

Medford Members Attend Convention

A group of Medford members will leave today to attend the 40th annual convention of the United Spanish War Veterans and auxiliary in Eugene.

Attending will be Mrs. Don Anderson, department senior vice president for the auxiliary; Mrs. Hans Hammin, Mrs. Harry W. Barneburg, past department president and now personal aide; Miss Donna Unger, Mrs. James Cech, president of Colonel Sargent auxiliary here; Mrs. Mabel Nicholson, past president of the auxiliary and now president of the Cebu swamp. Military Order of the Lizards; and Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Unger.

The convention opens July 8 and continues through July 11.

Christian Women Plan Picnic in Ashland Park

The annual picnic of Christian Business and Professional Women will be held Monday, July 9, at 6 p. m. at Lithia park, Ashland. Directional signs as to the spot of the picnic will be found on the deer pen in the upper end of the park, the committee states.

Those attending are asked to bring a hot dish and salad or dessert and sandwiches, as well as table service. A guest may be invited. The evening of fellowship will close with candlelight meditations.

Help in transportation may be obtained by telephoning 3-5156.



Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Jenks, Central Point, were honored at an open house June 24 which observed their 25th wedding anniversary. The party was held in the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Thumler Jr., son-in-law and daughter of the honored couple.

25th Wedding Anniversary Celebrated at Open House

Central Point—The home of Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Thumler Jr., 332 North Second street, Central Point, was the scene of an open house Sunday, June 24, which observed the silver wedding anniversary of Mrs. Thumler's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Jenks, Route 1, Box 4017. Nearly 30 guests attended the surprise party.

The serving table was decorated in pink and silver, while on the mantelpiece pink gladioli in a silver vase were flanked by pink candles in silver candelabra. An archway was formed of silver bells and pink streamers in front of the serving table.

For the open house Mrs. Jenks wore a dress of aquamarine faille accented with a corsage of pink rosebuds.

The Jenks, who were married in Long Beach, Calif., where he was a police officer for 20 years, moved to the Rogue Valley in 1944.

Among the guests to attend were three other former Long Beach officers, now retired, who live in the area. They are: Mr. and Mrs. George Lyon, Rogue River; Mr. and Mrs. Walt Turner, Trail; and Mr. and Mrs. Dick Brown, Ashland.

Also present were Mr. and Mrs. Bill Voss, Central Point, neighbors of the Jenks, who were celebrating their 42nd anniversary.

Besides their daughter, the Jenks have two grandchildren, Wayne and Brenda Thumler.

Women's Division Republican Party Publishes Paper
New York—The Crusader, official campaign publication of the Women's Division of National Citizens for Eisenhower, made its debut June 28. The four-page monthly is being distributed to state chairmen and co-chairmen of Citizens for Eisenhower and to other key personnel of the campaign throughout the country. The first issue numbers 10,000 copies.

Under the leadership of Mrs. Dorothy D. Houghton, national co-chairman, the publication has been created to acquaint women campaign workers with the personnel and activities of the national women's division and to serve as a medium for the interchange of ideas and projects.

The first issue features "thumb-nail biographies" of Mrs. Houghton and her executive committee: Mrs. Edwin I. Hilson, New York; Mrs. Jerel Newcomb, New York; Mrs. Stewart Alexander, Park Ridge, N.J.; Mrs. David Peck, New York; Mrs. George P. Taubman Jr., Long Beach, Calif.; Mrs. H. Chapman Rose, Mentor, Ohio; Mrs. J. Cheever Cowdin, New York and California; Miss Sally Butler, Indianapolis, Ind.; and Mrs. Crystal Bird Fauset, Philadelphia.

Adarel Chapter Postpones Picnic
Because of conflicting Masonic activities, the annual picnic of past matrons and patrons of Adarel chapter, Order of Eastern Star, set for July 14 at the Ed Pease home on Vernada place, Medford, has been indefinitely postponed. Members will be notified when a new date has been established.

'Ripleyettes' Common in Rome Writes Traveler From Medford

(Editor's note: The following article is by Mrs. I. E. Schuler, Medford resident spending several months in Europe. Mrs. Schuler describes a visit to an Italian "cemetery" and also writes of fashions and interesting street scenes.)

Rome—I often wonder if Mr. Ripley came to Rome for his Believe It or Not. He missed rich opportunities. I would think, if he didn't. Almost every day I find subjects which could, at least, be considered Ripleyettes.

This is one. Here, they call it a cemetery. It might classify better in the "Novelty in Decoration" department.

Going down the Via Veneta, late one afternoon, an acquaintance said to me, "Have you seen the cemetery in this Cappuccini church? If not, you might be interested." I do find European cemeteries interesting. They are extravagantly lavish, unique, and neat. One seldom finds a red Hill's coffee can vase, old milk bottles, or piles of wilted flowers. So I followed her directions. "Go up the steps into the church, follow along the right side to the fourth chapel, open a door, and go down to the underground."

Under the bright sun outside, the church was dim. I passed the tiny, barefooted and bearded monk with his open money bag—and went as directed. No one was about. The way led along a narrow passage, and on into a small room. Then, for one crazy, dizzy second, I felt I must be mentally seeing things. Gradually, however, my eyes became adjusted to the vague light and I found myself in a room of bones. Everything the human body has to offer—with a large focal decorative Renaissance doorway, bounteously covered with shoulder blades, interspersed with skulls.

Designs of Bone
Along the walls were legs and arms—bones piled tidily, like ten and twelve-inch cordwood. Innumerable slender fibulae, bound together like little rafts, formed the framework of niches. In these niches stood well preserved, though shrunken, eighteenth century Cappuccini monks—brown clad and cowed. They peered out under their hoods from sunken eye sockets. They held staves in their stiff fingers. Although somewhat faded and dusty, they were the symbols that we will eventually reach that stage.

The ceilings, Gothic in structure, were remarkably and intricately ornamented—like frescoes. Shoulder blades and pelvic bones, in bewildering numbers, predominated the heavier motifs. The daintier designs were of ribs, fingers and toes.

The doorways of the five rooms, which constitute the cemetery, were edged with open jaw bones. An occasional tooth, intact, created a certain realism. Large hanging lamps in the corridors utilized arms and ribs, with knee caps serving as dangles and prisms. Two small skeletons were astride one wall decoration. Father Time, complete with scythe of leg bones, and hour glass of fingers, was fastened flat to one ceiling.

Visitors Touch
In places where visitors can touch them, many skulls were rubbed to a rich smooth ivory. Of course, there were liberal sprinklings of skulls and crossbones. These served as fillers for otherwise undecorated spots. Oddly enough, skulls seemed to predominate. They peered round-eyed and forewarning from every nook and cranny. Obviously there was no end of material.

For some inexplicable reason, Shakespeare kept popping into my mind. If he could say all he did about Hamlet's little find, what would he have done with such profusion of specimen?

As I was leaving, a guide brought down a group of gaping tourists. I heard all but the last words of what he was hap-

pily telling them, that "It takes ten years . . ." I added to myself, mentally, "to be ready for decoration."

To the more delicately constituted this cemetery might cause a certain squeamishness.

Drivers Tearsome
Another Ripleyette might be Roman driving laws and Roman drivers. Curious are the laws; fearsome are the drivers. There are no speed laws. On good authority, I have heard that the police gaze admiringly as an Alfa Romeo goes flashing past at one hundred miles per.

Traffic offenses, conveniently payable on the spot, get bargain rates. No five or ten dollar parking tickets here. Immediate payment costs forty-one cents. (For foreign cars, a polite reminder in four languages.) If the cop isn't there to give the money to, the price goes up to fifty-four cents. After two years of written notices, the cost mounts to \$2.30. After that, the bailiff comes and takes the car, the piano, and anything else he wishes. Other infringements, like passing red lights, vary in price at the discretion of the policeman. For example, there is apt to be a difference between the rate for a young girl and an older woman. Americans have discovered that not understanding the Italian language helps too. Drivers of motor scooters, of which there are millions, are not licensed. A child of twelve may operate a motor scooter.

By and far the most fascinating of Roman driving habits is that of the man who changes his mind and turns with impunity in the middle of a four-lane block, stopping all traffic, as he gets himself into an opposite-going lane.

I saw a little car knock an old man down. The driver stopped, leaned out of the window long enough to see the little fellow pick himself up—and then roared off, full tilt. The knocked-down one dusted his clothes and walked off.

Pedestrians Frustrated
Naturally, my interest in Roman driving is primarily that of a most-of-the-time pedestrian. At first, frustration stalked me at every corner when I had to make the decision as to whether I should attempt a crossing. Invariably, as I stepped out into the street, would come honks, growing in intensity, as a big body and head—and his little car—roared closer and seemingly faster. Well, so far I have made it. And through experience, I've learned angles on how to handle the hair-raising experience of crossing a street. For one thing, a long-time resident here told me that it is always safe to cross with a mother and baby. They never kill babies. The chances are that the midget car may slow up for an instant even. Another angle, better yet, is to put up a hand, peremptorily, as soon as I start, as though I might be Mrs. Luce or somebody. Oddly enough, that works—shades of Mussolini, I suppose. The car screechingly stops while I cross the street. The seemingly always pleasant policeman helps too, if he happens to be about. He has stopped traffic on several occasions to permit pedestrians to walk safely to the other side.

No Parking Laws
Car owners park their cars wherever they wish—on busy corners, blocking the pedestrians' way, across narrow streets—even on sidewalks in front of hotels.

Actually the traffic problem has grown so quickly, they say, that laws are beyond coping with them. Thousands of Italians had never owned, nor learned to drive cars until after the war. That may account for the slaphappy fast driving.

Fiat is the major manufacturer of Italian cars. This year's

output is 56% greater than last year at this time.

Many Milk Bars
The Italian milk and coffee bar is, to me, another oddity. The only thing comparable in America would have been the old-fashioned saloon with swinging doors. In Italy there are no doors. There are also no chairs. The customers, of which there are legion, stand at the bar and drink coffee, milk, cocktails or brandy. They eat sandwiches, pretty little cakes, and utterly devastating fancy ice cream. Coffee, in these places, costs four to eight cents depending on the location and the luxury. Some of them are quite luxuriously modernistic. You may find one in every block.

The following are little oddities, none of which would make headlines:

Nuns on motorscooters.
The lack of garlic in Italian food. In the six months I've been here I haven't tasted it. The seasoning of everything is light and delicate.

The popularity of pearl earrings and necklaces with European women. Nine out of 10 of the Italian well-dressed women—as well as the French and English I saw in Monte Carlo, wear one-string pearls and what appears to be real pearl earrings. Big costume jewelry doesn't seem to be popular.

Girls and women wear an almost uniform shoe—very pointed toe and closed heel. Many evening shoes have jeweled heels. Many heels are no bigger than pencils at the bottom.

The Fontana sisters, who made Margaret Truman's wedding dress, have perhaps the best known of the many fashionable shops in Rome. There, you may buy a really nice dress for \$250, simple, with good lines. Mrs. Truman bought a blue cocktail dress while she was here.

E. U. R. Interesting
E. U. R. (European Universale Roma) is a Mussolini endeavor. He had built it with the idea of using it for a big exhibition in 1940. It is really a small city in itself, out several miles from Rome. It was a grandiose endeavor with great marble buildings of Grecian-type architecture, wide paved avenues, and parks. It is still uncompleted.

Out at E. U. R. there is at present a demonstration of an American supermarket. It is causing sighs of desire and envy from Italian women. And no wonder, when you consider that they must go to about 12 shops to do their marketing. They can't buy their eggs and butter, for instance, where they buy spaghetti. Meat is in another shop, cheese another, and fruit at still another.

The frozen food department, in the demonstration, causes the greatest sensation. That is something entirely new in Italy. One hundred thousand persons visited the exhibition during the first three days.

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Axtells Hosts To Rose Society
About fifty members of Medford Rose society and their families attended a special meeting of the society at Folding Hills Ranch, home of Mr. and Mrs. Ranald Axtell of Trail, on Sunday afternoon, June 24. A picnic was held in the grove near the river at 1 p.m.
After lunch a brief business meeting was conducted by the president, Eldred Peyton.
Mrs. Wallace Peabody and Mrs. Axtell, who were delegates to the national convention of the American Rose society in Portland early in June, gave interesting reports of the convention. Among the more interesting of the events at the convention, according to Mrs. Peabody, were the garden tours. She also mentioned the stimulating reports given by "Young" Sam McCredy of Ireland, and of the humorous anecdotes of Mr. O'Brien, "Plain Dirt Gardener," of magazine fame.
Plans for the northwest district convention of the American Rose society to be held in Medford in 1957, were discussed.
A prize book, Sunset Gardens, was given to Mrs. Charles Hobbs.