

WOMEN'S PAGE

SOCIETY

By MILDRED BYNON

All Contributions to this Page—Society, Women's Clubs, and Personal—Should Be Telephoned to the Society, Editor by Friday of Each Week.

THE summer lethargy which local society life is undergoing will be shattered in the weeks approaching, and society folk, sunning at the beach and mountain resorts will soon be "at home" and the full activities will resume.

A number of affairs are arranged for the departing visitors here and for the students leaving for school and college. Among the younger set there is especial activity—the pre-school rush—getting off to the campus for the winter.

Several interesting visitors have spent the past week here with a number of residents returning to Douglas county haunts for their vacation.

Labor Day will be quiet in the city with local residents leaving in large numbers tonight for various points of interest in southern Oregon.

The fall fashion show sponsored by the American Legion auxiliary gives promise of much interest. "The Fall of Eve," a motion picture, will be staged in connection with the fashion parade and the auxiliary is promising one of their best fashion shows.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Ness of this city, who are departing very soon for their new home in Marshfield have been the inspiration for several affairs this week.

On Tuesday night friends of the couple gathered at a delightful surprise affair and on Friday Mrs. Ness' bridge group again surprised her with a pleasant evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Ness have been prominent in social and civic activities here for a number of years and it is with regret their friends gather to bid them adieu.

Miss Margaret Hewitt Hostess to Younger Set Departing for School

In view of the departure of several members of the younger set shortly for college, Miss Margaret Hewitt entertained Tuesday evening at her country home on the Pacific highway. Miss Hewitt had as her guests, Miss Mildred Stinger, Miss Shirley Knight, Miss Frances Butler, Miss Pauline Baber, Miss Elizabeth Renner, Miss Dorothy Giddens and Miss Dorothy Marsters.

Tables were arranged for bridge and high score was won by Miss Mildred Stinger. The rooms of the Hewitt home were lovely with autumn colors and bright colored sinias were used in carrying out the color note. Refreshments were served late in the evening.

Birthday Party is Delightful Affair

Mrs. Richard G. Baker of 816 N. Jackson street entertained a party of children in honor of Miss Eva Baker's ninth birthday anniversary. The dining room was prettily decorated with pink streamers and the table was very beautifully arranged. Appropriate place cards were used and a little favor for each guest provided. Delicious refreshments were served and the merry party spent the afternoon playing games. The little hostess expressed her appreciation and gratitude very prettily for the many useful and beautiful gifts received.

The guests were: Janita Reding, Lee Reding, Peggie Ambrose, Claude Hicks, Louise and Betty Riggs, Lela Hogan, Betty Starks, Vera and Lenore Hubbard, Leona Zoner and Dora Baker.

Miss Evelyn Marcum Weds Walter Richardson

Miss Evelyn Marcum and Mr. Walter Richardson of this city were married in Ashland on Sunday, August 25 at 3 p. m., the ceremony being solemnized at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Casey. Rev. William H. Barney of the Christian church read the nuptial service.

Among the wedding guests were Miss Sadie Marcum, Kenneth Clark and Ira Byrd of this city, Miss Marjorie Mills and Mr. and Mrs. George Carvey of Ashland.

Following the ceremony a wedding dinner was served. The couple will be at home at Elkton where Mr. Richardson will teach during the winter months.

Miss Mabel Schindler, who has been here from Klamath Falls as the guest of friends and relatives here, will depart tomorrow for her home. She will be accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Belle Schindler, who will visit for a fortnight in Klamath Falls. Miss Schindler was a former Roseburg resident.

Business Women Sponsor Garden Fete

A garden fete at the Library grounds was a pleasant event of Thursday evening, given in connection with the weekly fund campaign. The Business Women's club sponsored the affair and served refreshment and sold home made candies at attractive out-of-door booths.

The band entertained with a request program with the following numbers presented:

March, "Bravura"	DuBle
Characteristic, "American Rag"	Stochheim
Cotillon solo, "Aldah Polka"	Lansy
Ab Hotel	Walls
"Wedding of the Winds"	Walls
Fox Trot, "Stambino"	Hall
Serenade, "Night in June"	King
Waltz song, "Carolina Moon"	Walls
Burke	Morris
"Northland"	Chambers
Waltz, "H-Barco"	Ardell
Overture, "Cool and Pleasant"	Shippe
March, "Victory of a Nation"	Moore

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Bell Dinner Hosts Monday

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Bell entertained at dinner Monday evening. Guests were seated at a carefully appointed table and included Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Wood of Grants, Mr. Arthur Mayer, Mr. Clinton Richardson and Mr. Lester Richardson of Gary, Indiana, and the hosts.

Following the dinner, four the guests attended an evening affair honoring Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Wood at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hazel Moore.

Squaws and Chiefs Bid Adieu to Mr. and Mrs. Ness

Bidding adieu to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ness, who are leaving soon for Marshfield, the Umpqua Squaws and Chiefs gathered at the Ness home in Laur, Wood on Tuesday evening. A surprise farewell was given Mr. and Mrs. Ness. Cards were the diversion of the evening hours with honors in 509 going to H. C. Harby and Mrs. R. L. Whipple. Consolation prize was given Mr. Horace Berg. In bidding farewell to the honor guests the Squaws and Chiefs presented them with parting gifts. Nineteen guests enjoyed the affair.

FLOWERS and Gardens

Probably most of the members of the Garden club have been reading in the August number of "Better Flowers," the club magazine, about our only native Oregon primrose, a beautiful violet in color and having the fragrance of violets. The title of the article was "Oregon's Own Primula," and it was by Douglas C. Ingram.

Mr. Ingram was one of the leading botanists of the coast and a writer whom one never tired of reading. He was one of the many splendidly equipped members of the forest service force and as the News-Review told in Wednesday's issue, was the discoverer, on our own Mount Nebo, of a new flower never before seen by botanists. Mr. Ingram visited in Roseburg often, as author of Brockway, at the home of his father-in-law, W. S. Johnston. But the summer, when forest fires are raging, is not vacation time for the forest service. Mr. Ingram went to the Clifton forest early in August where the fire fighters were having a hard battle and in some way and a companion were overtaken by the furious fire that was roaring through the forest and died a tragic death.

Honors and recognition sometimes come too late. While they were searching the mine, hoping against hope that they might find him alive, the Biological society of Washington, then in session, announced his discovery to the world and honored him by naming it for him, "Silene Ingrami." It is a rock garden plant of the Silene family and when it can be had for one's own plot it is in memory of the splendid man who discovered it on Mount Nebo.

In naming this flower Silene Ingrami the learned Biological society gives so many flowers get their law-breaking names. The name of the plant family, often Latin, is complied with the Latin form of the name of the discoverer, as Lilium Henryi, or Coreopsis Drummondii, for Mr. Drummond.

If it wouldn't take too much space I should write this week "The Confession of a Rank Amateur." One might just as well confess for the gardener's mistakes can be seen by everybody in August. The things you confess, you know, are the things you are caught at.

Mistakes in the garden may be either of omission or commission. Like the sins of the Episcopians, I am guilty of both. One of the most serious of the omissions in failure to keep a garden notebook. When making garden in the spring one's memory trustworthy in color combinations that he planned to make or on the date of flowering of perennials or the

Fall Gives Old Colors New Twist



Black would seem to still remain the favorite of the snarling dressed woman but ever changing madam has decreed there be no sameness. The white jacket with the black skirt, right, makes this black satin the ultimate in chic. White flowers decorate the snug little felt hat. Turning over a new leaf, so to speak, we find the costume at the left with golden leaves on the black frock coming into the limelight. The tendency is to large designs on dainty or dull backgrounds.

length of time they bloom or to the books. About a dozen seeds came up, and they only after lying in bed for nearly a month. There is a persistency about some of these high grade seeds that is almost human.

We sowed the young redwood trees too late last summer and the wool did not harden up with the result that the tops were killed back in the winter. They have recovered but it is going to be hard to give them as good shape as they had before.

One of our sins of commission was in preparing the ground for water lilies. They are planted in boxes two feet square and one foot deep. The soil was about one-third well rotted manure and the rest black mud and sand. We made one box too rich and it killed two lilies, one after the other. There was nothing to do but forget that box till another year.

Another confession. We have tried to make watering take the place of hoeing. Watering is a general occupation and that it will take the place of hoeing is a pleasant delusion, but it won't do the work. The water doesn't go down where you want it to unless the ground is stirred, and neither does the air. Result, small flowers.

Another sin of omission. We did not cover our fine, expensive Pezoma creek with paper or burlap in the cold frame this spring and not a single seed ever came up, while out in last year's pezoma bed the volunteers came up literally by the thousands and we gave away what we could and threw away what we couldn't by the bushel. And we planned to have lots of annual pinks this year. It was planted where it was to grow, and was to give us lots of color in August according

Bridge Club Bids Farewell to Mrs. Ness

The home of Mrs. Thos. Ness was the scene of a farewell party Friday evening when members of her bridge club gathered to wish Mrs. Ness a happy time at her new home in Marshfield.

The guests spent the evening in social conversation and a dainty luncheon was served late in the evening.

Guests for the evening were Mrs. Willard Johnson, Mrs. Harry Paragon, Mrs. Ralph Smith, Mrs. W. H. Goretz, Mrs. J. K. Falbe, Mrs. H. C. Church, Mrs. Roy Entler, Mrs. Joe Dean and the honor guest, Mrs. Ness.

Among the interesting visitors from out of the city this week were Miss Florence Bowden and Mrs. E. D. Resator of Corvallis. The visitors are well known in musical circles throughout the state. Miss Bowden is an instructor of violin at Oregon State college and has organized several string quartets at the college. Mrs. Resator teaches voice and piano at the college and is the wife of the late Dean E. D. Resator of the school of vocational education. The ladies are visiting here while on a tour of the state by motor.

Garden Club Meeting Postponed

The Garden club meeting which usually comes on the first Monday of every month will be postponed till the second Monday, in September on account of Labor Day. It will be held in the Parish house on Monday, September 9.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Katcher and Mr. and Mrs. Horace Kockerer will make up a party and spend the Labor Day vacation at Bondon-by-the-Sea.

Mrs. Blanche Cook, News-Review linotype operator, left this afternoon for Jacksonville and Medford, where she will spend the ensuing week enjoying a vacation.

Campfire Notes

Each year the Camp Fire Girls' camp at Wolf creek has taken a step higher in the quality of the work accomplished. Much satisfaction is experienced this year by the leaders that the close of camp should mark such progress long all lines.

Sunday morning at camp was devoted to the final ceremonial and awarding of honors, all campers wearing either their ceremonial gowns of brown cloth and leather or the camp fire service uniforms of white middie, black tie and dark skirt or bloomers. The scene was a beautiful sight along Wolf creek, the campers being arranged in a double triangle with Wolf creek and the ceremonial fire burning in the middle of that side, forming the third side of the triangle.

Three girls in ceremonial gown lighted the fires for Wolf Creek, followed by the singing of "Burn Fire Burn," sung by all the campers, while three other girls in ceremonial gowns formed an inner triangle and acted out the song.

In keeping with the idea of the Sunday ceremonial, the seven councilors next read Bible references covering the seven laws of camp. Each girl gave service, pursued knowledge, be trustworthy, hold on to health, glorify work and be happy, several times definitely applying these to this year's camp.

The girls now holding firemaker rank next repeated their desire: a new woodgarter, Marjorie Halter, was admitted to that rank and the other campers who are woodgarters repeated their desire with her; then all the remainder of the campers repeated the laws as their desire.

The director of the camp, Mrs. H. E. Cully, then announced the bestowal of honors and Mrs. Margaret Popson, swimming instructor, awarded silver bowls as follows: Virginia Stark, Dorothy Leeper, Helen Rowang, Wanda Brunner, Lois Anne Whipple, Wanda Brunner, Marjorie Stephenson, Kathleen Ross, Ruth Ann Crawford, Alyce Kay Roberts, Allena Brown, Ella Busenbark, Joyce Busenbark, Ella Hennigh.

Silver was placed this year on the passing of Junior Red Cross life saving tests, so besides the regular Camp Fire tests of polio-wag, frog and fish, the following Red Cross awards were made: Junior life savior, Joyce Busenbark, Avis Negley, Kathryn Henrich, Patricia Neal, Sabina Nerbas, Wanda Brunner, Helen Wolford, Lois Ann Whipple, Anna Mae Unrath, Marjorie Stephenson, Wanda Brunner, Allen Brown; beginners: Betty Chezik, Mary Greenlee, Alyce Kay Roberts.

Nature lore honors were bestowed by Miss Mabel McLaughlin to Ruth Anne Crawford, Kathryn Henrich, Avis Negley, Mildred Marks.

Handcraft honors were given to Helen Wilson, Ruth Anne Crawford, Wanda Brunner, Helen Rowang, Lois Anne Whipple, Margaret Ferguson, Frances McGeer, Anna Mae Unrath, Frances Crawford, Alyce Kay Roberts, Sabina Nerbas, Dorothy Leeper, Wanda Brunner, Ella Shook, Barbara Vance, Mary Greenlee, Kathleen Ross, Virginia French, Marjorie Halter, Betty Shoemaker, Betty Chezik, Annabelle Fisher, Katherine Fisher. Highest honors in this group went to Miss Medora McMullin, as-

stant director of camp and camp craft specialist who had completed the requirements of this honor in an exceptionally attractive manner, besides leading her large classes in camp craft on to successful completion.

The campcraft ragot finer honors were awarded by Mrs. Crawford to the following girls: Anna Mae Unrath, Wanda Brunner, Josephine Crawford, Avis Negley, Wanda Brunner, Ruth Ann Crawford, Lois Anne Whipple, Elsie Busenbark, Helen Wolford, Marjorie Stephenson, Barbara Vance.

The following trail maker honors were awarded by Miss McMullin: Annabelle Fisher, Betty Shoemaker, Kathryn Fisher, Mildred Marks, Patricia Neal, Joyce Busenbark, Sabina Nerbas, Allena Brown.

Mrs. J. R. Williams presented archery honors to Mary Wood for the highest score for the first week of camp and to Betty Shoemaker for the highest score for the second week.

Mrs. Williams also presented the one week good camper local honor. Those receiving this were: Helen Beaver, Frances Crawford, Irene Clark, Greta Wright and Betty Shezik.

The Wolf creek good camper honor went to: Katherine Fisher, Barbara Vance, Helen Wolford, Betty Shoemaker, Mildred Marks, Annabelle Fisher, Lucille Shook, Helen Wilson, Ruth Ann Crawford, Marjorie Halter, Patricia Neal, Joyce Busenbark, Allena Brown, Sabina Nerbas, Dorothy Leeper, Wanda Brunner, Ella Hennigh, Kathryn Henrich, Kathleen Ross, Virginia Stark, Avis Negley, Lois Anne Whipple.

The highest camp honor obtainable—that of Wobelo—was given to Wanda Brown.

It would seem from the foregoing that no time has been left for the fun side of camp but, while ever the winning of honors was turned into fun, many hikes, special dinners and camp fire evening programs will cause chuckles of reminiscence in the days to come. Even the camp dad, Victor Arundel, burst into poetry toward the end of camp and thrilled everyone with his poetic offering, which follows:

CAMP FIRE GIRLS' CAMP
By Victor Arundel, Camp Dad
Dear folks at home, you've probably read
About the Wolf Creek Girls
Since Camp Fire Camp has started,
ed, we've
Had things occur in whirrs;
And often all the animals, includ-
bears and deers
Have been seared stiff for miles
By screams and yells and cheers.

Each day the cooks have special-
ed in heating people up;
We think the daily dippers should
recall a silver cup.
Imagine them, as they dawn deep
over the cold tree tops,
They roll from out their cozy coats
to frigid belly-flops.
The next few minutes are the
evening for those distracted cooks
They spend some martyr minutes
like you never see in books.

For forty-seven Camp Fire Girls
come flocking in a drove,
And warm themselves until the
cooks can hardly find the
stove.
And really the old camp Dad with
his bad rheumatism
is hovering round the stove—yep,
usually he is.
And then when colors has trans-
pired, and endless hotcakes
come
When breakfast's finished, that's
the time that things begin to
lump.

The girls begin to imitate a
swarming hive of bees.
The ones who run for dishespan
are the fighting girl K. P.'s.
Just watch them as they struggle
to a finish fight for mops.
The camp dad has to fight them
off and you can bet he hops.
And when the smoke of battle
clears you generally find
A fairly clean array of pans and
kettles nicely shined.

Just recently we've had a taste of
border army camp
With lickers coming in and out,
we're always on the tramp.
From time to time we meet a white
and eat as one whole group
But mostly we are on the march
Just like an army troop.
But when we settle down in camp,
to simple civil life,
Here's Mary Greenlee fighting
Alyce Kay with water fight.

We see our burro, shadowed by
her chippy, striding by,
The cook is teasing us the stove
—abed like to bake a pie.
The froles of a bunny who quite
often comes to play
Upon a nearby hill we see an most
by any day.

We see our quail inspector slyly
turning back the flap.
A troop of straggling pupils are
straggling with maps
And heavier kumps upon the view,
she innocently rats,
You'd never guess how she ap-
pears when lumbered up for
spits.

We see our arrow is mixing dough
—we've never frowning seen
her—
For smiling in misfortune, seems
down at the pool for fanned,
of merrilsads, far for fanned,
They've tried out all of Beaver's
dies and some she hasn't nam-
ed
And every evening round the fire

the story tellers shine,
Virginia Stark, the "Phantom
Maid," some "cut-wubs" can en-
twine.
And so to bed and pleasant
dreams—and not one stir or wig-
gle
If they can get to sleep—the
nights those councilors staid,
And so the days have come and
gone "H now we have to narrate
The things which have transpired
here—they surely take the cake.

The other day the bigger part of
camp was dining out
All up and down the creek the
snyppy fires were shining out
From all reports the hostesses
quite skilfully did work,
And didn't burn the water and
they got the eggs to perk.
Patricia Neal can cook a meal and
demonstrate it too,
She'd satisfy most any guy—it
doesn't matter who.
And Annabelle and Mildred aren't
very far behind,
If you don't think it so, just ask
the ones who came and dined.

The rest hour was dispensed with,
for the hostesses were tied
For hours and hours in cleaning
up the stuff they'd boiled or
fried.
Our heart is beating fondly—at
thought of it she stops
We can't omit to cite to you of
Kathryn's belly-flops.
That evening supper time came
round; we had the usual mess;
To meet our comrades once again
was nice, we must confess.

And so to bed at eight o'clock, the
rules we tried to keep,
But some of us spent quite a spell
before we got to sleep (ask
Crickie)
Then came the dawn—the sleepy
cooks prepared the hikers'
meal,
And Beaver through the shady
wood from tent to tent did
steal.
At last the shouting girls got off,
all in a cloud of dust
Shall we confess? I fear we must,
and if we must, we must.

For Beaver, in a fine attempt to
make the Journey light
Tried very hard to imitate friend
Lindbergh in his flight;
Although friend Lindbergh had
her heat—here are the bitter
drugs.
He left his home quite safely with
his sandwiches and eggs.
The day was saved quite nicely by
the forest service man—
We'll leave the matter for the
girls to live down if they can.

The cooks became quite chummy
and they ate right with the
rest.
They thought they'd come down
with us and put the food
test.
Last night we had a bully meal,
we never had a keener.
The fine repast was served by Joe,
by Nanda and Sabaneer.
Into the dining room we filed—
upon a stove we came
Which so looked like a forest
scene, it made the guests ex-
claim:

Around the room were fixed a
brook, some rocks, festoons of
moss
And into misty spray above, a wa-
terfall and tows.
In many ways different ways the
hostesses they seemed
The guests were charmed, the
meal a dream—Sabina Nerbas
poured,
Sabina Nerbas also wins a Wolf
creek badge of length
For rhythm, ease, athletic charm,
and poise and grace and a
strength.

While serving in her dining room,
dressed in her spotless jeans,
She fell down that with pie,
hand—almost right in the
beans.
We'd better quit because we're
through and that's good reason
enough
If we're not on, we probably be
treated civility tough.

THE PACIFIC
Many Douglas county people
spend their vacations this season
at our beautiful beach resorts—by
the Pacific.
I stood and watched your careless
waves
Which seemed to seek reborn,
And wondered how you could sur-
gest
The tranquil name of peace.
I cared till distance hazed my
view
To me a dreadful hour—
I felt my feeble strength give way
Before your awful power,
Then, tired with wonder at the
light,
I slept; your dry
To listen your far, deep roar,
And rest into your blue.

There, deep within your bound-
less
A great heart seemed to beat,
And sending forth a mighty wave,
Your waters bathed my feet.
This gentle touch at once did ease
The swelling in my breast,
And in your ever ebb and flow
I found a certain rest.

I then believed, but to admire,
For you in peace obeyed
Those words: No further shall
this come;
The proud waves shall be stayed
—Ethel Fay Jones.

Poets' Corner



Philippe et Gaston Coat
Beige Wool Velour
Trimmed With Lamb
Foresleeves and Collar

Worth's Alpaca Suit
Finger Length Jacket
Over One-piece Dress
With Matching Cravat

Worth Sport Model
Tub-silk Dress With
Large Box Pleats and
Yoke-Top Blouse