Young Mr. Applegate on World Tour Still in Vicinity of Montreal

Nominingue, Again.
Aug. 22, 1933.

To The Editor:

One might think that Don and I were railway conductors, the way we shuttle back and forth between Nominingue and Montreal, with occasional loud cries about an intended trip back to New York. We don't seem to be able to make up our minds. The latest has us all ready to leave Montreal shortly for England, but don't depend on that.

Mom sent me a sheet of clippings from the Mail Tribune the other day constituting the first news I've heard from Medford in over a month. And most of it was wedding announcements. Cupid seems to be getting a good workout in the valley of the Rogue. Congratulations to his victims, of course.

We scaled that mountain (that I mentioned some time ago) again yesterday. This time in the capacity of guides. The underbrush is so thick that no trail is possible, so we took our directions from the sun and had little trouble. By the time we got to the top we were all tired, and laid ourselves down on the greensward to take a blow. We hadn't been there long when we heard a heavy crashing in the brush, and assumed that other mountain-scalers were at work. We did not go long undeceived, however.

The crashing grew louder, coming our way and Gordon Greer, the fourteen year old pest that I've mentioned before, got up to welcome them with loud voice. He disappeared, and in about two seconds later returned at a remarkable speed, white as a sheet, and unable to talk. He had seen something startling, we could see, and the crashing of underbrush had stopped. Arming ourselves (there were six of us) with clubs and rocks, we went to investigate—and scared up a young black bear cub, who vanished immediately into a large pile of boulders. Needless to say, we immediately started the return journey. That is the first bear I've seen around here, altho I've seen several near Medford, up towards the lake.

The first of the week, after coming up from Montreal with Mr. Greer, we secured a canoe from the McGill University summer camp and started on a trip into the bush. We'd gone about three miles when it started to rain, of course. It always does here, as I've mentioned before. It looked like an all day affair, so we returned, and have kept post-poning our departure until today. We've had beautiful weather for several days now, but this morning it turned cloudy again.

When we first got to this country it looked sort of miniature. The hills were only hills, and the valleys were small. Now that we've been here for over a month, the hills look almost like mountains, and altho the valleys are still small, they are so green and nice that we have become greatly attached to them. The glaring difference between this country and the West is that the valleys and mountains are always green. They don't dry up like the side of Roxy Anne every summer, and consequently the country is not nearly so scarred with forest fires.

When we left New York we didn't wait to see what fruits our advertisements in the different papers for travelling companions had borne, since we had changed our minds about wanting them. Lew Tennerielo, a friend of ours there, volunteered to collect the answers for us and send them to Montreal. When we got to that city we asked for our mail in Don's name only, and the letter was sent to me. We didn't find that out 'till last week.

We did finally get the letter, a month or so late, however, and among others, not nearly so interesting, was the following one:

"Dear College Students:

While scanning the usually uninteresting Public Notice columns of the Bronx Home News, your personal caught my jaded eye. After rubbing the aforementioned members, I re-read the six lines and decided that since opportunity knocks but once, I would open wide my door.

Like the several other thousands (or is it millions?) of discontented mortals, the words adventure and travel have always had a great allure for me. Although I have never been employed in the capacity of companion before, I feel that I could fulfill that post satisfactorily, (providing that I fully comprehend the meaning of the word.)

I am a FEMALE of twenty possessed of a knowledge of typing and stenography, and avid interest in journalism. Also a pretty fair sense of humor. These are my humble qualifications and I dare say they won't do at all.

But I'm quite sure that if YOU were within reach of Aladin's Lamp you could not forbear to rub it just to see if it would work. Besides a three cent stamp is such a nominal investment!

I realize my salutation would not be approved by Miss Emily Post, but you left me no alternative as you neglected to state your sex. Besides it's so much more original.

Until I hear from you, I shall still be, most hopefully,

MISS _____"

New York City.

Since we did not get this interesting epistle until a few days ago, I suppose that we can not really claim much credit for having resisted the temptation of having brought her along. I still have her address, however. And Lew has already promised to look her up!

One of the nice things about being out on the highway of life alone like Don and Dick now are, is that those hard knocks of experience which we depended on to supplement our education are not long in making their appearance. For instance, right now our sum total of negotiable securities is thirteen cents (Canadian coin of the realm), a car of doubtful value, which we can't give away, and a lusty appetite. Two lusty appetites, to be more precise.

In fact, that crack about negotiable securities can hardly be said to apply to the Dodge. We wanted to give it to Mr. Greer when we left because he's been so nice to us. In fact the whole family has. But when we went down to the customs house to declare our intentions they gave us the raspberry. It can't be done. The only way we can get rid of it is to take it across the line and sell it for what it will bring. But if anyone can tell me how we're going to get this old oil hog that far on thirteen cents, I'll be much obliged.

This hardship stuff to harden one for the battle of life, is all right in the abstract, but lousey in the concrete. But are we down-hearted? Yes! I mean NO. In fact, Don, with a wistful look in his eye and a wistful catch in his throat, just said—"Hell, I wish we were in Tahiti."

We may be, one of these fine days, and don't you forget it. We've got a pal here in Nominingue who wants to go to England with us. He doesn't know what he's sticking his head in, I'm afraid.

We had one experience here in Canada that I've been wanting to have. We went on a hay-ride. A great big hay-rack, with about two feet of hay in the bottom, and a big canvas spread across it, and pillows scattered copiously about, and about half the young people in Canada all trying to sit on them. There was a swell moon, and the air from the lake was warm and sweet. Aaaa.

On this pleasant and pastoral scene I'd best end this week's installment, and go out and start picking berries and looking up the edible herbs in the country, or whatever it is young men with thirteen cents are supposed to do.

So long, cheerfully, from

DICK.

Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery Coming to Craterian Tuesday in "Tugboat Annie"

With Marie Dressler as Annie, redoubtable feminine skipper of Puget Sound, and Wallace Beery as the irresponsible, but irresistible Captain Terry, "Tugboat Annie," much heralded filmization of Norman Reilly Raine's Saturday Evening Post stories, opens Tuesday at the Craterian theater. The picture marks the first co-starring appearance of Miss Dressler and Beery since the memorable "Min and Bill."

Miss Dressler plays the aggressive feminine tugboat captain whose husband, Beery, is a shiftless drunkard. Throughout various entertaining episodes they are seen in hilarious quarrels and difficulties. Then their son grows up and becomes the captain of a liner. To save him from a wreck the "useless" father comes through with an heroic sacrifice.

SOCIETY and Clubs

Knights, Sisters To Picnic Today

Knights of Pythias and Pythian Sisters of this city will join those of Ashland and Grants Pass this afternoon in a picnic in the Grants Pass park. Luncheon will be served at 1:30 o'clock and a large gathering is anticipated.

Each family is asked to bring picnic lunch. Coffee, cream and sugar will be furnished by the Knights of Pythias.

Jacksonville

JACKSONVILLE, Aug. 25.—(Spl.)—Mrs. Alice Rith and Percy McLean of Chico, Calif., spent the week end at the Oscar Lewis home. Ray Lewis accompanied them home Tuesday and will visit in Chico.

Callers of Mrs. Alpha Hartman on Saturday were Mrs. Robert Cook of Gold Hill and Mrs. Arthur Abbott of Ashland. Both ladies attended the Jubilee.

Morris Byrnes of Big Applegate was a guest over the week end of Clifton Childers.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Tylee of Gold Hill called on friends in Jacksonville Sunday.

Mrs. W. James of Ashland visited at the L. Lyons home Thursday.

Mrs. Oscar Lewis and son Robert, and Bobbie Sweeney accompanied Mrs. Alice Roth and Percy McLean of Chico to Crater Lake Monday.

L. S. Ettinger and family and Carl Bennett and family visited friends in Jacksonville Saturday.

Joe Beach left Monday evening for Portland where he will spend a few weeks visiting his grandmother.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Baird and daughter Lucille and Mrs. Lamb of Medford called on Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Lyons Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. C. E. Whitely from west of town was a guest of Mrs. James Forbes this week.

Mrs. Leonard McKee and daughter Enid are staying with Mrs. McKee's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Childers, while Mrs. McKee is packing fruit at the Pinnacle.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Lyons spent Monday afternoon at the C. E. Rose home in Medford.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Taylor and Mrs. R. A. Taylor left Tuesday for Kellogg, Idaho to reside.

Junior Thompson returned home to Medford Wednesday after spending several days with his aunt, Mrs. Chris Keegan.

Mrs. Pearl Lee and daughter Audrey left Saturday evening for a two weeks visit in Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Williams and family of Sams Valley were dinner guests at the Archie Bowman home Saturday.

Miss Helen Wise of Grants Pass was a guest of Mrs. Clinton Smith over the week end.

Among those from Grants Pass who attended the Gold Rush Jubilee in Jacksonville were Mrs. W. L. Chiplin and son Roy and daughter Ruby, Mr. and Mrs. Frank White and Mr. White's mother and Mr. and Mrs. Dick Slover.

Dr. and Mrs. Hester of Newberg, Ore., were here Saturday to attend the jubilee. Dr. Hester formerly practiced in Jacksonville.

Mrs. John M. Price is spending two weeks visiting her son and family at Nampa, Idaho.

Mrs. Sarah Gueran of Portland called on Miss Issie McCully Saturday.

Mrs. Jessie Jones of Salem was here Saturday.

Mrs. Linda Hiezer of Roseburg called on old friends here last week. Mrs. Hiezer, nee Miss Linda Jones, was a former resident of Jacksonville.

Raymond Guyer of Mexico is spending a few days at the Pacific States mines.

Mrs. Lottie Van Scoy, Mrs. Celia Holmes, Mrs. Bessie Carlton and Mr. and Mrs. W. Owens were Eagle Point people attending the jubilee.

W. R. Price, engineer of the Pacific States mines, is in San Francisco on business connected with the mine.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Simpson and Mr. and Mrs. George Dunn of Ashland visited here Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Roland Hudson and son Rolly and Mrs. Amelia Elmer of Alhambra, Calif., were entertained at dinner at the Ernest Niedermeyer home Tuesday. Mrs. Hudson was formerly Ada Elmer and she and her mother resided here. After visiting Crater Lake they left for Corvallis to visit the Joe Morcum family before returning home.

CANNERIES SUED FOR SPOILING SWIMMING

PORTLAND, Aug. 26.—(AP) Eva M. Palmento, owner of an amusement and swimming resort on the Willamette river, seven miles north of Salem, has filed suit in federal court here for $24,000 damages against the Hunt Bros. Packing company and Reid, Murdock & Co. She alleged that because of sewage and waste matter deposited in the river by the two plants, the swimming resort has been damaged.

Real estate or insurance—leave it to Jones. Phone 696.

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