



*Society - Clubs*

**MEDFORD**  **TRIBUNE**

*Women's Activities*

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**Summer's Here**

By Olive Starcher

When summer brings its bright, warm days, Medford folk like to visit the parks. Although this month's unpredictable weather has kept everyone indoors more than usual for June, last Monday was a fine day and both parks, particularly Hawthorne, had many visitors.

Some of the visitors just strolled through, others stopped to rest on a park bench and at Hawthorne hundreds of youngsters were in the swimming pool. So noisy were the small fry about their swimming that the din was practically deafening. However the sight of Photographer Dave Brainerd and his camera attracted the attention of a group of boys and they willingly lined up on the edge of the pool (top) for a picture.

Handsome lifeguards are traditionally part of the scene at every swimming pool, and the two (center right) keeping a sharp eye out for any trouble among the swimmers Monday were Phil Sanders (on the tower) and Dick Camden, both college men working for the summer at the pool.

In the library park downtown one of the park caretakers, T. R. Alvord (center left) was busy keeping the sprinklers going. Mr. Alvord, who lives at 705 South Peach street, has worked for the city seven years, first in the street department and later in the parks.

The library park is a favorite haunt of the older folk, who spend many leisure hours sitting in groups of three or four to rest and talk. Such a trio was found Monday (lower right) and shown are (left to right) Edwin Neill, Andrew Jorgensen and Charles Brown. Mr. Neill, talking about a manganese mine when the reporter and photographer came up, said he was a "world traveler." Mr. Jorgensen said he lived at 426 South Ivy street and Mr. Brown, who turned out to be a bit reticent, declined to say where he lived.

One of the favorite activities of the sand-box set at Hawthorne park is the story hour in the afternoon. Mrs. Lillian Kendall, playground supervisor, just blew a whistle Monday afternoon and before long, like the Pied Piper, she had a large number of youngsters following along to a cool spot by a tree. There they settled down and Mrs. Kendall told them the story of Peter Rabbit, with considerable help from the audience.—(Brainerd Photos)

