

# Applegate Spends Cold Night in Iced Car Bound For Sights of New York

New York City, June 19. To the Editor: This is being written from the editorial rooms of the New York American, where I am being treated with the usual courtesy. We have an appointment with the theatre editor soon as I finish this, and may we'll get a few passes to a good show.

New York looks about the same, except for the new Radio City, which seems to be about finished. It is about seventy floors, not as high as the Chrysler or Empire State buildings, but much wider. The rest of the skyline remains unchanged.

We had a rather tough time getting here from Niagara Falls. At Buffalo we talked to a "bull," and he told us to go ahead and get on the train, neglecting to mention, however, that we'd get pulled off at Syracuse. Getting pulled off at Syracuse was a blessing, however, since the car we were in had ice in it. You know those refrigerator cars that ship Medford peaches in? In each end is a little compartment with a trap door onto the roof, where ice is put. When we got on the train, made up mostly of refrigerators, we thought that several were empty, because they weren't dripping water.

So we got on top of one of these, and rode "it" it got dark and sort of cold. Soon as we were chilled through, we decided to go down into the car where it was warm. What a laugh! The ice bunker was empty all right, but the main part of the car was full of lettuce, and the lettuce was bedded down with ice. When it was cold.

We got off in Syracuse to try and get warm, and were wandering about when we spotted a cop. Walking up to him, we reached in our pockets for our credentials and prepared to tell him our story. When we reached for our back pockets, we reached for his gun, and shoved it right in our faces. Thought we were trying to hold him up! We got him calmed down long enough to talk to, and were just explaining the situation to him when another guy came barging up. This new guy didn't understand our relations with that cop, I guess, 'cause he dashed right into the fray, and asked the bull when the next train going east was due.

That about floored the cop, but he made a quick recovery, and roared out, "What do you care, you're not going that way." The guy assured him that there he was mistaken, and that he was going east. Opinions clashed and the cop invited him, along with Don and me, to the police station. At least it was warm in the police station. When we arrived, the cop started in on this guy again, spending about ten minutes telling him what he thought of him in particular, and all guys on freight trains in general, and then asked him, "Now, which way are you going?"

The kid didn't answer till he'd been asked two or three times, and then said, "Well, I thought I was going east, but you seem to know more about it than I do." We gave the kid credit for having a good nerve, but hardly more. When we left the cop was roaring threats at him about putting him somewhere where he wouldn't have a chance to get smart with his betters.

They made us leave Syracuse on the Highway, and we got to Little Falls that afternoon. But further we could not get. So down to the freight train again. We got out of there about dark, and into Albany at midnight, and then after a two or three hour wait in a switch shack, where we exchanged lies with the switchman, we got on another refrigerator car. This car didn't have any ice in it, but it did have triangular steel bars on the bottom that were hardly conducive to sleep.

We were so sleepy by that time, though, that we went to sleep anyway, and woke up at Osting, where Bing prison is located. We stayed out of sight until well down towards Yonkers before again emerging! The train stopped just underneath the George Washington bridge across the Hudson, so we got off

what modified when the storekeeper plunges his vile looking hand deep into the barrel, in order to get a fresher, more up-nosey sort of pickle to go with the fresher and more up-nosey clothes that you are wearing, and which are the outward sign that you are an outsider.

And cherries. The Ghetto takes pride in its cherries. The stands are conscientiously dusted after every whirlwind of dirt down that dirtiest of all dirty streets, and in order not to transfer any alien germs to the fruit, the same dirty duster is used to "clean" the cherries.

The pumpkin seeds, for human food, which so surprised me before, are again in evidence, along with a few peach seeds, the delicacy of all delicacies in the seed line. Here is a place where a cup of them has been spilled in the gutter, and the proprietor it is now who fights with the children for their possession.

The garbage in the streets does not remain long a mystery. There is a swish from an upstairs tenement window, and a package of garbage cranes to the street, regardless of whether someone may be below or not. The minute it hits, several human derelicts, calling themselves "rag-pickers" will pounce upon it, hoping to find something inside to reward them for their search.

You stop to listen to an argument between two of the peddlers. Immediately your arm is grabbed by a third, and you are shown a complete line of underclothes before you can get your arm loose. By that time, your eye will have fallen upon one of the grape peddlers. What's this? Grapes that move? It's a sinking sensation to find that flies, in the gloom can look so much like the grapes upon which they are clustered.

Do you need a corset? We were offered several. The fact that they did the least use for them, and that they were slightly out of shape through having been worn, didn't seem to disqualify us as potential customers. Not in the least. Our clothes, indicating that we might have a few cents more than the ordinary run, overcame any such fine points of delicacy on the salesman's part.

After a few blocks of this gauntlet, when we had weathered the food and clothing department, and were gradually becoming used to the smell of the dried fish department into the used light-globe and twine departments, Chinatown, with its clean, fresh smell of rat soup and its kindred horrors held no longer a dread for us, and we decided to improve our position by paying it a visit.

It was just "tourist" time, and we arrived at that critical moment when the Chinese inhabitants were rushing to change from their mandarin and linen coats to the mandarin cloaks the tourist demands. A young Chinaman, just home from Columbia university or New York university, would rush into a shop in his school clothes, and emerge a few minutes later in a black box hat and flowing robes to wait on customers.

One minute there would be a rush and bustle, and shouts in English to "Hurry it up, Bill," and the next all would be quiet, the sound of Chinese talk, the air of Chinese mystery, with slow movements and tiny steps, as a huge slight seeing boy would come slowly up the narrow twisting street. A guide would be shouting the places of interest, and at every stop people would rush into a shop to "get-tee a ciglet-tee" from the Chinese boy who a few moments before had been singing American songs, with an American accent, on the corner.

Soon as the bus had disappeared, the American atmosphere would again be in vogue. But the "tourists" had been satisfied, and the Chinese wares, made in Hoboken, would have been sold.

After viewing Chinatown from this angle, we walked back to our room and went to bed, mulling ancient Confucian axioms to ourselves.

Today we looked up some more steamship lines, but as Don hasn't his birth certificate as yet, it was all half-hearted, 'cause we can't get our pass-ports anyway. Soon as we



Albert S. Goss (above) of Seattle, Wash., has been appointed federal land bank commissioner to succeed Paul Bestor, resigned. (Associated Press Photo)

## FRUIT GRADE LAW ON RETAIL SALES WILL BE ENFORCED

SALEM, June 23.—(AP)—State Inspector J. H. Stansberry, with the aid of county inspectors, set out today to enforce the new law of the last legislature providing grading of all fruits sold at retail.

The law will be applied first to strawberries and cherries, Stansberry stated.

Under the new law all containers must be labeled U. S. No. 1, 2, or 3, as the case may be. Every crate must carry on the end the name and address of the grower. If from an association, the association label may be pasted on the end of the crate. The crate must also carry the insignia that it contains 24 12-ounce hallocks and the net weight of the contents of the crate must be 18 pounds.

Stansberry stated that on some inspections he made in Portland yesterday he found crates where the contents of one hallock would fill three other hallocks in the crate. And on the other hand he found some hallocks where three of them would be required to fill one if the law were followed.

The new law applies to everybody who retails fruit, whether grocer, market, roadside stand, peddler from house to house, or whoever sells berries at retail. However, it does not apply to fruits being taken to canneries or by-product houses.

## BOMB HITCHED TO CONGRESSMAN'S CAR

WATCHUNG, N. J., June 23.—(AP)—A 16-pound bomb containing what explosive experts at the Du Pont factory at Pompton Lakes described as "the most deadly explosive in the world," was found today attached to the automobile of Representative Charles A. Eaton of the fifth congressional district.

State police of the Morristown barracks, who took the bomb to the Du Pont plant for examination, reported its deadly composition to Representative Eaton at his estate in the Watchung mountains.

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## KMED Broadcast Schedule

- Saturday
- 8:00—Breakfast News by Mail Tribune.
  - 8:15—A Fearless Parade.
  - 8:30—Shopping Guide.
  - 9:00—Friendship Circle.
  - 9:30—Morning Melody.
  - 10:00—U. S. Weather Forecast.
  - 10:00—Schubert's Love Songs.
  - 10:30—Morning Comments.
  - 10:45—Quartets Parade.
  - 11:00—Nespolitan Nights.
  - 11:15—Grants Pass Hour.
  - 11:30—Song and Comedy.
  - 12:00—Mid-day Review.
  - P. M.—
  - 12:30—News Flashes by Mail Tribune.
  - 12:30—Populartits.
  - 12:45—Musical Music.
  - 1:00—Buy Now Campaign.
  - 2:00—Dance Matinee.
  - 3:00—Songs for Everyday.
  - 3:30—KMED Program.
  - 3:35—Music of Old.
  - 4:00—Cocktail of Music.
  - 4:30—Masterworks.
  - 5:00—Popular Parade.
  - 5:45—News Digest by Mail Tribune.
  - 6:00—Medford Theater Guide.
  - 6:15—Vignettes.
  - 6:30—Reviews.
  - 7:00—Modernities.
  - 7:30 to 8:00—Eventide.
- New O. E. Radio—long and short wave—4205. Leonard Electric Co., Holly Bldg.
- Pierce's Hot House tomatoes at your grocer's. The quality is fine and the price is right.

## AVERAGE PERSON LIKES HIS MEAT

CHICAGO, June 23.—(AP)—If you are an average person, you ate 72 pounds of pork last year — to say nothing of 474 pounds of beef, 63

pounds of veal, 7.1 pounds of lamb and 15.2 pounds of lard.

Those were the per capita meat consumption figures for 1932, as given today at the annual meeting of national livestock and meat board here. Total meat consumption amounted to 16,687,500,000 pounds, exceeding that of the previous year, it was said.

Charles D. Carey, Cheyenne, Wyo., presided.

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Buy now, prices are \$1.29 raising. 49 lb. (Piggly Wiggly Best Grade)

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Swiss, Chateau, 2--1/2 lb. packages 33c  
BRICK, PIMENTO, LIMBURGER, AMERICAN

**Sperry's Pancake Flour 10 lb. 39c**  
**French's Mustard . . . . 9c**  
Prepared, 6 oz. size  
**Root Beer Extract 2 btl. 25c**  
FRENCH'S  
**Carnation Oats large pkg. 17c**  
**Cake Flour Swan's Down 22 1/2c**  
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**Jello all flavors 3 packages. 19c**

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