



FREIGHT TRAIN WRECKED—An 84-car freight train whirled under an automobile bridge at Philadelphia, Pa., somehow snagged it, and brought the bridge down with a tumultuous crash that derailed 24 of the cars leaving them scattered about the landscape. Nobody was on the bridge, nobody on the train was hurt, and nobody knew exactly how the thing happened. The photo shows the view from the wrecked bridge. (UPI Telephoto)

Former Sports Stars Live Quiet Life at VA Domiciliary

By SID HOLLINGSWORTH
White City Correspondent

Camp White has a distinction that may not be shared by many of the Veterans Administration domiciliaries, as a harbor for notables of the sports world who have retired from the game because of age, and seek only escape from the glare that belongs to other days.

Identification with sports is found among many others at the domiciliary with athletic accomplishments. As Eugene K. Ricker, former manager, once remarked: "This is the most sports minded place I have ever been in."

Baseball, football and ring sports have shone through the lives of men living at the White City veterans home, which have occasionally sparkled when their names became known.

College Athletes
Some distinguished themselves in college athletics. Tick Malarkey and Bill Hurn, who played football for the University of Oregon, have died. They were known for their writing ventures while here.

Professional baseball was represented for some time by Frank White, who did as much as any man on the coast to bring the Dodgers and Giants to Los Angeles and San Francisco.

He represented the management end of the game for years as a scout for the Cleveland Indians and was a member of a famous baseball family, brother of "Doc" White, one of the great pitchers of the Chicago White Sox in the early days.

Professional Player
Another professional baseball player, whose interests and fortunes have traveled with the game in all its phases is King Rice, section leader for a number of years at the domiciliary. He left last week to bask in the sun of Mexico in recovering from a recent siege of illness.

"I started with San Francisco in the Coast League and finished there," he said before he left. His career carried him into the Southern league, now Southern association, with Nashville, American association, with Kansas

City, and the American league. He was with the Washington Senators during the 20s, where another Rice played in the outfield. He is not related to Sam Rice, however.

Rice is a great admirer of the New York Yankees as a ball club, and regards the segregation with Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig as the greatest team in baseball history.

Enthusiasts Gather
Some few years ago, several baseball enthusiasts gathered occasionally at a convenient spot between the buildings to "warm up." The man with the catcher's mitt handled himself well, reminiscent of the days he did the receiving for that hardy perennial of the game, Satchel Paige.

"Mike" Dillon, who teaches Spanish and bookkeeping in addition to occasional writing, played semi-pro baseball at one time, and at school, back in "Jersey" he distinguished himself in the high jump.

The fight game also has its adherents and quite a few, with imposing records in the ring, have wandered in and out of the domiciliary during the past 10 years. Just at present Bobby Ward rates recognition.

Lightweight Division
He was in the lightweight division. Ward fought 271 fights between 1912 and 1925, when he hung up his gloves after his last encounter with Sammy Mandell in St. Louis.

Rocky Kansas, Charley White and Johnny Ray were some of the contenders. In those days, touring the country, there wasn't much time out for training between fights, he says.

"I once fought three fights in one week," he added. Quite a number of the men here remember Bobby Ward as a hard fighter who always gave a good account of himself in the ring.

Asked to compare the fights in those days with the general run today, Ward declared: "Mike" Gibbons would turn over in his grave to see the way they swing at each other now."

Lack of coordination and punch seem lacking today, he noted. Bobby fought out of St. Paul, having been trained

in the Gibbons stable there. His military service was with the Marines.

Cliff Barry, of Alameda and Portland, is the patriarch of sports at Camp White. Baseball and fights are his special interests, having participated in both under famous coaches in his youth. He keeps himself in condition by daily workouts at the "gym" and taking long hikes around the installation.

The two most colorful figures now living at the domiciliary are "Tex" Hatcher, rodeo performer, and Irving (Chief) Gray, the "Jim Thorpe" of sports, a champion at everything he attempts.

"Tex" belongs to that brand of hardy men who have ridden the range as cowboys and turned to showmanship of skill with horse and rope at the various events held each year throughout the West.

Hatcher has had some hard riding to do in recent years but he always comes up smiling. "Calf roping is my specialty. I'm too light for bulldozing," he commented.

At one time he appeared in a big "roundup" show at Madison Square Garden, New York, where he won a large sized purse. Billings, Mont., Denver, Ft. Worth, and Pendleton have seen him perform.

Return from Pendleton
Several years ago he returned after appearing at the Pendleton roundup, with a new 10 gallon hat, a fine silk cord rope and other winnings.

"Iron Man" Gray still follows the cycle of sports arranged for members at the domiciliary. In addition to being the bowling champion, he is a top notch golfer on the pitch and putt course, and has made good scores on the Country Club course.

Irving likes to recall the occasion he pitched a shutout game for the Marines against the Navy in Shanghai in 1939. He holds the title as the best bowler in an all Army-Navy event some years back. "I won the championship by one pin" he says.

Two members of the personnel staff have records in big time sports—Frank Glomring in baseball and Louis Reule in boxing. This was back in "school days" however.

Young Artist Paints Figures High on New York Billboards

New York—The impressions that attract art patrons to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, but in Times Square the reigning exhibitor is Jim Rosenquist, dues-paying member of Painters, Decorators and Paperhangers, Local 230.

Perched on scaffolding four stories above teeming Broadway, the aspiring young miniature artist paints gargantuan figures on some of the world's biggest outdoor billboards to make a living.

Well aware that bigness isn't necessarily greatness, his creations nonetheless dwarf

the most grandiose artistic accomplishments of Rivera and Michelangelo.

He is one of the few painters in the world who must walk two or three blocks away during his lunch hour to scale the size relationships of his super colossal figures.

"I'm very careful," acknowledged Rosenquist, who has mixed his colors on swaying one-plank studios as far up as 22 stories.

And he's very careful about spilling his brilliant green, yellow and vermilion paints. He admits, however, that sometimes a "few drops"

splash on the sidewalk art connoisseurs below.

Although his paintings already occupy conspicuous display space in the commercial billboard sign world, Rosenquist has other much more artistic aspirations. He is a serious young artist whose works have already hung at exhibitions.

A 26-year-old native of Grand Forks, N.D., he studied at the University of Minnesota and at the New York Art Students League.

Miniature Displayed
One of his miniatures, 4 by 11 inches, was displayed at New York's Workshop Gallery. Entitled "War Chant," it is an abstract conception of Indian signs and symbols he saw during his college years in Minnesota.

However, he does not belittle his present painting by the square yard.

"I have the opportunity to watch a huge composition unfold," he said.

"And I have the chance to study painting surface textures and to watch what happens to paint qualities when pigment accidents happen."

Rosenquist is engaged to a textile designer and is scheduled to be married in June. Meantime, he and his paint-



OUTDOOR "GALLERY"—Aspiring artist Jim Rosenquist is shown at work in his outdoor "gallery" in New York City. He paints gargantuan figures on Times Square area billboards. At left he stands near one of his four-story high creations. At right he works some 100 feet in the air. A native of Grand Forks, N.D., Rosenquist, 26, is serious about fine art, too. He has exhibited. Lately he has been concentrating on miniatures. (UPI Telephoto)

White City Writer Recalls Closeness To Rockefeller Jr.

By SID HOLLINGSWORTH
White City Correspondent

The recent death of John D. Rockefeller Jr., marks the end of a formidable phase of American life animated by benefactions and cultural benefits drawn from the wealth of the era of acquisition.

John D. Jr., as he was more familiarly known, lived with in seven years of the life span of his noted father. His sons are carrying on the tradition of the Rockefeller name, but like their father, are doing the job in their own way, keeping abreast always of the exigencies of the times.

The occasion of any tribute from this source is that at one time I was rather close to the Rockefeller interests, having worked prior to the great depression in the office of Ivy Lee, public relations adviser to John D. Jr.

Close Friends
Ivy Lee and John D. Jr. were close friends. Lee went to work for him when John D. Jr. needed public relations assistance in settling the bitter industrial conflict growing out of a strike at the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company in that state.

When Ivy Lee established his own office in New York, John D. Jr., became his first client.

Crusader At Heart
I learned much about the Rockefeller method, philosophy and purpose during the three years I was with Mr. Lee. The young man I worked with for a while was doing the publicity for the new Riverside church where Harry Emerson Fosdick was pastor. I discovered then how keenly

religious in the modern sense Mr. Rockefeller was.

He was a crusader at heart in every cause in which he participated. The weight of his name and his resources was augmented by that indomitable nature possessed by all Rockefellers to see through each undertaking.

In Wall Street, the tide of decline in the stock market was checked for a period at least when the Rockefellers, father and son, were reported buying stocks.

Then at another time, it was John D. Jr., who stepped forward in the oil scandals to oust the head of Standard Oil company of Indiana with only 15 per cent of the stock, but enough proxies to effect the purge he sought.

It is no easy job to work for the Rockefellers. Even to be within range of those in contact with their office, is an exacting state to be in, for there is an electrifying purpose behind every move they make.

And back of all of the Rockefeller maneuvers there seems to be some spark of light from heaven that justifies every step of the way. The achievement of John D. Rockefeller Jr., in showing how to use money wisely is his greatest benefaction.

In recent years, the work of his sons in pressing forward the cause of humanitarian progress is in the ascendant. But those of my generation will look back on the name of Rockefeller as that of a blessing in an age of reckless indifference to the moral purpose which is symbolized in the good works advanced.

Domiciliary Member Featured in Article

By SID HOLLINGSWORTH
White City Correspondent

A little research on the subject of the "hobo" or tramp, the term preferred today, was undertaken recently by the Lewiston Morning Tribune, of Lewiston, Idaho.

The fact that this section of humanity is not as visible as it was when it included in its ranks famous writers and personalities, does not mean that the tramp has disappeared.

Claude E. Woods, member of Dominews staff at the VA domiciliary, was asked by the Idaho paper to pose as an authority on the subject. His son, Roy, former aerial photographer on the USS Forestal, took the pictures. Claude has the lead story giving the difference in terminology applied, as well as other information of an "ethnological" nature.

Still Board Trains
Tramps and hobos still board trains and travel about from place to place as a way of life. Many are included in the ranks of the migrant workers, so necessary in the harvesting of crops in the West.

"There are two distinct classes of wanderers commonly called tramps," Woods writes. "One is the true tramp who is anxious and certainly willing to work. The other is the 'bum,' a lazy good for nothing sponger who will not work."

"Then there was the old time 'hobo' with his inevitable stick across his shoulder, with an old red or blue bandana tied to the end in which he carried his 40 years gatherings."

"He no longer exists under that pseudonym. He has literally been absorbed by the hundreds of thousands of tramps who are forever on the move."

Among Real Tramps
Among the real tramps are many craftsmen, carpenters, painters, plumbers, electricians, sign writers and artists. Some are proficient with livestock. Others are tree surgeons and fruit pickers. But these jobs are of short duration which again necessitates moving on.

"The money earned on one job may be enough to get to the next one — and so it goes, a vicious circle from which there seems no escape."

"They have, in many cases, reared families and the home has broken up when the exigencies of time and circumstance have left no other alternative. Surely, such men, if they cannot be condoned, should not be condemned."

"Most people are curious as to how a tramp is able to exist; what he eats, where he sleeps, how he travels from place to place. Or, in other words, what makes him tick."

Tramp's Best Friend
"The empty boxcar, perhaps, is his best friend. In it he not only is able to arrive at a new destination but he also uses it for sleeping quarters. He refers to it as his side-door pullman."

"There are, of course, other means of transportation for the tramp. He may use some old second-hand car (his) or he may hitch-hike."

"There are other things, too, that a good tramp possesses. For instance, to use tramp terminology, he will have with him a 'bundle' which is a pack, a 'sagan' or bedroll, 'turkey' — sack with groceries."

"If he is going to jungle up, he will raid the city dump for 'gun boats' or gallon cans. A five gallon can is also essential to boil clothes. If he doesn't have groceries with him, he will head for the cans behind the markets where he can usually dig out something to cook up."

Bricklayers Drew Big Overtime Pay
Jersey City, N.J.—Taxpayers became furious when they learned bricklayers with the public works department collected \$7.80 an hour overtime for snow removal.

When snow began to fall, the bricklayers were asked to help out at double pay. One earned \$106 extra for spreading rock salt, the citizens complained. Not only that, but only two inches of snow fell and it was followed immediately by heavy rain.

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