

The words "I wish," spoken during the year, are often the magic words that make dreams come true at Christmas—dreams of hoped for gifts to add year round comfort and pleasure to family living. Among gifts to choose for the whole family's pleasure is a small electric organ with the drawbar tone alphabet that lets you spell out the kind of music you want. Beautiful as a piece of furniture, and easy to play even without any previous knowledge of a keyboard, the small electric organ Christmas gift can be a source of continuous family enjoyment, guest entertainment, and an open door to a new appreciation of music.

Other thoughtful family gifts to choose from your music dealer's display might include sheet music or a collection of favorite records.

## 'Haunted' Civil War Fortress Home for Former Decorator

By RON LEVITT

United Press Correspondent  
Key West, Fla. —(U.P.)—Living in a "haunted" Civil War fort which was used as a distillery during the Prohibition era off-hand does not seem like the ideal home. But to Mrs. Jeanne Taylor, "there's nothing like it."

"It's like living in some castle all your own," said the 63-year-old Mrs. Taylor, "even though you know it's like any other home, everybody looks on you as a Hollywood-type mysterious caretaker."

Mrs. Taylor, a widow from Holly Springs, Miss., is curator of the Key West Art and Historical Society museum. The museum is in her home, East Martello Tower, a weather-beaten but well preserved 100-year-old citadel.

Mrs. Taylor does not own the fort. She was hired five years ago as curator-housekeeper. She keeps it open to the public from November 1 to September 15 each year.

"Thousands come to see the relics," she said, "Some of them may think I'm one of the relics, but I'm quite up to date."

Mrs. Taylor has kept her fortress-home "as realistic" as possible to hold the 19th century feeling, but admits that a 20th century refrigerator, stove, and plumbing "were a necessity."

Formerly an artist and interior decorator, Mrs. Taylor said the most enjoyable part about living in a fort-museum is to watch the reaction of visitors.

"When you tell people this was a Civil War fort and then was used by bootleggers in the 1920's as a distillery, they immediately get the idea the fort is haunted," the soft-spoken curator said.

"Of course, it isn't but everyone likes to think so. It does provide a fascination."

Mrs. Taylor said that several months ago a car—"obviously young lovers"—parked alongside the fort almost directly under the kitchen window.

She said when she heard the car went to the kitchen to investigate.

The couple, thinking the fort was abandoned and that only ghosts could be present, were startled as the kitchen light went on.

## Potpourri

Our old house will never be the same again. In fact, Potpourri won't ever be quite the same again. All because we had a wedding, and the one and only child and daughter has left to make a home of her own, as is the way of the world.

Last month the house and home were just as usual, but as the days sped by the rooms with their comfortable, slightly down-at-the-heels look, underwent a bit of refurbishing and before the big day came and went, the family domicile was shaken right down to its cracked foundation.

Wonder if any family is really ready for a wedding when the day actually arrives. There's so many decisions to make, so many telephone calls, so many errands to run, so many packages and messages from interested friends and relatives—the days go by so swiftly and all of sudden it is the day before the wedding.

Where did the time go, we said to ourselves in something of a panic. We meant to finish washing the windows, and to wax the dining room floor, to make a last-minute check of the corners where the everlasting cobwebs are always to be found and to pick all the dead leaves off the house plants—and a hundred and one other little chores.

But the hour approached, whether anyone was quite ready or not. The bridegroom and his family arrived, the rehearsal was held, the bride was dressed in her white gown and filmy veil, the flowers were unpacked and we were in the church, listening to the service which we had heard so many times but which now took on new meaning.

We discovered something during "our" wedding. Attending dozens of ceremonies and receptions doesn't prepare one for planning and participating in one of your own. We didn't really know, for instance, at what point in the Episcopal ceremony the father leaves his daughter's side and takes his seat by the mother. We thought we did, but we didn't.

We discovered something else, too. A wedding is the time when you suddenly remember how the bride looked when she was a little girl with long curls and brief skirts, when you discover what really makes three people a family, and when you find out again, how wonderful are your friends, old and new.

It's the presents, especially from those you reluctantly left off the list, its the coworkers who take over your duties at the office, the church secretary who interrupted her typing to help carry the wedding dress and to give the veil a last-minute pressing and the neighbors and friends who cheerfully washed dishes, brewed coffee and helped out during the wedding festivities.

"Not everything will be quite like you planned it," said Mrs. Verne Brophy, a few days before the wedding. "But never mind—everything will be all right." Some of the things, of course, were just like we planned and wanted. The bride had calla lilies in her bouquet, which was just what she wanted, and she was delighted with a tiny glass bluebird which the florist tucked into the satin ribbons at the back. The music was what she wanted—Bach selections which the organist chose with great care, and which were just right for the simple family ceremony.

Some things we sighed about—the absence of the godmother and other relatives and friends who could not attend because of distance and duties, and the fact that a house will hold only so many people and no more.

Some things practically ruined our composure, too. Imagine the shock of realizing, half way through the reception, that we'd forgotten to hang fresh towels in the bathroom. Of course, we put out the dainty little guest towels, the kind no one ever dares to use, but the family towels were in the same state as they were after everyone had used the bathroom while dressing for the wedding.

Too, we invited a good friend to pour, or "assist" or something and when she arrived on time and willing, we were in such a tizzy at the height of the party that we never did give her anything to do. She just guessed.

We know now why so many newlyweds and their families say "the wedding was over too quickly; we were so excited that we don't know what went on." Some of it we do remember though. We'll remember how almost everyone at the wedding had tears in their eyes when the ceremony was over, we'll remember how a grandmother and a great-aunt came all the way from Wisconsin to see the bridegroom and "take part in the festivities and we'll never forget how sweet and dear the bride and bridegroom looked—even at 9 p.m. after a day that had included getting up at an early hour, rushing through appointments at the courthouse and bank, rehearsals, dressing, ceremony and reception with the hours of standing.

Come to think of it, the bride didn't stand all the time. She sat on the kitchen stool, with the rippling folds of her wedding dress spread out around her in full glory.

"Did you have any special pictures in mind?" asked patient photographer Phil Brainerd. And after all our experience we couldn't think of anything new or original just then. We did later though. After everyone had gone and we went upstairs to take off the wedding finery, we wished for a camera. In the corner on the big cedar chest was the bride's saddle and hanging on the pommel were the hoops which she had worn under her full-skirted wedding dress.

Now we will go home to the piles of tissue paper, the almost-empty rooms where the wedding presents were so neatly and lovingly arranged by the bride until the last-minute hectic rush. We will rearrange the books and the chairs put out of sight for the big day, we'll gather up all the mounds of dish towels and napkins, we'll store away the tall memory candle which will be burned on each anniversary of the wedding. We'll put the old house into some sort of order and let it settle back into its comfortable, slightly down-at-the-heels routine again.

Then we'll try and remember not to address our weekly letter to Miss Robene Starcher, but to Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Coon.—O.S.

Here's one way to save time in preparing meals with ready-to-use canned meat balls and gravy. A quick oven meal is made by spreading 3 cups cooked white rice in the bottom of a greased shallow baking dish. Add 1 can meat ball and gravy. Top with 2 cups cooked and seasoned mixed vegetables. Mix together 1 can tomato sauce and 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce. Pour over the vegetables. Top with 1 cup grated American cheese. Bake in a preheated 350 degree oven until hot through

The preparation of food is the largest single activity in the homemaker's busy day, a recent home economics study reports. The importance of having an efficient kitchen with easily cleaned surfaces, automatic gas appliances, and ample storage is recognized, according to the Gas Appliance Manufacturers Association, in the fact that a minimum of an hour and a half a day is spent by the average housewife in getting meals alone.

and the cheese browns. Add some water if the mixture becomes too dry.

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## Expert Predicts Housework on Way To Welcome Demise

By REY W. BRUNE  
United Press Correspondent  
Detroit—(U.P.)—The day when housewives will be freed from the drudgery of keeping house is not as far off as most people believe, says Roger Kyes, former deputy defense director.

Kyes, who now heads the General Motors' appliance divisions, said he believes appliance engineers are on "the eve of a major breakthrough" in completely emancipating the American housewife.

The gadgets that might do the job are excitingly different from anything now on the market.

"I am certain that a generation hence people will no more understand how the housewife of today got along with all the drudgery she had to endure, than we today understand how our grandmothers managed with a woodburning stove and a washboard," Kyes said.

Here are some of the labor savers Kyes believes might be coming:

A 100 per cent climate-controlled house, providing a home environment of agreeable temperature and moisture content at all time, and even more importantly, providing a house which is free of dust, dirt and undesirable odors.

A central refrigeration system—similar to central heating systems—that would have fur storage closets, and a refrigerated cabinet for cosmetics and perishable medicines.

Electronic refrigerators, which besides freezing foods, would thaw them in seconds, removing the worry of a housewife forgetting to remove the roast in time.

A device that would make it possible when away from home to close the windows in event of rain by merely dialing the home number on the telephone. Or, automatic window closers so sensitive to rain that the windows would close them at the first raindrop.

Freedom from the weekly trips to market and lugging home and putting away the groceries with food storage being put on a permanent revolving inventory basis. A delivery man would replenish food stocks by reading a "meter" attached to the outside of a house.

New automatic laundry equipment, replacing today's automatic washers and dryers, that not only will wash and dry clothes, but will convey, sort, clean, iron and fold them.

Dishwashing machines using ultra high-frequency energy waves instead of water. And mechanical mopping systems that will wash the kitchen floor and then rinse and dry it all automatically in a matter of minutes.

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When dinner time rolls around, you can let your imagination have free rein. The results will be new, exciting desserts such as this Dutch Pearadise Pie or old-fashioned tried and true favorites such as Gingerbread Upsidedown Cake.

**Dutch Pearadise Pie**  
6 to 8 canned Bartlett pear halves, drained  
1½ cups sifted all-purpose flour

1 teaspoon salt  
½ teaspoon sugar  
½ cup salad oil  
2 tablespoons milk  
Mix and sift flour, salt and sugar into baking dish (8x8x2 inches). Combine oil and milk in measuring cup. Whip with fork. Pour all at once over flour mixture. Mix with fork until dampened. Press evenly and firmly with fingers to cover bottom of pan and push dough up along sides to depth of about 1 inch. Arrange pears, cut side up, over pastry. Spread topping over fruit. Bake in hot oven 425 degrees, 35 minutes or until edges of pastry are well-browned. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

**Topping**  
Mix ¾ cup light brown sugar, 2 tablespoons flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon cinnamon and ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind in mixing bowl. Cut in 2 tablespoons butter or with pastry blender or fork until crumbly. Stir in 1 slightly beaten egg.

Having several cans of Bartlett pears on hand is as good as extra help in the kitchen, because no matter what the menu emergency, canned pears can help solve it. If your family is lackadaisical about breakfast, a

serving of canned pears will give them a good start on their day's supply of vitamins and minerals, and the simple sugar in the pears will give them that extra energy boost everyone needs in the morning.

## Ethel Says:

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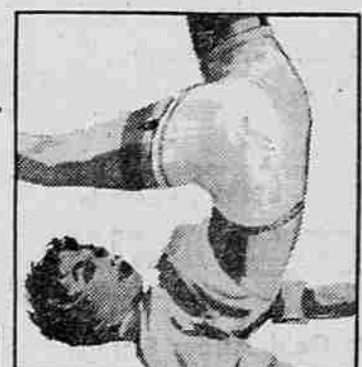
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