

# Chicago Fair Provides Volume of Thrills for Applegate on Journey

Ed. Note.—This is the third of a series of letters by Dick Applegate, Medford boy, on a free lance tour of the world.

To the Editor: This installment should have been sent from Kansas City. Indeed, while in Kansas City I even went so far as to go to the office of the Star where they gave me a typewriter and paper, but I was so exhausted and sleepy that I couldn't, for the life of me, see any reason for not writing it from Chicago. Instead, it being only Monday then. So here it comes from Chicago.

Leaving Salt Lake City we went to Pueblo, Colo., where it was really cold, and then headed across the flat prairie country towards Kansas City. This flat-as-a-flannel-cape country was in striking contrast to the towering mountain ranges we had just gone through. The hills were like the open sea, and the compared tiny small locomotives raced along with our long train as though it were mere play.

We could see, Don for the first time in his life, in all directions without so much as seeing a tree or a hill. The smooth, green fields were like the open sea, and the compared tiny small locomotives raced along with our long train as though it were mere play.

We got into Kansas City early in the morning and went immediately into town to get breakfast. We had the cheapest and best breakfast we've ever had. Then to the Y. M. C. A. where we chartered a room and went in swimming. The swimming pool, which was on the roof, had a sign on one end saying "Deep." It was a darned lie. I tried a jack-knife, hitting the bottom with my hands before ever had. Then to the Y. M. C. A. where we chartered a room and went in swimming. The swimming pool, which was on the roof, had a sign on one end saying "Deep." It was a darned lie. I tried a jack-knife, hitting the bottom with my hands before ever had.

After skimping along on our meager supply of pieces-of-eight (dollars to you) all the way across the continent, we ran amok in Kansas City and went to a talkie. It was a talkie, so we decided to take the taste away with a sandwich and a glass of beer, which was advertised at 15 cents, and for which they charged us, over our loud protests, 20 cents. After that, there seemed little to do but go to bed, so to bed we went, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

The next morning, bright and early, we went down to the railroad yards to get "our train." A cop was chasing every one off as it started out, and he played hide and seek for two miles around old cars with Don, and never did catch him. I got in a boxcar while he was chasing Don, and the first time the train stopped we got together.

We crossed the Mississippi for the first time on this trip at Davenport, Iowa. It was very high, and very muddy, which seems to be a prerogative of that particular stream. From there on in to Chicago nothing of any interest happened.

Clothing Missing When we got here our clothes, which we had sent from the coast to meet us here, had not yet arrived, and we didn't have the nerve to come down town in our hitchhiking outfits, and the same applied to getting into the fairgrounds on a Mall Tribune press pass. When the clean hankies did arrive, though, we did both those things.

Joe Naumes goodbye at Santa Clara, assuring him that we'd not see him for some years, but then our fair friends and Jake Von Tobel, another big shot from the University, were here waiting for us. Maybe not for us, but they were waiting, at any rate. Joe hadn't seen the fair yet, and Jake had only seen it once, and they'd been here for almost a week.

When we finally got to the fair grounds, we didn't know whether to try to get in on press cards or not. But mustering the old gall, we flaunted in front of the ticket taker and started on through. He stopped us, but only temporarily, to show us where the press entrance was, and there we had no trouble.

Arts Building Interests The first thing to hold our attention was the Fine Arts building. In this one collection of famous paintings are gathered some of the best works of American and foreign artists. Whistler's "Rain" there, I saw it once before in the Louvre in Paris. There are Rodin originals and innumerable other masterpieces, which, with our limited knowledge of art, could not be wholly appreciated.

Then through the Field museum and the aquarium as a matter of course. All three of these buildings are located off the fair grounds proper. As we went into the real exposition grounds, we looked down a quarter of a mile of the Avenue of Flags. On the left is the Administration building, of yellow and blue. At first this combination of color seems to strike a weird note, but when you get used to it, it is rather attractive. The Administration building is not open to the public except on business.

Electric Eye Fountain Being unable to think up any business which could possibly gain us admittance, we gazed on into the Sears Roebuck buildings. This is where our first real intimation of a century of progress came. In the lobby is a carved onion fountain. A very nice looking fountain, to be sure, but nothing outstanding about it, at first sight. Except that it had no visible means of turning on or off. But immediately one put his head down to drink the water was turned on. After drinking, as your head came out of the line of the electric eye, the water was controlled by the water.

snapped off. The "Electric Eye," they call it. They had something of the same nature in the Copco window last winter, where a light went on or off as you interrupted the rays of light outside the window with your hand.

The main building is the Hall of Science. Mr. Huxsag and Miss Walden from the high school would have a real picnic here. And I know that Mr. Cope would never get out. There are acres and acres of new developments in physics, chemistry and the allied sciences. In one place is a glass transparent man, eight feet high, and costing \$10,000, with all the organs lit internally by tiny electric lamps. This exhibit was loaned by the Mayo clinic.

In the same buildings are huge dioramas, showing the progress of medicine, dentistry, nursing, mathematics and a thousand other things on the same nature.

The general exhibits group contains so many diversified displays that it would take a thousand pages to cover them all. In this building is the original Gutenberg Press. A man in attendance tells you its story, and a thousand other things on the same nature.

# STEALERS HELD CONFERENCE AT HOME OF BANKS

(Continued from Page One.)

burned the ballots. Mrs. Elsie McKittrick testified that she was in and out of the room and was introduced to La Dieu. She was busy most of the time caring for a then five-month-old baby.

Three state policemen attached to the room department—Ed Walker, Rodney Roach and Clarence Malcolm, identified ballot bags they had recovered from Rogue river near Oala creek, and the Bybee bridge.

Bryant Testifies Earl Bryant, and his brother-in-law, James D. Gaddy, testified that with E. A. Fleming of Jacksonville, they had taken five of the ballot bags after the meeting of the "Good Government congress" in the curf house, in a delivery auto, and one of the ballots in Bryant's home and the remainder in the woods near Jacksonville. They also burned up the ballot containers, both testified. Later they went to the ashes of the bonfire, built for the purpose, and found "eyelets" of the destroyed containers.

Philip Lowd, deputy sheriff, testified that shortly after midnight on February 20, last, LaDieu and McKittrick came to his house at 1511 West Main street and asked to borrow his large auto "to stage a party." Lowd invited them into the house, and LaDieu said: "We want to get your car to get some whiskey, and we might get a load of ballots at the curf house." Lowd said he dismissed it as "lidle talk, as I didn't think anything like that would happen."

Lowd, Car Lent Lowd said: "I told LaDieu this was not my habit, but he could take the car if he wanted it." The next morning the witness said, his auto was parked near his house and was muddy, and had straw and chaff in the rear compartment. Lowd testified that he went to the office of Attorney Porter J. Neff that day and dictated a statement about the dictation of his car, which he later gave to the state police.

I checked upon the gasoline and found they had gone about 75 miles, Lowd said. Under cross examination, which was brief, Lowd did not change his testimony.

Chief of Police Clatus McCredie identified 18 tops of ballot bags as those found in the curf house basement the day following the ballot theft.

Trial Kept Moving Judge Skipworth, though both sides agreed, declined to recess the trial until Tuesday morning, because of the "great expense to Jackson county and it would not be right to keep the jury locked up for two days."

It was explained that the court that a "number of witnesses desired to attend the University of Oregon graduation exercises Monday at Eugene."

Judge Skipworth replied: "I have a daughter—and my only daughter—graduating Monday from the university, and I have just brooked the news to my wife by long distance that I will not be there. I feel as sorry about it as anybody, and would love to attend, but it just can't be done."

Attorney Hough proposed that the jury be excused and "allowed to return to their homes in the county." The court declined the proffer because "since they have been kept together thus far, it would be foolish to allow them to separate now."

The court granted the jury permission to attend church today, in charge of affids, but all must go to the same church, and it is understood that the minister will make no reference to this trial, or anything connected with it.

Judge Skipworth left Saturday to spend Sunday with his family in Eugene. He will return here Monday on the 8:40 train.

It was Cummings of Rogue River, a county truck driver when Walter Jones, mayor of the north county town, was its mayor as well as county road supervisor, and whose "Model T Ford coupe" provided a hub-bub with the cheers of "congressmen" to drown the sound of falling glass.

The court declared the proffer because "since they have been kept together thus far, it would be foolish to allow them to separate now."

The court granted the jury permission to attend church today, in charge of affids, but all must go to the same church, and it is understood that the minister will make no reference to this trial, or anything connected with it.

Judge Skipworth left Saturday to spend Sunday with his family in Eugene. He will return here Monday on the 8:40 train.

"There's Shimmy" (nickname for Schermmerhorn). Cummings then corroborated the testimony of the Sexton brothers about driving by a roundabout way to Bybee bridge, throwing down the ballot bags and whirling them into the middle of Rogue river.

Widour Sexton, a brother of Mason Burley Sexton, corroborated his brother's testimony that he had helped burn several bags of ballots and that with C. Jean Connors, vice-president of the "Good Government Congress," he had crawled into the vault and passed out ballot containers. He testified he and Connors did this four times during the night.

Sheriff With Them The younger Sexton, but 17 years old, testified to talks with Fehi, Glenn and Brecheen, relative to the destruction of the ballot. Glenn, then county jailer, in a conference in the jail, office, told the brothers: "The sheriff is with us," and promised money and jobs. He said he was present when Fehi said: "I'd hate to see you boys break into that vault," in a "joking manner."

Widour's testimony, in main details was corroborative of that of his brother. He testified that when Joe Daniels, a court house janitor, showed up in the rear of the court house, Jones instructed Chuck Davis "to get him out of here." Daniels and Davis moved away together. The witness said Jones spent considerable time at the southeast corner of the court house, and the rest near the vault window.

The cross examination of Wilbur Sexton was short and he remained unshaken.

Mason Burley Sexton, a dapper, fast-thinking, six-foot youth of 20 years, was the chief witness for the state Friday afternoon in the trial of Arthur La Dieu, former newspaper business manager for L. A. Banks, convicted slayer. La Dieu is the first of a score of men indicted for the Jackson county ballot thefts on the night of February 20 last, before, during and after a meeting of the self-styled "Good Government Congress" held in the curf house.

Under a long cross-examination of Defense Attorney Tom Enright, Sexton failed to waver, and clung to his amazing story of plotting and conspiring and conspiracy, rampant in court house circles during the first two months of this year.

Sexton in his testimony declared under cross-examination, that John Glenn, former county jailer, was "the superintendent, Tom Brecheen, the assistant superintendent, and Walter Jones, mayor of Rogue River, the boss" of the ballot stealing.

Implicates Fehi The youth also implicated County Judge Fehi and Sheriff Enright, and Gordon L. Schermmerhorn, swearing that Fehi knew of the plan to steal

the ballots and that Schermmerhorn had watched the theft, and waved in return to his own wave of the hand when he left with R. C. Cummings in the latter's auto with the first load.

Sexton described "talks" in which Fehi, Jones, Brecheen, Charles Davis and Glenn engaged near the clerk's vault, in which the ballot theft was the topic, and that Fehi had dispatched him to the court house auditorium to see if "Mrs. Henrietta Martin and Banks had arrived" for the meeting. The witness testified that when Fehi left to attend the "Congress," he said:

"I wouldn't want to see you boys break into the vault," in a joking manner.

Mrs. Martin, president of the "Good Government Congress," sat in the audience almost directly in front of the witness stand Friday afternoon nodding her head in dissent to most of Sexton's testimony.

The witness also testified that Fehi, in the presence of himself and brother and father, and Brecheen, Jones and Glenn, had declared "the ballots must be concealed or we will all be shut out."

Sheriff is on Deal. Sexton testified that, then Jailer Glenn had proposed the ballot theft to him, he said:

"There is too much law around here."

"I contacted John Glenn on the steps, and with my brother went to his office in the county jail. I again told him 'There was to much law' and Glenn said: 'Don't worry. The sheriff and his deputies who will be around tonight are with us.'"

Sexton said he promised him and his brother \$10 apiece and a good job besides, and you know the stand in I have with Judge Fehi."

He said he told then Jailer Glenn where he had hidden a number of wooden tops of ballot containers and Glenn retorted:

"Leave them there. They can't recount them."

Don't Rehearse the Truth Sexton made a clear, concise and impressive witness. Attorney Enright asked him a number of times, "How often did you rehearse this testimony?"

Evidently nettled by the persistence of the defense counsel, Sexton retorted: "YOU'D BETTER TO REHEARSE THE TRUTH."

Sexton admitted that he was arrested last January for fighting, and was released from "the county jail, Friday, January 13th, with no charge against him, and the grand jury returned no indictment. He said he and his brother were destitute and that night they had asked Jailer Glenn to be allowed to work for their board and room, at the court house. The request was granted.

Sexton said that he had helped pack the ballot pouches into the courtroom the day before they were stolen, and had "spread" chairs in the auditorium for the "congress" meeting. He testified that at one conference, on the second floor, Fehi had praised the county commissary, describing the conditions after the ballots were stolen. Sexton said:

"They gave us plenty of instructions, about how to steal the ballots, but no instructions of what to do with them." He testified that he and Cummings drove first down Oakdale to Seward Lane, then east to the Pacific highway, discussing "what to do with them." They finally decided to go to Rogue River, and at Main and Riverside avenue saw Sergeant James O'Brien of the state police standing on the corner talking. They first planned to throw the ballots in Bear creek.

A Hammer Up His Sleeve At one point of his testimony, Sexton said: "The mayor of Rogue River had a hammer up his sleeve, and another man had a monkey-wrench. When I smashed the window, they all scattered in every direction like a bunch of bees." He said Jones had told his brother and Jean Connors to throw out pouches for La Dieu's car and that he had helped load them therein.

Singles Starting at \$1.25  
Doubles Starting at \$1.75  
FREE GARAGE  
Management  
Harry B. Strang

Now you may enjoy Comfort Without Extravagance in Oakland's most centrally located downtown Hotel.

San Pablo Ave. at 10th St. OAKLAND, CALIF.

Hotel San Pablo

Now you may enjoy Comfort Without Extravagance in Oakland's most centrally located downtown Hotel.

San Pablo Ave. at 10th St. OAKLAND, CALIF.

Hotel San Pablo

Now you may enjoy Comfort Without Extravagance in Oakland's most centrally located downtown Hotel.

San Pablo Ave. at 10th St. OAKLAND, CALIF.

Hotel San Pablo



# Confidence

In the Prediction That General Business Conditions Will Improve and Southern Oregon Is In Line For Substantial Development Is Reflected In

# Mercantile Acceptance Corporation's

Purchase of a Substantial Block of Common Stock In Medford's Largest Finance Company—The

# Commercial Finance Corporation

An 8% Dividend Was Declared for Holders of Preferred Stock In This Corporation and—

# DIVIDEND CHECKS

Will Be Mailed June 30th

THIS is the 12th semi-annual stock dividend issued by this company. . . . Never has this institution failed to pay regular dividends on the scheduled date. This well-established Medford corporation, managed and directed by capable and successful Medford business men, welcomes the Mercantile Acceptance Corporation of California as a heavy investor in the common stock of this company.

# Commercial Finance Corporation

First National Bank Bldg. W. W. Walker, President

DIRECTORS  
W. W. Walker, President C. A. Meeker, Treasurer J. A. Pagani, Vice-President  
William J. Blackburn, Secretary Porter J. Neff, Director  
H. G. Snodgrass, Chairman of the Board

87 Miles on 1 Gallon?

Chadsey Engineers, C5338 at Wheaton, Ill., have brought out a 1933 World's Fair Auto Gas Saver and Inside Engine Oiler that saves gas and oils valves inside engine at same time. Fits all cars. Easy put on with wrench. Users and Agents wanted everywhere. 327% profits. One sent free to introduce quick. Send Address and Car Name today.