

Dallaire Casts Fortunes With Applegate in Jaunt Down South in Dixie

Petersburg, Virginia, Oct. 14, 1933.

This chronicle of events is somewhat late, but I'm lucky to be able to write at all, the way we hit small towns that don't have type-writers in the newspaper office. The country is full of them.

Don and I left Peru some time last week, and drove down to Crown Point, where Vic Dallaire was lurking in the underbrush somewhere. We found him at his uncle's farm, and he seemed mildly surprised to see two cronies from the coast. He was in the midst of house-painting maneuvers, a worthy action to which we promptly put a stop. He is now an official member of the squad, and is out in the car eating as we go to press.

Even with his addition to the corporation finances we still haven't enough money to get home, so we're making a march to the sea somewhere in the vicinity of New Orleans. Vic and I have a bone to pick with a cop or two in Slidell, Louisiana, and we intend to pick it. They picked us up and made us stay. I almost said "sleep" in their filthy old jail all night last time we were there as "dangerous and suspicious" characters.

The Dodge, which surprised Vic by being a fairly presentable automobile. Instead of an old wreck like Bob Spaulding had last summer, is functioning in well shape, as we say in Medford, and is still using so much oil that we are contemplating taking the spark plugs out and making a diesel motor out of it. We bought five gallons of oil at Montgomery Ward about five hundred miles north of here and it's all gone now. It isn't because the oil is no good either.

On our way down we stayed on the west coast of the Hudson, and stopped at West Point. There being no one there that we knew, we contented ourselves with watching one guy in a football uniform showing off to a lot of girls. The regular squad didn't arrive till after we'd been chased away for not being army officers or coaches, so that dose of football had to content us. We camped not far from there that night, and got ourselves initiated in the art of three giants sleeping in the same automobile. We've quite used to it now, and it isn't so bad. At least, as Vic says, one can't very well fall out.

(May I interrupt at this point and mention that two newspapermen in the office from which this is being written seem quite confident on the point that we'll have trouble with Germany within a year. They are offering, in very Southern accents, to bet each other on that point, but since they both seem to be on the same side, I doubt if any big money will change hands. Thank you.)

The day after leaving the vicinity of West Point, we drove down to Philadelphia, and got ourselves punched. It's more or less a lucky thing that we have a title to the Dodge, or we would be languishing in a Pennsylvania jail about now. I guess we do look kind of "dangerous and suspicious" what with our unwashed automobile and faces, and back seat piled high with apples, camping equipment, and oil.

Just before getting to Annapolis, between there and Baltimore, darkness sneaked upon us, and we had to make camp. We drove off the road down to the bay (Chesapeake), and asked a farmer if we could camp all night. He looked kind of goofy, and proved it by saying yes, which is a sure test in this part of the country. At least people seem to think so. Anyways, this fellow looked goofy, and so did the rest of the family. It must have been a branch of the Juke or Kallikak families. It rained that night, of course, and we heard strange noises till morning. Nothing was missing the next day, not even our heads, and you can't imagine how relieved we felt.

That day we drove to Annapolis and looked the place over but George Winne, the only person that we know, now being in Medford, we thought it hardly worth the effort of looking him up, and left in an hour or so. If personal opinion has anything to do with it, and in this both Don and Vic agree with me, I'd rather go to West Point than Annapolis. Since any danger of my going either place might be said to be nil, it needn't bother me greatly. Perhaps the drizzling rain which transferred itself from Eugene, Oregon, for the occasion has something to do with our bad impression.

The weather has been terrible for several days now. Cold and rain and sleet. We have been in Virginia for some time now and the days are cold as the nights, which are too cold for Siberia, let alone the so-called South. Ever since we have left Pennsylvania we've been cold. Even Washington, which is supposed to have nice weather this time of year. We didn't spend much time in the capital city, merely driving around the official buildings and the White House, and going up in the Washington monument. That is the thing that sticks up that thing for me. A couple more times and I'll own it.

Since leaving Washington, which we did by way of Mount Vernon, we've been following old Civil war roads. All along the way are markers telling who fought in that particular vicinity, and why, and when. Now that we are getting into the South we are beginning to see the use of "we" again to denote the Confederacy. Every so often is some old building with axes from the fighting between the blue and the gray. If it was as cold then as it is now, they must have been fighting to keep warm. A better reason that that supplied for meat was, at that.

Plans for the continuation, and eventually the consummation, of our march are still very tentative and vague. One moment we are going to Florida and eat tarpon and rattlesnake, and the next we are going to Cuba and stop to all this blackening going on. Both will then be abandoned, in favor of a trip to Mexico City, which in turn gives way to plans to hurry home, said plans being promptly abandoned for lack of funds. It's more fun. Besta cross word puzzles and books stay hollow.

One nice thing about it, the West we are cold, and wet, and hungry,

Edward Robinson in Rialto Film



When a tough gangster and racketeer tries to swap his "rods," "cannon" and "gats" for polo and pink tea parties, something is bound to happen—with some hilarious results. Edward G. Robinson scores his first great comedy hit in "Little Giant" playing at the Rialto theatre for three days, a story of a hijacked gone high-hat. Mary Astor, Helen Vinson and Russell Hopton have featured roles.

Lee Tracy Scores Holly Hit



LEE TRACY

With Jean Harlow and Lee Tracy as co-stars heading an impressive cast, "Bombshell" opened Saturday at the Holly theatre to provide the heartiest chorus of laughs of all recent film productions.

RONALD COLEMAN IN "CYNARA" AT STUDIO

Ronald Coleman, star of a long line of screen successes, comes to the Studio theatre today in "Cynara." Kay Francis portrays the role of his young wife, and the newcomer is Phyllis Barry, a young English girl.

"SECOND HAND WIFE" OPENS AT ROXY

"Second Hand Wife," based on a recent novel by Kathleen Norris, with Sally Eilers and Ralph Bellamy costarring in the leading roles, comes to the Roxy theatre today. It tells the story of a rich, business man who, martyred by an instant wife, falls genuinely in love with his pretty secretary.

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Double Bill at Hunt's Craterian



Cecil and Sally, internationally famous radio stars, appear in person at the Craterian theater today only, on the stage in a two-act sketch "The Punniest Things." With them are the others of their company who are also well-known to Medford: Aunt Bea, Uncle Thomas, the Widow Mason, Doctor Morgan, Mr. Gillwater and others.

Fick's Hardware Now Have Maytag Service

Fick's hardware store on West Main street, headquarters for Maytag washing machines, has announced the addition of a servicing department for all makes of washing machines. A complete stock of parts

is now on hand. Ted Chambers, well known in this territory as Maytag sales manager, is in charge of the Maytag department at Fick's. New models are on display embodying the latest developments in washing machines. Sheet metal work of all kinds. Brill Metal Works.

LOCALS

Mrs. Curtis III—Mrs. Mary Curtis underwent a major operation at the Community hospital yesterday.

Plan Rummage Sale—The Methodist Episcopal church women are completing plans for a rummage sale to be held Friday and Saturday in the building east of the Rexall drug store on West Main street.

To Serve Dinner—Medford Post No. 5 American Legion extends an invitation to all veterans of all wars to be its guests at a veteran dinner to be held at the Elks temple, Medford, at noon on Armistice day.

Enlarges Territory—Mrs. H. O. Furusker, local Baldwin dealer, has announced the increase of her territory to include Josephine county, with branch sales floor in Grants Pass. She stated last evening that she plans to co-operate with the teachers in that section in every way possible.

Announce Assembly—All veterans of the Spanish American war and the Philippine Insurrection are requested to assemble for Armistice Day parade at Medford city park at 10:45 a. m. Saturday, November 11th.

New CCC's Arrive—First contingent of veterans enlisted this fall for duty with the CCC's arrived in Medford Saturday evening by train from Fort George Wright at Spokane, Wash., where they were enlisted. They will be taken to the Pistol River camp today, where the veterans are located.

BIRTHS

Born to Mr. and Mrs. P. O. Paul, a son at the Sacred Heart hospital, Saturday morning.

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| White Clover | Beardless Barley |
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| Timothy | Hybrid Wheat |
| Red Top Kentucky | Club Wheat |
| Kentucky Blue Grass | Common Vetch |
| Orchard Grass | Hungarian Vetch |
| Rye Grasses | Field Peas |

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