nursing, members of the board of directors.

The closing day's program opened with breakfast meetings at 7:30 o'clock for the various departments with Helen Fisher and Charlotte Winnard presiding.

Speakers at the morning session were Violet Hodgson, R. N., assistant director, N. O. P. H. N., New York City, and Jane V. Doyle, R. N., executive secretary, Portland chapter of the American Red Cross. The former spoke on "Newer Trends in Public Health" and the latter on "Unemployment Relief in Relation to Health."

Mrs. O. E. Osburn, of Medford, the first graduate nurse in Oregon, was among those attending the sessions. At the close of the morning program the delegations from 10 districts of the state motored to the

CHICAGO WORLD'S FAIR OPENS AMID POMP, PAGEANTRY

But the illumination, as shown in preview was spectacular, whether set off by star ray or human hand. Miles of tubing made the towers blaze while search lights pierced the sky in a hundred directions. Flood lights made mammoth colored ice cream bricks of squares towers and tons of rockets and aerial bombs set off along the lake shore for three miles made the heavens sparkle.

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OLD PEOPLE Live Longer at the CONVALESCENT HOME 133 Granite St., Ashland

Ore and Bullion Purchased WILDBERG BROS. SMELTING & REFINING CO. Office: 742 Market St., San Francisco Plant: South San Francisco

PINCHOT DEMANDS WHEAT, SILVER AND JUDGES IN STOCK SCANDAL RESIGN BY INFLATION HOPE

HARRISBURG, Pa., May 27.—(AP)—Governor Pinchot, who has kept public utilities and their regulation in the political forefront for ten years, today demanded the resignation of two state supreme court justices who bought stocks from J. P. Morgan interests at prices below the market. Urging Justice John W. Kephard and William J. Schaffer to step down from the bench, he asserted, "If I had the power, I would remove them at once."

The justices, who were elected for 21-year terms, replied they had no intention of resigning. They denied the governor's charge that they had accepted "favors from utility bankers" and "utterly disqualified themselves" for further service in the state's highest court.

Justice Schaffer, who said he bought Allegheny corporation stock for investment and "sold it at a heavy loss," asserted his right to buy securities as any other citizen would buy them.

Justice Kephard declared he holds the stock for which he paid \$7,000 and now values it at \$600. He added: "Unless a judge must resign because he sits in a restaurant owned by some banker, there is no more reason for my resignation over the Allegheny matter than there would be for eating in a banker-owned restaurant."

The governor's request for the resignation came closely in the wake of a similar request from Warren Van Dyke, Pennsylvania Roosevelt leader and chairman of the democratic state committee. Van Dyke went further, insisting the disclosures by the United States senate banking committee were sufficient to warrant impeachment proceedings.

WHEAT, SILVER AND STOCKS ELEVATED BY INFLATION HOPE

NEW YORK, May 27.—(AP)—Another wild scramble to convert dollars into stocks and commodities piled up the largest volume of trading ever experienced with rising prices in a Saturday session in the New York Stock exchange today.

Inflation fever ran high in response to the government's plan to abrogate the gold clause in private and public obligations. Trading in the Chicago grain pit was almost as excited as the dealings in the New York stock exchange. While acres of wheat rose \$1 to as much as \$10, wheat made extreme advances of 3 cents a bushel.

Silver futures jumped a cent an ounce, cotton about \$1 a bale, rubber futures about 1/4 cent a pound, copper 1/4 to 1/2 cent and raw silk 9 to 10 cents a pound.

Both stocks and average prices of sensitive raw commodities were back close to the levels of a year and a half ago, indicating much had been done to overcome the deflationary effects upon our prices of England's

abandonment of the gold standard in September, 1931, and the train of consequences which followed, coming to a climax in the banking crisis.

The lowest fire loss in 10 years was reported in Cincinnati in 1932.

Franklin's Cafe
Next to Craterian

50c-Special-50c Sunday Dinner

Choice of Fruit Cocktail, Orange Juice or Waldorf Salad

Entrées

FRIED YOUNG CAPON (unjointed)

Roast Turkey, Cranberries
Rib Steak, Hunter Style
Grilled Fresh Salmon, Lemon
Roast Leg of Veal, Jelly
New Potatoes and Peas, in cream

Hot Rolls

Strawberry Shortcake, Sherbert,
Fresh Strawberry Sundae
Home-made Pies
Coffee, Tea, Milk

Announcement

To Our Friends and Customers:

The Merriman Shop will be open Monday morning at the usual time under the management of Myrle and Francis Merriman. We will feature the same high quality workmanship and courteous service as in the past.

Special

Dental work at Portland Prices

FREE EXTRACTIONS with all dental work

Double Suction Plates a Specialty

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Work Guaranteed

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BY THE WORLD FORGOT

A NEW SERIAL by Ruby M. AYRES

NICHOLAS BOYD crashed from the gold-lined clouds of movie fame to the depths of oblivion in a few flashing seconds. Synthetic deeds of courage before a camera had lifted him to the pinnacle of public adulation, but it was ironically an act of flesh-and-blood heroism that wrecked his glamorous domain. An unknown extra-girl was thrown from a horse in a film scene; BOYD forgot he was not a real-life hero, rushed in to save the girl, was trampled, emerged a crippled, broken man. Lucrative movie contracts, adoring fans, friends and even his wife fell away—BOYD was "by the world forgot."

RUBY AYRES writes this gripping story of a man deserted when he most needed help and the unexpected love and romance that rebuilt his life.

Starts Thursday, June 1st in the MAIL TRIBUNE

SAVE your health and teeth. At these prices you can afford to have your dental work done now.

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