

New Picture Phones Add To Modern Woman's Worries

By ELIZABETH TOOMEY
United Press Correspondent
New York — (U.P.) — Modern woman must be made of sturdy stuff, able to cope with problems as hazardous in their own way as any grandma ever faced on the covered wagon trail.

Beautiful faces wait in ambush, ready to jump out larger than life size on billboards when the family car rounds the asphalt trail or to smile radiantly while dishing up a picture-perfect meal from the 21-inch screen in their own living room.

Comparison, a woman learns ruefully, does not always lead to the sincerest form of flattery. Neither is competition stimulating.

It'd be nice to relax in a lone cabin, 25 miles from the nearest neighbor and 1,000 miles from the nearest beauty, and know you were the best looking woman, most stimulating conversationalist and most expert cook your husband was likely to see this year.

Picture Phones Alarming

Then there's the little matter of lack of privacy. First the picture window exposed the living room furniture and the entire family to the neighbors' gaze.

Now it has been announced that picture telephones soon will be a reality. If any happy inventors don't think women regard that development with alarm, they should emerge from their ivory testing grounds and ask a few.

The most beautiful model goes through some pretty unglamorous stages getting ready for an appearance. The rest of us may never achieve the model's spectacular results, but while we're trying we certainly equal the shambles wrought by cold cream and hair curlers.

Soon the phone may ring in the middle of a quiet afternoon of repair work. There is going to be a switch to turn off the picture, the inventors promise. But that does not shut off the uneasy mental picture a wavering potential husband gets when his sweetheart shrieks, "No, you certainly cannot see me right now. I look a mess!"

Budget Booby Trapped

Much simpler when a girl

Do you own a FRONT LOADING WASHER?

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could lower her voice to Marlene Dietrich huskiness, make the man think she looked as lovely as she sounded, and let a rosy glow cloud reason for a couple of hours.

Besides having her confidence undermined and her privacy invaded, today's housewife has her budget booby trapped with steadily increasing temptation.

She may have resisted a new pink refrigerator on the easy time payment plan, but how about the recent announcement that she now can open a charge account at five and ten cent stores? It's these small temptations that take such character to resist.

Grandma may have been short of spending money, but at least the woods weren't full of shop windows and promises she could buy now and pay later. And there wasn't a single Jones to keep up with for miles.

Couple to Wed In Church Rites; Party for Bride

The late summer and early fall rush of weddings continues in the valley. Among the week end marriages will be that of Miss Virginia Dew, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roger Dew, Route 1, Box 100, Central Point, to Howard Morris, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Morris, Medford.

The ceremony is set for Saturday, September 1, at 8 o'clock at First Methodist church, with the reception to follow in the church.

Monday night Miss Dew was honored at a family shower party given by her cousin, Mrs. Frank Dressler, and Mrs. Roland Pacey, at the Dressler home, 15 Stewart avenue. The bride-elect was presented gifts for her new home, and refreshments were served. Guests were Miss Dew, her mother, Mrs. Morris, and Mrs. A. F. Dressler, Mrs. L. R. Dressler, Mrs. Chester James, Mrs. F. H. Dressler, Mrs. Don Walker, Klamath Falls, Mrs. Doyle Stockton, Mrs. Milton Gordon and Mrs. Lester Gordon.

Medford Woman To Join Husband At German Base

Mrs. Patrick W. Mahoney will leave Thursday by air for Germany where she will join her husband, Pfc. Mahoney, on duty at Worms with the 746th Armed Infantry Battalion.

Mrs. Mahoney will make the trip by way of San Francisco and New York, and will land in Frankfurt. Pfc. Mahoney has been overseas for more than four months. Mrs. Mahoney has been making her home with her mother, Mrs. Lucille Brock, 651 Palm street. Her husband is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Bert Mahoney, 2445 Happy Valley drive.

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CALENDAR

Wednesday
6 p.m.—LOOM and WOM.
Moose hall.

Visitors Leave

Mrs. F. E. Reynolds and Miss Dorothy Reynolds left today for their home in Syracuse, N.Y., after spending three weeks in Medford with Mr. and Mrs. C. Earl Bradfish, 220 Bradford way. Mrs. Reynolds is Mrs. Bradfish's mother, and Miss Reynolds is a sister.

Medford Woman Finds Swedish People Prosperous But Unhappy; Taxes High

Mrs. I. E. Schuler, of Medford, has returned to Oregon after spending the past year traveling and living in Europe. Mrs. Schuler spent her last weeks in Europe traveling in the Scandinavian countries, and has written her impressions of Sweden and Norway.

After the roar and squealing of tires, the sound and fury which is Rome, the quiet of Gotenborg was unnerving. Trains slid past as on rubber rails, busses rolled along on four wheels, and cars stopped for pedestrians to cross well marked walks. Nobody honked at me. Nobody honked at anyone.

That was my first impression of a Swedish city; the second and outstanding one was of the obvious prosperity and modernity. Gotenborg is grandly beautiful and Stockholm is a bigger edition of Gotenborg. The two cities have more big parks, beautiful bronze statues and fountains more vivid flower beds and old trees, bordering wide avenues, than I've ever seen. Stockholm seems unique, cut into, and almost surrounded as it is, by Lake Malaren, and miles of water front connected by innumerable bridges, and edged with hotels, palaces and houses.

Having by now learned the efficacy of my Mail Tribune letter, I took it to the tourist bureau to inquire where I could find out about the city and state. They telephoned and made an appointment for me to meet Mr. Goran Dahlin, cultural relations secretary. He was a young and handsome man, more British in appearance, voice and manner than Swedish. These are the most interesting facts I learned from him:

King Liked

The King is well liked, but is purely a figurehead. The government is Social Democratic.

Everyone in Sweden has money.

There is no unemployment—absolutely none. It is necessary to import labor.

Everyone may have the luxuries of life—as they consider them—deep freeze refrigerators, electricity, good heating systems, good clothes and plenty of food.

Food is expensive. Restaurants are very expensive.

The state is geared to the average man. A trained worker earns an equivalent of six thousand American dollars a year. Taxes are high.

There is free hospitalization for everyone—free doctors. There are private doctors, who earn a great deal of money.

Dental Care Free
Children have free dental care until 17 years. Children do not pay for school books. Children have free lunch at school.

Communist party is recognized, but is no threat to the state, as everyone is too prosperous.

Amusements are state subsidized. (Even such big people as the Metropolitan tenor, Jussi Bjoerling, are inexpensive to

hear. I paid half as much to hear him as an ordinary movie costs at home).

There is complete freedom of press in Sweden. (They use the freedom to full advantage. The king's son was in Spain while I was there, and was involved in a bit of notoriety, and it was all written up in the Swedish papers).

The Lutheran church is the state church and everyone must pay a little towards it.

Ostensibly there is no social distinction in Sweden. (But according to Mr. Dahlin education and family counts a great deal. He said, "That little something you can't buy for money.")

Servants are very expensive and will soon be a thing of the past. No one in Sweden wishes to be a servant. It is thought that eventually all restaurants will be self serving.

Everyone Pensioned
Everyone receives a pension at sixty-five years of age, but may continue working at regular wages.

I asked Mr. Dahlin if the Swedish people were happy and to my amazement he said, "No, we were a happier people when we were a poor state. There is too much prosperity."

There is to be an election this fall, and, although he didn't say so, I fancied the cultural relations man hoped for a change of party.

Hall Impressive

The most impressive building in Stockholm is the City Hall, the magnitude, style and grandeur of which is incredible. One banquet room is perhaps the biggest and most beautiful room I ever saw. The walls are covered with 24 carat gold mosaics—eight million little pieces. It is lighted by real candles in great candelabra, the reflection of which catches the gold, which shimmers. The room will seat 800 people without a dent in the size. Any organization may rent this hall for eight or ten dollars.

The countryside in Sweden and Norway, in August, is rich with waving grain. The trees, predominantly white birch and evergreen, remind me of Minnesota, and it is understandable that so many Norwegians and Swedish people choose that state in which to settle. The farms are clean, and clear red painted.

Oslo Visited

At Oslo, I had a friend, and I was glad. Because of her, I feel I saw and did interesting things I probably would have missed. Although modern in appearance, Norway is not so beautiful nor so prosperous as Sweden. Norwegians still feel bitter that the Swedes did not fight in this last war, and consequently had none of the difficulties and privations which are the natural aftermath of war.

Oslo was interesting because of the historical things and places. Having seen the movie, I was particularly interested in seeing the raft, Kon-Tiki. I learned that Mr. Thor Heyerdahl has just returned from another expedition, is in Norway, and now is certain that he has proved the Polynesians were from Peru, which was what he had attempted to prove by his first trip.

We saw, and went all through Raoul Amundsen's and Nansen's ship. We saw the flag which had gone to the North and South Pole. We saw the Viking ships, built in 900 A.D., which had been buried in concrete for a thousand years; the ships in which the Norwegians claim they discovered America long before Columbus did. In Oslo, too, is the Nobel Prize building. We saw, and went through, Ibsen's study. We saw the famed, controversial Viegland statues in Fragner park.

Liken i Skogan

My friend said to me, "You like Shakespeare, why don't you go to see 'Liken i Skogan'?" Translated, I learned that meant "As You Like It." (In the three weeks I was in Scandinavia, I was sure of but two words. They were "Inn" and "Uu", and even with those, I somehow felt I'd find something to eat, when I went "inn.")

I thought I knew the play well enough to chance hearing it in Norwegian, and besides I wanted to see what they would do with Shakespeare.

Oslo's summer theater is in Fragner park. The setting for the play as a forest—natural trees and shrubbery. The stage—if you could call it that—was on a slight knoll. It followed the natural contour of the ground—uneven and sloping a bit.

The characters instead of disappearing behind scenery, would go off in various directions—down a winding path, between trees, or out through bushes. The

only properties were a log and a tree stump. The only concession to the artificial and theatrical was the lighting. The forest was ingeniously lighted from above, and different effects were created by change in color and spotlighting in the shrubbery. Interspersed throughout the play were the old English country dances. Sometimes they were in among the trees—not on the front of the stage. The six girls dainty and petite, were from the Oslo ballet company. Silivus brought along his sheep whenever he came on. The smaller ones wandered freely about, nibbling at bushes and grass, and doing amusing little things, exactly as though trained for their roles. The total effect of it all was a Watteau picture.

Shakespeare Outdoors

There was one "pause." The placard read so. Everyone in the audience walked out into the clear night, which was itself theatrical. Below was the lake, on which swans were white on the black water, and water birds flew about. On a hill, silhouetted against the sky, was the Viegland monolith. Altogether it was one of the highlights of my European trip.

Copenhagen Visited

More than any other place in Scandinavia, I had anticipated seeing Copenhagen, but it turned out that it was a disappointment. Due to change in my plans I landed in the tourist crowded city without a place to stay. However, an efficient travel bureau handles such situations as people without reservations, so I sat happily until my number—56—came up. I thought how good it would be to stay with Danish people, and see how they lived. I had heard how kind they were to visitors, and how much they wished to be hospitable.

I drew a room in a good residential district, and with (my now despicable) four pieces of luggage, I went in a taxi to the address. The taxi man dropped me at a gate and left. The landlady looked doubtfully at her book, and gave me a price quite above that quoted by the bureau. She assured me they were mistaken. She ushered me up three flights of stairs, to what obviously had been an attic room. Then she left me. I trudged down and brought up the bags.

I dressed and went back to the travel bureau. I asked for the director, and told her that, although I knew they were crowded, I felt that it was taking advantage of tourists to raise the price set by the bureau to more than a hotel room, and expect them to carry their own luggage. She apologized, called the woman instantly, took her off their list, and found a room for me down town in a good hotel for the same price. Which all proved to me that Copenhagen—at least one person—

has caught on to the idea of "taking" the tourists. They tell me Denmark is making a great bid for tourist trade, and has ambitions to be the crossroads of the north. At the time I was there, besides the great number of tourists, there was an international meeting of physicians—6000 of them. As I could have the hotel room for only two nights, I did not see much of Denmark, but I went to the famed Tivoli, took the trip to Hans Andersen's home and went to Elsinore, Hamlet's home.

Sees Elsinore

It was not that I expected Hamlet's father to be still stalking about, but always, in my imagination, I had visualized a stark and dramatic setting, bleak surroundings and high dashing waves against stone battlements. I was disillusioned. Hamlet will never be quite the same. Of

course, had I known anything about Danish architecture, I would have been prepared for the turrets, spires and green patinated copper—the general effect of fustiness. It so happened, also, that the day I visited was bright and sunny—a warm August afternoon. Gardens were lushly green and well cared for. Little sail boats lazily and aesthetically lounged in the fjord, and the water was blue. There was nothing presaging tragedy in this scene.

Now that my trip is ended, I would like to write one of those guide books, but I would make it sort of a negative thing. Not places to go and places to eat; rather, places not to go and not to eat; things not to do and mistakes not to make. From personal experience I could compile quite a pile of material, especially mistakes."

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