

Royal Wedding Reviewed In Letter  
Written Home By Frances Sparrow

The romance and beauty a sub-  
debutante of America may find in  
the customs and life of European  
royalty are expressed in an inter-  
esting manner in a letter recently  
received by Mrs. Alex Sparrow  
from her daughter, Miss Frances,  
who is devoting a year to study  
and travel abroad. Miss Frances  
viewed a few of the wedding activ-  
ities of Princess Giovanni and  
King Boris and draws a lovely  
picture of the affair in her letter  
home.

The certain "Mr. Jones" of  
whom she speaks is none other  
than Mussolini, himself, who pre-  
fers or demands to be called "Mr.  
Jones" by the English and Ameri-  
cans, who might connect his name  
with slighting remarks or criti-  
cism.

Members of the local ranch col-  
ony are interested in learning  
that Miss Frances was a guest of  
Mrs. Robert Washburn at a lunch-  
eon during her stay in Florence.  
Mrs. Washburn, wife of the late  
Col. Washburn, formerly made her  
home in the Table Rock district  
on the ranch now owned by Capt.  
Shelby Tuttle.

Excerpts from the letter follow:  
Naples, Italy  
October 26, 1930

"We left Florence Thursday  
morning and arrived in Perugia in  
the afternoon. We dashed through  
some museums and churches until  
dinner. Our hotel was up high  
so we could look out over the  
country and see high mountains  
on the other side. It was the best  
view I have ever seen. Across  
on a mountain we could see the  
little old fortress town of Assisi.

Little do you poor things guess  
what your daughter has been do-  
ing of late. Friday morning we  
got up at 10:30 and strolled our-  
selves in the lobby. The hotel  
wasn't a bit full, only about 20  
people around us. Some newspaper  
reporters, one or two English and  
the rest Italians. The hotel man-  
agers rushed wildly about. The bell  
boys carried great baskets of flow-  
ers in and two boxes of candy as  
large as big Magrin boxes. A red  
Turkish carpet was put down from  
the lobby to the edge of the pave-  
ment and millions of people were  
gathered in front of the hotel,  
leaving room only for cars to drive  
up. Gentlemen in black trousers  
with a red stripe down the trouser  
legs and great black three-corn-  
ered hats kept the crowd back  
with swords. Millions of people  
watching, waiting before the hotel  
which was all hung with banners.  
How the crowds envied us for we  
were free to go in and out of the  
front door and stand in the open  
square in front. It was such fun to  
go out the door and have millions  
looking at you. At 11 o'clock a  
great black car with a crown on  
the door drove up amid the shrieks  
and cheers of the crowd and we  
inside stood up as the crown prince  
of Italy and his wife, the princess

of Belgium, quietly and unannoun-  
cedly entered the lobby followed  
by a gentleman and gentlewoman  
in waiting. They walked right into  
the midst of the few of us, bow-  
ing to each one, and went to their  
rooms. The prince even looked at  
me and bowed. My heart just  
stayed in my mouth, tongue hang-  
ing one of 28 who could almost  
touch them when millions were  
outside dying to get a glimpse  
from the distance. I was just weak  
kneed afterwards. Then some of us  
went outside under their balcony  
and others of us stood on a smaller  
one while they came out and  
bowed and smiled to the people.  
Talk about hobnobbing with roy-  
alty! That afternoon arrived the  
duke and duchess of Parma, and  
of Genoa, of Savoy, etc., until the  
hotel had housed 21 of the nobil-  
ity, and a few poor mortals in-  
cluding us. Every now and then  
there would be a sudden murmur  
and we all would stand up, leaving  
rooms in the middle and the royal  
pair, with a handsome uniformed  
man making way for them, would  
walk right by us. I could have  
touched them several times. Loads  
of them ate in the dining room ad-  
joining ours and went to the opera  
that night. Most of the women had  
bobbed hair and all of them  
looked just like anybody else. The  
princess has her back. A sun tan  
way down her back. A sun tan  
backed bathing suit! The prince is  
very good looking. It was such fun  
to wander about the lobby bump-  
ing into nobility. I wore my black  
velvet.

**Rain Falls on Party**  
At first I found myself under a  
raincoat with a woman, a civilian  
and two young Bulgarian soldiers,  
next huddled under an umbrella  
with five Italian youths, all very  
informal. After that we got into  
our car which was in the town  
square opposite a balcony hung  
with red velvet and at 1 o'clock  
the new queen of Bulgaria and  
King Boris came out on it and  
waved to the crowds.

She is very, very sweet. I just  
love her. King Boris is very hono-  
rably like his pictures. She was so  
pale and sweet looking in a white  
velvet dress and she smiled and  
waved to everybody. I almost  
cried. Think of leaving your own  
country to become queen of a  
strange people, with a man you  
probably do not love!

The reason the princess was  
married at such a small town as  
Assisi was that she had made a  
vow that she would be married in  
the town of St. Francis.

**Bump Into Queen**  
I forgot to mention that the day  
before we stopped for a few min-  
utes at a hotel that the ex-queen  
of Greece, Sophie, sister of the  
kaiser, was staying at. It was a  
small country hotel and very in-  
formal. The queen was standing  
in an open doorway in the hall so  
E. and I bumped into her by  
mistake. Of course they had to  
excuse themselves and got a nod  
of acknowledgement. D. almost  
knocked the poor woman over. I  
could have pushed up against her  
too but I didn't dare. But then she  
wasn't anything new for she ate  
at a table next to ours in Florence.

To return to Assisi, the dear old  
Fox Movietone and Paramount  
were there so when you look at  
"the eyes of the world" at the  
wedding think of your daughter  
and know that she saw it all. The  
town opened its gates at 1:30 and  
we dashed back to Perugia."

**Leave for Assisi**  
The next morning we arose at 5  
o'clock and all of Perugia took its  
way across the valley in the early  
mist to dear little Assisi. We ar-  
rived at 7:30 and stood in a mob  
until 11 o'clock. We didn't have  
any tickets so we all separated,  
each for himself and in the end  
had as good a standing place as  
anybody in the ticket place.

I flirted with guards, crawled  
on my hands and knees, looked  
wistful and muttered the magic  
word "Americaine" until I got  
through. At one time the guard  
pushed some of us back out of the  
ticket place, then a good looking  
young man raised his arm and  
beckoned to me to sneak through  
when the officers weren't looking  
and did I do it!

After standing for five or more  
hours in a square about the front  
of the little old church, held in  
place by bright and beautifully  
costumed Italian and Bulgarian  
troops, the wedding party arrived.  
The prince and princess of Italy,  
the king and queen of Italy, King  
Boris of Bulgaria and his father,  
the ex-queen of Greece, her daugh-  
ter, the other princesses of Italy  
and Mr. Jones (safely's sake) of a  
certain important gentleman of  
Italy.

Also one or two hundred chil-  
dren in white satin dresses and

this claim is in progress the studio  
is pretty well filled. This course  
is conducted on Thursday nights  
from 7 to 8.

Thanksgiving cheer was dis-  
persed by several of the troops  
during the week when they gave  
baskets of food and clothing to  
needy ones. All the troops are  
making extensive plans for Christ-  
mas cheer and entertainment in  
the near holiday season.

Saturday night, that night,  
marked the initial appearance of  
a local Girl Scout broadcast over  
KMEI, local station. This weekly  
event will be "on the air" for an  
indefinite period through the win-  
ter at least.

The Boy Scouts have from 5:15  
to 5:30, and the Girl Scouts from  
5:30 to 5:45.

Roosevelt troop, under the di-  
rection of their captain, Miss Vera  
Humphrey, are working hard to  
get their meeting place in the re-  
creation room at the playground,  
all nicely decorated by Christmas.  
Rugs and new cretonne drapes add  
quite a festive appearance.

**Family Dinner**  
At Jacksonville, Ore., Nov. 29.  
—(Special). A family dinner was  
enjoyed at the John Winningham  
home Thanksgiving. Covers were  
placed for forty-two.

Relatives and friends present  
were: Jim Winningham and fam-  
ily, H. C. Whitney and family,  
Mark, Heldon and Floyd Smith,  
Mrs. Kitty Janice, Mr. and Mrs.  
Ed Pence, Robert Dawson and  
family, Grover Burnell and family,  
Mrs. Polly Watkins and son, Mr.  
and Mrs. Frances Russell, Mr. and

Mrs. Ed Russell, Mr. and Mrs.  
Hesty Knutson, Jake, Charley and  
Tone Knutson, Win Hacker, Mr.  
Heath Johnson and John Winnin-  
ham and family.

HAVANA, Nov. 29.—(AP)—A pro-  
nouncement of death which she  
thrust aside through fear of being  
thought a coward, haunted Mrs.  
J. M. Keith Miller, plucky Aus-  
tralian aviator, whose air officials  
here believed today perished in an  
attempt to fly from Havana to  
Miami yesterday.

County expenses in Goodhue  
county, Minn., have increased 798  
percent in the last 22 years.

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