

Side Trip to Montreal Planned by Applegate While Waiting on Boat

New York City, July 11, 1933. To the Editor: The Applegate-Rafael theme song has again changed; first to "I Cover the Waterfront," and now to "Good-bye Broadway, Hello Montreal." We're going to Canada. And we're going tonight. I must get this written, and then away we go. It was all very sudden, and is a long story. Here it is:

After walking about the waterfront for days on end without success, we drug our weary bodies home one night with all intentions of doing the same for as many more days as it might take to get out on a boat. As I mentioned before, we were no longer particular as to where we went. We had one promise for a job to Antwerp the latter part of August, so as we lay in bed, exhausted, we began to long for the wide open spaces of our own western coast. Idly we discussed a side-trip to Canada as a cure for our home sickness. The more we talked, the more excited we became. At first it was to be a hitch-hiking jaunt to the border. Later we decided to make it a bicycle trip to Montreal. Then the problem as to getting the packs on a bicycle, and we abandoned that in favor of an old motor.

The next morning we went shopping for one, and not a single, solitary Ford of ancient enough vintage could we find. Finally we ran across a Dodge sedan, an early twenty-seven model, with swell tires, good paint, and fair upholstery. The motor was perfect. In fact, it still is. Unless it just went phoney with Don. He's out getting things with Don. He's out getting things with Don. He's out getting things with Don.

While Don and I were in Chicago, we met two kids from New York, who had hitch-hiked there, and Saturday, the day after we got the car, we took them along with one of the kid's brothers, on a week-end trip up into the Catskill "mountains." There was a nice little lake, and, as we got there after dark, we had a mid-nite swim. They had never heard of such a thing, and thought that we were just kidding when we suggested it. The water was swell. While in a service station in Port Jervis, N. Y., we picked up two hitch-hikers who were coming to a Catholic summer camp nearby. They told us about a little lake a mile or so from there, where we could camp. As we pulled off the main road on the side-road leading to the camp, they warned me to drive slowly, as the road was terribly steep and crooked. It was about like East Main street, leading out to Hillcrest! We let them out at their camp, and drove on to the place where we were to stay. It was beautiful. The moon shining on the water and the hard-wood trees making a jet-black wall all around the edges. We parked the car, which had run beautifully all the way up, under some big trees, built a fire, and Don cooked supper. To be perfectly truthful, he burned it, but that would be telling. This job earned for him the title of "Chef," and now he wants to get a cooks hat for this Canada trip!

After supper, we went down to the lake for a plunge. We found a small dock, with a row boat tied up, and a diving raft moored about fifty yards offshore. Lou Tennersillo, the Italian kid from New York became captain of our ship and Benny Myers the skipper. The two names are synonymous, but we must have peace in the family. The third New Yorker was an official tugboat, while Don and Dick, had a swell time stowing away to "Europe," which to most people would look like a very ordinary raft. But not to Don and Dick. This getting to Europe has become a phobia with us.

After exhausting ourselves in the water, we retired, Benny curling up in the back of the car, and the two "Lous" and the two adventures on the ground outside. I forgot to introduce the "third New Yorker"—Medford, I'd like to have you meet a friend of mine, Mr. Lou Meyer. Mr. Meyer, this is Medford. To get

on with this story: We settled ourselves for the night, and the next morning we were awakened at dawn by an outraged property owner who claimed we had kept her awake all night, and that if we weren't gone in half an hour, we'd have the police to contend with. The poor cops around here! They must lead a hell of a life!

We moved on to another lake, and spent the day cooking dinner and swimming and eating the dinner after it was cooked. This strenuous days labor so exhausted us that we decided to leave for the city about five in the afternoon. We'd have been home by nine, except for one thing. We ran into a traffic jam forty miles from New York, and had to proceed at a crawl all the way home. It was terrible.

Tonight we are all ready to leave. We intend to go up through Montreal, in the general direction of Hudson Bay from there, and so on up till we hit a place that we'd like to camp. After a few weeks of that, we're coming back, and we have it all arranged to go abroad soon as we get back. It was arranged by Joe Hurd's friend, Ben Robinson, of the Herald Tribune, whom I mentioned last week.

He told us he had a friend in a mercantile law firm, who had a lot of drag with shipping men, and that he'd take us up to meet him. He took us up to the New York Athletic club, a very swanky club, by the by, and we had a decidedly eventful evening. On the way up we saw Primo Carnera walking up Broadway. He was just ahead of us for several blocks. Gosh, he's big. My dad looks tall enough, but this guy looks even taller. You'd have gotten a kick out of watching the people stare at him. He dropped a nickel he was trying to put in a beggar's cup. I suppose it would be ungracious to suggest that he did it for publicity, wouldn't it?

At the athletic club we met Captain Sheridan, a direct descendant of the Civil War Sheridan, and he promised to get us a boat to Europe, but not before late August or September. Hence the Canada trip. We also met Mr. Deegan, head man of the Grace steamship line to South America. And also Boes Currey, of Tammany Hall. There were about ten big shots and Don and I, sitting around in a circle on the balcony overlooking Central Park, chewing the fat. It was thrilling. Don asked Currey what he did for a living, and Currey said, "Oh, I'm an engineer!" I wish he'd engineer a job on a boat around the world for us.

While we were sitting there talking about Hitler, DeValera, Trotsky, Mussolini, religion, science, and anything else you might think of, the new dirigible "Macon" sister-ship of the unfortunate Akron, flew over. It was her first trip to the city. Her lights were all blinking at regular intervals in a signal of welcome to the multitudes. She looked smaller than the last one, which I saw at Lakehurst last year. They say she looks smaller because she is of much larger girth. It destroys that long slender effect so perfect in the also unfortunate Shenandoah.

During the course of the evening we also met the author of "Birds of Paradise," one of the first books printed about Ball. Ben Robinson has been to Ball, and knows Andre Roosevelt, who filmed the picture "Goono-Goono," which so thrilled Bob Colvig and Nooka Naumes when at the State theatre in Medford. He also knows the guy who wrote the

best seller, "Grain Race." We'd have met him too, only he's in Sweden on a trip to gather new material.

Last Sunday we got an ad in the Herald Tribune, for companions to share expenses on the trip north. It ran thusly: Two college men (!) from coast on news writing adventure around world, planning side-trip to Canada. Want companions to share expenses. Equipment furnished. So far no one that we'd have along has shown up. If they want to go they'd better hurry!

Last week we tried to stow away on the boat to Antwerp, and after offering half the crew money to stow us away and keep their mouth shut about it, and meeting with no success, we finally found a guy who had a friend who had given a steward on the Red Diamond line a few dollars to put him in the cabin. That sounded like something up our alley, so we dashed down to headquarters and got passes to go aboard the "Minnewaska," a twenty thousand ton liner for France, England, and Belgium. The crew was entirely English. We asked for the steward and were informed that he was at the "rice." Sounds like a new game, doesn't it? It means "race," over in merry Hingland.

We had to go back the next day, but we might just as well have slept, as I pointed out, with unerring accuracy, to Don even before we got up. He told us no one but Hinglishmen were allowed to work on the boat. I wish some American boats were that thoughtful of American boats of any decent size are the Levathien, which we took away from the Germans, if I remember my history correctly; the Manhattan, which hasn't been in dock since we've been here, and the George Washington, which is now engaged in making cruises to nowhere. And the Levathian is tied up, probably for good.

While we were on the docks looking over the "Minnewaska," we saw the Leviathan, tied up at her berth. We went aboard, ignoring the signs promising instant death for anyone doing so, and were rewarded by seeing the guard scratching matches on the "No Smoking" sign. He was very nice to us. We asked him if he would convert into a hotel, and he said "Probably, yes." That will increase America's hold on the foot of the commercial shipping ladder. But the old Leviathan has had her day. She looks like she needed a rest.

Since we've had the Dodge, we've been stopped by the traffic cops five times. The traffic is terrible here, and the signals are lousy. You can't tell where to go, and no matter which way you decide to right, you're wrong, so now we just go blithely ahead, as though we knew we were right, and we haven't been stopped all day. This old Dodge has a goofy shift, and it's hard to get used to. Always starting off in the right direction, but not always where you want to go. Reverse is on an ordinary car. Bob Spalding has one of them last summer, cluttering the wayside with flying parts.

But it ought to hold together till we get to Canada, and that is where you'll next hear from

DICK APPLAGATE.

Without Installing Spark Plug Machine

"Astounding as it may seem, most automobile drivers know less about the work of a spark plug than any other simple part of their car," says Clay Witham, in announcing a new spark plug cleaning service at Witham's Super Service station. Dirty or worn out spark plugs will cause poor engine performance, and will waste one out of every 10 gallons of gasoline, according to Mr. Witham.

Society and Clubs Edited by Eva Nealon Hamilton

Mesdames Penland and Gardner Give Bridge Luncheon

VALLEY VIEW—Mrs. L. O. Penland and Mrs. E. C. Gardner entertained with a bridge luncheon Thursday at Mrs. Gardner's. The house was decorated with lovely flowers from her own garden. Their guests were: Mrs. H. P. Platt, Mrs. Vandemark, Mrs. F. F. Burke, Mrs. E. C. Gaddis, Mrs. C. O. Larson, Mrs. C. Holloway, Mrs. E. Thordyke of Medford; Mrs. Culver of Phoenix, Mrs. P. Dickey, Mrs. T. P. Franco, Mrs. W. B. Beebe of Ashland and Mrs. W. A. Stratton of Valley View.

Miss Evanson in Normal Program

The faculty and students of the Southern Oregon Normal were entertained at their assembly Friday afternoon with a twenty minute program of piano music by Betty Evanson of this city.

Among Medford people who attended were: Mrs. Martin Bellett and young son, Leon, and Mrs. E. A. Evanson and daughter He'lea.

Miss Berry and Mrs. Crews in Ashland

Miss Laura Berry and Mrs. Nancy Pepper Crews of this city will spend the summer in Ashland, and will be at home at an apartment bungalow, Barber Sanitarium.

Miss Matthews Guest at Evanson Home

Miss Daphne Matthews, daughter of Judge and Mrs. Grant Matthews of Grants Pass, spent Thursday in Medford as the guest of Betty Evanson. Miss Matthews is a senior at the University of Oregon.

Baptist Missionary Meeting Enjoyed

Thirty-five women of the Baptist church attended a missionary meeting held at the church on Tuesday afternoon of this week. Mrs. Grace Crawford, president of the society presided over the meeting. At the close of the business session, a fine missionary program was enjoyed with Mrs. R. L. Hogue in charge. The program was opened with the song, "It Pays to Serve Jesus," after which Mrs. M. E. Cole led the devotional exercises, using as her theme a verse from the book of James, quoting, "We have not because we ask not," and emphasized prayer as relief from our burdens.

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Bairds Return From California

W. R. Baird, minister of the First Christian church, and his family, who have been spending a number of weeks in California, returned to Medford Friday evening. Mr. Baird will occupy his pulpit at the church this morning and will also teach the Everyman's Bible class in the courthouse auditorium at 9:40.

Activities of Legion Auxiliary

By MRS. COLE HOLMES All Auxiliary members planning to attend the convention at Klamath Falls, August 10th, 11th and 12th, are asked to make their reservations as soon as possible. Mrs. Miller (phone 1148-J) will handle all such matters for the Auxiliary members. Bulletins from the state department have been urging Legionnaires and Auxiliary members to make reservations early.

Miss Broomer to Enjoy Trip

Miss Fredericks Broomer, runner-up in the Mail Tribune popularity contest, left Friday morning for Seattle to sail for Vancouver, B. C. and down the coast to San Francisco. She will enjoy the tour, won by Miss Elvora Mae Wilson in the Mail Tribune Merchants' contest. Miss Wilson being unable to make the journey because of ill health, named Miss Broomer her alternate. Miss Broomer was to sail from Seattle following a festive luncheon at the Olympic hotel, arranged for the number of guests making the coast trip. In San Francisco she will be the guest of the Mail Tribune at the Sir Francis Drake hotel and her time in the bay city will be crowded with entertainment.

D. A. V. TO ELECT HEADS THURSDAY

The state department of the Disabled American Veterans of the World war will conduct a meeting in the Eagle hall here Thursday at 7:30 p. m. for installing and electing officers in the Jackson county chapter of the D. A. V.

Mrs. Brown and Daughter Arrive from Los Angeles

Mrs. C. L. Brown and daughter, Helen, of Los Angeles, arrived last week to be guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Perri for a while. Mrs. Brown is Mrs. Perri's mother.

Mrs. Kiersted Honored at Surprise Party

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Kiersted were pleasantly surprised by a number of friends Thursday afternoon. Bridge was played and first prize won by Mrs. Graves and consolation by Mrs. O. A. Dalley. After a very enjoyable afternoon lemonade and cookies were served by Mrs. A. V. Graves and Margaretha Garrett.

Birthday Club Meets at Green Home

A group of Medford people, who have met together for 20 years celebrating the birthday of each member, met at the home of Dr. and Mrs. R. E. Green Friday evening, honoring Mrs. Howard Hill.

LOCAL WOMAN FINDS NUGGET VALUED \$88

Mrs. Gertrude Heitkamp, of Medford, found a gold nugget worth \$88 while visiting with friends on Williams Creek the past ten days, she reported Saturday. Mrs. Heitkamp returned home Friday.

Call the Southern Oregon Credit Bureau. They can tell you who pays his debts promptly.

Balloon Dance Saturday night, 9:30. Twin Plunges, Dickey's Orchestra.

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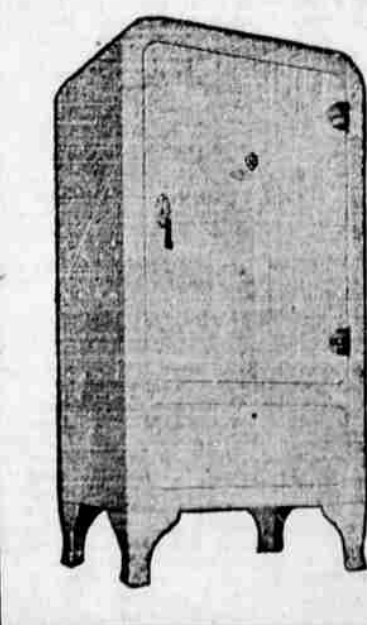
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Explosive, Non-Inflammable! under all ordinary conditions of temperature and pressure. The unique honor of having the only domestic refrigerator in the Hall of Science at the Chicago "Century of Progress" Exhibition was conferred on Grunow because scientists know it is 10 years ahead



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Water Users, Attention!

Failure to Comply With the Following Rules Will Invoke a Penalty as Provided by Resolution Number 24

1. OPEN HOSE NOT ALLOWED. The use of an open hose in watering is prohibited, nor shall any nozzle used in sprinkling be larger than one-fourth inch in diameter.
2. WASTE NOT ALLOWED. Water shall not be furnished except through a meter to any premises where there are defective leaking pipes or fixtures. Water allowed to run to waste down sidewalks, streets or gutters as a result of the sprinkling of lawns, gardens or park strips is prohibited. When any such waste is discovered the water shall be shut off from the premises.
3. TURN OFF IN CASE OF FIRE. All consumers of water shall close all faucets and fixtures immediately upon sounding of a fire alarm. The water shall not be turned on again until the Fire Department has ceased to use the water supply to extinguish the fire. The Fire Department will indicate with the alarm when they have ceased to use the water.

CITY WATER COMMISSION.