

Study Club

Wednesday Study club will meet April 18 at 2 p.m. in the home of Mrs. Jack Swem, 38 Ross court. Mrs. C. L. Coyle will present the book "The Virginia Exiles" and Mrs. Al Leighton will give a short topic.

Ladies Select Your



Oval coffee table top.



Desk or dresser top.



Desk or dresser top.



Kneehole desk top.



Kidney dressing table.



Bowed end table.



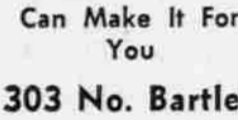
Curved-front end table.



Square end table.



Round table top.



Chest of drawers.

Selby Glass

Can Make It For You

303 No. Bartlett Phone 3-3613

Potpourri

About midnight a week ago Saturday we settled ourselves down for the night at the Eugene hotel, tired after an early morning plane trip and a full day of Oregon Press Women conference sessions. Then we remembered that we'd forgotten to locate the fire escape—something which is a must with this timid, cautious woman. So we hopped out of bed, stuck our head out the door and determined that it was at the end of the hall to our right, just outside an open window.

Three hours and a few minutes later we hurried down that fire escape—seven long stories—with the smoke already thick in halls and beginning to pour from windows.

A strident alarm had wakened us, an alarm so loud and so noisy that there was no doubting it was meant as an urgent warning. We hurried to the door and stuck our head out again (we forgot the safety warning to touch the door first and determine if it was hot.) The corridor was empty but smoke was curling up the stairway a few feet away.

In this order we put on a light robe over our pajamas, slipped into bedroom slippers, (luckily not heeless mules), tucked our handbag under the left arm because the clasp won't hold, picked up our glasses and the room key. About to leave we turned back and scooped up a handful of hair pins from the dresser. After all, those long wire hairpins are hard to find and this batch had been sent to us by the Bruno Pellegrini's daughter all the way from New York City.

This time as we left the room we remembered our fire instructions again—close the door in order to cut down drafts. In this brief time the smoke had already thickened noticeably, and four or five women were milling around in the corridor; one called out "where's the fire escape" we said "this way" and started out at a fast trot. A woman in the room nearest the escape window hurried out, carrying her traveling bag and leaving her room door open.

We now know something of the horrible sensation a human being has when he abandons a fellow human to possible injury or death. For the minute we started down the narrow, steep fire escape we began to hear the voices of people on the floor below—guests in the rooms off the corridor where the fire started and who already were trapped in their rooms, or too terrified to find their way out through the smoke and fire.

One pleading voice, begging someone—everyone—for help, seemed to be aimed directly at me and for a moment we faltered. But someone above said urgently "get going, get going" and so we hurried on in the line of descending people.

Safely down in the street we found the firemen just beginning to unfold the sections of the aerial ladder. Because a one-story building adjoins the seven-story hotel on the side where the fire seemed the worst, the firemen had something of a problem in angling the lengths of the ladder upward. And all the time one could hear, above the noise of the people and the equipment, the pleading voice and see the guests leaning from their windows.

All of a sudden our trembling legs wouldn't hold us up any longer so we huddled on the front bumper of a big red and black car. The owner of the car, who carried an open bottle of liquor, offered it to everyone who looked as though they needed it, and said in a loud, friendly voice, "If you don't like bourbon there's scotch in the car!"

One elderly woman, wearing expensive-looking furs over her nightgown and coat, came out of the alley after being rescued by firemen and turning to her husband said calmly, "If anyone had said yesterday I could do that, I wouldn't have believed them!"

Later we were told guests could go into the hotel lobby and there we witnessed the touching reunion of a young couple who had become separated by the fire. The man's face was black as coal from the smoke, and he was helped by a policeman who had wrapped him in a blanket. On a couch sat a composed young mother with two tiny children who made no outcry; a young woman, who had been found unconscious in a corridor, was being helped by friends.

Later we were told she had been rescued by Victor Isaacson, optometrist from Las Vegas. Two newspaper reporters from Oregon City, Mrs. Josie Barnett and Miss Jean McIntyre, had nothing but praise for the Nevada man, who had occupied the room next to theirs on the burning sixth floor. They told how, as they knelt at their open window with the air in the room getting hotter and hotter, the optometrist had talked to them from his window where he held the unconscious woman he had carried in from the hall.

One of the first persons we saw in the lobby was Mrs. Faith McCullough, women's editor of the Ashland Tidings, who had

Bridal Dresses, Pictures To Be Exhibited During Tea

Further plans for the annual silver tea of the Jackson County unit, American Cancer society, were made at a meeting of the board and executive committee held Wednesday afternoon. The tea, held each spring at Hillcrest orchards, is set for Wednesday, April 25.

Mrs. John S. Day, county chairman, presided over Wednesday's meeting, held at the home of Mrs. B. Brandt Bartels, 35 Valley View drive. Mrs. Day will serve as chairman of the tea, with Mrs. Bartels and Mrs. L. W. Bates as vice-chairmen.

Each year interesting exhibits are a featured part of the tea, and this year the public is invited to display old wedding dresses and old wedding pictures. Women's clubs and service organizations are to be invited to arrange table settings appropriate for bridal receptions.

The executive committee also announces the formation of an auxiliary to which experienced volunteers may apply.

Mrs. Donald McGeary, Phoenix, is in charge of newspaper publicity for the tea, and Mrs. Martin L. Vorheis will arrange television and radio time.

Attending the meeting Wednesday were Mrs. Day, Mrs. Ralph Thompson, Mrs. Russell Barnes, Mrs. Bates, Mrs. Fred T. Burich, Mrs. Vorheis, Mrs. Lawrence Scott, Mrs. Ray, Raymond Frisbie, Mrs. George Schuler, Mrs. Ray Casterline, Mrs. Earl Lawson, Mrs. Earle Jossy, Eagle Point, Mrs. Roy Vaughn and Mrs. O. E. Stone, Prospect and Mrs. Bartels.

The tea is given each year during the nation-wide campaign of the American Cancer society to raise funds for research and to

educate the citizenry concerning the disease. The society states that more than one thousand top-flight scientists working in hospitals, universities, and laboratories across the country on research supported by the society, are concentrating their energies, skills, and talents to insure the conquering of cancer.

Manwhile, progress is being made—even against an enemy still unknown, the society states.

"One of the hopeful signs of this progress is the decrease in cancer death rates among women in the last ten years. Today, some 10,000 more women in the United States are being saved annually than in 1941-1943. Improved methods of detection and treatment account for this in part, but so does the year-round educational program of the ACS."

Pointing out that very early cancers in women are comparatively easy to treat, but often do not show any symptoms nor give any warning, the Society stresses the urgency of regular physical checkups.

For while the figures cited above are encouraging, the ACS reminds that there are other figures which indicate how much more there is to be done. For example, uterine cancer takes the lives of some 15,000 American women each year. More than half of these are unnecessary deaths, according to the society. In other words, if early diagnosis and prompt treatment became common practice, 70 per cent of all women who develop uterine cancer should be saved. Unhappily not more than 30 per cent are saved. This 40 per cent differential between actual and potential cures could be bridged,

hurried over from the Osburn hotel to see if she could help. Finding that Potpourri was still shaking in every nerve, Mrs. McC. took one arm and guided us into the coffee shop where employees were beginning to serve the fire victims. There were many, for the hotel was hosting four conventions that weekend.

As we joined other Press Women Mrs. McC. said to Potpourri "Why don't you put those hairpins in your purse?" Sure enough, more than an hour had gone by since we left the seventh floor, but we still clutched the hairpins and when we unfolded the hand, it was stiff and sore. Mrs. McCullough eventually took us back to the Osburn, since nothing could have persuaded us to go back to bed and try to sleep in that seventh-floor room with the smell of smoke in the air.

What do people take with them when they flee from a burning building? Potpourri first thought of money and then of spectacles and hairpins, the man on the street had his whiskey, the elderly woman had remembered her furs, the young mother had brought her children safely out. But Mrs. McC. had the best story of all—she met a woman who carried nothing but her girdle which she had hung over one arm, a la muff.

Some women, probably those from lower floors, were completely dressed, or appeared so, and many had brought down all their luggage. Some hurried right out of the hotel and into cars and drove off into the night.

Next morning, except for the blackened and charred sixth floor, one would scarcely have known there had been a fire. Hotel cleaning crews had gone to work as soon as the firemen left, everything was in order and the guests appeared as they had before the catastrophe. But they gathered in knots to talk of the events of the night, to learn of those who had been calm or heroic, and those who had been hospitalized, and to hear that the fire had started in a mattress out in the hall while a room was being redecorated.

Mostly it was thought that the hotel guests had been calm and resourceful during the fire, that the Eugene fire department had been prompt and efficient, although some 30 minutes had elapsed before all guests had been rescued from the sixth floor, a time which seemed an eternity to those trapped in their rooms. We also learned that it was the first time the Eugene firemen had ever had to rescue victims with the aerial ladder.

Four members of National Secretaries association from Medford were in the hotel also that night—Mrs. Kay Thomas, Mrs. Kay Jandreau, Mrs. Jeanne Rose and Mrs. Virginia Schuster. Mrs. Thomas talked to us at the height of the excitement, but later we could not remember the meeting.

We had other reminders of the fire, including muscles so sore we could hardly go up and down stairs, and a pair of big black bruises from striking our legs on the narrow, steep fire escape steps.

The bruises will go away but it will be longer before we can forget the clanging alarm, the flight from the building, the sight of men and women hanging far out the windows, some with smoke curling around their heads. And it will be a long time before we forget the voices crying for help—O.S.

Bride-Elect Guest At Shower Party In Gold Hill Home

Gold Hill—A bridal shower honoring Miss Joyce Rosecrans, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Rosecrans of Galls Creek road, was given by Mrs. Joe Morgan April 17. Mrs. Morgan's home was decorated in pink and white. Miss Rosecrans and Norman Bennett of Phoenix, Ariz., are to be married May 6 in Gold Hill Community church at an afternoon ceremony.

Miss Rosecrans received many gifts. Attending were Miss Janice Rosecrans, Miss Daisy Rosecrans, Mrs. William Rosecrans, Miss Jackie Wright, Mrs. Paul Throne, Mrs. Al Beaman, Mrs. Earl Moore, Mrs. Bob Gray and Mrs. John Jones, all of Gold Hill; Mrs. Joe Willett, Mrs. Jack Garrison, Mrs. Joe Morgan Jr., Mrs. Bud Morgan, all of Medford; Mrs. Preston Vennett of Selma, Ore. and Mrs. Dan Dolard of Ashland.

Refreshments were served.

Friendship Night Planned by Lodge

Friendship night will be observed by Olive Rebekah Lodge Monday, April 16 at 8 p.m., in the Odd Fellows hall, 221 West Sixth street. Members of all Rebekah lodges in the district are invited.

Each visiting lodge will present a stunt for the program. In charge of the program is Mrs. Clara Franklin. Mrs. P. M. Aldredge has charge of the badge committee and the committee to serve refreshments is made up of Mrs. Homer Vinzant, chairman, Mrs. Lee Garrett, Mrs. Bertha McNew, Mrs. Margaret Davis, Mrs. Dollie Love, Mrs. Floyd Murray, Mrs. Esther Coleman, Mrs. Ella Russell, Mrs. Doris Coy, and Mrs. J. D. Brummond.

Officers and others are to dress in formal attire.

Fruit salad with a cream cheese or cream and mayonnaise base can be frozen for future use.

The Society contends, if all women and physicians made prompt and proper use of the knowledge and skills available today.

Cancel Dance

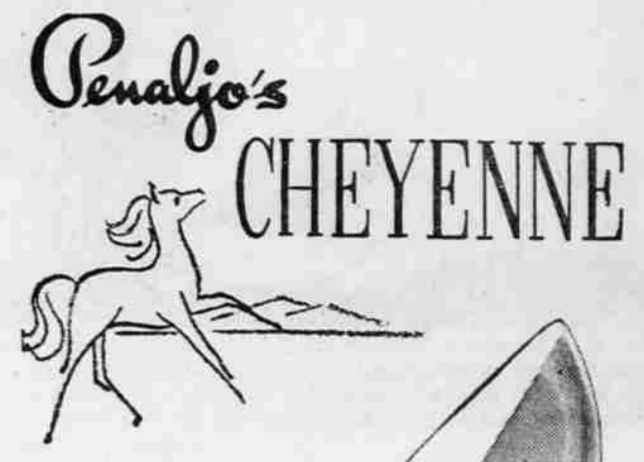
The usual dance of the VFW auxiliaries at the Camp White Domiciliary Monday April 16, has been cancelled since the annual "Turn About Party" of the Domiciliary will be held that evening.

Anyone wishing transportation may take the bus at the Trailways depot at 7:30. VFW auxiliary will hold the next dance May 7 at 8 p.m.

Use Mail Tribune Want Ads The Community's Biggest Marketplace

Harford and Fashion FROCKS

Your representative in this area is MARGARET KETCHUM. Call 2-5079 for appointment to see lovely new spring and summer styles for men, women and children. A few Special Sale Prices now available 'til April 24.



\$11.95

Spirited as a COLT! Fast-stepping oxford out to capture busy feet. It's cushioned for carefree comfort! There's news in the little, round heel...the wafer thin platform.

- Desert Sand
- Sorrel Tan
- Charcoal Grey
- Doggie Leather

Johnston and Stewart

The Corner Shoe Store Main at Central Medford

SHOES HOSIERY HANDBAGS

FREE PARKING When You Shop at . . .



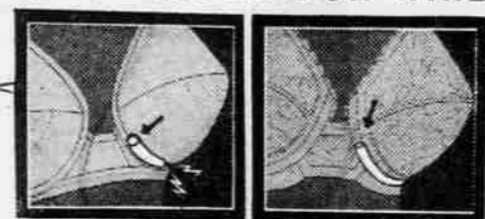
112 EAST MAIN - Next Door to Robinson Bros.

brings you

Exquisite Form's BRASSIERES

Cinderella

...with flat, flexible RIBBON WIRE



Old style round wire DICS New flat Ribbon Wire FLOATS

We Give S&H GREEN STAMPS

Exquisite Form gives you x* appeal!

x= glamour plus comfort... yours in Cinderella, the wonderful wired-bra that has soft-bra comfort. Each undercup is individually Ribbon Wired to give perfect separation, and has an exclusive firma-curve lining for fit that's firm... just right. And CINDERELLA's off-the-shoulder elastic straps can't slip, won't show... they're set wide to wear with deep plunge, scoop, or wide square neckline. Come in today... try on CINDERELLA... see how it gives you x appeal!

White embroidered cotton, A cup 32-36, B cup 32-40, C cup 32-40. \$3.50 Also available in strapless style.

In Medford It's Modern

In Case Your Friends Forgot To Tell You...



Claudia Perry (Specialist in Duck Cutting)

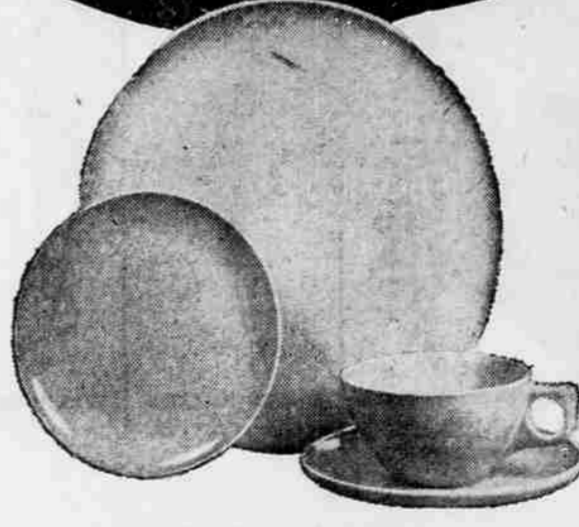
and Betty James (she has her good points, too!)

Are Now With



131 South Central Ave. • Phone 3-5379

Once in a Lifetime SPECIAL UNBREAKABLE melmac DINNERWARE At Great Savings



4 pc. place setting Cup, Saucer, 10" Plate, Bread & Butter Plate

Reg. \$4.60 Now \$2.99

Place settings in solid colors only

THIS OFFER GOOD ONLY FROM APRIL 16 to 28

Tremendous Savings to You!

Now for the first time at such big savings... famous Color-Flyte and Royale... finest quality Melmac dinnerwares... guaranteed for one full year against chipping, cracking or breaking. Four beautiful colors to choose from... mix them or match them.

LOWEST PRICES FOR HIGHEST QUALITY ACME HARDWARE CO. SPECIALISTS IN HOMEWARES!

Free Parking - Free Delivery

Companion SPECIAL! Pink and Charcoal BERMUDA TUMBLERS \$1.69 SET OF 8 LIBBEY Safe-Edge Sham-bottom