

Society and Clubs

by Betty Shoemaker

Janet Wall Betrothed to Lee Pinkham

Mrs. A. M. Wall of 628 McAndrews road has announced the betrothal of her daughter, Miss Janet to Lee Pinkham, son of Mrs. A. M. Pinkham of Central Point.

Miss Wall is a graduate of Medford High school and Mr. Pinkham is stationed with the U. S. army at Fort Stevens, Wash. The wedding will be an event of the winter months.

Teacher Home From Mexico

Miss Wilna Kincaid, teacher of modern languages at Medford senior high school, returned last weekend from a two months' stay in Mexico where she studied both French and Spanish. She joined a group of teachers for special language instruction in Guadalajara, Mexico. Later she visited the Lake Patzcuaro region, Morelia, Mexico City and the tropical region of Orizaba and Fortin.

Visitors Return To San Francisco

According to Cholly's column in the San Francisco Examiner, recent visitors at the Nien Tuck home, "Rogues Roost" on the Rogue river have been Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Martin and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Thieriot. The Tuckers, Martins and Thieriot departed for San Francisco by United Mainliner Friday evening.

SH-H-H!

You Mustn't Tell a SOUL

DON'T LET this get around—not to more than ten million people, anyhow—but one of our employees was driving a crowded highway one recent week-end night when the rear-view mirror came loose... "Yah-ah!" whispered his nerves, "that'll jiggle around and blind you!... it'll land you in the ditch!... you'll be fussing with it and go boom!"

Instead of driving safely relaxed, he tightened up like a jail door. For an hour he was a menace to himself and everybody on the road. Then he turned into a Standard Station. The boys fixed everything in a jiffy of exactly two minutes, 27 seconds.

Whereupon he realized that he had been dangerously reluctant to ask for service—solely because he wasn't going to buy anything. If a Standard man can feel that way, then there ought to be a law, or a campaign of education, or something, so the public will realize the true nature of free service.

If someone were hurt in an accident, you wouldn't hesitate to rush into the nearest drug store for first aid. Yet every Standard service—from clean windshield to clean rest-room—is a form of first aid... preventive first aid. Use it as such, please, please, pull-over.

THURSDAY, 8-9 P.M.
726th WEEKLY STANDARD SYMPHONY
Paul Lemay, Conducting

Mutual-Don Lee Network
Carnegie: Overture...
A. Frazzetta: Overture...
Minuet in G...
Polka...
Symphony No. 5: Adagio...
Heavenly Suite...
Poe and Paganini: Overture...
Supra

Standard Oil Company of California

Informal Concert Given Sunday at Purucker Gardens

Medford music lovers enjoyed an outdoor concert at the H. O. Purucker gardens, 13 Glen Oak court Sunday evening. An informal program of varied selections were presented to a large audience. Particularly pleasing was the setting with colored lights about the gardens and the piano and electric organ arranged on the outdoor stage.

The program included: "Meditation from Thal's" by Sebastian Apollo on the electric organ; "A Garden Fair," "A Garden Small," two vocal selections by Helen High Pierce. "Impromptu" piano solo by Phoebe Swen; "Invictus" and "Trees" baritone solo by John Koester.

Concert transcription of "Deep Purple" piano solo by F. Cyril Sanders; "Rhapsody in E Minor," "Prelude of D Flat Major," piano solos by Miss Ruth Fitch; "Lord's Prayer," vocal selection by Mrs. Roberta Ward Bebb. Mrs. H. O. Purucker was accompanist for the vocal numbers.

The closing selection was a request number, "Bells of St. Mary" played on the organ by Mr. Apollo.

Miss Fitch, who recently returned from the Juilliard School of Music in New York City and Mr. Koester, of Los Angeles, who is here with the proposed cantonment advance workers, were welcomed into southern Oregon musical circles.

Donald Erb To Appear in League Lecture

Fall and winter activities of the Jackson County League of Women Voters were discussed at a meeting of the board Monday noon at the Jackson hotel. Important among events being planned by the group will be the presentation of Dr. Donald M. Erb, president of the University of Oregon, in a lecture, and a large afternoon meeting especially for new and prospective members.

The afternoon meeting, in the form of a tea, is to be held early in October. Short talks by officers and department heads of the league will be featured. The date of Dr. Erb's lecture, and his topic, will be announced soon.

The meeting was presided over by Mrs. Leonard Carpenter, president, who reported on a state board meeting in Portland which she attended last week. Departmental programs for the year were discussed at the Portland meeting and were plans for meeting with Miss Constance Roach, Washington, D. C., national secretary of the league. Due to a crowded program Miss Roach will not visit Jackson county this year but several members of the local group will motor to Klamath Falls the latter part of this month to meet the executive.

Party Celebrates 20th Anniversary

Talent, Sept. 9.—(Spl.)—Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Young were pleasantly surprised recently, the occasion being their 20th wedding anniversary.

Those attending were Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Walters, Jim Walters, Edward Walters, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Ottinger, Mr. and Mrs. I. C. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. William Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. John Malone and Beverly and Marilyn Malone, Lucille, David and Floyd Young, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Eaton, Mr. Frank Riddle, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Thomas and Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Broce and son, Gary, of Yreka, Calif. The feature of the occasion was a beautiful three-tier wedding cake, prepared by Mrs. Davidson.

Post Office Staff Entertained

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Petty of Grant Road entertained members of the post office staff with a watermelon party Thursday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Petty are parents of Prentice Petty

of the Medford postal staff, now in the army at Camp Roberts, Cal.

Present were Mr. and Mrs. Roland Beach, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Crocker, Adiel A. Neff, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Rose, Mrs. Vera Plymale, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Sherwood, Mr. and Mrs. Otto DeJarnett, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Carpenter.

Party Honors James Murray

James Murray, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Murray of 320 Dakota avenue, celebrated his sixth birthday Saturday afternoon when 12 friends called at the Murray home. Outdoor games were played and later birthday cake was served.

Enjoying the birthday party were Vern Shangle, Bobby Shangle, Don Wilkinson, Conrad Holzgang, Curtis Ray Holzgang, Herbert Grey, Jimmy Grey, Buddy Rostel, Teddy Anderson, Ralph Watson, Charles Dean, Buddy Stinton and the honored guest.

Graduate Nurses To Meet Thursday

Graduate nurses, District No. 4, Jackson county will open fall activities Thursday at 8 p. m. when they meet at the home of Mrs. Tavenor Robinson, 912 Siskiyou street, Ashland. Transportation will be needed officers stated today and those having cars are asked to call the Community hospital so a list will be available.

Theater Party Follows Dinner

Miss Louise LeMire entertained at a dinner party at her country home Sunday afternoon. Later the group attended the theater.

Enjoying the affair were Miss Eleanor LeMire, Miss Margaret Ellen Devereaux, Miss Bernice Nary and the hostess.

Club Plans Luncheon Wednesday At Eagles Hall

Get-Together club members have planned a potluck luncheon to be held at Eagles hall, 42 North Front street Wednesday at 12:30 p. m. Members are urged to attend and bring a covered dish. A business meeting will follow.

Southern Oregon Residents Wed

Evelyn C. Hoell of Ashland and Homer L. House of Grants Pass were among southern Oregon residents licensed to wed in Reno, Nev., September 8, according to Associated Press reports.

Oak Grove Club To Meet Wednesday

Oak Grove Neighborhood club will meet with Lucille Brill, Lozier lane, Wednesday for 1:30 dessert luncheon.

CALENDAR

Tuesday
8:00 p. m.—Jackson county chapter No. 8, Disabled American Veterans of the World War armory.

8:00 p. m.—Nevita chapter No. 93, O. E. S., Central Point Masonic temple.

Wednesday
12:30 p. m.—R.N.A. Mistletoe club, Girls' Community clubhouse.

12:30 p. m.—Get-Together club, Eagles hall.

1:30 p. m.—Oak Grove Neighborhood club, home Lucille Brill, Lozier lane.

2:00 p. m.—Jacksonville Home Economics club, home Miss Claire Hanley.

2:00 p. m.—Priscilla circle of Presbyterian church, home Mrs. Peter Dietrich, 939 North Central avenue.

6:30 p. m.—Lions club auxiliary, home Mrs. Howard Bush, 1909 Crown avenue.

6:30 p. m.—American Legion auxiliary, armory.

7:30 p. m.—Daughters of Job, Masonic hall.

8:00 p. m.—Chrysanthemum circle No. 84, N.O.W., K. of P. hall.

7 O'CLOCK DINNER AT ELKS PICNIC

Featuring a high class, imported vaudeville show instead of the usual boxing bouts, the Medford Elks lodge will stage an autumn picnic at their grounds on Rogue river Thursday night. All Elks in the vicinity are cordially invited to attend.

The picnic dinner, to be prepared by Elk Chef Shy Northland, will be served at 7 o'clock sharp instead of 7:30, as announced yesterday.

Services Held for William Maxwell

Funeral services were held at 10:30 today for William M. Maxwell who died from injuries received in an auto accident at Main and Fir streets September 1.

Services were in charge of Conger Funeral parlors with Dr. Sherman L. Divine officiating. E. L. Maxwell, brother of the deceased who resides at Selma, Calif., was here for the services.

TOWNSEND RALLY PLANNED SUNDAY FOR DISTRICT 4

Session To Start At 10:30 With Business—Pot-Luck Lunch At Noon.

Plans were nearing completion today for the district 4 Townsend club rally in Townsend hall, 123 1/2 West Main street, Sunday. The committee in charge is working to make it the largest Townsend rally ever held here. Everyone interested in the Townsend old-age pension program is invited.

The morning session, scheduled for 10:30, will be devoted to a business meeting of the district 4 council. A pot-luck lunch will be served at 12:30. The luncheon chairman, Mrs. F. W. Barker, asked that each person attending bring enough lunch for two persons. The rally proper, with a program included, will be held at 2:30. Edward Coffey will open the meeting. The program is in charge of R. F. Singler, secretary-treasurer of the council.

District Affair
The entire rally is under the auspices of the district 4 council of Oregon Townsend clubs. The council is composed of R. G. Wright, chairman; Hauser; J. Fred Stillwell, Albany; J. F. Olson, Eugene; Harry Wiley, Lebanon; A. E. Rutter, Roseburg; Fred Von Peger, Coquille; O. M. Langworthy, Grants Pass; E. H. Lahey, Drain; Elmer Kent, Cottage Grove; C. A. Cooper, Brookings, and Mr. Singler and Mr. Coffey, both Medford.

The rally will be in observance of Founders day. Invitations have been sent to all the Townsend clubs of the fourth congressional district and replies received thus far indicate a large out-of-town representation, Mr. Singler stated.

'PHONE COMPANY AIDING DEFENSE

A saving of more than five million pounds of metals vital to defense needs, including enough aluminum to build more than 275 fighter planes, is being effected by the Bell System this year through a materials substitution program, according to word received by R. B. Hammond, telephone manager here.

Made possible through long range planning, research, and readjustments in manufacturing, the substituting of materials in 1941 will divert for use in defense work nearly 1,700,000 pounds of aluminum, almost a third of a million pounds of nickel, well over three million pounds of zinc, and 8,300 pounds of magnesium. Additional reductions are foreseen for 1942.

The gain has resulted in three operators now being maintained at Siskiyou, where a few weeks ago there were none. The freights are routed this way to relieve the Natron cut-off of some of its congestion.

FREIGHT TRAFFIC INCREASES ON S.P.

Freight traffic on the Rogue River valley section of the Southern Pacific railroad has taken a spurt the past month and from three to four through freights are now going through both ways, a local railway official reports.

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2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.

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FOR THE LOVE OF PAM By VIVIEN GREY

YESTERDAY: It was the cold nose of a wondering Kerry blue terrier that warned Pam Queller of the approach of Jerry Winthrop, but it was the instant that over years of life in Key West that warned Pam against Jerry. For there was no Queller money left, only a lovely old house, and Jerry was a "winter man," pay, rich, with nothing to do. And not for Pam, she thought.

Chapter Two The Bet

JERRY WINTHROPE, on South Beach, had watched Pam go away from him with a distinct sense of dismay. He was not accustomed to being deserted by girls. He turned at length to grin ruefully at a group of tanned young men who had been sunning on a small bandstand, watching him. As they saw Pam trot away they scoffed lightly.

"That's one girl you can't mow down with your fatal charm!" The speaker was a young blonde giant who was tutoring a boy in the neighborhood.

"Oh, yeah?" from Jerry. "Yeah!" laughed a gilded youth lazily the winter away at Casa Marina. "She doesn't give us a tumble. It's a shame, because her blonde beauty is just the foil my dark good looks need!"

"Treats us northerners as if we were germs or something," exclaimed Edmund Antoine, who was orchestra leader at the hotel and the current rave of all the winter girls.

"Well, maybe you are!" Jerry hoisted himself gracefully to the platform. "You can't blame a girl for using a little discrimination."

"I supposed you think you're the fair-haired boy," another scoffed. "That girl wouldn't make a date with a winter man if her life depended on it! She thinks we're dangerous, or something."

"You boys just haven't the approach," Jerry answered lightly. "Well, if that's what you mean, Blue, if that's what you mean, but even that—Antoine was earnest—"won't get you anywhere with that girl. She's winter-man proof! I'll bet you."

"As I said," Jerry retorted with maddening smoothness, "you boys just haven't the approach." "And I suppose you think you have!"

"I have! I'll take you up on that bet, Antoine. A supper party at Casa Marina. If you win, I give it. If I win, you give it."

"Accepted," Antoine turned to the others, laughing. "Get set for

DEFENSE HOUSING AGENT IS VISITOR

Louis E. Scarbrough, defense housing coordination, office of emergency management, Washington, D. C., arrived here from the south by car last night to confer with Frank J. Van Dyke, executive secretary of the civilian cantonment coordination board but when he learned this morning that Mr. Van Dyke had gone to Salem for a conference Mr. Scarbrough decided to continue to Salem also.

Mr. Van Dyke was to confer in Salem with William H. Crawford, director of the Oregon economics council, regarding various civic phases of the proposed army cantonment here. Mr. Scarbrough said he also was to confer with Mr. Crawford and with Gov. Charles A. Sprague. He added that he would endeavor to see Mr. Van Dyke in Salem.

Mr. Scarbrough said he planned to open an office in the northwest, probably Portland. He stated that he would

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a champagne supper at Jerry's expense, boys."

"Don't be too sure." Jerry's statement was met with good-natured jeers.

"I'll have her at the tea dance at Casa Marina tomorrow afternoon," Jerry promised, and once more was answered with friendly jeering.

Invitation
PAM always cut her roses in the morning while they were still silvered with dew. Her scissors had just cut the first bud when she heard steps behind her and was aware of Blaze beside her.

"Blaze has been waiting for you," it was Jerry's voice. Jerry whom Pam had hoped to avoid. She stroked the dog's soft coat, but was too startled to make any reply.

"And, incidentally, I have too," Jerry continued. "Don't tell me that doesn't mean anything to you. He looked at her approvingly. She was enchanting in her dark blue cotton play-suit which she had made herself.

"I'm terribly flattered that Blaze remembered me," she smiled finally. "I like dogs, and Blaze is such an aristocrat. But how do you happen to be in my garden so early in the morning?"

"I've remembered you, too. I'm in your garden waiting for you, lovely lady, because after a whole night I still remember you."

"And I'm supposed to be flattered at that?"

"You should be. It's a tribute. A tribute to your very superior charm and beauty, and all that sort of thing." He spoke lightly, but the words were faintly etched with earnestness.

"All right," she laughed. "Just to please you, I'll say thank you. And now if you don't mind, I'll cut my roses. I've got things that need doing." She would have turned away from him, but Jerry caught her hand. "Dew is precious down here, you know, on this coral island where we have so little rain."

"Don't send me away. I've just found you."

Pam looked out over the familiar scene. Faintest flames of scarlet against white walls. Manzanilla roses rioting along a fence. Palms rustling in salt sea breeze. Spanish lime trees, dark wax-green in the brilliant sun.

It was all just as it always had been, even to the pungent acid smell of Cuban breakfast coffee in the air. Everything exactly as she had always known it. Yet Pam had a feeling it should be different.

Jerry Winthrop had spoken to her with tenderness in his voice. Jerry Winthrop had come to her garden to find her. And her heart was a thrill. But she tried with her words to deny it.

"You'll find dozens of other

girls before the winter is over!" she said.

"No, I won't. That's just it. I knew yesterday when Blaze found you. Blaze knew, too. You're not just another girl to us. You're—she paused as if trying to find the right word—"something else. Something I'd rather tell you when there's a moon. But right now I'd like to tell you that I want to squire you to the tea dance at Casa Marina this afternoon."

"Don't be silly! You don't even know me." But under the gaiety of her words her heart was pounding wildly.

"I do know you. You're Pam. And your voice is a celestial lullaby. And your moods are as soft and gentle as a summer breeze. Besides, it's such nice silliness. Pam-lovely. Now will you go?"

Pam looked at him without answering. A Persian cat moved silently along the path to a castor bean plant grown to tree proportion on the winterless island, and sharpened its claws satisfactorily.

Jerry's hand at Blaze's collar stayed her instinct to give chase. Pam was finding it hard to say the thing she believed she should. "Pam!" That tender note was in his voice again. Blaze's nose, cool and damp, touched her hand persuasively. "Will you say something after me?" She met his eyes, a question in her own. "Will you say, 'Yes, Jerry?'"

There was a moment's silence. Then: "Yes, Jerry," she repeated.

They laughed like happy children and Blaze, catching their mood, capered about, alarming the cat, which climbed up the castor bean tree and jumped to the top rail of the white picket fence, to sit there in composed and dignified surveying the trio.

"Now let me cut my roses before the dew is all gone," Pam said in what she hoped was a matter-of-fact voice. "Dew is precious down here, you know, on this coral island where we have so little rain."

Jerry followed her about as she cut roses. Then he walked with her to Casa Marina to deliver them. Blaze at their heels. Returning, they crossed South Beach on the hard sand at the water's edge.

Leo Shore
THE water was emerald under the bright sun and the atmosphere so clear you could see to the lighthouse. A boat from Cuba that would be tying up in about an hour at the docks on the other side of the island was like a toy against the skyline. Sea beans, looking like large round horse chestnuts, swept in with the surf, rolled madly back to the water again.

Pam picked up a perfect one

that had been caught in some debris.

"They polish to the most beautiful mahogany," she said. Jerry took it and slipped it into the pocket of his jacket.

So engrossed were they in their own pleasant companionship that they didn't even glance toward the bandstand where a few sun worshippers had already gathered. The boys stared at the couple walking along the sand so obviously in perfect accord.

"Pam with Jerry!" someone said in surprise.

"That lad is made of horse-shoes," said another, watching them intently. "He gets all the breaks."

"It looks as if the supper is on me," Edmund Antoine said. "It's easy to tell when a girl has said yes."

"What a row of plums we must be!" commented another. "I've been trying to date that girl ever since I've been here, and I've watched every last one of you trying to do the same thing. Jerry comes in and walks off with his old man's yacht and does it, just as he's been doing it all his life. What's he got that I haven't?"

But Antoine wasn't listening. He was staring hard at Jerry and Pam and thinking Pam was too lovely. Too sweet and earnest and lovely... and Pam, in the pleasant, homey quiet of her big house, was thinking of Leo Shore and, for the first time, missing him.

Leo was surgeon at the naval station. His family, like Pam's, had settled in Key West generations before, and he and Pam had been friends ever since she could remember.

If only Leo were here, Pam thought now. He had been called to Washington the week before, with several other officers from the base, relative to future developments at the Key West station.

Leo, who was ten years older than Pam, had once told her he loved her. But that was not why Pam missed him. Not why she wished she could talk to him. It was because she had met Jerry, and there was something disturbing about it all. And Leo knew Jerry and Lenore and many of their kind while she, Pamela, had made a point of not knowing winter men, the idle, play-intent sons of the rich.

With Leo near, Pam knew she would feel a little better about her date for tea dancing with Jerry. Leo, out of his sincere friendship for her, would be able to guide her rightly. He was that kind. Pam was thoughtful as she dressed. Jerry and Leo. They stood side by side in her mind. So like and yet so unlike. Both charming and attractive—Jerry a handsome playboy, Leo a useful member of society.

To be continued

return to Medford in a week or 10 days.

Evangelists Will Continue Services

Due to the large attendance of the past week, the evangelistic services conducted by Rev. and Mrs. Brazil will be continued at 7:45 p. m. each evening this week at the Church of God, Haven and Holly streets.

Those attending have enjoyed the wonderful messages in sermon and song.



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