

Potpourri

Centralia — Today (Thursday) we had to quit insisting to Centralians that they don't really know what hot weather is—just wait until they live in Jackson county, Oregon. Wednesday was mildly hot and when the natives, accustomed to coolish summer days, complained, we just pook-pooked and said it wasn't really hot! But today was really a hot day, under any definition, and if we had our sleeping bag here, we'd spend the night outside in the garden, as we do at home in Medford.

The family chose this day to drive in Lebam, where all of us lived at one time, and then to Raymond to visit our relatives. As the car bowled along, the years rolled back, as they always do when we visit Pacific county.

One of the oddities of growing older is the change in perspective. As a child we thought that the white building which stood near the railroad tracks at McCormick in Pacific county, and which housed the offices of a lumber firm, was just about the most magnificent thing imaginable—today it was just another building. Plus, this hill was once a mountain up which a Model T could hardly crawl in low gear—today it scarcely can even be called a hill. Forty years ago the trip from Lebam to Chehalis or Centralia was a thrilling adventure—today it was a routine and pleasant excursion accomplished in less than an hour.

However, not everything is changed. The little Catholic church at Frances looked the same, as did some of the homes and the Baptist church in Lebam. We stopped for "Mother Mondt," who has lived in the same house for more than 40 years and who says that she knows almost everyone from Chehalis to South Bend. When she asked if we remembered the Baptist church across the street, we said truthfully that we certainly did. For it was at that church that a boy first asked us for a date. That winter night we had on what we thought was the most beautiful hat in the world—it was deep red shirred velvet worn with a brown coat. Probably the coat was a hand-me-down, since middle sister, in those days of small incomes, usually inherited most of her clothes from older sister. In fact, this has persisted through the years and some of our best suits and dresses still originate in the wardrobe of "big sister."

At Raymond, Potpourri spent most of the day at the home of a friend we had not seen since high school days—and that's a long time. It was a strange feeling to meet this girlhood friend after so many years and find that after all, she was really the same. Grey hair and added pounds do not change the calm, friendly sweet disposition which are characteristic of friend Ida and her family.

The whole day was filled with "do you remember . . ." and "whatever became of Alice . . ." and "did you know that Tom so and so died last month." We continued one of those wonderful and silly family arguments which involved a lot of wrangling over when we moved from Portland to Lebam, and was it 1912, 1913 or 1914 that the family home burned, along with almost all the rest of the little mill community of Lebam; Sister thought one thing, mother thought another and Henry and Mother Mondt added their ideas, and of course, nothing was settled.

As for us, we have no idea what year it was or exactly how old we were, but this we stubbornly insisted that we certainly did spend our first Christmas in Lebam in a certain house, for we have never forgotten that it was that Christmas the family had no tree—just why no one seems to remember now. And one of our presents that Christmas was a little stone carving of three little monkeys which exemplify the oriental teaching of "hear no evil, see no evil and speak no evil." In our memory today we can see the three pairs of monkey hands over ears, eyes and mouth of the three little stone creatures which so excited our imagination then. The little carving was lost years ago, and we wish it had not been.

Our need of haste overcame our sense of economy this vacation and we took the plane on our annual trip north. As usual, we enjoyed everything except the take-off from the various ports—when once the plane is in the air we relax and if the day is fair, as it was last Sun-

day, we deeply enjoy watching the scenery unroll beneath the plane.

If anyone wants to fully savor the vastness and majesty of Oregon-Washington scenery, fly between Medford and Portland. When the mountains are completely snow-covered, as they were for a trip in April, is a better time than summer, but even so, the sight of the mountain peaks, beginning with little Mt. Pitt and ending with impressive Mt. Rainier in Washington, is something to stir the soul. Beginning about Eugene, passengers are able to see three or four mountains most of the time and this thrilling experience alone is worth the fare.

Potpourri had but one really bad moment during the trip. The plane was dropping along rather early in the flight, when the smell of smoke suddenly became very strong. Unable to control our uneasiness, we asked the young steward if he smelled the odor.

He pointed out that the plane had merely flown over a small forest fire, and that what we smelled was wood smoke from the fire.

Whenever we travel, by plane or car, we're always distressed by the bareness and devastation left by the loggers. Potpourri fully realizes what lumber has meant to the economy of the west—after all, we were raised in logging camps and mill towns, but always with the beauty of the land did not have to be so scarred. However, nature does her best to cover up the ugliness left by the logging industry and during the trip from Centralia to Raymond it was noted that the second growth timber has gradually re-forested much of the land and that the natural beauty of the hills and valleys has been restored in many sections by the trees and underbrush.

Earlier in the week we wandered across the alley for our yearly visit with sister's neighbor, Mrs. Dave Berry. Mrs. B., who has a wonderfully "green thumb," raises the biggest petunia and the tallest delphinium we practically ever saw and this year her fuchsia is a breathtaking sight. Four baskets are filled with the all-pink Southgate variety, and there must have been four or five hundred blossoms on the four plants.

Fuchsias are also a favorite with business firms who use the hanging baskets for street-side beauty in Centralia, and Mrs. Berry said if we called Mrs. Nell Jones, she could tell Potpourri the names of those at the Weyerhaeuser building. Mrs. Jones could, and did. The large darkish one in the north basket was Cherokee, she said, and agreed that it is especially lovely. It is paired with a variety called Mamie, while Libbet and Potentate had been planted in the south basket.

We added five to our collection year, including the delicate little pink Countess of Aberdeen, Pudget Sound and Yonder Blue, and would like to look forward to buying Southgate and Cherokee next year. But sometimes we have the uneasy feeling that if we buy any more plants, Pappy is going to become rebellious. He likes flowers, too, but he knows when enough is enough. Potpourri doesn't.

Notes from a new GI: "I was going to call you today but found they scammed it, so I guess the letter will have to do."

"Well, 'tis Saturday and we only had a 'half day of work—up at 4 o'clock and start at 4:30, then busy till 12. And they call it half a day!" The food here is lousy, but we don't work as hard (same lousy hours, though), so it works out about the same. So far, only half of the guys on our roster have had KP and they've pulled it two or three times. They have so far only pulled KP from the first of the alphabet. "Well, I'm on strict regulations again. I now have a permanent address and start basic Monday . . . I checked yesterday on mailing out a package and found I can only write letters. Can't even phone till after the first week of basic. They've already been telling us when to get up, when to use the bathroom, when to eat, how to wear out clothes, when to smoke and when to go to bed, for the last three weeks . . . and I have two more months of it to look forward to. It's after hours and I have to sit in the latrine to write this letter. And this cement floor is cold!"

Trip Notes: A fresh logan-

American Girls Crisscross Ocean On Unique Jobs

There's no telling where a girl's career will lead nowadays. American working girls crisscross the Atlantic Ocean on unique job errands which even a mere male executive would have termed remarkable a generation ago.

One pretty young blonde just returned from Russia where she went on an expense-paid shopping trip. A well known woman designer left this week for Israel to act as advisor to that country's growing fashion industry.

The Moscow shopper was Jean Gammon, who travels around under the name of Sally Ann Simpson for the Scandinavian Airlines system.

Miss Gammon wants to help you and me pick up sensible souvenirs when we make our first trip to Russia. And that isn't easy, as her own shopping proved.

She found some picturesque Ukrainian blouses of white linen, for instance. The price was 300 rubles, or about \$75. The smallest size was 44.

The Israel fashion advisor is Carolyn Schnurer, known for her casual clothes and bathing suits.

Designers still are determined to return women to some of their Edwardian elegance of 50 years ago.

Hat designer Mr. John says this fall and winter will see the full-fledged return of the elegant hat big, feather or flower-trimmed and extremely feminine. He previewed his own collection of Edwardian hats this week.

We're living in a plastic kitchen age, exhibitors at the International Housewares show proved this week. They introduced everything from a 20-gallon plastic trash can, non-clang for early morning pickups, to a plastic battery-driven clothes brush with vacuum cleaner action. The suction-powered brush is approximately the size of a flashlight.

Something Different

Baked grapefruit is an easy dessert to prepare. Just cut in half, cover with honey and cinnamon. Place in a greased baking dish and brown in the oven of your range for about twenty minutes.

berry pie so delicious that we ate three pieces during a four-hour period; road sign with single word on it—"Bump"; small boy having a wonderful time on plane but admitting that his "belly was rolling"; a mother who had just attended the funeral of the second of her three sons starting into space, sad-faced and unsmiling; young repairman telling housewife exactly how to run new automatic washer and then admitting that he had never put out a washing in one; plane passenger settling into seat by emergency exit door and then remembering how once upon a time a man made history by hanging outside a plane by his seat belt when such a door ripped open during the flight of a trans-continental plane; ex-GI, who hated Army, now routine with all his right, now arguing that it's all right and then thinking how he could make life miserable for sergeants if he had to do it all over again; same ex-GI, working in plant freezing peas all day every day coming home to find that mother has cooked peas for dinner; new word for cowboy picture—a "giddy-apper." O. S.

CALENDAR

Calendar notices and news for the society section of The Mail Tribune must be submitted in writing and deadline for the Sunday edition is 1 p.m. Friday. Deadline for the weekly calendar is 5 a.m. of the day of publication and for week day news is 5 p.m. the day before publication.

Sunday:
1 p.m. — Jacksonville Masonic bodies, Glenn Abbott home on Lake Creek.

1:30 p.m. — Medford chapter of the Oregon School Employees association, TouVelle Park.

Monday:
12 noon — Grandmothers Club number 113, home of Mrs. Clayton Walker, 129 North Oakdale for all day meeting.

Tuesday:
10 to 12 noon — Grace Circle of First Presbyterian church, home of Mrs. Veldon Diment, 213 Portland street.

10:30 a.m. — Woman's Society of Christian Service, First Methodist church, home of Mrs. John Kent, 922 South Oakdale.

7:30 p.m. — Unity Truth Center meets Room 203, Holly Theatre building.

8 p.m. — Pythian club, home of Mrs. Joe Cook, 124 King street.

Wednesday:
12 noon — Evans Valley Garden club, home of Mrs. John Gold, West Evans creek road.

12 noon — Medford Harmony Townsend club, Carpenter Union hall, 123 1/2 West Main street.

1 p.m. — Gettogether Club, Moose Hall.

7:30 p.m. — Southern Oregon Society of Artists, building 218, Camp White.

8 p.m. — Women of the Moose, chapter 634, Moose Hall, 11 Newton.

Thursday:
9:30 a.m. — Christian Womens Fellowship, Circle 4, home of Mrs. Herb Sims, 47 North Peach.

12 noon — Fleet Reserve Association picnic, TouVelle Park.

1 p.m. — Christian Womens Fellowship, Circle 1, home of Mrs. A. W. Denny, 2995 Madrone lane.

1 p.m. — Christian Womens Fellowship, Circle 2, home of Mrs. May Ayers, 722 West Fourth street.

1 p.m. — Christian Womens Circle 3, home of Miss Nora Straus, 2208 Table Rock road.

1 p.m. — Christian Womens Fellowship, Circle 5, home of Mrs. Carl Pearson, 108 Clark.

1 p.m. — Christian Womens Fellowship, Circle 6, home of Mrs. Price Shafer, 412 Union.

2 p.m. — Tea for interested persons in Central Point kindergarten, American Legion Hall, Central Point.

Friday:
11 a.m. — Unity Truth Center meets, Room 203, Holly Theatre building.

Handweavers Meet
The regular summer monthly meeting of the Rogue Valley Handweavers guild was held July 17 at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Milton A. Loros, 1862 Delta Waters road. A social evening was held including a dinner.

The next regular dinner meeting will be held August 19 at 6 p.m. at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hans Loof, 3476 South Pacific highway, Grants Pass.

Macaroni and Cheese
Let left-over macaroni and cheese chill and firm up in an oblong pan. Cut in squares. Roll squares in seasoned beaten egg then in bread crumbs and brown lightly on the top burner of your gas range in frying pan. Serve with a sauce of condensed tomato soup. It's so good you'll be making a double recipe of macaroni to be sure of this second-day dish.

Use Mail Tribune Want Ads. Dead line Sunday Classified is at noon, Saturday, 10 a.m., Monday for Monday; other days 5:30 previous day.



MANY FLOWERS—Laddie Northridge has designed a hat of hundreds of lilies of the valley in a trellis arrangement accented with crystal dewdrops. It can be worn straight on or back on the head as is shown here. Mr. Northridge recommends this type of hat for summer weddings and formal afternoon parties such as teas and receptions.

Party Slogans Bedeck Clothing

Los Angeles — UPI — A new line of women's and men's apparel, bearing slogans of the two major political parties in the United States, are on sale in stores throughout the nation.

Manufactured by the Los Angeles firm of Juli Lynne Charlot, the clothing displays such campaign sayings as "More Than Ever I like Ike" and "Go To Bat for the Democrats."

The line includes felt and poplin skirts, felt cocktail aprons and men's felt vests. Prices in the East range from approximately \$15 for the vests to approximately \$60 for the felt skirts. Poplin skirts are priced in the \$30 range.

The GOP skirts bear interspersed abstract felt cutouts depicting "Full employment."

Meat Loaf Recipe

Every cook has her favorite meat loaf recipe. Here's one that's different and delicious. Combine 2 pounds ground beef, 1/2 cup chopped celery, 1/2 cup chopped green pepper, 1/2 cup onion, salt, pepper, ground dill seed to taste, 1 cup bread crumbs, 1 can condensed cream of mushroom soup. Bake in loaf pan at 350 degrees in oven of your gas range for an hour and a quarter.

"atoms for peace" and "equal rights." At the side of the skirts are representations of the White House and a sign which reads, "No Vacancies."

On the Democratic items are found cutouts depicting "small business," "the farmer," the man on the street" and a donkey kicking an elephant.

Mechanical "Brain"

The thermostatically top burner heat control, first introduced last year in connection with built-in griddles, is now adopted for wider top-of-the-range use. This mechanical "brain" is now available with one or two top burners and two manufacturers offer a converto grid so that a thermostatically heat controlled griddle may be converted to an extra large top burner, also thermostatically heat controlled.

Lunch Box Sandwich

For a new sandwich filling combine together a 3-ounce package of cream cheese, 3 tablespoons apricot jam and 2 tablespoons chopped nuts.

A filling of raisins and lightly spiced, sweetened canned applesauce thickened with plain gelatin and chilled in a gingersnap crust makes a refreshing summer pie. Top with whipped cream.

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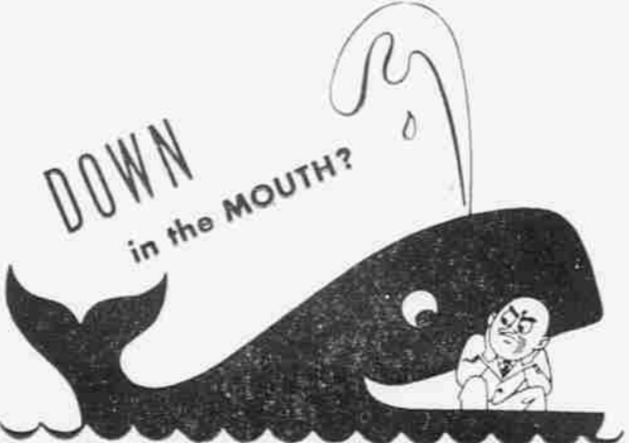
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