

Applegate Finds Fishing In Water of Quebec Far Different From Home

Nominique, Province of Quebec, Canada, Aug. 1st, 1933.

To the Editor: To Medford kids who mostly know how to fish, Nominique would be a revelation. Last week we were invited to go to tempt the wary pike from its lair. All the tackle we have is one piece of line about the size of clothes line, two hooks, and a pair of girls glass ear-rings for bait. This impressive array of junk was left in our limousine by the former owner.

We left town about an hour before dark, and drove to a lake five or six miles away. Before leaving, our guides equipped us with a can of worms and four bottles of beer. The game was to see if you had time to fish between glasses of beer. The lake we were using had no beach, so we perched ourselves precariously along the logs and rocks on the shore, unwound our lines, and dangled them enticingly before the fish. This proved to be old stuff to the fish, and they ignored us, and all our works and pumps.

Five or ten minutes of this was quite sufficient for Applegate, so he finished his beer and started back a mile or two to the car. By this time it was dark, and the path had been moved, and the hills had changed position and it started to rain. After wandering about for some few minutes, the car was finally located, and he went to bed.

The rest of the party came staggering in about an hour later, soaked, and sore, and sans fish. If there are any fish near Nominique they are too slick for me, and can stay in Nominique. I don't like fish anyway. Jack Murray and I went fishing up on Butte Creek one time. We ate fish for dinner, too. We saw to that before leaving Medford. We took a can of sardines along. And even at that we had to walk two miles to find a can opener!

Now that Jack and I are at last thru with school in Medford, the story can be told as to how we played hockey that day. I just stayed out of school on my own volition. Then I called up high school, and said I was Horatio Alger, and wanted a Mr. John Murray, who had been highly recommended to me, to do some very special work, which required his very special talents. I'll bet Miss Kirtley didn't suspect that those talents were mainly the ability to cast a fly where it should be cast!

Anyway, Jack got out on the strength of it, and away we went in a shower of small stones. Jack caught several fish, but even moving down to the hatchery, like I did, wasn't enough to overcome the handicap of my bungling, and I caught nothing except hell at school the next day. Oh, well.

Don and Dick went to a dance here last week. It was a square dance, and looked too complicated for us. We just sat by and watched. But the people doing it seemed to be enjoying themselves. The square dances are occasionally alternated with what are known in Canada as "blues." Fox Trots, Waltzes and Drags. Since we can't dance anything but the blues, we only get to dance occasionally. But some of the girls from Montreal are swell dancers, so we had a good time.

Nominique has no paved streets, and horse and buggy are the order of the day. One night we were in town driving around in the Dodge. The lights, true to their reputation, weren't so hot. I was playing with them, trying to get them to work, and I was driving with just the parking lights. With no warning at all, the front lights suddenly went out. They must have been broken. And there were two horses on the front end of a large and impressive looking wagon bearing down on us. I swung the wheel hard and slammed on the brakes. The tires squawked, the car skidded, the back end came up in the air, and the front went down on its knees, but—we missed the nags.

We have a lot of fun terrifying the horses. One day we scraped the muffer off on a rock. Clear off. And did that old can set up an awful racket. We thundered thru town like an airplane, devastating a swath of horses the length and breadth of the valley. The poor things would either stand and shiver and wait for the end, or dash over a few fences and thru a few barns, scattering excited Canada farmers and Rhode Island chickens all over the landscape. I think they didn't care much for our noise.

Every night we go to meet the train. The eternal "triangle" which grew so monotonous in Medford, namely Applegate to Colville to DeVoes, is carried on here by swimming in the afternoon, meeting the train in the evening, and then going to the "mail," or post office, at night. Everyone in town does it. And so do we. The night the muffer was gone we had words at the train, with the sheriff, who warned us against, or "agin," as our good judge would say, disturbing the town that night. We did our best by idling along in low gear, but even so we made an awful uproar.

McGill University, of Montreal, conducts a summer camp for boys near here. We have met several of the college kids, and have had a pretty good time over at their camp swimming and playing ping-pong. A little kid about ten years old almost took me over in a game yesterday. Not that that is hard to do, but a ten year old kid!

One of the McGill kids, Everett Crutchlow, started to walk the three miles from town to camp. It gets pretty dark around here at night, and it always rains on an occasion like that. He was trying to find his way home thru the brush with a flashlight, and of course, the flashlight went out. He threw it away, and spent the rest of the night wandering around thru the tules. When we saw him the next day he was just getting back from a canoe trip. And some people call that a vacation.

One of the kids at camp, Jerry Halpenny, is center on McGills football team. He told us that the forward pass has only been in use for two years here, and they don't use interference. It is all defensive power and no offensive. A game like that wouldn't be terribly interesting to watch, I should think.

There is a family here named Greer, who live in Montreal. They have a home near the lake, and they most always have a house full of guests. They have two boys, Gordon who is the same age as my kid brother, John, or fourteen, and Eddy, who is eighteen. We met them at one of the dances, and now we are staying at their place. Just a couple of beach combers, that's us. Gordon has a great time herding the old Dodge around. Aside from hitting most of the rocks around, he does pretty well.

Monday afternoon, Mr. Greer took Don and me over to the McGill camp in their power boat. It is useless, I suppose, to mention that it rained. It always rains up here when you want to do something. It was a nice day when we started out. The sun was warm, and there wasn't a sign of a cloud. Mr. Greer wanted to know if we cared to take coals along, but we pooh-pooled the idea. He, however, wise man that he is, took them anyway.

Half way across the lake it started to rain. Just a sprinkle at first, then a drizzle, and finally a real rain. Not a summer shower, but a real old winter one. On the way back the motor wouldn't start. Outboard motors never will when you want them to. They're just like rain. Mr. Greer stood in the back of the boat and pulled on the starting rope for three quarters of an hour, while we rowed. When we were nearly home the thing started and ran perfectly the rest of the way. And soon as we were home it stopped raining. If we'd waited for it to stop it would have been raining yet.

We'll be here until the tenth of August, and then back to New York. Maybe then we can get away on this world trip we've been hollering about all these years. It seems now as tho we'd been on the high seas for months, since we've had no mail since leaving New York, and will get none before going back to New York.

Air mail costs the same from here to Medford as it does from New York to Medford, eight cents an ounce. I expected it to cost about twice as much. In fact, it's really cheaper, because they weigh the letters on a meat scale, and if it is a bit over weight, they don't know it.

We saw something funny yesterday. While out in the middle of the lake we met four guys in a row boat pulling another row boat full of hay. Gee, it looked silly. Four men rowing about half a bale of hay.

Don didn't get enough sleep last night. He's sitting across from me at Mr. Godard's desk sleeping. Guess we'll have to terminate this and get down to camp and have our bean soup. So long, till next week.

DICK APPELGATE.

DRUM CORPS IN HARD PRACTICE FOR CONVENTION

Medford's Legion drum corps is practicing diligently these days in order to regain their old-time form before the state convention, which opens in Klamath Falls Thursday, August 10. Nearly every member of the corps has responded to the call for a local musical organization to represent Medford at the Legion celebration and the present personnel includes many of the old-timers.

Under direction of Wilson Wait, who has charge of music and Lloyd Williamson, in charge of formations, the local veterans are making excellent progress and expect to be in first class shape for their many appearances during the 3-day convention program.

The Medford corps is fortunate in again having as their drum major Lloyd Williamson, who is conceded to be one of the best drum majors not only in the state, but in the entire nation. It will be recalled that the local baton artist led the crack Salem corps, now national champions. In the national contests in Dallas, Texas, and Louisville, Kentucky, where he was recognized as one of the best drum majors in America.

The Medford Legion post is making every effort to raise funds to finance the expenses of the drum corps at the Klamath convention, one project being the carnival, which is now under way in this city.

Members of the corps who expect to make the trip to Klamath Falls next week are:

Lloyd Williamson, drum major, Bugles—Wilson Wait, Earl Foy, Val Singler, Everett Brayton, Fred Fry, Shory Humphrys, Fred Scheffel, Walter Locker, Everett Beeson and Jack Heath.

Drums—Herb Husong, James Ross, Ray LeFevre, Elbert Coleman, Tom Reinking, Ted Fish, Mack McKenzie, Lew Baker and Jack Moran.

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The FOOD STORES and the N. R. A.

RUMORS are flying thick and fast about the N. R. A. and much criticism has been directed to the food stores for insisting on longer store hours.

The food stores agreed to observe shorter store hours along with other merchants and operated long enough to find that the real purpose of the N. R. A. would be defeated by observing the short hours.

As for ourselves, we, with other food stores had been operating 72 hours per week and had sufficient employees for that purpose. To operate only 54 hours, less help would have been needed and instead of creating more employment we would have added to unemployment.

IT IS TRUE WE HAD AGREED WITH OTHER MERCHANTS TO OBSERVE SHORTER HOURS, BUT WE HAD ALSO AGREED WITH THE PRESIDENT BY SIGNED CONTRACT TO PATRIOTICALLY SUPPORT THE ADDED EMPLOYMENT PROGRAM.

One or the Other Agreement Had To Be Set Aside!

A MEETING of the food dealers was called at which both chains and independents were present and all unanimously agreed to support the President, especially when the 48 hour week for food stores was announced by the Administrator.

The food stores could not nor would they shorten hours to such an extent that the President's program would be defeated.

This statement is not intended as a reflection on anyone as we believe all Medford merchants to be sincere in their support of President Roosevelt's program.

Many stores outside the food group have materially increased their payrolls operating from 8 to 5 as they are subjected to a 40-hour week, and the action of the food stores should not result in unfavorable criticism to anyone.

Much propoganda has been spread about breach of faith by the food stores.

The Food Stores Have Kept the Faith With the President!

Gates & Lydiard

FOOD STORE HOURS
8 to 6 Week Days
8 to 8 Saturday

